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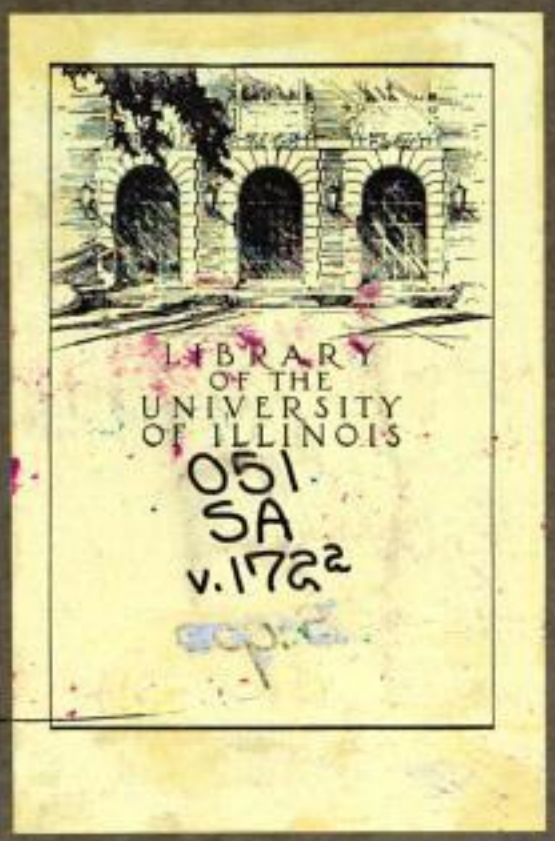
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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The WORLD'S Wish for PEACE

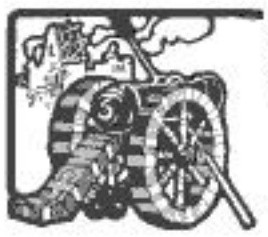
Why Wars are becoming Rarer and Religions Better

By THOMAS B. REED

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The WORLD'S Wish for PEACE

Why Wars are becoming Rarer and Religions Better



By THOMAS B. REED

THE Creator cares most sedulously not only for the perpetuity of the race, but also for its steady growth in knowledge and wisdom. The race lives; men die. The ocean in its rage kills them like flies in a bowl. The earthquake swallows them up. All new enterprises cost men. Every new country is broken up at the expense of malaria, wasting sickness and death. Livingstone's books and all books of African travel make a man of foresight shudder not only at the terrible malarial ordeal through which the traveler passed, but at the infinite human suffering and death which must come when lust of land and lust of wealth shall turn the resistless human tide, full of youth and vigor, over the vast fertility of Central Africa. When locusts and ants swarm over creeks and ditches, filling them with their dead and making bridges for the living, their march finds its parallel in the movements of the human race. Only by the suffering and shortened lives of pioneers are new lands, the most fertile, made habitable to those who come after. New improvements bring new dangers. Even cities, builded by long and patient years, while they escape malaria, find sewer gas lurking in every household. Death lies in wait for us everywhere. Yet the race lives and thrives. It marches from one endeavor to another, from one conquered hemisphere to the other. So it would seem that God has in special care the growth of the whole race in knowledge and consequent civilization. Communities lapse from wealth and culture. Nations die and dynasties perish, but the world absorbs all the knowledge and culture once got and holds it forever. Water spilled is not lost. By sunbeam and by river it surely seeks the great reservoir of ocean. It is a favorite theme with some, the lost achievements of the past—and yet if there be any useful invention lost, it is because a better has taken its place. There are no lost arts. Oratory has created all that there seem to be.

HOW THE LEAVEN OF CIVILIZATION OPERATES

Even the destruction of great nations, of Assyria and Babylon, of Troy and Persepolis, not forgetting "Tadmor in the Wilderness," caused no loss to the whole world. When the civilization of Greece yielded to the Macedonian invader none of it perished. Some men were less cultured, but all men were more. Throughout a broader mass of men the leaven was stirred and more men acted and reacted on each other. When Rome carried with her arms through the world devastation and despotism, she carried also her arts and knowledge, and they wrought their work, surviving the devastation and turning the despotism into strength and liberty. When the outside barbarians, the Goths and Vandals, the Huns and Franks, poured in successive waves over the Roman Empire they prostrated indeed the outward forms of its civilization, but by absorption became themselves more civilized and so widened and increased the civilization of the world. As the currents of air all tend to where the heat is the greatest, so currents of men seem to flow toward the centre of culture and knowledge. As the warm and cold air became mixed the temperature of one was lessened and the other increased; so when the uncivilized tribes poured over Rome culture became equalized, and while classic literature, Cicero and Horace and Virgil, became impossible, so also did unmitigated barbarism.

But the comparison of currents of air with currents of men should not pass without this addition, that while the equalized air holds only the heat it gets from the hot centres, the human race possesses the power of radiating more knowledge than it absorbs, of adding to the culture which it gets. Indeed, the surest guaranty of the increase of human knowledge is its spread. The more minds there are at work on what knowledge the world has, the vaster the product and the greater the average. It has taken all of us to discover what is known, and the more all of us know the more we shall know. The differences which there are in human minds operate to give to one man the sight of a clue which may be denied to all others. Out of the myriad seeds which a tree drops some survive because of some slight differences which favor their lives, but which no human eye can yet see. Just so, some minds instead of others make discoveries because of differences which are only distinguishable in results. If all intellects, then, could be set to work we should get all possible discoveries. Diffusion of knowledge tends to set all minds at work.

THE INJUSTICE OF BEING BORN A CENTURY TOO SOON

The idea may be illustrated by the story of the inventions of this country. We seem to be ahead of the world. Where knowledge is so diffused that more minds are turned to contemplate the possibilities of improvement, more and greater improvements get themselves made. So rapid has been the growth of man's knowledge within the last few years, which have been distinguished by the wider diffusion of knowledge, that we can see very clearly what has always been true, that it is a great imposition upon any man to have been born at any given time rather than a hundred years later. Think what hard luck a man had who ended his life a hundred years ago. A horseback-and-stagecoach world was ten times as large as a railroad world. If he surveyed mankind from China to Peru he used up the cream of his life. Now an uncle gives a nephew a ticket around the world to give him time to sober off. Whale-oil candles and tinder-boxes were poor substitutes for lucifers and gas. The speed of a horse was the speed of a message. Now we are impatient of the speed of light. To be a poor man now is more comfortable than to have been a rich man then. The wealth of the Indies could not administer chloroform. The bluest blood of Castile flowed from limbs writhing under the knife. Napoleon's marshals could not have from ether that surcease of agony which the poorest soldier is wronged if he fails to have now. The poorest mother can bring her child into the world with a freedom from pain which her Empire could not have purchased for an Empress a hundred years ago. We can talk with our neighbors face to face across a thousand miles of distance, and shall soon be able to talk across a continent.

Unnumbered pages might be used in describing comforts born of the last century, but it will suffice if we can speak of enough to illustrate the idea that the increase of human knowledge bears some relation to its diffusion. If so, then the terrible submergence of civilization by barbarism, as bemoaned by historians, are part and parcel of the plan for the improvement of the race; and the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was but the rise and progress of a riper, better and wider civilization. If the civilization of Rome perished, it perished in the interest of the civilization of the race.

There have been many definitions of civilization, but what it really means is the gradual amelioration of manners and that improvement of the human race which increases the comfort and happiness of mankind. It is a movement of the race, as culture is of the individual. It must be tested by the action of men in masses, and not by the action of individuals. If we could imagine a single one of our Puritan ancestors, divested of his quaint raiment and clothed in the garb of the period, and living among us without the benefit of our two hundred and fifty years of progress, without the enlargement of mind given to us, he would probably cause us very little trouble, and we should much underrate if we did not doubt the difference. But if enough of his kind were again alive and here, women would be burned for witches and government would again be a hierarchy. Inasmuch as the true criterion is the average of the race, it is no wonder that the progress has been slow. When all have to be lifted, time is a pretty essential element.

THE SPROUTING OF THE SEEDS OF CIVILIZATION

What is the cause of civilization? What makes men as a race improve? The answer is knowledge, and knowledge only. Knowledge of all kinds, of pleasure and of pain, physical and mental. Human minds are like soils. They must grow something. If it is not shining grain, then weeds; and weeds are better than nothing. Fetishism is better than no conception of aught outside ourselves. Weeds show that the soil can produce something. Fetishism is rudimentary religion. It is with human minds of different ages as it is with geological strata—the vegetation which flourished in the Coal Period cannot live in the Triassic. So ideas which flourished in human minds and seemed to be eternal verities at one stage of knowledge, perish in another. Every age of progress has to begin with the burial of dead truths, or rather half-truths. As forest soils seem to be full of seed ready to spring up, only waiting for the forest to be cut down, so the minds of the race seem to be full of ideas which only bloom and blossom when old superstitions and old fallacies are cut away by the ax of knowledge amid the tears of conservatism. Thoughts and arguments perfected this century and given to the world may take no root until the next. They are as perfect now and as reasonable as they ever can be, but until the slow rise of human knowledge renders their reception possible by the world, they lie cold and still. Even now, some neglected dreamer may be planting, unnoticed by the world, seed which will shoot into space mighty trees under which his grandchildren shall sit. Or it may be that some man of affairs, some statesman, some John Milton out of joint with the world, may be now throwing out some Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, some Areopagitica at which respectable gentlemen are now smiling, but which in a couple of centuries may be in the world's horn-book of elementary beliefs.

The proposition is that increase of knowledge is increase of civilization. Some think that morality and religion play no small part in the progress of the world. To me it seems that morality and religion are themselves indebted to knowledge for their ripening. When we speak of morality and religion we do not mean rules and tenets, comments and texts, but practical actions of men. So far as definition and exhortation go, morality and religion have been fixed for many years. So far as their practical control over men's deeds are concerned they vary from age to age. As the world grows in knowledge, practical morality grows. As the world softens, religion softens. What have religion and morality done with war? War is a beastly barbarism. It is only murder on a large scale with ranked battalions and pomp and circumstance. Eighteen Christian centuries have not abolished it. The wars which ended in the Dutch Republic were religious wars. Men fought for their religions. When a town was taken the horrors were such that they cannot to-day be put on paper. To read the details of the "Spanish fury" would be to send all women out of the room. The Spanish fury happened only three hundred years ago. There was plenty of religion in the world then. Men bend religion to their beliefs, not their beliefs to religion. When the Ironsides of Cromwell wanted to kill a King they gave the fillip of religious sanction to the deed to call it "hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord." With the Cavalier at the same period of time religion was the mainstay of the Divine Right of Kings. Though the increase of knowledge has not yet abolished war, though it would be rash to say that no wars to-day are justifiable, yet wars are not what they were. Fort Pillow was a mild massacre compared with the incarnate fiendishness which possessed the soldiers in the Netherlands. And yet the indignation of the whole world was aroused about Fort Pillow, and I myself saw the commander in that wickedness, whose brazen tongue had trippingly uttered not one but many orations on conciliation and brotherly love, falter in a set volunteered defense under the spoken indignation of one party and the ill-suppressed disgust of the other.

THE LESSENING OF THE TERRORS OF WAR

What, then, has ameliorated war? Perhaps it will aid us to know how it has been ameliorated. War no longer demolishes cities. Private property is sacred. No pillage is permitted. But for the refusal of the United States no privateering would have been allowed long before the conferences at The Hague and the commerce of mankind would have safely moved over the seas. France and England have great commerce and great navies, and object to privateering. The United States has the same religion, but not the same navies, and thought it would rather issue letters of marque. Interest and not morality seems to act. War is made more and more to respect material interests. Men have found by experience—which is another name for knowledge—that it does not pay in the long run to destroy property, and hereafter they will find out that it does not pay to destroy life. War is dying out because men have something else to do. They are engaged in trade, in enterprises which war interferes with. Life is getting every day to be better worth living. Hence men do not want to lose it. When the life of men, like the life of Australian Diggers, was only an alternation of starving and eating to such repletion as made them roll on the ground in agonies of surfeit, a man must have been very particular who cared whether there was war or not. But when the interests of all nations get so universally interwoven with the warp and woof of trade that the knowledge of its devastations will be brought home to all men, war will cease. But the proclamation that there shall be no more war will come from the tradesman and not from the preacher.

When I say that religion has not caused civilization I take no account of its supposed opposition to new truth. Agassiz used to say that the first remark on a new scientific discovery was that it could not be true because the Bible was to the contrary. When, in spite of that, men believed, the second remark was that the discovery was entirely consistent with the Bible; and, finally, it wouldn't have been discovered if it hadn't been for the Bible. This, however, is only an offensive way of stating a proposition which in its essence had nothing to do with the Bible at all. An objection of that sort is to be charged to man, not to religion. It is the nature of man to dispute new discoveries; and to confront them with old beliefs is the best way. Conservatism resists by the aid of the established, whether it be religion or government. Men might as well say that the British Constitution has done nothing for human liberty because conservatives always try to trip up reforms with it.

THE CIVILIZING INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH

Nor is it meant to be said that the Church has never been a help to the progress of the world. The contrary is true, but it has been a means, not a cause. In the Middle Ages the Church played a great part in lifting its priests and scholars to the level of Princes and bringing proud Barons to their knees; but the Church was the instrument which knowledge then used. Priests and scholars by their scholarship found themselves the superiors of men of birth and set up the claim of servants of God as against the claims of sons of ancestors. No man to-day would call the powerful engines of superstition which was then employed, religion. Nor is it meant to be said that preachers of religion and teachers of morality do not help to spread the results of human knowledge, do not by line upon line and precept upon precept help to impress upon men's minds the new and higher views of morality and religion which the increase of human knowledge has rendered possible for them to preach and for men to believe. With whatever language we may describe the words and deeds of the saints and martyrs, their words and deeds have been eternal blessings on the human race.

If I may borrow some law terms without meaning to use them at all strictly, I should say that rules of morality, which in one stage of knowledge are of imperfect obligation, may in another stage seem to men to be of perfect obligation. In other words, the increase of knowledge has to make a better religion before a better one can either be preached or believed. That a thing is the truth does not make it believed. There must be a receptive mind. The Pasha in

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in a series of articles by Thomas B. Reed. Other papers by Mr. Reed will appear in early issues of The Saturday Evening Post.

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Marryat's story had no trouble with the preposterous things told by the sailor, but when he came to describe the kangaroo with her young gliding in and out of her pouch the Pasha's mind refused to tolerate such an infernal lie.

HOW THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER

Our idea, then, is that improvement in morality and religion, like improvement in government, is part and parcel of civilization, and results from the same cause. If not from the same cause, whence does it come? No man will deny that the religion of this century is better than the religion which burned men for opinions, believed in ghosts and witches, led John Rogers to the stake, and put John Bunyan into Bedford Jail. The difference is marked and wide. Between those days and these there have been no new miracles, no new revelations. Men are not more fervent; rather less so. Religion engrosses men's minds less rather than more. Nevertheless, the statesman, though still not without guile, lies less, seldom murders, loves liberty more and power less. Mercantile morality is higher, attorneys pettifog less and help justice more, and the time is coming when all men will realize, as some do now, that Mr. John Rand paid William Pitt Fessenden at his death a finer compliment when he said that "he won every cause he ought to have won" than if he had said he won every cause. If you say that preaching religion and teaching morality have done this, then will you tell us why the higher life we live now was not sooner preached and taught, and if sooner preached and taught, why not sooner practiced? The plain answer is that until the world knew as much as it does now it was not possible to preach or to practice.

WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE FOR US

But we need not contrast different ages; we can take different countries. The Sandwich Islanders have abolished paganism and professed Christianity, but does anybody believe that religion there is or can be what it is in lands where centuries of culture have enriched the people with the stored knowledge of generations of learned men? Read what Titus Coan, himself a godly missionary, says about the results of their conversion, if you doubt. Is it possible for Christianity in Russia to be what it is in England? Could Christianity in the Middle Ages be what it must be to-day? Knowledge and religion have to march hand in hand or religion does not march at all. When the knowledge of the Lord covers the earth as the waters cover the sea it will be when the sea itself has given up all its secrets, when the rocks are no longer mysteries, when the marvel of vitality is solved, and when the distant twinkle of the star wakes no wonder in the child. The New Jerusalem is builded like every other city. If the streets are smooth and level it will be because hills have been cut down and valleys filled. If the pavements be of gold and the foundations of precious stones it will be because gold and chalcedony, emerald and amethyst have been digged out of the bowels of the earth by the resolute hand of man. If the gates are to glisten in white it will be because by cunning divers mighty oysters have been pillaged of their pearls. Out of the toil and study of man shall come alike the Heavenly City and the Millennial years. And yet we cannot say that they are not "descending out of Heaven from God." What is back of us all human knowledge has not yet reached. Faith, then, has to be both evidence and substance. What has been the progress of the human race in different ages; how the movement of civilization has been accelerated and retarded; what has caused this halt and what that rapid movement we know only dimly and doubtingly now, but soon shall know with assurance. We are getting together the facts. Vast and varied as is the hoard, the human mind will some day widen to comprehend them all. Perhaps then the problem of why we exist at all may be made plain to every living soul.

Of all the joys that await the happy being yet to be born in the distant centuries, I envy him most the wealth of that final knowledge, sure to come, which will enable him to trace the march of human progress through the terrible defiles which its first uncertain footsteps trod where the cruel mountains of superstition and ignorance threw their shadowy phantasms of fear on every hand; into the sandy plains where light was, but where the bloom of vegetation and the song of birds had not yet come; on to the lands of verdure and of blossom where the race in perfect freedom, if not in perfect wisdom, shall pluck the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and eat thereof never to be satisfied.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES

By Carolyn Wells

THE company we'd like to have we often cannot get;
The company that wants to come oft causes us regret;
The company that stays too long destroys our peace of mind;
But the company we *ought* to ask—oh, that's the hardest kind.

OLD-SCHOOL EDITORS

By MURAT HALSTEAD

Some Personal Recollections



IF ANY one should say that some of my recollections of editors were founded on fiction I would not insist upon the infallibility of my memory. There are so many things forgotten of the feverish flurries of fifty years that inaccuracies in impressions are possible.

There were a few editors of importance in the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun, but there is now more ability engaged on the press than ever before; there are not many, if any, towering individualities, but a far greater number of hard-working writers and managers than before the art of stereotyping for daily papers became commonplace and the use of the telegraph a commanding feature of journalism.

It was in the early thirties that I was taught the alphabet in a Democratic weekly newspaper, the advantage of the Jacksonian sheet over the common book being its irregularity. In the late forties I began to write for the press, and to ascertain that the production of matter for newspapers was an occupation; and College Hill, seven miles from Cincinnati, consumed newspapers. One was the Gazette, with a page devoted to literature every Saturday; another, the Commercial, published an original poem on the editorial page every day, and all the favored poets (the price paid was one dollar the stanza) were women.

Journalism was honored in those days by the fact that William Cullen Bryant was the editor of the New York Evening Post. It seemed unfit that one who had written the grand poetry that made Bryant famous in his youth should be hard at work every day in a newspaper office, but he was.

Having a friend in the office of the Post—Mr. Charles Nordhoff—I saw, when calling there, the lofty head of Bryant bowed over his desk, his hand vigorously engaged in penning paragraphs. Of course I remembered Thanatopsis, and forgot to follow what Nordhoff was saying. He knew what spell was upon me, and asked if I would care to be introduced to Mr. Bryant. When the poet-editor had finished his labors I was presented, and received with kindness.

I was almost afraid to occupy even a few minutes of the precious time of Mr. Bryant, lest I might spoil the majestic expression of an idea from the most golden of the mines of American poetry, but the thought came to me of the experience of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States with Charles Dickens. The Justice, during the first visit of Dickens to America, was a lad at school in a Western city, and passing the Broadway Hotel of the place concluded to march upstairs to the room occupied by the young and glittering novelist.

Finding him alone and seated, the incipient Judge asked, "Am I in the presence of the immortal author of the Pickwick Papers?" Dickens stared, did not smile, and solemnly replied, "Well, young man, I believe you are." The young man was not asked to sit down or to make himself at home, and suddenly and unaccountably feeling awkward, hastened to the street.

I did not ask Mr. Bryant questions, nor attempt an original remark about his poetry. He was surprisingly active and physically strong in his advanced years. He would grasp an object over his head, and, swinging by his arms, lift himself so as to put his chin above his hands six times in succession!

I had the honor, when Mr. Bryant passed through Cincinnati on the way home from Mexico, to entertain him at dinner. Seated next him was Mr. Joseph Longworth, a gentleman of many accomplishments, with a keen sense of the beauties of art and poetry, a wonderful memory, and an elocution so perfect that it had the rare charm of simplicity so absolute that the credit was given to Nature. The dinner was well advanced, and no one had mentioned Thanatopsis or even poetry—Mexico was the leading theme—when suddenly a guest said, "Mr. Longworth, please recite Mr. Bryant's Lines to a Water-fowl."

There was a hush, Mr. Longworth hesitated, and answered, turning to Mr. Bryant, "Not in this presence."

"Do you remember the lines?" some one asked.

"It is not a question of memory of the lines," Mr. Longworth responded; "I presume we all know them."

Then came entreaties that Mr. Longworth would repeat the glowing words, and Mr. Bryant turned a listening ear, but did not second the call except with a look of surprised attention. Mr. Longworth paused a second, leaned backward in his seat, lifted his face, and with thrilling cadence, low and soft and clear, put every word of the poem in its place, and gave each its full measure of music and meaning.

The poet said, as if introspectively and unconscious of speech, "Written fifty-five years ago."

On a farm adjoining the one which was my birthplace resided a lady whose brother had succeeded as a merchant in New York and who sent her the Home Journal, conducted by Willis & Morris. The Home Journal was a model of typography and was printed on beautiful paper. There was an article by Nathaniel Parker Willis in each number, and whatever his pen put on paper was touched with grace.

One day a country boy (myself), who had never written a line for the printers, wrote a letter to "N. P. W." in recognition of his pen-paintings of the charms of country life and the scenery, the wooded hills and the cornfields, and took seriously a romance of travel. In a fortnight I received a letter addressed in a strange hand, evidently written with a quill pen, using abundant black ink. It was from N. P. Willis, and contained a few words of kindly and generous encouragement.

N. P. Willis was best known, in his early fame, for sacred poetry, and letters from Europe, Pencilings by the Way, that told Americans about the literary and other celebrities of London. He was charged with the betrayal of confidences, but it seems to be the sufficient explanation that he wrote with the freedom of private correspondence, not thinking that an American newspaper would find its way to England.

I never saw Willis until I happened to meet him in the City Hall Park, New York, the very place where he was assailed by Edwin Forrest. When I saw him he was writing the Idlewild letters. He showed many gray hairs in his auburn curls and a face full of the marks of care. His step was feeble. He wore a heavy shawl about his shoulders, and the world that had so flattered his gifted and beautiful youth seemed to have turned against him. His gentle bearing toward those who made themselves known to him and solicited his regard, in purport if not in phrase, gave him troops of loving friends who cared for him more and more in his declining years. There were many who did not forget.

It happened some years later that I had business in the Herald establishment with the senior James Gordon Bennett, and found him in a dress coat, standing before an old-fashioned fireplace in which hickory billets were blazing. Mr. Bennett seemed to be the personification of dignity and comfort.

The Herald was, at the time, in a way that could be construed at the pleasure of the readers to be serious or sarcastic, urging that Horace Greeley should be chosen Senator of the United States. I said, "There is much interest in the vigorous support you are giving Mr. Greeley for the Senate." "Yes," said Mr. Bennett, "I think Greeley would be as big a fool in the Senate as anywhere else."

More than once the old Herald played this game. Torrents of praise were for weeks poured on George Law as a most fit candidate for the Presidency. There were editorials about Mr. Law as a matchless candidate. At last a public meeting was held and Mr. Law was induced to be present and make a speech. The next morning the Herald slaughtered its own candidate. The report given of the great man was a masterpiece of devilment. The Herald simply said, "Our candidate will not do." It announced itself ashamed of him, and cheerfully observed that it would be necessary to find another candidate. This levity did much to relieve the press of the pomps of stupidity.

On the day the news came that the younger Bennett had won the famous yacht race across the Atlantic, having had the pluck to go in his own boat, I had a business engagement with the elder Bennett, and congratulated him upon the junior's triumph. The veteran said he was opposed to the race, but was glad to have his boy win.

In 1869 there was a story that the elder Bennett, being dissatisfied with the Herald itself, and convinced that his son would not maintain the traditions when his day came, wanted to sell the paper. I concluded to call on the author and proprietor of the Herald and ask if he wanted to sell. It was not until on the way that it occurred to me there was a certain enormity in the idea.

However, there was no purpose of disrespect in going—it was rather a case of candor—and if Bennett did think of selling it would be like him to be unreserved. When I stated the object of my visit he said, "I do not think my son would care to have partners." "Certainly he would not," I replied; "I had not thought of offering to be a partner if the purchase was possible, but to organize a company and buy the paper." Mr. Bennett was not at all troubled by this extraordinary utterance, but looking me over with gravity calmly said: "I would sell the Herald as I would any other property if I did not believe my son will be the best newspaper man in New York. I think he will be; that he will be first in the business, and for that reason only the Herald is not for sale on any terms."

I said: "Mr. Bennett, I have been sensible that I must be making what would be to you an extraordinary proposal. I thank you for the attention you have given me. I hope your son may realize your expectations." It was a final proof of the elder Bennett's sagacity that he was first to see in his son the qualities that have maintained under difficulties, rapidly and radically changing conditions, the profitableness and prestige of the Herald.

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The Excellent Revenge of ELEANOR

By Molly Elliot Seawell

WHEN there are only two children in a family—a boy and a girl—Nature very often makes the mistake of putting the boy's spirit in the girl's body, and *vice versa*. It will be remembered that the Duchess d'Angoulême was the only man in the Bourbon family, so Napoleon Bonaparte said. One of these unlucky blunders was made when Richard St. George Maitland, of Wareham, in lowland Virginia, was sent into this briery world. He was, as infant, boy and man, gentle, forgiving, delicately and darkly handsome, dainty in his ways, and without one spark of spirit. He was not a physical coward in the sense of being afraid of horses, dogs or guns. His early training made those things so familiar to him from the first dawn of his intelligence that he scarcely remembered when he was not an expert with them. He had, however, no robust tastes or feelings, was hopelessly weak, and at fifteen years of age cried bitterly when another boy called him a liar.

In attempting to repair her first blunder Nature made another—a common enough thing in the history of blunders. She sent Eleanor, the sister, a year younger than Richard, into the world with spirit enough for ten men. Eleanor was adventurous, robust, full of courage, humor and vindictiveness. She had an outward softness, just as Richard had a veneer of manliness, but neither was more than skin deep. Eleanor did not talk loud, dress mannishly, nor affect masculine tastes, but her virtues and her defects were those of a high-strung, high-minded boy, rather than a girl. The brother and sister were orphaned before they were in their teens, and they passed under the guardianship of their maiden aunt, Miss Rachel, a timid, incapable creature, who adored Richard, and whom Richard, in truth, resembled more than any other living creature. As Miss Rachel could by no means trust her curled darling to the rude discipline of a boys' school, for which Richard had as little fancy as she, the boy got a straggling and incomplete education from cheap governesses and tutors until he was eighteen. In these lessons Eleanor joined. There was no one to take any particular account of her except Miss Rachel, and Miss Rachel's heart was not big enough to hold more than one affection. Nor could her head hold more than one idea at a time.

She had, however, one honorable ambition for Richard—which was a university course. For that she had saved up a little sum of money from her turkeys, her butter and eggs. When the boy—for boy he always seemed—was eighteen, it occurred to Miss Rachel that he ought to be prepared for his university course by a genuine tutor, something a little different from the green youngsters she had picked up haphazard for several years past at a hundred and fifty dollars the year. Miss Rachel consulted the fount of all wisdom, the Bishop of the diocese, upon this important matter. The Bishop, like Miss Rachel, was hazy about the tutor in all points except one—he must be of good family. In Virginia it is the fine, unwritten law that a governess or tutor shall be received upon a footing not only of perfect equality but of honorable distinction, and consequently they must come from the Brahmin caste. The Bishop knitted his brows and reflected upon the various young men of good family who might be induced to take the place. Then he had an inspiration—George Huntley was the man; none better.

Miss Rachel knew who the Huntleys were—a good old Tidewater family; George Huntley's grandfather had been on the Supreme Bench at Richmond, his great-grandfather had been a professor at William and Mary College, and his father had been killed at Malvern Hills. What more could anybody ask in the way of a tutor? The Bishop mentioned incidentally that young Huntley had been two years at the University of Heidelberg, but that did not figure largely in the matter. He was engaged for the place, and promptly arrived at Wareham the first of October.

The understanding was that he should prepare Richard for the university, and incidentally teach the young sister. No one had specified Eleanor's age, and Huntley had inferred that the girl was a miss of fourteen or fifteen. His surprise and even annoyance were extreme at finding his girl pupil to be a tall, self-possessed young woman of seventeen, and looking every day of twenty. He was in a mood to be churlish; his health was not good, and he had lately encountered a disaster in love—his affair had been of more respectable proportions than those of the average young man of twenty-four. From the first moment he and Eleanor met at the supper-table the night of Huntley's arrival at Wareham, a silent, intense antagonism developed between them. Huntley, not a handsome man at best, looked cadaverous, and had dyspepsia writ large all over him. Miss Rachel, sitting timid and prim at the head of the table, was secretly relieved at the extreme sickliness of the tutor's appearance; she had had horrifying apprehensions of a young Hercules, with the strength of a blacksmith and the skill of a prize-fighter, who might lead Richard into all sorts of athletic excesses; but there was no danger of that sort with this tall, thin wisp of a man.

Eleanor found the new tutor not only sickly but dull and supercilious. Huntley found her scarcely more tolerable. Eleanor had not Richard's dark beauty. She was tall and strong and blond, with a few freckles on her fresh, smooth skin. Her face was comely rather than pretty, and her chief beauty lay in the exquisite and unstudied grace of her movements. Huntley was forced to admit that she had grace, adding to himself, disgustedly, "But to call that girl seventeen—she might be nineteen. And that flippant positiveness of her manner. Young woman, you will have to get over that before you can hope to succeed with men."

The next morning studies began in the shabby old library. Before the day was out Huntley saw that the girl had the better mind, but lacked application, while Richard had a gentle persistence, like a girl's, which told in the long run.

As the days and weeks and months passed on Eleanor and Huntley liked each other less and respected each other more. Huntley was older in character than most young men of twenty-four. He had known sorrow, and exile in a strange land, and ill health, and poverty, and mortified affections; in short, he had lived. Eleanor's life, on the contrary, had been as free from events and emotions as Huntley's had been full of both. Still, she had a singular maturity of character. This absence of childishness, of girlishness was one of Eleanor's chief sins in Huntley's eyes, though, in truth, he could accuse her of no specific cause of dislike; but he disliked her as much as if he could have called over a million faults in her.

As the autumn wore on his health improved rapidly but he became dreadfully bored. Eleanor was a nuisance; Richard was a manikin; Miss Rachel was colorless and stupid beyond belief. There was little society outside, and that little he cared nothing for.

The next place to Wareham had lately been bought as a shooting and fishing place by a number of New York men, and Huntley had hopes that some one from the outside might turn up there during the autumn. One afternoon, late in November, as he was walking along the line fence between the two places, he suddenly came face to face in the narrow woodland path with a gentleman he had supposed not less than four thousand miles away—Count Otto von Reben, Captain in the Imperial Hussars of His Majesty the Emperor William II.

The two men had known each other in Germany many years before, and Huntley had rather disliked the solemn, conceited puppy of a Hussar officer, but he felt a positive joy at seeing even a puppy then, so dreary was his isolation and loneliness. On recognizing one another each man was as surprised as if the other had dropped from the red planet Mars.

"What are you doing here?" both asked in a breath.

Count von Reben found his voice first. "I am here as the guest of Mr. Fountain, of New York—we are here to shoot, and yonder is the shoot-box." Von Reben occasionally slipped up on his English. "And you?"

"I am living as a tutor at Wareham, the old brick house yonder through the trees."

Von Reben, with all his faults (and they were plentiful), was no snob, and took Huntley's announcement with coolness; some people in Germany who have sixteen quarterings are glad in these days to earn their bread as tutors. And then they turned toward the shooting-box and exchanged reminiscences. Von Reben had a year's leave and was spending part of it in the United States. He had a modest allowance, which he frankly admitted went a good deal farther in Germany than in America, but he was determined to see life. He liked the American men fairly well—the women, however, were adorable.

"And, my dear Huntley," he remarked soberly, "'tis a good thing the Emperor puts restrictions on his officers in marrying, for I have seen at least a dozen women since I have been here that but for His Majesty's regulations I could have married."

"Provided they would have taken you," coolly responded Huntley. Von Reben always had been a vain fellow and needed a putting down.

The two men walked together along the path with the broomfields on one side and the red autumn woods on the other, the afternoon sun shining through a red haze. Huntley's old dislike of Von Reben made itself felt; but what with his hunger for companionship and his thirst for communication with the outside world he found himself taking pleasure in what had never pleased him when he had a choice of pleasures—Von Reben's society. As for Von Reben, he was one of those case-hardened egotists to whom one person's society was as good as another's, provided he could always be talking about himself.

The staple of his conversation was the American woman. The notion that a woman might have *esprit*, gayety and good humor was distinctly novel to him. Accustomed to the elephantine sentiment of the German girls, the airy, brilliant, half-serious coquetry of the American young person amazed and delighted him, particularly as he promptly took their audacious flatteries in sober earnest, and fancied that all the women who flirted with him were desperately in love with



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

THE NEXT MORNING STUDIES BEGAN IN THE SHABBY OLD LIBRARY

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him. Huntley listened with a sardonic grin to all of Von Reben's outpourings. Meanwhile they had reached the end of the ragged lawn on which the old brick house with its straggling stables and offices were placed haphazard. At that moment Eleanor Maitland, on horseback, dashed across the lawn. She rode like a lapwing, and looked handsomer on horseback than at any other time.

Von Reben gripped Huntley's arm hard. "Who is that glorious creature?" he cried.

"My pupil," replied Huntley, laughing. "Come in and be introduced to her. She isn't glorious, though. She has freckles and a turned-up nose."

Von Reben needed no second invitation. When they entered the old hall, and Eleanor, in her well-fitting habit—made by her own hands—tripped across the floor to meet them, Huntley grudgingly admitted that she was charming, if not strictly handsome. Eleanor, like most young things, was eager to meet a stranger, and beamed on the German Count. Miss Rachel appeared, and invited him to remain to supper—a courtesy due to the tutor's friend, according to the wholesome custom of the region. Von Reben was at no pains to disguise his admiration for Eleanor, rightly judging that no harm could come of it, as it was plain she would have no fifteen thousand dollars cash to pay over to the Emperor of Germany for the privilege of marrying one of His Majesty's lieutenants. Richard, handsome, gentle and excitable, was immensely taken with Von Reben; so the Count-Captain made a great success among his new-found friends. When supper was over, Huntley took him out-of-doors to smoke. As they walked up and down by the cedar hedge which bounded the lawn, the Count-Captain linked his arm in that of his old acquaintance and exclaimed: "My friend, your pupil is bound some day to be a great toast, as you call it. Let her but escape from this narrow, provincial life and you will see she will have adorers!"

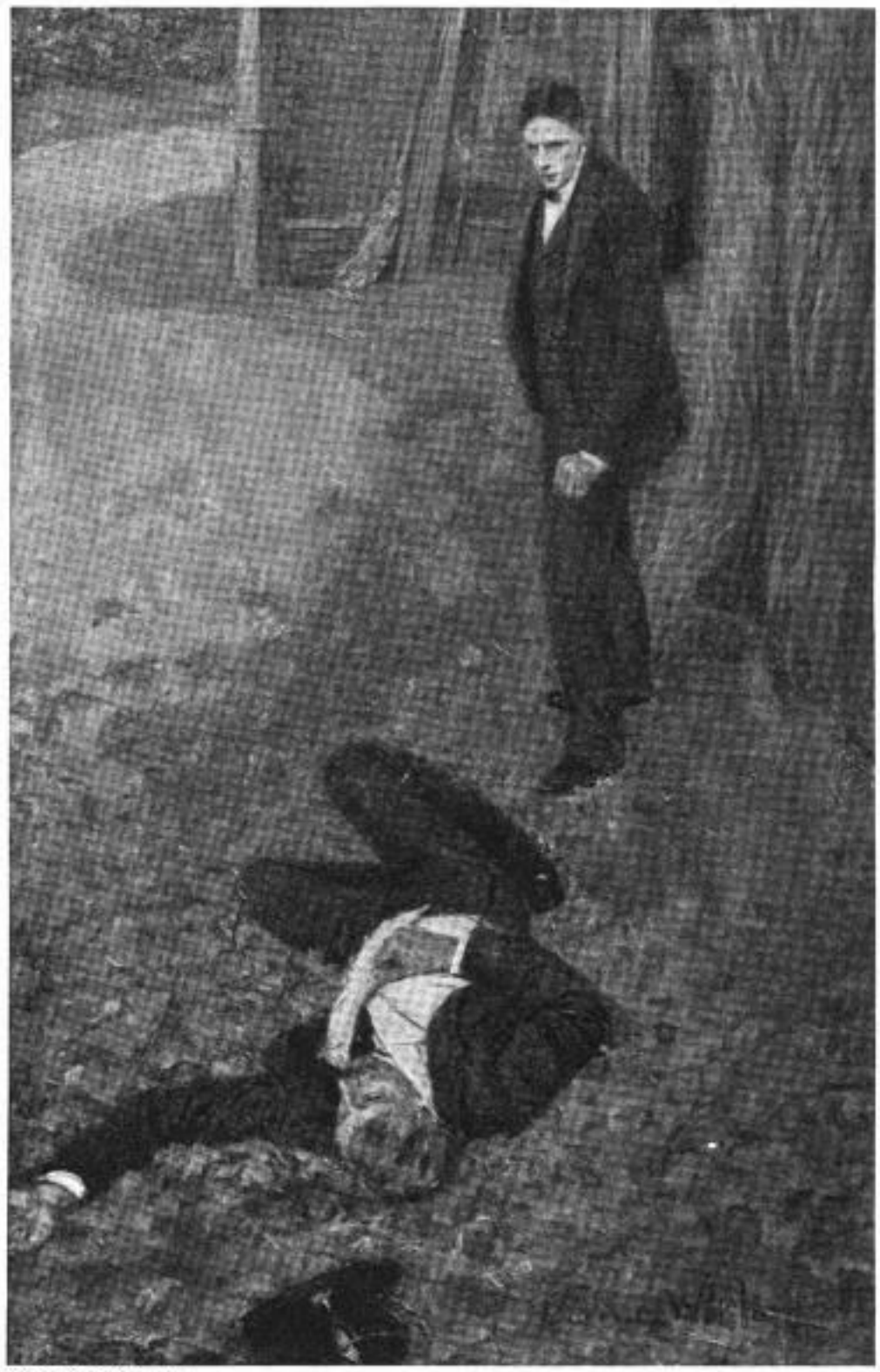
"I think not," answered Huntley. "She is rather handsome, and not deficient in sense—but strangely deficient in attractiveness to men. She is one of the few women I ever saw who I believe will never have a chance to marry, for I don't count your raptures, my dear fellow. It is simply that she lacks softness, coquetry, femininity. She is a good girl—honest, self-sacrificing, and very modest, with a fresh, frank, true modesty—but attractive—no! A man might as easily fall in love with the useful, modest and reliable pump as fall in love with Eleanor Maitland."

Not four feet away, on the other side of the hedge in the moonlight, stood Eleanor Maitland, hearing every word. She had stepped out to see if the turkeys were all in their turkey-yard, and coming back she had waited a moment to let the young men pass, and in that moment she heard words that no woman could ever forget. Deficient in attractions! Likely to die an old maid because nobody would marry her! A good girl! Pah! As soon fall in love with the useful, modest and reliable pump! And that wretched, ugly, dyspeptic schoolmaster to dare to say such *things* of her! Eleanor stamped upon the ground in her ecstasy of rage, and called upon the golden stars shining above her to bear witness to her everlasting hatred of Huntley. She went back to the house, hurriedly kissed her aunt good-night, left Richard at his studies—her own recitations for the next day she did not condescend to look at—and went to bed to nurse her wounded self-love.

Until one has known real sorrow, few pains are worse than those of insulted vanity. Eleanor lay awake in her little white bed, quivering in a storm of sobs and tears. And as those aspersions which have a basis of fact are always hardest *to* bear, so was the frightful truth borne in upon her that after all there might be something in what Huntley had said. That was but an additional torment to her wounded self-love.

After an hour of anguish for herself and hatred for Huntley, a thought rushed into her mind which lifted her up in bed as if she had received a galvanic shock. Count von Reben had not found her so unattractive! Other women practiced coquetry—why should not she learn it—she was "not deficient in sense!"—and practice it on Count von Reben? She would, she would, she would! she almost declared aloud—and went to sleep to dream that Count von Reben was on his knees before her.

The next day Huntley was conscious of a curious change in Eleanor. He thought at first she was ill, so gentle and subdued was her manner. She assured him she was not, and the dinner she ate proved she was telling the truth.



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

—THE COUNT-CAPTAIN MEASURED HIS LENGTH ON THE GROUND

Von Reben came over early in the afternoon, as soon as Huntley was at liberty. The two men went for a walk together. As they were passing across the lawn to the lane they met Eleanor. She had on her prettiest gown, and was swinging her hat coquettishly in her hand; coquetry was new to her, and she palpably overdid it, as she stood making eyes at Von Reben and smiling up into his face. The Count, however, was delighted—another tribute to his power over women! Huntley longed to box the girl's ears, while Eleanor, as she went upon her way, felt certain of being able to make a fool of Von Reben under Huntley's very nose. Another person, however, had succumbed as completely to Von Reben's charms as Von Reben thought Eleanor had. This was Richard, who hung upon the Count-Captain's words and could listen unwearied to the subjects always upon Von Reben's lips—his own adventures, travels, compliments, accidents, and general mode of life.

He was to remain a week as the guest of his New York friend, and when that week was up Richard had become so infatuated with Von Reben that he persuaded Miss Rachel to ask him to come and stay at Wareham. This Von Reben promptly accepted, much to Huntley's surprise. He imagined that a little of rural Virginia would go a long way with the Count-Captain, and was puzzled to find a reason for his remaining. It could scarcely be Eleanor, although the girl was throwing herself at Von Reben's head with an energy and persistence that made Huntley perfectly ill. Nor could it be Richard, although the boy dogged Von Reben's footsteps all day, and spent hours in his room at night after all the rest of the family were in bed. Suddenly Huntley had a moment of illumination. Von Reben had the Continental European's passion for cards—and nothing was more likely than that those midnight seances were devoted to a quiet little game. True, Richard could have little ready money, but knowing his shallow, sinewless character Huntley had no doubt that Von Reben could induce the boy to sign his name to any piece of paper offered him. Huntley was deeply annoyed and perplexed at the wolf he had so unthinkingly introduced into the sheepfold. He turned the whole unpleasant business over in his mind, and it grew not less unpleasant when he found out that his surmise about the card-playing was correct—and Von Reben was not the man to play cards for his health.

Huntley knew the uselessness of appealing to Richard, and he determined to see what a bold front would do with Von Reben. Therefore, one afternoon, a few days later, meeting the gallant Hussar at the stables, the tutor bluntly asked him:

"When do you return to New York?"

"I don't know," Von Reben answered dreamily. "You who have been in the house with that charming Eleanor a long time without adoring her—how can you understand my reluctance to leave her? I cannot marry her—the Emperor will not let me—but I love—I love—I shall always be her lover!" which he pronounced as if it were loafer.

"Perhaps you will," promptly replied Huntley, "but I am not thinking so much of the girl as I am of the boy—for she is quite able to take care of herself. He is not."

Von Reben's blue eyes assumed a look of brooding tenderness, and laying his hands on Huntley's shoulders, he seemed to be gazing far beyond the world of vision.

"My friend," he said, "you do not know—you cannot know—the temptation that besets me to take this adorable Eleanor back to Germany with me. I cannot make her my wife—but if constancy, devotion—all that woman could ask——"

The sentence was interrupted by Huntley's planting his fist so suddenly and so vigorously between Von Reben's eyes that the Count-Captain measured his length on the ground.

He scrambled up at once, too dazed and astounded to be angry. Huntley was standing over him, clinching and unclinching his fists, and sparks of fire flashing from his eyes. "What has happened? What have I said?" asked Von Reben, quite bewildered.

"What has happened," replied Huntley, gritting his teeth in rage, "is that you have said words about an innocent young girl which place your life in jeopardy, and I knocked you down by way of warning. Remember, in this country, where a woman's honor is concerned men do not argue. They shoot—and they shoot uncommonly straight, too. I advise you, therefore, to leave this place by the first opportunity—to-morrow's steamboat."

Von Reben's jaw dropped. He was thunderstruck, but something in Huntley's eloquent and menacing look convinced him he was hearing the truth and nothing but the truth. Nevertheless, in the chaos of his mind one fact struggled to the surface. An officer, receiving a blow, must have satisfaction—and he was not deficient in that automatic courage of his class. He drew himself up and said stiffly:

"I have no friend to represent me here, but I can find one in New York, and if you will not go there to grant me the

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satisfaction one gentleman owes another I will engage to have my friend come here."

Meanwhile Huntley had recovered his self-possession.

"Pray don't trouble yourself about either," he coolly remarked, lighting a cigar. "I haven't the slightest notion of giving you a chance to make a hole in my carcass. The offense of which you have been guilty—an implication against an innocent young girl—places you in imminent danger—but the other fellow doesn't take the slightest risk."

"Do you mean to say," asked Von Reben after a moment of dazed and incredulous silence, "that for a remark such as I made in the frankness of friendship just now I am knocked down, ordered to leave the section under pain of a still worse threat, and no satisfaction whatever accorded me?"

"Precisely," replied Huntley, beginning to puff at his cigar. "No one could state the case better. Did you never hear of the Irishman who wrote back to his friend in Cork: 'Pat, this is a mighty good country for women and cows, and a mighty bad country for men and horses?' Now, this is, in truth, a mighty bad country for men like you—and the sooner you get out of it the better. I give you fair warning. Unless you leave to-morrow, of your own free will, you will be sent away. For the sake of the ladies at Wareham I will say nothing of this until you are gone, but don't abuse my indulgence."

With that Huntley walked toward the house, inwardly swearing at Von Reben, at that foolish boy Richard, at that wrong-headed girl Eleanor, and most of all at himself for introducing Von Reben to the Wareham household. Von Reben mechanically turned the other way, toward the fields and woods. He tried very hard to adjust his ideas to the strange conditions in which he was enmeshed. He had seen and heard a good many things which made him believe that the Americans were, after all, more than half savage; and this last brutal and unintelligible affair convinced him that civilization had made small headway in the United States. He therefore determined it could matter little how and why he left the society of such barbarians, and he would go next day. Turning these thoughts in his mind, he came upon Eleanor on the edge of a field fringed with trees. She was standing under a chestnut tree, and was throwing a stick into the branches to knock down the chestnuts. Her hat had fallen off, and her bronze hair was in beautiful disorder. Her cheeks were flushed, and she had a kind of natural, Dryad-like beauty that might indeed have charmed the great god Pan himself.

She stopped throwing the stick as Von Reben tramped through the dead leaves in the path toward her, and he imagined he saw a soft welcome in her eyes. Eleanor was indeed ready to practice upon him her new-found arts of beguiling, and considerably more than willing to make a fool of him, especially under Huntley's nose.

Von Reben marched up and then with solemn sentimentality said: "Do you know, Mees Eleanor, that I leave to-morrow?"

"Do you?" asked Eleanor, in a tone of acute disappointment; what would she do for a block to try her experiment on?—was the thought in her mind.

"Yes, and it is hard to go"—and then, turning the conversation skillfully into the channels relating to love and marriage, Von Reben imparted to her the financial requirements necessary to marry an officer in the German Army.

Eleanor listened gravely, her sense of humor too intensely tickled for her to lose one word of the information Von Reben was gloomily imparting to her. She looked so quaint, so sweet, so sympathetic, that if she had possessed a hundred thousand dollars, or even fifty thousand, Von Reben would have liked to marry her at that moment.

"And so," she said presently, in a tone of sad abstraction, after hearing him out, "a girl must have fifteen thousand dollars cash in order to marry an officer of your rank?"

"Yes. Alas!" replied Von Reben, with a sigh.

"Well, I haven't that much money to save my life," Eleanor responded with sudden gayety, "and if I had I wouldn't invest it in a German officer when I can get an American just as good without paying anything for him. Come, let's go back to the house."

Surprise, and a faint repulsion toward her, came over Von Reben. He remembered Huntley's words, "flippant positiveness," "no girlishness," "no softness." At that moment he would not have married her for a cent less than a hundred thousand dollars, and his admiration for American women considerably abated. How could they, brought up in the atmosphere of the savagery of American men, be truly admirable? Von Reben was conscious of a want of affinity with the whole American nation just then.

In the house events were taking place. Huntley, going to his room, passed the door of Miss Rachel's. He heard a sound of sobbing, and Richard, in his soft, pleading voice, was saying something brokenly about "my honor."

"Take it, take it, the last five hundred I have in the world," wailed Miss Rachel; "but that man must leave, and I can never forgive Mr. Huntley for bringing him here."

Neither could Huntley forgive himself. He privately determined that Von Reben should not take away with him poor Miss Rachel's five hundred dollars of butter and chicken money.

When they all assembled at supper, the constraint was so visible it might have been cut with a knife. It infected everybody except Eleanor. The girl was in great spirits, and to Von Reben's annoyance plumped out the whole story of the cold cash necessary to marry a German officer, adding:

"If ever I have fifteen thousand dollars to buy a lieutenant with, you may all depend upon it I sha'n't take the first one I see. I shall have at least a dozen sent me to inspect before I lay out my good money."

Von Reben colored furiously, and Huntley, for the hundredth time that week, yearned to box Eleanor's ears. He had suddenly discovered a great deal of the child in this tall young girl, and having disliked her for her want of childishness, he now disliked her twice as much for having so much of it.

As they rose from the table Von Reben announced to Miss Rachel his coming departure next day. She faintly replied she was sorry he was going and hoped he would return—and being inexpert as a liar, the untruth would not have deceived a baby.

Early hours were the rule at Wareham, and by ten o'clock all were in their rooms. But five minutes past ten Richard had stolen into Von Reben's room, had locked the door, and pulling a little calico bag out of his pocket, slapped it down on the table with silly triumph, whispering:

"Here it is. She gave it to me this afternoon—five hundred dollars in gold."

"Good!" softly exclaimed Von Reben, producing at the same time a rouleau of gold such as foreign banks provide. And then began a game of *écarté*, at which Von Reben excelled and Richard was no better than a nincompoop.

Huntley sat in his room with a book in his hand, listening intently. At half-past ten he got up, pulled off his coat, put on his dressing slippers, and went noiselessly out into the passage. Somebody was there before him. Eleanor drew back into the darkness of a turn in the stairs as Huntley stepped across the hall, and throwing his weight against Von Reben's door, burst it in with a great noise.

Yes, it was just as he expected—cards, and Von Reben plucking Richard like a pigeon. The boy jumped up as pale as death; Von Reben sat still, his cards in his hands, and a frown on his forehead. This intrusion into his bedroom he considered most unjustifiable, and was prepared to resent it. But he was not prepared when Eleanor dashed into the room and, taking in the situation at a glance, walked up to Von Reben and, deliberately slapping him full in the face with all her young strength, cried:

"Oh, you abominable wretch—to come here and swindle this poor, weak boy out of money that isn't his!"

Von Reben sat as if paralyzed—and so stood Huntley and Richard. Huntley had suspected that Eleanor had a good hot temper of her own, but this exhibition of childish rage astounded him. Before he could say a word, or Von Reben could protest, she had swept all the gold off the table into her skirt and turned to go out. "Stop!" cried Von Reben, recovering his voice when he saw his money walking off. "Return my money!"

"I shall not," shrieked Eleanor defiantly. "I don't know which is yours and which is Aunt Rachel's—nor how much you have swindled that foolish boy out of, so I shall take it all!"

Von Reben started toward her, but Huntley quietly placed himself before him, and Eleanor marched out, seizing Richard as she went and taking him along with her.

Huntley and Von Reben were then left alone. Von Reben spoke in a voice of concentrated rage. "I call you to witness that I have been robbed, but I shall have redress."

"By all means," replied Huntley. "I have nothing to do with that part of the affair. But you must leave this house at once. Else I shall get help and put you out."

"Is there no law for the protection of strangers in this country?" roared Von Reben, trembling with wrath.

"Oh, yes. Plenty. But there are certain unwritten laws which decree that when a stranger acts as you have done he has no rights which anybody is bound to respect. And, you know, unwritten laws are much more strictly obeyed than written laws. There is nothing for you to do but to get away as quickly and as quietly as you can."

Von Reben stood up and swore long and loud at the country, its institutions, its men, its women, and its customs, and then went downstairs and out of the house, still swearing, Huntley politely assuring him that his belongings would be sent over early in the morning, but he could not answer for the money.

Going back upstairs, Huntley was met by Miss Rachel in a dressing-gown, her hair done up in curl-papers. She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed out upon his bosom that he was the saviour of her poor, innocent boy. Richard was in a state of maudlin repentance by that time, and Miss Rachel, taking the boy's head upon her lap, proceeded to assure him of her undying affection, and soon persuaded him that he was an innocent victim of circumstances. Seeing nothing of Eleanor, Huntley knocked at her door, and she appeared, fully dressed.

"Will you come downstairs and give me five minutes' conversation?" he asked in a tone that admitted of no parleying.

Eleanor sullenly followed him downstairs into the old library, when Huntley, lighting a lamp and placing it so he could see her face well, spoke.

"Of course you will give me back Von Reben's money. I could not demand it before him, but I took it for granted as soon as you cooled off you would return it."

"I haven't cooled off," replied Eleanor fiercely.

Huntley controlled his temper by an effort. What argument could be use with this unreasonable child? After a moment he said:

"Do you mean to say you will not return it?"

"I do," replied Eleanor, but the note of defiance in her voice was fainter.

"Very good," was Huntley's answer. "There is but one thing to do—to go over to the club-house and ask Von Reben how much he had and to give him my check for the amount. If I have not so much in bank I shall give him my note for the balance."

Eleanor stood for five minutes, the light from the lamp falling full on her face. Huntley was forced to acknowledge that, although not a beautiful face, it was the most expressive one he had ever seen. Without uttering a word, he read in her changing color, her tremulous, mobile mouth, her eyes, now darkening, now lightening, full of fire and dew, all the mortification, anger, resistance, uncertainty, and, at last, the submission that possessed her. When at last she moved off slowly to fetch the money, her downcast eyes filled with tears, her drooping figure, even her small, half-closed hands, were eloquent of feeling. Huntley wondered that he had ever thought her lacking in softness.

Von Reben left the next day, taking his money with him. He had got it, with what he considered a most outrageous note, from Huntley—and so very unpleasant were the Count-Captain's experiences among the American barbarians that he gave up his leave and took the next steamer home, swearing to himself that of all the savages on this planet the Americans were the worst and lowest.

The behavior of Huntley and Eleanor after this puzzled and annoyed Miss Rachel much. Before, as they had hated each other, they had maintained an attitude of perfectly civil ill-will and contempt toward each other. This Miss Rachel took for agreeable politeness and congeniality. After the Von Reben affair Miss Rachel declared that the tutor and his pupil led a regular cat-and-dog life. They were perpetually squabbling, and neither one could be persuaded to let the other one alone. This lasted until the very week before Huntley's engagement closed in June. "And I can't possibly have him here another year," fretfully declared Miss Rachel to Eleanor. "The way you and he dispute and wrangle is perfectly disgraceful. He is very provoking to you, but you are extremely rude to him."

"I know it," said Eleanor in a strange voice. Well, there would be no more wrangling after that week.

She went out of the house, and walked about the lawn in the still June evening, trying to imagine how it would be when Huntley was gone forever. Presently she found herself at the opening in the hedge where she had heard Huntley disparage her to Von Reben that autumn night. She stopped and looked about her at the sweet, familiar scene—the old brick house embowered in trees, a great, smoky, golden moon rising behind the fringe of chestnuts on the ridge before her, the stars shining in the blue-black heavens—how piercing was its beauty then, and how strange and cold and unlovely would it be next week when Huntley was gone. For the knowledge that the light of the moon and the stars and the sound of the summer winds would not be the same without him as with him burst upon her in that moment. She was standing, pale and bewildered with this new and strange discovery, when Huntley stepped through the hedge.

"This place always reminds me of that scoundrel, Von Reben," he said.

"Yes," cried Eleanor, with something like a sob in her voice. "It was here I heard you tell him I had no softness, no femininity—and I was one woman who would remain an old maid because I could not help myself. Oh, I remember it all!" and she burst into tears.

Huntley was cut to the heart. He took her hand and said, "Forgive me. I was ill. I was cross. I had dyspepsia. I didn't know you, Eleanor."

And in some way the touch of her hand made him say what he had not, until that moment, dreamed of saying: "And as to your being an old maid because no man would ask you, dear, I ask you now, and implore you to be my wife."

Eleanor declared, for a whole week, with tears, and laughter, and gibes, and jeers, and taunts, and smiles, and sobs, that nothing—no, nothing on earth would induce her to marry Huntley. Nevertheless, she married him before three months were gone.

Couldn't Fool Inspector Byrnes

WHEN former Superintendent Thomas Byrnes was the celebrated Inspector Byrnes of the New York detective force, he occupied a queer suite of rooms in one corner of the old marble police headquarters in Mulberry Street. It was always a place of mystery. The Inspector sat at a flat table at one end of the room. It was frequently covered with papers. On the walls in glass cases were odds and ends of criminology, bits of ropes that had hanged notorious murderers, black caps, revolvers that had figured in infamous cases, and other depressing objects.

One day the Inspector left a new reporter at his table and went into another room. He was gone half an hour. When he came back the reporter said:

"Inspector, did you have me watched while you were gone?"

"No. Why?"

"There are some pretty interesting papers on your desk, aren't there?"

"Nothing of any great value. Why do you ask?"

"What was to prevent my reading some of those letters and getting a mighty good story for my paper?" asked the reporter.

"Two reasons," answered the Inspector. "In the first place, I never leave a scrap of paper on my desk that the whole world is not welcome to read. Secondly, you couldn't have touched a sheet without my knowing it. Look at that penholder," pointing to a cheap affair laid carelessly across a bundle of papers. "Notice the direction in which it points. One end points at that door knob and the other at that black cap. Now you never would have noticed that, but I did before leaving the room, and if you had touched a single paper you would have displaced that penholder and I would have known it."

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Through HARVARD on FIFTY Cents

By Garrison Williams

FOR at least a century Harvard has been known as "the rich man's college." The implication of that phrase has doubtless deterred many a poor young man from an attempt to enter her portals. The implication is that Harvard is a decidedly uncomfortable place for the student not possessed of much money; that he had far better look elsewhere.

The contrary is the truth. Wealth by no means assures success at Harvard. Though it is true that the cost of living is greater than the cost of living at Oxford, at Heidelberg, or the other foreign universities, it is none the less possible to secure all of the advantages which the catalogue has to offer for an expenditure seemingly impossible. To have a room in Dunster or Claverly Hall, to furnish one's rooms richly, to keep a stable and belong to the costly clubs of the college, is to spend in the neighborhood of $10,000 a year. But given pluck and brains to pit against the dollars of his more fortunate (or would you say *unfortunate*?) fellows, the poor man can work his way through Harvard with very little money and very great self-satisfaction, and graduate with honors far beyond the reach of men who waste their time as they waste the parental allowance, virtually buying their diplomas in the end.

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ORDER OF TUTORS

When I say buying their diplomas I do not, of course, mean actual purchase and sale. There is, however, a regularly established system, politely called tutoring, by which students who disdain study may hurriedly absorb such knowledge as they are likely to be questioned about at forthcoming examinations. Among the indolent and well-to-do the "mid-years" and "finals" are bound to find many who are forced to have recourse to printed notes, syllabuses, seminars, and other aids and abetments of laziness. This is the "cramming" of the English colleges, and though the faculty openly discourages it, so long as there are quick wits on one side and long purses on the other some sort of bargain will be struck despite the most awful fulminations of the Dean. Legitimate tutoring is officially recognized. The growth of the University has largely eliminated from all but the most advanced and zealously guarded "starred" courses the personal element of guidance. To meet this lapse the heads of departments post upon the department bulletin boards the names of authorized tutors to the departments, chosen from the poor and brilliant scholars—at once an honor and an aid. The charges vary with the experience and ability of the tutor. The best work brings three dollars the hour, and from there down, as necessity and opportunity may determine.

That the poorest student has an equal chance for education with the richest is evidenced in my own experiences. Poverty, unless it is of the abject, helpless and hopeless kind, should never deter any young man from seeking knowledge at the fountain-head. For those who have no family resources Harvard offers many inducements in the way of scholarships and beneficiary funds. There are open no less than 206 scholarships, with grants ranging from $30 to $300. Every kind of premium is placed upon good scholarship. Had it not been for this fact, I, for one, could never have passed through Harvard. I doubt if any young man ever entered upon a college career under more unfavorable, nay, disheartening circumstances than I did. I was handicapped by ill health, a poor memory, and a reticent demeanor that I could not seem to conquer, be as bold as I might. My record as a student was so mean and unimpressive that I received upon my entrance to the University the maximum number of conditions.

WHAT MAY BE ACCOMPLISHED AGAINST ODDS

I had come to Cambridge with recommendations as a faithful and ambitious student, though I was from a new and therefore supposedly inefficient preparatory school. Somehow I floundered through my examination books, evoking, I am certain, the sympathy of the proctors in charge of the room. You may easily believe I was a happy youth when I saw my name posted in University Hall as admitted. Burdened though I was with drawbacks, my dogged determination had won for me the first step in the realization of all my boyhood dreams—a career at Harvard.

My plight upon arrival was bad enough, but added to my other shortcomings was the lack of funds for my immediate and pressing wants. From the moment I stepped off the car in Cambridge until the hour I crossed the yard for the last time I was thrown entirely upon my own resources in meeting the expenses of my course. Like an ominous spirit, foreboding evil, there arose constantly before me that old cry, "Harvard is the rich man's college." Now I can look back and smile at those first, fearful days, so full of apprehension for the future, so darkened by my worry as to how and where I was to obtain my equipment of books and furniture. I should not like to repeat the experiences of my first quarter-year at Harvard, helpful as those experiences were in making me resourceful and self-reliant. Because of my absolute poverty I learned to know the hard, outside business world much more intimately than do most students. I developed a keen commercial acumen along with intellectual breadth.

When I left Boston for Cambridge I had precisely fifty cents in my waistcoat pocket! I did not dare to spend any part of that huge wealth for food. To complicate matters, I had no idea as to where I should spend the night. I was totally unacquainted with the town. I found myself in the late afternoon in Harvard Square, as hungry and homeless as any tramp. I was travel-stained and footsore. I did not know that a mere inquiry would have set me on the right track to both food and shelter.

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST NIGHT AT CAMBRIDGE

Aimlessly I wandered through Cambridge with about the same feeling of desolation that would have possessed the soul of John Harvard—who knew the old town only as Newtown—had he linked arms with me that memorable evening and gone in search of a room. Through Cambridge Street and Holyoke Street I strolled, "sizing up" the houses in which I had been told rooms were to let. The New England spirit of enterprise that has turned every third dwelling in Cambridge into a lodging-house for students prevented me from securing a room "on trust." My sole baggage was the hand satchel I carried. Finally, in a far corner of Kirkland Street I found a kindly woman who seemed willing to take me in on speculation. I went to bed supperless but not wholly miserable.

I had left my native Pennsylvania town with enough to pay traveling expenses, plus my treasured fifty-cent piece and the promise of a loan of $175 from an intimate friend of my father. The latter was also one of my bondsmen, depositing in due time and order with the Bursar one-half the required $400 as a guarantee against my possible failure to meet all bills. The loaned $175 I fully expected to receive the day after my arrival. My representations to my trusting landlady were based on this assurance. The next day came, but the money did not. I haunted the express office through which it was to be delivered, and thought I saw in the face of the affable clerk the positive traces of criminal tendencies. I was plainly in pawn.



Would he allow me to display my extraordinary skill as a window decorator?

AN APPRENTICESHIP IN PRACTICAL ARCHITECTURE

It was late in the afternoon of my second day when I screwed up sufficient courage to approach the proprietor of one of the Boston bookstores and propose that I should dress up his shop windows with the new books, stationery and writing materials he offered for sale. I spoke very rapidly and earnestly to hide my confusion and humiliation, and declared I could attract in one day more customers by my handiwork than had come into his store in a week. Would he allow me to display my extraordinary skill as a window decorator? He finally consented to my proposition, and the price agreed upon was three dollars if my work proved wholly satisfactory. My impromptu effort was a revelation to myself. I think I did not arrange those books and things with any regard to harmonious blending of colors, but I built up some wonderful arches with paper boxes, and made some striking if inartistic rosettes with a bundle of pen-wipers and a stock of pencils. It is true that some of my geometrical effects in books were marred by placing them so that the casual spectator would have to stand on his or her head in order to read the titles. The chief thing of moment was that I received three dollars for my work. That night I dined—dined luxuriously, it seemed to me—and walked to my room with my chest out and my nose high in the air.

Then came my examinations, and if the borrowed money had not arrived at about the same time I should have flung myself into the Charles River. To be poor of pocket and poor of brain and still have enough perception left to realize one's state of hopeless demoralization seemed to me the very essence of ironical fate. Two of the three dollars earned as a window decorator went to my landlady—a sop to Cerberus. There was left of my original half-dollar just one lonely five-cent piece when my borrowed $175 came along to lift me from my slough of despond.

I felt secure with only my room rent of $2.50 the week to pay and a chance to live gayly on at least $125, allowing $50 for the payment of my first tuition bill in the coming February, which seemed almost far away enough to make me reckless. But I had counted without my host, as the phrase runs. There were incidentals to be paid for, which made the payment something more than a mere incident in my early college life.

I found that for $2.50 the week I could dine at the Foxcroft Club in a way that passeth human belief; with good roast beef at fifteen cents the plate, and side dishes at three and five cents each, topping off with good coffee and the inevitable piece of pie for eight cents, you may dine *à la* Foxcroft with true epicurean gusto and satisfaction. But what I found was reasonable enough in the way of inexpensive catering to the inner man, I soon discovered was offset by a monopoly in text-books. To-day all this is changed. The Coöperative—familiarly known as "The Coop"—managed by the students themselves, furnishes all necessaries to its members at cost prices.

A SCHOLASTIC MONOPOLY

Text-books were purchasable at but one place, and that place in Cambridge. There were many reasons why it was impossible to buy one's necessary books in any shop other than the Cambridge place, but it must suffice to tell that in the latter establishment text-books could only be bought and paid for at such prices as would appall the bookseller familiar with competition. My text-books did all but send me into absolute bankruptcy. I thanked Heaven my room rent was paid up some weeks in advance, though I trembled for myself when I thought of the likelihood of starving to death. The idea of starvation first came to me as an airy fancy; later, I was confronted by it as a grim and terribly real spectre. My original capital of $175 had dwindled to a $20 bill before I had actually fallen into the routine of my first term at college. In later years I realized what was not evident to me at the start—that the first months, necessitating as they do the purchase of many things used throughout the four years of college life, makes an initial expense larger in proportion than that of succeeding years.

HOW TO LIVE IN LUXURY AT $2.50 THE WEEK

Before the expiration of the spring term of my Freshman year I had imbibed much wisdom other than that printed in my text-books. I had learned how to live more economically than I had been doing, and how to make money within college grounds. Two-thirds of my original "pile" had gone by that time for tuition and text-books, and the balance paid for a few weeks' board and lodging. For the cost of the latter I had no complaint. My landlady was a second mother to me. There were three other student lodgers in the house, but somehow I did not affiliate with them, and none of us saw much of each other.

My quarters were remarkably cozy and homelike; I am certain no such comforts can be found at a cost so low outside of Cambridge. My home (as I soon came to call it) was one of those numerous houses where student lodgers had been catered to for two or three generations. I found that my motherly landlady, though keen enough at a bargain, had supported herself for years by means of her rented rooms. Conceive, if you will, a large, square room, in the old style, the door and window trimmings of Colonial design and painted white, and you have an outline sketch of the place I called home. Nothing was there that might be called luxurious, but everything was useful and some things were beautiful. An old-time mahogany dresser stood between the two windows of the room, and atop of this very dignified bit of furniture an oval mirror tilted between supports. A bamboo bookrack rose from the floor at one corner. There was an open fireplace with grate and fender. In a far corner stood my bed—an iron-framed affair, immaculately spread, and in the centre of the room was the study table, round and heavy, standing on its supports with a suggestion of being built all of a piece with the house itself. I was rich in chairs—four of them; two thickly upholstered ones, a walnut rocker, and the inevitable "Harvard chair"—a compromise between a steamer, a dentist's and a Morris chair, with the virtues of all these and an individuality of its own. For all this ease and comfort I paid the munificent sum of $2.50 the week. I could have lived out the whole of my college life in this sunny, cheerful apartment, but for the fact that it was inconveniently distant from the University, and I felt the need of keeping in hourly touch with congenial fellow-students. It

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was for this last reason mainly that I removed my few small belongings from the Kirkland Street house, bade my foster-mother a regretful adieu, and made my home for the rest of my Freshman and the whole of my Sophomore year in Divinity Hall, where as one of some half-dozen laymen—a clannish, irreverent but studious crew—I was happy, if poor.

WHEN THINGS LOOKED AT THEIR BLACKEST

The means by which I eked out my early college days, after my borrowed money was gone and I had succeeded in accumulating a number of bothersome debts, can perhaps be imagined by a recital of a few of my adventures in search of the elusive dollar. One day when I was completely stranded, with no hope of earning immediate cash (I could not bring myself to borrow from my classmates), I walked through the yard doing some hard thinking. Mechanically I drew out my watch to see the time. Here was my salvation. I would pawn it.

It was with the assurance of ignorance that I hurried into a Boston loan-office and asked for $50—$10 less than the original price. The struggle between my pride and my insistent hunger was sharp, but brief. I received $15 and left my watch. Later I pawned two rings and some silver toilet articles. These latter yielded me $7.50. This was the darkest hour of my college life. In a day of black extremity it was announced that I had won one of several prizes on the Bowdoin foundation, which meant $100, payable at an early date. Later I contested successfully for the Boylston prize for elocution, which yielded me $45. You may guess my condition of mind when I found these honors and (what was more to the point at the time) the accompanying helpful dollars showered upon me. This success changed my whole point of view and gave me a new inspiration to work for success. I determined not only to pay my way as I went, but to lay up riches for the future. I found this latter resolve impossible of realization. I worked and studied as only an ambitious youth can.

AN OPENING CAREER AS POLITICIAN AND CATERER

Another poor student, to whom I had been attracted by that same affinity which draws into congenial groups by themselves tramps, railroad Presidents and house-breakers, had a marvelous possession in a typewriter machine. I was a good operator, and my skill enabled me to earn enough for an entire new outfit of clothing and a few—just a few—little luxuries: a new briar pipe, for example, and a couple of pounds of good tobacco. Upon my borrowed machine I wrote, at a reduced rate per folio, letters, manuscripts and circulars—everything that can be expressed by the characters of the alphabet. For a Boston politician I wrote an address which he afterward delivered to his constituents amid awed praise and wild applause ($10). For a student's dinner-party I turned off twenty decorated menu cards, making the floral borders, etc., with combinations of the X and O signs of my writing instrument (result, $5). A greater part of my work was writing manuscripts for some of the professors, which, though laborious and exacting, was liberally paid for and helpful where the manuscript to be typewritten touched upon a subject in which I was interested. From such jobs I earned about $70. To do this work I had to sacrifice many sleeping hours and permitted myself no recreation. For the rest of my first year I virtually pounded out my living expenses on the typewriter, which I was soon able to rent at a low rate from my friend, who seldom used the machine and needed the money. Only once since I had secured the typewriter was I in actual need of money.

That gloomy time came when my machine collapsed (from overwork, I presume) and had to be laid off for repairs for nearly a week.

A VACATION OF HARD WORK

My vacation was a mere word, for during the summer I worked ten hours a day as porter in a country hotel. There were many humiliations attached to the position, but these were as nothing to the severe ankle sprain I received in handling a big trunk that slipped my grasp and threw me, neck and heels, as a broncho throws an inexperienced horseman, down a flight of steps. I was "docked" a day's earnings for my "carelessness," though my employer, a gruff man with a heart only partially ossified by worrisome years of hotel management, paid my doctor's fee, revoked the penalty, and gave me a fortnight's rest on full pay. At the beginning of my Sophomore year I had earned enough to pay my tuition fee, but that was all. From the loan fund of the college I borrowed $75; from the beneficiary funds I collected another $75; for some newspaper correspondence I received $30, and with small jobs, such as painting a fellow-student's blackened eye to a normal hue, bill-posting, song and speech writing, and my usual typewriting performances, I pulled through free and clear, with a few dollars left in my purse. This was gratifying, because my expenses were considerably higher than those of the previous year. I had bought myself a few luxuries, and had added a number of choice volumes to my growing library. When I moved into Divinity Hall I had hired my furniture and was given the privilege of paying the bill at Commencement. This I was able to do. I had indulged myself in Boston plays, and had spent some money on mild luxuries, and still was on the safe side of the ledger.



My vacation was a mere word

A PROSPEROUS AND BUSY JUNIOR YEAR

During my Junior year my receipts were close upon $600. This good showing I was able to make by doing manuscript typewriting of a technical nature for one of the best-known professors at Harvard. He turned over to me the manuscript sheets of two books, and I translated his scrawl into intelligible English copy for the printer. One of the queer means by which I earned a quick $5 was the removal of a calf's intestines for the use of a professor in the medical school. All was fish that came to my net.

Students are necessarily debarred from the numerous scholarships offered until they have behind them a year's attendance and the records—recitation and examination—of their work. Finding myself eligible for certain prizes, I at once set about competing for them. My success was out of all proportion with my effort, for I attempted to secure everything available, and received—besides $200 from the Price Greenleaf Aid—a $250 award in the Bigelow scholarship, another $250 from the Bowditch scholarship, and a trifle over $50 for coaching a number of well-to-do idlers. Toward the end of my Junior year I secured quite a corner on the "private tutoring" business by forming classes convening for an hour or an hour and a half at a time and putting the delinquents through a rapid "course of sprouts," giving them valuable tips on questions, and bringing them into condition for the examinations. Bunching them together in this fashion, I was enabled to charge from fifty cents to $2 per capita (according to the difficulty of the studies), and as I conducted my educational kalsomining business on a strictly cash basis I made money until the arrival of examination days put an end to my monopoly.



For a Boston politician I wrote an address which he afterward delivered

With an increased income I bought better clothes, paying $30 for a measured suit where formerly a $12 ready-made outfit had to suffice. I began to feel less like an outcast. It is true I joined none of the expensive clubs—like the Porcellian—nor did I become connected with any of the numerous societies which form a social network around Harvard. I kept no high-bred dogs and horses, and had no drains upon my pocketbook from the dues of the athletic clubs, but college life was sweet to me, and the companionships I formed in Cambridge are still as strong as in the early days.

A TRIFLE THAT DETERMINED A CAREER

I began the summer following my Junior year with a brave attempt at driving a buckboard, but soon proved myself worthy of nobler occupation and was elevated to the proud position of hotel clerk—minus the traditional diamond shirt-stud and "loud" clothing. I became so prosperous on $15 a week (board and room free) that I was tempted to embark on the profession of hotel clerk and drop my aspirations to the bar. Something happened which deterred me from adopting a stand behind hotel counters. It was a foolish little incident, but it determined my future occupation, and I am sure I have not yet had cause to regret the choice. A great political discussion had arisen in the country town of which the hotel where I was employed was the chief hostelry. The discussion centred upon whether or not a new and more commodious town hall should be erected to supplant the Noah's Ark box which served as the present seat of municipal business. It was a momentous subject, and the opponents of the new edifice were in the majority—close-fisted farmers, for the most part. A mass-meeting was arranged so that the most eloquent advocates of the town hall question should furnish opinions for the townsmen to act upon at the forthcoming election. More for the fun of the thing than for any other motive, I volunteered to speak in favor of erecting a public structure "in keeping with the beauty and prosperity of the community." To those who opposed the innovation my proposed address was of no consequence. Being a "rank outsider," I was not looked upon with much enthusiasm by those who accepted my services, but they were short of speakers and I "might fill in a gap."

The great night came, and every man of the place who could walk or be carried came to the little toy town hall. I had worked up interest in the verbal contest of the evening among the half-hundred male guests of the hotel, and they helped swell the throng. Speeches in varying degree convincing and ungrammatical had been made when there came a lull in the proceedings.

ATTIC RHETORIC FROM A BARREL HEAD

This was my chance. Mounted on a barrel just outside the door, I began to harangue the crowd which struggled in vain to get through the doorway of the hall. There were almost as many persons outside the building as were within. I began in a loud voice to call attention to the inadequacy of the old structure on such occasions as the present one. I talked of the "penny wise, pound foolish" policy of town and village government. I appealed to the native's pride of citizenship and to his patriotism. I piled quotation on quotation, and hurled Latin and Greek at them in rolling periods. I finally wound up my peroration with a pat and amusing story, and retired amid the cheers of both progressives and conservatives. I had drawn out most of the audience from the hall by the mere vigor of my voice. There was nothing too good for me in the town after that night. A new town hall was unanimously agreed upon. I could have had a political office for the asking. They wanted me to open a law office in the town at once, and said I could enjoy a monopoly of the county's legal business if I would settle there. I think so much flattery turned my head, for I went back to Harvard determined to be a great legal luminary in one of the big cities. One thing saved me from conceit. It was the remark of my employer at the hotel: "You may be a pretty glib talker, an' you may know all about law an' politics, young man, but you're a mighty poor hotel clerk."

My Senior year at Harvard, as was and is the case with every earnest student, found every hour of the day, and many hours of the night, occupied with profitable work, equally profitable schemes, or study. I do not think I squandered a single minute. While, perforce, I studied more sedulously, I also contrived to earn more money than in previous years. This was no easy task. Besides keeping up my "coaching parties," I captured four scholarship prizes amounting in monetary value to $525. I do not think I possess an especial talent for profound thought, and am not much concerned about the elegance of my spoken or written thought. I was as much surprised as any one to find that I could win honors and dollars by working a few hours overtime on prize dissertations. I have the knack of conveying my ideas plainly in straightforward English, and a gift of words was provided for me upon my arrival in the world; and these have done much for me as student and lawyer.

THE PATH TO PROMINENCE AT LAST OPENS

I made an assistant of my fellow-student, whose typewriter I eventually bought outright, and turned out of hand a lot of work by proxy. I found myself respected by the fellows who from the start had stepped naturally into prominence, and not infrequently went to their rooms as a guest. This means something in a community where a student may keep himself as isolated as Crusoe on his island, and where social distinctions of rich and poor, idlers and workers, are as clearly marked as though the University were a big town. What

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with my several sources of income, my growing name (and its consequent benefit) as a tutor and general utility man, I made my final year at Harvard yield me large dividends. At the beginning of my Senior term I forsook Divinity Hall and moved over to better quarters in the yard. I felt that my larger income warranted this extravagance. Whenever I increased my expenditures I made it a rule to add an equal amount to my income. Thus I made up the added expense of new quarters by acting as the agent for a Boston theatre in the selection of intelligent "supers." I found no difficulty in getting students anxious enough to swell "the mob without" and willing to pay for the privilege.

JUST WHAT ONE YEAR AT HARVARD REALLY COSTS

I do not propose narrating every detail of my life during the four fruitful years I lived under the protection of Alma Mater. It is enough to tell that at the end of my Freshman year I was out of debt, and had made my way, an unaided stranger, with an initial capital of fifty cents and a determination to succeed in my endeavor to get an education. I have always been methodical. I believe in the kind of genius which takes pains in doing things. From my first day at Harvard I began to keep an itemized account of my expenditures and receipts. From my memorandum books I have copied the following figures, which, as campaign orators are fond of saying, are "interesting and instructive." These are my Freshman-year expenditures:

Tuition (in three installments of $50 each)	$150.00
Room (in Cambridge; 26 weeks at $2.50 the week)	65.00
Room (in Divinity Hall; 13 weeks at $3.00 the week)	39.00
Board (at the Foxcroft; 38 weeks at $2.50 the week)	95.00
Text-books	30.00
Fuel and light (one large oil lamp)	11.00
Clothes	35.00
Typewriter hire (32 weeks at 25c. the week)	8.00
Typewriter repairs	3.00
Incidentals (including stationery, stamps, etc.)	23.00
	$459.00

These items cover only necessary expenses. For the greater part of my first year I was barely able to make both ends meet. I did my washing and ironing and performed similar menial duties for myself which, though unpleasant, were obligatory. (Of course this was the crucial period in my college career, but it incited me to further effort rather than discouraged me.) My receipts for the first year offer a still more picturesque array of facts and figures, each item the frame of some incident burned in upon my memory as with a branding-iron. Here are my Freshman-year receipts:

Borrowed	$175.00
Window dressing	3.00
Pawned articles	22.50
Bowdoin prize	100.00
Boylston prize	45.00
Small loans	12.00
Typewriting	102.50
	$460.00

At the end of my first academic year I had worked my way to an honorable place in the University, and had one lonely dollar with which to start out on my vacation. That amount, however, was just twice as much as I had when I landed in Cambridge, and I was at least fifty cents "ahead of the game," plus a year's tuition and the honor of being a full-fledged collegian.

CLASS DAY TO A POOR STUDENT

On class day I "spread" modestly. My reception was a poor little effort, compared with the larger affairs of the societies, at the Pudding and the Hemenway Gymnasium, or the brilliant illumination of Beck, with its curtained inclosure and orchestra, but to these my friends had sent me cards, and from my own windows I could look out upon the fairest sight of all, the lantern-hung yard; and the sweetest music of the day, the farewell songs of the glee club, Lena Dear, and the Arion, were equally mine with all the world.

Having graduated, I faced the future with all my debts paid and a record of good scholarship, good behavior, and the good will of faculty and students alike. I returned home with $25 tucked away in my wallet—that money the grown-up child of my poor, little fifty-cent piece of four years before. My university training had cost me less than $2000. I make no boast of this fact, however, for others have gone through for less money, though none, I am sure, ever began a college career in Cambridge as I began mine, with no home resources, no cash in hand, indifferent mental training, and poor health. For my education at Harvard I spent less than many young men spend for pleasures during the same period.

By taking advantage of every opportunity offered to needy students—such helps as the Loan, Library and Furniture Associations; by hard work and earnest effort in securing some of the many cash prizes in which the corporation is especially generous; by keeping alert, cheerful, clear-headed and tactful, any determined young man can secure with economy and honor all the advantages of a university education.

The Automobile in the Public Service

By Waldon Fawcett

FOR no product of the closing years of the century is the future replete with greater possibilities than the automobile.

Considering the position occupied by the self-propelled vehicle as a recent topic of discussion during the past eighteen months, there has been a surprising oversight of its possible value to municipalities and the State. That this is being so speedily and effectually remedied just now is due to a sudden avalanche of practical demonstration. Seemingly almost simultaneously the more progressive officials of the National Government and a number of the larger cities have enlisted the services of the automobile, and the result, from the standpoint of accomplishments, has been as gratifying as surprising. Indeed, the achievements thus far placed to its credit entitle the horseless carriage to a place beside the locomotive, the telephone and the telegraph as a revolutionary factor in the evolution of the methods of administration of public business.

The automobile as an engine of war is likely to be first made an established fact by the war in South Africa. The type which the British authorities have selected as best suited for use as a gun platform ought to turn a Maxim machine gun of the ordinary type into a very effective weapon indeed. The automobile in question is capable of carrying the gun and a thousand rounds of ammunition at a speed of almost twenty miles an hour for more than a hundred miles without the necessity of a replenishment of the fuel supply.

In the United States the initiative in the employment of the automobile as a war agent was taken by Brigadier-General A. W. Greeley, Chief of the Signal Corps of the United States Army, who recently secured three electric wagons, the maximum speed of which is ten miles an hour. Two of the vehicles are designed to carry the instruments and paraphernalia of the corps, while the third is to provide transportation for officers of the corps detailed for experiments with military balloons or wireless telegraphy, as an adjunct to which the automobiles are to serve. The wagons are fitted with electric lights, and later a searchlight will be provided.

Appreciation of the benefits of the automobile is likely to come first to the great mass of the people in America as an adjunct to improved postal service. Already most favorable records have been made. In the city of Buffalo, recently, 150 pounds of mail were collected from thirty boxes, including eight package boxes, in exactly thirty-three minutes, the distance covered being slightly more than eight miles.

A kindred field of possible usefulness is found in the recently inaugurated rural free delivery, which has grown in three years from a total of forty-four to nearly four hundred routes, operated in forty States and Territories.

There are at present employed in the rural free delivery service almost four hundred carriers, and the aggregate length of their combined routes is something under nine thousand miles. It is apparent that the territory served could be doubled in area were the carriers provided with automobiles.

To farmers this would mean pecuniary benefit, for with late information from the markets promptly available there would arise countless instances when farm products could be disposed of to better advantage, and, also, there is to be considered the rise of value in farm lands which follows the improvement of highways as a natural sequence.

Already the French Government has ordered fifty heavy, high-powered wagons for mail carrying in the Soudan.

In the field of municipal administration the advent of the automobile has naturally been made first in the twin departments of police and fire. Ultimately there will hardly be any limit to its usefulness in both. The usefulness of the steam roller, which has come to be regarded as a virtual necessity, probably helped to pave the way for the automobile steam fire engine, which first made its appearance in Boston. Arrangements have been made by other cities to follow this with automobile hose wagons, and hook and ladder trucks.

It is a question, however, whether the motor vehicles which are now being constructed at a Western manufactory for the fire chiefs of several cities will not in the end prove most valuable of all. The automobiles destined for this work are, in all the essentials of strength and weight, racing machines, and they are built to maintain a speed of twenty-eight miles an hour over rough roads. Each is to be provided with two acetylene gas lamps and a powerful signal horn. The premise that these vehicles will prove of unusual value is based on the fact that it is frequently necessary for fire chiefs to cover distances at a speed to which a horse would prove unequal. The qualities which make the automobile advantageous for fire department work apply with equal force to police patrol work.

Unquestionably the kindliest mission of the automobile will be found in the ambulance service. It will insure prompt medical attendance while affording greater comfort for sufferers while en route to hospitals. In point of fact many physicians already use it.

That the automobile is to play a part in the important problem of the cleansing of our cities is proven by the action of a Western city in placing an order for several automobile garbage carts. In street-sweeping machines, too, there is room for further saving.

Nothing can be more certain than the total displacement of the omnibus by the autocar, and the close watch which electric railway officials everywhere are keeping on this newcomer in the transportation world demonstrates that they do not regard competition from that source as an impossibility. In various cities, notably Chicago and Cleveland, there have been projected systems of automobile service wherein the vehicles in service will each carry as many passengers as an ordinary street car and run with the same regularity. As yet, however, none of these projects has materialized.

In New York City shoppers have already had an opportunity to observe how the automobile expedites mercantile delivery, and it is therefore not difficult to give credence to the claims made for it as a successor to the bicycle in the delivery of telegrams and special letters. Even in the development of our new possessions the motor vehicle holds a future, for already a line to run regularly across Puerto Rico is projected. Finally, the vehicles are to be put to many unique uses, not the least of which will be their employment as a motive power on the Erie Canal, should the automobile now building at Hartford for this purpose prove a success. It is believed that it will prove powerful enough to haul a string of six canal boats.

The future of the automobile in public and private service depends much upon its cheapening, but with two hundred manufacturers of the vehicles in this country and two thousand in Europe it is altogether likely that the decrease in price will be far more rapid than in the case of the bicycle.



DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

OPPORTUNITY

By JOHN J. INGALLS

MASTER of Human Destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late—
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return—no more!

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY



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GENERAL LORD ROBERTS



Copyright by Messrs. Russell, London

GENERAL LORD KITCHENER

The Price of British Empire in India

After the defeats in South Africa many of the English newspapers, including the London Times, said it was the most serious setback since the mutiny in India. For centuries this revolt of a subjugated people will be a subject of history and romance. The war and the things that followed gave Rudyard Kipling his material and opportunity. It is an interesting fact about most great wars that the origin or the climax was trivial, and in the case of the Indian mutiny this was peculiarly the case. No historian has ever yet been able to find adequate cause. Of course there were the national antagonisms between the races, but that did not count for everything. Disaffection existed, and in the crisis there was a rumor that the cartridges which had been served out to the native soldiers were greased with the fat of animals unclean alike to Hindu and Mohammedan. The slaughter began. On Sunday afternoon, May 10, 1857, the Sepoys broke in open mutiny, and then for two years the war went on, with the loss of thousands of lives.

When the Boers Whipped the British on Majuba Hill

We never know how much history we have forgotten until some disturbance brings out the details bearing upon great events. In thousands of journals and newspapers it has been asserted over and over again in the past several years that the idea of a South African Empire, holding somewhat the same relations as Canada to Great Britain, was originated, suggested and formulated by Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain. As a matter of fact, the credit belongs to Lord Carnarvon, who, after seeing the effects of the confederation act in Canada, suggested that all the European settlements of South Africa be united under similar confederate government. The scheme was adopted, and the British agents in South Africa simply went ahead to annex things in their own peculiar way. It was not until April, 1877, that the Transvaal was nominally added to the British Throne. In order to make the annexations more valid, excuses were found and wars were started to sustain them. The cost was a great many millions of dollars and a number of good English lives. The natives were mowed down, and the whole desperate business made sad chapters in African history. The Boers, who had fled to escape British aggression, at last made their stand. The open troubles began in 1880.

In December, 1880, the South African Republic was proclaimed, with Kruger as President, Joubert Commandant-General, Jorissen Attorney-General, and Bok acting State Secretary. Pretorius joined Kruger and Joubert in the direction of affairs. The English lost heavily during the war. It astonished them beyond measure that they were defeated by such small numbers of the Boers. They made a final stand on the Majuba Mountain, which commanded the Boers' position, but this did not dismay the hardy Dutch, who on February 27, 1881, carried the place by storm, killed 83, including the British Commander, Sir George Pomeroy Colley, and disabled and captured 183. Sir Frederick Roberts—the present Roberts in command—was appointed Commander-in-General, and 15,000 troops were sent to South Africa from all parts of the British Empire. But before they arrived an armistice had been arranged and gradually peace was reached.



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GENERAL LORD METHUEN

It is a fact in history, however, that after the conclusion of the preliminary settlement, while the Boers departed to their farms, the British not only did not decrease their forces, but made open preparations for the renewal of the war. In that contest Europe, outside of Great Britain, was practically one in sympathy with the Boers, and leading men in the Continental countries signed petitions pleading that the Transvaal be recognized as an independent State. With the effect of the defeats and the insistence of the sentiment of the world, Great Britain gave in. No one has ever said a word against the bravery of the Boers in that wonderful fight on Majuba Hill, and it is one of the distinct defeats that befell the English in all their long experiences in war.

Some Famous Setbacks to English Arms

Many interesting parallels have been drawn between the American Revolution and the present contest of the South African Republic. Whether or not the merits of the case are similar must of course be left to future historians, for not even the best of men is competent to judge at short range as to absolutely where the right and wrong belong. History needs plenty of distance.

Possibly there are more contrasts than parallels in these two wars. Great Britain has sent, and is sending, to South Africa more troops than she sent to America during the seven years of the conflict, for in that time the number of British troops and hirelings who crossed the Atlantic was only about 112,000 soldiers and 22,000 seamen. The United States had forces during the same period of 232,000 Continental soldiers and 56,000 militiamen.

Many of us have forgotten that the war against the American Colonies was so unpopular that King George could not raise enough troops in his own country, and had to hire men from the Continent. The present war was at first unpopular with the people of Great Britain, but there has been no lack of readiness on their part to supply men and munitions, although it has been necessary to call heavily upon the colonies for assistance. The history of the Revolution is pretty familiar to all. We whipped the English at the North and in the Middle States, and finally in the South. After the brilliant feats by American armies the climax came in the surrender of Cornwallis. Cornwallis surrendered 7247 men, 75 brass cannon, and 69 iron guns, while several vessels with 900 men and officers were surrendered to the French fleet. Already in the few months' fight in Africa the Boers have killed, captured and disabled almost as many men as the entire forces surrendered to the Americans on October 19, 1781, which sealed our independence.

In some respects there is a better parallel in the War of 1812. Great Britain sent three armies under three Generals to the different sections of the country, and they were defeated even more disastrously than the first armies in South Africa. The most famous of the battles took place actually after the treaty of peace was signed. It was at New Orleans. Twelve thousand picked British troops were defeated by 5000 Americans, the British losing 2000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, while the American loss was only a few men. In that case General Andrew Jackson and his sturdy troops found even greater safety behind cotton bales than the Boers are finding in their mountain fastnesses. This war on the part of the United States was in some respects the most remarkable of the century because it began with a bankrupt treasury and an army of only 10,000 men.

One of the Great Tragedies of the Century

Since the American Revolution England has not been fighting all the time, but she has been in trouble most of the time. Her brilliant victories in the Napoleonic wars make stupendous reading. To all parts of the world have her soldiers gone, and she has contributed marvelous chapters to civilization; yet her finest experiences have not been without their tragedies, although in the end, except in three or four instances, she has known some of the greatest victories in the records of the world.

In the beginning of the forties there was trouble in Afghanistan. "Disaster after disaster occurred, not without misconduct," says one of the most serious of English authorities. The English Army at that time comprised between 15,000 and 20,000 men, of whom many were English soldiers and officers, and the attempt was made in 1841 to force the Khaibar Pass. It was not a success. Then began the retreat. It was in the high altitudes, and the winter was one of the severest ever known. The troops were entirely demoralized, and the march back—or to give it another name, the retreat—was marked by the greatest confusion, and by the most indescribable suffering. Of all this great number, one wounded and half-dead man, Doctor Brydone, reached Jelalabad, and afterward 95 prisoners were recovered. The terrible loss of life was one of the worst disasters in the history of armies. The fact that the Khaibar Pass was afterward forced and England won the day showed the resolution of a nation which, although it may be badly beaten, seldom admits defeat.

The British Reverses in the South African War

Often the sayings of a General become more familiar to the great public than the details of his victories or his defeats. For instance, it has been printed all over the world that Sir Redvers Buller had vauntingly proclaimed before leaving England that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic. It distinctly lowered him in the estimation of those who liked to think of him as a great fighter, and it hurt him personally. But since it has gone its rounds there has come a letter with his signature in which he said: "I was never foolish enough to make any such statement as has been attributed to me. There is an old saying which has sound sense in it: 'Never prophesy unless you know.'" More foolish were the speculators of the London Stock Exchange who, on the declaration of war, sent a message to President Kruger saying, "May the Lord make you thankful for what you are about to receive," and who two months later saw their fortunes toppling like buildings in a cyclone, and themselves shaking and shivering in the midst of ruin.

There were two sides from the English standpoint. One was the every-day, joyous feeling that the war would be simply a picnic march to the stronghold of the Boers. The other was—and this was that of those best informed and conservative—that the South Africans had built up, and were building up, a strong military establishment, with splendid modern equipments, with expert officers from Continental countries, and with all the resources for a modern conflict with a powerful nation. The events since October 10 have more than corroborated this suspicion.

It may be several months before we shall know exactly the official figures of the various battles that were fought, but we do know that the three divisions of the English fighting forces were each defeated in turn; that ending with the year more than 900 English troops were killed, nearly 4000 were wounded, and between 2000 and 3000 were missing: altogether a casualty list in the neighborhood of 7000. Adding those incapacitated by illness this total now exceeds 10,000. When the smaller Generals, such as White and Gatacre and Methuen, were driven back, Great Britain, with that admirable confidence in her men which she has always shown, waited with perfect patience for Commanding-General Buller to force a magnificent victory and thus retrieve the disgrace. Instead of that, he met the Boers with disastrous results, with a loss of over 1000 men and of a dozen guns, and with a shock to British pride that was felt throughout the world.

Britain's Position as a Great Power at Stake

Immediately the true size of the war was appreciated. The London Times, which is never given to sensation and always speaks conservatively for England, declared: "We are fighting not merely for supremacy in South Africa, but our position as a great Power. We know we have miscalculated the strength of our foe, and we are resolved not to make future miscalculations." The English Government called out the available troops of the Empire. People, while they differed as to the justice or the reason of the war, agreed that their flag must be upheld, and on top of all the War Office appointed Baron Roberts Commander-in-Chief, with Lord Kitchener as Chief-of-Staff. These two are the greatest fighters in the English Army—Roberts, who did wonders in India, and Kitchener, who did marvels in Africa, both men of infinite courage and infinite persistence, knowing nothing save duty, and never wearying until victory is won. At once the spirits of the British nation arose, and to-day the English are confident that when the new commanders and the new troops begin their campaign the triumph of British arms will not be long postponed.

But the Boers are not dismayed. In a letter written since the war began their commander, General Joubert, said: "Up to the present time our enemies have fought bravely; but when they begin to suffer the privations of war, demoralization will come upon them, and they will weaken. We are convinced of our own ultimate triumph and of God's aid in this war, as in our preceding wars with the same foes. The blood that must be shed in this struggle, which will last probably more than a year, will not be upon the heads of our children. We fight for our creed and country."

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MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR



PHOTO BY JOHNSTONE, HARTFORD, CONN.

ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS

The Old Lady Who Could Not be Fooled

Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis, the talented niece of United States Attorney-General Griggs, and one of the latest versifiers of the Rubáiyát, has a penchant for scientific pursuits, and takes great pleasure in mountain-climbing, forest-searching and geologizing.

Last summer while rusticating at Lake George she went walking with a party of friends, chiefly college men and women, and came across some of the beautiful minerals which abound in that district. They picked out a number of specimens which they carried back to the hotel. Here they exhibited their treasure-trove to the other guests, more especially a piece of rose quartz in which were many flakes of plumbago. Miss Curtis, after explaining, left the veranda, giving the quartz to a benevolent-looking, spectacled old lady. She had scarcely departed when the latter, who had been scratching the specimen with her scissors, broke out:

"That girl is either fooling us or else she is crazy. Plumbago, indeed! It is nothing but an old stone with some black pencil lead in it."

Poverty's Day Dreams

Richard Whiteing, whose remarkable studies of life in the East End of London have made so marked an impression upon the reading public, gained his knowledge of the subject by living among the workers as one of them. Many of his experiences among the submerged tenth are even more interesting than those he has told in print.

Once while talking with a grizzled old woman, who lived in the same tenement, he referred to the Queen.

"Oh, 'ow I would like to be the Queen!" said the ancient beldame.

"Why?" asked Mr. Whiteing.

"It isn't because of her 'orses, because if I were Queen I would 'ave a donkey-cart with red wheels; and it isn't because of her band of musicians on horseback which goes ahead of the 'orse-guards, for I'd much rather 'ave a Hitalian with a 'and organ; but just think, if she wakes up at three o'clock in the morning and wants a bite to eat she can touch a bell and 'ave beef and boiled cabbage right away."

A factory girl visited a collection of antique sculptures, and on her return Mr. Whiteing asked her:

"How did you like the statues?"

"None too much at first, sir, because nearly all of them were shamelessly dressed. That made me mad, until I thought that they wuz awfully poor in them days and didn't 'ave money to buy clothes with. Then do you know I felt real bad because there wasn't a single lidy in the whole bloomin' lot of them what 'ad a bonnet to her name."

The Inventor of Rookwood Pottery

Probably few of the people who meet the wife of our new Minister to Spain know that she is one of the first notable potters of the United States. Mrs. Bellamy Storer in her youth was a china painter and porcelain artist of great ability, although she pursued the art as a pastime and gave most of her finest pieces away to church fairs, exhibits, museums and art collections.

She was the head and front of the movement of women china painters in Cincinnati and the West, and helped to organize the first clubs, which have since become factors in forwarding the art. Mrs. Storer next established a kiln, and, with the aid of the best china painters whom she could interest, began experimenting with pottery, colorings and designs.

The result was the Rookwood pottery—named for the town of Rookwood in which the work was begun—which has become world renowned, and which, on its first appearance in Europe, was credited to China, France, Germany, and even Spain. Many consider the Rockwood coloring one of the greatest discoveries in porcelain painting.

A Sincere Compliment from a Native

A prominent figure in Cleveland society is Miss Gabrielle Townsend Stewart. Besides being a belle of many accomplishments, she is a bright writer, and a famous amateur authority upon musical and dramatic subjects. She inherits her talents from her father, N. Coe Stewart, the director of music in the Cleveland public schools, and from her mother, President of the National Homemakers' Association and ex-President of the Cleveland Sorosis. She is a cousin of Edward W. Townsend, the novelist, whose newspaper and literary work has been one of her favorite studies. Many of his Chimmie Fadden sketches she recited with great success at social receptions in London when she was a delegate to the World's Council of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Few of those who heard her knew of the careful preparation she had made to master the curious dialect employed in the work. This included a trip to Chinatown, in the Bowery district, where she passed several interesting hours. In this picturesque neighborhood she met many personages who had been used as models by Mr. Townsend in the creation of his characters. Among them was one whose roughness and toughness made his quick wit and innate courtesy all the more noteworthy. During their conversation he referred contemptuously to several criminals—"fly crooks," he called them—who had moved within a short time into the neighborhood. They were good for nothing, he declared, but for sneak-thieving and robbing children.

Miss Stewart asked: "Do you think it safe to wear jewelry in the streets down here?"

He looked at her beautiful face a moment and then answered: "It's all right as long as I am wid you, and I guess it's all right anyhow; but if you want to be dead right, it's not the jewelry you want to lock up in the safe, but your own pretty self."

How Saccharine was Discovered

Of the many great chemists of the world, none perhaps is better known than Dr. Constantine Fahlberg, who some years ago discovered that curious chemical product named saccharine. It is an extraordinary chemical, being so intensely sweet that a single grain is said to be equal to several hundred times its bulk of the best white sugar. To some friends he recently told the story of the discovery, which like many of the greatest inventions of the world was made while pursuing other ends.

"I was conducting a series of researches in synthetic chemistry," he said, "and had in view the creation of some new compound radicals. One day I had produced a new substance and was separating it from other ingredients. I was



PHOTO BY MOWBRY, ASHLAND, OHIO

GABRIELLE TOWNSEND STEWART

tired, and while moving a glass vessel containing hot fluid my hand slipped, so that several drops splashed upon my fingers. I put the glass down and seized the nearest thing to wipe off the liquid, which chanced to be my own handkerchief. A few minutes afterward I wiped my mouth with the handkerchief. Instantly my mouth began to water. I washed my lips with warm water, but it took two or three washings and probably five minutes before the taste of sweetness disappeared. I picked up the handkerchief automatically and my eye rested upon the wet spot. I put it to the tip of my tongue and the secret was out. I spent much time in determining the character of my find. When I saw that it was harmless I announced my discovery to the world."



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MME. MARCELLA SEMBRICH

Madame Sembrich's Photographs

The camera has found many devotees, but perhaps it has none more faithful than Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the celebrated cantatrice now touring this country in grand opera.

Professor Wilhelm Stengel, the singer's husband, treats his wife's love of photographs and photography quite as seriously as she does. He said recently to some musicians:

"Madame Sembrich has her dearest friends in almost all of their expressions and natural poses. She has Eleanora Duse depicted in more emotions than all of her audiences put together have ever seen her in, and she has equally fine impressions of Brahms, Rubenstein and Délibes."

"Don't forget Verdi," spoke up his wife.

"As to Verdi," and the Professor's face took on a half-merry, half-puzzled expression, "you know he sends my wife a copy of every new picture of himself he has taken. Perhaps he patronizes professional photographers and furnishes her with a copy soon after they are taken partly as a matter of self-protection. His last picture was accompanied with many pleasant allusions to the United States."

Versatile Minister Delcassé

If versatility be an American trait, Théophile Delcassé, the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, ought to have been a native of the United States. He is not yet fifty, but has already attained distinction in many fields of intellectual effort. His first venture was in journalism and literature, where he made his mark. From the press he went into politics, and was elected a deputy in 1889. Here he made his influence so felt that he became Under Secretary for the Colonies in 1893, Colonial Minister in 1894, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1898. While in the last-named position he settled the Fashoda affair with Great Britain. Last year he was a special commissioner, or envoy, to St. Petersburg, representing French investors who desired to utilize the financial opportunities presented by the Siberian and other Asiatic railways.

To M. Delcassé the Bourse ascribes the credit of having perceived the financial as well as the political and strategical value of these projected roads. Either through diplomatic channels or through a careful study of the Russian fiscal system, he realized that though Russia might start these roads, its treasury was too weak to finish them.

Henry George's First Friend

In the late seventies, Henry George, the single-tax reformer, came East from California. He was desperately poor and had but few acquaintances.

Shortly after his arrival he lectured before the Saturday Ethical Club, of New York, where his brilliant oratory and shabby attire made so striking a contrast as to excite the sympathy of those present.

After he left, the club appointed a committee to aid him in getting up a public lecture. Among others, the committee included Seth Low, who was then engaged in business. He was in consultation at the time, and the committee were in a hurry, so he told them to send him a lot of tickets. They forwarded twenty to him the same day, and felt happy at having secured twenty dollars for the lecture fund. The next morning came a letter of thanks from Mr. Low, praising the lecturer's intellectuality and inclosing a check for $250. The affair was a success, netting about $300, so that President Low may be said to have been the first man to start Mr. George on his Eastern career.

Twenty years later, in 1897, Mr. Low was the citizens' candidate and Mr. George the labor candidate for Mayor of New York. The latter made a vigorous campaign, and in all his speeches advised the citizens, if they could not vote for him, to vote for his friend, Seth Low; and on one occasion he said that if it had not been for the latter he would not be there as a candidate. Few understood his full meaning.

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The "Great" Houses of New York

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

MODERN New Yorkers of the wealthy, leisure class, who would otherwise appear to have touched high-water mark in the world's luxury of living, have not, however, quite attained the magnificent proportions of housekeeping in the hereditary homes of England. Our genial ambassador at the Court of St. James told me in August that he had recently complimented an English Duchess upon the charming beauty of her several ancestral dwellings. "Ah!" said she, "but think of having to correspond with twelve housekeepers."

Before the vision of a single housekeeper the mistress of an American mansion is wont to pale. In our establishments, such an intermediary between the domestic throne and its troublous subjects is generally a harassed being, embodying an endless repertory of tales of woe and laden down with petty complaints carried on from belowstairs to the court of final appeal. From the "independent" atmosphere she habitually breathes, the respect yielded to her in older countries is missing. What tourist does not recall some vision of her kind, leading the way through a grand ancestral home of Britain to point out the treasures, her form clad in black be-jetted silk, her hair neatly adjusted under a jaunty lace cap, her manner a happy mingling of condescension to low-born intruders and resignation to their fees. At a country house in England or Scotland one is wont to catch glimpses of this functionary, perhaps at family prayers, acting as a sort of Mother to the Maids, marshaling her white-aproned phalanx in its demure entrance and exit from the scene. To be conducted by the lady of a castle to visit her housekeeper in her own especial quarters is a distinctly pleasant experience. The sitting-room where she holds sway over cupboards full of jam and pickles, cake, and other dainties for the table has been, for generations of the owner's family, set apart for its present uses. It is apt to be solid, clean, homelike, respectable and self-respecting in every part. Nothing there, in its quiet precincts, hints of the internecine warfare, the cabals against authority, the discontent and scandals that arise like noxious gases in the servants' halls of too many American great houses. The laws of service, of behavior, of etiquette, promulgated from that source, are rigorously observed by the employees, and any breach of them means a loss of place through the housekeeper's recommendation for dismissal.



—her form clad in black be-jetted silk, her hair neatly adjusted under a jaunty lace cap

THE VEXING PROBLEM OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

In his department, the English butler is equally charged with the responsibility for his satellites, the footmen. Between them, he and the housekeeper occupy positions of real dignity as the deputy representatives of their master and mistress—viceroy and vicereine of the sovereigns, looked up to and obeyed accordingly by their subordinates.

The result of this system, as may be surmised, is a tremendous labor-saving for the proprietors, and if the happy day ever comes to our solvent land when riches can command it the whole problem of our domestic life will be less complex. In that event one may safely venture to predict a more restful era in our homes—notably, there will be less European travel and more contentment with the routine of existence within our own shores. It is the everlasting, the unmanageable servant question here that swells the receipts of the ocean steamship companies and the pockets of foreign landlords. Said a lady of many millions in my hearing: "I should be thankful to give two of my servants the combined wages of my other twelve, on condition that they would do my work and let me have peace." To the natural suggestion that a housekeeper would obviate much of this trouble the answer was: "But they won't respect her; they must always appeal to *me*. They can't be brought to feel that the housekeeper is any more of an authority than they are themselves. In short, unless I stood at the helm in person we should quickly run upon the rocks. And I confess I am wearied to death with it, and am longing to get abroad, where I can forget all about servants till I come home again."



"The pink one, if you please"

Some imp of perverseness it must be that breathes into the ear of the servant class, producing a discord of ideas as soon as they land upon the soil of America. To begin with, their persistent use of the term "help," an Americanism belonging to the pioneer days of civilization, when a single jealously guarded treasure was cherished by the family in the hope of inducing her to be satisfied, not to *do* their general housework, but to *assist* the members of the family to do it, and to look leniently upon their shortcomings. Again, the cool and exasperating habit of alluding to previous employers by the familiar use of the family name without prefix of any kind! These trifles, detected repeatedly in the conversation of what are called "superior" servants here, mark the progress of their continual effort at self-assertion.

THE DEMOCRACY DOWNSTAIRS

But such offenses are as nothing in moral weight beside those of lying, slandering, stealing and drinking, and worse, which the employer of many domestics, of both sexes and of divers nationalities, has, from time to time, to encounter in her household in New York. To discover such enormities in what its owners had fondly fancied to be a clean, God-fearing, Christian home is like coming upon a pit's mouth in a meadow filled with flowers. The experience strikes its victims with dismay, and robs their daily life of security and sweetness.

Given these existing difficulties, it will be seen that the organization and maintenance of a great fashionable establishment here is an undertaking so serious that even dollars play a minor part in its equipment. The householder's first care is to find servants. In order to fill the many niches vacant, she must resign herself to a series of experiments, rasping while in operation, often humiliating in result. During their continuance she can be neither blind nor deaf to their existence. The troubles downstairs can no more help arising to her ears than the smoke of the kitchen fire can avoid escaping up the chimney. Another and continual source of discord in the basement democracy, where kitchen-maid and scullion consider themselves entitled to claim all the rights of the upper servants, is that necessary mixture of nationalities. The English, having been long accounted the most desirable domestics, are now looked upon with less favor, the general agreement of employers being that not only the best of them, but the second best, stay in their own country. Swedes have had great vogue with us, but their day seems to be passing. Now, in the intelligence offices, it is a Tower of Babel combination, from which the employer must pick and choose. Swedes, Finns, Danes, and the Dutch and German element array themselves heroically in our kitchens against French, English, Italians, Armenians, Spanish-Americans, Chinese and Japanese. The following and friends of the several disputants appear in their rear, swelling the chorus. Amid the clamor that ensues, the voice of Erin, whose representatives were once supposed to be our bulwark of household service in New York, and were so derided in print that for a time they went completely out of fashion, is more seldom heard. Yet, as a fact, the respectable class of Irish domestics have been found to remain longer in one family, to be more honestly attached to the family interests, and to be more to be depended upon as friends of their employers, than those of any other nation we employ.

STAFF OF A GREAT ESTABLISHMENT

I have dwelt longer upon this vexed and vexing theme of service because it is the keystone of the arch of housekeeping, great or small. Once safely and substantially in place, it allows the structure superimposed to soar to the empyrean! Without it comes an inevitable crash!

To equip a large and fashionable house of the period there will be found necessary certainly the following domestic staff: a *chef*, or head-cook—who may be a woman—with two or more kitchen-maids; a scullion, serving perhaps in the dual capacity of useful man; a pantry-maid, two chambermaids, a seamstress, a couple of laundresses, a linen-closet maid, a lady's-maid apiece for the female members of the family; then, in the wake of the butler, three footmen, who wear the livery of the house, wait at table, and do deportment in the hall during calling-hours. There are generally valets for the master and his sons, men for the furnace and sidewalk, a private watchman to patrol the neighborhood at night—and a coachman, groom and helpers swell the list, often enlarged beyond the limits indicated here according to individual fancy or necessity. For the children's department there is a head nurse, a nursery-maid apiece, and not infrequently a specially retained trained nurse whose business it is to keep strict watch over the bodily condition of her charges, summon a doctor at the first appearance of alarm, and lift from the mother's shoulders all that is possible of the burden of care in this respect. Add to these functionaries the daily governess, the masters, the nursery governess or kindergartner, my lady's secretary, and the private stenographer of the lord of the mansion. They must all be paid, fed, humored and induced to live harmoniously with one another and their employers. Verily, the crown of an Empire weighs not more heavily than the duty to their dependents upon Mr. and Mrs. Midas, of New York!

Most of the families known as dinner and ball givers of the first fashion have the matter of entertaining so reduced to a fine art that the mere question of food provision for their guests is as much a matter of course as the bacon and eggs for breakfast of an ordinary household. Possessing a *chef* whose credit depends upon the opportunity for periodical display, his employers have only to pick out the dates for their parties, make up their lists, and let the decree go forth in the household that the party is to be. The *chef*, after lending the full powers of his brain and experience to the composition of a series of menus, presents them to his mistress for her nominal approval.

MODERN EVOLUTION IN THE KITCHEN

Evolution has long since carried us out of the artless stage in which Thackeray's Mrs. Timmins made blushing choice between two bills-of-fare offered by the French cook sent in for her famous "little dinner": "The pink one, if you please." Mrs. Midas, of New York, is perfectly *au fait* of the mysteries of French terms in cookery. Her *chef* knows he is to have all that flies in the air or swims in the water that ordinary people cannot afford. He must supply dainties out of season and present them in inviting shape. He understands, above all, that his dinner must not be overlong or overdecorated, and that it must include some plain and wholesome dishes for the abstemious gourmet of the period whose fad it is to return to elemental principles in food. If a ball is in question, the supper must of necessity reveal bouillon, *chaud-froids*, canvasbacks, terrapin, ices and fruits to be served at little tables and in courses as carefully as would be a state luncheon or dinner. Vanished is the old-time buffet supper where male guests joined with football impetuosity in pursuit of sustenance for expectant ladies. In private houses of distinction and fashion the refreshments are served by the footmen belonging to the establishment, recruited by skilled waiters engaged from outside. Hurry there is none; and when one group at a table has satisfied its appetite the participants withdraw in favor of successors from the dancing-room. In the matter of wines it is of course the butler who, after conference with the master, assumes imperial sway. Sparkling mineral waters play now so large a part in all banquets of fashion, that except champagne and whiskey-and-soda, potent drinkables seem to be conspicuous by absence. Many men now decline champagne in favor of whiskey and fizz (usually "Scotch-and-Soda") at even

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the most formal dinners. Sensible people of adult age very soon find out that, principles of temperance apart, they cannot recklessly indulge night after night in a variety of alcoholic stimulants and continue to keep a clear head and a sound digestion for their lifework during the day. Certain it is that the spectacle of a man unduly excited by liquor is a very uncommon one in what is called ultra-fashionable society in New York. And for this relief much thanks!

Many houses where the owners do not feel justified in paying a *chef* much more than their own university-bred and highly specialized sons receive per annum in business offices downtown for their intellectual services—for many years, perhaps, after entering upon a career requiring education—hire such a functionary for the occasion of a dinner or a ball. There are also women cooks of renown who make a practice of going from one house to another, serving the banquet of the evening, producing symphonies in soup and problems in pastry that crown with laurels the brows of the entertainers. Together with this important motor of the feast, it is possible for would-be hosts to hire additionally a large circular table-top to be fitted upon their own smaller mahogany; china, silver, chairs warranted to squeeze into the smallest given amount of space, a family butler of irreproachable exterior who will look as though he had been born and bred in attendance upon it; footmen in livery as nimble as they are snug; awning and carpet for the steps outside; all coming and disappearing with cheerful celerity for a not unreasonable sum.

PLANNING A WINTER'S SOCIAL CAMPAIGN

If modern ingenuity would furthermore contrive to relieve the hostess by supplying good-looking youths and talkative spinsters to fill the places of guests who at the last moment send regrets, there would be little left to ask! Of all the petty cares of social life, that of bringing the right people together, of getting the guests one really desires to have into one assemblage, is the most formidable. In order to secure this desired result, Mrs. Midas goes to work in a grand sort of fashion and dictates to her secretary invitations to dinner a month ahead. By the end of December people know pretty well where they will dine during all of January; and so on throughout the season. If the natural and inevitable interruptions of death, mourning or calamity in fortune occur, the invited ones drop out and are lost to sight until the turn of the wheel brings them up again before public notice. It is to be feared that the dinner-giver whose plans are thus rudely jostled by adverse circumstances sometimes considers herself the person most aggrieved! Dear old Dr. Wendell Holmes said somewhere in an essay upon modern wealth: "One would like to give a party now and then if one could be a billionaire. 'Guiseppe, we are to have a party a week from to-night—five hundred invitations; there is the list.' The day comes. 'Madam, do you remember you have your party to-night?' 'Why, so I have. Everything right? Supper and all?' 'All as it should be, madam.' 'Send Victorine to me.' 'Victorine, full toilet for this evening; pink, diamonds and pearls, coiffure at seven. Allez!'"



—"full toilet for this evening; pink, diamonds and pearls, coiffure at seven. Allez!"

Alas! Billions have we among us, but not yet has the gentle Autocrat's ideal been realized. Behind the outer show of the dazzling entertainments extolled by the newspapers lurks inevitable stress and struggle. To bring about the vision of "pink and diamonds" alone has required weary hours of waiting on dressmakers, much loss of temper, many disappointments. Everything else is in proportion. The toil for pleasure is daily exemplified in Mrs. Midas' set. At the end of the season it will tell in the strained nerves, exhausted bodies, wan faces of its devotees. Then shall we hear of the owners of these famous establishments "some flying East, some flying West, some flying over the cuckoo's nest"—anywhere so they may leave behind for a space the sumptuous dwelling with its warring factions, its tremendous tax upon time and money and patience, its small returns for vast expenditure! After a brief period of "rest" in travel and hotels, they will return to take possession of other great establishments in luxurious summer colonies where the old tale will all have to be retold. Poor Mrs. Midas! One's heart bleeds for her sorrows!

THE PASSING OF OLD-FASHIONED HOSPITALITY

In spite of the exuberance of entertaining among the fashionable folk which, in their own set, keeps the ball in motion the whole year round, there are few houses to be counted upon in New York for large and gracious—one might say hereditary—hospitality. The only approach to a general reception of friends in most of them is likely to be an *omnium gatherum* given once in a year or two, when the stings of conscience about old acquaintances and a neglected visiting-list become intolerable. The consequence may be imagined. The dullness of these wholesale gatherings together of assorted generations is appalling. People who have been married, divorced, widowed, forgotten and dug up *ad interim* rub elbows in a jam that makes them think only of happy escape from the scene. When they are so thoroughly uncomfortable that it can go no further, the guests wedge themselves into doorways and corners and gossip about their hosts. No one dreams of being grateful for an invitation to what is called in London "a general squash." Every one asks inwardly, "Why am I here?" And if the truth were fully revealed, the hostess and her family are longing for the moment when their dear friends will retire again into a long abstention from general social reunion.

And still by such functions the great house continues to declare itself periodically to the world. For the rest of the time it is open only for small parties, dinners of from fourteen to forty, cotillons, "small dances," musicales and a ball or two, from which detrimentals are conspicuously absent.

THE HOME PIANO

By CHARLES M. SKINNER

THERE are more pianos in America, in proportion to the population, than in any other land; and in no country are the poor things more cruelly tortured. It might almost be said that piano-playing has become our national vice, and that it has formed, in that respect, but an indifferent substitute for the chewing of tobacco. Yet it is not the playing that causes so many to suffer, but the tweaking and pounding and ignorant misuse of an instrument that was made for comfort and joy.

When the day's work is over, and before the lamps are brought in, while one lounges in slippers and house-jacket in the easy-chair watching the fall of night through the windows, then blessing on the daughter of the house who goes quietly to the piano, puts her foot on the soft pedal and turns the hour to poetry by playing a Chopin nocturne, a pensive bit of Schumann, or a *nuit blanche* of Heller. Sweet, with a touch of sadness, such music composes the mind while it stimulates imagination, the home grows cozier and dearer, and the night comes more soothingly. But woe to that house—and it is not always a boarding-house, either—where the confident one with a hard brain, a thick ear and a strong arm slams open the piano cover, glares, squares off, and falls to beating the keys, filling the unhappy instrument with shrieks and the place with trouble. And it may be stated as a rule that the more worthless the music, the more insistent and sonorous will the performance be, and that the less of an artist the performer, the longer he will perform.

We are the most patient people in the world, or we would not endure this treatment of ourselves, to say nothing of our pianos, with the despairing resignation to which we yield when the saleslady from the second floor front, or the bookkeeper from the third floor back, and sometimes both, descend to the parlor, open the doors and windows, and give what rural papers call, with unconscious truth, a rendition of The Tra-la-loo Polka, or Hullo, Mah Rag-Time Gal, or the march from The Blind Cow. It seems as though they had four fists apiece, and were using their chins and feet besides. And if some insatiable and misguided person then wants vocal music, there will presently be a husky and uncertain performance of Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, and a shrieking of Mother's Bangs Will Soon Fit Lizzie, and woe will brood upon the precincts.

Now, these innocent people do not realize the amount of pain they cause, and once in a while they do not cause any, for they play to an audience as untaught as themselves. It is otherwise, however, in many of the homes of the land where rudiments of taste exist and where there is an honest ambition to know and to excel. We should be amazed at the effrontery of a man or woman who, on being asked to recite for a company—supposing such an extraordinary request possible—should seriously declaim Mary Had a Little Lamb, or Little Jack Horner; yet the music that is played on thousands of pianos, before writhing and helpless companies, is precisely of the grade in music that Mother Goose represents in literature. It is well enough for children, well enough for gutter bands that devastate in low quarters of the town, but unworthy of people who have books and have been to school.

The wretched stuff that is played in so many households and by so many theatre orchestras is written by people of meagre musical education and no inspiration; written mechanically, to supply a presumptive need, and fostered by certain cheap teachers who tell their pupils how to move their fingers, but make no appeal to the eye or brain. The folly of supposing that new music is more desirable than the old is widespread, also, and this search for novelty is responsible for acres of rubbish—the latest coon song, the latest song about Moth-a-a-ar, the latest march, the latest waltz. They are usually abominable, and to be avoided.

For there is more good music than any one player can learn, more than will ever be played by any one person, and parents of musically minded sons and daughters whom they allow to appear before company as performers may properly require as a part of their training, not merely an instruction in technic, but a cultivation of love for real music. This is perhaps most easily and enjoyably acquired by attending orchestral concerts. No silly Daisy Schottische, Silver Spray Fantasia, or other nonsense is tolerable for a moment. It is destructive of taste and artistic feeling. If the best music is often heard by the pupil he will no longer wish to play the worst.

It is objected, sometimes, that "classical" music is too difficult. "Classical" is a word commonly applied by those ignorant of its real meaning to things they do not like, and they are as apt to fit it to a trashy variation on an air from Trovatore, full of vain and exhibitive scales, trills and arpeggi, as to a Beethoven sonata. To their subsequent surprise they learn, now and again, that the "piece" which they have applauded was by Mozart, Haydn, Händel, or some other master, and was undeniably classical. Of course, as a matter of fact, goodness and difficulty have no necessary connection. There are slambang and firework inventions of yesterday that are—thank fortune!—so hard that not one amateur in a thousand undertakes them, and there are—again, thank fortune!—a thousand dances, songs, nocturnes, reveries, marches, adagios and parts of symphonies and sonatas by the masters that are technically as simple as the ballad composed last week by Lazaras McFadden, of the vaudeville, who writes all his own songs, or the Skippity Hop Lancers, by Professor Brownsmith, just out. Music written for display is always bad, and music that is inexpressive is never good. Good music may tire the unaccustomed, but trashy music disgusts the intelligent. Some good music will please the ignorant, but trash can never much please anybody.

What should one play when one has only a limited command of the piano? Why, the simpler things of the masters—parts of a work, when one cannot play the whole. There are a hundred light and pretty bits in Mozart, for instance; there are Schumann's Kinderscenen, and his Cradle Song and Vision in the Album Leaves; in Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words, numbers 2, 4, 9, 16, 22, 27, 28, 44, and 48 are within range of amateurs, and so is the nocturne from his Midsummer Night's Dream. To name, somewhat at hazard, examples of good music that are not very difficult, one may mention the overtures to Faust, Oberon, Euryanthe, Freischütz and Masaniello; Rubinstein's Melodie in F; the opening adagio in Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata; Heller's Tarantelle, Trois Melodies, Promenades d'un Solitaire, Questions, and Romance in F; the march from Glück's Alceste, and passages from his Orpheus; Schubert's Momens Musicaux, especially the second, third, fifth and sixth, and his second Impromptu; Chopin's third étude, or most of it, and his sixth, eleventh, twelfth and fifteenth nocturnes; Saint-Saëns' Danse Macabre, Martini's Gavotte, Vogt's Nachtgesang, Haydn's Serenade, Händel's Largo; the waltz, Elfentanz and Albumblatt, in Grieg's Lyrische Stückchen, the Jungling, Brautleid, Holje Dale's Halling, Sæbygga and Kuhreigen in his Nordische Tänze, and Ase's Death and Anitra's dance in his first Peer Gynt suite; several of Bach's sarabands, gigues, gavottes, minuets, and the capital bourree from his third violoncello suite.

The operas are good things to have, likewise. Shall the player not be allowed to refresh himself with music that has been transposed from the voice to the piano? May he not play Elsa's Dream as well as the Lohengrin March, the love duets in Faust as well as the soldiers' chorus? The Oriental dances in Aida, Senta's song in the Flying Dutchman, and the *abendsegen* of Humperdinck's Hänsel and Gretel are worthy of attention. Even some songs bear instrumental repetition, such as Schubert's Serenade and Erl King, Spohr's Rose, Thou So Lovely, Falk's Fir Tree and Palm, Pinsuti's Good Night, Barnby's Sweet and Low, and Sullivan's Lost Chord.

Wagner demands the orchestra, yet there are towns that have no orchestra, and the pianist who can play the Siegfried Idyl and Dreams tenderly and with expression may be allowed to discourse the solemn and tremendous Siegfried's Death, if he will leave out the little turns in the high treble, near the close, which have such a tinkling and trifling effect on the piano. In fact, the good music suitable for home playing is so abundant that there is no excuse for persisting in the cheaper sort.

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Preparation Necessary for Self-Government

IN THE working of institutions which are the product of the race-experience and innate character of the people using them, their dependence upon the habits of the people themselves for their successful operation is not usually perceived. But when the attempt is made to communicate such institutions to other peoples this dependence is at once felt, and the fact presents unexpected difficulties. Troubles of this sort are being experienced in Porto Rico. It has been found that such a fundamental requirement as the habit of submitting to the decision of the majority is lacking. In municipal elections and in the action of municipal boards, the minority which is voted down almost invariably refuses to participate further in the business of government.

Commenting upon this, Secretary Root, of the War Department, in his recent annual report pointed out that there is no way in which such an obstacle to the extension of self-government can be summarily removed, because, as he wisely remarks, "it is a matter not of intellectual apprehension, but of character and of acquired habits of thought and feeling." This brings out a principle which it is necessary to observe in our efforts to benefit our new dependencies, namely, that institutions cannot be made to order.

This principle rests upon the psychologic law that race development is the outcome of special modification of the nervous system through the experience of successive generations, storing its results in the fibre of character until they produce distinctive tendencies. The history of our own race shows how gradual was the development of our political habits and how recent are the institutions which embody them. Although possessing a hereditary drill in self-government through our Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and although subjected to a long period of political tutelage as colonists, the people of the United States did not enter at once upon the full measure of self-government which they enjoy to-day. At first the suffrage was strictly limited. In the State election of 1789 in New York, when intense political excitement prevailed, only 12,300 votes were polled in a population of 324,270. The spread of the suffrage was gradual, as the result of political movements which brought the new electorate into relations with the existing order and trained it in political behavior. There has been only one instance in our history when full responsibilities of self-government were imposed upon masses of people without previous training, and that was in the case of the emancipated slaves.

While self-government is the aim of our policy, it should not be forgotten that "too swift arrives as tardy as too slow." —HENRY JONES FORD.

When the politician begins to explain how the other party won, Truth puts on mourning.

The Gift of the Loveless Hand

PUBLIC provision for the poor out of taxes is so usual with English-speaking communities that it must surprise many persons to find that this custom is almost confined to them, and that it dates back no further than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In most countries the poor are left to the charity of religious bodies and to the humanity of individuals. And they ought to be so left everywhere. The State exists to secure to every one his rights, and when it undertakes to secure its people against the results of their own improvidence, or even against unavoidable causes of indigence, it steps out of its sphere. It admits in fact the existence of that kind of responsibility which the Socialist tries to establish along the whole line of social existence. When Louise Michel visited England she told the English that as a Socialist she especially admired their workhouses, for in having them they admitted all the premises of Socialism.

The best interests of the poor require the abolition of public assistance in all its forms. It is always a delicate matter to make a gift to any one so as not to hurt self-respect and thus injure character. It is easiest to do this with those who are closest and dearest to us, as it is the symbol of our practical identity of interest with them. It is also possible with those in whom we feel a sincere neighborly interest, and whom we adopt as our own by the very act of giving. A gift in a loveless hand is twice cursed—it curses him who gives and him who takes.

And such gifts are the State's provision for the poor. The State loves nobody, and gives only to escape the disgrace of having any of its people die of want. Those who receive from it are conscious of the want of that which makes the gift a fitting thing, and they feel the humiliation of receiving it. They are hurt in that self-esteem which is the most potent motive to betterment in character as well as in condition. Thus they sink from poverty to pauperism, from unwilling to willing dependence upon others for their subsistence. The English workhouse, which is a place in which nobody works or can work, has been a fruitful cause of degradation to the poorer classes. It is shown to be such in the social stigma which attaches to the children's children of those who have been in "the house." In Ireland the poor in many instances have died of hunger and cold rather than bring such a disgrace upon their posterity.

The care of the poor belongs especially to the Christian churches of the land. At present they undertake little more than the provision for the poor of their own communion, and not always that in any generous measure. They once thought it their glory to care for all in need of their help, whether of the household of faith or outside it. Chalmers, in Glasgow, showed how a Christian congregation might provide for all the poor of a parish in the "wynds" (or slums) of the most diseased, drunken and impoverished city of the British Islands, and that out of the coppers given by the poor themselves. The Church can give with brotherly love, and therefore without either publicity or any other element of degradation. It can give with discrimination, applying the rule that he who will not work shall not eat. It can give without implicating society in any dangerous concessions as to responsibility. —ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

The active congregation makes the useful church.

Americans in the Tropics

WHATEVER may be the final political results of our recent war with Spain and our fighting in the Philippines, we shall have proved to the world that American physique and spirit in trying circumstances are unequaled. The island of Luzon is quite as hot and damp as any tropical country into which a large body of white troops ever ventured, yet the official reports, and even the most sensational news-letters of disgruntled correspondents, show that there is not so much sickness among our soldiers in the Philippines as there was in portions of the Union Army at certain periods of the Civil War. Apparently the trenches and swamps and torrential rains of the Philippines are less fatal to men from the temperate zone than were those of Cuba last year. This year, in Cuba itself, our Army's proportion of sickness and death is lower than that of some American cities. It has not been proved, as yet, that white men cannot live and enjoy good health in any portion of the torrid zone, for the great majority of civilians who venture into such countries are not of the class that is health-respecting and given to self-control.

Soldiers do not profess to be missionaries or philanthropists; some of them are not even moral exemplars, though the average of goodness in the Army is quite equal to that of any large community. In Cuba and Porto Rico our troops are now on amicable terms with the natives. American soldiers, like Americans in general, are sociable, communicative, generous, kind, and not overbearing, and therefore they present an entirely new type of white man to races that have known only the Spaniards. In a single year they have reduced almost to extinction the two great scourges—smallpox and yellow fever—that have had free course in Cuba for centuries. Instead of taxing the people into destitution and apathy, they are helping them to improve their condition and to become forehanded and self-reliant. In Cuba, and even in the Philippines, the Army has begun to teach the masses to use soap—one of the most powerful agents of civilization: no community that uses soap freely is ever infected with the insurrectionary fever.

Self-government is said to be the dream of the Cubans and Filipinos, but so mighty a power cannot be acquired by dreaming. Something about it must be learned from men who understand it. The Spaniards were entirely ignorant of it, but any American soldier knows and will say that his own native State is entirely free and self-governing; that within its borders insurrections are not necessary nor do they occur.

In the ways indicated and in many others our soldiers of all ranks and grades are doing good service in the lands from which they expelled the Spaniards. Avoiding cruelty, malice, oppression, duplicity and extortion, while exerting control through force, they are undermining the influence of many native leaders, all of whom learned all they know in the very bad political school of Spain. No American military or civil officer is filling his pockets from those of the natives; heretofore official honesty has been practically unknown in lands under Spanish rule.

The lessons we are teaching will not be lost; the longer they continue, the better will they be learned, and in the end their practical result will be a conquest more lasting than any made solely by fighting. —JOHN HARBERTON.

General Washington's body-servants are all dead, but the men who sent Dewey to the Philippines will last well through the coming century.

The Earning of the Firelight

THE luxurious know little of the value of luxury because they do not earn it. One who continually rests and enjoys, neither rests nor enjoys. Rest implies labor.

Now that the winter is upon us one homely luxury appeals to all, and that is fire. The high cost of fuel, the ash and dirt that are left not only in the fireplace but on the furniture, the narrowing of chimneys, the danger to crowded tenements from flame, the inability to heat more than a single room with a grate—these things have made the open fire a pleasant memory in many towns. In its place we have the furnace, belching gas and pouring dust through the house; the steam radiator clanking and banging, hissing and leaking, and parboiling the residents; hot water with its plumbing, fire-box and various complications; and electricity.

None of these ways of heating appeals in the slightest degree to sentiment. They add nothing to the home quality of a house or flat we live in. They are necessary in great office buildings, barracks, factories, theatres, schools, churches and jails. We notice their absence on a cold day, but never their presence. We cannot sit before the register and paint pictures in the vitiated air that gushes from it, nor does the family gather to tell stories or gossip in the winter twilight about the coil of pipes in the parlor. Charles Dudley Warner would never be moved to compose a second volume of Black Log Studies with his feet on a water-pipe, nor would an electric heater supply Ik Marvel with new Reveries of a Bachelor. No, indeed! Half the pleasure in a fire is in the seeing of it. It is a gladness to the eye. It is a symbol of the comfort that we feel permeating with such sweet insidiousness to our bones and driving out our tempers and distempers. Given a room with an open fire and another with a register, both at the same temperature, and that with the open fire will seem the warmer.

Hence there is comfort in the discovery that architects and builders are allowing people to sit by open fires once more; that the grandfatherly andirons are coming out from their long retirement and twinkling again in their cheer of flame; that even in cramped quarters of city flats where that honest, useful, but arrant piece of ugliness, the cook stove, has been forced to the task of heating, as well as of baking and broiling, the toy parlor has a little black hole in the wall where a couple of lumps of black coal may often be seen in combustion. For a fire is an eye to the room. An apartment without it in January is like a landscape without water in July. It gives life, promise, cheer, and is an expression of hospitality. The fireplaces of our ancestors, those grand old caverns where one could roast an ox, and where people could sit by half-dozens, looking up at the sparks as they wandered among the stars of a winter sky, are no more. It is as well, for our woods have been wasted too far to allow such conflagrations now-a-nights; but we get as comforting results from fires of a quarter of their size.

For sanitary reasons the open fire is the best of all. It gives a clear, dry heat; it ventilates a room; it does not exhale gas; it necessitates no moisture to rot floors, crumble plaster and nourish mould and mildew; it requires no plumbing; it never explodes and leaves you freezing, with gallons of water turning into ice on your carpet; it cannot be tapped by the families on the first and second floors, leaving you, a fifth-floor tenant, on the bitterest day of the year, with no way to thaw the morning's milk except by taking it into bed with you; and, best of all, it banishes the megrims. Welcome to our homes again, you living comfort, solace of weariness, creator of visions, incitement to mirth! Loves and friendships are welded to long endurance in your glow; eyes shine brighter for the merry dancing of your flames; home is home again with an open fire.

But truly to pleasure by our hearth, and to make the best gain from it, we must earn our firelight. Otherwise it is only half a satisfaction. The peevish home-stayer, the idle and cold-blooded, the timid of winds and chills, do not know the blessing of a fire. This is kept for him who roughs it out-of-doors and wades to it, mayhap, through a foot of snow. We have been in the house too much. We acquire nerves, and are soft and thin of skin. Even war is welcomed as an excuse for taking some thousands of us into the sun and rain, and how greatly stronger we are for that little outing by proxy!

To battle against a northwest gale, to tramp the roads when it is gray, under skeleton trees and swirling clouds—that is to earn the firelight that summons us across the fields. Off with the heavy clothes, and off with the cares. Then you may enter the presence where the fire, true Lar of your household, emblem of the creating and sustaining sun, shines back from eyes that are always tender, and reveal, vaguely, in the shadow, faces that mean to you the best of life. No; no lamps for a time. Prose comes in with them. They declare, while the fire suggests. There is no hearth with a meaning except at home. You cannot buy or rent it, and even at home the light of it must be earned. Having so earned it, we behold it as a window through which may be discovered loves and virtues. —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

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At the English Court

They gave a big complimentary dinner to Sir Thomas Lipton the other evening at the Carlton, and during the conversation that followed, when the cigars were well alight, an American guest of Lord Charles Beresford got off a rather good illustration of the state of affairs at Ladysmith. What the situation there may be when these lines reach America one can only hazard a guess. But at the time of the dinner General Sir George White, at the head of his little army, was hemmed in at Ladysmith, and the Boers in a tightening coil were making matters extremely lively for the Britisher in Natal. Conversation naturally turned to the war, and the American ventured the opinion that White was holding up the Boer force as effectively as the Boers were holding him. "Have you ever robbed a bumblebee's nest?" he asked Lord Charles Beresford. Beresford was forced to admit that he had not. "Well, it strikes me that the whole war situation is epitomized in the story of the bees, the boy and the bull," continued the American. "White is the bees, the Boers are the boy, and the Army Corps on the ocean is the bull. The boy located the bees' nest in the middle of a pasture field. He gathered together a bundle of switches, tiptoed over, and commenced to whack away at the opening to the bumblebees' nest. Now, if you had ever robbed a bees' nest you'd know mighty well that once you've stirred 'em up, once you've started using your handful of switches and the bees know business is afoot, you've got to keep on a-whacking till the last bee is killed. You can't let up for a moment or the bees are all over you like a red-hot hailstorm. You can't budge, you can't look over your shoulder, but must take your chances and pay strict attention to the bees' nest. The boy I spoke of was so intent on slashing the bees that came boiling out of the ground that he never caught sight of the bull coming on the jump for him. That's as far as I need go with the story now. We'll see what happens when the bull strikes the boy."

There's nothing like giving away information that one cannot make money out of, so let me say that what the Americans call an "elevator" we Englishmen call a "lift." At the dinner to Lipton already referred to a speaker got off a rather clever play on the two words. Lipton's famous threat to "lift that cup" gave the after-dinner orator his chance. He said: "Sir Thomas is perhaps not wholly successful as a lift, but in the important matter of bettering the relationship between the two great English-speaking peoples and placing international sport on a high plane he has proved himself a mighty elevator."

One of the officers captured at Nickolson's Nek was Major W. R. P. Wallace, of the Gloucestershires. He has a little nephew at Borlose School, Marlow. When the account of the reverse of the British arms reached England one of the masters secured a newspaper and began reading the news out to the scholars.

When the name of Major Wallace was reached, a sharp, clear voice rang out in high glee: "Then my old uncle is bagged, too. Hurrah!"

Here is a Kipling snake-story that is true—which is more than can be said of most snake or Kipling stories that are floating about on the journalistic seas. Odd figures sometimes give a better idea of the extent of the British Empire than even a map of the world would. So here, before really beginning the Kipling snake-story, be it told that last year more than 25,000 of our fellow-subjects in India lost their lives by being killed by wild animals. Snake bites account for a large proportion of that 25,000. As a consequence of the frequency with which venomous snakes are met with, Anglo-Indians spend their whole life in thinking of their livers and watching out for snakes. When Mr. Kipling reached London from India in his search for fame and fortune he lodged in some small rooms on Villiers Street, Strand, up two flights of stairs. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Rudyard Kipling's sitting-room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fireplace "smashed to smithereens." "Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face. "I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half-waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in when my toes touched the leather tongue. Snake! flashed across my sleepy brain; I gave one desperate kick, and when the shoe struck that mirror I realized that I was in London, and not in India."

I will not swear to the truth of this story, because I did not hear the street humorist shout, but I can well believe it, for the British workmen, when the Prince of Wales passes along the streets, afoot or in his carriage, always call out cheerful little bits of information to him, or inquire of him how his relations are, being, it would seem, particularly concerned to hear of the good health of His Royal Highness' mother. The query usually put is, "Hullo, Teddy, 'ow's yer ma?" The "lower orders," in fact, take all sorts of liberties with the Prince, and he seems to enjoy their jokes and impertinences thoroughly. For instance, the other day he was driving along the Embankment at the moment that the evening papers were issued announcing that one of his horses had lost an important race. A Sun delivery cart came tearing along loaded with papers, and passing the Prince the driver of the cart noticed the occupant of the carriage. Instantly reining up his horse, the cart-driver jumped out, grabbed a paper, and running to the carriage, threw in the paper, at the same time calling out the news of the race. The Prince told his coachman to stop, slipped his finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket and handed the enterprising cart-driver a sovereign. But that is not the story I started to tell.

No doubt the news that the American ladies in England are sending out a hospital ship to South Africa to look after the sick and wounded Britishers and Boers is widely known in America. The other day Mrs. Brown-Potter gave a concert party at Claridges' Hotel in aid of the fund, and the Prince of Wales came especially from Sandringham to attend. He drove from Kings Cross Station and found the usual crowd of loiterers about the doors of the hotel, watching the great ones, English and American, arrive. The usual cheers went up for the Prince, and the usual amount of chaffing fell to his lot. The drivers of 'buses, cabs, drays and the British workman in general never speak of him other than as "Teddy." As His Royal Highness' carriage came to a standstill before the entrance to the hotel one lusty-lunged humorist called out in tones of fear: "For 'Eaven's sake, Teddy, don't go in there, or one of them Yankee girls'll marry yer." But another lifted his voice in encouragement: "Don't you be afeared, Teddy. Walk right in. We all knows as you 'ave a missis, and we'll stand by yer, even if she's the sister of Jim Jeffries." Evidently this satisfied the Prince, for he walked in without a quake.

Sir Henry Verney, a man perhaps as well known in America as he is in England, has been giving the British public his reminiscences of his midshipman days during the Crimea war. At that time the English and French were fast friends, and the middies of the two navies were of course hand in glove with one another, although as a rule they are the most bloodthirsty lot to be found in this world. "One day," says Sir Edward, "I arranged an expedition with a French midshipman, but when the time came I had got into some scrape; my leave was stopped, and I was unable to keep my appointment. The next time I met him I thought well to put a bold face on the matter. 'Hello,' I said, 'how was it you didn't meet me the other day as we had arranged?' He looked a bit confused and replied: 'I was put in the sand-tank for punishment.' 'Never mind,' I replied; 'I did not come myself, as my leave was stopped.' 'Ah,' answered the little Frenchman, 'a midshipman a poor ting in any countree.'" Another yarn:

One day, when Admiral Dundas was leaving the fleet, a sad mistake occurred in signaling. Admiral Dundas signaled with the flags, "Success to you all." In replying, the flags became confused, and Sir Edmund Lyons' reply came out in this curious form: "Hanging attend you." Of course it was only a mistake, and was meant for "Happiness attend you." But the Admirals were known to dislike one another, and the mistake gave real joy to the midshipmen.

In legal circles here they tell the story of one of their distinguished members who had to answer a rather knotty question in New York the other day. The first thing that strikes an Englishman as strange on the other side is the appalling list of questions which he has to fill up before landing. This English barrister reached New York, was confronted by the list, sighed and sat him down to fill it up, being in a way a law-abiding man. On the journey across the page of questions he struck the poser, "Are you married or single?" Now it happened he had left London for the sole purpose of being out of England during the days his wife prosecuted her divorce case. So he was compelled to write on the form, "Sorry, but can't tell till I reach a cable office." E. W. Sabel.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have been much interested in the articles under the heading Why Young Men Fail, and particularly one written by Roswell Miller, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

Being in the employ of one of the best Western railroads, and holding a position which enables me to meet at regular and irregular intervals hundreds of employees and to see their work in all its details, it seems to me that injustice is frequently done them in various ways by their employers. It would indeed be far from difficult to name men who, instead of being merely "time-servers," are working hard, early and late, through holidays and Sundays, and on occasions when almost physically unable. Because of their interest in the work at hand they disregard the rest which Nature demands. They have done this for years.

When a promotion is requested they are put off with excuses, when I *know* that the real reason is that they completely "fill the bill," and it would be difficult to procure others who could fill their places. They are simply kept there because their work is satisfactory. The remuneration cannot be increased because their particular positions never demanded more than a specified amount, and it would be a bad precedent to change the schedule of salaries by increase.

Then, again, it frequently happens that a man holding a railroad position, who has performed his duties to the entire satisfaction of his superior, may see an opening in some other department where he can better himself financially. He applies for it, but his chances are few because of the disinclination to appoint a man from another department. It is the same thing right down the line. It is almost impossible for an agent on one division to be transferred. The Superintendent does not care to go beyond his own bailiwick, and will rather promote less capable men of his own than be beholden, as it were, to another Superintendent. This is a matter of jealousy on his part. He does not want to have some other official think that his men are less competent.

With another class of railroad men the same thing happens. There are positions which require years of close application and the hardest kind of work at all hours when accuracy and swiftness are essential. When an employee holding a position of this sort has mastered the details so that he can be trusted as to exactness, etc., and after he has proved equal to every emergency which he has encountered during the passage of years of experience, he asks for a change of employment, his prayer is refused. Can his salary be increased? No; the position is scheduled at so much, and like the laws of the Medes and Persians, The Schedule altereth not. There he is, with no opportunity to expand. He will not be discharged, because his work is excellent, and it would require years to train another man for the place. His friends wonder why the Company does not recognize his ability and promote him. Finally they come to think, as he also does, that he is a failure. When that happens his work deteriorates. Because of his discouragement he becomes a "time-server," and he finds himself losing ground after the best years of his life have passed in earnest, conscientious work, unsparing of his time and strength. Then he is obliged to accept a minor position elsewhere, with the hope (?) of "working up" to something better.

I am convinced that the failure does not always depend upon the young man himself. His employer stands largely in the position which our college Presidents are so fond of telling us—*in loco parentis*. If he will he can assist him greatly by a word of encouragement now and then, and instil a desire for the best results, for what man is there who will not strive harder when he has some reason to think that his efforts are appreciated? It is essential that discipline and strict observance of rules be enforced at all times, but an occasional word of approbation and recognition of good service would bring about most favorable results, and there would be successes instead of failures. A. T.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

As one of the young men, I have read with a great deal of interest the letters of prominent business men on the causes of failure recently published in your paper, and I have no doubt but that the publication of those reasons will tend to lessen the dearth of "$5000-a-year men." But unless I have missed it in reading, the writers have failed to put forward one cause which, if not prominent, is at least often present, viz., the employer. The majority of a man's waking hours are spent in business, with his employer ever before him.

A large percentage of a man's deeds is habit. Many habits are formed when young from example. How many young men are asked to lie or to do a more or less dishonest thing to save the reputation of the "house"? Can a boy of sixteen be blamed for forming his opinion of business men and firms in general from the false method of advertising used by his employer or the masked untruths in the letters he mails at six o'clock?

The employer asks for originality, and yet how often is a suggestion cut short. He requires punctuality and then promotes his laggard son over an industrious outsider. He insists on soberness, and comes back from lunch with a breath that would not deceive the most ignorant. Or he tells the clerks that "honesty for honesty's sake" is the finest thing in the world, and then winks as he tells a customer that he has allowed him his best discount. And these are but few of the "unpracticed sermons" that young men meet with.

I wonder if any of the contributors to the subject of "Young Men's Failures" questioned themselves, when thinking of "failures" under their own observation, as to whether their example or influence had anything to do with the results. Don't blame all the failures on us. Never a subject that does not have two sides.

The best young men of to-day don't ask for a bed of roses, neither do they want to win through a pull, but they do ask for a show and fair treatment. Let the employer remember he was young once himself. The times have changed, also, and beginners now are not commended for doing the things that gave their fathers a start.

Though I have not reached the age of twenty-two, I take the liberty of stating that many a "failure" would have been a "success" if he had had a "David Harum" master, and if ever success knocks at my door I shall attribute nine-tenths of the cause to the hand that is now directing me.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. W. W. Levering.

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Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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The Subjugation of Ethelbertha

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTER—The three men—George, the bachelor, and Harris and the author, who are blessed with wives—decide that they need a holiday and a complete change of scene. After talking the matter over, they agree that a cycling tour in the Black Forest will be the very thing. It is unanimously voted that women and children shall be left at home, and the friends part with a courageous resolve to break the news to their wives without further delay.

I OPENED the ball with Ethelbertha that same evening. I commenced by being—purposely—a little irritable. My idea was that Ethelbertha would remark upon this; I should admit it, and account for it by over brain-pressure; this would naturally lead to talk about my health in general, and the evident necessity there was for my taking prompt and vigorous measures. I thought that with a little tact I might even manage so that the suggestion should come from Ethelbertha herself. I imagined her saying:

"No, dear; it is change you want—complete change. Now be persuaded by me, and go away for a month; no, do not ask me to come with you; I know you would rather that I did, but I will not. It is the society of other men you need. Try to persuade George and Harris to go with you. Believe me, a highly strung brain such as yours demands occasional relaxation from the strain of domestic surroundings. Forget for a little while the children want music lessons and boots and bicycles, with tincture of rhubarb three times a day; forget there are such things in life as cooks, and house-decorators, and next-door dogs, and butchers' bills. Go away to some green corner of the earth, where all is new and strange to you, where your overwrought mind will gather peace and fresh ideas. Go away for a space and give me time to miss you and to reflect upon your goodness and virtue, which, continually present with me, I may, humanlike, be apt to forget, as one through use grows indifferent to the blessing of the sun, the beauty of the moon. Go away, and come back refreshed in mind and body, a brighter, better man—if that be possible—than when you went away."

But even when we obtain our desires they never come to us garbed as we would wish. To begin with, Ethelbertha did not seem to remark that I was irritable; I had to draw her attention to it. I said:

"You must forgive me; I'm not feeling quite myself to-night."

She said: "Oh, I have not noticed anything different about you; what's the matter with you?"

"I can't tell you what it is," I said; "I've felt it coming on for weeks."

"It's that whiskey," said Ethelbertha; "you never touch it except when we go to the Harrises. You know you can't stand it; you have not a strong head."

"It isn't the whiskey," I replied. "It's deeper than that. I fancy it's more mental than bodily."

"You've been reading those criticisms again," said Ethelbertha, more sympathetically. "Why don't you take my advice and put them in the fire?"

"And it isn't the criticisms," I answered; "they've been quite flattering of late—one or two of them."

"Well, what is it?" said Ethelbertha; "there must be something to account for it."

"No, there isn't," I replied; "that's the remarkable thing about it. I can only describe it as a strange feeling of unrest that seems to have taken possession of me."

Ethelbertha glanced across at me with a somewhat curious expression, I thought; but as she said nothing I continued the argument myself:

"This aching monotony of life, these days of peaceful, uneventful felicity, they crush one."

"I would not grumble at them," said Ethelbertha; "we might get some of the other sort and like them still less."

"I'm not so sure of that," I replied. "In a life of continuous joy I can imagine even pain coming as a welcome variation. I wonder sometimes whether the saints in Heaven do not occasionally feel the continual serenity a burden. To myself, a life of endless bliss, uninterrupted by a single contrasting note, would, I feel, grow maddening. I suppose," I continued, "I am a strange sort of man; I can hardly understand myself at times. There are moments," I added, "when I hate myself."

Often a little speech like this, hinting at hidden depths of indescribable emotion, has touched Ethelbertha, but to-night she appeared strangely unsympathetic. With regard to Heaven and its possible effect upon me, she suggested my not worrying myself about that, remarking it was always foolish to go half-way to meet trouble that might never come; while as to my being a strange sort of fellow, that, she supposed, I could not help, and if other people were willing to put up with me it was not a matter that need trouble me. The monotony of life, she added, was a common experience; there she could sympathize with me.

"You don't know how I long," said Ethelbertha, "to get away occasionally even from you; but I know it can never be, so I do not brood upon it."

I had never heard Ethelbertha speak like this before; it astonished and grieved me beyond measure.

"That's not a very kind remark to make," I said; "not a wifely remark."

"I know it isn't," she replied; "that is why I have never said it before. You men never can understand," continued Ethelbertha, "that however fond a woman may be of a man, there are times when he palls upon her. You don't know how I long to be able sometimes to put on my bonnet and go out with nobody to ask me where I am going, why I am going, how long I am going to be, and when I shall be back. You don't know how I sometimes long to order a dinner that I should like and that the children would like, but at sight of which you would put on your hat and be off to the club. You don't know how much I feel inclined sometimes to invite some women here that I like and that I know you don't; to go and see the people that *I* want to see, to go to bed when *I* am tired, and to get up when *I* feel I want to get up. Two people living together are bound both to be continually sacrificing their own desires one to the other. It is sometimes a good thing to slacken the strain a bit."

On thinking over Ethelbertha's words afterward I have come to see their wisdom; but at the time I admit I was hurt and indignant.

"If your desire," I said, "is to get rid of me——"

"Now don't be an old goose," said Ethelbertha. "I only want to get rid of you for a little while—just long enough to forget there are one or two corners about you that are not perfect; just long enough to let me remember what a dear fellow you are in other respects, and to look forward to your return, as I used to look forward to your coming in the old days when I did not see you so often as to become, perhaps, a little indifferent to you; as one grows indifferent to the glory of the sun, just because he is there every day."

I did not like the tone that Ethelbertha took. There seemed to be a frivolity about her unsuited to the theme into which we had drifted. That a woman should contemplate cheerfully an absence of three or four weeks from her husband appeared to me to be not altogether nice—not what I call womanly; it was not like Ethelbertha at all. I was worried; I felt I didn't want to go on this trip at all. If it had not been for George and Harris I should have abandoned it. As it was, I could not see how to change my mind with dignity.

"Very well, Ethelbertha," I replied, "it shall be as you wish. If you desire a holiday from my presence, you shall enjoy it; but if it is not impertinent curiosity on the part of a husband, I should like to know what you purpose doing in my absence?"

"We will take that house at Folkestone," answered Ethelbertha, "and I'll go down there with Kate. And if you want to do Clara Harris a good turn," added Ethelbertha, "you'll persuade Harris to go with you, and then Clara can join us. We three used to have some very jolly times together before you men ever came along, and it would be just delightful to renew them. Do you think that you could persuade Mr. Harris to go with you?"

I said I would try.

"There's a dear boy," said Ethelbertha; "try hard. You might get George to join you."

I replied there was not much advantage in George coming, seeing he was a bachelor, and that therefore nobody would be much benefited by his absence. But a woman never understands satire. She merely remarked it would look unkind leaving him behind. I promised to put it to him.

I met Harris at the club in the afternoon, and asked him how he had got on.

He said: "Oh, that's all right; there's no difficulty about getting away."

But there was that about his tone that suggested incomplete satisfaction, so I pressed him for further details.

"She was as sweet as milk about it," he continued; "said it was an excellent idea of George's, and that she thought it would do me good."

"That seems all right," I said; "what's wrong about that?"

"There's nothing wrong about that," he answered; "but that wasn't all. She went on to talk of other things."

"I understand," I said.

"There's that bathroom fad of hers," he continued.

"I've heard of it," I said; "she has started Ethelbertha on the idea."

"Well, I've had to agree to that being put in hand at once; I couldn't argue any more when she was so nice about the other thing. That'll cost me a hundred pounds, at the very least."

"As much as that?" I asked.

"Every penny of it; the estimate alone is sixty."

I was sorry to hear him say this.

"Then there's the kitchen stove," he continued; "everything that has gone wrong in the house for the last two years has been the fault of that kitchen stove."

"I know," I said. "We have been in seven houses since we were married, and every kitchen stove has been worse than the last. Our present one is not only incompetent; it is spiteful. It knows when we are giving a party and goes out of its way to do its worst."

"*We* are going to have a new one," said Harris, but he did not say it proudly; "Clara thought it would be such a



I OPENED THE BALL WITH ETHELBERTHA THAT SAME EVENING. I COMMENCED BY BEING—PURPOSELY—A LITTLE IRRITABLE

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

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saving of expense having the two things done at the same time. I believe if a woman wanted a diamond tiara she would explain that it was to save the expense of a bonnet."

"How much do you reckon the stove is going to cost you?" I asked. I felt interested in the subject.

"I don't know—another twenty, I suppose. Then we talked about the piano. Could you ever notice any difference between one piano and another?"

"Some of them seem to be a bit louder than others," I answered; "but one gets used to that."

"Ours is all wrong about the treble," said Harris. "By the way, what *is* the treble?"

"It's the shrill end of the thing," I explained, "the part that sounds as if you'd trod on its tail. The brilliant selection always ends up with a flourish on it."

"They want more of it," said Harris; "our old one hasn't got enough of it. I'll have to put it in the nursery, and get a new one for the drawing-room."

"Anything else?" I asked.

"No," said Harris; "she didn't seem able to think of anything else."

"You'll find when you get home she's thought of one other thing."

"What's that?" asked Harris.

"A house at Folkestone for the season."

"What should she want a house at Folkestone for?"

"To live in," I suggested, "during the summer months."

"She's going to her people in Wales," said Harris, "for the holidays, with the children; we've had an invitation."

"Possibly," I said, "she'll go to Wales before she goes to Folkestone, or maybe she'll take Wales on her way home; but she'll want a house at Folkestone for the season, notwithstanding. I may be mistaken—I hope for your sake that I am—but I feel a presentment that I'm not."

"This trip," said Harris, "is going to be expensive."

"It was an idiotic suggestion," I said, "from the beginning."

"It was foolish of us to listen to him," said Harris; "he'll get us into real trouble one of these days."

"He always was a muddler," I agreed.

"So headstrong," added Harris.

We heard his voice at that moment in the hall asking for letters.

"Better not say anything to him," I suggested; "it's too late to go back now."

"There would be no advantage in doing so," replied Harris; "I should have to get that bathroom and piano in any case now."

He came in looking very cheerful.

"Well," he said, "is it all right? Have you managed it?"

There was that about his tone I did not altogether like; I noticed Harris resented it also.

"Managed what?" I said.

"Why, to get off," said George.

I felt the time was come to explain things to George.

"In married life," I said, "the man proposes, the woman submits. It is her duty; all religion teaches it."

George folded his hands and fixed his eyes on the ceiling. "We may chaff and joke a little about these things," I continued, "but when it comes to practice, that is what always happens. We have mentioned to Ethelbertha and to Clara that we are going; naturally, they are grieved; they would prefer to come with us; failing that, they would have us remain with them. But we have explained to them our wishes on the subject, and—there's an end of the matter."

"Forgive me," said George, "I did not understand. I am only a bachelor. People tell me this, that and the other and I listen."

I said: "That is where you do wrong. When you want information, come to Harris or myself; we will tell you the truth about these matters."

George thanked us, and we proceeded with the business in hand.

"When shall we start?" said George.

"The sooner the better," replied Harris.

His idea, I fancy, was to get away before Mrs. H. thought of other things. We fixed the following Wednesday.

"What about route?" asked Harris.

"I have an idea," said George. "I take it you fellows are naturally anxious to improve your minds."

I said: "We don't want to become monstrosities; to a reasonable degree, yes, if it can be done without much expense and with little personal trouble."

"It can," said George. "We know Holland and the Rhine. Very well; my suggestion is that we take the boat to Hamburg, see Berlin and Dresden, and work our way to the Forest through Nuremberg and Stuttgart."

"There are some pretty bits in Mesopotamia, so I've been told," murmured Harris.

George said Mesopotamia was too much out of our way, but that the Berlin-Dresden route was quite practicable. For good or evil he persuaded us into it.

"The machines, I suppose," said George, "will be as before; Harris and I on the tandem, J——"

"I think not," interrupted Harris firmly; "you and J. on the tandem, I on the single."

"All the same to me," agreed George. "J. and I on the tandem, Harris——"

"I do not mind taking my turn," I interrupted, "but I am not going to carry George *all* the way; the burden should be divided."

"Very well," agreed Harris, "we'll divide it. But it must be on the distinct understanding that he works."

"That he what?" said George.

"That he works," repeated Harris firmly; "at all events, up-hill."

"Great Scott!" said George; "don't you want *any* exercise?"

There is always unpleasantness about this tandem. It is the theory of the man in front that the man behind does nothing; it is equally the theory of the man behind that he alone is the motive power, the man in front merely doing the puffing. The mystery will never be solved. It is annoying when Prudence is whispering to you on the one side not to overdo your strength and bring on heart disease; while Justice into the other ear is remarking, "Why should you do it all? This isn't a cab. He's not your passenger"; to hear him grunt out: "What's the matter—lost your pedals?"

Harris in his early married days made much trouble for himself on one occasion owing to this impossibility of knowing what the person behind is doing. He was riding with his wife through Holland. The roads were stony and the machine jumped a good deal.



The three men at the club

"Sit tight," said Harris without turning his head.

What Mrs. Harris thought he said was "jump off." Why she should have thought he said "jump off" when he said "sit tight" neither of them can explain.

Mrs. Harris puts it this way: "If you had said 'sit tight,' why should I have jumped off?"

Harris puts it: "If I had wanted you to jump off why should I have said 'sit tight'?"

The bitterness is past, but they argue about the matter to this day.

Be the explanation what it may, however, nothing alters the fact that Mrs. Harris did jump off, while Harris pedaled away hard under the impression she was still behind him. It appears that at first she thought he was riding up the hill merely to show off. They were both young in those days, and he used to do that sort of thing. She expected him to spring to earth on reaching the summit and lean in a careless and graceful attitude against the machine waiting for her. When, on the contrary, she saw him pass the summit and proceed rapidly down a long and steep incline she was seized, first with surprise, secondly with indignation, and lastly with alarm. She ran to the top of the hill and shouted; but he never turned his head. She watched him disappear into a wood a mile and a half distant and then sat down and cried. They had had a slight difference that morning, and she wondered if he had taken it seriously and intended desertion. She had no money; she knew no Dutch. People passed, and seemed sorry for her; she tried to make them understand what had happened. They gathered that she had lost something, but could not grasp what. They took her to the nearest village and found a policeman for her. He concluded from her pantomime that some man had stolen her bicycle. They put the telegraph into operation, and discovered in a village four miles off an unfortunate boy riding a lady's machine of an obsolete pattern. They brought him to her in a cart, but as she did not appear to want either him or his bicycle they let him go again, and resigned themselves to bewilderment.

Meanwhile Harris continued his ride with much enjoyment. It seemed to him that he had suddenly become a stronger and in every way a more capable cyclist. Said he to what he thought was Mrs. Harris:

"I haven't felt this machine so light for months. It's this air, I think; it's doing me good."

Then he told her not to be afraid, and he would show her how fast he *could* go. He bent down over the handles and put his heart into his work. The bicycle bounded over the road like a thing of life; farmhouses and churches, dogs and chickens came to him and passed. Old folks stood and gazed at him; the children cheered him.

In this way he sped merrily onward for about five miles. Then, as he explains it, the feeling began to grow upon him that something was wrong. He was not surprised at the silence; the wind was blowing strongly, and the machine was rattling a good deal. It was a sense of void that came upon him. He stretched out his hand behind him, and felt; there was nothing there but space. He jumped or rather fell off, and looked back up the road; it stretched white and straight through the dark wood, and not a living soul could he see upon it. He remounted, and rode back up the hill. In ten minutes he came to where the road broke into four; there he dismounted and tried to remember which fork he had come down.

While he was deliberating a man passed, sitting sideways on a horse. Harris stopped him, and explained that he had lost his wife. The man appeared to be neither surprised nor sorry. While they were talking another farmer came along, to whom the first man explained the matter, not as an accident but as a good story. What appeared to surprise the second man most was that Harris should be making a fuss about the thing. He could get no sense out of either of them, and cursing them for a couple of idiots he mounted his machine again and took the middle road on chance. Half way up he came upon a party of two young women with one man between them. They appeared to be making the most of him. He asked them if they had seen his wife. They asked him what she was like. He did not know enough Dutch to describe her properly; all he could tell them was she was a very beautiful woman of medium size. Evidently this did not satisfy them; the description was too general; any man could say that and by this means perhaps get possession of a wife that did not belong to him. They asked him how she was dressed; for the life of him he could not recollect. I doubt if any man could tell how any woman was dressed ten minutes after he had left her. He recollected a blue skirt and then there was something that carried the dress on, as it were, up to the neck. Possibly this may have been a blouse; he retained a dim vision of a belt; but what sort of a blouse? Was it green, or yellow, or blue? Had it a collar or was it fastened with a bow? Were there feathers in her hat, or flowers? Or was it a hat at all? He dared not say for fear of making a mistake and being sent miles after the wrong party. The two young women giggled, which in his then state of mind irritated Harris. The young man, who appeared anxious to get rid of him, suggested the police station at the next town.

Harris made his way there. The police gave him a piece of paper, and told him to write down a full description of his wife, together with details of when and where he had lost her. He did not know where he had lost her; all he could tell them was the name of the village where he had lunched. He knew he had her with him then, and that they had started from there together. The police looked suspicious; they were doubtful about three matters; First, was she really his wife? Second, had he really lost her? Third, why had he lost her? With the aid of a hotel-keeper, however, who spoke a little English, he overcame their scruples. They promised to act, and in the evening they brought her to him in a covered wagon, together with a bill for expenses. The meeting was not a tender one. Mrs. Harris is not a good actress, and always has great difficulty in disguising her

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feelings; on this occasion, she frankly admits, she made no attempt to disguise them.

* * * * * * * * *

The wheel business settled, there arose the everlasting luggage question.

"The usual list, I suppose," said George, preparing to write.

That was wisdom I had taught them; I had learned it myself years ago from my Uncle Podger.

"Always before beginning to pack," my uncle would say, "make a list."

He was a methodical man.

"Take a piece of paper"—he always began at the beginning—"put down on it everything you can possibly require; then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without. Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well, put it down—together with a change. You get up; what do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap: put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks: put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What else do you want besides clothes? A little brandy: put it down. A corkscrew: put it down. Put down everything, then you don't forget anything."

That is the plan he always pursued himself. The list made, he would go over it carefully, as he always advised, to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again, and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

Said George: "Just sufficient for a day or two we will take with us on our bikes. The bulk of our luggage we must send on from town to town."

"We must be careful," I said. "I knew a man once——"

Harris looked at his watch.

"We'll hear about him on the boat," said Harris. "I have got to meet Clara at Waterloo Station in half an hour."

"It won't take half an hour," I said. "It's a true story, and——"

"Don't waste it," said George. "I am told there are rainy evenings in the Black Forest; we may be glad of it. What we have to do now is to finish this list."

Now I come to think of it, I never did get off that story; something always interrupted it. And it really was true.

Not Used to Clipping Texans

WHEN James S. Hogg, whose Bryan speech last summer started a stampede for the Nebraska orator in the ranks of Tammany Hall, was Governor of Texas, he visited New York on legal business and put up at one of the largest uptown hotels. He carefully evaded the reporters, many of whom knew him, and went into the barber shop to have his hair and whiskers trimmed. In the middle of the operation he thoughtlessly closed his eyes for a few minutes, and when he opened them he found that the barber had shaved his cheeks, giving him flowing side whiskers, and had trimmed his beard to a point. His mustache also had been outstretched and partially waxed. The mirror gave back to the astonished Governor the awe-stricken face of a stout Parisian of the ultra-French type.

"What did you do that for?" he exclaimed as soon as he could control his voice. "I'm no Frenchman. I come from Texas."

"All right, sir," replied the barber impassively, and he went at the Governor again. He combed the whiskers straight down, also the mustache, and cut off the point of the beard.

"Now I'm a German," said the Governor. "I don't want to be any kind of a foreigner. I'm an American—a Texan, I tell you. Try it again."

This time the barber ruffled the side-whiskers and tousled the beard so that every particular hair pointed in a different direction.

"I thought I said I was a Texan," said the Governor with dangerous politeness. "Now, my friend, because I come from Texas I want you to understand that I'm no anarchist. I want you to take off every hair on my face except on my lip, and I want my mustache cut short. Understand me, short; and the next time I come to New York I'll bring my own barber along with me."

The LOSS of the DORIC

By H. Phelps Whitmarsh

Author of The World's Rough Hand



McDEVITT'S restaurant lies in one of the narrow streets leading up from the wharves. From its door one can smell the fish depots on Atlantic Avenue and see the East Boston ferry-house. In one of the windows, seated at a desk, the portly proprietor can usually be seen—clean shaven, close-cropped, and in his shirt-sleeves. The other window displays a number of fly-specked bottles and a large white sign. The interior is a long, tunnel-like room with one side partitioned off into little compartments, each capable of seating four persons, and having dingy red curtains to be drawn should the occupants require privacy. One Saturday night, when McDevitt's was at its busiest, when the gas jets were all a-flare and the place besieged by a crowd of Gloucester fishermen, deep-water sailors and dock laborers, a short, stocky man with a black beard and a pair of half-shut, keen blue eyes stepped across the threshold.

He paused uncertainly for a moment, then made his way with rolling gait along the line of compartments, looking for an empty one. Half-way down he parted the curtains before a table apparently vacant, and surprised a swarthy individual sitting in one corner, who immediately informed him, with much politeness and a strong Spanish accent, that the place was engaged.

"Infernal Dago!" growled the man with the black beard contemptuously, as he withdrew and entered the next division. "I can't stand these Cubans.

"I'll have some ham and eggs and a glass of ale," he said to the waiter, who leaned questioningly over him while he studied the fare bill.

The waiter departed. The man thrust his legs out under the table, jammed his hands into his trousers' pockets and gazed moodily at the tarnished cruet. Jack Hammers was not in the best of humors, and, all things considered, it was not to be wondered at. In Liverpool, three weeks before, he had thrown up his command of the Engadine, an old-fashioned clipper in the Australian trade, to take the position of chief officer aboard the new steamship Doric. The passage over had been stormy in more senses than one. Not only was the weather rough and the Doric badly stowed, but the Captain proved himself a morose, fault-finding bully. The Mate had given the Captain a piece of his mind, with the result that, as soon as the vessel reached Boston, he was discharged.

Now, Jack Hammers had been engaged by the ship's owners, and in theory the Captain had no authority to discharge him on such grounds. In practice, however, a Captain in a foreign port can do very much as he pleases, and Hammers, in spite of his vigorous protests, had been forced to leave; not only he, indeed, but also the Third Officer, the Boatswain, and practically all the hands. Such a wholesale paying-off by an English ship in an American port was unusual. It created much comment in sailor-town; the Doric was put down as a "hard packet" and promptly boycotted. The Second Mate, who was in the Captain's watch and appeared to get along with him very well, and the Chief Engineer were the only officers that stayed by her.

The Doric had now been in port a week, and Jack Hammers had, so far, been unable to find a ship to carry him back to Liverpool. He would take nothing but a vessel bound for the British Isles, as it was his intention to see the Doric's owners and lay his case before them.

Meanwhile, the big freighter lay at Pier No. 6, East Boston, taking in the largest cargo of grain that had ever crossed the "Western Ocean." No new hands had been shipped, nor, to all appearances, had her Captain tried to secure any. It was rumored among the "crimps" on "the street" that her crew were coming from New York.

Jack Hammers had been waiting for his meal several minutes when his gloomy reflections were broken into by the sound of a familiar voice. There was no mistaking the loud, blustering tones which carried over the partition. It was the voice of Captain Sharpley, of the Doric. The din of the place was such that, although Hammers caught a word here and there, he could not hear the conversation; yet he listened with all his ears, wondering what could have brought his late skipper to McDevitt's. For him, whose small pay-day was already almost gone, McDevitt's was a natural result; but for Captain Sharpley to eat there was most extraordinary.

He stepped into the room. The curtains at the Captain's table were drawn and he could see nothing. He was about to step out when his eye was attracted by a moving reflection in the narrow strip of mirror above the back of the bar. It slanted forward at such an angle that, from where he stood, he could look over the top of the drapery and distinctly see the inmates of the nearest boxes. One interior claimed his entire attention.

In it he saw two men; one, the swarthy man whom he had so scornfully termed "Dago," the other a heavy red-whiskered personage, wearing a black peaked cap, a red handkerchief tied loosely around his neck, and showing under his old coat a dark blue flannel undershirt. The "Dago" at that moment was busy counting a large package of bills. When he had finished he passed them over to the red-whiskered man, who again counted them and placed them carefully in his pocket.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said Jack Hammers, as he drew away. "The 'old man' dressed up as a fireman and taking money from a 'Dago'! There's some crooked work here, I'll take my oath."

His suspicions thoroughly aroused, he joined the group of loafers which hung about the door and watched. In the course of half an hour the peculiar pair came out as they had entered—separately, the Captain, with a quick glance up and down the street, heading for the ferry, the "Dago" taking an uptown car.

Mr. Hammers made his way slowly to his lodging, pondering deeply over the strange behavior of the Doric's Captain. That some deviltry was afoot he was convinced; but what particular kind of deviltry was it? That was the first question to be answered.

Next morning, in the hope that he might discover something, he went over to Pier 6. The immense freight-boat was already half laden, and lay under the chutes of the elevator with a slight list to port. Several coal barges were made fast along her outer side—a thing which pointed to the fact that the Doric had burned more coal than was expected on her first trip, for British vessels usually carry sufficient fuel to last them both ways.

He nodded to the Quartermaster stationed at the gangway, and asked for the Second Mate.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I'll call him, if you like, sir."

"No, never mind, Martin; I'll go up myself."

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the man, "but Cap'en's orders is that no one's to be allowed aboard without a permit."

"Captain Sharpley's getting funny," said Mr. Hammers, as he turned on his heel.

The following two days he spent in and about the dock, watching, with a suspicious eye, the various merchandise taken as cargo and every person permitted to ascend the gangway. In spite of his close surveillance, however, he saw nothing out of the ordinary ship-loading routine.

On Wednesday morning, as he stopped to make an inquiry at the Commissioner's Office, he was astonished to hear that the Doric had cleared with the early tide.

"Where did she get her crew?" he asked of his informant, a tall, one-eyed man, who was steward of a coaster.

"They came on a late train last night from N'Yawk, or somewheres," was the reply. "A tough crowd, too, by the looks of 'em. Mostly 'Dagos.'"

A week later, his money having given out, and seeing no opportunity of getting an officer's position, Jack Hammers shipped before the mast in a small bark bound for Liverpool, where, after a twenty-seven-days' passage, he arrived. The trip had in no way deadened the feeling that he had been unjustly treated, and no sooner was the vessel made fast than he donned his shore-going rig and, with a determined look on his face, bent his steps toward Water Street, upon which were situated the offices of the "Western Line."

Inquiring for Mr. Dennison, he slowly passed through some half-dozen human filters, and was at last conducted into the Superintendent's presence.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hammers," said that gentleman rather coldly.

"Good-morning, sir."

There was an awkward pause, in which the Superintendent looked up expectantly, and the Mate fumbled the rim of his hat.

"I came to see you about my being discharged in Boston, Mr. Dennison. Captain Sharpley——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Hammers, but I do not think we need discuss this matter. We have all the information necessary concerning your discharge. In Captain Sharpley's last letter he gave us his reasons."

"Would you mind telling me what those reasons were, sir?"

For answer the Superintendent picked up a letter-file which lay on his table and read as follows:

> "As to the chief officer, Mr. J. Hammers, I regret to say that I have also been forced to discharge him. First, for incompetence; second, for refusing to obey orders; and third, for inciting the hands to follow his mutinous example. No one will appreciate more than yourselves——"

"It's a —— lie!" thundered Jack Hammers, bringing down his fist upon the table with a bang. "Bring him here and see if he dare say that to my face!"

The Superintendent looked searchingly at the officer. "Is it possible you have not heard the news?" he said.

"What news, sir?"

"About the Doric."

"The Doric, no; she's——"

"Lost!" said the Superintendent gravely. "That is, we suppose so. She's twenty-eight days overdue this morning and has not been sighted since she left Boston."

"Lost!" echoed Jack Hammers, completely staggered by the information. He stared foolishly at the Superintendent for a moment.

"Well," he muttered, "if that's the case, I'll say nothing against the dead. Good-day, sir."

And in a dazed kind of way he passed through the spacious offices out into the street.

Aimlessly he wandered about the docks all day, unable to shake the thing from his mind. Toward evening he bought a Mercury, and the first thing that caught his

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eye as he opened the sheet was the headline, "Loss of the Doric." Mechanically he read the paragraph:

"New York. The steamship Anglia, of the Waller Line, arrived from Liverpool to-day. She reports having picked up one of the boats of the missing steamer Doric in latitude 45° 58' N. and longitude 52° 50' W. The boat was badly stove in and had evidently been in the water several days. The Anglia sighted a number of icebergs in the same vicinity, and there is no doubt in the minds of her Captain and officers that the loss of the unfortunate vessel is due to these floating menaces to shipping. The Doric was one of the 9000-ton steamers recently built for the Western Line at a cost of £120,000. Besides a large quantity of machinery and other valuable cargo, she carried 136,000 bushels of wheat and 89,000 bushels of corn, the value of which alone amounted to £26,200."

Folding the paper carefully, Mr. Hammers placed it in his pocket, and then, beginning to feel the need of refreshment, turned toward the city. His nearest way lay through the Waterloo Dock, and as he passed along the western end he noticed that the gates were open and that a large iron ship with painted ports was hauling in.

"It's the Caribbean," said Jack Hammers, recognizing her lines. "I must go aboard and see Munro."

Walking around the dock edge he sprang aboard. Without ceremony, he passed into the saloon and banged upon the Captain's stateroom door.

"Come in!" roared a sea-born voice.

Jack Hammers turned the knob and confronted a short, red-faced man, striving, with closed eyes and clenched teeth, to button a stick-up collar around his neck.

"Hello, Hammers, old man," he exclaimed, shaking hands heartily. "Glad to see you alive, anyway. D'ye know, that lubberly pilot told us you were given up for lost. What was the matter—engines break down?"

"I don't know what was the matter, Munro; I wasn't in her this trip, and I'm precious glad. She hasn't turned up yet."

"The deuce you weren't! Where did you leave her?"

"In Boston."

"What in blazes for?"

"Oh, it's a long story, Munro. Where are you from?"

"I've been in luck, Hammers. Took a general cargo out to Quebec, and was lucky enough to get a load of lumber back again; and, d'ye know, Hammers, we sighted the Doric on the run home? Odd, wasn't it?"

"Ay, it was. Where was it?"

"I think we were three or four days out from the St. Lawrence when we saw her. We were on the southerly tack, and she crossed our stern, going very slowly, I thought, and heading well to the no'th'ard. We spoke about it at the time."

"Did you signal?" asked Jack Hammers.

"We hoisted our name, because we wanted to be reported; but I guess the flags got to leeward of the spanker—anyhow, she didn't answer. There, I'm ready now. Come on, old man!"

As they stepped through the cabin alleyway the visitor suddenly stopped.

"Say, Munro," he said, "let's look at your log-book. I'd like to see what position you were in when you sighted the Doric."

"All right," said the amiable little skipper. "Come into the Mate's room."

Rapidly turning the leaves of the journal backward, he rested at the page dated May 21 and ran his fat forefinger along the lines to the "Remarks" column.

"There you are," he said. "'Six A. M., sighted the steamship Doric of the Western Line. Sent up code signal but got no reply. Wind increasing in force steadily. Took in foretopgallant sail, etc., etc.' Let me see. By dead reckoning we were in latitude 50° 12' N. and longitude 42° 42' W."

"Are you sure that's right?" questioned Jack Hammers, as he peered excitedly over the Captain's shoulder. "Yes," he continued, "I see it is. By thunder, Munro, this beats——"

"What d'ye mean, Hammers?"

"First," said Jack Hammers, "I'd like you to tell me how you knew it was the Doric you passed that morning?"

"How did I know her, man? Why, I was in Belfast when she and her sister ship, the Gothic, were launched! I knew her by her rig, her funnels, and her coffin-shaped stern. And, besides, I knew from the papers, when I was in Quebec, that she was to sail from Boston on the nineteenth. The Gothic was the only ship I could possibly have mistaken her for, and she was in Liverpool."

"All right, then," said Jack Hammers. "Now I'll go ahead." And, beginning with his outward-bound passage, he gave a detailed account of all that had happened.

"You see, Munro," he remarked in concluding, "there is a chain of suspicious incidents running right through the affair. Number one"—he was checking them off on his fingers—"is the discharge of the majority of the crew in Boston without any just cause. Number two is the strange conduct of Sharpley in disguising himself as a fireman and taking money from a fishy looking 'Dago.' Three is his shipping a crew of foreigners. Four is his taking in coal, when I'm pretty sure he didn't need it to reach Liverpool. Five is his lying letters to the owners, and six is the astonishing fact that you sighted the Doric away to the no'th'ard of the course, bending still farther north, and five hundred miles beyond the spot where her boat was picked up by the Anglia.

"I tell you what, Captain," he continued, raising his voice, "I believe the Doric has been stolen!"

"Oh, rot!" said the Captain. "Who ever heard of such a thing in these days? Come have some dinner and you'll feel better."

In spite of his friend's ridicule, however, Jack Hammers persisted in his belief. He sat up late that night thinking, and poring over a chart of the North Atlantic. In the morning he took the chart, himself and a theory to the office of the Atlantic Marine Insurance Company.

Half an hour after Jack Hammers passed through the green baize doors of the inner office, a boy with a handful of telegrams rushed out of the building. At two o'clock Sir George Aspinwall, the President, and as many of the Directors as could be present, held a special meeting behind closed doors.

After relating the peculiar circumstances in connection with the disappearance of the Doric, Jack Hammers ended by giving his theory of it. "My belief, gentlemen," he said, "is that Captain Sharpley, the Chief Engineer, the Second Mate and some wealthy Cuban or Cubans deliberately formed a conspiracy to seize the Doric and sell her, cargo and all, to the Cuban insurgents. They bought extra coal, as we know, and doubtless a printing press as well. Then Sharpley covered his track by making false reports to the owners, shipped a crew of New York Cubans, supporters of the rebel cause, and on the regular sailing day cleared the port.

"Instead of making a course for Liverpool, he steers to the northward and slings a smashed boat over the side as soon as he sights ice. He answers no signals, because he does not want to be reported. He steers slowly to save coal. Away up in the Arctic, out of the track of vessels, he banks his fires and sets to work making the vessel look as unlike the Doric as possible; paints her a different color, of course; changes her name, and perhaps her entire deck plan. In the meantime he prints all the ship's documents he wants and forges the necessary signatures. To alter her sufficiently, I reckon he would have to remain in the Arctic about two months; and that, gentlemen, in my humble opinion, is where the Doric is to-day."

"How do you propose to capture her, then, Mr. Hammers?" asked the President.

"If my theory is right, sir," replied Jack Hammers, "and she is bound for Cuba, there are a hundred chances to one that she will go through the Windward Passage. My idea would be to intercept her there by a small steamer rigged as a gunboat."

At four o'clock that same afternoon Sir George and Jack Hammers were in the Birkenhead Float inspecting a small but powerful-looking steamer which lay with a broom lashed to her masthead, announcing that she was for sale.

"Just the thing, sir," said Jack Hammers. "Plenty of beam, you see, sir, and a good solid look about her. Rig her square on the fore, give her a coat of black paint, a cream-colored funnel and a few 'jimmy fixings' and she'll make as smart a looking gunboat as any of 'em."

"Very good, Mr. Hammers," said Sir George; "and—what about—ah—crew?"

"Twenty-five smart hands in addition to the firemen and engineers will be plenty, sir—plenty. Of course, they must be supplied with naval uniforms."

"And—ah—guns, Mr. Hammers?"

"Two dummies, and one for the bow that will bark, Sir George. Revolvers will be all the small arms necessary."

Forty-eight hours later the little steamer picked her way through the gates of the Float and passed into the river. Down through that crowded thoroughfare she sped at a lively rate—out past the New Brighton Pier, the bar and northwest lightships; out into the cleaner waters of the bay, until the twinkling sunset lights of the anchored fleet astern went out and the flash of the Skerries on the bow illumined her path to the sea.

On the ninth day out a permanent lookout was established on the fore crosstrees and the night lookout doubled. The men were ordered to report everything on the horizon.



"IT'S THE CARIBBEAN," SAID JACK HAMMERS, RECOGNIZING HER LINES. "I MUST GO ABOARD AND SEE MUNRO"

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Every steamer bound in the same direction was examined carefully through the glasses of Captain Hammers and his vigilant officers, and, if necessary, chased until her identity was known. With the morning of the twelfth day came the rousing cry of "Land, ho!" from the masthead. All hands clustered on the forecastle head to watch what appeared to be a small blue cloud rising out of the sea. It was Watling Island, in the Bahamas, a favorite place for mariners to take their bearings before passing through the Windward Passage into the Caribbean Sea.

No sooner was Captain Hammers sure of his position than he at once altered the course and bore away to the northwest. Then, turning about, he swept back in a wide semicircle to Watling Island, and thus continued to patrol the entrance to the Passage.

This somewhat monotonous routine went on for a fortnight. Captain Hammers began to show signs of impatience and anxiety. What if his theory should prove wrong?

On the morning of the fifteenth day, however, he was startled by a hail from aloft.

"Steamer on the starboard bow, sir!"

❧

For some time nothing of the reported vessel could be seen from the bridge; then a low bank of smoke became visible, later her masts and funnel, and lastly her hull.

"Two sticks and one smokestack—that's not her," said the Mate disappointedly. "Should have two funnels and four masts; shouldn't she, sir?"

"She had when I left her, Mr. Suggitt," answered the Captain, with his eyes still glued to his glasses. "I see there's no white band around her smokestack, and that she's painted lead color," he continued. "All that could be easily fixed, though. But her hull's big enough. Alter the course so as to run alongside of her, Suggitt. Confound it! If she wasn't coming head on I could tell something about her.

"I think, as a matter of precaution, Mr. Suggitt," he said, facing the chief officer, "you had better call all hands, clear away that gun for'ard and hoist the colors. Also run up the signal, 'What ship is that?'"

The Boatswain piped "All hands" in true man-of-war fashion, and in a remarkably short space of time the deck was alive with bluejackets. A string of code flags broke from her fore gaff, and the folds of the white ensign floated gracefully astern.

❧

On came the big steamer, rolling lazily on the heavy easterly swell and emitting volumes of dense black smoke.

"What do you make of her now, sir?" asked the chief officer, springing up the steps of the bridge.

"Nothing," replied the Captain shortly. "And she doesn't answer our signal, either. We'll give her no excuse for that, though."

In quick succession the telegraph in the engine-room rang out, "Stand by!" "Slow!" "Stop her!" And in a few minutes the little steamer lay broadside on, in the direct course of the vessel coming from the northward.

"I fancy she can see our bunting now. Ah! There goes her signal! 'R. C. Q.' Quick with that code, Suggitt!"

"No such signal in the book, sir," said the Mate, running his finger up and down one of the pages.

"It's a bluff, then, by thunder!" said Jack Hammers excitedly. "Run up, 'Heave to; I want to speak you.'"

As the new lot of flags went jerkily aloft, the big steamer, now but a mile or so away, swerved suddenly so as to avoid running the smaller one down. The Captain's eyes followed her sharply until she exposed her side and quarter.

"At last!" he shouted. "The Doric!"



DRAWN BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

IMMEDIATELY HE WAS HANDCUFFED AND CARRIED INTO ONE OF THE STATEROOMS

The next moment he was thundering orders from the bridge.

As the little steamer slowly gathered way, and spun around in a semicircle toward her quarry, a second signal was run up aboard her. "'Cannot understand your signal,'" read the Mate.

"Then we'll give her something that she can understand," said the Captain savagely. "For'ard, there! Ready with that gun!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the Second Mate.

"Then fire!" yelled the Captain.

There was a flash forward, a dull roar, and a well-aimed shot flew screaming over the funnel of the big steamer.

❧

When the smoke had cleared away it was seen that she was slowing down.

"Now, Suggitt," said Jack Hammers, as they steamed up to get within hailing distance. "I'll go below while you do the talking."

As they ranged alongside a sullen crowd of dark-skinned men could be seen leaning over the rail. On the bridge stood a group of officers closely watching the little steamer.

"What ship is that?" bellowed Mr. Suggitt.

"The Loch Lomond, of Liverpool, bound for Colon. Who are you?" came back in the blustering tones of Captain Sharpley.

"Her Majesty's ship Defense," replied Mr. Suggitt. "Why didn't you answer our signal?"

"Our code book's partially destroyed."

"How is it we don't find your name in the book?"

"She's a new ship, only launched this year."

"Well," said Mr. Suggitt, as if he were almost satisfied, "send your Captain aboard with the ship's papers. If they are all right you can proceed."

After some delay a small boat was lowered from the davits of the Loch Lomond, and her Captain, with four hands, pulled off to the little steamer.

❧

In the clean-shaven man who stepped over the rail there was little resemblance to Captain Sharpley of the Doric, but when he spoke all doubt as to his identity vanished. He tendered the papers with an injured air.

"Ah!" said Mr. Suggitt, glancing over the ship's register, "I see you are both Captain and owner, Mr. Watterson, and, by the way, we shall need the signatures of your officers, too. Perhaps you will be good enough to send your boat for them. The First and Second Mates and the Chief Engineer will be sufficient."

"Is this necessary?" said the Captain of the Loch Lomond, looking suspiciously into Mr. Suggitt's face.

"Quite necessary, sir," responded that worthy curtly. "Rule of the service which must be carried out."

❧

Seeing that Mr. Suggitt was firm, Captain Watterson gave his men the order and followed the chief officer into the saloon. At the table sat Captain Jack Hammers, looking very brave in his second-hand naval uniform.

"How d'ye do, Captain Sharpley?" he said, standing up and smiling.

The Captain of the Loch Lomond started as though he had been shot.

"What is this?" he murmured hoarsely; "a trick?" Then, quick as a flash, he whipped a revolver from his pocket and leveled it at Jack Hammers; but before he could fire it was knocked spinning out of his hand by some one behind him, and the next instant a crashing blow from Mr. Suggitt's ponderous fist felled him senseless. Immediately he was handcuffed and carried into one of the staterooms.

Twenty minutes later the three officers were ushered into the saloon. This time there was no ceremony; they were promptly seized and pinioned, and the same fate was shared by the boat's crew.

Three days later the owners of the Doric were startled by the following cablegram:

"KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

"Doric safe. Await orders.

"HAMMERS."

They replied immediately, telling him to bring her home, which, after delivering his sixty-two prisoners to the police authorities, and shipping a new crew, he did.

Of course the Western Line, and not the Atlantic Marine Insurance Company, paid for the expedition of H. M. S. Defense, and Jack Hammers received a handsome reward and the command of the Doric for his trouble.

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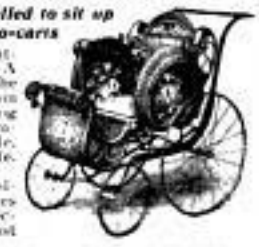
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The Game of CURLING

By Joseph E. G. Ryan

CURLING, the national game of Scotland, promises to become equally as popular a winter amusement in the United States as its sister sport, golf, the royal and ancient pastime, is in summer.

The origin of the game is shrouded in the same cloud of uncertainty that encompasses the birth of golf. Many persons claim that the game originated in the Low Countries; but though dating from a distant era, there is no tangible evidence in Flanders to-day that the game ever existed there. Golf is also said to have first been played in Holland; but it certainly remained for the Caledonians to develop both games, and it is not improbable that both alike had their origin in Scotland.

Tradition is responsible for the statement that James IV, who was killed at Flodden Field in 1531, was an enthusiastic curler, and presented a silver curling-stone to the parishes in the Carse o' Gowrie for annual competition. It is known that curling was played at that time in Scotland, for about fifty years ago a curling-stone bearing the date 1551 was found in a pond near Dunblane, and since then stones of divers later dates have been recovered.



PHOTO BY J. W. TAYLOR, CHICAGO

CURLING IN WASHINGTON PARK

THE MODERN HISTORY OF THE GAME

A game similar to curling is known to-day in Holland as *calluiten* and in Germany as *eisknegeln*. The name curling is applied to the game on account of the "English," or twist, given to the stone in delivery.

In the early part of the present century curling was first played in America at Montreal, but it was not until 1867 that the organization known as the Grand National Curling Club of America was formed. David Foulis, of 260 West One-Hundred-and-Fifteenth Street, New York, is the secretary.

In 1865, on Lake Erie, near Buffalo, the first international *bonspiel* in America was played. *Bonspiels* are matches between curling clubs, but the term is more particularly applied to the annual championship meeting of the different curling associations. Twenty-three rinks representing the United States opposed the Canadians, who won the contest. Nearly all the matches with Canada since that year have been played at Toronto.

Chicago is the most important centre of the game in the West, although Milwaukee is famous in curling annals for the high-class players sent to the annual *bonspiels* of the Northwestern Curling Association.

Curling is a very inexpensive game, and may be played on any sheet of smooth ice having the required dimensions. The rink is prepared by first allowing the desired sheet of water to freeze. The surface of the ice is then carefully scraped and additional water run over it. This in turn freezes and is scraped until several layers are frozen, the desired thickness is secured, and the final surface of the necessary smoothness. The number of contestants should be limited to four players on a side, including a "skip." The "skip" is the Captain of the team and the absolute ruler of the rink. He is also supposed to be the best player, and directs the work of his side when the stones are in a position to demand scientific work.

The object of the game is to slide the curling-stone as near as possible to the "tee" at the opposite end of the rink from where the player delivers it.

The curling-stone, which originally had finger-holes on top like ten-pin balls, and a polished bottom, is generally of granite imported from Scotland. It is spherical in form. The modern stone is provided with a handle for throwing, on the upper side, and is finely polished on the lower side, so as to run smoothly and not cut the ice. The weight is from thirty-three to fifty pounds.

The rink is laid out on the specially prepared ice, about fifty yards long and seven yards wide. "Tees" are laid out at opposite ends of the rink, thirty-eight yards from centre to centre. Around the "tee," circles fourteen feet in diameter are outlined on the ice, and two smaller rings are drawn inside in order to make the measurement of distance from the centre easier.

The "head" or "end" of the rink resembles a target placed horizontally, the tee representing the bull's-eye and the rings the distances from it. Twelve feet behind each "tee" is the line at which the player stands. A "hack" is cut in the ice here, in which the player inserts his foot to keep from slipping when driving the stone. This makes the whole playing distance forty-two yards.

The "hog" score is seven yards in front of each "tee," and is indicated by a line. If any stone fails to slide over this line it is called a "hog" and is removed.

WHEREIN CURLING IS LIKE CROKINOLE

The stone is slightly elevated at the start of the delivery and slides toward the opposite "tee." The next player endeavors to get as near the "tee" as possible with his shot and at the same time knock away his opponent's stone. As the game is decided in favor of the side having the greater number of stones nearest the "tee" at the finish, the excitement is naturally at its height when there are several stones played. Each player tries to guard his own side from being knocked out, besides using his endeavors to drive his opponent's stone away from the "tee." This leads to a scientific feature of the game known as "guarding."

The term "inwick" is used when a stone strikes the inside of another and glides toward the "tee," and the opposite movement is called the "outwick." When a stone is on or near the "tee" the object of the side to whom the stone belongs is to place their stones so as to guard it from attacks by their opponents.

After the various stones have been played, their distances from the "tee" are measured and the scores determined, and then play begins toward the opposite "tee" in the same order. The game usually goes to the side scoring the most shots in 16 or 21 "ends."

The fine points of the game are: drawing to the "tee," then "guarding," subsequently removing the guard; hitting the winning stone direct, so as to knock it out; "inwicking" and "outwicking." Drawing requires the most scientific calculation, as where it is often impracticable to remove the winning stone by a direct shot, owing to full guarding, it is often possible to gain the desired advantage by drawing.

A MILWAUKEE RINK (1898)

PHOTO BY STEIN, MILWAUKEE



Dr. J. S. Batchelor W. S. Brockway
F. W. Lorenz John Johnston, "Skip."

A DEEP-ROOTED SUPERSTITION

The broom is a very important adjunct to the game, and is used to sweep the surface of the ice, which is supposed to be perfectly smooth. To a spectator this action seems ludicrous, but the curlers maintain that it polishes the ice and "coaxes the stane alang." When the stone reaches a point where there seems to be an absence of power, the players apply their brooms as energetically as if their existence depended on their exertions in reply to the injunction of the "skip" to "soop her oop."

In the past few years curling has become the winter sport of many of the golfing organizations. At Wheaton, near Chicago, where the amateur golf championship was held in 1897, several rinks have been in use for the past few years, and such well-known golfers as former amateur champion Charles B. Macdonald and D. R. Forgan, the Western champion, and a host of other less prominent players, are among the most enthusiastic curlers. The rinks are inclosed, electrically lighted, and elaborately fitted up. The Washington Park golfers also fit up a series of rinks annually, under the race-track stand, and in many other Western golf clubs rinks are regarded as a necessary winter adjunct.

A NEW APPENDIX TO THE DICTIONARY

Like golf, curling has a language of its own, although similar terms are used in both games, but applied differently. For instance, the "tee" is the starting-point in golf, while in curling it denotes the goal or finishing-point. The expressions "up" and "down" are similarly applied in both games to express the margin of victory or defeat. A curling contest of the regulation number of "ends" or innings takes the same time to play as an eighteen-hole golf match—generally three hours. To appreciate curling it must be played, for, like golf, it is devoid of spectacular features.

As in golf, the game may be played by persons of all ages. It is really surprising to see elderly players shout and work their brooms until perspiration rolls from their faces in a temperature usually below zero.

DIAGRAM TO BE DRAWN ON THE ICE PREVIOUS TO PLAYING, AND REFERRED TO THROUGHOUT THE RULES AS THE RINK



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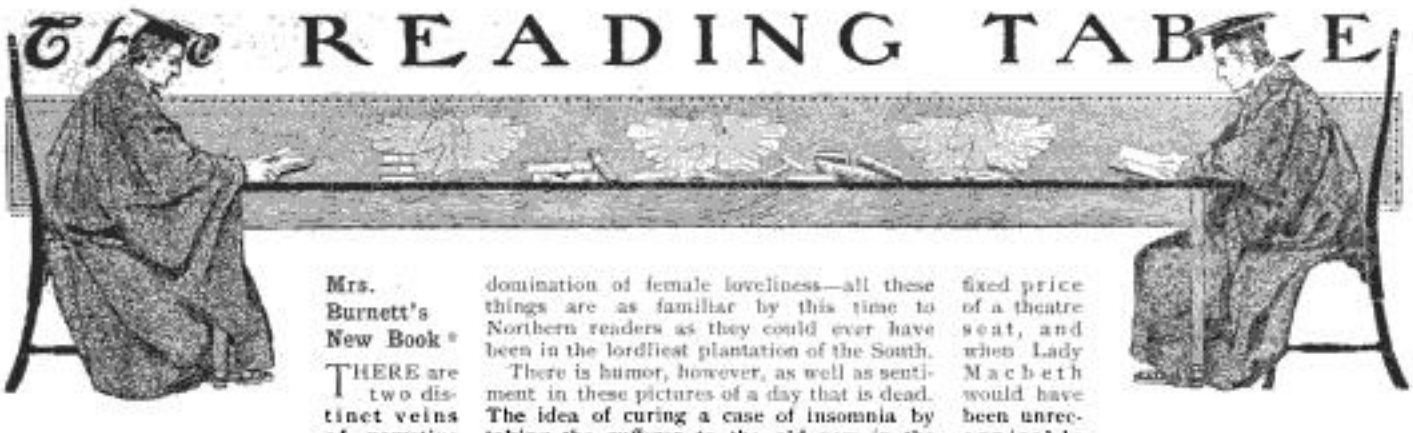
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The READING TABLE



Mrs. Burnett's New Book*

THERE are two distinct veins of narrative running through Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's last novel, In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. One of them is lively and sentimental, the other what newspaper reporters term "unpleasant"; and when they meet and mingle the bad tarnishes the good. The first part of the novel tells how Tom de Willoughby, a big, lazy, warm-hearted young man, too lumbering for his Tennessee home and his aristocratic kindred, goes to a North Carolina village and vegetates there as storekeeper and postmaster. In addition to these easy duties, he adopts a girl baby when she is two hours old, and brings her up with such help as his neighbors and a neatly bound Advice to Young Mothers can afford him. Felicia is to be her name; but, as Mrs. Doty truly remarks, "Now thar's Vangerline 'n' Clementine 'n' Everlyne that'd ha' bin showier than Flishyer"; and in the end the country people settle the matter in their own way by calling her Sheba, as a compliment to the ornate character of her baby clothes.

Only the appointed heroine of fiction can grow up in a mountain village without the smallest taint of rusticity. Only in fiction can the villagers talk in dialect and the heroine in purest English. But this is one of the lovable things which differentiates the novel from real life, and to which no right-minded reader should object. So when good Tom de Willoughby wins his claim and becomes enormously rich, and little Sheba marries her handsome cousin, we are willing to believe that she "looked like a young angel," and behaved like one, too, having been a really nice child from the start.

As for the other portion of the story, it is simply unpardonable, not for what it has to tell, but because of the strained and sickly sentiment which pervades it. There has been a great deal of this kind of sentiment in recent fiction, and it is time we put it aside, drew a breath of pure air, looked the facts of life in the face, and realized that to a woman as well as to a man is given the choice between good and evil. Her moral downfall is not an accident to be simply pitied; it is a crime to be condemned.

Some New Southern Stories†

THE arrogance which started the ill-fated Tower of Babel on its skyward progress was never so severely punished as in the modern dialect story; and that we suffer for the sins of our very far-away ancestors does not make the infliction any easier to bear. Mr. Edwards' volume, His Defense and Other Stories, is a pleasant, readable book, save where the negro dialect in all its purity offers an insuperable obstacle to the understanding. The tales have that old-fashioned sentimental flavor of which people seldom tire, and which is distinctly emphasized by their Southern setting. Favorite sisters who marry their music-masters, and from their death-beds send back youthful daughters to be idolized in the old home; faithful servants of the ante-bellum type; swift duels following a word of insult, and the general domination of female loveliness—all these things are as familiar by this time to Northern readers as they could ever have been in the lordliest plantation of the South.

There is humor, however, as well as sentiment in these pictures of a day that is dead. The idea of curing a case of insomnia by taking the sufferer to the old pew in the Presbyterian Church where he fell asleep every Sunday when he was a little boy, and playing over and over again upon the organ the monotonous and once well-known airs until the habits of infancy reasserted themselves, is at least novel and ingenious. There is also an admirable situation in Mas' Craffud's Freedom, where the harassed planter explains to his newly emancipated slaves that, if they are at liberty, so is he, and that they must look out for themselves; whereupon they wish to know "how dey goin' ter git somep'n ter eat"—a view of the situation which was slow to present itself to any one, even to the philanthropists.

The Memoirs of Mrs. John Drew*

WITH little art, but in a charming spirit of affectionate simplicity, Mrs. John Drew—well known to and well beloved by the older playgoers—wrote shortly before her death a brief sketch of her dramatic career, a career which extended practically over the whole period of her life. These reminiscences, illustrated with interesting and amusing old portraits, should delight the hearts of readers who remember the placid days when realism and historic accuracy had yet to be invented, when a dollar was the fixed price of a theatre seat, and when Lady Macbeth would have been unrecognizable had she not worn her regulation costume of black velvet, point lace and imitation pearls.

Mrs. Drew began her stage life at the exceedingly tender age of twelve months, being then carried on the boards to enact the simple and appropriate rôle of a "crying baby." Her début was a failure. Cry she would not. On the contrary, the lights and the audience so tickled her infant fancy that she crowed aloud for joy, expressing even then the "acute pleasure" in her profession which never failed her during the long, hard years to come. She was given childish parts as soon as she could walk and talk, and was a veteran and deeply experienced actress by the time she came to the United States, being then full nine years of age. Here she was accorded the honor of playing the little Duke of York to the elder Booth's Richard the Third, and Albert to Forrest's William Tell; besides which legitimate performances she figured as a sort of "infant phenomenon," amusing sober playgoers by her antics as Little Pickle, and by appearing in five different characters in a foolish play called Twelve Precisely.

Hard work this for a child's feeble strength; but needs were pressing, and pay was poor. There was no lingering in the race, and before Miss Lane was nineteen she had acted every conceivable part, from cheerful chambermaids to Lady Macbeth; had sung as Cinderella and Rosina; had danced the "second Bayadere" in Madame Celeste's company; had married her first husband; had been stranded more than once in the swift wrecking of dramatic ventures; and had accepted joyously and gratefully an engagement as leading lady at the Walnut Street Theatre, with the munificent salary of twenty dollars a week. There is nothing dazzling in this plain history of an honorable and successful life; but it is jocund reading nevertheless, being the record of a woman who did as well as in her lay the work she loved to do.



OF MODERN BOOKS

A Pantoum

By Carolyn Wells

OF MAKING many books there is no end,
Though myriads have to deep oblivion gone;
Each day new manuscripts are being penned,
And still the ceaseless tide of ink flows on.

Though myriads have to deep oblivion gone
New volumes daily issue from the press;
And still the ceaseless tide of ink flows on—
The prospect is disheartening, I confess.

New volumes daily issue from the press;
My pile of unread books I view aghast.
The prospect is disheartening, I confess;
Why will these modern authors write so fast?

My pile of unread books I view aghast—
Of course I must keep fairly up to date—
Why will these modern authors write so fast?
They seem to get ahead of me of late.

Of course I must keep fairly up to date;
The books of special merit I must read;
They seem to get ahead of me of late,
Although I skim them very fast, indeed.

The books of special merit I must read;
And then the magazines come round again;
Although I skim them very fast, indeed,
I can't get through with more than eight or ten.

And then the magazines come round *again!*
How can we stem this tide of printer's ink?
I can't get through with more than eight or ten—
It is appalling when I stop to think.

How can we stem this tide of printer's ink?
Of making many books there is no end.
It is appalling when I stop to think
Each day new manuscripts are being penned!

Holly and Pizen*

MRS. RUTH McENERY STUART'S little volume of stories, Holly and Pizen, is much too short to satisfy her many readers. There are but five tales instead of the dozen and more which Christmas should have brought us from her pen. All five are good, but by far the best, a very paragon of stories, humorous, tragic, homely and strikingly original, is the Queen o' Sheba's Triumph. Any one who knows the unctuous delight which the negro, like the Celt, takes in a funeral, and in all that appertains thereto, will appreciate the ease with which a poor mulatto dish-washer in a Harlem boarding-house suffers herself to be persuaded by the agent of the Afro-American Funeral Insurance Company to mortgage her slender income, and keep herself on the very verge of destitution, that she may be buried with all the pomp and panoply of woe.

"A white cashmere shroud—an' a cherry-wood coffin—wid silver handles—dicorated wid flowers—an' six veiled mo'ners—an' a fun'al oration—an' de dead-march—an' a plumed hearse—an' fo' ca'iages"—what wonder that Sheba, pausing at the kitchen sink to enumerate these post-mortem splendors,

---

*In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

†His Defense and Other Stories. By Henry Stillwell Edwards. *The Century Company.*

*Mrs. John Drew's Reminiscences. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

*Holly and Pizen. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. *The Century Company.*

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should be on fire to die and make such gorgeousness her own. That her old plantation friends should ever witness this resplendent funeral is a stroke of good fortune beyond even Sheba's anticipation; but so it happens, and the consumptive, worn-out servant is carried to her grave in a blaze of glory, silver coffin-handles as promised, black-veiled mourners, artificial smilax, imitation palms, and an oration, necessarily somewhat impersonal, but burdened with all the impressive rhetoric that even such an audience could desire.

Of the other tales, A Note of Scarlet and Holly and Pizen, the story of an old negro doctor who cures his patients by transferring their diseases to himself—a form of treatment not likely to become popular with the faculty—are most excellent. But none equal the masterly Queen o' Sheba. Only Mrs. Stuart could have treated such a theme with that tender laughter which is born of sympathy and is more kind than tears.

The True William Penn *

IT IS Mr. Augustine Birrell who observes that all the time we can spare from making money we devote to hunting for truth, and he is apparently of the opinion that a great deal too much attention has been given to this particular kind of sport. Certain it is that if we have not yet grasped the truth our failure cannot be ascribed to any lack of instruction. Modern historians shrink sensitively from the most beguiling fiction; and biographers, like Mr. Paul Leicester Ford and Mr. Sydney George Fisher, actually christen their books The True George Washington, The True Benjamin Franklin, The True William Penn, lest we should be hopeful enough to doubt the uncompromising nature of their veracity.

Mr. Fisher's last volume, The True William Penn, is marked by the same integrity of purpose—an integrity liable to error—which characterized his earlier works. The author is not without sympathy for the Quakers, preferring them vastly to the Puritans because of their serene tolerance of other men's convictions. That he himself is no theologian is proven by some rash statements anent the early Christian Church, and the much calumniated Middle Ages—statements of the popular, easy-going order, which strenuous seekers after truth avoid as disproven. Neither does it seem necessary to burden a life of Penn with the most scandalous details that can be unearthed concerning the Court of Charles the Second. Even truth-telling does not necessitate the telling of all truths; and Court scandal, passing as it does from one foul tongue to another, is seldom unadulterated candor.

The best and most interesting portions of the book deal with the making of Pennsylvania and the founding of the City of Peace. This is ground which Mr. Fisher knows well, and about which his least word is of value. It is unfortunate that Penn's brief periods of residence in the Colony hardly permit his biographer to linger long amid such familiar scenes. The loyal service rendered by the courtly Quaker to James the Second—who had befriended him from youth—has always scandalized the "unco gude"; but Mr. Fisher is prompt to recognize the manifest injustice of such censure, and he shows how much good was effected by this curious alliance between the most despotic of the Stuarts and the most tolerant of Friends. It would have been easy for Penn to strike the note of high-minded discontent and win applause thereby; he deemed it better to use his influence in helping those who sorely needed help—in seeking out, as he says, a few "bleeding cases," and binding up the wounds. This course of action is never what the world calls heroic; the essential modesty of the attitude—which disavows all claim to censorship—silences applause. But it has at least the merit of doing some good, of easing some burdens, of making some hours of life more bearable for somebody.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

With Pike and Cutlass †

TO THE small and select band of artists who can write, of whom Howard Pyle, Frederick Remington and F. Hopkinson Smith are conspicuous examples, we may now add the name of Mr. George Gibbs. Indeed, after considering his book from a literary and pictorial standpoint, one hardly knows whether to call him an artist who writes or a writer who illustrates. It is not often that such a high level in both fields is attained and maintained as in this instance.

The book is aptly named, for though in later days the pike and cutlass have become obsolete weapons, superseded by the deadly "eight-inch" and the Hotchkiss rapid-firer, yet the spirit that made the archaic sword and lance potent for victory and slaughter is still with the man behind the gun. There are few records in the history of any nation, especially when the shortness of our period of existence is considered, which are so filled with glory as the history of the American Navy. It is a chronicle of almost unbroken success, and the few defeats which are to be noted are almost as heroic as the victories. It was the bitterest reverse of them all, the capture of the Chesapeake, that gave rise to what has ever been since then a watchword: "Don't give up the ship!"

From this galaxy of splendid feats of arms Mr. Gibbs with wise discrimination has chosen for his entertaining and useful book a number of the most brilliant exploits, some of them common and familiar in every school history, others no less interesting although comparatively unknown. Having so chosen, he has told them with all the dash and vigor and swing of a participant; the men live and move and have a being on his canvas and in his animated pages. We see again half-naked, pigtailed men, armed for battle, blowing their smoking matches, clustered about the rude breechings of the clumsy long guns or stumpy carronades of the past; and the same men manipulate with deadly accuracy the complicated mechanism of modern monsterpieces of ordnance. It takes the same kind of pluck to pass a weather earring on a topsail yardarm in a gale of wind as it does to be bottled up in the fire-room of a battleship in action. And Mr. Gibbs tells us all about these things. It is the same spirit which fights the Guerrière with those weapons, carries the Tripolitan gunboats in hand-to-hand conflict, sends the Gloucester dashing at the Spanish torpedo-boats, enables Decatur to blow up the Philadelphia, Cushing to destroy the Albemarle, lets Hobson try the deadly channel, rushes Farragut over the torpedoes, and permits Dewey and Sampson to break the Spanish power at Manila and Santiago.

All this and more you read in Mr. Gibbs' book; it is a volume to make Americans thrill with pride and pleasure. There is one chapter which is especially commended to the thoughtful. I know of few men who have the knowledge and ability to write so authoritatively of the Passing of the Old Navy. The old Navy has gone, but the old spirit is still in evidence, and one may read in Mr. Gibbs' pages that he himself, an old Annapolis boy and a descendant of the famous Admiral Paulding, partakes in large measure of the same spirit.

—*Cyrus Townsend Brady.*

* The True William Penn. By Sydney George Fisher. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

† With Pike and Cutlass. By George Gibbs. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

IN RISING FORTUNES, Mr. John Oxenham has hit upon a theme which is never without interest. He follows the beginnings of Adam Black, journalist, step by step to success and influence. The story of a well-won success is always healthy and active. *G. W. Dillingham Company.*

More like a play than a novel is Mr. Walter Raymond's A Tangled Web. It has the sharp lines of division and much of the condensation of the drama. Mr. Raymond knows his people—the countryfolk of the Western counties—well, and yet can be sparing in his handling of them. The main action of the play is not clogged or hidden by a superfluous crowd of onlookers, but moves with straightforward, quiet dignity to its logical climax. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

The virile figure of St. Paul stands out strong and clear in all we hear of him and about him. Mr. George L. Weed has just added to the literature of the subject by a new Life of St. Paul for the Young. *George W. Jacobs & Co.*



GOSSIP OF AUTHORS

A Critic Criticised.—The owl-like wisdom of some critics was delightfully illustrated in the treatment of an able story of newspaper life, Taken by Siege, by Miss Jeanette Gilder, which first appeared anonymously. There is probably no woman in the country who is better acquainted with newspaper work than Miss Gilder. Her first story appeared in the New York Dispatch when she was fourteen; at seventeen she was a member of the staff of the Newark Advertiser. She was dramatic, musical and literary critic. She was later correspondent for the New York Tribune and the New York Herald, and for the last nineteen years she has been one of the editors of The Critic. Her novel made a favorable impression upon the press with one or two exceptions. One of these, a New York paper for which Miss Gilder had written for years, summed it up in a calm, patronizing style that must have made the author smile. It praised the general plan and construction of the story, but said that "it was evident that the author knew absolutely nothing of newspapers or newspaper people."

Literature in Rocks.—Miss Hay, daughter of the Secretary of State, has just finished a novel which deals with Washington society. Besides being a graceful poet she is also a lover of Nature study. A favorite summer pastime of hers is collecting odd minerals and fossils. Once when bringing home a lot of specimens she met a friend who commented upon her treasures:

"'Sermons in stones!' You'll get a big library if you keep on."

"I beg your pardon," was the response, "you are mistaken. I am looking for rhymes in rocks, and these are a few of the verses."

Maarten Maartens' Diplomacy.—Herr Maarten Maartens, the famous Dutch novelist, whose real name is J. H. W. Van der Porten, is a country magistrate and lives in the grand old castle of Zuylestyn, near the village of Neerlangbroek. He is rich and has a beautiful but invalid wife. He is fond of politics and the breeding of race horses. On account of his wife's health he is obliged to spend a certain period every year in the South of France. His constituents objected to this, and their differences resulted in their spokesman declaring that the magistrate was no Dutchman, as he spent most of his time out of Holland.

The novelist-magistrate replied: "The only time I am away from my native land is when I am at my wife's side, and that is Paradise. All my earthly hours I spend in Holland."

Best None Too Good.—Norman Hapgood, the critic and biographer, whose recent Life of Lincoln has given him a prominent place in letters, was a reporter in charge of the educational department on a New York afternoon newspaper a few years ago. He reported the doings of the Board of Education and gathered news of the public schools. One day he asked the editor what was the best review in England.

"Why do you want to know?" asked the editor.

"I have something about Salisbury I'd like to submit."

The editor gave him the name of three or four leading periodicals, mentioning one in particular as being the easiest to "break into."

"I want the best," returned Hapgood. "I don't care what it pays or how critical it is."

Receiving the information, he sent his copy over the sea, and in less than ten days he got by cable not only an acceptance of his offering, but an order for three more articles of the same sort. That was the beginning of his literary career.



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JUDGE SETH ON WIDOWS

By CHESTER DEAKE



JUDGE, what did you think of the sermon by the missionary from India?"

The Sunday dinner was over, and the Judge and the party sat under the chestnut tree. The Judge was in a happy mood, although he complained that his two hundred and sixty-five pounds felt heavier than usual—he was afraid he was getting fat.

"It was good of its kind, but I don't much like that kind—one of those sermons about somebody else's troubles—interesting enough, but all the good it does you is to make you feel sorry for the other fellow and wish he would let you alone. I will be ready to think more about foreign missions when we pay our mortgage on the church and our people come to service as fast as they go to a mass-meeting when the brass band's playing. But what he said about widows in India was certainly curious. Just to think! Whenever a husband dies the wife gives up life, and either kills herself or pines away until the end. Just think of it! No wonder the country needs Yankee peddlers and missionaries!".

"Judge, you are evidently a friend of the widow."

"And of the orphan. Don't forget the orphan. Since I have been Judge of the Orphans' Court—I may say otherwise, also—I have found out a great deal about orphans—and, well, yes—widows."

He paused here and looked cautiously around to see if Mrs. Seth was in hearing distance, and finding she was not he proceeded:

"My young friend, you must remember that the country that keeps down widows goes down itself. By the time it conquers the widows it hasn't strength left for anything else. Why was George Washington father of his country? Because he married a widow. Who is head of the greatest Power of Europe? A widow. Who captured our greatest hero? A widow. So it goes! So it goes!"

"Wherein, Judge, is the widow so powerful?"

"The Lord only knows, my young friend, and I doubt if He understands it entirely. Of course, a woman is the greatest power in the world, but a widow is a woman with an extra pull. Much of it is experience, naturally, but sometimes I think that a short course in matrimony is a kind of post-graduate school—that's what you call it, isn't it? Now, put a person in college and keep him there all his life; what would he amount to? But put him there the usual term and then let him out in the world, and he will do something. Well, that's the widow. Certainly it's a little tough on her first teacher, but, as we say down at the courthouse, graveyards don't pay taxes.

"You know the roots of some trees will find their way through solid rock to reach water. Nothing is impossible, and the widow can beat trees just as a thinking man can cut wood. Now, there was Sally Madeson—Jack Madeson's widow. She was just about the right size, with black eyes, and red lips, and real roses in her cheeks. When you put weeds on that style, and when the long eyelashes fall over the black eyes and the roses in the cheeks bloom all the harder for the tears that come down on them—like dew on the real article—well, something's going to happen. On the other side of the road from me Jim Fendel lived, and if ever a man hated women Jim was that person. He had plenty of money, but all he loved in life was his gun and dogs. One day he came to me and said: 'Seth'—it was before my election as Judge of the Orphans' Court—'Seth, it may seem right conceited of me to say it, but doggone if I don't believe that Sally Madeson, or fate, or something, is after me.' 'Said anything to you?' I asked. 'Not a word,' he replied. 'You like her?' I asked again. 'Jehosaphat! No. Didn't I say Jack was the biggest fool on earth to marry her? What I mean is that—I—hang it! I don't know what I mean.'

"Well, I felt then that the outcome of the thing was just as good as decided, but to comfort Jim I told him to keep away from her. And he did. For instance, he took the back road to town. But of course one day as he was jogging along what should he do but meet her—in fact, find her all alone in a carriage that had broken down. Well, he took her home. Of course, the seat was that narrow little thing in his two-wheeled gig. Young man, I hope you never sat on a narrow seat with a black-eyed widow?"

"I never did, Judge."

"Well, never do it; but if you have to do it, don't drive too slow; the neighbors might talk. Then one day he was out woodcock-shooting on the other side of the swamp—out in his long rubber boots. Suddenly on the bank of the creek he saw the widow. She had been over to see one of her workmen who was sick, and the tide of the creek had risen and she couldn't get back. There was only one thing for him to do. He took her in his arms and toted her over. Young man, I hope you never toted a black-eyed widow over a creek?"

"I never did, Judge."

"Well, if you ever have to do it, hold tight, shut your eyes, and pray hard during the ceremony. Of course, that just settled everything. Jim came to me and said: 'It's no use, Seth; it's just fate.' 'It's the widow,' I said. 'It's fate and the widow both,' he said. 'I give it up,' I said; 'the combination's too strong.' 'So do I,' he said. Of course, he thought that all he had to do was to go there and ask her and she would jump right into his arms. He didn't know widows—of course, nobody does—but some facts are plain. As I have said, there is small satisfaction in hauling up a mullet, but there is a heap of sport in playing with a trout—and every widow knows that the easy fish is the least valued—or if I've got mixed, it's words to that effect."

"I have heard, Judge, that Mr. Fendel's marriage was the finest thing that ever happened to him."

"So it was, my young friend; so it was. It was she who made him Governor; and if he had only been born in a log cabin she would have made him President of the United States."

There was a pause, and the Judge continued rather confidentially: "Now you must understand, of course, you need not tell Mrs. Seth anything I have said about widows, but it is all true; and it is my conviction that the reason why widows in India are abolished, so to speak, is that the old maids and the married women control the votes. Of course, India is two or three thousand years old, while we are only two or three hundred, and it may come to pass that after this country begins to slide down hill widows may be buried too, but I'm glad I'll be dead before it happens. But, as I said before, you need not mention it to Mrs. Seth."

"You seem to think, Judge, that married ladies do not like widows."

"Think, my young ignoramus? Think? What's the use of thinking when the fact is before your very eyes? They can't like a widow any more than they can help looking at a new bonnet. They are all naturally jealous of her. Who can blame them? She has got all the good out of her first chance in matrimony, and she is in a position to get the best in a second trial at the same game. I don't say all women want to become widows, but I have noticed in all such misfortunes they all show a powerful lot of resignation."

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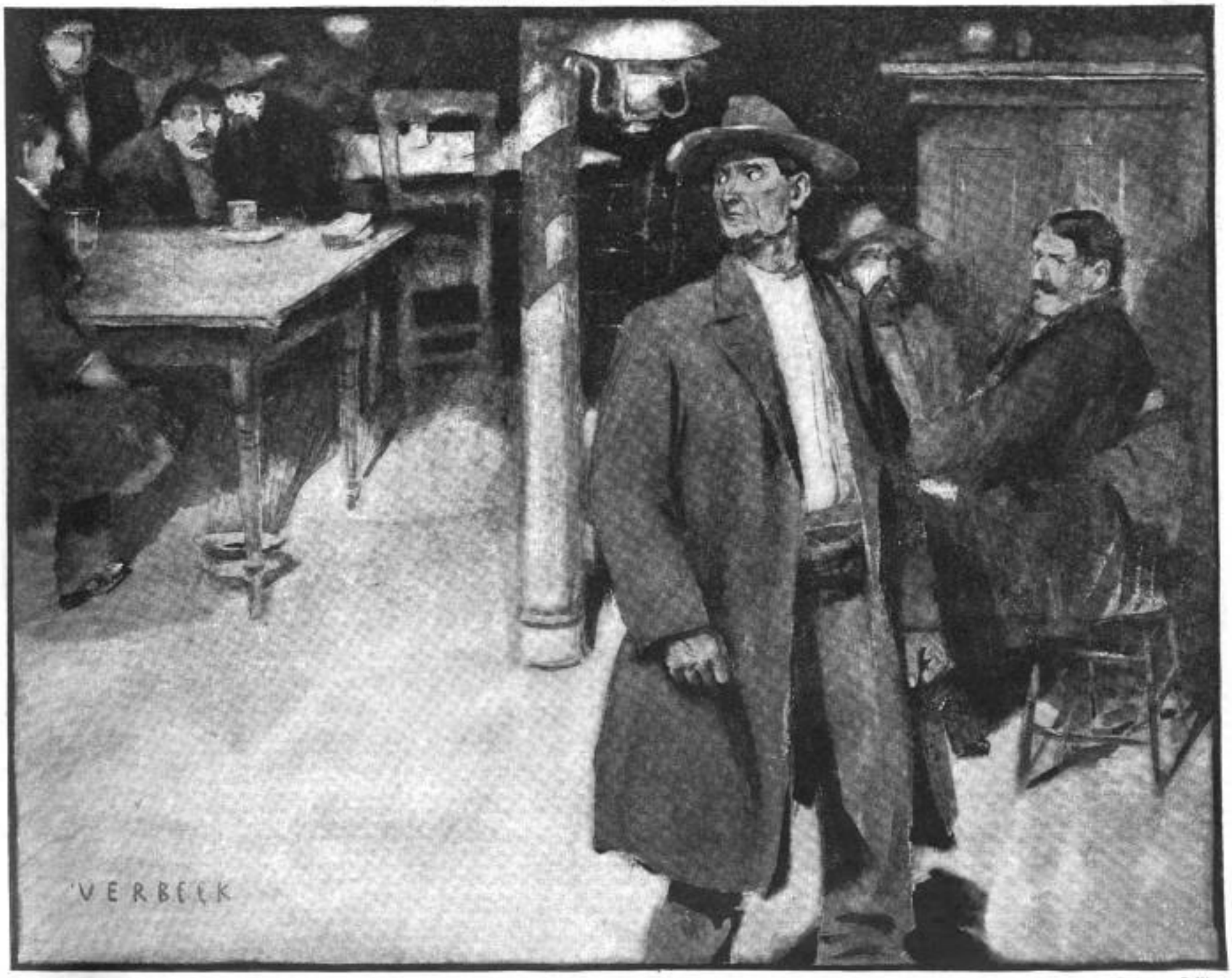
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Bohemian Days *in* San Francisco

By Bret Harte

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HE CAST A GLANCE AROUND THE RESTAURANT AND NODDED TO ONE OR TWO

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Bohemian Days *in* San Francisco

By Bret Harte

IT IS but just to the respectable memory of San Francisco that in these vagrant recollections I should deprecate at once any suggestion that the levity of my title described its dominant tone at any period of my early experiences. On the contrary, it was a singular fact that while the rest of California was swayed by an easy, careless, unconventionalism or swept over by waves of emotion and sentiment, San Francisco preserved an intensely material and practical attitude, and even a certain austere morality. I do not, of course, allude to the brief days of '49, when it was a straggling beach of huts and stranded hulks, but to the earlier stages of its development into the metropolis of California. Its first tottering steps in that direction were marked by a distinct gravity and decorum. Even during the period when the revolver settled small private difficulties, and Vigilance Committees adjudicated larger public ones, an unmistakable seriousness and respectability was the ruling sign of its governing class. It was not improbable that under the reign of the committee the lawless and vicious class were more appalled by the moral spectacle of several thousand black-coated, serious-minded business men in embattled procession than by mere force of arms, and one "suspect"—a prize-fighter—is known to have committed suicide in his cell after confrontation with his grave and passionless shopkeeping judges. Even that peculiar quality of Californian humor which was apt to mitigate the extravagances of the revolver and the uncertainties of poker had no place in the decorous and responsible utterance of San Francisco. The press was sober, materialistic, practical—when it was not severely admonitory of existing evil; the few smaller papers that indulged in levity were considered libelous and improper. Fancy was displaced by heavy articles on the revenues of the State and inducements to the investment of capital. Local news was under an implied censorship which suppressed anything that might tend to discourage timid or cautious capital. Episodes of romantic lawlessness or pathetic incidents of mining life were carefully edited—with the comment that these things belonged to the past, and that life and property were now "as safe in San Francisco as in New York or London."

Wonder-loving visitors in quest of scenes characteristic of the civilization were coldly snubbed with this assurance. Fires, floods, and even seismic convulsions, were subjected to a like grimly materialistic optimism. I have a vivid recollection of a ponderous editorial on one of the severer earthquakes, in which it was asserted that only the *unexpectedness* of the onset prevented San Francisco from meeting it in a way that would be deterrent of all future attacks. The unconsciousness of the humor was only equaled by the gravity with which it was received by the whole business community. Strangely enough, this grave materialism flourished side by side with—and was even sustained by—a narrow religious strictness more characteristic of the Pilgrim Fathers of a past century than the Western pioneers of the present. San Francisco was early a city of churches and church organizations to which the leading men and merchants belonged. The lax Sundays of the dying Spanish race seemed only to provoke a revival of the rigors of the Puritan Sabbath. With the Spaniard and his Sunday afternoon bull-fight scarcely an hour distant, the San Francisco pulpit thundered against Sunday picnics. One of the popular preachers, declaiming upon the practice of Sunday dinner-giving, averred that when he saw a guest in his best Sunday clothes standing shamelessly upon the doorstep of his host, he felt like seizing him by the shoulder and dragging him from that threshold of perdition.

Against the actual heathen the feeling was even stronger, and reached its climax one Sunday when a Chinaman was stoned to death by a crowd of children returning from Sunday-school. I am offering these examples with no ethical purpose, but merely to indicate a singular contradictory condition, which I do not think writers of early Californian history have fairly recorded. It is not my province to suggest any theory for these appalling exceptions to the usual good-humored lawlessness and extravagance of the rest of the State. They may have been essential agencies to the growth and evolution of the city. They were undoubtedly sincere. The impressions I propose to give of certain scenes and incidents of my early experience must therefore be taken as purely personal and Bohemian, and their selection as equally individual and vagrant. I am writing of what interested me at the time, though not perhaps of what was more generally characteristic of San Francisco.

I had been there a week—an idle week, spent in listless outlook for employment; a full week in my eager absorption of the strange life around me and a photographic sensitiveness to certain scenes and incidents of these days, which start out of my memory to-day as freshly as the day they impressed me.

One of these recollections is of "steamer night," as it was called—the night of "steamer day"—preceding the departure of the mail steamship with the mails for "home." Indeed, at that time San Francisco may be said to have lived from steamer day to steamer day; bills were made due on that day, interest computed to that period, and accounts settled. The next day was the turning of a new leaf: another essay to fortune, another inspiration of energy. So recognized was the fact that even ordinary changes of condition, social and domestic, were put aside until *after* steamer day. "I'll see what I can do after next steamer day" was the common cautious or hopeful formula. It was the "Saturday night" of many a wage-earner—and to him a night of festivity. The thoroughfares were animated and crowded; the saloons and theatres full. I can recall myself at such times wandering along the City Front, as the business part of San Francisco was then known. Here the lights were burning all night, the first streaks of dawn finding the merchants still at their counting-house desks. I remember the dim lines of warehouses lining the insecure wharves of rotten piles, half filled in—that had ceased to be wharves but had not yet become streets—their treacherous yawning depths, with the uncertain gleam of tarlike mud below, at times still vocal with the lap and gurgle of the tide. I remember the weird stories of disappearing men found afterward imbedded in the ooze in which they had fallen and gasped their life away. I remember the two or three ships, still left standing where they were beached a year or two before, built in between warehouses, their bows projecting into the roadway. There was the dignity of the sea and its boundless freedom in their beautiful curves which the abutting houses could not destroy, and even something of the sea's loneliness in the far-spaced ports and cabin windows lit up by the lamps of the prosaic landsmen who plied their trades behind them. One of these ships transformed into a hotel retained its name, "The Niantic," and part of its characteristic interior unchanged. I remember these ships' old tenants—the rats—who had increased and multiplied to such an extent that at night they fearlessly crossed the wayfarer's path at every turn, and even invaded the gilded saloons of Montgomery Street. In the Niantic their pitapat was met on every staircase, and it was said that sometimes in an excess of sociability they accompanied the traveler to his room. In the early "cloth-and-papered" houses—so called because the ceilings were not plastered, but simply covered by stretched and whitewashed cloth—their scamperings were plainly indicated in zigzag movements of the sagging cloth, or they became actually visible by finally dropping through the holes they had worn in it! I remember the house whose foundations were made of boxes of plug tobacco—part of a jettisoned cargo—used instead of more expensive lumber; and the adjacent warehouse where the trunks of the early and forgotten "Forty-niners" were stored, and—never claimed by their dead or missing owners—were finally sold at auction. I remember the strong breath of the sea over all, and the constant onset of the trade winds which helped to disinfect the deposit of dirt and grime, decay and wreckage which were stirred up in the later evolutions of the city.



Drawn by Will Crawford

Or I recall, with the same sense of youthful satisfaction and unabated wonder, my wanderings through the Spanish Quarter, where three centuries of quaint customs, speech and dress were still preserved; where the proverbs of Sancho Panza were still spoken in the language of Cervantes, and the high-flown illusions of the La Manchian knight still a part of the Spanish Californian hidalgo's dream. I recall the more modern "Greaser," or Mexican—his index finger steeped in cigarette stains; his velvet jacket and his crimson sash; the many-flounced skirt and lace manta of his women, and their caressing intonations—the one musical utterance of the whole hard-voiced city. I suppose I had a boy's digestion and bluntness of taste in those days, for the combined odor of tobacco, burned paper and garlic which marked that melodious breath did not affect me.

Perhaps from my Puritan training I experienced a more fearful joy in the gambling saloons. They were the largest and most comfortable, even as they were the most expensively decorated rooms in San Francisco. Here, again, the gravity and decorum which I have already alluded to were present at that earlier period—though perhaps from concentration of another kind. People staked and lost their last dollar with a calm solemnity and a resignation that was almost Christian. The oaths, exclamations and feverish interruptions which often characterized more dignified assemblies were absent here. There was no room for the lesser vices; there was little or no drunkenness; the gaudily dressed and painted women who presided over the wheels of fortune or performed on the harp and piano attracted no attention from those ascetic players. The man who had won ten thousand dollars and the man who had lost everything rose from the table with equal silence and imperturbability. *I* never witnessed any tragic sequel to those losses; *I* never heard of any suicide on account of them. Neither can I recall any quarrel or murder directly attributable to this kind of gambling. It must be remembered that these public games were chiefly *rouge et noir*, monté, faro, or roulette, in which the antagonist was Fate, Chance, Method, or the impersonal "bank" which was supposed to represent them all; there was no individual opposition or rivalry; nobody challenged the decision of the "croupier," or dealer.

I remember a conversation at the door of one saloon which was as characteristic for its brevity as it was a type of the prevailing stoicism. "Hello!" said a departing miner, as he recognized a brother miner coming in, "when did you come down?" "This morning," was the reply. "Made a strike on the bar?" suggested the first speaker. "You bet!" said the other, and passed in. I chanced an hour later to be at the same place as they met again—their relative positions changed. "Hello! Whar now?" said the incomer. "Back to the bar." "Cleaned out?" "You bet!" Not a word more explained a common situation.

My first youthful experience at those tables was an accidental one. I was watching roulette one evening, intensely absorbed in the mere movement of the players. Either they were so preoccupied with the game, or I was really older looking than my actual years, but a bystander laid his hand familiarly on my shoulder, and said, as to an ordinary *habitué*, "Ef you're not chippin' in yourself, pardner, 'spose you give *me* a show." Now, I honestly believe that up to that moment I had no intention, nor even a desire, to try my own fortune. But in the embarrassment of the sudden address I put my hand in my pocket, drew out a coin, and laid it, with an attempt at carelessness, but a vivid consciousness that I was blushing, upon a vacant number. To my horror I saw that I had put down a large coin—the bulk of my possessions! I did not flinch, however; I think any boy who reads this will understand my feeling; it was not only my coin but my manhood at stake! I gazed with a miserable show of indifference at the players, at the chandelier—anywhere but at the dreadful ball spinning around the wheel. There was a pause; the game was declared, the rake rattled up and down, but still I did not look at the table. Indeed, in my inexperience of the game and my embarrassment I doubt if I should have known if I had

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Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on Bohemian Days in San Francisco. The second will appear in the next issue.

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won or not. I had made up my mind that I should lose, but I must do so like a man, and, above all, without giving the least suspicion that I was a greenhorn. I even affected to be listening to the music. The wheel spun again; the game was declared, the rake was busy, but I did not move. At last the man I had displaced touched me on the arm and whispered, "Better make a straddle and divide your stake this time." I did not understand him, but as I saw he was looking at the board, I was obliged to look, too. I drew back dazed and bewildered! Where my coin had lain a moment before was a glittering heap of gold.

My stake had doubled, quadrupled, and doubled again. I did not know how much then—I do not know now—it may have been not more than three or four hundred dollars—but it dazzled and frightened me. "Make your game, gentlemen," said the croupier monotonously. I thought he looked at me—indeed, everybody seemed to be looking at me—and my companion repeated his warning. But here I must again appeal to the boyish reader in defense of my idiotic obstinacy. To have taken advice would have shown my youth. I shook my head—I could not trust my voice. I smiled, but with a sinking heart, and let my stake remain. The ball again sped around the wheel and stopped. There was a pause. The croupier indolently advanced his rake and swept my whole pile with others into the bank! I had lost it all. Perhaps it may be difficult for me to explain why I actually felt relieved, and even to some extent triumphant, but I seemed to have asserted my grown-up independence—possibly at the cost of reducing the number of my meals for days, but what of that! I was a man! I wish I could say that it was a lesson to me. I am afraid it was not. It was true that I did not gamble again, but then I had no especial desire to—and there was no temptation. I am afraid it was an incident without a moral. Yet it had one touch characteristic of the period which I like to remember. The man who had spoken to me I think suddenly realized at the moment of my disastrous *coup* the fact of my extreme youth. He moved toward the banker, and leaning over him whispered a few words. The banker looked up, half impatiently, half kindly—his hand straying tentatively toward the pile of coin. I instinctively knew what he meant, and summoning my determination, met his eyes with all the indifference I could assume, and walked away.

I had at that period a small room at the top of a house owned by a distant relation—a second or third cousin, I think. He was a man of independent and original character, had a Ulyssean experience of men and cities, and an old English name of which he was proud. While in London he had procured from the Herald's College his family arms whose crest was stamped upon a quantity of plate he had brought with him to California. The plate, together with an exceptionally good cook which he had also brought, and his own epicurean tastes, he utilized in the usual practical Californian fashion by starting a rather expensive half-club, half-restaurant in the lower part of the building—which he ruled somewhat autocratically, as became his crest! The restaurant was too expensive for me to patronize, but I saw many of its frequenters as well as those who had rooms at the club. They were men of very distinct personality; a few celebrated, and nearly all notorious. They represented a Bohemianism—if such it could be called—less innocent than my later experiences. I remember, however, one handsome young fellow whom I used to meet occasionally on the staircase, who captured my youthful fancy. I met him only at midday, as he did not rise till late, and this fact, with a certain scrupulous elegance and neatness in his dress, ought to have made me suspect he was a gambler. In my inexperience it only invested him with a certain romantic mystery.

One morning as I was going out to my very early breakfast at a cheap Italian café on Long Wharf I was surprised to find him also descending the staircase. He was scrupulously dressed even at that early hour, but I was struck by the fact that he was all in black, and his slight figure, buttoned to the throat in a tightly fitting frock-coat, gave, I fancied, a singular melancholy to his pale Southern face. Nevertheless, he greeted me with more than his usual serene cordiality, and I remembered that he looked up with a half-puzzled, half-amused expression at the rosy morning sky as he walked a few steps with me down the deserted street. I could not help saying that I was astonished to see him up so early, and he admitted that it was a break in his usual habits, but added with a smiling significance I afterward remembered that it was "an even chance if he did it again." As we neared the street corner a man in a buggy drove up impatiently. In spite of the driver's evident haste, my handsome acquaintance got in leisurely, and lifting his glossy hat to me with a pleasant smile, was driven away. I have a very lasting recollection of his face and figure as the buggy disappeared down the empty street. I never saw him again. It was not until a week later that I knew that an hour after he left me that morning he was lying dead in a little hollow behind the Mission Dolores—shot through the heart in the duel for which he had risen so early.

I recall another incident of that period equally characteristic, but happily less tragic in sequel. I was in the restaurant one morning talking to my cousin when a man entered hastily and said something to him in a hurried whisper. My cousin contracted his eyebrows and uttered a suppressed oath. Then with a gesture of warning to the man he crossed the room quietly to a table where a regular *habitué* of the restaurant was lazily finishing his breakfast. A large silver coffee-pot with a stiff wooden handle stood on the table before him. My cousin leaned over the guest familiarly, and apparently made some hospitable inquiry as to his wants, with his hand resting lightly on the coffee-pot handle. Then—possibly because my curiosity having been excited I was watching him more intently than the others—*I* saw what probably no one else saw—that he deliberately upset the coffee-pot and its contents over the guest's shirt and waistcoat. As the victim sprang up with an exclamation, my cousin overwhelmed him with apologies for his carelessness, and with protestations of sorrow for the accident actually insisted upon dragging the man upstairs into his own private room, where he furnished him with a shirt and waistcoat of his own. The side door had scarcely closed upon them, and I was still lost in wonder at what I had seen, when a man entered from the street. He was one of the desperate set I have already spoken of, and thoroughly well known to those present. He cast a glance around the room, nodded to one or two of the guests, and then walked to a side table and took up a newspaper. I was conscious at once that a singular constraint had come over the other guests—a nervous awkwardness that at last seemed to make itself known to the man himself, who, after an affected yawn or two, laid down the paper and walked out.

"That was a mighty close call," said one of the guests with a sigh of relief.

"You bet! And that coffee-pot spill was the luckiest kind of accident for Peters," returned another.

"For both," added the first speaker, "for Peters was armed, too, and would have seen him come in!"

A word or two more explained all. Peters and the last comer had quarreled a day or two before, and had separated with the intention to "shoot on sight"—that is, wherever they met—a form of duel common to those days. The accidental meeting in the restaurant would have been the occasion, with the usual sanguinary consequence, but for the word of warning given to my cousin by a passer-by who knew that Peters' antagonist was coming to the restaurant to look at the papers. Had my cousin repeated the warning to Peters himself he would have only prepared him for the conflict—which he would not have shirked—and so precipitated the affray.

The ruse of upsetting the coffee-pot, which everybody but myself thought an accident, was to get him out of the room before the other entered. I was too young then to venture to intrude upon my cousin's secrets, but two or three years afterward I taxed him with the trick and he admitted it regretfully. I believe that a strict interpretation of the "code" would have condemned his act as unsportsmanlike, if not *unfair!*

I recall another incident connected with the building equally characteristic of the period. The United States Branch Mint stood very near it, and its tall, factory-like chimneys overshadowed my cousin's roof. Some scandal had arisen from an alleged leakage of gold in the manipulation of that metal during the various processes of smelting and refining. One of the excuses offered was the volatilization of the precious metal and its escape through the draft of the tall chimneys. All San Francisco laughed at this explanation until it learned that a corroboration of the theory had been established by an assay of the dust and grime of the roofs in the vicinity of the Mint. These had yielded distinct traces of gold. San Francisco stopped laughing, and that portion of it which had roofs in the neighborhood at once began prospecting. Claims were staked out on these airy placers, and my cousin's roof being the very next one to the chimney, and presumably "in the lead," was disposed of to a speculative company for a considerable sum. I remember my cousin telling me the story—for the occurrence was quite recent—and taking me with him to the roof to explain it, but I am afraid I was more attracted by the mystery of the closely guarded building and the strangely tinted smoke which arose from this temple where money was actually being "made," than by anything else. Nor did I dream as I stood there—a very lanky, open-mouthed youth—that only three or four years later I should be the secretary of its superintendent. In my more adventurous ambition I am afraid I would have accepted the suggestion half-heartedly. Merely to have helped to stamp the gold which other people had adventurously found was by no means a part of my youthful dreams.



He said "it was an even chance if he did it again"

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

Odd Ways of Gaining a Living

A NEW YORK correspondent of a Boston journal gave an account some years ago of a novel mode of making a living hit upon by a young man at Albany. Having been employed some years at the capitol, and knowing a good deal about the doings in it, he made engagements with a number of large corporations, at salaries ranging each from $200 to $800 yearly, to keep them informed about what was going on there. This he did by sending to each a copy of every bill that was introduced into either House of the Legislature, and by giving them such private information as he could gather concerning any influences that were at work prejudicial to their interests. For all this labor he received about $2500 a year; a little handbook of the Legislature which he published annually yielded an equal sum.

"SPITE" HOUSES THAT PAID

But of all the abnormal ways of gaining a livelihood, that pursued some fifty years ago by a miserly, misanthropic wretch in a large town in the West of England is the most extraordinary. By profession a builder, he spent his time in watching the progress of building operations in the town and "posting" himself in all matters relating to land and houses. When he saw an elegant new house building he would, if possible, buy a small piece of land opposite to it, and there begin erecting a hideous-looking edifice of shingle and brick, with ugly chimneys, and having no resemblance to any other structure, except, perhaps, a dog-kennel. Fancy the feelings of a rich manufacturer on seeing his dream of a fairy palace thus dispelled by a crafty, cold-blooded old villain, deaf alike to entreaty, remonstrance and menace; cool, calculating, persistent, unmoved equally by the cries of "shame!" from the passers-by and by the scowls and frowns of the neighboring householders!

A week or two passes, and the victim of his wiles, writhing with vexation, proposes to buy the nuisance that perpetually stares him in the face: but a price so enormous is asked that he will not pay it. Finally he stops building his mansion for a while, and "Eyesore Jack"—for that was the nickname of this tormentor—follows suit. Delighted and encouraged by this, the gentleman goes on with his building, when instantly work on the dog-kennel is resumed. A hundred remedies chase each other through the man's brain, but in vain; one after another they are all dismissed as useless or impracticable. At last he is forced to yield and buy up the eyesore at many times its cost to its owner.

THE WATERLOO OF "EYESORE JACK"

The wretch continued to pursue his hateful calling for some years till he became very rich, but he found his Waterloo at last in a conflict with two builders who had erected in a genteel part of the suburbs a row of handsome houses. They were expecting to sell them at a considerable profit when one day they learned to their amazement that the old villain, Jack—the terrible Eyesore Jack—had obtained a long lease of a field opposite and designed immediately to begin a brick work on it. The men were nearly mad with vexation, but their whole fortune was at stake, and they determined to fight the wretch to the last extremity. Inducing another person who had been in treaty for a lease of the field before it was leased to Jack to bring an action for its recovery, they outwitted their foe. The villain, so long triumphant, was beaten in the suit, and ultimately lost all his ill-gotten gains and died in abject penury.

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The ADMIRAL'S Ward

By Molly Elliot Seawell

VICE-ADMIRAL the Honorable Algernon Charles Harford, commanding Her Majesty's Ship Imperious, had the idiosyncrasy common to navy men. Modest concerning his professional acquirements, and singularly just in his estimate of his own powers and qualifications as a seaman, he had a preposterous confidence in himself regarding all shore affairs.

Your true navy man is the most unassuming man in the world in his own sea bailiwick; but put him ashore and there is nothing, from riding a broncho to raising cabbages at a profit, that he does not know more about—or thinks he does—than any landsman going. The more delicate and complicated the affair, the more breezy assurance a sailorman has in his capacity to manage it. Therefore, when Admiral Harford was left guardian of the motherless child of his old friend and messmate, Captain Clavering, he had not a moment's doubt that he was perfectly well qualified and situated to care for that complex creature, a young girl. He was not daunted in the least by the facts that he was a bachelor of confirmed standing; that he had no experience in managing any petticoated creature; that he had never seen Henrietta Clavering; that he was on the China station, and likely to remain there at least two years; that her father had always represented her as a beautiful, willful young thing, not without great intelligence and a warm heart, but difficult to impress with a sense of responsibility, and prankish to the last degree.

The Admiral dismissed all thought of trouble with a wave of his hand. He would get her a good governess, give orders that the girl should be prudent, studious, avoid going in debt and falling in love—and that was all. The plan commended itself to him by its beauty as well as its simplicity. The Admiral did all these things with an infantile faith in their efficacy; and as he got good reports from his ward, concluded that bringing up a young girl by proxy was a plan as admirable as it was easy.

The Admiral was a good-hearted martinet, and he conceived a real affection for the ward he had never seen. He wrote her short but affectionate letters, and she replied with the properest little epistles imaginable, written under the eye of the governess, Miss Elderberry. These the Admiral took for the spontaneous outpourings of a youthful heart. However, he did get a spontaneous outpouring at last. It was almost two years after he had assumed charge of Henrietta that this letter came:

"*My dear Guardian:* Before dear papa died he told me to open my heart to you whenever I was in perplexity. I have not had occasion to do this before, as Miss Elderberry is a good soul and has not troubled me much. Lately, however, she has been quite troublesome. You must know that for some time past I have been engaged to Lieutenant Roger Fonblanque. As we have no thought of being married until his cruise is up, we agreed to keep it secret. And as we had to be separated in any event, I was delighted when he was ordered to the Imperious last autumn. It seemed to me providential that Roger should serve under your eye, so you could see his many noble and exalted qualities.

"But now comes the trouble. Miss Elderberry has found out that we correspond, and has forbidden me to write to Roger. Of course, neither of us *could live without each other's letters.* This you will admit. I warn you, therefore, that I consider I owe my first duty to Roger, and shall continue to write to him. If you, my dear guardian, would forward Roger's letters to me under cover of yours, it would be the best thing I can think of. Miss Elderberry is also quite annoying about another matter—she thinks my maid, Hodgson, too flighty in her dress and manners, and too presuming. This last is a trifle—it is only Roger that I am really concerned about. Of course, Miss Elderberry does not know that I am writing this. I look forward with so much pleasure to seeing you in a few months. Dear papa had so much confidence in your goodness to me that I have always felt toward you as a second father.

"Your affectionate ward,

"HENRIETTA CLAVERING.

"Ivy Lodge, March 16."

The Admiral gnashed his teeth when he read this letter. Roger Fonblanque's noble and exalted qualities! Foh! A little curly headed sub-Lieutenant, who had been a regular pickle of a midshipman, and was little better than that now! Of course the fellow must have known who was Henrietta Clavering's guardian, and the ineffable impudence of the whole business—the Admiral rung his bell so furiously that the orderly fairly bounced into the cabin, thinking the Admiral must have smelt fire. He did really seem to exhale both fire and smoke as he bawled:

"Make my compliments to Lieutenant Fonblanque, and desire him to come to me immediately."

There was, of course, nothing for Lieutenant Fonblanque to do but to appear in the cabin and take the most awful wigging the Admiral could devise—and he was an accomplished man in that line. He commanded the young Lieutenant not only to cease from all correspondence with Henrietta Clavering, but to put her completely out of his mind, and not to dare to think of her, much less to speak her name. Young Fonblanque received all this very coolly, but declined to make any promises. This did not greatly disconcert Admiral Harford. If a flag officer could not secure obedience from a sub-Lieutenant and a nineteen-year-old girl, the sooner he hauled down his flag and retired to civil life the better, thought the Admiral. Naturally, the boy and girl would sulk over his commands—but that they would be actually disobeyed never entered Admiral Harford's head.

As might have been expected, during the remainder of the cruise the Imperious was made by Admiral Harford a floating purgatory for Lieutenant Fonblanque. Luckily for the youngster, the cruise was nearly up, and a few months after the young man's interview with the Admiral, on a beautiful August morning, the Imperious steamed into the harbor at Portsmouth, and her guns roared out "How d'ye do?" to the guns of the forts, which replied, "Quite well, thank you. How are you?"

Now, Ivy Lodge was only a few miles from Portsmouth, and the Admiral had promised himself an early interview with his ward, whom he really desired to see. But scarcely had the anchors kissed the ground when he received orders to report to the Admiralty, where a number of affairs awaited him, among others his promotion to the full grade of Admiral.

The Admiral set off for London in a very bad humor, determined to return in three days at most. The red tape of officialdom, however, detained him more than a week. In that time he wrote to Henrietta Clavering, asking her and Miss Elderberry to breakfast with him on the ship the following Sunday. Meeting at his club an old acquaintance, Captain Bosanquet, whose son, a young midshipman, had just been ordered to the Imperious, the Admiral sent an invitation to the young man to the same breakfast. Just as he had completed this arrangement, the card of Captain Laborde, an officer in the French Navy, was handed him, and the Admiral, finding the French Captain to be on his way to Portsmouth, asked him to be of the breakfast party.

The Admiral had fully counted on being at Portsmouth on the Saturday night, but what with unexpected delays and accidental interruptions, he did not reach the ship until the usual Sunday-morning inspection was in progress. As he stepped over the side he asked if Miss Elderberry and Miss Clavering had arrived, and was told they were at that moment in the great cabin.

This, however, was not an exact statement of the case. Miss Clavering was indeed below, but in place of Miss Elderberry, who found herself at the last moment too unwell to accompany her charge, was Hodgson, the maid. One look at this young woman was enough to justify all of Miss Elderberry's objections to her. Pretty in a common fashion, dressed above her station, inexpressibly pert and forward, Hodgson was a perfect type of the objectionable lady's-maid. A more undesirable attendant for a girl like Henrietta Clavering could not be imagined. For Henrietta was undoubtedly a little unruly, and her persistence in keeping Hodgson as maid showed it.

Miss Clavering was extremely pretty. She affected a mannish style of dress, with short curls all over her shapely head, and wore a man's collar and necktie with her dashing tailor-made jacket. She looked indeed more like a pretty boy than a pretty girl; and this likeness was increased when, picking up a midshipman's cap off the sofa in the Admiral's sleeping-cabin, she clapped it on her head, and turned, laughing, to her maid.

"La!" cried Hodgson, turning over some clothes that lay under the cap. "These ain't never the Admiral's clothes. They look more like they belonged to one of them little midshipmen boys I seen on deck just now." And Hodgson scampered out of the cabin, carrying the midshipman's trousers with her, to interview Stubbs, the Admiral's steward, with whom she had already established intimate relations.

"Them things on the Admiral's bed!" replied the steward, surprised; "'course they ain't his'n. That fool of a tailor as brought the Admiral's clothes home must 'a' left these 'ere by mistake. Well, they'll be called for soon, so just you put 'em back, young woman, and don't let nobody suspect you've been nosin' around the Admiral's room."

"All in good time," pertly replied Hodgson; and then, seeing two additional places laid at the table, she asked, "Who else is to breakfast besides my young lady?"

"A French Cap'n, and a young midshipman—jist jined—Mr. Bosanquet—was to breakfast, too, but a message come a while ago sayin' he couldn't be 'ere, havin' broke out with the measles. Howsomedever, the Admiral sent word there was to be five places put, and I'm goin' to put five places, s' help me, if nobody don't come."

Hodgson stood, considering this information. A scheme had entered her mischievous head, and she promptly proceeded to carry it out.

She returned to the inner cabin, and there, laughing at her own pretty reflection in the glass, stood Henrietta Clavering with the midshipman's cap on her curls and the natty jacket in place of her own.

"Oh, la!" screamed Hodgson, affecting an ecstasy of admiration, "how beautiful you do look!"

"I wish Roger could see me in this rig," replied Henrietta, smiling and pouting. "Of course he can't come near me to-day—the Admiral won't let him; but I wonder what the old codger would say" (this referred to Admiral Harford) "if he knew that Roger has seen me seven times this week! Poor Miss Elderberry! I believe that is what made her ill—the thought of having to tell my guardian about it."

Hodgson during this was fingering the trousers to the midshipman's suit, and holding them up.

"I'd love to see you in these, miss," she said insinuatingly. "Don't you remember the time you went to the Criterion Theatre, and saw all the ladies dressed as midshipmen in the opera—and came back and said you longed to see what sort of a midshipman you'd make?"

Henrietta looked dubiously at the trousers.

"Just for a minute—to see yourself in the glass," kept on Hodgson. "There's loads of time—the Admiral won't be



DRAWN BY C. E. HILLMAN

—"THE ADMIRAL WON'T BE 'ERE FOR 'ARF AN HOUR YET, MISS"

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'ere for 'arf an hour yet, miss." And Henrietta Clavering, with the folly of youth, yielding to her own childish inclinations, slipped off her skirts and slipped on the trousers, and had the satisfaction of seeing herself in the glass as a full-fledged reefer.

She really meant to take the clothes off immediately, but Hodgson chattered so, and admired so extravagantly, that time passed. Sounds of cheering from the deck floated in at the porthole, and Henrietta paused to listen to that; and what was actually going on upon deck was this:

The whole ship's company was drawn up for inspection, but instead of the Captain being present he was represented by a Lieutenant, and not a First Lieutenant at that. Everything and everybody on the Imperious seemed to have gone awry during the Admiral's week in London. The Captain had met with an accident which obliged him to be removed ashore to a hospital. The First Lieutenant had, before this, got a short leave on account of urgent business, and was represented by the next in rank. To make things worse, by some occult means liquor had been smuggled aboard, and nearly everybody forward had got a taste of it. For the first time in all Admiral Harford's experience this state of affairs was evident at muster, and even the Master-at-Arms, one Billy Bowser, reputed to be the best "Jimmy legs" in the service, was a little unsteady on his pins—the first time in twenty years. Admiral Harford noted all this at a glance, and his wrath nearly choked him. Technically, an Admiral has nothing to do with the conduct of his flagship, his Captain being wholly responsible. However, very few Admirals have the transcendent virtue to remain a disinterested spectator when things don't go to please them—and least of all Admiral Harford, who was a chronic meddler, and of whom his Captain had said that rather than sail with him again he would cut the service.

The Admiral restrained his choler during the muster, while the senior Lieutenant present, with a worried face, went through with it; but when it was about to be dismissed, he cleared his throat portentously, while fire and slaughter breathed from his nostrils. Before he could speak a word, though, the half-tipsy "Jimmy legs" waved his cap over his head and bawled:

"Three cheers for Admiral Harford!"

They were given with a will.

The Admiral, standing first on one leg and then on the other, practicing the goose step in his rage, waited impatiently for the cheering to be over to speak his mind concerning the general demoralization on board. But three long, loud cheers by five hundred men are not over in a hurry, and just as he had blurted out:

"That's all very well, but——"

"Three times three! Huzza!" shouted the happy and irresponsible Bowser. Three times three were given while the Admiral fumed.

Four several times did the Admiral try to begin his general denunciation of everybody and everything on the Imperious, and each time a thundering cheer interrupted him, until at last, swelling like an enraged toad, the Admiral flounced down the companionway to his own quarters. As he passed along the gangway a strange scene was happening in his sleeping-cabin. Hodgson, suddenly seizing her young mistress by the shoulders, whisked her out, still wearing the reefer's suit, into the great cabin. Then planting herself before the door, she said coolly:

"You'll be Mr. Bosanquet at this breakfast, and *I'll* be Miss Clavering. Do you understand?"

"Understand!" repeated Henrietta stupidly, then adding with flashing eyes, "How dare you! Move, at once, that I may take these things off!"

"Not so fast," replied Hodgson. "It's the first chance I ever had to play lady, and I'm a-goin' to do it. 'Course I know I'll lose my place, but I don't want to stay anyhow. So just make up your mind to pass for a midshipman while I'll pass for Miss Clavering. And if you say a word I'll tell who you are—and then there'll be a pretty kettle of fish!"

Henrietta Clavering stood, stunned at the impudence of the girl, and appalled at her own folly—and before her presence of mind returned to her, there was Admiral Harford walking into the cabin. And this was the greeting he got from the bogus Miss Clavering:

"Welcome, my dear, dear guardian. Welcome to hold Hengland. I'm your ward, 'Enrietta Clavering!"

This was supplemented by 'Enrietta throwing her arms around the Admiral's neck and giving him a resounding smack on each cheek. Admiral Harford, like his unlucky ward, was staggered at the assurance of the young woman; and, being a man of quick perception, he took her in at a glance—her cheap good looks, her vulgar finery, her cockney accent—his ruddy, weather-beaten face turned a sickly green. However, he mumbled something about "Delighted to see her; hoped she was well; how was Miss Elderberry?"

"At 'ome, and I 'ope she'll stay there," promptly responded the supposed ward. "She fancied herself hailing, and couldn't come to-day."

"And did you come aboard ship alone?" asked the Admiral.

"I did that," replied 'Enrietta, as she called herself. "I pay no hattention to Miss Helderberry. Now, there's a good girl—'Odgson, my maid—quite the lady, but Miss Helderberry is down on her."

Admiral Harford had known storm and tempest, battle and shipwreck, but never in all his experience had he felt the horror and helplessness that now possessed him. He was so taken up with this dreadful young woman that he had scarcely noticed the young midshipman, as he supposed, who was cowering against the door, but 'Enrietta had no mind to let him be forgotten.

"This is young Mr. Bosanquet, as is to 'ave lunch with us," she said, dragging forward the hapless Henrietta. The Admiral shook hands mechanically with the youth, who was pallid and trembling to the most extraordinary degree. Much of this strange behavior, however, was lost on the Admiral, who was overcome with chagrin and uneasiness at the manners, language and appearance of his ward. He did observe something queer in the boy, but at that moment his eye happened to fall on Stubbs, the steward, who had just entered the cabin with a handful of plates.

On beholding the two guests, Stubbs, who was usually the most stolid creature alive, turned suddenly pale, his mouth came open as if it were on hinges, and the plates fell with a deafening crash from his helpless arms to the floor.

The Admiral could scarcely believe his eyes or his ears. Things were going so furiously wrong on the Imperious, forward and aft, and from keel to truck, that he scarcely knew what would happen next. The alleged ward was not disposed to remain long in the background, and she now announced, as she spread her skirts over a chair:

"I 'ear there's to be a French Cap'n to lunch with us. I 'ope he's young and 'andsome, and ain't married. I'm a-goin' to set my cap at him straight!"

The Admiral took a turn up and down the cabin in his perturbation. He glanced uneasily at Stubbs. Was it possible that Miss Clavering was so outlandish that even the steward was nonplussed by her? This seemed to be the fact, for Stubbs wore a grin that extended from ear to ear, but which disappeared like lightning as soon as he felt the Admiral's eye on him. And—horror of horrors—Admiral Harford, turning to his ward, distinctly saw her wink at the steward. Amazed and disgusted, the Admiral was about to give her a hint as to her behavior when Captain Laborde was announced.

The French officer was a perfect type of the gay, debonair, gallant French navy man. He greeted the Admiral with effusion, and bowed low when he was presented to "My ward, Miss Clavering," and "Mr. Bosanquet, who has just joined the ship."

Admiral Harford was conscious that his French friend knew something of English society, and of the manners and language of well-bred English girls, and it was, therefore, with a sickening of the soul that he realized in five minutes that the Frenchman was secretly surprised and undisguisedly amused at Miss Clavering. For she was so very loquacious, so distressingly familiar, and so aggressively flirtatious that a blind man would have seen it. Nor were her riotous demonstrations confined to Captain Laborde. She took a coquettish tone with Admiral Harford, and demanded to know when she and Elderberry, as she disrespectfully called her absent governess, would be asked to visit the Admiral's little place at Richmond.

"And it's so romantic," she continued, flirting her fan; "I've been to Richmond, and we've seen your place. There's a beautiful little lane at the end of the lawn—it's called Hugging Lane." Miss Clavering pronounced it 'Uggin'. "And we'll take *such* moonlight walks! We'll walk down the lawn until we get to Hugging—ha! ha!"

The Admiral scowled, and to his disgust Captain Laborde roared with laughter, which was increased when the supposed Miss Clavering remarked that guardians sometimes fell in love with their wards—for her part, she always had a notion to marry in the navy.

"And will you extend zat to zee French Navee?" asked Captain Laborde with a grin.

"That depends," replied Miss Clavering, giving the Frenchman a roguish nudge.

"Shall we go to the table?" said Admiral Harford in desperation, although the steward had not given the signal. It occurred for the first time to Admiral Harford that he had bestowed next to no attention upon the little midshipman; but, beginning some commonplaces of conversation with him, the boy turned red and white and white and red so fast that the Admiral privately concluded Bosanquet's boy was as queer as Clavering's girl. And what was still more strange, whenever the lad looked at Miss Clavering his eyes grew indignant, he bit his lip, and seemed to be struggling to command himself from some outbreak. The same, in a less degree, was obvious with the steward.

To add to his exasperation, he saw very plainly that Captain Laborde was leading Miss Clavering on—not that she required any leading—and that, with his assistance, she was getting more obstreperous every minute. This lasted until, absolutely cornered by her questionings, Captain Laborde admitted himself to be a married man. To this the Admiral's ward replied disgustedly:

"W'y, 'ow deceitful you are! 'Ere I thought you was a marryin' man, and you've got a wife already! Well, maybe I'll have better luck with the Hadmiral 'ere!"

If anything could have astonished Admiral Harford at that stage of the proceedings, young Bosanquet's behavior would. He was looking full at Miss Clavering, with blazing eyes of rage. Noticing this, she remarked superciliously, "What hails you, Mr. Bosanquet? You look as though you was



DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"THIS IS YOUNG MR. BOSANQUET"

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scared out of your life. Come, be a little more chipper. You're doin' fine."

"You are an imp——" Young Bosanquet got that far in a kind of paroxysm of indignation—and then suddenly halted.

The worst as well as the best of things have their ending, and this extraordinary luncheon came to an end after an hour of agony to two persons—Admiral Harford and the young midshipman. The Admiral proposed to Captain Laborde to go on deck for their cigars, while he recommended his ward, in a few forced words of civility, to make herself at home in the cabin until he returned.

Left alone together, the miserable Henrietta did not even wait to express her wrath to the outrageous Hodgson, but rushing to the writing-table, scratched off a note, and giving it to the steward, said in an agonized voice:

"Get that to Mr. Fonblanque and I will give you five pounds."

Honest Stubbs' reply to this was:

"I'll do it, miss; not for the five pounds, but to get a pore young lady out of a 'ole," and off he went. Meanwhile, the erstwhile Miss Clavering was making preparations to quit, and Henrietta was in no mood to stop her.

"Well," she cried, putting her hat on; "I can say I've breakfasted with a Hadmiral and a Cap'n in the cabin; and you, miss, can't peach on me, no matter what 'appens."

"No, I cannot," replied Henrietta bitterly. "I cannot. My own folly and wrong-doing have brought me to this pass. But at all events, I shall be rid of you, and I have learned a lesson that will last me the rest of my life."

"Ta-ta," cried Hodgson, picking up her skirts; "I don't want a character from you, and my wages is paid to date, so good-by to you." And she skipped out, pausing long enough to tickle the orderly's ears on her way through the gangway.

In a few minutes more Fonblanque appeared. Henrietta, who had then assumed her own garments in the sleeping-cabin, came out and rushed toward him, and amazed him very much by bursting into hysterical tears on his neck.

"Why, what is this?" he asked amazed.

"Only get me off the ship and I will tell you all," sobbed Henrietta; "but not a moment must be lost. I must go before the Admiral comes back."

"And so must I," ruefully replied Fonblanque. "I've no business here unless the Admiral sends for me—but I couldn't resist your note. There is some mystery——"

"Indeed there is," cried Henrietta, bursting into equally hysterical laughter. "Only, for Heaven's sake, take me off this ship unseen by the Admiral!"

Fonblanque thought a moment. "You can get away, unseen by the Admiral, by the forward gangway—the men's gangway. There are several bumboats about leaving now."

A few minutes later a young lady, closely veiled, stepped into a bumboat from the forward gangway, in which were already the carpenter's wife and two squalling babies, a couple of chicken-coops, and the bumboat woman herself. And in this company Henrietta Clavering made her way to the dock, took a cab, and in an hour was safe at Ivy Lodge. And having committed the greatest folly of her life, she did the best she could to repair it by falling on good Miss Elderberry's neck and confessing all.

The next step was to confess to Roger Fonblanque, who was far more severe on poor Henrietta than good Miss Elderberry; but the girl's distress was so keen that Roger was obliged to forgive her, and then surprised her very much by bursting into a roar of laughter.

"I'm thinking of the Admiral," he gurgled, and then haw-hawed steadily for an hour.

Nothing more was heard of the infamous Hodgson, but in time a letter came from Admiral Harford in reply to one from Miss Elderberry. That excellent woman, in the most ingenious manner, without actually telling a lie, conveyed the impression to the Admiral that Miss Clavering had never been near the Imperious on that fateful Sunday. In his reply the Admiral retailed feelingly the shameful hoax which had been worked on him, not only by the alleged Miss Clavering, but the bogus midshipman, who, he had found, was not young Bosanquet at all. No doubt he was a confederate of the young woman's, and their object was probably plunder. The Admiral also said he would be at Ivy Lodge next day to visit his ward and Miss Elderberry.

Henrietta put on her prettiest gown, her sweetest looks and most modest manner to please her guardian, and succeeded to perfection. Her gentleness, submissiveness and dignity charmed him, and it was with difficulty that he nerved himself to the task of admonishing her on the question of poor Fonblanque.

"It's out of the question—out of the question altogether. You are too young—only nineteen—and—and—it's time enough when you are of age."

"Just as you think," murmured Henrietta, "but mayn't I—just write a line to Roger occasionally—with Miss Elderberry's approval?"

The Admiral had meant to be very stern, but to his surprise he found himself agreeing to this arrangement, and before he left Ivy Lodge he had succumbed so completely to Henrietta's seductions that he was simply an object to be wrapped around his ward's little finger. So much so, that at the end of a year (ten months before she was of age) he found himself giving her away at her marriage to Roger Fonblanque. The match turned out beautifully, and the Admiral, to this day, boasts of the success he had in managing what is commonly considered a difficult subject, viz., a pretty and willful girl.

"But I did it—I did it as well as any man in the service," the Admiral was in the habit of triumphantly remarking; and very likely he was right.

Down *the* MIDWAY *at the* PARIS Exposition By Vance Thompson

IN BUILDING expositions—as in writing sonnets or founding empires—a touch of madness is not to be despised. There is always a time for the calm, critical attitude, when one begins to talk of the latest thing in machinery and the most impressive thing in commerce; but, after all, the success of an exposition depends largely upon its flighty ideas—its Eiffel Tower or its moving sidewalks. You must mount the hippogriff and ride a bit in the clouds. The successful exposition is essentially ephemeral. It is born with the budding leaves of April and dies when the leaves turn yellow. And when you walk away from it in the autumnal hours you remember, not the palace of art, not the grim hall of industries, but some visionary temple of Cochin-China.

One may level many an accusation against France in these days—it has even been said that she sympathizes with the Boers—but one cannot denounce her for lack of imagination. And this bright Gallic imagination, inventive, subtle and artistic, has wrecked itself on what may be called the odd features of the Exposition. For instance, it suspected that the world might be a trifle tired of the Eiffel Tower—this lean, arachnean monster that has spun his filaments some ten hundred feet in the air. It was not impossible to create three monsters like it, each to serve as the leg of a table; nor was it impossible to erect on this table another Eiffel Tower that should be impiously like the Tower of Babel. And then there was Monsieur Tropey-Bailley, who dreamed of transforming the Eiffel Tower into a hotel one hundred stories high—and thus insulting the highest "sky-scraper" in America. There were other dreams of Babylonian gardens, of holes deeper than any holes in the ground, of uncanny iron monsters that should tower in the air. Fortunately these have all been refused by the calm and critical commissioners.

In size, the Chicago Exposition was the biggest thing of the sort that has ever been seen. Here in Paris it would be impossible to compete with it. And then bigness, after all, is rather a small boy's ideal. The Exposition of 1900 aims at synthesizing the progress of the century, not only in art and letters, in mining and machinery, in commerce and exploration, in science, pedagogy and social economics, but as well in amusements. Do you remember the first exposition? It was held here in Paris in the seventh year of the Republic. The shopkeepers showed their goods and—by way of amusement—a stout fellow walked up and down playing the bugle. It is a far cry from that bugle to the amusements of the Exposition Universelle de 1900. You shall see.

FOUR CENTURIES OF OLD PARIS

Of all the amusement features of the Exposition the most conspicuous is the Giant Wheel. It has not the pretty attraction of novelty. We have seen the great wheels go around at Chicago, at London and at Vienna. But none of them was quite what this is. There are eight hundred tons of steel in it. The mere statement has an air of grandeur. And then the suspended cars are comfortably diversified into dining-rooms, concert-halls, "smokers," parlors, reading-rooms, so that one may make one's aerial journey at one's ease and enjoy the subtle sensation of dining, being sea-sick, and hearing music at three hundred feet above Paris. And Paris is a picturesque city. You will never know just how picturesque until you look at it from a moving car of the great wheel—seeing it now from one plane and then from another, until the Pantheon and the towers of Notre Dame, the Butte Montmartre and the Arc de Triomphe seem to be dancing a stately old-fashioned minuet over the shining city.



DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

—you will see as much of the moon as is good for you

In creating the Vieux Paris, also, novelty has not been neglected. Every one has seen an Old Antwerp, an Old London, an Old Brussels, or Prague. Yet this Old Paris, stretching along the Seine, is so well done that it is rather a historical reconstruction than a mere "side-show." It is an abridgment, a condensation of that old Paris of the long ago, when the ducal palace elbowed the little shop and the gallows stood over against the school. To have taken one definite period would have been, perhaps, too simple. Robida, the artist who devised this old city, had the happy thought of showing, in three divisions, the changes that have come over Paris from the fifteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth; thus you may live—in one afternoon—through four centuries, visiting the old theatres, hearing the old songs, eating the old dinners, perhaps in the historic Pomme de Pin.

THE MOON AT ARM'S LENGTH

There was a learned little man, a Monsieur François Deloncle, who was elected by his neighbors in the Lower Alps to the Chamber of Deputies. He devised an enormous telescope which should bring the moon within three feet. When the good peasants of the French Alps heard of this extraordinary project they recalled M. Deloncle and elected another man in his place. They were convinced that their deputy had gone mad. However, M. Deloncle went his way. He built his telescope, larger than that of Mr. Yerkes, larger than the Grünewald telescope of Berlin. Of course it will not bring the moon within a yard, but the glass is five times stronger than any glass in existence, so doubtless you will see as much of the moon as is good for you. If M. Deloncle had found some way of abolishing the moon I should have had a better opinion of him. There is too much moonlight in the world, anyhow; too many things happen under the influence of that absurd calcium-light; had it not been for the moon I am quite sure Juliet would have died in her bed, a respectable old grandmother, and Hamlet would never have seen a ghost; and as for you and me—well, there is no use going back that far. Still, I think that when the moon is brought within three feet it would be no bad plan to have marriage licenses within, say, a foot and a half.

Just for a moment imagine that you were a smoker of opium or an eater of hasheesh, lying in a dim-lit room trying to conjure up visions of the Arabian Nights. Black slaves would pass, jostling one-eyed Calendars; Princes would ride abroad on flying horses; genii would rise—like the smoke from your pipe—from fantastic bottles; and palaces, yellow and red, would flower in the night like orchids. Now there is one palace that represents all fairyland. It is something white and wonderful, something visionary and bright.

A PALACE OF WATER, GLASS AND COLORED LIGHTS

Some such dream as this, I think, must have crossed the mind of M. Ponsin when he created his luminous palace. He made it of glass. Any brutal, unpoetic man may put up a palace of iron; and there is something commonplace in building palaces of stone—every one has done it; it is the obvious, stupid thing. But a palace of glass? Foundations built of solid blocks of glass, dense and milky; girders and pillars of green, striated glass; floors of glass cubes in all colors of the rainbow; glass that twists into arches and curves into staircases—it is Proteus of the fable. Now this building, it should be remembered, stands upon a mass of granite rock, over which foams and ripples a white cascade of water, falling at last into the lake at the left of the Eiffel Tower. You cross a little bridge of glass and enter, through capacious doors, the main hall. Heavy portières yield to your hand, a soft, dull Smyrna carpet rumples under your foot—and both are glass. About you are sixteen ruby pillars. You look up, and just underneath the great dome you see a globe on which there poises lightly the Daughter of the Sun. How this damsel should pose there in the middle of space you do not quite understand. But when you are cudgeling your brain you see that the great hall has spun itself out into five smaller galleries and that each gallery represents one of the five parts of the world. From where you sit you can see down a shining vista the sands of the Sahara, brown as a blanket, and the lean camels passing, the dust of the caravan, the white cloak of a sheik who spurs on ahead; you can see the gilded cities and patient fields of India; you glimpse a vision of Dakota wheatfields—sixteen sturdy steam reapers marching out abreast through the yellowing grain; and then a train of dogs, a white snow-field, men in furs shuddering together—all the useless tragedy of the North Pole.

Visions of Aladdin's Palace—I don't know how they are created. I asked M. Ponsin. I called him Vitruvius—not to shock him, but merely to show him that I knew Latin. He was pleased with my erudite compliment and said: "You see the main feature of our age is the triumph of light. I have taken the lamp-chimney and made it a palace; I have taken the little light that lit a room and lit up five parts of the world—it is not an original creation, but a development."

You will carry away from the Exposition a haunting memory of this palace of water, glass and colored lights.

A CHANCE TO WATCH THE WORLD MARCH BY

I have always said that the best of travel was not to travel. There is no real pleasure in being whirled from one part of the world to another. Ishmael, that first wayfarer, found no peculiar delight in being displaced. What he really enjoyed was the charm of the unknown—the new scenes, the new costumes, the alien people, the strange modes of life. That is why you travel, and I. There comes a time when we get too familiar with the Broadway cobble-stones—we can almost call them by name—and for the moment at least there is far more meaning in the asphalt of Paris or the new brick streets of Rome. We do not travel merely for the infantile joy of being moved about—of seeing the telegraph poles go by the car windows or hearing the sea-sick throb of the liner's engine. We journey to see new

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—the married man who pays to get blown up is a good deal of a spendthrift

things. After all, we are a little like the Athenians, whom St. Paul met and spoke unkindly of. Now, when you come to Paris next year you will be able to get fairly well around the world without journeying farther than across the Seine.

In the first place, there is the Tour du Monde; in the supplementary place is an exhibition of peoples and races, shockingly foreign, which explains it in detail.

A trifle theatrical, if you will, this *clou*, the tour of the world. It is not without reminiscences of a stage play that Dennery made out of a Jules Verne novel and in which we went around the world in eighty days. But here the illusion, undisturbed by the footlights, is complete. To be sure, the scenic environment is built up according to the old theatrical rules. A stretch of canvas will cheat you into believing you see the grayish sands of the Metidjia.

Still the Arabs who ride there in the twilight will be real Touaregs, men who have looked upon Al Khadidjia—that white peak, snow-covered, which is the mother of all those who travel the desert.

And when—as you make the tour of the world, comfortably seated in your easy-chair—the pink and white world of Japan comes into sight, you will see real tea-houses, real geishas out of Yeddo, or perhaps the Street of Flowers. India will pass with its brilliant soldiers in English red, its cowed little rajahs, its sad and visionary little peasants. Here is the blue sky of Attica lighting the Acropolis, the Parthenon, and other grandiose monuments of the past—lighting, too, the wondering tourists, cheap-trippers and "Cookies," modern Greeks and peasants who are in a way akin to the smoky shepherds who drowsed about the fire while Homer rigmaroled his verses—and who paid him with goat's milk. Around the world—Syria, Egypt—here is a village of fellahs, the camp of Menelek, who is the last of kingly Kings—Ceylon with her palms and snakes, Annam with her brown little dancing-girls and her curious pantomimic tragedies, the ruins of Khiner in Indo-China, rice merchants of Changhai——

But this is not a lesson in geography.

One word more, though, if you don't mind. You cross from San Francisco to New York, rapidly, of course, but it seems to me the artist—or shall I call him a stage-manager?—has gripped the essential points of American life. You see the great deserts, the crowded railway stations—Indians selling queer bric-à-brac—the mines and the mountains, the huge cities of the middle West, farmland and woodland, until you find yourself slipping down the Hudson River to New York City. It is a synthesis of American life, a trifle rough and more than a trifle crude, but that is all the traveler sees anyway, and when you enter the Tour du Monde you are a traveler, nothing more.

The Frenchman is a great believer in the second intention—that is, he believes that a thing should be not only what it is, but that it should express a general idea. In making the Exposition of 1900 a historical event—a summary of the century—he has made this idea practical. Will you pause for a moment (on our way to the livelier amusements) at his palace of costumes? It does not interest you, you intimate. Unfortunately, we can't all be dressmakers, theatrical managers or painters. It was for them this great hall was built; for them these scores of rooms were furnished—rooms through which wander Gauls and cavaliers, Princes of the dying Kingdom and Dukes of the new Empire, red-capped Republicans and little smiling women in all the dresses of all the ages. I fancy it would be no bad thing to take one's afternoon tea there now and then, were it merely to persuade one's wife that fashion is a passing thing and she really does not need that last new frock. It will only cost two francs, and that velvet gown costs three hundred.

AN EXCURSION INTO THE LONG-AGO

A little while ago I said that you would find the pictorial tour of the world pleasantly supplemented by the villages, dance-halls, tea-houses, and all that, grouped about the Trocadéro. Boer rough riders, bayadères from Indo-China, acrobats from Siam, Japanese wrestlers, flower venders from Hawaii—you may rub elbows with all these people and scores of others quite as un-American; all the French colonies are represented, and as well those odd parts of the world that have, as yet, not found a Republic to "protect" them. It is here that you will find the Midway—a plaisance that is not uninstructive, though joyously vulgar. A little farther down the river, in the Cour la Reine, is the Palais de la Danse, where the dancers of all the world will be brought together in a "review of the dance through the ages." This historic idea, which dominates the entire Exposition, will be prettily exemplified in these dances—the Ping-Von of the Chinese, the bee dance of Egypt, the Pyrrhic dances of antique Greece, Roman bacchanals, stately sarabands of the Renaissance, and the ultra-modern luminous dances of Loie Fuller and her followers.

A few yards farther and you are in the Andalusia of the time of the Moors—a not uninteresting world, wherein Moorish girls sing by the fountains and gay Spanish cavaliers ride by, strumming guitars. I have mentioned only a few of these excursions into the long-ago and the far-away. They have a certain look of kinship when dressed in black and white—that sober suit of the printed page—but as a matter of fact they differ as much in reality as one sweetheart from another. So you may wander for hours, quite content, because you are in a world which is not your own and are lightened by unusual thoughts.

TRIPS IN BALLOONS AND CANNON BALLS

The grotesqueries of the Exposition may be divided—like all Gaul—into three parts. They soar in the air, burrow in the earth, and splash in the water. A band of New Yorkers will loose in the air a flight of dirigible balloons—"aeroplanes," they are called. At nine in the morning two balloons will be loosed from the Champs de Mars; they will soar away northward to the channel and circle homeward so that they will descend upon Paris at midnight. Another service has been arranged to leave Paris at nine o'clock in the evening for a journey that will end with the dawn.

Not very far from the balloon station is the site of the Great Gun.

This amusement project is one of those things that has to be taken seriously. You inclose yourself in a steel shell, which is loaded into the gun. A doughty gunner fires the cannon. Through the roar of the explosion the shell flies out at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour, and you—please remember—are in the shell. The duration of your journey, however, is only one second. What fraction of a mile you travel in that time I leave you to figure out for yourself. Absurd as this project appears at first sight, it has been worked out on sound and safe principles. The Great Gun is in reality a great catapult. The shell is attached to rings that slide along two cables, and an automatic brake brings the projectile to rest just at the right moment—when you have had your breathless second of speed. I have not tried it yet—the married man who pays to get blown up is a good deal of a spendthrift, I think—but the aerial toboggan should realize that last ideal of the century—speed. In the twentieth century it will be a mere commonplace to be shot about the world through pneumatic tubes. This journey at a good part of a mile the second is a theft from the future.

In this same neighborhood of the Eiffel Tower—where all the fantastic monsters are born—is the Balloon-Cinéorama, a not ignoble device. Here you may stand upon a platform in the centre of a balloon-like globe. The sides, the top, the bottom of the globe are cinematographic records of picturesque scenes in the world—flights of comets in the upper air, bull fights of Madrid, street scenes of New York, armies in battle, railway trains at full speed. And all these scenes race past you, around you, over you, as you stand there on your little platform, dazed.

So much for the *clou*—a good word, that, which should be English—of the air. For those of the earth I select the most typical: Switzerland. For the first time, I believe, the Alps will be exhibited in Paris. Of course they are not quite "natural size," but when you wander over these artificial mountains, with their snowy peaks, their gorges and mountain torrents, their real pines and firs, their châlets and grazing cattle, you wonder how the thing was ever done at all. But it has been done—in some way or other, here on the Champs de Mars. These blue lakes are Thun and Brienz, yonder towers the Jungfrau, and there—for this geographer is a magician—are châlets of Meyringen, Ormonts and Zermatt. Everywhere, too, the racing white streams and the green uplands—that marvelous "arsenic green" of Switzerland. Do you care to know that the rocks are made of plaster, that the mountains are built on wooden scaffolding, that the waters are pumped from the Seine? I trust you are not quite so materialistic. Let us leave that to the Zolas of life. The finest page in all literature is that wherein Don Quixote declares that he believes in the puppets—that they are not dolls, but Moors and Christians, suffering ladies and noble cavaliers. It is in that way I like to think of this Switzerland.

THE GLASS THEATRE UNDER THE SEINE

Under the water—first of all let us hail this indigent boatman at the Pont de l'Alma and row out into the middle of the Seine. Here, shielded by one of the arches of the bridge, is a huge iron funnel. You climb up a ladder, cross the rim and descend a circular staircase. You go down ten feet and the Seine is over your head ("Oh, to think of it! Lave in it, drink of it, then, if you can!"); ten feet more and you are on a level glass floor. Soft silken green curtains give way before you. You enter a room broad and long, dim-lighted, but curiously green. All is transparent glass; under your feet you see the waters coiling; around you and above you the dark tides slip by. Slim fish peer in at you. The noise of passing steamers sifts down to you. At the far end of the room the lights have brightened. You make out a stage. This is the theatre of the world of waters. And the play? Is this the Lorelei who combs her golden locks, singing? It may be. Some mermaid, certainly, with tragic sea-green eyes and a tragic knowledge of good and evil; and see, here drifts a drowned sailor, and there the sirens come singing. A strange little theatre, this; strange dramas they play here under the world-old, sin-weary waters of the Seine: come away, little girl, for here your edelweiss will wither.



Slim fish peer in at you

MOVING PICTURES OF DEEP-WATER LIFE

There are the two great aquariums, that of Paris and the Trocadéro. The former was devised by Guillaume, an artist whom it is a diploma of good taste to admire. He has shown the reality of the under world of waters as the phantasy is shown in the theatre in the Seine. A wrecked steamer, the descent of divers, the monstrous vegetation, and gross, blind fish of the deep-sea are all there—so real that they will haunt your dreams. Most of the fish are real.

They were, however, certain gigantic calmars, enormous cetaceans that could not live if dragged out of their submarine slime and carted away to make a Parisian holiday. Yet across the waters, jostling the real fish and divers, huge ghosts of them will glide—cinematographic projections.

THE AQUARIUM OF THE TROCADÉRO

From your glass platform you may see all this, wondering. The aquarium of the Trocadéro will surprise even old Parisians. Underneath the Trocadéro, stretching from the Avenue Kléber to the quarter of Passy, is a network of old mines and quarries, fifty feet underground. For two hundred years they have been abandoned. Above them a new coquettish city has been built. In 1878 a small portion of these catacombs was cut off and made into an aquarium. Perhaps you remember it. It is still a "feature" of Paris. Still it was insignificant, and to right and left—30,000 square yards—stretched galleries, caves and grottoes that are made to the aquarist's hand. In these dark, mysterious halls the "aquarium of the Trocadéro" is building fantastic grottoes, glass pools, rivers lighted with electricity and swarming with the strange life of the seven seas.

Shall I tell you of the theatres?

Of Guignol and his puppet friends, of Sylvestre's mimed rogueries, of mystery plays of the past and drolleries of the present?

After being shot from a cannon—after having hobnobbed with mermaids—that would be too simple.



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His Word as Good as His Oath

By Octave Thanet

MATIE JAQUITH came to the Tabers one July afternoon to talk with Esther about the wedding. She found her chum under the willow trees that skirted the pasture, sitting by herself and musing. Esther was a slim, fair, small-featured girl, noticeable among the other pretty girls of the Jersey Ridge Road by her wealth of yellow hair and a particularly graceful carriage of the head. She was quite unconscious that she carried her head well; but she knew that she had a great deal of hair, and that it was as fine and shining as yellow silk.

"I was sure I'd find you here," said Matie, laughing, "though your father told me he thought you were upstairs. But I saw Oscar scooting across the pasture, and I came straight here."

"It's pleasanter out here than in the house this warm weather," said Esther with a fleeting blush. Matie, who was plump, and a little short of breath from her rapid walk, threw herself on a grassy knoll which the cows had cropped closer than a lawn-mower can shave. "I came on business," said she. "I heard you'd changed all your arrangements for the wedding, and I wanted to know, because if you're not going to have bridesmaids I don't want to begin on my dress."

Esther turned her face away, but the oval of cheek that Matie could see burned red and redder. "It's what you might expect, I guess," she said, "but that doesn't make it any easier. Father and Mrs. Riddle can't both go to the wedding. And they've both got all ready."

"I thought that Mrs. Riddle was going to visit Phil's folks all summer," said Matie.

"So she was, but little Phil has the scarlet fever and they're all upset; and you know how afraid she is of giving trouble."

"Yes—I think she's a real nice, sweet woman," said Matie, a little apprehension in her voice, as if she might arouse resentment.

"I *know* she is!" agreed Esther warmly, to Matie's surprise. She shifted back to the wedding. "But you were saying, about the wedding——?"

"Why, father heard that she couldn't go to Phil's, and he was expecting as much as anything to give me the wedding, and I"—Esther hesitated—"I know father was a little glad to be neighborly, and give the party, and show folks that he didn't bear malice—though he has reason to, after the way he's been treated," cried Esther with a flash of her blue eyes. "But he wanted to give a nice party, and I wanted to have him; and how would it look to have me married in my father's house without my father! But he was trying to concoct a scheme of being called off suddenly—so like a man; as if she'd come to his house, even if he wasn't there—and—and, Matie, he was going to take the picture with him in his trunk, so she could come——"

"The picture?" repeated Matie, a little bewildered, but instantly she colored with excitement. "Not Colonel Ingersoll's picture? Oh, my! Then it was true what folks said. Esther, did you hear about it? I never said a word——"

"I know you didn't, Matie, and it was kind; but father told me himself. I know he was to have married Mrs. Riddle when they were young, and they had a—a disagreement, it was said, about the picture; she didn't think it was right for him, a church member, to keep a big picture of Colonel Ingersoll hanging in his parlor. I don't think he'd told her how the Colonel lent money to his uncle, and when his uncle died made a Christmas gift of what was left on the note (more than half) to Aunt Melinda. And finally she told him that she would never go into the house while that picture hung there; and he said that in that case she never would go into it, for so long as he had a house Colonel Ingersoll's picture should hang there. And they parted."

"But was that why he said he never would speak to her again? He *did* say it?"

"Oh, yes; he said it. That was the next day—you know Elder Riddle?"

"Yes; my father said it was as much the Elder made the trouble as the picture; all the girls were running after him, going to evening meeting and having trouble with their souls, and all that——"

"It was the Elder, too," said Esther quietly; "father told me all about it. He said Mrs. Riddle didn't do a thing out of the way; it was all his fault, poor father. He said he heard that the Elder was going to take her to a revival meeting at the Creek, and you know father didn't believe much in revival meetings—that was one thing they brought up afterward—and he didn't think it was nice for the young folks to be driving eight miles by moonlight in buggies—and I don't either—and father didn't believe in eternal punishment—that was another charge against him, afterward—and so he went to her; and, Matie, I think he hoped that it would end in their making up, and he had bought such a pretty pin—he showed it to me—and he was carrying it in his pocket to give her when they were friends again. Poor father! But it didn't end that way. She told him that if he couldn't do a favor for her she oughtn't to do one for him. I think she expected him to give in; and she hated the talk there was about father's not being 'sound' in the doctrines, and thought it would be a great thing to win him over. I don't know what she thought, or what he thought, but he said he couldn't go back on a friend, and she said that was her case; and they both got angry, and finally father told her that if she went that evening to that 'religious circus'—he admitted he ought not to have used those words—that he never would speak to her again. Well, she did go. And father never breaks his word."

"I know," said Matie musingly; "my father says that your father's word is as good as any other man's oath."

"It is; and everybody knows how honest he is, and how many kind deeds he does, and he's the first man they come to with a subscription paper——"

"I know he is; and they say at the store that just to say berries come from Taber's is enough; nobody hauls over his boxes to see if they run even; they know. And my father says that he expects to meet your father in Heaven as much as he expects to go there himself!"

She had her arms about Esther, and Esther's graceful head was on her shoulder; she felt a tear sting through the thin muslin; but directly the head went up again proudly.

"Yet, all the same—and everybody knows how good he is—all the same, they put him out of the church—or at least they told him they were going to; and he said there was no need of putting him out, he could go himself; and he wrote them a letter—but it's no use going all over that. Father stays home Sundays and reads his Bible and good books. I wanted to stay home with him, but he wouldn't let me."

"It wasn't so much one thing, I think," said Matie, "as it was everything. They made a special point of his keeping the picture, and of his making a wicked vow not to speak to Ellen McIntyre. Deacon McIntyre was the bitterest about that; he said it cast a slur on his daughter's name, him acting that way. And—and you know that drummer who said at the store that there was something in it when a man wouldn't speak to a girl he'd expected to marry, and he guessed it wasn't the girl broke it off (you know he'd tried to go with her himself, and he couldn't; and he was mean!), and your father heard of it. Then he did speak! He went to the store and marched up to that fellow before a dozen men, and he says: 'Miss McIntyre and I have parted because we don't agree about religion; I respect her more than any woman in the world, for my mother's dead; and I'll thrash any living fool who dares to take her name in his mouth, and I'm going to begin with *you!*' He did. He gave him an awful beating. I heard that she wrote him after that; but I guess not, for only the next month it came out that she was to marry the Elder."

"Yes," said Esther; "she wrote him. It was a nice note, too; father said it was a beautiful note. It hurt him awfully that he couldn't answer."

"On account of what he had said?"

"Yes; it was his *word*."

There was a silence through which they could hear the twitter of the sparrows and the wind rustling the oatfield. Twice Esther parted her lips irresolutely to speak, and said nothing; her nature was not like her mother's, who had been a happy, prattling, confiding creature, although blind; but like her father's, and he always expressed his emotion in action; perhaps he had times of thinking that he had spoken once too often.

"I always wondered why she married the Elder," said Matie. "Mother said it was her parents' persuasions. They were very bitter about your father, and they liked the Elder. I guess he was a good, kind man, but always thinking he could do something else better than what he was doing, and always moving. They went away from here the year they were married. Two months after, your father went. Esther, didn't your father move away just to spare her feelings?"

"Yes. But he moved back after mother died. My father was very happy with my mother," said Esther with a little proud lift of her head. "But she died when I was only two; I don't remember anywhere but here."

Again the silence fell, and the birds twittered and the wind raced through the oatfield.

"You were telling me about the wedding, Esther," said Matie, "and your father going out of town."

"Yes, he's going; he has written to Aunt Melinda Hopkins to come. And—Matie, Oscar says she's going, too! They're both going! And I'm so ashamed! I know folks will laugh, but I don't mind that; it's their criticising father like they will. And so we have talked it over, Oscar and I, and we are going to take things in our own hands"—her voice broke with a little quiver between a laugh and a sob—"*we're* going out of town, too! We're going to Fairport quietly tomorrow morning, and we're going to stop all this fuss by just getting married by ourselves!"

"Oh, good gracious, Essie, don't do that!"

"Why not?"

"Why, how it looks! So funny!"

"Not so funny as being married with both our parents running away to avoid seeing us. You don't see, Matie, that it's as much to help them out of the fix as anything!"

"I'm sure they won't like it," persisted Matie; but her arguments were useless.

The more she thought about the plan the less she liked it; she tried to get over to see Esther again, but when she came Esther had gone downtown, the Swede girl who was a "helper" in the family told her. And Matie had only a few moments to stay. It was too far to come again that evening. Matie, at the end of her devices, sat down and wrote a few lines. "Give that to her when she comes back, please," she said. "Be sure she gets it; it's about something I want her to do to-morrow. Be sure, won't you, Elna?"

Elna said she would be sure, and she thought she was filling all injunctions when, having forgotten it until morning, she sought for Mr. Taber and handed him the note, saying: 'Matie Yaquith vas gif it to me, and it vas sometings she want you to do to-day sure, and Esther see vas gone; so *you* see."

Taber took the note and opened it and read:

> "Oh, *dear* Essie, don't go off and get married in Fairport as you said; I *know* your father will be grieved. You *oughtn't* to be married without him present, such a kind father as he's been and much as you love him; and Oscar ought not to put that slight on his mother! Stay home and be patient a little longer, and let us see if we can't persuade *him* to come and have *her* come, too; they needn't speak to each other a word. At least it's worth trying. Somehow a runaway marriage always puts things in a bad light; it looks as if the parents were cruel or the girl was rash and foolish; and you are *not* and they are not. Do, *do please* wait till I can see you again!
>
> "Your loving MATIE."

Taber was a tall man, more than six feet, with a fine gray, Roman head. This towering head with its silken mass of hair made people turn to look at him in a crowd.

He cast a keen gray eye on the Swede. "Esther got off all right to Fairport, didn't she?" said he. He made his voice careless. Whatever had happened, no need for that fool girl to get a tongue-load of gossip.

"She vent *somevereres*," said Elna peacefully. "I tout see go downtown, but see haf a bag."

"SAY, COULD YOU GO OVER AND KINDER EXPLAIN TO HER?"



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"She'd ought to have waited for me. It's too warm for walking. You needn't git dinner; I'll be gone all day."

"In the whole world!" cried Elna to the landscape, as he walked away; "vat a funny man not to tell before."

A little later she beheld him driving out of the gate in his Sunday black (a warm suit for the day) and his white brocaded cravat. Matie Jaquith drove the team home. She did not reprove Elna for her oversight, but smiled on her in the friendliest way.

Elna's eyes grew round with wonder of the situation; they had grown rounder were she of psychic mould and able to see the interior of the last car on the train which shrieked at that instant through the hills, for she would have beheld, comfortably seated, a whole seat to herself in the middle of the car, the widow of Elder Riddle; and two seats behind her, Esau Taber himself.

He had driven straight to the Jaquiths', finding Matie in the strawberry patch culling some of the last fruitage.

He made for the heart of the question without delay.

"Well, I'm glad you got the note, I guess," said Matie. "I suppose you are going to—to the wedding?"

"I guess so. Only"—he fingered the reins in his hand—"only, seems like at such a time Essie'd like some—some woman. If you——"

Matie drew a deep sigh; the prospect had its charm; there is always a pleasure in being in the heart of exciting things. But Matie deserved Taber's praise—she had sense. "I don't want to refuse you, Mr. Taber, and I do want to go to Essie's wedding; but she didn't ask me, and there's another woman who ought to go much more than I."

He was looking away from Matie at a sky which he did not see. "You mean Mrs. Riddle?"

"Yes," said Matie sturdily, although she told her mother afterward she felt little quivers running down her spine, and wondered if he would forbid her ever entering his doors, as he had the worthy Mrs. McRae, who had tried to make peace in Israel in her time.

He did nothing of the kind: she could hardly believe her senses at the gentleness of his voice. "I guess you're right. Say, could you go over and kinder explain to her?"

"I'd be glad!"

"Make her understand Essie was doing it to help me out of the fix, and she ain't a flighty, silly piece that thinks it smart——"

"Oh, she *knows* that, Mr. Taber."

"And—and—of course *I* don't need to go."

Matie ran her eye over the careful toilet—the neatly brushed frock coat, the shining boots, the white brocaded scarf—and said it would be a shame for him not to go; and grown daring from her success, she added: "I don't see a mortal reason why you can't *both* go; you don't need to speak to each other!"

"Why, so we don't." Matie fancied that he caught at the suggestion. "You could explain that to her, too, Matie?"

"Oh, certainly. I'll go right away."

"I'll drive you over, Matie. I'll leave you at the gate."

"Won't folks be talking!" thought Matie grimly, for all the five years since the Widow Riddle's return the strange relations between the old lovers had been of interest to the gossips.

Taber was the richest man in the village. It was a Scotch colony settled in the prairie, clinging to its old faiths with a sterner fidelity than the easy-going West often can show. It had frowned on the upright heretic for twenty-two odd years, bought and sold and dickered with him, but never passed beyond the chill courtesy of business dealings. Only the Jaquiths ever "ran in" to the Tabers. Poor old Widow McRae used to go, but her fate was a warning. Plainly Esau Taber was a man of wrath—a stiff-necked transgressor, who had a chance to marry the sweetest woman in the Ridge and flung it away—flung it into her face, one may say, since it was suspected that she had made advances and been repulsed. The Ridge disapproved of Esau, but the children of the Ridge had grown up with Esther, and Esther went to church regularly, and the Ridge forgave her, and sent her wedding gifts—at least, they were beginning to send them. It was to be feared this unseemly conduct would check the stream of good will. Matie feared it herself.

She was successful in her errand; the widow would do anything. She was a gentle, pretty woman, who had repented (were the truth known) all her life her single burst of petulant self-assertion. She had been a good wife to the Elder, who was an exemplary but trying man—according to his several flocks where he had stayed any length of time. And she had been a most devoted mother to her two boys, Phil and Oscar. Uncomplainingly she had borne the rash investments of Jacob Riddle, who had frittered away her little patrimony early in their married life. She had never reproached him when she found that he had borrowed money on the life insurance, the payments for which she had kept up out of her own little driblets of earnings, and that he had sunk it all in a church paper which failed; and she was glad of her forbearance when he died, unwitting of the ruin of his hopes. A friend came forward and raised a subscription among the parishioners, past and present, so that the policy was redeemed, and she had a little besides the weak arms of her children and her own wits with which to begin life again. Oscar had been a son in a thousand. Now Oscar (very naturally and rightfully, and she was thankful in her heart for his happiness and his choice), Oscar was to be married and go away to live with his wife. And Oscar was all that she had. Phil was so far away; and Phil's wife was good and kind, but it was so evidently a trouble for her to have Mother Riddle visit them.

These things Ellen Riddle was turning over in her mind while she sat, a pretty little woman, whose hair had a streak of gray in its soft waves, but who needed no glasses for her quiet brown eyes. She sat, and Esau Taber looked at her. He had taken his seat that he might look at her. His eyes never turned from the graceful head and the white neck below. He thought her fairer than the girl that he had loved. The fields were slipping past, golden and ripening to the harvest. He did not see them; he was living through



AND WHEN THE CONDUCTOR LOOKED IN AGAIN HE SIMPLY LOOKED AND WITHDREW HIS HEAD, SMILING

the vanished years. It was a peaceful, happy time with poor Esther, who had loved him and needed him so; he wondered why he hesitated so about marrying her, after he knew that the blind girl cared for him; he must have been a pretty mean young fellow! He knew, too, that he never could go back to Ellen. His own hands had digged a pit between them deep enough to last both their lives. No doubt she had forgotten him—in that way; she never could forgive him for not answering that note she wrote him. Such a kind note! No wonder she went off and married the preacher fellow in a sort of spite. But how many times had he cursed his fool temper for making him say that!

How still she sat! Did she feel much? Had she *ever* felt much? She would be lonely without her boy; and he—if he were to die he shouldn't mind it, now Essie was going. Yet it was he who gave the house of his own accord, because he knew Oscar's mother wouldn't be willing to come to his house. Never! And that house he had built, every room of it, for her. He never would sell it when he moved away, and he went back to it feeling a kind of sombre comfort. "She's going to be lonely, and so'm I; and if I hadn't been the worst fool on earth we could—— Oh, Lord!" He bit a groan back and forced his eyes away.

Then the rustle of skirts made him turn his head. She was coming to him. He gasped; his ruddy face turned a kind of bluish white. She was pale, but quite composed; her voice was the same low voice, with the same hesitation that was not a stammer, which he used to love; it had been years since he had heard her voice.

"Excuse me, Mr. Taber," she said, "but I have something which I must say to you. Will you please let me say it? You don't need to say a word—not a word."

Mechanically he made room for her on the seat.

"I have said a hundred times I would say it, and I haven't had the courage, but I am going to say it to-day," she said; "we *must* fix things so we can make our children happy."

"If you could bear it," she said, "to have me about sometimes; and if you would come to Esther's and Oscar's home just as often as if we were friends"—he made a hasty motion as if to interrupt her, then braced every muscle and turned his head away—"if you could, it would be easier for them. And if we find them, as I am sure we shall, for the minister will surely get your telegram to ask your daughter to wait for you, I know it will please them to have us with them. But, Mr. Taber, nothing would please them so much as to have us reconciled enough to be like other people."

He made no sign; his face was rigid.

"A wicked oath is better broken than kept; you don't think if you'd promised to kill a man you ought to do it."

The fine Roman profile, never wavering, appeared to think he ought.

"I know you don't feel unkindly to me. Esau Taber, there never was a man with a heart like yours! Nor a will. I've prayed for you every night, Esau, for years; and after that I prayed every night God would soften your heart and let you forgive me."

A little spasm of intense emotion twisted his face, but he never turned his head.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she cried, in a sudden comprehension and a passion of pity; "*don't* be so hard on yourself!" She rose and did not look at him as she spoke. "I will do any way you can think to make it easy. Won't you *try* to think of some way? So the children won't have to suffer as well as we?"

Then she went away. And he had not broken his word. But he looked after her and hid his face.

"And I'll never be alone again with her," he was thinking; "never on this earth."

The engine pounded the words in his ears, "Never be alone with her again."

But he had kept his word. His word was still as good as his oath. And how he had acted to her! Would it be any easier for her if he was to go back and kill himself in a nice accidental way? Or he could stay in town and blow out the gas—folks from the country were always expected to do that; then she and Essie would have the money. Never be alone with her again! A fool like him *deserved* killing. He sprang to his feet as, with a shriek from the engine, the whole train made a hideous lurch forward. He reeled across to her seat. He pulled her into the centre of the car, which was staggering forward in a grotesque, hobbling fashion, while the broken window-glass was raining about the car. He threw one arm about her, turning her head from the windows. She clung to him.

"Oh, Esau, what is it?"

He looked at her. He did not speak. On his face was a look of the strangest triumph.

"I am not afraid," she whispered; "tell me what to do and I will do it."

With a long, quivering sigh he held her head against his breast, shielding her face. His own face, his hand, were cut and bleeding.

The car's plunging gait grew feebler, stopped.

"Lady got a scare?" inquired the conductor. "I saw it coming and jumped for the rope—much good that does."

"What was it?" said Taber. Silently he handed Mrs. Riddle to a seat and gave her a fan; he was trembling so that he put his hands in his pockets.

"Collision. Nobody killed, though. Hullo! you caught the glass, didn't you, trying to save your wife? You *are* a sight! Lemme git you a towel!"

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Riddle. "Oh, you are hurt! Let *me!*"

"No, you don't, Nellie," cried Taber. "Set still; I'll get it myself."

He walked off for the towel, and let the conductor help him wash a few deep cuts; and it was while the latter was bathing him (Mrs. Riddle quietly supplementing his ministrations by holding the tumbler and giving her whole store of handkerchiefs in place of a towel—not provided in day cars) that he suddenly winced.

"Bad one?" said the conductor; "hurt you?"

"No," said Taber. For the first time he realized that he had *spoken*.

His eyes went to Mrs. Riddle's; they were sparkling; her cheek was flushed.

"Lady ain't hurt, anyhow," said the conductor gallantly; "she looks fresh as paint. Well, I guess I got to look out and see the others. I'm afraid you are in for a two-hours' wait, anyhow."

"We are thankful our lives are spared," said Mrs. Riddle with much propriety; but the second he was behind the door she turned to Taber. "Esau," she said timidly, "forgive me calling you that, but—you called me Nellie."

Taber drew a deep intake of breath and wiped his brow.

"You *did* speak to me," she said, "and—it was just an *accident;* but it's done, and——"

"And I'm going to speak," said Taber. "I'm beat! I don't care what the folks say. I've broken my word and now I'm going to *smash* it. Nellie, I thought we were sure gone; and I said I would die, keeping still; and then—I just spoke before I knew."

"Of course," she said, "it was an accident. Thank God! Now come and sit down and let's have a good talk."

And when the conductor looked in again he simply looked and withdrew his head, smiling.

"Well, I like to see an old gentleman and his wife fond of each other," said the conductor; "talking away as if they hadn't seen each other for a year, and he kissing her hand."

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY



A New Committee and Two New Leaders in the House

A Committee on Insular Affairs is one of the new things in the House of Representatives. It is a practical announcement of the country that we have got new problems and new responsibilities, and the seriousness of it is shown in the fact that the committee has upon it seventeen of the strongest men of the House, including chairmen of five of the most important committees—the Committee on Appropriation, Committee on Ways and Means, Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, and the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads. It has rarely happened in the history of Congress that any new committee is so strongly constituted.

After an interesting contest the Democrats selected as their leader James Daniel Richardson, of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, one of the ablest members of the House. He served in the Confederate Army, afterward read law, was in the Tennessee Legislature, is one of the highest Masons, and is now serving in his fifteenth year in Congress.

At the outset of Congress Robert Walker Tayler, of Lisbon, Ohio, where Senator Mark Hanna was born, and the representative of President McKinley's District, became the Republican leader in the Roberts case. He is still in the front ranks of his party in the House. Mr. Tayler is only forty-seven, but he is now serving his third term.

Some of the Work of the Present Session

In his message the President urgently recommended "that to support the existing gold standard, and to maintain 'the parity in value of the coins of the two metals (gold and silver) and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the market and in the payment of debts,' the Secretary of the Treasury be given additional power, and charged with the duty to sell United States bonds, and to employ such other effective means as may be necessary to these ends." Already a financial measure along these lines has been passed by the House of Representatives, and the Senate will doubtless agree to something similar to it, although, as usual, its bill will be slightly different from that of the House. It is fully understood that the legislation for the gold standard is for political purposes.

Growing out of the present situation, however, are interesting possibilities. On the one side we have a great concentration of the nation's wealth in a few big banks; and on the other a cry for a more liberal money issue by the Government. The present Administration seems to be going in the direction of an absolute gold standard, and the conviction of the men behind this is that the Government should get out of the banking business and intrust the finances to private corporations, as is the case in the leading European countries.

Little is expected in the way of tariff legislation, and the war taxes will undoubtedly go on. There will probably be no River and Harbor bill. The Nicaragua Canal bill will be pushed, but the usual result is expected for it. The pension list is rolling up again, and it will increase as the lists from the war with Spain and with the Filipinos come in. There are innumerable bills against trusts, but no one really expects any immediate legislation upon this point. This is rather peculiar, as the trust question will undoubtedly be a leading issue in Presidential politics. For this reason, the following extract from a recent report of Attorney-General Griggs is made:

"Such actions can be maintained only when the offense comes within the scope of the Federal statute. The only Federal legislation against combines in restraint of trade is contained in the so-called Sherman act of July 2, 1890. It will be observed that this statute is directed only at combinations or monopolies in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations. It does not pretend to go into other branches of business or commerce, or attempt in any way to interfere with those transactions which are carried on exclusively within the confines of the State, or which do not amount to what, under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, is understood by the term 'interstate commerce.' The Federal Government has no constitutional right to supervise, direct or interfere with the transactions of ordinary people of the several States, unless such business relates directly, and not incidentally, to interstate commerce, and such has been the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States."

The Increasing Flood of Bills in Congress

Although the Fifty-sixth Congress is not quite two months old, between five and ten thousand bills and resolutions are upon its files. Of course at best only the smallest fraction of these will ever become operative. In our elastic scheme of representative government our politicians, who are—when they can be—in the United States Senate or in the House of Representatives, do not hesitate to place on the records anything and everything reaching them from their constituents. In most cases they calmly announce that they offer certain resolutions, or introduce certain bills by request, thereby in a slight legislative fiction escaping all personal responsibility for fathering the idea which the papers contain. In several instances the proud representatives of the people carry the idea of free government to an interesting extremity. For instance, there is a certain United States Senator who, whenever he receives any communication of a public nature, even though it be a petition signed by thousands of citizens, reads, or has the clerk to read, each word and each name as though the fate of the nation were trembling upon its syllables. If he did not do this, the names would be treated in the ordinary way. But being announced with a due dignity of the human voice, they appear in splendid fullness to the delectation of every signer of the document, which will never be heard of in all probability outside of the abundant pages of the Congressional Record. In all the thousands of bills and resolutions and amendments, and the hundreds of thousands of names signed to petitions, there is every conceivable variety and degree of wisdom and folly from the sanest citizen to the craziest lunatic. Scarcely one out of a thousand is ever read by any Representative or Senator. There is pouring upon Congress a vast mass of sense and nonsense, and in the flood the self-conscious statesman in his frock-coat sits calmly at his desk, little caring what the passing tides are carrying. It took the clerks of the Senate and of the House of Representatives two and a half hours to read the annual message of the President, and if Congressmen had not the endurance to listen to that, how can they know all about the thousands of things that float upon the currents of legislation?



PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON

HON. ROBERT W. TAYLER

Congress Always Behind with its Work

A famous English statesman once said that it took his people forty years to accomplish a reform after it was recognized as necessary. The House of Parliament is always many years behind its pressing duties. Just now its own papers are thundering against it because it was not able to recognize the wisdom of keeping its army up to the proper strength and equipped with modern guns.

Of all the great countries, our own Congress is nearer to its immediate duties than any other legislative body in the world. But at the very best it never reaches more than a fraction of the things that clamor for attention. If we take all the City Councils and all the Legislatures and the Congress of the United States we shall find that every year several hundred thousand new bills appear for legislation.

More than a Billion-Dollar Congress

Ex-Speaker Reed's famous retort is recalled by the figures from Washington. When some one taunted him that the body over which he presided was a billion-dollar Congress, he replied that the United States was a billion-dollar country. This Congress will go far beyond these figures, possibly several hundred millions beyond. It is an extraordinary sum of money, but it shows how vastly the nation has grown and how rapidly the expenses of conducting it have increased. One fact gives some alarm, and that is that the ratio of expense is growing more rapidly than the ratio of population. The century has changed since Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated with scarcely any cost to the people for the ceremony.

The amount of the entire national debt of Jefferson's time would not run the Government two months now, and the whole sum paid for the Louisiana territory would last only a few days over a week for ordinary expenses. But, then, today we have almost a hundred billion dollars of wealth.

Resolutions of Sympathy for the Boers

There have been introduced various resolutions of sympathy for the Boers, but it is generally recognized that they are more for effect than for any serious expectation that they will be passed. Even if they should be passed, however, there is small likelihood that they would lead to any immediate results. Twisting the lion's tail is a sport not altogether banished from our political arena. In this case, of course, there is more cause than usual on account of the very strong sentiment in many parts of the country in favor of the people of the South African Republic.

Of course, it is not to be expected that the orators would neglect such an opportunity, and possibly if we should be honest with ourselves we should confess that we rather enjoy their indiscretions. But at any rate, the American people, whatever their sympathies, are convinced that they should keep out of any troubles in the other hemisphere—except in the Philippines, where circumstances force them to take a leading part.

All international dealings must of necessity be conducted with the greatest patience and the most scrupulous regard for the proprieties. We exact all this from other Governments, and they have a perfect right to expect it from us. Suppose, for instance, that the national bodies of either France or Germany were to officially declare their sympathy with either the Britons or the Boers in the present unhappy conflict? The results would be in every way regrettable. The United States is in another hemisphere, but that hardly removes it from its responsibilities. Congress sometimes makes doubly hard the tasks of the President and the State Department.

Political Safety in Doing Little

Several weeks ago it was pointed out in these columns that in all Congresses preceding the Presidential campaign the effort was to make the record as innocuous as possible. Already this is evident in the present body. The fact that all branches of the Government—executive, legislative and judicial—are now controlled by the Republican party for the first time in many years, assures harmony. It also promises that the legislation shall be purely and plainly upon the lines laid down by the President in his annual message. It should be remembered that in the case of an executive like President McKinley, an annual message is not altogether a personal statement and proclamation, but an assemblage of party and departmental facts and claims which he signs as the representative of his party organization. There have been Presidents who have stood above and beyond party and impressed their own personalities upon the time. President McKinley does not pretend to belong to that class. He is avowedly a representative of the Republican party, preferring its sentiments as expressed in its various declarations to any positive and personal declarations. His party appreciates this attitude, and so the whole Administration is tuned to the campaign of the present year.

In politics, sins of omission are reckoned less than sins of commission, so it seems better to do too little than too much.



PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON

HON. JAMES D. RICHARDSON

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Two Good Stories on a New Leader

R. W. Tayler, Congressman from President McKinley's old district, has recently come into the public eye by reason of his opposition to the seating of Mr. Roberts, the Utah polygamist. Mr. Tayler lives in Lisbon, Ohio, and in Washington. In both places he occupies rented houses, one of which is, or has been, a source of considerable trouble to him. It was his Lisbon residence that worried him. The landlord was a young man who was hard to please in the matter of buildings. This house had to be altered before the Congressman moved in, and the operation took weeks, and even months. Daily the owner surveyed the work with varying emotions, and usually he ordered done over what had been done. Meanwhile the Congressman's impatience grew daily, until the townsmen took an interest in the affair.

The County Clerk, a near neighbor, decided to have some sport with the Congressman, so he called him up one night on the telephone, simulating the voice and name of the landlord.

"Mr. Tayler," he called cheerily, "I think I'll tear down that porch to-morrow. I am not suited with it."

"What's that?" replied the Congressman.

"I'm going to tear down that porch and build it over again. Do you hear me?"

"Sure," replied Mr. Tayler with a calmness born of desperation. "But why stop with the porch? Don't you think you had better tear the whole house down? If you do, let me suggest that you have some one else build it for you. It will be Doomsday before you ever get a house put up that suits you."

The story spread around the town, and the house was finished within a week, much to Mr. Tayler's delight.

In most things Mr. Tayler is given to the minimizing of facts. He is conservative to a degree, especially in matters concerning himself. This is illustrated by his recent description of a bicycle trip in Washington. The Congressman told of a spin over country roads up to the edge of a steep hill. "When I reached that point," he said, "I dismounted rather hastily, I'll admit, and went the rest of the way on foot."

That is the Congressman's version.

An impartial eyewitness says that Mr. Tayler went half way down the hill before dismounting, and that when he did leave the saddle he plowed up a fair-sized kitchen garden in the soil before he recovered his balance. He is a native of Ohio and is of distinguished ancestry. His father was Comptroller of the Treasury for fifteen years.



Kindness that Found its Reward

The important discovery just made by General Roy Stone that there is a navigable channel for large vessels into the beautiful landlocked bay of Jobos, not far from Ponce, Puerto Rico, is in part the result of that officer's kindness of heart. When he landed, under General Miles, upon the island in 1898, he found a condition of affairs that was almost chaotic. The natives were divided, the Spaniards were demoralized, and the banditti and the White Sabre Society were active, and even destructive. The first thing was to establish law and order in the district he was assigned to. It was very hard at the beginning, not only with the natives, but more particularly the Jibaros and fishermen, who had suffered especially from official misrule and oppression. Among those who gave concern to the American commander was an old man and his sons, who lived somewhere between Ponce and Jobos. They had been robbed by the Spaniards and were active revolutionists. From their knowledge of the coast they soon proved themselves obnoxious to the Spanish forces. When the Americans landed they redoubled their efforts, and every day brought into camp one or more Spaniards, dead or alive, whom they had captured or killed. Numerous complaints were made, and finally the American commander interfered. He sent for the fishermen and appointed them to positions which required their presence near the headquarters. They were so proud of the honor that they forgot their old pastime of killing Castilians. General Stone was especially gracious to them. When it was found that the roadstead at Ponce was altogether too insecure for naval uses a survey was ordered to determine some more convenient harbor.

It was soon learned that the best bay was Jobos, which is landlocked, five miles long, a mile wide, and deep enough for all the navies of the world. But the entrance was barred by rocks, reefs and shoals. The Spaniards pronounced it unnavigable, as did many of the natives. The staff was disappointed, and none more so than General Stone. One day he had a call from one of the fighting fishermen.

"You have been trying to get into Jobos Bay, General, but the farmers told you you could not?"

The General nodded acquiescence.

"You mustn't blame them, sir. They do not know any better. They are not men of wisdom like ourselves. There is a passage through which you can take your biggest three-funnel steamers, and I shall be honored to show it to you or your people, as you may direct. It is a small return for the many honors you have conferred upon us."

The General thanked him, and not long afterward made the trip with the fisherman as guide and found the channel to be as the latter had described.



PHOTO BY MISER, NEW YORK

JAMES A. HEARNE

Hearne's Sag Harbor Critics

James A. Hearne, actor and playwright, has a very attractive home at Sag Harbor on the eastern end of Long Island. The place is old-fashioned, and so far from the lines of travel that it is more like a city of the last century than of the present day. It is beloved of artists and literary men, who find in its quiet atmosphere and romantic surroundings a place of rest and often inspiration. Richard Henry Stoddard lives there, and it was the home of Julian Hawthorne. Mr. Hearne's house is an ideal vacation home. It is invisible from the road. Here he spends his summer in study and is unknown to most of the natives. He, however, studies the people around him with the greatest care. He utilized these studies in his latest play, Sag Harbor, named after the town. There is always a thorn in the rose, though, and the sweets of adulation doled out by the critics were soon mixed with bitterness from some of the denizens of Sag Harbor. The old farmers and retired sea-dogs who inhabit the place read in mute consternation of the skillful picture the playwright had made. This deepened into wrath, and the wrath into a thunderstorm of abuse. One venerable Captain has issued a public pronunciamento in which he says with cold-blooded earnestness:

"I am seventy-five years old, but I am hale and hearty still, and I shall carry with me a certain heavy cane which years ago I carved out of the jawbone of a sperm whale that was killed in the South Seas. I shall be constrained to use it if I find that Hearne has allowed his pen too much freedom with the characteristics and personalities of certain estimable young and old ladies of Sag Harbor, Bridgehampton and East Side."

Inasmuch as none of the characters in the play are vicious or objectionable, it is probable that the old man's wrath will soon subside.

A Partially Obeyed Order

Former State Senator Harmon W. Brown, of Ohio, held a responsible place on the staff of General Rawlins during the Civil War. In contrasting the rigors of the present press censorship in the Transvaal with the lax methods pursued during the Rebellion the Senator recently said:

"One day before Vicksburg the correspondent of a Copperhead paper went to General Rawlins for news.

"The General pondered a moment and took me one side.

"'Take this young man,' he said, 'up to the top of those trenches within a stone's throw of the enemy. Take him up there and lose him. I don't care what happens. Understand?'

"I said I did, and we started through the lines. Both of us were mounted. I pointed out a crest overlooking the enemy and told him he could get a good view from that point.

"'Ain't you coming with me?' he asked.

"'No,' I replied. 'I know all I want to know.'

"So he started alone. As soon as the top of his hat and the tips of his mule's ears showed above the crest there came a volley of musketry ten yards wide that cut the air like a big knife-blade. The crown of his hat was sliced off as with shears; he managed to drop to the ground in safety, but the persevering mule was literally filled with lead. After the firing ceased the correspondent crawled to the spot where I was.

"'Did you learn what you wanted to know?' I asked.

"'Eh?' gasped the correspondent, wiping his face and looking at his hands to see whether they were bloody. 'What I wanted to know? Oh! yes, of course. The enemy are over that ridge all right.'

"When we returned to headquarters, General Rawlins saw us and hailed me. I went inside his tent.

"'I thought I told you to lose that Copperhead reporter somewhere,' he said testily.

"'I did the best I could, sir,' I answered. 'He came back, but I have the honor to report the mule a total loss.'"

Doctor Wilson's Troublesome Initials

The Rev. Dr. William White Wilson, a prominent Western clergyman, several years ago belonged to a learned society in which there were several disputatious members. Only once did they succeed in spoiling his argument. On this occasion they had made two or three interruptions. To the last one he gave a courteous answer, closing, "I hope that during the remainder of my address I will not be troubled again." Before he could take up the thread of the discourse his chief tormentor said slowly and solemnly:

"Oh, Doctor double-u, double-u, double-u,
We love to trouble you, trouble you, trouble you."

The speech was never ended.

The Two Parties

Not long ago, while Richard Croker was in London, he and an American friend passed the magnificent structure in Fleet Street known as the Inns of Court, which is a star attraction in the British metropolis.

"I wonder who they are—that endless crowd which pours out from the Inns?" asked the friend.

"Oh, they are the outs," replied the Tammany chief.

Miss Russell's Clock

A well-known collector of antiquities in New York had long been puzzled by meeting and frequently being outbid by a young, slight-figured, bright-eyed woman who was apparently as familiar with the second-hand shops of the metropolis as he was himself. Not long ago he learned that a precious "grandfather's clock" from a New Jersey Revolutionary homestead had been sold to some one connected with the Lyceum Theatre Company. Thinking that the treasure had been bought for stage purposes and was therefore purchasable, he hurried to the theatre. He bought a seat and prepared to wait until the performance was ended before beginning his dicker. The curtain had only risen when he saw his rival collector on the stage.

She was Miss Annie Russell, the star of the company. Then he realized that his precious clock was lost to him forever, for no collector ever gives up a treasure.

This wonderful clock, a Mayflower chair from New Bedford, some remarkable Chippendale furniture, a Marie Antoinette sconce, and a Spanish couch that dates back to the time of Columbus are among Miss Russell's treasures.



PHOTO BY SARONY & MAY BRIANT, NEW YORK

ANNIE RUSSELL

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The SEA of FIRE

By Alvah Milton Kerr



POP BLAKE, the engineer, observed it first not long after midnight—a faint, bloody foam of color creeping up the northern sky. The fireman, busily feeding the furnace of the 1006, did not notice it until two or three o'clock. Then, stripping the perspiration from his hot, bare arms, he came into the gangway of the swaying engine and looked up. He at once pulled out his watch and turned the face of it against the light of a lantern that sat on the floor of the tank.

"Not time for day yet," he grunted; "besides, that's in the wrong spot. Must be Northern Lights. Say, Pop, them's fine, ain't they?" he shouted.

Blake glanced toward the north, nodded his grizzled head, then turned his eyes again to the great wedge of light rushing into the darkness along the rails ahead of the engine.

North and south spread infinite wastes of plain—vague, formless void; overhead hung a sky like a canopy of dark-blue velvet lifted on a million golden spear-points. Westward, eighty miles away, the tops of the Rockies notched the low-hanging fringe of stars with gaps of black.

A hot August wind was blowing, and as the big 1006 rushed along the rails, hurrying the Pacific Express toward the far distant sea, the warm air purred in Blake's ears like a tiger's breath. He looked back along the train, glanced at the strange and ever-changing lights and colors painted on the northern heaven, then pulled the throttle a notch wider.

"If that's the reflection of a prairie fire we may all be cinders before we reach the mountains," he muttered in his blowing beard.

The train was a sort of sleeping procession. In the three Pullmans all was curtained, dim and quiet. Even the black porters slept. Silence reigned in the emigrant cars, and in the seats of the day coach and the smoker, nodding, crumpled, and looking unlovely and deformed, passengers drooped, or lay breathing heavily. The brakemen and conductor sat down at every opportunity, keeping awake with difficulty; the "peanutter," ensconced among his trumpery in the forward end of the smoker, lay relaxed and dreaming.

Two men on the train, however, were wide awake. They sat exactly opposite each other in the smoking-car, one by a north window and the other by a south window. Their grim, pale faces were half turned toward each other. Without looking directly, each saw the other and narrowly noted his every movement, almost his every breath. One had brown eyes, the other gray; both were of middle life, and both looked forceful, nervous, and used to struggling with Nature and men. Each kept his right hand down by his side, holding fast the butt of a pistol. Almost the same thought was in each man's mind, and it was this:

"Shall I kill him here and now or wait until we get to the mountains? Why not now? I shouldn't care to escape—I'd face the result—death, or whatever else might come—he'd have got his just deserts, anyway!"

All the steps, secret and open, of their trouble rankled in each man's consciousness, a bitter hatred and anger that seemed eating into the heart of each like an acid.

"He had no right, moral or legal, to cut that ditch through the sag an' turn the whole creek down his valley, leavin' my ranch dry, an' ruinin' me," was the fierce thought in the brain of the brown-eyed man. "I took up my land first, an' the natural course of the stream was down my valley. I beat him in the lower court, an' now when I'm dead broke an' can't raise money to fight him, he's appealed the case to the Supreme Court! My wife an' babies are just as dear to me as his are to him. I'd never had to send mine East to mother's if he'd left the water run where it belongs. I got on this train to go out to the mines to see if I c'd raise some money by workin', an' *here he is followin' me!* I swore I'd shoot him on sight—an' I will before daylight comes."

In the bosom of the gray-eyed man sharp teeth seemed gnawing. The pain of it set a glittering light in his eyes. He moistened his dry lips, and his brown, toil-calloused fingers tightened about the butt of his pistol.

"Everythin' I've got in the world is in that ranch of mine," he brooded, "an' if he's goin' to turn the water back into the old channel I'm ruined, that's all. I'd never took up the land an' improved it if I hadn't seen that the creek used to run through the sag an' down my way a long time ago. The natural bed of the stream is down that way; besides, I'm not lookin' out for strangers over in another valley. How I'm goin' to carry the case through the Supreme Court I don't know; maybe I can raise some money workin' out in the mines. I wanted to get away so I wouldn't have to kill him, an' *here he is followin' me!* He's said enough an' done enough to me; the world ain't big enough for both of us; that's all. He's got to get out of it, an' he will before sunup."

Thus they sat nursing their poison, the flames of murder burning in each man's blood. The faces of both were haggard from worry and sleepless nights of secret cursing and hating. In natural composition they were much as other men, but many months of anger and mental turmoil had burned a hard, drawn, half-ferocious expression in the aspect of each.

They had boarded the train after midnight at a little station in the midst of that lifted zone of plain which sweeps along the base of the Rocky Mountains for hundreds of miles. About them men sprawled and snored, sodden and inert, unconscious of the wakeful horror that brooded in their midst.

Ahead in the cab window of the 1006 Pop Blake leaned out, swaying with the rock and roll of the huge machine. Every few moments he looked toward that growing conflagration of color in the northern sky, then turned his eyes hungrily toward the distant mountains. Back and forth between the coal-pile and the furnace door of the engine dipped Briggs, the fireman, grimy with dust and oil, and wet with sweat.

Now and then he glanced toward the north, and once he stood still through several seconds, earnestly regarding the marvelous lights and tangled ribbons of color shifting and beating up into the blue concave of the sky.

The world seemed on fire. He stripped the perspiration from his brow with a bent forefinger and looked toward Blake.

"Can we make it, Pop?" he shouted.

The old engineer did not turn his face. Like gray iron it was set straight ahead.

"I don't know, Jim. Keep hot hell under her," was all he said.

His lips shut tight and worked involuntarily in his beard, and he opened the throttle wider. Briggs began feverishly pounding coal and shoveling it into the firebox.

It was now nearly four in the morning, and a faint gray began to creep upon that open, lifted land. Northeast, north and northwest the heavens looked to be on fire. Straight overhead the sky turned faintly pink. A half-hour later the vast bulk of the rounded world came heaving upward out of the gloom like the yellowish back of some mighty monster lifting from the sea. Dawn was breaking in the east.

Blake did not need to turn to see it. Thin patches of rose on the mountain-tops far ahead told him the sun was peeping over the earth's rim eastward. The region was no more than wide-spreading solitude, a faintly undulating sea of gray sage-brush and lakes of matted grass, shoreless everywhere save for the vast ring of the horizon-line and the purpling bank of mountains in the west.

In that early day, for more than a hundred miles, only section houses, an occasional solitary depot, and water-tanks graced the track that threaded the arid region. Heavy winter snows and spring rains had brought an unusual growth of verdure, which, with the advent of the dry season, had fallen dead, making the world a table of luxury for fire.

Blake ran his eye out over the limitless reaches of tinder and his lips tightened. The division station, just within the mouth of the first mountain cañon, was nearly fifty miles away. It was all slightly up-grade. The train pulled like lead.

Back in the smoker the brown-eyed man and he of the gray still sat tense and pale.

Weary, nodding, dreaming, not a man on the train from the front mail car to the red hind-lights saw the crimson glare and rolling tousle of smoke-clots and flame-tips stretching across the north. Seventy miles wide, and burning over 28,000 square miles of prairie before it ceased, that ocean of flames came surging southward.

In the terrible glory and grandeur of it the dawn was swallowed up and lost.

"Stunty" Steele, the "peanutter," was the first person rearward from the engine who saw it. His freckled face whitened, a speck of something like fire swam suddenly into the centre of each of his eyes, and he leaped up and rushed through the smoker and into the day coach. The conductor was lolling by a south window, his cheek on his hand, his eyes half closed. A brakeman lay back in a seat near by, cap off, open-mouthed, snoring. "Stunty" lunged at the conductor.

"Bob! For Heaven's sake, look at that!" he panted.

Bob Loomis got to his feet in sudden wakefulness. "What is it, 'Stunty'?" he asked quickly.

The boy almost dragged him over to a north window. "There—look at that!" he half whispered.

Loomis fetched a gasp from the thrill that ran through him. "It's come!" he cried. "The fire-break burners are a hundred miles east of us—we're trapped!"

He wheeled around and started toward the rear of the train, then turned and hurried toward the front. As he passed the two rigid watchers in the smoker, the hard glitter of their stare did not waver nor relax.

Three minutes later Loomis came clambering over the rear end of the tender and stumbled down through the loose coal to the boiler head. "Stunty" was at his heels.

Briggs was working like a demon. Into the white disk of the furnace door he was plunging a long iron rod, stirring the seething mass within. He turned a pair of red eyes to Loomis' face for an instant, blew the dripping sweat from his mustache, and went on stoking with all his might.

"Can we get to the mountains, Pop?" cried Loomis through the clamor.

Blake's gray face came around with a jerk. "Hullo, Bob! No—well, no; we can't make it. The wind's from the north, an' that fire's comin' like a race-horse. I'm runnin' her wide open, an' Briggs is fairly meltin' her crown-sheet, but them cars pull back like a string of dead elephants. We're makin' 'bout forty miles an hour, but we'd have t' make a hundred t' run past the fire. D'ye see there in the northwest—it bends down to'ards the track; it'll strike the rails first 'bout twenty miles ahead, I judge."

Both men looked steadily for a moment at the distant billow of fire, a vast crescent of lashing flames stretching east and west from horizon to horizon. It was a sight to set quaking the coldest heart that ever beat. Awe was blent with a reflection of terrible trouble in their faces.

Briggs dashed half a pail of water on his reeking neck and breast and went on steadily dipping back and forth. Blake glanced at the water-gauge.

"We've got t' take water at the Shunt tank; that's 'bout six miles ahead," he shouted, his lips not two feet from Loomis' head. "If we didn't have t' make that stop there'd be one chance in a hundred, mebby, that we'd run past the fire. But we've got t' have water."

"Stunty" came out of the gangway and scrambled toward Blake's ear. His face was eager and flushed with light.

"Why don't you stop at Bald Head, Pop?" he yelled; "that hill of gravel an' alkali beyond Shunt's tank, you know. If the passengers c'd get on that they'd be all right."

Loomis' big blue eyes fell to "Stunty's" freckled face, and suddenly he caught the boy against him and hugged him.



THEN BURST THE SUPREME VISION

Drawn by J. C. Leyendecker

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"Good boy!" said Blake with emphasis. "Mebby we can make the hill; it's just about eighteen miles from here. I've got a wedge in the engine-pop—I made up my mind t' take the train through or blow up the machine. Briggs don't know the safety-valve's wedged; keep mum."

He glanced toward the toiling fireman. "The passengers are on," he added, glancing back along the string of cars.

More than a hundred human heads dotted the north side of the long train. The features of the two ranchmen were not among them; they still kept to their watch.

Loomis looked at the steam-indicator. The blue steel needle trembled toward the danger point. "Keep 'er there, Jim!" he cried.

He went back over the tender into the coaches and began trying to abate the panic that raged among the passengers. "Stunty" planted himself in the gangway of the engine and watched the oncoming wall of flames.

Terrible beyond description, it came, the charge, as it might be, of a hundred thousand angels of death on shining horses, with tossing manes of flame and the gleam and leap of ten thousand swords in flashing tangle above them. Up in the air the smoke, as of battle, shot in wavering spires or streamed forward over the wallowing under-billow in gigantic puffs of darkness. Every substance and form of life fell and turned to flame and ashes before it.

The train was sweeping along the rails; every ounce of power that lay in the great 1006 was going into her whirling drivers. Blake held the throttle wide, and Briggs was working madly.

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At last they thundered up to Shunt's tank and stopped. Briggs was on the tender with the cover off the intake. When the nozzle was in the opening Briggs snatched the down-dangling lever rope and pulled. There was a quick gush of water, then something snapped in the tank, the lever at the top of the great tub flew up in the air and the flow ceased.

The perpendicular lever had pulled loose from the valve-lip in the tank! The valve was closed by the weight of fifteen feet of water! A cry went back through the train that no water could be got into the engine; that she was ready to explode for want of it.

Men came wildly swarming forward.

But almost instantly some one was going up the side of the tank like a wildcat. It was "peanutter" Steele, whose wiles and wares the passengers had vainly tried to escape and despise. When he reached the top he did not wait a moment, but threw the cover from the manhole, and, taking a full breath, plunged headlong into the black water below.

There was a thunder of fluid on his ear-drums, a sense of stifling pressure, then he was on the slimy bottom feeling for the valve. His clutching fingers fell first upon a pipe, and holding fast to that he found the valve-lip and lifted it.

The water drove in about his hands and sucked the lid down; he tore it open again and braced himself. If he could only break the lip from its hinges and let the water run! But the weight of fluid upon the valve, and the strength of the hinges defeated his efforts. He must hold it open—*how long?*

He was suffocating. Despite his will, the poisonous air burst out from his lungs and the water rushed in at his lips.

Still he clung to the valve and held it back. He was filled with pain and blackness and gurgling, but would not let go. Then suddenly he was dimly dreaming, the valve closed with a snap, his feet and body lifted upward, his clenched fingers slipped from the wood, and he shot to the surface.

Loomis was leaning down into the manhole and grabbed the limp boy and drew him up. A moment later the conductor came down the tank-ladder with "Stunty" hanging over his shoulder like a dripping rag.

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Many hushed their wild chatter and their screaming at sight of that senseless form. The two whose dominant intent was murder stood by, in the face of imminent death and the mad excitement of the hour, still watchful, malignant. But that vision on the ladder disturbed them. The hand of each man slowly unclasped from its pistol-butt, came out of pocket, and dropped nerveless.

"Get aboard, everybody!" roared Loomis.

The two ranchmen came last. They moved like men in a dream. With a double blast of her whistle the throttle of the 1006 came wide; she seemed to rise from the track and plunge, and in a moment the train was rushing toward the mountains.

"Stunty" lay on the floor of the baggage-car by the open door. Loomis, on his knees, was tenderly rolling and pressing the boy's thin body. The glare from the nearing billows of fire came in through the door and lit up the lad's swollen features and the conductor's pale face. The man did not look up; the boy was as one gone out of life. A brakeman came to Loomis' side.

"Get everybody and their traps out of the rear three cars, Bill; hustle them into the cars ahead, then cut off the empties," said the conductor as he worked. "Do as I say—let the cars burn!"

Five minutes later three empty coaches parted from the train, swung back, and the 1006 set a wilder pace.

Ten miles to go now; the wall of fire seemed not a half-mile distant when the train whirled around a long curve and stopped just south of Bald Head Hill.

Blake set the injectors working, and clambered out on the footboard of the engine and pulled the wedge from the safety-valve. Briggs jumped down and reeled toward the hill like a drunken man. Blake caught him by the arm and helped him forward. With feet spurred by terror, men, women and children hurried up the gravelly, ashen slope to the hill's white crest.

After them, the last man to quit the train, came Loomis, with "Stunty" in his arms.

Then burst the supreme vision. From out the northern region came animals running, wolves, coyotes, rabbits, deer, wild horses, a she-bear and her cubs, a bull bison and his female mates, all panting and as wild-eyed as the cluster of human beings on the hill. Harmless from terror, they crowded up the slope and stood gazing northward.

No creature thought of danger save for that which lay in the roaring sea of fire about them. Wolves pressed against the limbs of men, and antelope and bear stood cowering together.

❦

At length the monster passed; light broke over the hill; away toward the south the billow of fire swept on, tossing its banners of smoke and flame. Men looked at each other with something in their faces never seen there before; in the eyes of each wild beast lay a daunted, subdued look; for the hour, all savagery was dead.

A cry came up that the 1006 was "all right," and that Blake was going after help. Loomis stopped half way down the hill; "Stunty's" head turned on his shoulder. The boy's eyes opened, startled, strange.

"It's gone by; everybody's safe," said the big conductor assuringly.

"Stunty" gazed around at the blackened world a moment, looked down at the concourse of passengers, then suddenly hid his face against Loomis' neck and cried.

The two who would have killed, he of the gray eyes and he of the brown, looked at each other a little space; then, as if bidden by the same thought, flung their pistols far down among the ashes of the brush and struck their right hands together in a fervid clasp.

"There's water enough for both of us in the creek. I'm ready to dismiss the suit," said the gray-eyed man.

"Yes, there's plenty for us both. Let's go back and divide it," said the other, and talking together they passed down the hill.



DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIARD

—WE DROVE THEM BACK IN THE STREET

❦ ❦ ❦

Ballad of BEN MILAM

By Clinton Scollard

"Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"
Such was the thrilling word we heard in the chill December glow;
Such was the thrilling word we heard, and a ringing, answering cry
Went up from the dun adobe walls to the cloudless Texan sky.

He had won from the reek of a Mexique jail back without map or chart,
With his mother-wit and his hero-grit and his staunch Kentucky heart;
He had trudged by vale and by mountain trail, and by thorny and thirsty plain,
And now, with joy on his grizzled brow, he had come to his own again.

"They're the spawn of hell!" we heard him tell; "they will knife and lie and cheat;
At the board of none of the swarthy horde would I deign to sit at meat;
They hold it naught that I bled and fought when Spain was their ruthless foe;
Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"

It was four to one, not gun for gun, but never a curse cared we,
Three hundred faithful and fearless men who had sworn to make Texas free.
It was mighty odds, by all the gods, this brood of the Mexique dam,
But it was not much for heroes such as followed old Ben Milam!

With rifle-crack and sabre-hack we drove them back in the street;
From house to house in the red carouse we hastened their flying feet;
Behind the walls from the hurtling balls Cos cowered and swore in his beard,
While we slashed and slew from dawn till dew, and, Bexar, how we cheered!

But ere failed each ruse, and the white of truce on the failing day was thrown,
Our fearless soul had gone to the goal in the Land of the Great Unknown.

Death brought the darksome boon too soon to this truest one of the true,
Or, men of the fated Alamo, Milam had died with you!
So when their names that now are Fame's—the scorner of braggart Sham—
In song be praised, let a rouse be raised for the name of Ben Milam!

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The Modern Man and Nature

MODERN man loves Nature—that is a point he feels pretty sure on. We hark back to Rousseau and Wordsworth; we study Manet minutely, and count the Nature references in a Shelley ode, and listen for a woodnote wild in Meredith's prose, and always give a sympathetic welcome to pastoralities from the orchestra. Yes, we love Nature as Nature was never loved before; that is certain.

But if modern man loves Nature, why does he not treat her with more respect, more consideration? Here is just such a paradox as we discover in the low-grade Englishman's treatment of his female relatives. He loves his wife, but he blacks her eye. The coster thinks everything of his mother, but he jumps on her all the same. And we, for the past fifty years, have been jumping on Nature with both feet. We have harried her, maltreated her, outraged her. Yet we think we love her. That is the view we take of ourselves. But what view will posterity take of us? Our successors will probably look upon the last half of the nineteenth century as a period uniquely scandalous in the history of the globe, and upon us of to-day as one of the most greedy and shameless packs of barbarians that ever encumbered it. We have completely forgotten that the earth is ours not in fee simple, but only in trust for future generations. What kind of an earth did we receive at the hands of 1850? A fair one, surely. And what kind of an earth shall we pass on to those of the opening century? A foul one, as surely—and one that becomes more foul, more defaced, more disfigured with every passing day. Scientific discoveries, mechanical processes, engineering ingenuities have brought us where we are. The railroad, the mine, the factory, the quarry, the lumber-camp have undone us. Nature, once worshiped as a goddess, and later cherished as a mistress, is to-day but a lone female at the mercy of that conscienceless footpad, Commercial Gain, whose one idea is to throttle her.

We love Nature, but we defile her streams. We love Nature, but we pollute her skies—because soft coal is a little cheaper than hard. We love her forests, but we hack them down, and then decamp to avoid the taxes. We love her fields, but we make them speak to us in letters a cubit high of liver-pads and lotions.

The "return to Nature," we are furthermore assured, is well under way. But if we leave the city for the country it is chiefly to flee the demon of our own devising; and if we are more than ever occupied with the details of natural history, animate and inanimate, that is only because this is the day of close and exact information.

The future will smile at our claim that we love Nature. Posterity will not care to summon our art and our literature as witnesses. It will have something better than our poetry or our painting to judge us by. It will have the earth as we leave it, and will judge us by that. —H. B. FULLER.

The world needs less art and more heart.

An Annual Stock-Taking

TWO persons who had spent many years living in reduced circumstances came into the possession of a considerable fortune, when they gave themselves the fitting-out that they thought suitable to people of means. As they rolled along the streets of their city on their first drive, one exclaimed, "Isn't this grand?" to which the other answered, "Yes, this is all very well; but how much better it would be if we could only stand at the curbstone and see ourselves go by."

At such a time as the present the conception of individual or institutional life is an inspiring thought. It is a noble thing to live, even though one only in a measure comes up to his responsibilities; but every life will have a truer meaning if the one who lives it takes a point of vantage and in the spirit of inquiry sees the passing of his years.

Introspection, the looking within, is the most subtle and illusive method of the most subtle science. Well might Immanuel Kant say that he marveled as much at the moral order of his mind as at the order of the physical universe. The parent science is the science of the stars; men seek on the other side of the world for what is at their doors. History studies so largely the lives, and analyzes the motives of those times remote, that the gossip and discredited information of one century often become the authentic history for all succeeding years. It is not alone old men's eyes and old men's memories that see most clearly what is at a distance. No special weakness led one of the most human characters in all literature to say: "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." Rightly to divine one's own life is the most dangerous and difficult of tasks. Whoever looks with too great approval on his character or his action has in consequence less character and is disarmed for future action. To admire himself one is compelled to turn his back upon the world. Self-regard easily becomes self-love and self-adulation, and thus the most serious of ills. But the fact remains that each individual should understand his strength and his weakness, become better acquainted with himself.

Busy people can at best but consider their lives in the large, but this they ought to do. In January, business men make inventories of all they have; they balance their ledgers, collect outstanding obligations, and compare the condition of their business with its condition in the preceding January. No life can be computed with the precision of a set of books, but in every life there ought to be at least once a year a deliberate reckoning that will determine in some measure the intellectual, moral and spiritual assets; the profit and loss account should be closed. At the close of a year each person should ask himself, "How much in the past year have I invested in the business of right living; is my life a blessing to my fellowmen, and is it an honor to myself?" Seldom is it that men can be halted in the mad rush of intellectual, financial, social and religious activity to catch breath—to see the true trend of action and the outcome of the things being done. In every corporate life, in every individual life, the highest development and the greatest service are possible only with a judicious compliance with, "Know then thyself." —CHEESMAN A. HERRICK.

The man who makes money by tricks seldom has to spend much of it on a large funeral.

Educational Buttresses

IT SEEMS to have been taken for granted by parents, guardians and teachers that the main thing in training the young is to develop to its utmost the genius that is the natural superiority of each individual.

In other words, if a child evinces a strong aptitude for something, this gift is looked upon as the centre toward which every line of study must trend. Doubtless there is much to sustain such a course of reasoning as would lead to this conclusion; but we must not lose sight of the weaker parts of mind and character, to strengthen which is often even more desirable than to develop abnormally a part which is naturally superior. Indeed, common observation shows that very great excellence in a single direction is nearly always accompanied with eccentricities in other directions.

But not to genius alone does this rule of equipoise apply; every individual, no matter what his natural gifts, is most efficient in the work of life when all his forces act together harmoniously under the control of intelligence. Education, by which should be meant physical, mental and moral training in the broadest sense, may easily be stunted and warped by a narrow view of its purpose, and so may character suffer in its growth apace with the misapplication of what should fertilize and vitalize it. These are, perhaps, trite statements; but there is at least one application of their deepest meaning which has not been made clear to the popular mind. We all understand more or less intelligently the necessity of strengthening the weak parts of the body. If a child is lame of a leg we at once try to cure the lesion, and if an eye shows weakness we seek a remedy. Doubtless the same attention would be given to mental and moral lesions or lacks if we but recognized them as such. The trouble is, we are so busy with adding to the strong points that we never note the weak ones, or if we see them we are apt to treat them as predestined and incurable; hence a child of vigorous memory and flabby reasoning powers is crammed with what we call knowledge, while his uncertain ability to make practical application of what he remembers is left quite without the training which would round up an efficient intelligence.

It is true that here and there a person with but one organ of intelligence well developed has done a great thing—invented a machine, discovered a new application of natural force, developed a great line of industry—but for that one successful eccentric ten thousand failures are to be recorded, and it is at last the average that we must consider. In a word, the only safe education is the education which lifts the average of common efficiency. Every boy should be trained as if we expected him to be a strong average man, every girl as if she could not rightfully hope to escape the duties and responsibilities of the average woman. Where we observe a defective line of intellect or character there is the place for educational stays and braces. The old saying that a rope is as strong as its very weakest point and no stronger is applicable to the chain of education. The man will break at his least fortified link of intelligence or character.

The prime inquiry, then, should be, where can training buttress natural ability so as to prevent natural weakness from neutralizing its efficiency? If one possessed of splendid imagination and the gift of doing things which captivate the public is without the power to turn his genius to practical account he leaves but a glimmer behind him of what he might have been. Perhaps a little careful training of his defective lobe of intellect might have turned his wasted life into a career of great usefulness and happiness. Upon the whole, it is safe to formulate the maxim: Take care of the weak points of mind and body; the strong ones will take care of themselves. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

The young idea should shoot to hit.

The Silk Hat Seriously Considered

SOME close and industrious observers have reached the conclusion that the high silk hat is not so commonly seen upon the masculine head as it was, say, ten years ago. They may or may not be right—statistics are wanting.

The silk hat has long been assailed on esthetic grounds. To the more thoughtful this has seemed unjust. It is ugly, to be sure, but is it more ugly than the other things in which man in his blindness incases his head? The fact is that it is really less ugly than the omnipresent derby. The silk hat has had to bear the penalty of eminence. Where less conspicuous but greater offenders have escaped, it has been forced to endure criticism and abuse. It has never had the full confidence of the public; people have looked upon it as an aristocrat, as, indeed, it is. But this is no reason why it should be charged with not being pretty.

If the silk hat is really passing away it will remove an element of distinction from the urban landscape which cannot well be spared. The cobblestone effect of the crowds of derbies needs the relief afforded by the beaconlike high silk. On one ground only could the extinction of the silk hat be matter for congratulation. This is the ground of expense. Few men can afford to wear it. It is not the cost of the article itself, though this is not inconsiderable when we remember its peculiarity of changing its shape twice a year and the impossibility of any man other than a coachman wearing one a week behind the mode—it is not its cost, *per se*, but the large appropriations constantly needed to live up to it. How many young men have been ruined by weakly yielding to the temptation to buy the first silk hat can never be known. Shoes, suit, necktie, overcoat, everything must be renewed on a higher plane to bear the hat company.

It is estimated that it costs anywhere from one hundred to five hundred dollars a year to live up to an eight-dollar silk hat. A man ought to be required to take out a license before he is allowed to begin wearing silk hats. He should appear before the proper authorities and submit proof of his ability to support the dignity without pilfering from his employer or impoverishing his family. Perhaps he ought to be made to wear a tag conspicuously giving the number of his license. As for an author or a writer of any degree appearing with a silk hat, the thing should not be permitted. He should be arrested on sight. It should be taken as *prima facie* evidence that he has just robbed a publisher or other defenseless individual. —HAYDEN CARRUTH.

Fine minds do more to make good society than fine clothes.

Do We Need More Holidays?

A BILL in the present Congress provides that the twelfth day of February, the birthday of Lincoln, and the second day of April, the birthday of Jefferson, be made holidays.

Why? There are at present in this country twenty-nine holidays. Most of them are local. There is no national holiday; even the Fourth of July is not a day of rest by act of Congress. Although the President proclaims a day of Thanksgiving, it does not become a legal holiday in any State unless there is a law for it. But in spite of the complications of the question, there seem to be liberal cessations from toil. The Sundays yield fifty-two days of rest; the Saturday half-holidays twenty-six days more. This makes seventy-eight days. Then each State has its own legal holidays, and often each city has its special days of observance. For instance, Massachusetts observes April 19 as Patriots' Day. Utah has July 24 as Pioneers' Day. Vermont has August 16 as the Bennington Battle Day. California has September 9 as Admission Day. So it goes all over the country. When we take all these holidays and combine the statistics we find that they amount on an average to about ninety days or more—practically one-fourth of the year. This new bill would add a second holiday in February, the shortest month of the year. Twelve of the States already have holidays in April, so that the new bill would also place a second holiday in that month. We are in favor of holidays, of course, and wish we could crowd the calendar with them. But it may be well not to rush toward the conditions that exist in Russia and some other countries, where there are so many holidays that the people who want to work have scarcely the time or the opportunity to get up in the world. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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At the American Capital

Stories always relieve the monotony of Congressional life. They enliven debate and throw sunshine on the legislative pathway. Many a new Congressman has placed his foot upon the lower rung of the ladder of fame by telling a good story. He incidentally attracts attention, and if the anecdote is a new one he establishes a reputation that holds the House whenever he takes the floor.

John Allen, of Mississippi, still holds the supremacy in Congress as a story-teller. No rivals have as yet appeared, and it begins to look as though the House of Representatives might be short of humorous material in the present session. There have been some stirring scenes on the floor, but few new stories bubbled to the surface. The new members are evidently taking the gauge of the old ones, but are hardly backward in debate. They compose at least one-third of the House. It is a superabundance of raw material already being woven in the shuttle of legislation. A new story from a new member in illustration of a new argument is always greeted with applause. An old member may be excused for telling an old story, while a new member would be overwhelmed with derision if he ventured to do so. At times both the House and Senate run for weeks without the scintilla of a reminiscence. When a good story is told in discussion it seems to awaken a competition that lasts for several days. The applause showered upon the first story is productive of anecdotes, good, bad and indifferent, all enjoyable, even if not pat.

Always First on the Ground

One of the best of these stories told in the last Congress was related by a new member, the Honorable Robert Emmet Burke, of Dallas, Texas. He was discussing the Fortification Appropriation Bill, and paid his respects to Governor Dingley thus:

"His promptness at always being on his feet when either the word 'tariff' or 'prosperity' is heard on this floor reminds me of a character down in Texas. He was a man who was always first—first at every public meeting; first to make a motion; first to make a speech; first to move to adjourn. In other words, he was emphatically a 'sooner.' He was the first at the bar, the first to take a drink, and sometimes the last to retire from the bar. On one occasion he had tarried there too long, and on going home fell by the wayside. His friends dug a grave in the sand, rolled him into it, covered him with a sheet, and left him. In the gray dawn of the morn he awoke. He thought he was dead, but the ruling passion was still strong within him. Jumping to his feet he exclaimed:

"'Egad! Resurrection Day has come, and I am the first man on the grounds.'

"And now, Mr. Chairman," Mr. Burke continued, "if by any stretch of the imagination we could see the distinguished leader of the House in a similar position, no doubt he would rise to his feet and declare:

"'McKinley prosperity has come; the Dingley tariff is responsible for it; and, Mr. Speaker, I move that the House do now adjourn.'"

The House was intensely amused; Governor Dingley himself, who rarely smiled, laughed outright. But the story gave Mr. Burke a great reputation. It was an apt illustration introducing an effective argument. From that day to the present, Judge Burke has never taken the floor without commanding the strictest attention of the House.

Repealing the Law of Supply and Demand

As good a story as was told in the recent gold debate came from the lips of William L. Jones, a new member from Washington. The logic of events, he said, had overcome free-silver logic, and the Democracy were now relying on the law of supply and demand. "In my last campaign," Mr. Jones continued, "I met an old fellow and we were talking about the price of wheat and meat. I told him that the price was regulated by the law of supply and demand.

"'Is there such a law as that?' he asked. 'I never heard of it.'

"'Why, certainly there is,' I said.

"'Well,' he thundered, thoroughly aroused, 'when we get into power again you can bet that we will repeal that law.'"

Uncertain as a Reversed Saddle

One of the features of the discussion over the gold bill in the present Congress was the speech of the Honorable Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa. This gentleman has a fascinating personality. His eloquence has given him national fame. In his gold speech his rhetoric was so deftly interwoven with sarcasm that the House listened wrapped in admiration. A reply to Mr. Dolliver came from an unexpected source. Peter J. Otey, a modest and unassuming member from Virginia, took the floor. He has served two terms without attracting more than the average attention, but he made a very strong argument against the bill. He first paid his respects to Dolliver and Grosvenor. He said he might vote for the bill if it was amended so as to suppress the explosions of the gentleman from Ohio and curtail the expansion of the gentleman from Iowa. As to the latter, he found much to commend in his gestures. "He has expanded from the respectable white dollar," said he, "to a disreputable mulatto standard, to coin which is a penitentiary offense.

"My genial friend," he continued, "is not certain where he is at, has been, or whither he is going. He answers queries like a man who was once at county court in Virginia. As he was starting to leave he bridled his horse and inadvertently reversed the saddle. A bystander shouted, 'Say, mister, you have got that saddle wrong end foremost.' Looking at the meddler indignantly he replied, 'How do you know which way I'm going?'"

The Popularity of Poker Stories

Poker stories command attention in the House, and seem to be more enjoyable than other reminiscences. The number of members who appear to understand its peculiar phraseology almost surpasses belief. A rich scene occurred not long ago. It was during the controversy over the Philippine question. Mr. Handy, of Delaware, and Mr. Todd, of Michigan, both said they were in favor of the immediate withdrawal of the American Army and Navy from the islands. In alluding to this on the following day Joseph G. Cannon said:

"The gentleman from Delaware and the gentleman from Michigan constitute a pair, and I believe you might draw to every member of the House and not get three of a kind."

"Mr. Chairman," thundered General Grosvenor, "a point of order. I deny the right of a member to speak in a language not understood by the average American."

"The gentleman from Ohio is just about 'an average American,'" Mr. Cannon replied.

"The point of order comes too late," observed Sereno E. Payne, who was presiding in Committee of the Whole.

Here Handy placed the finishing touch on the scene: "With the gentleman from Michigan, the gentleman from Illinois and myself on the floor," he added, "I would say that there were three of a kind before the House, and that it would take exactly three queens to beat them."

This suggestion of three jacks paralyzed the House. It sobered for an instant, but finally drifted into uncontrollable merriment.

Mr. Settle's Story of the Dutch Judge

In the last Congress Evan E. Settle, of Kentucky, was a new member who ventured into the realm of reminiscence. His recent death was deplored by all his associates. His successor, bearing the euphonious name of June Gayle, has just been elected and sworn in. He represents the old Lexington district, which once boasted of Henry Clay and William C. P. Breckinridge. Settle came to the front in the contested election case of Aldrich *vs.* Plowman. He said that the situation was exactly summed up in the story of a Dutch magistrate. A poor fellow was brought before him on some petty charge. The Justice wanted to impress him with a due sense of the fairness of the trial he was about to receive at his hands.

"Mine frent," he said, "dis court she vill hear all the vitnesses mit you; she vill hear all the lawyers mit your side of the cases; und she vill dook it unter advisement for dree tays; but after that time she vill geef a chudgment against you."

Settle was as great a frequenter of the cloakroom as was Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, in days long gone by. He enjoyed a good story intensely, and was not backward in matching it.

The Story of the Royal Flush

James Hamilton Lewis made himself famous by an excoriation of General Grosvenor. He illustrated the ability displayed by the General when scotched in discussion. Lewis said that he always fell back on the Stars and Stripes, and held his own with redoubled energy. It reminded him of an incident in the life of a gambler on the Mississippi. After pursuing his vocation a long time he became converted, joined the Baptist church, and began to preach. It was his pleasant duty to immerse those whom he had converted to his creed. On one particular occasion the banks of the Mississippi were lined with people to see a baptism by this reformed gambler. He had a little grandson conversant with his grandfather's career who before the ceremony had slipped a pack of cards into the old man's pocket.

"The time came for the baptism," continued Mr. Lewis. "The old gentleman, amid the hosannas of the throng, went into the water. All at once there slipped from his pocket out on the stream an ace of diamonds, then a king, then a queen and a jack, following with a ten-spot. Frightened with dismay, the boy's mother turned to him and said:

"'Oh, Jacky, what have you done? Dear, dear, your poor old grandfather will never get out of there alive.'

"'Never get out of there alive?' repeated Jack. 'Well, if grandpap can't get out on that hand he ain't the man he used to be.'"

The whole House seemed to recognize that the hand was a royal flush, and the Southern members led off in the applause that followed. Lewis himself seemed to be conscious of the effect. It inspired him to new effort, and he fairly showered the House with intellectual scintillations.

A New Story of Abraham Lincoln

Senator Mason, of Illinois, recently told a new and characteristic story about Abraham Lincoln. It was while he was delivering his noted speech against absorbing the Philippines. He said that in the great joint debate between Lincoln and Douglas in front of the Court House in Chicago, an eyewitness told him that Judge Douglas forgot himself for a moment and charged Mr. Lincoln with being an Abolitionist, adding:

"Perhaps our candidate upon the abolition ticket wants a colored woman for a wife?"

Lincoln rose like the opening of a great jackknife. Without even addressing the chair, he stepped out in front of the audience facing the hotel and, looking down the street, said:

"No, I do not wish her for a wife; neither do I wish her for my slave."

A mighty cheer greeted the sentiment, and Judge Douglas made no further allusion to the Abolitionists.

"The McEnery resolution says," pursued Mr. Mason, "that we do not want the Filipinos for citizens, and we do not want them for slaves." —Amos J. Cummings.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

This field of helping young men, practically and plainly pointing out what to do, how to strive and how to win in the everyday battles, is one that has been closer to me in my church work than anything else. I have gathered around my wife and myself some thirty-five young fellows ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years old and have made them feel perfectly at home. We entertain them, or rather we all entertain each other once a week—Saturday nights—and when the weather permits we have outdoor sports at our place. One of our most enjoyable pastimes has been pitching quoits by electric light. I have rigged up sockets on the side of our house and run wires from these to uprights, across which extend pieces to support the wires and globes, so that over each peg, about six and a half feet above, there is a sixteen-candle-power lamp with an aluminum shade, which throws a brilliant light about six feet in diameter around the peg. We have three sets, six playing in each, so that eighteen can play at once. I built two tennis courts just beyond our house, and we have found them a source of enjoyment. Recently we had a ten-mile paper chase—Hare and Hounds—in which twenty-one of us entered. In these and other ways we have brought together these young men, and by our own pleasant home life we have been quietly teaching them that questionable places cannot give as much real pleasure to a young man as innocent, hearty amusements of our kind. We have never preached to the boys, but they all know what our lives mean to us, and the influence has been getting in some good work. Gradually we have won their confidence so that now more than half of them make one or the other—sometimes both—of us their confidant, and we have been able to pull many a one out of a tight place.

It seems to me that many other young married folks could find as keen enjoyment along these lines as we have, besides helping young fellows just at the time and at that age where the turning point comes which so often means the slipping away from a clean life, the coming out from under the influences of home life, and the ultimate wounds and scars of a dissipated life. Grant Arnold.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Humility is the great essential characteristic that is so sadly wanting in the general make-up of the man of the present time. We all think ourselves fitted for a higher position, and are not willing to bend ourselves to accept the opportunities that are within easy reach. We learn a trade or a particular branch of business, and if we cannot find employment at it are too proud to take a position "under instructions" at something else. We are not willing to accept a much smaller salary, and also to endure the petty tyranny of people we work with every day. No man can think of doing such a thing without some repugnance, particularly when he is naturally of a sensitive disposition. It usually requires a great effort to overcome this feeling, because the first round of the ladder in any business carries the weight of all the drudgery that must be done, not only for the firm itself, but for all the subordinate officers also. The great majority of the wrecks of humanity are men who could not, or perhaps would not, humble themselves; men who made a mistake and were too high-strung to acknowledge the fact, to begin over again on a new plan the construction of their fortunes. There is no more pitiable spectacle on earth than a man who is so weak as to acknowledge that he is unable to earn a living, provided, of course, that he is not a cripple. The successful men of to-day are men who are willing to "buckle down to it"; no obstacle is too great for them to overcome. They do not wait for anybody to do their work for them, no matter what it is; if it is to be done, they do it themselves. With these men there is no question of long hours or holidays; they are willing to deny themselves these when there is important work in hand. The poorest man in the town is sometimes the proudest when it comes to going to work. He is perfectly willing to let his wife or any of his relatives do the "providing," and he can always be on hand at meal time. John J. Fleming.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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The Bicycle Doctor of Folkestone

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—HARRIS, GEORGE and the author—decide to spend a holiday awheel in Germany, working eastward from Berlin to Dresden. They broach the matter to their wives—who are to be left at home—and make preparations for the journey. They fix upon Thursday morning for the start.

ON MONDAY afternoon Harris came around. He had a cycling paper in his hand.

I said: "If you take my advice, you will leave it alone."

Harris said: "Leave what alone?"

I said: "That brand-new, patent revolution in cycling, record-breaking tomfoolishness, whatever it may be, the advertisement of which you have there in your hand."

He said: "Well, I don't know; there will be some steep hills for us to negotiate; I guess we shall want a good brake."

I said: "We shall want a brake, I agree; what we shall not want is a mechanical surprise that we don't understand, and that never acts when it is wanted."

"This thing," he said, "acts automatically."

"You needn't tell me," I said; "I know by instinct exactly what it will do. Going up hill it will jamb the wheel so effectively that we shall have to carry the machine bodily. The air at the top of the hill will do it good, and it will suddenly come right again. Going down hill it will start reflecting what a nuisance it has been. This will lead to remorse, and finally to despair. It will say to itself: 'I'm not fit to be a brake. I don't help these fellows; I only hinder them. I'm a curse, that's what I am.' And without a word of warning it will chuck the whole business. That is what that brake will do. Leave it alone. You are a good fellow," I continued, "but you have one fault."

"What?" he asked indignantly.

"You have too much faith," I answered. "If you read an advertisement you go away and believe it. Every experiment that every fool has thought of in connection with cycling you have tried. Your Guardian Angel appears to be a capable and conscientious spirit, and hitherto she has seen you through; take my advice and don't try her too far. She must have had a busy time since you started cycling. Don't go on till you make her mad."

He said: "If every man talked like that there would be no advancement made in any department of life. If nobody ever tried a new thing the world would come to a standstill. It is by——"

"I know all that can be said on that side of the argument," I interrupted. "I agree in trying new experiments up to thirty-five; *after* thirty-five I consider a man is entitled to think of himself. You and I have done our duty in this direction—you, especially. You have been blown up by a patent gas-lamp——"



We were still looking for the screws when Ethelbertha came out

He said: "I really think, you know, that was my fault; I think I must have screwed it up too tight."

I said: "I am quite willing to believe that if there was a wrong way of handling the thing that is the way you handled it. You should take that tendency of yours into consideration; it bears upon the argument. Myself, I did not notice what you did; I only know we were riding peacefully and pleasantly along the Whitby Road, discussing the Thirty-Years' War, when your lamp went off like a pistol shot. The start sent me into the ditch, and your wife's face when I told her there was nothing the matter and that she was not to worry, because the two men would carry you upstairs, and the doctor would be around in a minute, bringing the nurse with him, still lingers in my memory."

He said: "I wish you had thought to pick up the lamp. I should like to have found out what was the cause of its going off like that."

I said: "There was not time to pick up the lamp. I calculate it would have taken two hours to have collected it. As to its 'going off,' the mere fact of its being advertised as the safest lamp ever invented would of itself, to any one but you, have suggested accident.

"Then there was that electric lamp," I continued.

"Well, that really did give a fine light," he replied; "you said so yourself."

I said: "It gave a brilliant light in the King's Road, Brighton, and frightened a horse. The moment we got into the dark beyond Kemp Town it went out, and you were summoned for riding without a light. You may remember that on sunny afternoons you used to ride about with that lamp shining for all it was worth. When lighting-up time came it was naturally tired, and wanted a rest."

"It was a bit irritating, that lamp," he murmured; "I remember it."

I said: "It irritated me; it must have been worse for you.

"Then there are saddles," I went on. I wished to get this lesson home to him. "Can you think of any saddle ever advertised that you have *not* tried?"

He said: "It has always been an idea of mine that the right saddle is to be found."

I said: "You give up that idea; this is an imperfect world, a world of joy and sorrow mingled. There may be a Better Land where bicycle saddles are made out of rainbow, stuffed with cloud; in this world the simplest thing is to get used to something hard. There was that saddle you bought in Birmingham; it was divided in the middle, and looked like a pair of kidneys."

He said: "You mean that one constructed on anatomical principles?"

"Very likely," I replied. "The box you bought it in had a picture on the cover representing a sitting skeleton—or rather that part of a skeleton which does sit."

He said: "It was quite correct; it showed you the true position of the——"

I said: "We will not go into details; the picture always seemed to me indelicate."

He said: "Medically speaking, it was right."

"Possibly," I said, "for a man who rode in nothing but his bones. I only know that I tried it myself, and that to a man who wore flesh it was agony. Every time you went over a stone or rut it nipped you; it was like riding on an irritable lobster. You rode that for a month."



George

"I thought it only right to give it a fair trial," he answered.

I said: "You gave your family a fair trial, also, if you will allow me the use of slang. Your wife told me that never in the whole course of your married life had she known you so bad-tempered, so un-Christianlike as you were that month. Then you remember that other saddle, the one with a spring under it."

He said: "You mean the 'Spiral'?"

I said: "I mean the one that jerked you up and down like a Jack-in-the-box; sometimes you came down again in the right place, and sometimes you didn't. I am not referring to these past matters merely to recall painful memories, but I want to impress upon you the folly of trying experiments at your time of life."

He said: "I wish you wouldn't harp so much on my age. A man at thirty-four——"

"A man at what?"

He said: "If you don't want the thing, don't have it. If your machine runs away with you down a mountain, and you and George get flung through a church roof, don't blame me."

"I cannot promise for George," I said; "a little thing will sometimes annoy him, as you know. If such an accident as you suggest happen, he may be cross, but I will undertake to explain to him that it was not your fault."

"Is the thing all right?" he asked.

"The tandem," I replied, "is well."

He said: "Have you overhauled it?"

I said: "I have not, nor is anybody else going to overhaul it. The thing is now in working order, and it is going to remain in working order till we start."

I have had experience of this "overhauling." There was a man at Folkestone; I used to meet him on the Lees. He proposed one evening we should go for a long bicycle ride together on the following day, and I agreed. I got up early, for me; I made an effort, and was pleased with myself. He came half an hour late; I was waiting for him in the garden. It was a lovely day. He said:

"That's a good-looking machine. How does it run?"

"Oh, like most of them," I answered; "easily enough in the morning; goes a little stiffly after lunch."

He caught hold of it by the front wheel and the fork and shook it violently.

I said: "Don't do that; you'll hurt it."

I did not see why he should shake it; it had not done anything to him. Besides, if it wanted shaking, I was the

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Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to previous installments.

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proper person to shake it. I felt much as I should if he had started whacking my dog.

He said: "This front wheel wobbles."

I said: "It doesn't if you don't wobble it." It didn't wobble, as a matter of fact—nothing worth calling a wobble.

He said: "This is dangerous; have you got a screw-hammer?"

I ought to have been firm, but I thought that perhaps he really did know something about the business. I went to the tool-shed to see what I could find. When I came back he was sitting on the ground with the front wheel between his legs. He was playing with it, twiddling it around between his fingers; the remnant of the machine was lying on the gravel path beside him.

He said: "Something has happened to this front wheel of yours."

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" I answered. But he was the sort of man that never understands satire.

He said: "It looks to me as if the bearings were all wrong."

I said: "Don't you trouble about it any more; you will make yourself tired. Let us put it back and get off."

He said: "We may as well see what is the matter with it, now it is out." He talked as though it had dropped out by accident.

Before I could stop him he had unscrewed something somewhere, and out rolled all over the path a lot of little balls.

"Catch 'em!" he shouted. "Catch 'em! We mustn't lose any of them!" He was quite excited about them.

We groveled around for half an hour and found sixteen. He said he hoped we had got them all, because if not it would make a serious difference in the machine. He said there was nothing you should be more careful about in taking a bicycle to pieces than seeing you did not lose any of the balls. He explained that you ought to count them as you took them out, and see that exactly the same number went back in each place. I promised, if ever I took a bicycle to pieces, I would remember his advice.

I put the balls for safety in my hat, and I put my hat upon the doorstep. It was not the sensible thing to do, I admit. As a matter of fact, it was a silly thing to do. I am not, as a rule, addle-headed; his influence must have affected me.

He then said that while he was about it he would see to the chain for me, and at once began taking off the gearcase. I did try to dissuade him from that. I told him what an experienced friend of mine once said to me, solemnly:

"If anything goes wrong with your gearcase, sell the machine and buy a new one. It comes cheaper."

He said: "People talk like that who understand nothing about machines. Nothing is easier than taking off a gear-case."

I had to confess he was right. In less than five minutes he had the gearcase in two pieces lying on the path, and was groveling for screws. He said it was always a mystery to him the way screws disappeared. We were still looking for the screws when Ethelbertha came out. She seemed surprised to find us there; she said she thought we had started hours ago.

He said: "We sha'n't be long now. I'm just helping your husband to overhaul this machine of his. It's a good machine, but they all want going over occasionally."

Ethelbertha said: "If you want to wash yourselves when you have done you might go into the back kitchen, if you don't mind; the girls have just finished the bedrooms."

She told me that if she met Kate they would probably go for a sail, but that in any case she would be back to lunch. I would have given a sovereign to be going with her. I was getting heartily sick of standing about watching this fool breaking up my bicycle.

Common sense continued to whisper to me, "Stop him before he does any more mischief; you have a right to protect your own property from the ravages of a lunatic; take him by the scruff of the neck and kick him out of the gate."

But I am weak when it comes to hurting other people's feelings, and I let him muddle on.

He gave up looking for the rest of the screws. He said screws had a knack of turning up when you least expected them, and that now he would see to the chain. He tightened it till it would not move; next he loosened it until it was twice as loose as it was before. Then he said we had better think about getting the front wheel back into its place again.

I held the fork open, and he worried with the wheel. At the end of ten minutes I suggested he should hold the forks and that I should handle the wheel, and we changed places. At the end of his first minute he dropped the machine and took a short walk around the croquet lawn with his hands pressed together between his thighs. He explained as he walked that the thing to be careful about was to avoid getting your fingers pinched between the forks and the spokes of the wheel. I replied I was convinced, from my own experience, that there was much truth in what he said. He wrapped himself up in a couple of dusters and we commenced again. At length we did get the thing into position and the moment it was in position he burst out laughing.

I said: "What's the joke?"

He said: "Well, I am an ass!"

It was the first thing he had said that made me respect him. I asked him what had led him to the discovery.

He said: "We've forgotten the balls!"

I looked for my hat; it was lying topsy-turvy in the middle of the path, and Ethelbertha's favorite hound was swallowing the balls as fast as he could pick them up.

"He will kill himself," said Ebbson—I have never met him since that day, thank the Lord, but I think his name was Ebbson—"they are solid steel."

I said: "I am not troubling about the dog. He has had a bootlace and a packet of needles already this week. Nature's the best guide; puppies seem to require this kind of stimulant. What I am thinking about is my bicycle."

He was of a cheerful disposition. He said: "Well, we must put back all we can find and trust to Providence."



THEN HE LOST HIS TEMPER AND TRIED BULLYING THE THING

We found eleven. We fixed six on one side and five on the other, and half an hour later the wheel was in its place again. It need hardly be added that it really did wobble now; a child might have noticed it. Ebbson said it would do for the present. He appeared to be getting a bit tired himself; if I had let him he would, I believe, at this point, have gone home. I was determined now, however, that he should stop and finish. I had abandoned all thoughts of a ride. My pride in the machine he had killed. My only interest lay now in seeing him scratch and bump and pinch himself. I revived his drooping spirits with a glass of beer and some judicious praise. I said:

"Watching you do this is of real use to me. It is not only your skill and dexterity that fascinates me; it is your cheery confidence in yourself, your inexplicable hopefulness, that does me good."

Thus encouraged, he set to work to refix the gearcase. He stood the bicycle up against the house and worked from the off side. Then he stood it against a tree and worked from the near side. Then I held it for him while he lay on the ground with his head between the wheels and worked at it from below, and dropped oil upon himself. Then he took it away from me and doubled himself across it, like a pack-saddle, till he lost his balance and slid over on to his head. Three times he said: "Thank Heaven, that's right at last!" And twice he said: "No, I'm blanked if it is, after all!" What he said the third time I try to forget.

Then he lost his temper and tried bullying the thing. The bicycle, I was glad to see, showed spirit; and the subsequent proceedings degenerated into little else than a rough-and-tumble fight between him and the machine. One moment the bicycle would be on the gravel path and he on top of it; the next the position would be reversed—he on the gravel path, the bicycle on him.

Now he would be standing flushed with victory, with the bicycle firmly fixed between his legs. But his triumph would be short-lived. By a sudden, quick movement it would free itself, and turning upon him, hit him sharply over the head with one of its handles.

At quarter to one, dirty and disheveled, cut and bleeding, he said:

"I think that will do," and rose and wiped his brow.

The bicycle looked as if it also had had enough of it. Which had received most punishment it would be difficult to say. I took him into the back kitchen—where, so far as was possible without soda and proper tools, he cleaned himself—and sent him home. The bicycle I put into a cab and took around to the nearest repairing shop. The foreman of the works came up and looked at it.

"What do you want me to do with that?" said he.

"I want you," I said, "so far as is possible, to restore it."

"It's a bit far gone," said he. "But I'll do my best."

He did his best, which came to two pounds ten. But it was never the same machine again, and at the end of the season I left it in an agent's hands to sell. I wished to deceive nobody; I instructed the man to advertise it as a last year's machine. The agent advised me not to mention any date. He said:

"In this business it isn't a question of what is true and what isn't; it's a question of what you can get people to believe. Now, between you and me, it doesn't look like a last year's machine; so far as looks are concerned, it might be a ten-year-old. We'll say nothing about date; we'll just get what we can."

I left the matter to him, and he got me five pounds, which, he said, was more than he had expected.

There are two ways you can get exercise out of a bicycle; you can "overhaul" it, or you can ride it. On the whole, I am not sure that the man who takes his pleasure overhauling does not have the best of the bargain. He is independent of the weather and the wind; the state of the roads troubles him not. Give him a screw-hammer, a bundle of rags, an oil can, and something to sit down upon, and he is happy for the day. He has to put up with certain disadvantages, of course; there is no joy without alloy. He himself always looks like a tinker, and his machine always suggests the idea that, having stolen it, he has tried to disguise it; but as he rarely gets beyond the first milestone with it, this, perhaps, does not much matter. The mistake some people make is in thinking they can get both forms of sport out of the same machine. This is impossible; no machine will stand the double strain. You must make up your mind whether you are going to be an "overhauler" or a rider. Personally, I prefer to ride; therefore I take care to have near me nothing that can tempt me to overhaul. When anything happens to my machine I wheel it to the nearest repairing shop. If I am too far from a town or village to walk, I sit by the roadside and wait till a cart comes along. My chief danger, I always find, is from the wandering overhauler. The sight of a broken-down machine is to the overhauler as a wayside corpse to a crow: he swoops down upon it with a friendly yell of triumph. At first I used to try politeness. I would say:

"It is nothing; don't you trouble. You ride on and enjoy yourself. I beg it of you as a favor; please go away."

Experience has taught me, however, that courtesy is of no use in such an extremity. Now I say:

"You go away and leave the thing alone or I will knock your silly head off."

And if you look determined and have a good stout cudgel in your hand, you can generally drive him off.

George came in later in the day. He said:

"Well, do you think everything will be ready?"

I said: "Everything will be ready by Wednesday, except, perhaps, you and Harris."

He said: "Does the tandem want overhauling?"

I replied: "Age and experience have taught me that there are few matters concerning which a man does well to be positive, consequently there remain to me now but a limited number of questions upon which I feel any certainty. Among such still unshaken beliefs, however, is that that the tandem does not want overhauling. I also feel a conviction that, provided my life is spared, no human being

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between now and Wednesday morning is going to overhaul it."

George said: "I should not show temper over the matter if I were you. There will come a day, perhaps not far distant, when that bicycle, with a couple of mountains between it and the nearest repairing shop, will, in spite of your chronic desire for rest, *have* to be overhauled. Then you will clamor for people to tell you where you put the oil can, and what you have done with the screw-hammer. Then, while you exert yourself holding the thing steady against a tree, you will suggest that somebody else should clean the chain and pump the back wheel."

I felt there was justice in George's rebuke—also a certain amount of prophetic wisdom. I said:

"Forgive me if I seemed unresponsive. The truth is, Harris was round here——"

George said: "Say no more; I understand. Besides, what I came to talk to you about was another matter. Look at that."

He handed me a small book bound in red cloth. It was a guide to English conversation for the use of German travelers. It commenced "On the Steamboat," and terminated "At the Doctor's," its longest chapter being devoted to conversation in a railway carriage among, apparently, a compartment load of quarrelsome and ill-mannered lunatics: "Can you not get farther away from me, sir?" "It is impossible, madam; my neighbor here is very stout." "Shall we not endeavor to arrange our legs?" "Please have the goodness to keep your elbows down." "Pray do not inconvenience yourself, madam; if my shoulder is of any accommodation to you"; whether intended to be said sarcastically or not there was nothing to indicate. "I really must request you to move a little, madam; I can hardly breathe," the author's idea being, presumably, that by this time the whole party were mixed up together on the floor. The chapter concluded with the phrase: "Here we are at our destination, God be thanked!" (Gott sei dank!) a pious exclamation which must have taken the form of a chorus.

"It is not a brilliant publication," I remarked, handing the book back to George; "it is not a book that personally I could recommend to any German about to visit England; I think it would get him disliked. But I have read books published in London for the use of English travelers abroad every whit as foolish. Some educated idiot, misunderstanding seven languages, would appear to go about writing these books for the false guidance of modern Europe."

"You cannot deny," said George, "that these books are in large request. In every town in Europe there must be people going about talking this sort of thing."

"Maybe," I replied; "but fortunately nobody understands them. I have noticed men standing on railway platforms and at street corners, reading aloud from such books. Nobody knows what language they are speaking; nobody has the slightest knowledge of what they are saying. This is perhaps as well; were they understood they would probably be assaulted."

George said: "Maybe you are right; my idea is to see what would happen if they were understood. My proposal is to get to London early on Wednesday morning and spend an hour or two going about and shopping with the aid of this book. I want to try this sort of talk; I want to see how the foreigner feels when he is talked to in this way."

It struck me as a sporting idea. I offered to accompany him, and wait outside the shop. I said I thought that Harris would like to be in it, too—or rather to be outside.

George said that was not quite his scheme. His proposal was that Harris and I should accompany him into the shop. With Harris, who looks formidable, to support him, and myself at the door to call for the police, he said he was willing to adventure the thing.

We walked around to Harris' and put the thing before him. He examined the book, especially the chapters dealing with the purchase of shoes and hats. He said:

"If George talks to any tradesman the things put down here, it is not support—it is carrying to the hospital that he will need."

"You talk," said George, "as though I were a boy without any sense. I shall select from the more polite and less irritating speeches. The grosser insults I shall avoid."

This being clearly understood, Harris gave in his adhesion, and our start was fixed for early Wednesday morning.

MORGAN ROBERTSON

Master Mariner and Writer of Tales

By Benjamin Northrop

THE same indomitable pluck that made Morgan Robertson the mate of a sailing vessel when he was twenty-one years old, and an expert diamond-setter three years after he had quit the sea, has put him in the foremost rank of short-story writers in this country, and all within the last three years.

The story was told to me by Mr. Robertson over his coffee, looking out of the club window down Fifth Avenue and up the cross street—the same cross street that he had often walked carrying manuscript written for food, for only a year or so ago writing was a venture fully as rash, equally as hard and certainly as hazardous as any he ever had chanced in his seafaring days.

This is the story.

"I was thirty-five years old when I began the trade of writing," said Mr. Robertson. "Before that I had been a sailor, jeweler, watchmaker, clock-mender, polisher and diamond-setter. I began to write for a living in 1896. Let me begin at the beginning. I left my home in Oswego, New York, when I was sixteen years old, and went to sea. I was the boy on a square-rigged ship that sailed around the world. It was on this voyage that I learned my first lesson in brutality—that I saw for the first time the abuses that the common sailor suffers, the wrongs I am now making it my business to expose in my sea stories. The ship was in the Trades, and the watches both night and day were monotonously quiet. During the night watch the men usually slept, and the boy kept awake to answer any call from the man at the wheel or the mate. One night I, the boy, fell asleep, and the mate, a great hulking German, got no answer to his summons. He waked me by a kick which landed me on the lee scuppers, and for a few minutes I was more dead than alive. As an additional punishment he bade me walk the main hatch for four hours. I should not say walk; it was a jog trot. Now on shipboard a sailorman does not have much opportunity to exercise his legs, therefore this task became exquisite torture long before the time elapsed. I crawled into my bunk almost fainting, and it was days before I recovered. Once I had a felon which swelled one of the fingers of my left hand to three times its normal size. One day, without any excuse, and merely to gratify his brutal instincts, the mate ordered me to climb a mast.

"'Get up, you young imp. Let me see you climb.'

"And I got up by using my knees, my right hand and my teeth. I got up and I got down again, but to this day I do not know how. I soon found that the only way to avoid individual abuse was to jump whenever an order was given—to do what I was called upon to do as quickly and intelligently as possible and never complain. Of course, when the crew were dressed down collectively I came in for my share. My last few seasons were on the lakes, where pay was better and treatment more civil. When I was twenty-one I was a mate and a pilot. Between the lakes in summer and the salt water in winter I spent my time until 1886. Then I changed my trade. I had learned that I could do almost anything that was to be done in the line of sailoring work. I could sew, mend, splice and caulk, but to stand on deck and make a lot of sailors carry out my orders was harder work than to do the task myself, therefore when I was advised to learn a mechanical trade I was disposed to do so.

"My adviser was a phrenologist in Chicago. He felt my bumps and told me that I had constructive and mechanical ingenuity, and said I could do anything from making a watch to building a bridge. I took up watchmaking because I could not get a chance to build bridges. I went back to Oswego and began the watchmaker's trade under a jeweler whom I had known all my life. The phrenologist was right. I took to my new trade readily, and before the year was out I was earning moderate wages. When summer came I went back to the lakes to make more money. In the fall I found that I had made little money, and, in addition, had lost my job. I belonged to a good family, and the young people of the town took me up. I was invited to dances, parties and sociables; my evenings were spent in society—but I earned my living during the day going from house to house knocking at the back door, asking if they had any clocks to mend. At first it floored me to have the door opened by one of the girls I had danced with the night before; but I soon got over that.

"The next spring I came to New York and wandered through the streets of Jersey City and Hoboken, mending clocks and repairing jewelry wherever I had the chance. At last I got a place at steady wages in a Maiden Lane optical company. I stayed there nine months and then went back to the sea. This time it was on a steam yacht, and I spent the summer of 1888 sailing into the pleasant harbors of Great South Bay, living on the best in the land, and taking orders from no one but the owner. The next winter found me at work again in New York, this time as a jewelry polisher. I was making ten dollars a week. It was a big factory that I worked in, and there were all sorts of workmen in the place. One day a girl polisher who sat next to me said:

"'Do you know how much Max made last week?'

"'No,' I said; 'how much?'

"'He made seventy dollars.'

"'How?'

"'Setting diamonds.'

"Now I reasoned it out to my satisfaction that, although Max was a clever workman and a good fellow, there could not be a difference, or, rather, there ought not to be a difference, of sixty dollars between his worth and mine, so I determined to become a diamond-setter. I practiced at night in my room setting imitation stones in copper cents. After I got the hang of the tools I answered an advertisement from a manufacturer who wanted a pearl setter. I had never set a pearl. However, I never went back to polishing jewelry.

"This was in the fall of 1889. Stone-setting is paid for by the stone. It is good work while it lasts, but the trade is only profitable in the fall. I used to make forty and fifty dollars a week while the work lasted. When summer came I generally tried to find other employment.

"Then came hard times in earnest. I never had been much of a reader. I had read two books by Dickens, one by Thackeray, one by Stevenson, and almost everything that Kipling had written, but somehow I thought that I could write, so I tried my hand on a poem and found that I could rhyme. Then I translated my poem into prose. The subject, however, was not exactly popular, and I was obliged to sell it to an obscure publication; but it gave me my start, and I made up my mind that rather than go back to the factory or the sea I would take up the trade of writing. My first story of any account was The Survival of the Fittest. I came to write it this way: I had been making my headquarters in the office of James C. Summers, who ran a yachting paper up on Fifth Avenue. He was an old friend of mine, and I used his office as if it were my own. One day Summers said to me:

"'Here's a book you ought to read. It's Kipling's The Devil and the Deep Sea.'

"I read it on my way home. I was living then on Washington Heights, and between the elevated road station and my house I mapped out my story. Kipling had written a story about rough sailormen confronted with difficulties, and there wasn't a woman in it. I knew all about that kind of life—the plot of The Survival had been in my mind for months—and in this walk it assumed tangible form. When I got to the house I sat down at the kitchen table. My wife was washing dishes at the other end of it. The only space I took was that required for my paper, and I never heard the rattle of the dishes or the clatter of the pans. I wrote and wrote until I had written eight thousand words. The next day I finished it. It takes me longer to write a story now, and I require more quiet, and a better desk, and lots of things that didn't seem to me essential that night.



MORGAN ROBERTSON

"That was my beginning. After that, and during the first year, I wrote at least twenty-five stories, some of which were published in magazines, but most of them sold to newspaper syndicates. It was hard work and unremunerative, but it was good practice. At last, in the spring of 1898, my first book, Spun Yarns, was brought out. During the next eighteen months only three of my stories were accepted. During the last five months of this time I wrote five more stories. I wrote because I couldn't see well enough to go back to the jeweler's bench and I didn't want to return to the sea. Last spring one of my stories was taken, and within the next two months all were sold and I had received in cash one thousand dollars. Then I collapsed.

"As to my method of work? I have none. I keep a notebook which I fill with phrases as I hear them or as they occur to me. I also jot down in this book studies of character and titles of stories. Take the story of The Nuisance. That title was written years ago. The central character, John Braisted, is, in a measure, a personal sketch of myself. I have been called a nuisance. I did not know how to wear my clothes when I was a sailor. I carried a pipe, and I was known afar off by the odor of tobacco. It took me three weeks to write the introduction to that story, and more than a month to finish it, but it took twenty years to collect the material for it. Take The Battle of the Monsters. It is the story of a fight between warring bacilli struggling in the veins of a hospital patient for his life. That idea was suggested to me by a newspaper clipping, and I got my facts from reading one of the late scientific works upon bacilli and all that the Encyclopedia Britannica contained upon the subject."

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The CLERK who Reads

By William H. Maher

UNDER the more favorable conditions that prevail to-day boys are not compelled to commence a life of work at so early an age as were the boys of a generation ago, and so have more years of school behind them.

Whether our present-day system of education is an improvement upon that taught forty years ago in the little red schoolhouse is a debatable question. In my own business experience I find that the graduate of to-day has a little knowledge of a great many things, but is not strongly grounded in the common rules that are absolutely necessary to be well learned and thoroughly understood if he would succeed in a business career.

For instance: A boy of eighteen, during the last year of his course in the high school, applied for a position in a bank where he heard a vacancy existed. To test his knowledge of arithmetic he was given an ordinary example in reduction under cubic measure, but was utterly unable to do it. He was then tested in duodecimals, but he had to give that up. And failing in a third trial, he confessed that it was so long since he had studied arithmetic he had forgotten all the rules.

IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD FOUNDATION

The boy of forty years ago was not permitted to forget his rules. Such education as he got was not an end, but a means, and the work in mental and higher arithmetic was so drilled into him and made of such great importance, that when he began the battle of life, even at a tender age, he was provided with a foundation upon which he could build with confidence.

Yet the boy of to-day and we boys of a generation ago are alike in this: in having ample opportunities for self-education. He who considers that his days for education are ended when he passes out of school has already doomed himself to failure; what little he has learned will soon fly from him.

The great mass of boys count their release from school, at any age, as the end of their slavery, and thenceforward open a book only for relaxation and amusement. One boy in a thousand, leaving school to begin work, says to himself: "I will have to compete by and by with men who have had a college education; I must do all I can to fit myself for the battle." So he goes on with his study, aiming for a definite and distinct purpose, and as the years roll on he finds that the college of books has made him an educated man, abundantly able to meet all competition in his own chosen line.

HE WHO READS, RULES

I know a man who quite early in life adopted for his motto this legend: He who reads, rules. He probably found it in the back part of his dictionary, but it seemed to him as if the practical wisdom of all the ages was speaking to him through these words, and he made them his guiding star. He was taken out of the village school when but twelve years old, put to work in a shop, and such education as he had was confined to the Three R's, and was quite limited even in them.

Beginning to read without guide or plan, he continued in that rut for some years, but gradually he began to choose between the wheat and chaff of literature, until his reading was along lines that naurally led to an interest in what was helpful and solid, and formed a superstructure upon which to build better things.

At twenty-one he had worked his way out of the factory and was a successful salesman in a large wholesale store with a salary far exceeding his earlier dreams. No small part of his success was due to the fact that he was, in the broad sense, an educated man with a fund of knowledge that was practical because it had been well digested. The city library had been his college and the greatest minds of all the ages had been his teachers.

The same day that he went into the factory a schoolmate of the same age went to work in another shop. The two had been in the same classes, were of equal ability, and of about the same standing. The shop boy's family was in better standing than that of the factory lad, and in a position to bring influence to push him upward, so that his future was much brighter than that of the other boy.

But his idea was that when one had worked all day he should devote his evenings to recreation, and reading or study did not come under this head. A day came when a higher position was open to him if he was competent to fill it, but after a trial he had to confess that he was not equal to the demands; he settled down into a common workman and is working at a tinner's bench to-day.

Little things lead to advancement. They seem so trivial that they make no impression at the time, but when one looks back in after years he sees that his steps were turned by some trifling thing, just as a little pebble at the right spot decides the course of a river. A prosperous merchant told me of an incident, seemingly insignificant, that made him what he is.

ADVANCEMENT IN ARITHMETIC

The house he worked for received a direct importation of a large invoice of goods from England. The invoice was made out in pounds, shillings and pence. It contained more than twenty classes of goods, each being subject to a different rate of duty; freight on some was charged by space, and on others by weight. A New York house had paid the duty and freight charges, and had drawn for the amount in a lump sum, and the question was, what was the actual cost in dollars and cents of each item laid down in the store in a Western city.

I am aware that I have used considerable space in giving a proposition which will strike most readers as being very simple, but it so happened that neither of the two principals, nor any one then in the store, could figure out the costs and then prove he was right. 'My friend was making a trip for the house and the matter was left until his return. He was shown the invoice and draft and asked if he could make a bill, in American money, showing the cost of each item. He had kept up his arithmetic and was able to do what was wanted of him. He said that was the turning-point with him in that store, and from that day his advancement was rapid.

Probably most of the business men of to-day can point to some important change in their lives caused by some matter apparently as trifling as this.

I recall a remark that a business man made to me not long ago to the effect that a copy of the Altantic Monthly was the cause of his success. He said that one day, while having a copy of this magazine under his arm, he met the wife of his employer. She seemed a little surprised to see him with such literature and asked if it was a new number. Other questions brought out the fact that he read the magazine. She mentioned the matter to her husband, who took new interest in the clerk, invited him to make use of his library, and later selected him for advancement from among others who were sure they had better claims on the house. From this he went on, and in a few years had gained an interest in the business.

One of the best salesmen I ever met always carried a book with him, and utilized in study (for his books were solid—Darwin, Huxley, Spencer) the hours he had to wait after his day's work was done or when a train was late. He was a pleasant man to meet by reason of his intelligence, and was far more successful in making friends for himself and his house than were scores of salesmen who spent money upon their customers in order to be popular. I was quite prepared to receive last New Year's an announcement from his house that he had been taken into the firm.

A dry-goods dealer who does a business of a million dollars a year and watches every detail himself said to me as he pointed to a bright young man of twenty: "There is my future manager; he is the only one of all that crowd who cares to read our trade paper or who wants to know where things come from and how they're made. He spends half his evenings in the city library, and can tell you about the manufacture of every item in his department."

STUDYING STRIKES IN NOVELS

An English manufacturer was making a tour of this country, visiting houses that had been doing business with him for years, and at one place found the principal temporarily absent. A salesman undertook to entertain him during the few minutes he had to wait, and asked him about the way goods were sold in England and the conditions between employers and workmen there. His questions were so pertinent that the Englishman quite warmed up in conversation, and when the principal came in wanted to continue the subject, but the salesman withdrew as soon as he could do so.

A little later the principal came to him saying: "Our English friend is going to stay here over night and wants me to come around and spend the evening with him; he asked me especially to bring you, too." The salesman thought this was mere politeness, or that the visitor had misunderstood that he was simply a clerk, but the principal insisted that he should go with him. They had a pleasant evening, the salesman contributing his share in the conversation, and as he and his employer walked home together the latter asked, with decided interest in his voice: "Where did you pick up so much about English business and workmen?"

"I read about it some time ago, and have often thought about it since."

"Where did you read it? I don't remember ever seeing anything of that kind."

"In Trollope's Orley Farm there is a good deal about traveling salesmen, and in Mrs. Burnett's That Lass o' Lowrie's there's all about a strike with workmen."

"Oh!" The employer dropped the subject, but when he parted from his clerk he had more respect for him than ever before. Their personal relations were a little closer after that, and had much to do with the salesman's advancement.

HIS TRADE PAPER

I was in a hardware store the other day, and noticed several up-to-date innovations that were somewhat out of keeping with my previous knowledge of the proprietor. "How did you happen to think of that?" I asked, pointing to an attractive showcard.

"Oh," said he, laughing, "I didn't think of it at all; that's one of George's hobbies."

"That is an excellent hobby," I said; "where did George get the idea?"

"Oh, he got it out of his trade paper. Nothing would do but I must get that paper, and now it's George's Bible; he looks up all the new ideas and I let him go ahead."

"Well, they are good ideas; you find they help trade, don't you?"

"Yes, that's so; they're all right; George is a good boy."

I thought as I walked away that George would be a partner there before many years. A clerk who studies his trade paper and avails himself of every hint to gain business will not be a clerk forever.

A traveling salesman was telling me of his experience with a clerk who reads. He said: "I had just taken Mr. B.'s order for a nice line of my goods, and good quantities of each size, when his clerk came in. Mr. B. said: 'Tom, I am getting a line of ——; see if this is your idea of quantities.' I opened my book and showed Tom the order as I had written it down. He suggested one change which his employer at once ordered to have made, and then Tom asked what the discount was. I said sixty per cent. He left us without a word and went to the desk, turned over some papers for a minute or two, and then brought a trade journal to Mr. B. They looked it over together and Mr. B. said to me: 'See here, these goods are quoted at sixty-and-five per cent. discount; if you can't give me the bottom price I don't want them.' I had to come down as gracefully as I could, for I wanted the order. That's what we get from these trade journals that quote bottom prices to Tom, Dick and Harry!"

I fancied that I could also hear Mr. B. saying to his clerk: "That's right, Tom; post yourself up as to prices, and keep a sharp lookout for the extra five per cent."

WINNOWING THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF

But there are clerks who read too much because they read that which does them harm. The blood-and-thunder novel far outsells the brainy, healthful story. And young clerks seem to be strangely attracted to the poorer work. One will find well-thumbed books of the dime-novel standard in the desk of the shipping clerk, on the private box of the packer, and even in the office man's drawer. The stories are unreal in every respect, and they do harm in giving false pictures of life, and in destroying the reader's taste for better and helpful books. They are not bad in the sense that they lead to crime or uphold dishonesty, but they are bad in making their readers dissatisfied with honest, plodding work, and with the slow progress that is a part of their lives.

The clerk who desires to read intelligently can make no mistake in commencing with books that concern the branch of trade in which he is most interested. If a public library is not at his command he will find such books advertised in his trade paper, and he can better afford to go without some extra bit of clothing than to miss buying the best of these books.

After reading closely and thinking seriously and often upon what he has read, digesting it, as it were, and asking all manner of questions about what he has thought of, he should then take up the lines of trade that come into contact with his own line. By and by he will be ready to study about business as a whole, and this will coax him into the field of business biography.

When he has reached that step he has made distinct progress. Studying the lives of men who were strong forces in trade, either in recent times or days not too far removed, he will become more or less imbued with their spirit and principles, and while he is being entertained by the story of their steps to fortune he is also building up his own character.

As a young man stands at the bookstall and takes in his hand a volume upon business by a successful business man, let him say to himself: "If this man were to say to me that if I would call upon him for fifteen or twenty evenings, at my own convenience, he would tell me all the steps that led to his success in life, how gladly I would accept the invitation and how fortunate I would consider myself to be! But in this volume he does that very thing—gives me the ripe result of his experience and observation; permits me to study it at my leisure and to refer to it in the future as often as and whenever I wish." In this light he would quickly start his own little library of text-books upon business, and greet with pleasure every new book, providing only that it was the outgrowth of experience.

I am wholly convinced that such a reader and student would find the investment an excellent one in its effect upon his business career, but it would pay far better in the growth of his character, the broadening of his tastes, and the pleasure of associating with the world's best thinkers. In this aspect alone it would give return a million fold.

But my object in writing this is to show that it will pay in dollars and cents; a clerk is measured by his intelligence, and now, as in every year since the world began, Knowledge is Power.

Typical Dutch Industry

DUTCHMEN and South African Boers have proved good "copy" for those writers who have traveled in the Netherlands and the Land of Cecil Rhodes. South African books are becoming almost a drug on the market, and the same might also be said of books upon Holland. This is not true of a volume by David S. Meldrum, author of Holland and the Hollanders, in which he treats of the ancestral home of the Boers.

He is a literary adviser to a London publishing house by profession, but a traveler by choice. When he lived in Holland he had many odd experiences, and in one of them he learned to value the plodding industry which is, in part, exhibited by those natives who keep watch on the dikes and canals of the Low Country. He tells this little incident of the Haerlemmer-Meer and says it has official foundation:

"An area of many acres, with growing things on it, was detached by a river from its place in a lake and driven by winds and storm to the other side. After the tempest had abated, the land settled down as if it had been born there, and started in to grow its plants as had been its custom. The proprietor, however, found himself in a false position. His land had floated on to water which belonged to his neighbor and for which he would possibly have to pay rent, and it was too hard work to go so far to cultivate it. After much argument he succeeded in getting the Government to have the acres towed back to him, and the queerest part of it all was that the soil yielded a larger harvest than any other of his fields."

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Within the LINES

By Clinton Ross

THE Captain woke that morning at first with a lazy contentment. And then he remembered that if he had distinguished himself—if in the cavalry charge he had been first—that two of his comrades would sit no more at his mess. But first, you must notice, a certain pleasurable vanity held him; he saw in his grasp a little bauble of present reputation and promotion.

There followed the reaction of regret. A man who has been in a dozen fights learns to regard, while in action, death as a matter of course, either for himself or his friends. The exhilaration seizes; the blood tingles; and the truth making the Red Badge of Courage accepted is that an ordinary man, after craven fear, suddenly forgets himself. Even gentlemen born to the habit of self-respect and self-control have known that verity, from the great Frederick to lesser men.

For Captain Leslie that exultation had not passed. But now, the next morning, as he lay still, regret led on to a sadder mood, to voices far away—beyond hearing; to faces forgotten in the brisk, imperative movement of life. As he lay there Leslie was back in an old sentimental moment, talking with a girl who had jilted him—a case of "calf love"; he could see her eyes, hear her voice. Five years of other faces—of the stir of events.

Even in more serious affairs we musn't linger a-pining; 'tis life for us. And I would add to Stevenson's lucid phrase, "that impure passion of remorse," that impure passion of regret. Then the John Leslie of the Seventieth, the yesterday, returned; he never should mess with Bill Darlington and Jim Forbes. And suddenly he was wide awake, on his feet—was dashing cold water over his face, dressing, and calling for breakfast. Another day had its claim on him.

"The General, sir, wishes you at once."

The General? A thought of the yesterday brought him the reason in a rush of a pleasurable glow.

"Be seated, Captain," said the General as he entered.

"You've been commended for coolness and firmness, and yesterday—the report runs —' great bravery on Captain Leslie's part.' "

"I couldn't very well help it," said Leslie; "I was keyed up to it, you know."

"A modest answer encourages praise," quoth the General with a smile. "But it will be in my own report. That's not why I have sent for you. I have—hum—a duty."

"Yes, sir," said Leslie, suddenly sobering.

"Success but leads to more effort—your capability is recognized; reliance is put on you."

The General sat reflecting, tapping the little map-laden table with his knuckles.

"We have pushed well into their lines," he said, after a moment. "They didn't expect us so far down. Ten miles from here the families are still in their houses. They'll be running fast enough, to be sure. Well, study this map. Follow that road, Captain, d'ye see, along the river—ten miles, isn't it? Yes, ten. Now, at the forks turn due west. You pass a village there, eh—what's its name? No matter, a blacksmith's at the next turn. Then—let me see—seventeen miles; 'tis the road to the left—there, twenty-one miles; and there you turn from the turnpike into private grounds—twenty-two miles to the house. Now there's another way," the General went on, explaining details. "One with twenty troopers might sweep into that quiet country; he suddenly might find himself in a mess; he might fall in with a detachment; he might come back—he and his twenty men—I think that's a sufficient number. To make the story short, I want to find the man who will go there and search that house, and bring away somebody whom a spy has reported to be there. It isn't an order, you understand, but a suggestion. I don't ask a man to risk his life, or his chance of further service, but—it would please me to catch that fox, who doesn't fancy we would dare venture there—if unexpectedly we have reached so far down into the heart of his country."

The Captain smiled.

"I don't overlook the suggestion," he said.

"Study the map. Choose your twenty men. Colonel Moore will help you. I am obliged, Captain."

"And we may or may not find him?" Leslie said.

"Well, if he's flown, you will have dared, that's all. He's there to get his family away."

"Well?" said the Captain.

The General hesitated, and then:

"The man who of all others has most interfered with this march—Dorston, man; Dorston."

Leslie paled, and a lump was in his throat.

"Dorston," he said faintly; "not that man!"

To the General, keen observer as he was, the exclamation was but one of surprise at the daring cleverness of his idea; Dorston who had harassed and bothered them; Dorston to be seized in his fancied security. The movement of the General's division had been so rapid that even yet the enemy failed to understand its significance: that the advance was in the very heart of their country.

But Leslie, standing there, understood that he had committed himself to arrest the brother of the girl he had been thinking of that morning. He had known Philip Dorston in those other days; as he stood there before the General he had a picture of the old friend whom he hardly associated with that daring cavalry leader who had harassed every rod of the advance. And it was easy to refuse, to say that he had changed his mind. But what would the General say to him then? He would fancy that John Leslie was a coward. But why not confess to the General at once that he knew those Dorstons? But that equally would be a confession of weakness. This was a struggle in which friend was put against friend. How many would avoid duty by the same excuse!

"Now, I suppose, sir?" he said at last.

"Yes, now, Captain."

"Very well," said Leslie; "now it shall be."

"Good luck to you, Captain."

A half-hour later Leslie and his twenty troopers swung out of camp. And as they covered the miles he said to himself, "What a beastly thing is this war!" and again, "What a beastly thing!" And yet he had been a man to whom his profession was all. He began to analyze his feelings. It was not, he was sure, any of the old sentiment about Nell Dorston. Why, he had forgotten her long ago. He really had been refused once since; and he had settled down to the philosophy that "the girls you want to marry you can't marry; the girls you can marry you don't want to," and then he thought he had found he didn't want to marry either very much, two months afterward. But oddly this morning he had wakened thinking of Nell Dorston. That was not queer when he was on this mission. The old sentiment, if it existed, hadn't kept him from regarding Philip Dorston as simply the bold cavalry leader—nothing more nor less. Well, it was rather bad to be sent to the very house of these old acquaintances on such an errand. Eh, in civil war how many fellows would refuse duties if such considerations should be paramount!

The march was dangerous for the little troop, but the luck of the daring helped them. They followed the road along the river in a deserted countryside. After they had turned due west at the forks, the people yet were only moving in their sudden scare. As they rattled through the village, blanched faces—women's and children's—stared after them. What were they after?—the foe! Was it not enough that men from that countryside were dead on many fields; should war reach by this sudden march even to their hearths? At the blacksmith's an old bent man came out and cursed them, and his senile oaths followed them down the long western slopes and faded into the woods. And then they came out in the open, and in the grounds they sought, with the white glimmer of the house between the green.

"Dismount!"

The order followed to separate and surround the house. Leslie walked up a gravel path. A woman came to the door and shaded her eyes with her hand, a frightened look on her face.

"I beg pardon," said Captain Leslie, following her inside.

"Oh!" she cried.

"I am sorry," said he.

"We heard the guns, but we didn't think that you would push on so far." She recognized him. "Why, it's Jack Leslie!"

"I'm awfully sorry," said he. "How d'ye do, Miss Dorston? We haven't met in five years——"

"No; not in five years. What do these men mean?"

"Hem—well—— Oh, you know—I want to apologize."

"You are on our land," she said.

"I know it; I know it. It's my order," he added.

"Well? Are you going to camp here? You may not stay very long," she added, with a fearless flash.

"What a spirit you have! How pretty you are! I almost wish I weren't on the other side."

"I see you haven't forgotten compliments," she said with a faint smile; but her eyes—and they were very bright—wandered restlessly.

"Oh, bother!" he said. "I almost hate myself. I do hate myself and this duty."

"Why, Captain Leslie? I see you are 'Captain.' "

His voice sank to a whisper.

"I am here, Miss Dorston, to arrest your brother."

For a moment he heard from the fields the hum of the midsummer afternoon.

"I should think," she began coldly, "that you could have let a stranger do this."

"It was my order," he said doggedly.



For a moment they stood there

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She looked at him for a moment. Did he hold it against her that once she had jilted him? And then she put the thought away. She was an observant young woman. His face was too frank, too honest; and with a certain pique she thought she saw that she had been forgotten.

"He isn't here," she said.

"I must search the house," he said.

"You dare?" she cried; "you dare!"

"I must fulfill my order."

"You sha'n't pass this door," she said, "unless you're a brute. I won't stir. I tell you he isn't——"

"You have told me that he is," he said.



"My wrist was broken, and I left three men in the road by the river, but I have the prisoner"

"I haven't! I haven't!" she cried.

He turned back to the outer door and his men when her voice reached him:

"Your men are on every side."

"On every side, Miss Dorston."

"You must do this?" she said. "You must?"

And what's in a mood? What's in a forgotten sentiment? What's in duty? What's in love? If you were there you never would have been weak. You despise Leslie for this very weakness. And yet he had been ever the efficient officer; the strong man!

"You have but to give me your word, Miss Dorston."

He knew she would tell any lie to save Philip Dorston; he knew it was a case of unacceptable evidence; he knew that he courted disgrace, and deserved it.

The girl looked at him out of her tears. He looked down at the carpet.

"I give it," she said at last faintly; "he isn't here."

"I will withdraw my men. I am sorry to have bothered you."

"You have taken my word," she said. "Will that be sufficient for you when you report?"

"It will be sufficient for me," he said brusquely.

"You may need something to eat."

"We will eat later, thank you," he said. "I dare not risk my men any longer."

"You have taken a great risk in coming here. You may be caught——"

"I knew the risk," he said.

"I thank you so much," the girl went on; "so much."

"Why?" he asked. "Why?"

"For taking——"

But at the voice a tall, boyish figure was outlined in a doorway, and a voice said:

"Captain Leslie, my sister was mistaken."

"Phil," she cried, "Phil—how can you, how can you?"

"Do you suppose I could let him suffer, and you perjure yourself?" Dorston said quietly. "I heard it all. It was like breaking a parole—a word of honor. We can't afford to do this—whatever happens. Captain Leslie would be court-martialed for this."

"You must take him," said the girl, turning. She walked down to his side.

Turning to his prisoner, Leslie said:

"I shall be lucky if I get away with you at all. We must start at once."

"You will be lucky," Dorston acknowledged.

Leslie left the two together for a few moments while he went outside and gave the order to mount.

"Now, Colonel Dorston," he called.

Without a word Dorston turned from his sister, went outside, and down the path.

"One word to you, Captain Leslie," she called.

"Yes," Leslie answered, going up the path to her.

"I thank you so much," she said, "so much. What was my word—to his being made prisoner?" she added. "Can you forgive me?"

"Why, of course. I knew," he said.

"You knew, and you accepted it. And why?"

He came nearer, while the troop waited.

"I have been a fool," he said, "all these years. I have been deceiving myself." His voice rose fiercely, as if accusing her. But through tears a faint smile gathered on her lips.

"I love you—now, Jack Leslie."

"You mean that? You can't mean it," he said, taking her hand. "You can't mean it."

"I have said I love you," she said softly.

"Nor shall difference of opinion nor war keep us apart?" he said.

"Nor shall war nor difference of opinion keep us apart," she said in a low voice.

For a moment they stood there. Then he turned down the path.

"Mount," came the order.

To the General at midnight Captain Leslie entered.

"Your arm is tied up!"

"My wrist was broken, and I left three men in the road by the river, but I have the prisoner."

Mr. Hornung and the Maori Wizard

ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG, brother-in-law of Dr. Conan Doyle and the writer of burglar stories, has just enough superstition in his nature to make a mystery seem real to him. He was born in Middlesborough, England, in the late sixties, and was educated at Uppingham School. In 1884 he went to Australia, where he stayed two years and got plots for many of his most lively novels. While in the land of the Southern Cross he called upon an old Maori fortune-teller.

"What do you think I'm going to be?" he asked.

"You're going to be a millionaire miner and rancher," was the reply.

"Then I might as well give up," said Hornung, "for I'd made up my mind to be a story-writer."

But he didn't give up, and he heard so many stirring tales and saw so many exciting things that he took up the pen as a relief and by so doing won his spurs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Midwinter

(DOUBLE NUMBER) Fiction Number

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The Midwinter Fiction Number of the Post will surpass all previous special issues in the excellence and variety of its short stories, the interest of its special articles, and the attractiveness of its make-up. It will have thirty-two pages of reading matter, a beautiful colored cover, after a painting by George Gibbs, and illustrations by the best artists in the country.

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The leading story in the Midwinter Fiction Number—in title *La Lettre d'Amour*—is by Richard Harding Davis. It has been superbly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. The scene is laid in London—in the Savoy Restaurant—and the characters are a beautiful American girl and her two admirers: one, a wealthy young Harvard man—who has followed her across Europe; the other, a musician in the Hungarian Orchestra. This is one of the strongest stories Mr. Davis has yet written.

La Lettre d'Amour

A Bull Market
A tale of the street, with a not untimely moral.
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Glimpses of life and people in the more exclusive circles of Washington society—through the lorgnette of a statesman's wife.

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An intimate personal sketch of General McArthur and his early days in the army.
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A practical talk about the value of acquaintances to business men.
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Midwinter Features of the Post

S. R. CROCKETT

The author of The Raiders has written for the Post a dashing story of love and fighting on the Scottish border in the days of the Pretender. The tale is in four parts, the first of which will appear in the Post of February 3.

The Fitting of the Peats

MAJ. JAS. B. POND

The veteran lecture manager contributes to the Post two charming papers on the personal side of Henry Ward Beecher, who was long his intimate friend and traveling companion.

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

On the Future of His People *

DOCTOR WASHINGTON may be considered, in relation to education, as the prophet of the practical. For instance, the volume before us indulges in no flights of fancy, no gilded speculations about the condition of the American negro generations hence; indeed, the author frankly dismisses the question as one that does not now much concern him. Though he is hopeful of his race, and believes in the ultimate triumph of the forces of progress which in the end make for justice, the future of the negro which he discusses is that of to-morrow, as growing out of the conditions of yesterday and to-day; and as he believes in getting the foundations of an argument, as well as of an education, properly laid, he gives to the present a large part of his attention.

This volume is chiefly devoted to Mr. Washington's theory of the industrial education of the negro, and is a logical and forceful presentation of the views he has so long endeavored to propagate, and has carried out with such marked success at Tuskegee. The magnitude and seriousness of the problem confronting the South—for it is chiefly in its Southern aspects that Mr. Washington discusses the future of the negro—are clearly perceived by the author. Being a diplomatist as well as a philosopher, he does not dwell unduly upon race prejudice, which is the most obvious and to some minds the most serious feature of the negro problem. The point he emphasizes is that the low esteem in which the colored race is held is largely due to the negro's poverty, his ignorance of the immediate means to overcome it, and his lack of thrift and enterprise. Making due allowance for discouraging conditions, he sees in the negro a great amount of undeveloped energy, which, if wisely directed along the lines of most obvious need and of least resistance, will vastly simplify the problem of his elevation. In industrial education, carried on side by side with mental training, and perhaps given for a time the greater emphasis, Mr. Washington finds the entering wedge by which his people can work their way into the body politic in a higher sense than they have hitherto been able to do.

A very casual perusal of this volume will convince the thoughtful reader that there is much in it that will apply, with almost equal force, to the white people of the South as well as to the black, and, in some measure, as well to the North as to the South. The overcrowding of the learned professions; the "stepping-stone" system of never learning to do anything thoroughly, because you are always expecting to have something better to do very soon; the lack of scientific agricultural training; the need of trades' schools to replace the old and moribund apprenticeship system and offset the tyranny of trades' unions—are not confined to the Afro-American people. If Mr. Washington, with his system of education, can get the masses of his race started in life on a broad industrial foundation, with ample room for the upward development of those who have ability and opportunity for yet higher things, he will do them a great service. If, in addition, his views, so clearly set forth in this well-written book, receive proper recognition as an important contribution to the general subject of popular education, Doctor Washington will have conferred a benefit upon the people of the entire country.

The book is in all respects worthy the attention of thoughtful minds, and is sure to be widely read. —*Charles W. Chesnutt.*

* The Future of the American Negro. By Dr. Booker T. Washington. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

The Black Wolf's Breed *

MR. DICKSON would write a capital story of adventure if he would strive a little harder after vraisemblance, and lay on his horrors with a lighter hand. Not that horrors are objectionable in themselves, but they should have a historical basis in historical fiction. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was an act of unjustifiable harshness as well as a grave political error; but it did not give free rein to cruelty and license. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew was terrible enough in sober truth without adding to it every appalling incident that an active fancy can conjure.

The hero of The Black Wolf's Breed is a young soldier of Louisiana, Captain de Mouret, whom Bienville sends on a secret mission to Versailles, and who enjoys, before he goes home again, as many encounters and hairbreadth escapes as ever fell to even a hero's lot. Conspiracies, duels, murders, treasonable dispatches which are lost or stolen and get everybody into hot water, adventures with ladies of royal blood who visit dangerous gambling-dens disguised as cavaliers, and then say composedly, "My lord, you must protect me; it would be the scandal of France were I discovered in such a place"—all these things, and many more, keep the reader going at a breakneck pace from the first page to the last.

De Mouret is a lad of mettle. He has an audience with Louis the Fourteenth the day after his arrival at Versailles, and, in nowise abashed by royalty, makes a speech two pages long, and of a distinctly reproachful character. "Hast thou forgotten," he asks the polite Monarch, "that wounded lad who lived to save the King in other fields? Dost thou remember his name? Let me remind you, sire, that lad was Bienville de la Chaise, your loyal Governor of Louisiana."

Was the great Louis really hectored in this way by young Captains of Colonial Guards? If so, he has been basely misjudged by those who called him proud.

* The Black Wolf's Breed. By Harris Dickson. *The Bowen-Merrill Company.*

A Romance of Old Venice †

THE Signors of the Night is an engaging title, pleasantly suggestive of mystery and deeds of darkness. Mr. Max Pemberton has given it to a fantastic medley of tales in which tragedy, comedy and melodrama meet and mingle, and which have for their common background a Venice strangely unlike the proud, sombre and deeply religious Republic known to historians.

In Mr. Pemberton's Venice life is amusing but insecure. Assassination is the leading industry, and gentlemen with daggers in their hearts are found lying around in the most unlikely places, to the infinite annoyance of their friends. There are also conspirators in great abundance who glide about in ghostly gondolas, and take mysterious papers out of tombs at midnight, and drink deep drafts of "the golden wine of Cyprus" in company with ladies of unearthly beauty but painfully irregular behavior. Then there is a bandit, known as the Wolf of Cismon, who throws Claude Duval and Jack Sheppard permanently into the shade; and a dancing girl who figures in most of the stories because it is her duty in life to overhear conspiracies and "save Venice," which she does on several occasions very modestly and sweetly, and in return for which benefit the grateful city sends her to day-school to learn her letters, and gives her her choice of the conspirators for a husband. Above all, there is a wonderful soldier-monk, called by the many Fra Giovanni, and by the few the Prince of Iseo, who combines within himself the qualities of Richelieu, Haroun-al-Raschid and Sherlock Holmes. This personage makes his way into splendid palaces at supper-time, and tells the guests they must be banished or beheaded by morning. He defeats all the conspiracies which Nina overhears, and some fresh ones besides. He has but to lift his cowl to see men fall trembling on their knees. He rules the rulers of Venice, and assigns life and death at his pleasure. Yet with all these pressing cares he finds time to plan huge practical jokes of the robust order common in boys' schools, in carrying out which jokes the Venetian officials—who seem to have been a jolly, mirth-loving set of men—lend him a helping hand.

Perhaps the illustrations of Mr. Pemberton's book are also intended as a jest. For why else should the bandit look like a Puritan apprentice, and the conspirators like Benjamin Franklin and William Penn?

—*Agnes Repplier.*

† The Signors of the Night. By Max Pemberton. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

Some Recent Humor

OF MAKING funny books there is no end, and this season's crop of humor is satisfactory both in quality and quantity. Oliver Herford gives us two volumes which have greater pretensions to continuity than anything his butterfly genius has hitherto turned out. Perhaps the more attractive is the Alphabet of Celebrities,* and the funniest page of this is the one which shows

"Rubenstein playing that old thing at P.
To Rollo and Rembrandt, who wish they were deaf."

Another funny one is about

"Lafontaine, who finds he's unable
To interest Luther and Liszt at his table
While Lotz continues to dance on the table."

In his Child's Primer of Natural History† Mr. Herford says funny things with a straight face, which is, of course, the most taking form of wit. We quote Some Geese as being a true bit of humor and also a humorous bit of truth.

"Ev-er-y child who has the use
Of his sen-ses knows a goose.
See them un-der-neath the tree
Goth-er round the goos-ey's knee,
While she reads them by the hour
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.
How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driving at?
Oh, not at all; but what of that?
Neither do I; neither does she.
And for that mat-ter, nor does he."

Another of our younger humorists is Mr. Gelett Burgess, who also has had two new books appear recently. One of these is called The Lively City o' Ligg,‡ and is a series of stories previously printed in a periodical which describe the antics of a number of inanimate objects. Mr. Burgess' humor has a magic touch which invests everything with a personality, and even a humanity, and we resent, with the chairs and sofas, the indignities that are offered to them. Perhaps one of the Ligg inhabitants strayed into Mr. Burgess' other book, A Nonsense Almanack,§ for in this calendar of absurdities we find a

". . . . gaudy Pseudo-Chair
A most Upholsterific Blunder;
It doesn't Wonder Why it's There,
We don't Encourage it to Wonder."

—*Carolyn Wells.*

* An Alphabet of Celebrities. By Oliver Herford. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

† A Child's Primer of Natural History. By Oliver Herford. *R. H. Russell.*

‡ The Lively City o' Ligg. By Gelett Burgess.

§ A Nonsense Almanack. By Gelett Burgess. *F. A. Stokes Company.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

MR. T. JENKINS HAINS' latest sea yarn is the diary of a consumptive English baronet who goes to sea for his health. He ships in three cruises, meets with as much whiskey and adventure as the reader could decently expect, and finally founders in the Pharos with all hands. His papers, published under the title of The Wreck of the Cosmaugh, are picked up at sea. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

Dishonesty and what it breeds is the story of Judge Ebridge. Not that Mr. Opie Read makes the Judge dishonest; on the contrary, he pardons and reinstates in his trust and affection the man who has wronged him most. Judge Ebridge is a book with a moral, and forgiveness even more than honesty is that moral. *Rand, McNally & Co.*

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POULTRY ADVOCATE, Syracuse, N. Y.

The King's Colors seem to be winning favor in the fiction of to-day. Jennie Gould Lincoln swells the list with her last romance. The brilliance of Carolina in Colonial days lends an attractive background to figures, yet remembered, who fought for the hand of A Pretty Tory. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Mr. William Winter has given shape to an idea which possesses more than mere aptness. The relation between the great plays which gave Edwin Booth his opportunity and the genius which in turn touched and reacted upon them, left them recast and heightened, was not surface cohesion but internal dependence. Mr. Winter has had rare opportunity to give this relation careful study. It was under his care that—with Booth's sanction—the prompt-books of the sixteen plays to which Booth confined his repertoire were originally published. A careful revision of the earlier imprint, with prefaces and appended notes, historical, critical and explanatory, by the editor, is now issued in three volumes. *The Penn Publishing Company.*

Law and How to Keep Out of It, by Paschal H. Coggins, is the original title of one of a series of popular little handbooks. Others are, A Dictionary of Mythology, by John H. Bechtel; Dancing, by Marguerite Wilson; and Practical Palmistry, by Henry Frith. The aim of the editors is to afford ready reference in compact yet comprehensive form and agreeable presentment. *The Penn Publishing Company.*

Mr. Frank Stockton's whimsical humor will assert itself. In The Young Master of Hyson Hall, a story for boys, the tables are turned, and it is the guardian and uncle who runs away, and the boy who stays at home. Follows the narrative of the new responsibilities and adventures of dutiful Phil and his chum, Chap Webster, a youngster with what Mr. Stockton calls a "buckwheat-cake face." *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

Personally, we are not convinced of the soundness of the mongrel theory, but Bruno was an exception. In a short biography bearing his name, Byrd Whitman Dewey follows with loving care his endearing traits. He was amiable and intelligent, watchful and sympathetic, but like most generous natures, prone to the influence of evil company—and he would chew shoes in the house. *Little, Brown & Co.*

Literary Hearthstones is the happy designation of a series of attractive studies of the characters and home lives of certain persons, famous in the judgment of the people, which have to do with what they were rather than with what they did. The series is from the pen of Marion Harland, who has brought to the task a real liking and a sympathetic enthusiasm. William Cowper and Charlotte Brontë are the subjects of the first two sketches. Other volumes are in preparation. *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

In Child Life in Colonial Days, Miss Alice Morse Earle throws a most interesting side-light on the formative influences of American history—by which let it not be understood that anything is detracted from the normal interest that always attaches to children as children. Miss Earle describes what they wore, what they studied, how they played, and what discipline was meted out to them. *The Macmillan Company.*

In The Martial Graves of Our Fallen Heroes in Santiago de Cuba, Dr. Henry C. McCook, Chaplain of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, U. S. A., has fixed and described the graves of all who fell in the late Spanish War. It is Doctor McCook's belief, as worded in his preface, that to him who has died in her behalf, Liberty owes it "through the eternal age to bid his memory live." The book has been sent to the nearest kin of every one who fell near Santiago. *George W. Jacobs & Co.*

Any book bearing A Village Conquest for title is under a disadvantage these days—we have been so overburdened by the admirers and imitators of Miss Wilkins—but I. T. Thurston at least finds a different meaning in country life. The world is not quite crushed flat with hopelessness, nor wholly hardened by rigid, bare necessity; unselfishness and endeavor meet with their reward. *A. L. Bradley & Co.*

NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

Chinese Credulity.—Arthur H. Smith, whose recently published book upon village life in China is a companion volume to his Chinese Characteristics, is an American missionary stationed at Pang Chwang, not far from Tien-Tsin in Shangtung. He is far removed from Western civilization, and in the course of his long career has become so familiar with Chinese life as to be regarded an authority equal even to Bishop Williams. He has a strong love for literary work, and has contributed frequently to the press. He has a quick eye for the dramatic and humorous side of life, which he utilizes in embellishing his writings as well as in spicing his conversation. He tells many stories of the confusion produced in the Chinese intellect by the increasing pressure of Occidental civilization. He once allowed some Chinese friends to run over some humorous illustrated papers. They did so with deep interest, but manifested surprise rather than amusement. The following week, when he was at a party given by the natives, he was entreated to give a full description of the Western barbarians who had wings and lived in trees. He denied the existence of such creatures, and after a long argument ascertained that the fantastic notion had been started by a political cartoon in which a number of leading statesmen had been depicted as birds sitting in the branches of an oak.

Doctor Jordan's New Departure.—When David Starr Jordan was professor of natural history in an Indiana college, early in the seventies, very few persons thought that he would reach the fame he has since attained. From Indianapolis he went to another Hoosier college, and thence into the Government service in the Fisheries Department. He soon became the foremost authority on fresh-water fish in America, and then he won the Presidency of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. Now he appears as the author of a book for children entitled The Book of Knight and Barbara. The stories that make up the volume were first told by Doctor Jordan to his children. Afterward his own and other people's children illustrated them. Then the stories and the pictures were gathered together and published.

Mr. Swinburne's Latest Eccentricity.—The success of Mr. Swinburne's new dramatic poem, Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards, which has just been published in New York, brings that eccentric but talented poet prominently before the public eye. The present volume is his thirty-sixth, and the title is significantly like that of his first publication, The Queen Mother and Rosamond, brought out in 1861. More extraordinary tales are told of Mr. Swinburne than of any other modern author, nearly all being marked by an erratic genius of the first order. A recent one, however, throws new light upon his character.

A young gentlewoman in reduced circumstances came to London to better her fortune. She had considerable literary skill, and tried hard to market a poem of more than mediocre merit. Her endeavors were unsuccessful, and finally, in a spirit of desperation, she called upon Mr. Swinburne. He heard her patiently, took her name and address, and promised to write to her within a few days. When she had left he looked at her manuscript, and, finding it of some worth, took his pen and revised and embellished it with a master hand. When he had completed the task he carried it to a publisher, and did not leave the latter until the poem was accepted and a check dispatched to the struggling author.

The news of his kindness reached the ears of a friend, who congratulated him. He shrugged his shoulders and replied:

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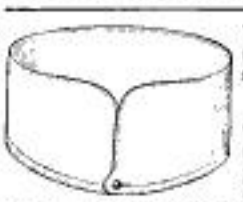
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The Humor of the House of Commons

By JUSTIN McCARTHY

DURING the course of the American Civil War, John Bright, it will be recalled, was a thorough and unflinching champion of the Northern cause. Lord Palmerston, during one debate which had to do with the bearing of the English Government toward the Federal States, tried to turn off with light contempt the warnings uttered by some speakers about the possibility of a war between England and America. In the course of his speech he talked jauntily of the harm which might be done to the North by a British fleet on one of the Great Lakes. "The noble Lord," said Bright in his reply, "has been in such a hurry for naval invasion that he has forgotten to take into calculation the difficulty presented by the Falls of Niagara."

JOHN BRIGHT AND THE LITTLE CUR-DOG

Bright was very happy once in describing a certain small party of Liberal renegades who deserted Gladstone more than thirty years ago because of his first great effort to enfranchise the working classes. The party was very small, but exceedingly mischievous, for it included two or three men of great talent and great bitterness. Bright in his speech made allusion to this little group of apostates and to the fact that nobody seemed to be quite clear as to who was its actual leader, and he sent the House into shouts of laughter by likening the party to a Scotch terrier he once had, which was so small and so shaggy that it was almost impossible to tell which was its head and which was its tail.

"He is a self-made man," Bright once said of Disraeli, "and we must all admit that he worships his maker."

A MISAPPREHENSION OF GLADSTONE

Gladstone was not generally regarded as a master of sarcasm or as one who was always ready with a jocose repartee, but I think the truth is that the rush of his eloquence and the brilliant boldness of his statesmanship diverted public attention a good deal from some of his lighter gifts. Certain it is that there was in him a deep vein of ready Northern humor which occasionally amused and delighted the House of Commons. There was a member of the House of Commons who was very fond of making speeches, had great fluency, and a self-conceit so supreme that it would urge him into argument with the greatest financier, the greatest lawyer, or the greatest soldier in the House, challenging each on his own special subject. During an important debate many years ago this orator sprang to his feet several times, but was unable, as the parliamentary phrase goes, to catch the Speaker's eye, and had therefore each time to resume his seat.

A CASE OF INTELLECTUAL COLIC

The night wore on and at length Mr. Gladstone, who was then at the head of the Government, arose and proceeded to wind up the debate. The member of whom I have spoken saw that his chance of obtaining a hearing for that night had gone, and was beside himself with disappointment and anger. He began interrupting Gladstone with questions and interjected comments, and he kept on doing this in an unmannerly way. The House resounded with cries of "Order!" "Order!"

Gladstone paused for a moment in the course of his argument and, looking toward the author of the interruptions, blandly said: "I think we must make some allowance for the Honorable Member, because we cannot help knowing that he is suffering from the pangs of over-retention."

A RENEGADE BROUGHT TO THE MARK

The once famous Haliburton, author of Sam Slick, was for some years a member of the House of Commons. One night Haliburton made an elaborate attack upon the policy of the Government, and was especially severe on one of its younger members who, he said, had made a speech which contained not argument but caricature, and the House of Commons, he pompously declared, was not a place for the caricaturist.

When the time arrived for Gladstone to make his reply, he came, in the course of his speech, to deal very briefly with what Haliburton had said. "Wonders will never cease," he declared, "and this truth has been brought home once again to me, for here is the author of Sam Slick declaring that the House of Commons is no place for a caricaturist, although he himself has found a place here, and will not, we must all hope, renounce the gift that has brought him fame."

CLASSIC WIT AND CELTIC HUMOR

The late Sir Robert Peel—I do not mean the great Sir Robert Peel, but his son, who has been many years dead—used to make good jokes sometimes. During a debate on some of the earlier workings of the Volunteer movement in England, it suited his humor to throw ridicule on certain of those who were mainly instrumental in promoting the organization. One learned and eminent lawyer, who had become the chief officer in a regiment of volunteers, especially moved his mirth. There were dangers, he argued, in those field-days of volunteers, no one could tell what accidents might not happen, "and my advice to the honorable and learned gentleman would be *in medio tutissimus ibis*—you will get along much more safely in the Middle Temple," the recognized home of staid and steady-going lawyers in London.

One of the Irish law officers of a former Liberal Government, who was afterward raised to the bench of justice and became Baron Dowse, used to amuse the House very much by his rattling Irish humor. During a debate many years ago on one of the schemes for the admission of women to the learned professions, Dowse delivered a characteristic speech.

"I don't deny," he said in the course of it, "that there may be some truth in the assertion that some of our Judges are old women, but I do not think that is sufficient reason why every old woman should try to become a Judge."

AN UNFORTUNATE CHOICE OF PLATFORMS

A good deal of ready humor is sometimes displayed in the House of Commons when a member wishes to say something offensive and yet is anxious to escape being interrupted and called to order by the Speaker. An Irish member of a former day was once making an attack upon one of the ministers who had just delivered a somewhat provocative speech.

"The Right Honorable gentleman," said the Irish member, "is full of big words when he lectures us from the Treasury bench, as every cock crows loudest on his own—homestead, Mr. Speaker," he added quickly, when he saw that the eyes of the Speaker were turned menacingly toward him in anticipation of a less decorous expression.

I think with this anecdote I may bring to a close my illustrations of the humor occasionally displayed in the House of Commons.

Editor's Note—This is the second and last article on The Humor of the House of Commons, by Justin McCarthy.

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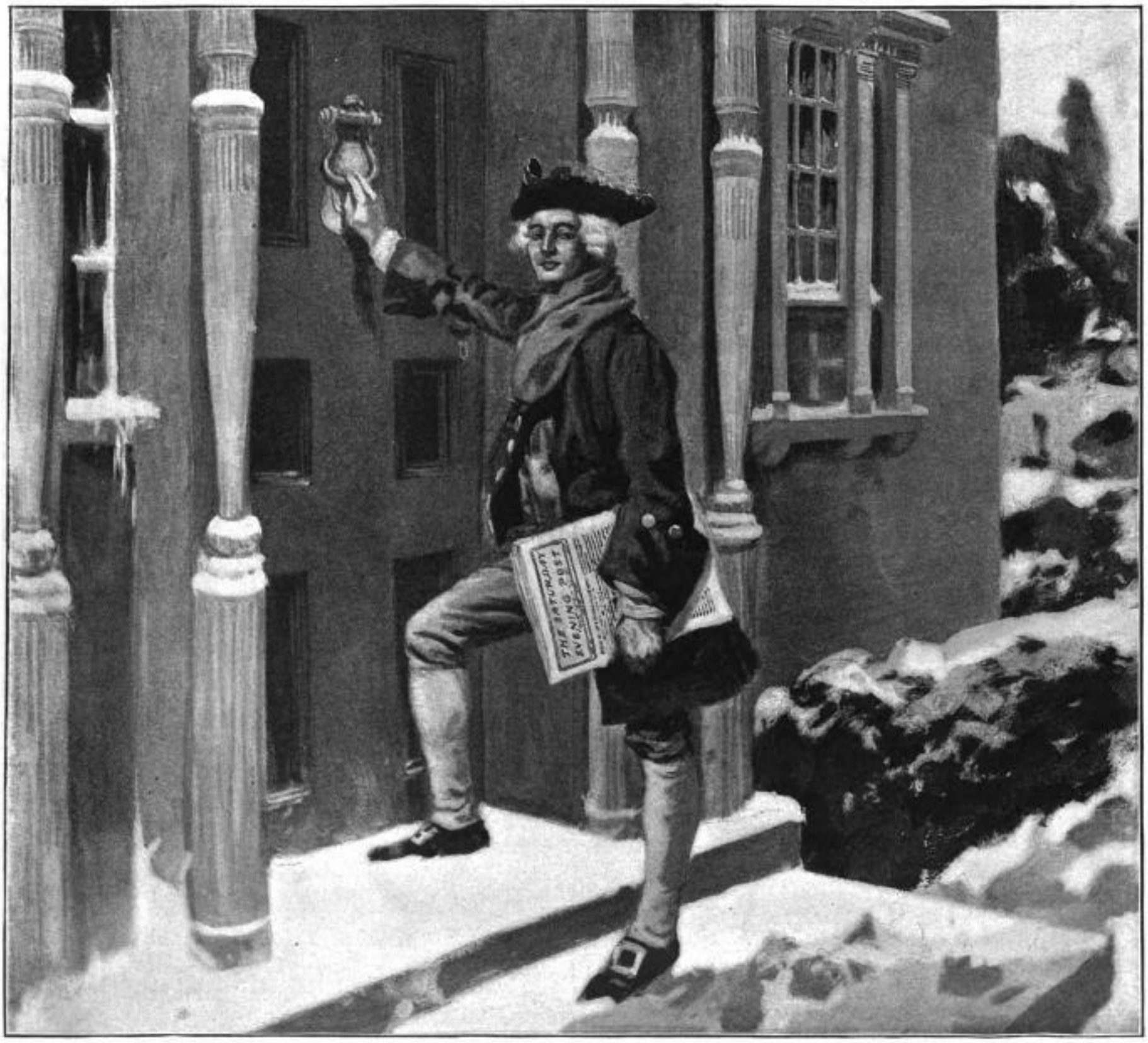
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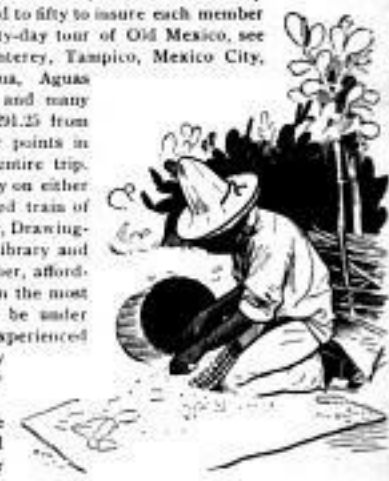
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LA LETTRE D'AMOUR

By Richard Harding Davis

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WHEN Bardini, who led the Hungarian Band at the Savoy Restaurant, was promoted to play at the Casino at Trouville, his place was taken by the second violin. The second violin was a boy, and when he greeted his brother Tziganes and the habitués of the restaurant with an apologetic and deprecatory bow, he showed that he was fully conscious of the inadequacy of his years. The maître d'hôtel glided from table to table, busying himself in explanations.

"The boy's name is Edouard; he comes from Budapest," he said. "The season is too late to make it worth the while of the management to engage a new chef d'orchestre. So this boy will play. He plays very good, but he is not like Bardini."

He was not in the least like Bardini. In appearance, Bardini suggested a Roumanian gipsy or a Portuguese sailor; his skin was deeply tanned, his hair was plastered on his low forehead in thick, oily curls, and his body, through much rich living on the scraps that fell from the tables of Girot's and the Casino des Fleurs, was stout and gross. He was the typical leader of an orchestra condemned to entertain a noisy restaurant. His school of music was the school of Maxim's. To his skill with the violin he had added the arts of the head waiter, and he and the cook ran a race for popularity, he pampering to one taste, and the cook, with his sauces, pampering to another. When so commanded, his pride as an artist did not prevent him from breaking off in the middle of Schubert's Serenade to play Daisy Bell, nor was he above breaking it off on his own accord to salute the American patron, as he entered, with the Belle of New York, or any one of the Gaiety Girls, hurrying in late for supper, with the Soldiers in the Park. When he walked slowly through the restaurant, pausing at each table, his eyes, even while they ogled the women to whom he played, followed the brother Tzigane—who was passing the plate—and noted which of the patrons gave silver and which gave gold.

Edouard, the second violin, was all that Bardini was not, consequently he was entirely unsuited to lead an orchestra in a restaurant. Indeed, so little did he understand of what was required of him that on the only occasion when Bardini sent him to pass the plate he was so unsophisticated as not to hide the sixpences and shillings under the napkin, and so leave only the half-crowns and gold pieces exposed. And, instead of smiling mockingly at those who gave the sixpences, and waiting for them to give more, he even looked grateful, and at the same time deeply ashamed. He differed from Bardini also in that he was very thin and tall, with the serious, smooth-shaven face of a priest. Except for his fantastic costume, there was nothing about him to recall the poses of the musician; his hair was neither long nor curly; it lay straight across his forehead and flat on either side, and when he played, his eyes neither sought out the admiring auditor nor invited his applause. On the contrary, they looked steadfastly ahead. It was as though they belonged to some one apart, who was listening intently to the music. But in the waits between the numbers the boy's eyes turned from table to table, observing the people in his audience. He knew nearly all of them by sight: the head waiters who brought him their "commands," and his brother musicians, had often discussed them in his hearing. They represented every city of the world, every part of the social edifice: there were those who came to look at the spectacle, and those who came to be looked at; those who gave a dinner for the sake of the diners, those who dined for the dinner alone. To some, the restaurant was a club; others ventured in flaunting the cost, taking it seriously, even considering that it conferred upon them some social distinction. There were pretty women in paint and spangles, with conscious, half-grown boys just up from Oxford; company promoters dining and wining possible subscribers or "guinea pigs" into an acquiescent state; Guardsmen giving a dinner of farewell to brother officers departing for the Soudan or the Cape; wide-eyed Americans just off the steamer in high dresses, great ladies in low dresses and lofty tiaras, and ladies of the stage, utterly unconscious of the boon they were conferring on the people about them, who, an hour before, had paid ten shillings to look at them from the stalls.

Edouard, as he sat with his violin on his knee, his fingers fretting the silent strings, observed them all without envy and without interest. Had he been able to choose, it would not have been to such a well-dressed mob as this that he would have given his music. For at times a burst of laughter killed a phrase that was sacred to him, and sometimes the murmur of the voices and the clatter of the waiters would drown him out altogether. But the artist in him forced him to play all things well, and for his own comfort he would assure himself that no doubt somewhere in the room some one was listening, some one who thought more of the strange, elusive melodies of the Hungarian folksongs than of the chef's entrées, and that for this unknown one he must be true to himself and true to his work. Covertly, he would seek out some face to which he could make the violin speak—not openly and impertinently, as did Bardini, but secretly and for sympathy, so that only one could understand. It pleased young Edouard to see such an one raise her head as though she had heard her name spoken, and hold it poised to listen, and turn slowly in her chair, so completely engaged that she forgot the man at her elbow, and the food before her was taken away untouched. It delighted him to think that she knew that the music was speaking to her alone. But he would not have had her think that the musician spoke, too—it was the soul of the music, not his soul, that was reaching out to the pretty stranger. When his soul spoke through the music it would not be, so he assured himself, to such chatterers as gathered on the terrace of the Savoy Restaurant.

Mrs. Warriner and her daughter were on their way home, or to one of their homes; this one was up the Hills of Lenox. They had been in Egypt and up the Nile, and for the last two months had been slowly working their way north through Greece and Italy. They were in London, at the Savoy, waiting for their sailing-day, and on the night of their arrival young Corbin was giving them a dinner. For three months Mrs. Warriner and himself had alternated in giving each other dinners in every part of Southern Europe, and the gloom which hung over this one was not due to the fact that the diners had become wearied of one another's society, but that the opportunities still left to them for this exchange of hospitality were almost at an end. That night, for the hundredth time, young Corbin had decided it would have been much better for him if they had come to an end many weeks previous, for the part he played in the trio was a difficult one. It was that of the lover who will not take "no" for an answer. The lover who will take no, and goes on his way disconsolate, may live to love another day, and every one is content; but the one who will not have no, who will not hear of it, nor consider it, has much to answer for in making life a burden to himself and all around him.

When Corbin joined the Warriners on their trip up the Nile it was considered by all of them, in their ignorance, a happy accident. Other mothers, more worldly than Mrs. Warriner, with daughters less attractive, gave her undeserved credit for having lured into her party one of the young men of Boston who was most to be desired as a son-in-law. But the mind of Mrs. Warriner, so far as Mr. Corbin was concerned, was quite free from any such consideration; so was the mind of the young bachelor; certainly Miss Warriner held no tender thoughts concerning him. The families of the Warriners and the Corbins had been friends ever since the cowpath crossed the Common. Before Corbin entered Harvard Miss Warriner and he had belonged to the same dancing-class. Later she had danced with him at four class-days, and many times between. When he graduated, she had gone abroad with her mother, and he had joined the Somerset Club, and played polo at Pride's Crossing, and talked vaguely of becoming a lawyer, and of reëntering Harvard by the door of the Law School, chiefly, it was supposed, that he might have another year of the football team. He was very young in spirit, very big and athletic, very rich, and without a care or serious thought. Miss Warriner was to him, then, no more than a friend; to her he was



—BUT IT WAS EVIDENT TO ALL THAT SHE WAS THE ONE TO WHOM HIS EFFORT WAS DIRECTED

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a boy, one of many nice, cultivated Harvard boys, who occasionally called upon her and talked football. On the face of things, she was not the sort of girl he should have loved. But for some saving clause in him, he should have loved and married one of the many other girls who had belonged to the same dancing-class, who would have been known as "Mrs. Tom" Corbin, who would have been sought after as a chaperon, and who would have stood up in her cart when he played polo and shouted at him across the field to "ride him off."

Miss Warriner, on the contrary, was much older than he in everything but years, and was conscious of the fact. She was a serious, self-centred young person, and satisfied with her own thoughts, unless her companion gave her better ones. She concerned herself with the character and ideas of her friends. If a young man lacked ideas, the fact that he possessed wealth and good manners could not save him. If these attributes had been pointed out to her as part of his assets she would have been surprised. She was not impressed with her own good looks and fortune—she took them for granted; so why should they count with her in other people?

Miss Warriner made an error of analysis in regard to Mr. Corbin in judging his brain by his topics of conversation. His conversation was limited to the A B C's of life, with which, up to the time of his meeting her, his brain had been fed. When, however, she began to cram it full with all the other letters of the alphabet, it showed itself just as capable of digesting the economic conditions of Egypt as it had previously succeeded in mastering the chesslike problems of the game of football.



She was a serious, self-centred young person

Howard Chandler Christy

Young Corbin had not considered the Home Beautiful, nor Municipal Government, nor How the Other Half Lives as topics that were worth his while; but when Miss Warriner showed her interest in them, her doing so made them worth his while, and he fell upon them greedily. He even went much further than she had gone, and was not content merely to theorize and to discuss social questions from the safe distance of the deck of a dahabiyeh on the Nile, but proposed to at once put her theories into practice. To this end he offered her a house in the slums of Boston, rent free, where she could start her College Settlement. He made out lists of the men he thought would like to teach there, and he volunteered to pay the expenses of the experiment until it failed or succeeded. When her interest changed to the Tombs of the Rameses, and the succession of the ancient dynasties, he spent hours studying his Baedeker that he might keep in step with her; and when she abandoned ancient for modern Egypt and became deeply charmed with the intricacies of the dual control and of the Mixed Courts, he interviewed subalterns, Pashas and missionaries in a gallant effort to comprehend the social and political difficulties of the white men who had occupied the land of the Sphinx, who had funded her debt, irrigated her deserts, and "made a mummy fight."

One night, as the dahabiyeh lay moored beneath a group of palms in the moonlight, Miss Warriner gave him praise for offering her the house in the slums for her experiment. He assured her that he was entirely selfish—that he did so because he believed her settlement would be a benefit to the neighborhood, in which he owned some property. When she then accused him of giving sordid reasons for what was his genuine philanthropy he told her flatly that he neither cared for the higher education of the slums nor the increased value of his rents, but for her, and to please her, and that he loved her and would love her always. In answer to this, Miss Warriner told him gently but firmly that she could not love him, but that she liked him and admired him even though she was disappointed to find that his sudden interest in matters more serious than polo had been assumed to please her. She added that she would always be his friend. This she thought ended the matter; it was unfortunate that they should be shipbound on the Nile; but she trusted to his tact and good sense to save them both from embarrassment. She was not prepared, however, to see him come on deck very late the next morning, after, apparently, a long sleep, as keen, as cheerful and as smiling as he had been before the blow had fallen. It piqued her a little, and partly because of that, and partly because she really was relieved to find him in such a humor, she congratulated him on his most evident happiness.

"Why not?" he asked, suddenly growing sober. "I love you. That is enough to make any man happy, isn't it? You needn't love me, but you can't prevent my going on loving you."

"Well, I am very sorry," she sighed in much perplexity.

"You needn't be," he answered reassuringly. "I'm more sorry for you than I am for myself. You are going to have a terrible time until you marry me."

They were at Thebes, and he went off that afternoon to the Temple of Luxor with her mother, and made violent use of the sacred altars, the beauty of Cleopatra, the eternity of the scarabea, and the indestructibility of the Pyramids to suggest faintly to Mrs. Warriner how much he loved her daughter. He shook his hand at the crouching sphinxes and said: "Mrs. Warriner, in forty centuries they have never looked down upon a man as proud as I am, and I am told they have seen Napoleon; but I need help; she won't help me, so you must. It's no use arguing against me. When this Nile dries up I shall have ceased loving your daughter!"

"Did you tell Helen what you have told me? Did you talk to her so?" asked Mrs. Warriner.

"No, not last night," said Corbin; "but I will, in time, after she gets more used to the idea."

Unfortunately for the peace of Mr. Corbin and all concerned, Miss Warriner did not become reconciled to the idea. On the contrary, she resented it greatly. She had looked at the possibility of something to be carried out later—much later, perhaps not at all. It did not seem possible that before she had really begun to enjoy life it should be subjected to such a change. She saw that it was obviously the thing that should happen. If the match had been arranged by the entire city of Boston it could not have been more obvious. But she argued with him that marriage was a mutual self-sacrifice, and that until she felt ready to make her share of the sacrifice it was impossible for her to consent.

He combatted her arguments, which he refused to consider as arguments, and demolished them one by one. But the objection which he destroyed before he went to sleep at night was replaced the next day by another, and his cause never advanced. Each day he found the citadel he was besieging girt in by new and intricate defenses. The reason was simple enough: the girl was not in love with him. Her objections, her arguments, her reasons were as absurd as he proved them to be. But they were insurmountable because they were really various disguises of the fact that she did not care for him. They were disguises to herself as well as to him. He was so altogether a good fellow, so earnest, honest and desperate a lover that the primary fact that she did not want his love did not present itself, and she kept casting about in her mind for excuses and reasons to explain her lack of feeling. He wooed her in every obvious way that would present itself to a boy of deep feeling, of quick mind, and an unlimited letter of credit. He created wants in order to gratify them later. He suggested her need of things which he had already ordered, which, before she had been enticed into expressing a wish for them, were then speeding across the Continent toward her. Every hour brought her some fresh and ingenuous sign of his thought and of his devotion. He treated these tributes as a matter of course; if she failed to observe them and to see his handiwork in them he let them fall to the ground unnoticed.

His love itself was his argument-in-chief; it was its own excuse; it needed no allies. "I love you" was his first and last word. It puzzled her to find that she could not care. When she was alone she asked herself what there was in him of which she disapproved, and she could only answer that there was nothing. She asked herself what other men there were who pleased her more, and she could think of none. On the contrary, she found him entirely charming as a friend—but his love distressed her greatly. It was a foreign language; she could not comprehend it. When he allowed it to appear it completely disguised him in her eyes; it annoyed her so much that at times she considered herself a much ill-used young person.

It was in this way that the matter stood between them when their long journey was ended and they reached London. He was miserable, desperate and hopeless; the girl was firm in that she would not marry him, and her mother, who respected both the depth of Corbin's feelings and her daughter's reticence, and who had watched the struggle with a troubled heart, was only thankful that they were to part and that it was at an end. Corbin had no idea where he would go nor what he would do. He recognized that to cross the ocean with them would only subject his love to fresh distress and humiliation, and he had determined to put as much space between him and Miss Warriner as the surface of the globe permitted. The Philippines seemed to offer a picturesque retreat for a broken life. He decided he would go there and enlist and have himself shot. He was uncertain whether he would follow in the steps of his Revolutionary ancestors and join the men who were struggling for their liberty and independence, or his fellow-Americans; but that he would get shot by one side or the other he was determined. And then in days to come she would think, perhaps, of the young man on the other side of the globe, buried in the wet ricefields, with the palms fanning him through his eternal sleep, and she might be sorry then that she had not listened to his troubled heart. The picture gave him some small comfort, and that night when he ordered dinner for them at the Savoy his manner showed the inspired resolve of one who is soon to mount the scaffold unafraid, and with a rose between his lips.

Edouard, the first violin, saw Miss Warriner when she entered and took her place facing him at one of the tables in the centre of the room. He was sitting with his violin on his knees, touching the strings with his finger-tips. When he saw her he choked the neck of the violin with his hand, as though it had been the hand of a friend which he had grasped in a sudden ecstasy of delight. The effect her appearance had made upon him was so remarkable that he glanced quickly over his shoulder to see if he had betrayed himself by some sign or gesture. But the other musicians were concerned with their own gossip, and he felt free to turn again and from under his half-closed eyelids to observe her covertly.

There was nothing to explain why Miss Warriner in particular should have so disturbed him; the English women seated about her were as fair; she showed no great sorrow in her face; her beauty was not of the type which carried observers by assault. And yet not one of the many beautiful women who on one night or another passed before Edouard in the soft light of the red shades had ever stirred him so strangely, had ever depressed him with such a tender melancholy, and filled his soul—the soul of a Hungarian and a musician—with such loneliness and unrest. He knew that, so far as he was concerned, she was as distant as the Venus in the Louvre; she was, for him, a beautiful, unapproachable statue, placed, by some social convention, upon a pedestal.

As he looked at her he felt hotly the degradation of his silly uniform, of the striped sash around his waist, the tawdry braids and the tasseled boots. He felt as he had often felt before, but now more keenly than ever, the prostitution of his art in this temple of the senses, this home of epicures, where people met to feast their eyes and charm their palates. He could not put his feelings into words, and he knew that if by some upheaval of the social world he should be thrown into her presence he would still be bound, he would not be able to speak or write what she inspired in him. But—and at the thought he breathed quickly, and raised his shoulders with a touch of pride—he could tell her in his own way; after his own fashion he could express what he felt better even than those other men could tell what they feel—these men for whose amusement he performed nightly, to whom it was granted to sit at her side, who spoke the language of her class and of her own people. Edouard was not given to analyzing his emotions; like the music of his Tzigane ancestors, they came to him sweeping every chord in his nature, beating rapidly to the time of the Schardash, or with the fitfulness of the gipsy folksongs sinking his spirits into melancholy. So he did not stop to question why this one face so suddenly inspired him; he only knew that he felt grateful, that he was impatient to pay his tribute of admiration, that he was glad he was an artist who could give his feelings voice.

In the long program of selected airs he remembered that there was one which would give him this chance to speak, in the playing of which he could put all his skill and all his soul, an air which carried with it infinite sadness and the touch of a caress. The other numbers on the program had been chosen to please the patrons of a restaurant; this one, *La Lettre d'Amour*, was included in the list for his own satisfaction. He had put it there to please himself; to-night he would play it to please her—to this unknown girl who had so suddenly awakened and inspired him.

As he waited for this chance to come he watched her, noting her every movement, her troubled smile, her air of being apart and above her surroundings. He noticed, too, the set face of the young man at her side and, with the discernment of one whose own interest is captive, saw the half-concealed longing in his eyes. He felt a quick antipathy to this young man. His assured position at the girl's side accentuated how far he himself was removed from her; he resented also the manner of the young man to the waiters, and he wondered hotly if, in the mind of this favored youth, the musician who played for his entertainment was regarded any more highly than the servant who received his orders. To this feeling of resentment was added one of contempt. For, as he read the tableau at the table below him, the young man was the devotee of the young girl at his side, and if one could judge from her averted eyes, from her silent assent to his questions, from the fact that she withdrew from the talk between him and the older woman, his devotion was not welcome.

This reading of the pantomime pleased Edouard greatly. Nothing could have so crowned the feeling which the beauty of the stranger stirred in him as the thought that another loved her as well as himself, and that the other, who started with all things in his favor, met with none from her.

Edouard assured himself that this was so because he had often heard his people boast that men not of their country could not feel as they could feel. If he had ever considered them at all it was as cold and conscious creatures who taught themselves to cover up what they felt, so that when their emotions strove to assert themselves they were found, through long disuse, to be dumb and inarticulate. Edouard rejoiced that to the men of his race it was given to feel and suffer much. He was sure that beneath the calmness of her beauty this woman before him could feel deeply; he read in her eyes the sympathy of a great soul; she made him think of a Madonna in the church of St. Sophia at Budapest. He saw in her a woman who could love greatly. When he considered how impossible it was for the young man at her side ever to experience the great emotions which alone could reach her, his contempt for him rose almost to pity. His violin, with his power to feel, and with his knowledge of technique added, could send his message as far as sound could carry. He could afford to be generous, and when he rose to play *La Lettre d'Amour* it was with the elation of a knight entering the lists, with the ardor of a lover singing beneath his lady's window. *La Lettre d'Amour* is a composition written to a slow measure and filled with chords of exquisite pathos. It comes hesitatingly, like the confession of a lover who loves so deeply that he halts to find words with which to express his feelings. It moves in broken phrases, each note rising in intensity and growing in beauty.

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It is not a burst of passionate appeal, but a plea, tender, beseeching, and throbbing with melancholy. As he played, Edouard stepped down from the dais on which the musicians sat and advanced slowly between the tables. It was late, and the majority of those who had been dining had departed to the theatres. Those who remained were lingering over their coffee, and were smoking; their voices were lowered to a polite monotone; the rush of the waiters had ceased, and the previous chatter had sunk to a subdued murmur. Into this, the quivering sigh of Edouard's violin penetrated like a sunbeam feeling its way into a darkened room, and, at the sound, the voices one by one detached themselves from the general chorus, until, lacking support, it ceased altogether. Some were silent that they might hear the better; others, who preferred their own talk, were silent out of regard for those who desired to listen, and a waiter who was so indiscreet as to clatter a tray of glasses was hushed on the instant. The tribute of attention lent to Edouard an added power; his head lifted on his shoulders with pride; his bow cut deeper and firmer and with more delicate shading; the notes rose in thrilling, plaintive sadness and flooded the hot air with melody.

Edouard made his way to within a short distance of the table at which Miss Warriner was seated and halted there as though he had found his audience. He did not look at her, although she sat directly facing him, but it was evident to all that she was the one to whom his effort was directed, and Corbin, who was seated with his back to Edouard, recognized this and turned in his chair.

The body of the young musician was trembling with the feeling which found its outlet through the violin. He was in ecstasy over his power and its accomplishment. The strings of the violin pulsated to the beating of his heart, and he felt that surely by now the emotion which shook him must have reached the girl who had given it life—and for one swift second his eyes sought hers. What he saw was the same beautiful face which had inspired him, but unmoved, cold and unresponsive. As his eyes followed hers she raised her head and looked listlessly around the room, and then turned and glanced up at him with a careless and critical scrutiny. If his music had been the music of an organ in the street, and he the man who raised his hat for coppers, she could not have been less moved. The discovery struck Edouard like a cold blast from an open door. His fingers faltered on the neck of his violin, his bow wavered drunkenly across the strings, and he turned away his eyes to shut out the vision of his failure, seeking relief and sympathy. And in their swift passage they encountered those of Corbin looking up at him, his eyes aglow with wonder, feeling and sorrow. They seemed to hold him to account; they begged, they demanded of him not to break the spell, and in response the hot blood in the veins of the musician surged back, his pride flared up again, his eyes turned on Corbin's like those of a dog to his master's. Under their spell the music soared trembling, paused and soared again, thrilling those who heard it with its grief and tenderness.

Edouard's heart leaped with triumph. "The man knows," he whispered to the violin; "he understands us. He knows."

The people, leaning with their elbows on the tables before them, the waiters listening with tolerant smiles, the musicians following Edouard with anxious pride, saw only a young man with his arm thrown heavily across the back of his chair, who was looking up at Edouard with a steady, searching gaze. But Edouard saw in him both a disciple and a master. He saw that this man was lifted up and carried with him, that he understood the message of the music. The notes of the violin sank lower and lower until they melted into the silence of the room, and the people, freed of the spell the music had put upon them, applauded generously. Edouard placed his violin under his arm, and with his eyes, which had never left Corbin's face, still fastened upon his, bowed low to him, and Corbin raised his head and nodded gravely. It was as though they were the only people in the room. As Edouard retreated his face was shining with triumph, for he knew that the other had understood him, and that the other knew that he knew.

That night until he fell asleep, and all of the day following, the beautiful face of Miss Warriner troubled Edouard, and the thought of her alternately thrilled and depressed him. One moment he mocked at himself for presuming to think that his simple art could reach the depths of such a nature, and the next he stirred himself to hope that he should see her once again, and that he should succeed where he had failed.

The music had moved Corbin so deeply that when he awoke the day following the effect of it still hung upon him. It seemed to him as though all he had been trying to tell Miss Warriner of his love for her, and which he had failed to make her understand in the last three months, had been expressed in the one moment of this song. It was that in it which had so enchanted him. It was as though he had listened to his own deepest and most sacred thoughts, uttered for the first time convincingly, and by a stranger. Why was it, he asked himself, that this unknown youth could translate another's feelings into music, when he himself could not put them into words? He was walking in Piccadilly deep in this thought when a question came to him which caused him to turn rapidly into Green Park, where he could consider it undisturbed.

The doubt which had so suddenly presented itself was in some degree the same one which had stirred Edouard. Was it that he was really unable to express his feelings, or was it that Miss Warriner could not understand them? Was it really something lacking in him, or was it not something lacking in her? He flushed at the disloyalty of the thought and put it from him; but as his memory reached back over the past three months the question returned again and again with fresh force, and would not be denied. He called himself a fatuous, conceited fool. Because he could not make a woman love him other men could do so. That was really the answer; he was not the man. But the answer did not seem final. What, after all, was the thing his love sought—a woman only, or a woman capable of deep and great feeling? Even if he could not inspire such emotions, even if another could, he would still be content and proud to love a woman capable of such deep feelings. But if she were without them? At the thought Corbin stared blankly before him as though he had stumbled against a stone wall. What sign had she ever given him that she could care greatly? Was not any form of emotion always distasteful to her? Was not her mind always occupied with abstract questions? Was she not always engaged in her own self-improvement—with schemes, it is true, for bettering the world; but did her heart ever ache once for the individual?



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

—SHE WAS, FOR HIM, A BEAUTIFUL, UNAPPROACHABLE STATUE

What was it, then, he loved? Something he imagined this girl to be, or was he in love with the fact that his own nature had been so mightily stirred? Was it not the joy of caring greatly which had carried him along? And if this was so, was he now to continue to proffer this devotion to one who could not feel, to a statue, to an idol? Were not the very things which rendered her beautiful the offerings which he himself had hung upon her altar? Did the qualities he really loved in her exist? Was he not on the brink of casting his love before one who could neither feel it for him nor for any other man? He stood up trembling and frightened. Even though the girl had rejected him again and again he felt a hateful sense of disloyalty. He was ashamed to confess it to himself, and he vowed hotly that he must be wrong, that he would not believe. He would still worship her, fight for her, and force her to care for him.

Mrs. Warriner and her daughter were to sail on the morrow, and that night they met Corbin at dinner for the last time. After many days—although self-accused—he felt deeply conscious of his recent lack of faith, and in the few hours still left him he determined to atone for the temporary halt in his allegiance. They had never found him more eager, tactful and considerate than he was that evening. The eyes of Mrs. Warriner softened as she watched him. As one day had succeeded another, her admiration and liking for him had increased, until now she felt as though his cause was hers—as though she was not parting from a friend, but from a son. But the calmness of her daughter was impenetrable; from her manner it was impossible to learn whether the approaching separation was a relief or a regret.

To Edouard the return of the beautiful girl to the restaurant appeared not as an accident, but as a marked favor vouchsafed to him by Fate. He had been given a second chance. He read it as a sign that he should take heart and hope. He felt that fortune was indeed kind. He determined that he would play to her again, and that this time he would not fail.

As the first notes of *La Lettre d'Amour* brought a pause of silence in the restaurant, Corbin, who was talking at the moment, interrupted himself abruptly and turned in his chair.

All through the evening he had been conscious of the near presence of the young musician. He had not forgotten how, on the night before, his own feelings had been interpreted in *La Lettre d'Amour*, and for some time he had been debating in his mind as to whether he would request Edouard to play the air again, or let the evening pass without again submitting himself to so supreme an assault upon his feelings. Now the question had been settled for him, and he found that it had been decided as he secretly desired. It was impossible to believe that Edouard was the same young man who had played the same air on the night previous, for Edouard no longer considered that he was present on sufferance—he invited and challenged the attention of the room; his music commanded it to silence. It dominated all who heard it.

As he again slowly approached the table where Miss Warriner was seated, the eyes of every one were turned upon him; the pathos, the tenderness of his message seemed to speak to each; the fact that he dared to offer such a wealth of deep feeling to such an audience was in itself enough to engage the attention of all. A group of Guardsmen, their faces flushed with Burgundy and pulling heavily on black cigars, stared at him sleepily, and then sat up, erect and alert, watching him with intent, wide-open eyes; and at tables which had been marked by the laughter of those seated about them there fell a sudden silence. Those who fully understood the value of the music withdrew into themselves, submitting thankfully to its spell; others, less susceptible, gathered from the bearing of those about them that something of moment was going forward; but it was recognized by each, from the most severe English matron present down to the youngest "omnibus boy" among the waiters, that it was a love story which was being told to them, and that in this public place the deepest, most sacred and most beautiful of emotions were finding noble utterance.

The music filled Corbin with desperate longing and regret. It was so truly the translation of his own feelings that he was alternately touched with self-pity and inspired to fresh resolve. It seemed to assure him that love such as his could not endure without some return. It emboldened him to make still another and a final appeal. Mrs. Warriner, with all the other people in the room, was watching Edouard, and so, unobserved, and hidden by the flowers upon the table, Corbin leaned toward Miss Warriner and bent his head close to hers. His eyes were burning with feeling; his voice thrilled in unison to the plaint of the violin.

He gave a toss of his head in the direction from whence the music came.

"That is what I have been trying to tell you," he whispered. His voice was hoarse and shaken. "That is how I care, but that man's genius is telling you for me. At last you must understand." In his eagerness his words followed each other brokenly and impetuously. "That is love," he whispered. "That is the real voice of love in all its tenderness and might, and—it is love itself. Don't you understand it now?" he demanded.

Miss Warriner raised her head and frowned. She stared at Edouard with a pained expression of perplexity and doubt.

"He shows no lack of feeling," she said critically, "but his technique is not equal to Ysais'."

"Good God!" Corbin gasped. He sank away from Miss Warriner and stared at her with incredulous eyes.

"His technique," he repeated, "is not equal to Ysais'?" He gave a laugh which might have been a sob, and sat up suddenly with his head erect and his shoulders squared. He had the shaken look of one who has recovered from a dangerous illness. But when he spoke again it was in the accents of every-day politeness.

At an early hour the following morning Mrs. Warriner and her daughter left Waterloo Station on the steamer train for

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Southampton, and Corbin attended them up to the moment of the train's departure. He concerned himself for their comfort as conscientiously as he had always done throughout the last three months, when he had been their traveling companion; nothing could have been more friendly, more sympathetic, than his manner. This effort, which Mrs. Warriner was sure cost him much, touched her deeply. But when he shook Miss Warriner's hand and she said "Good-by, and write to us before you go to the Philippines," Corbin for the first time stammered in some embarrassment.

"Good-by," he said; "I—I am not sure that I shall go."

He dined at the Savoy again that night, in company with some Englishmen. They sat at a table in the corner where they could observe the whole extent of the room, and their talk was eager and their laughter constant and hearty. It was only when the boy who led the orchestra began to walk among the tables, playing an air of peculiar sadness, that Corbin's manner lost its vivacity, and he sank into a sudden silence with his eyes fixed on the table before him.

"That's odd," said one of his companions. "I say, Corbin, look at that chap! What's he doing?"



—"and to an empty chair"

Corbin raised his eyes. He saw Edouard standing at the same table at which for the last two nights Miss Warriner had been seated. "What is it?" he asked.

"Why, that violin chap," said the Englishman. "Don't you see? He's been playing to the only vacant table in the room, and to an empty chair."

THE OLD DAGUERREOTYPES

By Joe Lincoln

UP IN the attic I found them, locked in the cedar chest,
Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which once were brave as the best;
And, like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats gay with stripes,
They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old daguerreotypes.

Quaint little folding cases fastened with tiny hook,
Seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch and look,
Linings of purple velvet, odd little frames of gold,
Circling the faded faces brought from the days of old.

Grandpa and grandma, taken ever so long ago,
Grandma's bonnet a marvel, grandpa's collar a show;
Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby hands
Painted—lest none should notice—in glittering, gilded bands.

Aunts and uncles and cousins, a starchy and stiff array,
Lovers and brides, then blooming, but now so wrinkled and gray.
Out through the misty glasses they gaze at me, sitting here
Opening the quaint old cases with a smile that is half a tear.

I will smile no more, little pictures, for heartless it was, in truth,
To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of a vanished youth.
Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns and your lavender,
And dream, 'mid their bygone graces, of the wonderful days that were.

The Strong Young Men of the Administration. By A. Maurice Low

USUALLY a National Administration brings into prominence one or two obscure men. Of recent years young men have made their mark in Washington. The present Administration is noteworthy as having more young men in its service than any other Administration heretofore; men occupying the highest positions, nearly all of whom, before they came to Washington three years ago, were nationally unknown. Six of these men—three of them under forty, three of them a trifle over—have been selected because their lives are interesting studies; because they show what can be done by men who are determined to do things; because they are intrusted with great power and even greater responsibilities; because, in the absence of their chiefs, they frequently become that intangible thing, "the Government." Let me introduce them to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST: Dr. David Jayne Hill, Assistant Secretary of State; Charles Herbert Allen, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Frank Arthur Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Charles Gates Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency; Perry Sandford Heath, First Assistant Postmaster-General; William Woodville Rockhill, Director of the Bureau of American Republics—a distinguished company.

SECRETARY HILL AS A SLEEPER AND EATER

When David Hill entered the Freshman class of the University of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, nineteen years ago, he was thoroughly prepared in all branches except Greek. In that study he was nearly two years behind his class. The Greek professor was disposed to put him back a year. Young Hill's reply was characteristic of the man: "I realize my deficiency," he said, "but I am here upon serious business, and not for play." He was admitted, and at the close of the Freshman year his grade in Greek was ninety-five out of a possible hundred. This seriousness marked his whole college life.

"He was the most methodical boy I ever knew," said John B. Cooke, Clerk of the Supreme Court of the State of Colorado, who was a college mate. "At the time for study he was in his room ready for work, and he was never too early nor too late. He was never known to miss a recitation or a meal; I never knew this appetite to fail him. He went to bed about ten o'clock and arose about half-past six. Neither study nor frolic could induce him to violate the rules he had established for his self-control. He was the most perfect sleeper and the most delightful eater, without a trace of the epicure, I have ever known. While he rigidly held himself to his rules, he did so without ostentation or display. He was a lover of college sports of all kinds, but his principal exercise was a brief walk of thirty minutes, morning, noon and evening."

OLD CLOTHES AND AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA

While at college Hill was full of fun, which was always breaking out in unexpected places. One day, walking with a companion, they passed some little children playing upon a lawn. Hill looked over the fence, and in a tone of voice intended to be harsh said: "Children, love one another; confound you, why don't you love one another?" Then the two students passed on and the conversation upon some serious matter was resumed.

He displayed a marked power of concentration and of mastery over himself, whether in the recitation-room, in conversation, or in debate. His determination to succeed showed itself characteristically on one occasion. He was forced to practice a good deal of economy. Coming into an unexpected windfall—sixty dollars, I believe—he debated long and earnestly whether he should cut a dash among his fellow-students by appearing in a garb more gorgeous than that of the lilies of the field, or whether he should invest the money in an encyclopædia which he needed in his studies. Literature finally won the day. Young Hill bought the cyclopædia, and the knowledge he was enabled to display on sundry occasions, thanks to these books, gave him a great reputation with his associates.

At an early stage in his college career he showed a natural literary tendency. His orations were models of classical diction, and one of his associates recalls numerous instances of his logic and emotional tenderness. He was a constant student of the best writers of classical and modern English. He read everything. That in later life he should have written text-books on rhetoric and compiled a series of biographies which have attained the dignity of classics is not surprising.

HOW SECRETARY HILL MET HIS WIFE

At college, Hill never seemed to think of love, consequently it was not surprising that he should fall in love in a romantic manner. At one commencement a member of the graduating class asked Hill to meet his sisters who were coming from Philadelphia. He explained that they would drive up in a carriage to their boarding-house, and, as he would be busy at that time, he asked Hill to do the honors. The carriage drove up, Hill ran out, opened the carriage door and, to use his own language, "there sat two of the prettiest girls that ever were." He was satisfied that they were too beautiful to be the sisters of his friend. He stood there holding the carriage door, looking at the lovely faces before him but not uttering a syllable. In his embarrassment, he pulled out his watch and gazed at it long and anxiously, then he suddenly came to himself, thrust the watch back into his pocket, hastily closed the carriage door and ran into the house, leaving the young ladies to get out of the carriage alone. They remained at the house during commencement week, sitting opposite to him at the dining-table. At the beginning of the next term he said: "Well, I did not go home during vacation. I am engaged to be married to the loveliest girl in the world, one of those girls in the carriage." Immediately upon graduating from college "the loveliest girl in the world" became his wife.

"I can recall," says Mr. Cooke, "but one instance where Hill took any special part in a college prank. We had written a burlesque upon one of the classes, and it became a serious matter to distribute copies, as expulsion would surely follow detection. The most dangerous part of this work was to put the skit in the hands of the young ladies of a seminary located about a third of a mile from the college building. None of us was willing to assume this dangerous duty. So we drew lots, and it fell to Hill. It was a cold, dark, wintry night. The young ladies were to march in procession to attend an entertainment in one of the halls of the town. At the head of this procession of young ladies a colored janitor marched with a lantern and a heavy cane. Hill thoroughly disguised himself for the task and hid in a dark corner till the colored guard had passed, when he hurriedly began to hand out the burlesques to the young ladies, who at once began to scream; David broke away, the janitor in hot pursuit. He afterward described the race as a beautiful one, with the chances in favor of the janitor, until the latter went head first over a convenient board fence, which enabled the culprit to find a haven of safety."

SECRETARY ALLEN'S COMIC PHOTOGRAPHS

"Allen," said a man who was intimate with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy when they were classmates at Amherst, "could flunk with more grace and charm than any other man I have known, and flunk he often did. I doubt, however, whether his teachers thought any the less of him for it."

This sentence perhaps best characterizes the man on whose shoulders rested so much of the work of the Navy during the Spanish war: a magnetism and personal charm which captivates every one with whom he comes in contact. "What I most vividly remember of him," this classmate added, "was his striking personal appearance. In those far-off days he had not only a good physique, but a fine presence; he was genial and fond of a story, but, unconventional as he was, he none the less had a marked dignity, which on occasion stood him in good stead. His capacity for conducting business was easily recognized, and we elected him President of the class, a distinction which was then, and I fancy is now, esteemed a high honor in college. We instinctively felt that he had the quality of leadership, and were glad on many occasions to follow him—a rather remarkable fact, considering that high scholarship has been immemorably attached to leadership in small colleges."

When Allen first went to college he was a fine sketcher, though without much technical training. His talents soon attracted general attention. He was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and he was one of the first to attach the photographic heads of prominent persons to bodies of his own invention, and create comical environments for them. One of his first pictures, and one which his classmates remember to this day, was of a billiard-room attached to a bar. The venerable President of the college and the professor of Latin were playing billiards, while the professor of Greek lolled in a huge chair, drinking brandy and soda. Allen photographed this picture, and copies of it were handed about with great secrecy for fear the college authorities would get hold of them. The existence of this work of art leaked out, and the faculty finally obtained copies and enjoyed the good-natured caricature quite as much as did the students.

STUDENT DAYS OF SECRETARY ALLEN

Allen's readiness of wit was proverbial, and was always emphasizing itself at unexpected times. In Professor Snell's recitation-room navigation was being studied. Professor Snell, who prided himself on his draughtsmanship, had drawn on the blackboard an outline map of Chesapeake Bay, had triangulated it, and on the lines of triangulation had

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drawn a very creditable ship under full sail. Allen was called up to the board.

"Allen," said Professor Snell, "what would be the course of this ship under these circumstances?"

Allen stood up and put his glasses on his nose.

"What ship? I see no ship."

The Professor, a little nettled, took a pointer and laid it rather sharply on the blackboard and said, "That ship."

"Ah, yes," replied Allen; "you call *that* a ship, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the Professor, entirely taken back.

"Well," answered Allen, without moving a muscle, "if that is a ship, I don't know what her course would be."

That ended the recitation for the time being, so far as he was concerned.

Here is another instance of his agility in getting out of a tight place. The class was being examined in conic sections—perhaps! In some mysterious manner, and perhaps it is best that the mystery should not be solved at this late day, Allen had succeeded in covering the blackboard with the symbols of a problem worked out. Called on to explain, he began gravely:

"P′ = large arc; p′ = small arc. Then we have P′ x p′ into cosine A——"

"Stop, Allen," exclaimed Professor Esty; "explain as if I knew nothing about it."

"Certainly, sir," said Allen. "P′ = large arc; p′ = small arc. Then we have P′ multiplied — I suppose you know how to multiply, sir, don't you?" he broke off, turning to his instructor.

"When Allen came back to the class reunion in 1879," said Dr. E. Winchester Donald, the distinguished pastor of Trinity Church, Boston, "we discovered that he was an orator. It was a great surprise, as he had shown no oratorical ability whatever during college life. But a speech he made in 1879 showed unmistakable power as a speaker. And last summer at our thirtieth reunion he spoke in an informal way for half an hour of his experiences as Secretary of the Navy. Sitting near him, I was more interested in watching the unconscious artistic working of his mind than I was in the story he was telling. The literary turn he gave his sentences was very striking."

A FORTUNE IN LUMBER

When Mr. Allen left college he went into business in his native city of Lowell, Massachusetts, as a lumber merchant, from which he has amassed a comfortable fortune. Fond of public affairs, he served in both branches of the State Legislature, and for four years sat in Congress. On more than one occasion in the House he showed that oratorical ability mentioned by Doctor Donald. I remember especially one occasion when the State of Massachusetts presented to the House of Representatives paintings of former Speakers from that State. Mr. Allen was one of the orators selected to make the presentation, and his speech was a model of all that a speech should be on such an occasion. It was couched in excellent English, it was delivered with a grace that made a profound impression on the House, and it marked Mr. Allen as one of the few accomplished speakers in Congress. Like many men who want to do things and who become impatient at the procrastination of Congress, he tired of service in the House, and thought he had ended his public career.

Two years later, in 1891, the Republicans of Massachusetts demanded that he should be their candidate for Governor. It was a gallant fight that he made, his opponent being the late William E. Russell, that remarkable young man who was thrice elected Governor of Massachusetts. Night after night the two men met on the stump, both magnetic speakers, both appealing to the younger element in politics, and both arousing their followers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. Allen was defeated, and that defeat he thought ended his political career. But when, in 1898, Theodore Roosevelt resigned his place as Assistant Secretary of the Navy to become Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Riders, Mr. Allen was appointed by the President to fill the vacancy.

His long business training, his capacity for affairs, and his quickness to grasp the salient point in any problem submitted to him, made him an ideal man for the executive head of a great business institution like the Navy Department. Mr. Allen was a member of Congress when President McKinley sat in the House as a Representative from Ohio. The two men soon became fast friends, and that friendship has never been broken to this day. He is a frequent companion of the President in his walks and drives, and is often consulted by him on matters outside of his own department. When Mr. Allen was in Congress he was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, but of late years he has forsaken the camera and now his particular fad is sailing. He would go a long distance out of his way to see a good yacht race.

And to quote once more from Doctor Donald, who, when asked to tell something about Allen's life in college, said: "I best sum it all up by saying that he was noted among us for his urbanity, courtesy, tact, quick judgment, integrity, and that indefinable power of leadership which is easily recognized and impossible to describe."

To the Chicagoan of affairs two events mark for him the passage of time—one is the great fire, the other the closing of the Stock Exchange. It was in 1896 that the failure of the Diamond Match Company threatened widespread ruin. The evening before the decision was reached to close the Exchange a meeting of the leading bankers and business men of Chicago was held at the residence of P. D. Armour. The gentlemen who represented millions of capital were pledged not to divulge a word of the proceedings, and reporters were rigidly excluded. One exception had been made.



PHOTO BY WESCOTT, LOWELL, MASS.

CHARLES H. ALLEN



PHOTO BY CHICKERING, BOSTON

DAVID J. HILL



PHOTO BY BOYCE, WASHINGTON

F. A. VANDERLIP



PHOTO BY PRINCE, WASHINGTON

CHARLES G. DAWES

WHEN SECRETARY VANDERLIP LED CHICAGO NEWSPAPERS

The financial editor of the Chicago Tribune, Frank A. Vanderlip, who had just passed his thirtieth birthday, was present by invitation. When the decision was reached and the conference adjourned Mr. Vanderlip was given *carte blanche* to print whatever he thought best and in his own way, and to give the news to the other papers. Going back to his office, he telephoned all the editors in town and offered them the news on the condition that they would print it as it was written, and without the change of a single letter, and permit him to edit the headlines. It was an absolutely unprecedented situation in the newspaper world, in Chicago or elsewhere. But the editors had as much faith in Mr. Vanderlip as had the financiers, and every paper, with a single exception, accepted his terms, and that one did not have the news. The account was, of course, robbed of all sensational features, and a dozen banks were probably saved from ruin. A few weeks later, when one of the national banks failed, a similar course of action was followed.

FROM MACHINE SHOP TO TREASURY DEPARTMENT

The man who had rendered his city such signal service commenced life in a machine shop in Aurora, Illinois, working ten hours a day for seventy-five cents. He was not the kind of man to remain long content with that. He became acquainted with the village postmaster, who was also the village editor, picked up a slight knowledge of typesetting, and, what was to be of more value to him later, the art of writing for a newspaper. He soon outgrew his field and went to Chicago, where he found work on the Tribune. Later he became its financial editor.

It was in this place that he won the esteem and confidence of the financial magnates to such a degree that they were willing to intrust him with their secrets and admit him into their councils. As financial editor of the Tribune he was in receipt of a good salary; he was also part owner of the Economist, a weekly financial paper. When Mr. Gage, whom he had known for years, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, he proposed to become his private secretary, a post which paid $2400. Mr. Gage was astonished. "Why," he said, "you can't afford to take this place; it won't begin to pay what you are now earning." But Mr. Vanderlip replied that he would like to have the place for a few years for the experience. He was already fully conversant with finance as a writer; now he wanted to see it in practice. The matter ended in his appointment, and Secretary Gage paid him $1000 a year out of his own pocket.

A WISE INVESTMENT

It was a good investment for the Secretary, for Mr. Vanderlip at once took off his hands an immense amount of routine business, very distasteful to Mr. Gage, whose talents are for great affairs, and who has no taste for details.

In the course of a few months one of the assistant secretaries resigned, and Mr. Vanderlip was appointed as his successor. Since then he has been practically in charge of the finances of the Government, and Secretary Gage has formulated no financial policy without first discussing it with his assistant. The war bond issue and the financial legislation necessitated by the war was placed in Mr. Vanderlip's hands. How successfully he did his work the country knows. A New York financial institution recently offered him an executive position at a large salary. Asked, in connection with this, whether he would care to remain in office four years more, he replied: "No. Four years are good and helpful; eight would be destructive. If I should stay them out I'd be a fossil before I knew it, and would probably find myself applying for any Government job I could get—perhaps running an elevator—and quite probably not fit even for that." So the chances are that he will go to New York when the Administration closes.

The "baby" of this interesting official family is Charles G. Dawes—only thirty-four years old—who holds in his grasp the destinies of nearly 4000 national banks, with deposits of over $3,000,000,000, whose power in the financial world is so great that even a Rockefeller, or a combination of Rockefellers and Vanderbilts and the other great financial magnates, might well tremble if he should exercise it.

A FORTUNATE CHOICE OF A BIRTHPLACE

Next to selecting one's grandfather carefully there is nothing quite so sensible as carefully selecting the State of one's birth. Mr. Dawes had the good sense to be born in Ohio. Naturally he has prospered. When he was young he studied both law and civil engineering, and after serving as an engineer on a road whose name no longer exists he drifted to Lincoln, Nebraska, and boldly put out his shingle. Here he came in contact with William J. Bryan, and, fired with the enthusiasm of youth, tried to show him the error of his ways. His association with the future Democratic candidate was interesting but not satisfying, and the Lincolnites were so

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perverse that they refused to bring their lawsuits to Dawes' office. The bottom of his purse was distinctly visible. When the future Comptroller of the Currency found that law was likely to prove a long and tedious struggle, he looked around for something else. He became bookkeeper for a local gas company at a ridiculously small salary. But some men start in life with a shoestring and end by owning a tannery. It was not long before Dawes had a small share in the company. It was not much longer before he owned the plant and, instead of working as a bookkeeper, had a bookkeeper working for him.

HALF A MILLION IN TEN YEARS

A few years later and the man who had been waiting for the clients who hadn't the good sense to come was Director of a national bank and Vice-President of a packing company; he had also acquired interests in gas companies in Akron, Ohio, and La Crosse, Wisconsin. Then his fame spread. A gas company in one of the suburbs of Chicago wanted him as President, and they were able to offer him inducements to leave Lincoln. In ten years, by honest and hard work, he had made a fortune estimated at half a million dollars. He has added to it since.

No man can do what Mr. Dawes has done, and in the way he did it, who does not possess certain indispensable qualities. To the gift of being able to make friends and to hold them with a grip of steel, there must be added the power to see events just a little before they happen; to work silently, obscurely even, to attain the end. Mr. Dawes possesses these qualities. An illustration of his methods may be found in the McKinley campaign. Long before the St. Louis Convention it had been supposed that Illinois was solid for Senator Cullom, and so clearly did the McKinley managers realize this that rather than excite antagonism they decided to remain out of Illinois. Mr. Dawes was then absolutely unknown in politics. He dissented from the judgment of the McKinley managers, and without help set out to capture the Illinois delegation.

When the State Convention met it was found that instead of being unanimous for Cullom nearly half the delegates were in favor of McKinley. The delegation finally went to St. Louis uninstructed. The ordinary politician, after having made such a brilliant *coup*, would have exploited it and himself at length in the newspapers. It was fully a month after the convention before the general political world learned of Dawes, and then it was only because Mr. McKinley himself told a party of correspondents how Dawes had organized and practically carried Illinois for him.

AN INDEPENDENT BANKER AT FIFTEEN

Perry Heath is the commander-in-chief of an army of 40,000 strong, whose annual support costs $40,000,000. Rather staggering figures, these.

Mr. Heath has made a fortune from nothing. He started life as a printer's devil on the Muncie, Indiana, Times, and from that worked up to his present position. When he was thirteen he earned $1.50 a week and saved; when he was sixteen he got $3 a week and saved. When in later years he came to Washington and received the largest salary then paid, he still saved. In twelve years as a Washington correspondent he earned $75,000 and saved $50,000. Before he was fifteen he had saved $35 and lent it at interest. He says he never borrowed a cent or received a job through any one's influence but once in his life.



PHOTO BY RICE, WASHINGTON

W. W. ROCKHILL

In the early days Heath was a typesetter, and with his characteristic thoroughness he made himself one of the best in the country. In repeated contests with professionals he won the prize for speed and accuracy—in fact, old-timers say that when in his prime he could give points to the Mergenthaler. He still keeps himself in practice, and can do better work now than three-fourths of the compositors.

A NOVEL INSPIRATION TO SERENITY

Mr. Heath has been successful every time but once. When he had been in Washington two years he went out to Dakota and invested his savings in a newspaper. But things went wrong and he lost all. Refusing to be beaten, he took up Government land, and pretty soon had back all that he had lost. Then he returned to Washington.

When Mr. Heath was a Washington correspondent it was said of him that he was never known to be rattled. No matter how fast news piled up, or how many things had to be watched, he was always serene, and apparently never making much exertion. A memorable illustration of his self-possession is related by a friend. Mr. Heath was one of the first newspaper men from the outside to reach Charleston at the time of the earthquake. On one of the nights of inconceivable terror, when buildings were falling around him and terrified people were running into the streets in their night clothes, Heath sat in the middle of the street dictating to a telegraph operator—who had moved his instrument to that place of comparative safety—the only full and connected account of the catastrophe which almost brought about Charleston's undoing. People will show you to-day the empty seats of the pillars the earthquake toppled from the old colonial fronts, but to Mr. Heath the terror and confusion was an inspiration to serenity.

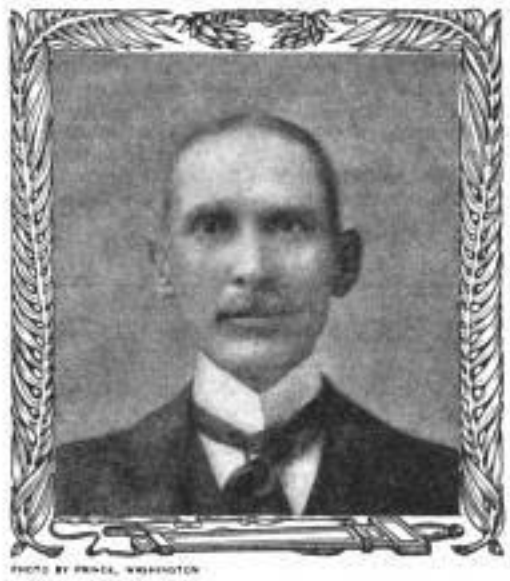


PHOTO BY PRICE, WASHINGTON

ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL HEATH

BEFORE MR. HEATH BECAME POSTMASTER

Heath left Washington to take charge of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, in which he had a proprietary interest. The paper was almost moribund. For many years a warm friendship had existed between Major McKinley and Perry Heath. When Mr. McKinley's name was mentioned in connection with the Presidency, Mr. Heath not only threw all his editorial weight in the scale, but he also took an active part in the ante-nomination politics. And an extremely shrewd, adroit and "smooth" politician is Mr. Heath. He never loses his temper, he never tires, he never seems to care; he is always on as good terms with his opponents as he is with his allies, and in the end his opponents become his allies. He had much to do with the nomination of Mr. McKinley.

After the nomination Mr. Heath sold the Tribune, which by that time he had made a paying property, to take charge of the Republican press bureau. The work he did exhibited his executive capacity. Millions upon millions of documents were sent out by him and his assistants during the campaign. These documents were written in every known language. The work of distribution was such that if it had been part of the system of a commercial establishment it would have taken years to complete. In a few weeks Mr. Heath had organized the literary bureau, and had it in full running order, and the documents were going to every State of the Union, and through the local agents, finding their way into the hands of the individual voters. Never before had such a work been done by a National Committee, and it must stand as a monument to the executive capacity of Postmaster Heath. When the campaign was over and Mr. McKinley was elected, Mr. Heath was asked whether he would like a Government office. Being a printer, he naturally wanted to go into the Agricultural Department, but the President, realizing the Post-Office Department needed the services of a man having his peculiar gifts for executive work, personally requested him to become First Assistant Postmaster-General.

A PROSY JOURNEY THROUGH THIBET

William Woodville Rockhill has seen more things and done more things than falls to the lot of the average man. Most men with his opportunities would have written a dozen startling books filled with adventure, but either because he is unduly modest or abnormally truthful he says he never had an adventure, and would not know an adventure if he should see one. And yet the man who talks in this matter-of-fact way, as if he had spent all his life in a village, is Philadelphia born, was educated in France, and a graduate from the École Militaire, a sub-Lieutenant in the Foreign Legation in Algeria, where he saw active service, and all this before he was twenty-four years old.

That would seem to be a pretty good foundation for something a little out of the ordinary, and on that foundation Mr. Rockhill has reared a very extraordinary structure of the unusual. He has a natural faculty for languages. While still a boy in Paris he studied Sanscrit, Chinese, and other Oriental tongues, and when Li Hung Chang visited the United States a few years ago Mr. Rockhill was the only native-born American able to converse fluently with the Viceroy in the vernacular. It was because of his knowledge of Chinese that President Arthur appointed him, on his return from Algeria, Second Secretary of Legation at Peking. Then he went traveling through unknown Mongolia and through Thibet the terrible. He was Chargé d'Affaires in Korea when that country was a hermit kingdom. And yet, adventures and he remained strangers.

"Some men," said Mr. Rockhill, "can have adventures in going from New York to Brooklyn, but I am not one of them. I have never had an adventure in my life. You are always hearing of men who have found trouble in China, but I have traveled 4000 miles through its interior and never had a cross word addressed to me. There was never an anti-European or anti-American riot while I was there. Adventures come to those who look for them. If a man minds his own business he doesn't have them."

While it is probable that a difference of opinion as to what constitutes an adventure largely explains Mr. Rockhill's apparent immunity, it is certain that peace has always seemed to accompany him. Whether this was purely accidental or the result of his excellent management of the tasks committed to him is a matter of some doubt.

He was in China just after one set of riots came to an end and just before another series began. He reached Greece—he was then our Minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia—in the closing days of the war with Turkey. He has received many foreign medals for his explorations.

The President Listened

A STORY about Congressman William Sulzer, of New York, concerns the passage of the bill in the Fifty-fourth Congress creating the Industrial Labor Commission. The author of this measure was T. W. Phillips, of Pennsylvania. It passed the Senate in the closing hours of the last session and was sent to President Cleveland for signature.

Mr. Cleveland was at the Capitol, as is customary at such times, and was ready to sign such bills as met his approval. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Sulzer and other gentlemen waited on him to explain any points on which he might be doubtful. When they reached the President's room they found the door locked and a grim custodian who declared that the President did not wish to be disturbed. Time was flying, the last moments of the Congress were slipping out of existence, and there was no telling what Mr. Cleveland was doing behind that locked door. Mr. Sulzer came to the rescue.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "we will get into that room if we have to break in the door." After a while it opened. Mr. Cleveland was eating a somewhat bounteous luncheon.

Mr. Sulzer struck an attitude. "Mr. President," he said, "we wish to call your attention to a bill in which every labor organization is vitally interested." He then went on, giving the title of the bill and expatiating on its merits. After a time Mr. Phillips nudged him and whispered that time was getting short, but Mr. Sulzer was making a fine speech and could not cut it short. At last he concluded with a most eloquent peroration, whereupon Mr. Cleveland, with conviction written upon every line of his countenance, picked up a pen and started to sign the bill. Suddenly he paused, looked at his watch and laid down the pen. "Gentlemen," he said, "I was familiar with the merits of this bill and fully intended to sign it. But I forgot myself in listening to the eloquent words of the gentleman from New York. It is now unfortunately after twelve, the Fifty-fourth Congress has expired, and I am no longer President of the United States. I have therefore no power to sign the bill."

But the next Congress passed the bill and the President signed it without further forensic interruptions.

A Naval Wonder-Worker

LIEUTENANT F. J. HAESELER, U. S. N., now attached to the Washington Navy Yard, has invented a breech-block mechanism which is considered by some of the officers of the Navy to be the best gun attachment of its kind ever created. It has two improvements to recommend it. One is a spiral conical plug which saves considerable time and labor, and the other is a safety lock which prevents a premature discharge. Lieutenant Haeseler made the invention soon after the gun explosion on a Russian warship which resulted in great loss of life, and after he himself had had a narrow escape from a similar accident on the Amphitrite. When the invention was tried at the proving grounds many of the spectators were astonished at the inventor's skill in marksmanship. This was not news to the men of the Navy, however, for the Lieutenant had made a record in the Spanish-American War when he was stationed on the Texas. On the night of July 4, when the Spaniards were endeavoring to sink the Reina Mercedes in Santiago harbor, he was at his post, and he fired from his twelve-inch gun three shots at more than four thousand yards' range. Two of these shots, his fellow-officers say, went through the ship and helped to sink her.

Lieutenant Haeseler was graduted from Annapolis in the class of '80, and won his first fame by instituting the changes in the Texas after the Grant celebration which made the battle-ship the model sea-fighter she now is. No one appreciated his work more than the jackies of the Texas. When they came back from the scene of action, and just before Lieutenant Haeseler was appointed to his new post, they presented him with a watch.

On the front was engraved a figure of the Texas stripped for action. On the back was his monogram, and inside the back was inscribed:

"To Lieutenant F. J. Haeseler, U. S. N., from the crew of the battle-ship Texas, in recognition of his services in changing the old hoodoo to the new hero."

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A Bull Market

By Robert Herrick



They were too eager for that, too preoccupied, and even worried

DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THE unspoken ambition of her life since she was married had been distinctly this—her own carriage. She could remember the time when her father had presented her mother with a brougham; it was connected in her mind with the dawn of the affluent days of the family. That affluence had steadily increased, until when she married Barton McDonald the step had seemed an exhilarating adventure into comparative poverty. Of course the privations of their married life were sure to end soon—before middle age—and she had determined privately that their triumph should be marked in some such way as this—an establishment with a carriage and a smart footman.

The "establishment" had come after five years of marriage. Her father had given them the lot, a corner one, on Ritson Place, which seemed appropriate to their probable domestic expansion. What with their savings, a lucky investment, and a moderate mortgage, they had been able to build up a good deal of an establishment, rather more than they had planned and their previous way of living might warrant. Then had come the depressing times of the panic which had followed the great Fair. These hard times had especially affected McDonald's business—he was in railroad supplies; all the railroads were living lean since 1893. Still, it was comparatively easy to economize, when all one's neighbors, even the very wealthy ones, were complaining morosely of failing investments and cutting down their expenditures. There was no sense of shame or personal failure in explaining that you had to do without a fourth servant, and could entertain at dinner but once a week.

She had the greatest confidence in Barton. Every one spoke of his enterprise and wonderful success. He was but thirty, though he looked to be quite forty, judging from his mature face. Older, solid business men made much of him. As soon as trade revived she was sure that Barton would grasp the new business opportunities among the first, that plenty would begin to flow, and her ambition be realized. And so it was. McDonald's business awoke among the earliest; every week saw new advances. The railroads were hungry, thirsty, bare—and new business flowed in. All this she followed in general with the reasonable understanding that an intelligent American wife can give to her husband's business. But she realized it chiefly through the advent of the inside man; then through the revival of their talk about a summer place in the East, somewhere near New Bedford.

Not only did the railroad supply business look up, but certain investments, small affairs to be sure, began to advance. She heard much talk of the boom in the stock market. Somehow the stock market filled her with uneasiness, with a terror that she was forced to laugh at. She knew that this aversion was largely due to Uncle Arthur's deplorable fate. Her father's younger brother had come to smash on the New York Exchange. He had been fabulously wealthy long before the period of her father's affluence. Then there had been references about him in the papers as a plunger. When his fatal day had come a good deal of hard talk had been current about Uncle Arthur's speculation. Her mother had called it gambling, whereat her father had winced a little, guiltily, as if he had been concerned in the same kind of transaction. The affair made bad feeling, she knew. Her father had lost a neat sum through the daring of his younger brother, and Uncle Arthur never managed to retrieve his fortunes. He was now somewhere in the West, working over a mine that would not produce silver, or any other precious metal. The bad blood, the anxiety, the scandal of the stock market fiasco had told so on her mother that she, just old enough to note such matters, had received a vivid prejudice against everything connected with stocks.

Barton and she had discussed this prejudice at frequent intervals. She knew that he had been in stocks, a little, ever since their marriage. In fact, their house was built largely out of an advance in Mesabic Iron. But her husband had carefully explained to her the distinction between investment and speculation until she had half come to accept his theory of the legitimacy of the one and the folly of the other. To be sure, to her crude woman's perception the dividing line between the two was almost invisible—so tenuous, in fact, that she was not sure in what it consisted. She had settled down to the working hypothesis that if you didn't go in on margins, and bought to hold, that you were on the safe side—were an investor. Of late, since the revival of business, even this division between the legitimate and the illegitimate seemed to be disappearing; for so many good things came up on the market, which Barton knew about from the inside, that their little investments were made and remade with ever-increasing rapidity. Scarcely a week went by that McDonald did not casually make some such announcement as the following: "We made a good thing in C., B. & Q. last month. I guess it's reached the top notch. I think I'll try Steel and Wire."

She did not like the phrase, "I'll try." It suggested the gaming table. Another change she disapproved of was that McDonald no longer shunned common stocks or "industrials," as he had once done. She remembered her father's advice when the matter of investments had come up: "Stick to preferred stocks and dividend-bearing securities. The chances in all others are too great." But Barton had excused the common stocks and the industrial concerns by saying that of course no one would take them for a permanent thing, but that everything was on the boom just now, and would be for a year or two. Even a fool couldn't go wrong in this market. So the time-limit criterion had gone; the investment criterion, also. For in spite of Barton's silence on the point, she knew very well that he wasn't buying stocks like National Steel or Radiator common for dividends. He didn't hold them long enough, and, in fact, most of them were not in the dividend-paying class. They were merely promising risks.

Two facts reassured her in her doubting moments. First, there was her great belief in Barton's judgment and success. She had such a faith in him! and everything he turned to seemed to come out ahead. Then she knew that almost all their friends were doing the same thing more or less openly, were "in the market" to a greater or less extent. A dinner party in their little set was likely to bring out a good deal of stock-brokers' talk. Even when other gossip took the place of references to the market, she knew that, as the women left, the men were apt to pull up their chairs about Barton and plunge into a discussion of specialties. She did not exactly like it. Yet, after all, it was not her business; she would not like to have Barton criticise how she managed the house, especially when everything was going well. Perhaps they were destined by means of Barton's shrewdness to be prosperous, wealthy, immensely rich.

Yet the carriage had come so rapidly that it bewildered her. The tenth of September, their wedding-day, she had found an envelope at her plate instead of the usual trinket. It contained a check for two thousand dollars. "We'll select the brougham this afternoon if you'll meet me at Walker's at four," McDonald said in answer to her startled look. She had been so bewildered that she had not kissed him so rapturously as usual.

They selected the brougham, a distinctly smart little affair, and then had had their usual anniversary dinner at the Auditorium and gone to the theatre. Two weeks later, on her birthday, two magnificent iron-gray horses had been driven up to the house for inspection. Meantime they had rented a neighboring stable. Her establishment was completed by engaging a coachman and a nimble young fellow who would look well on the box or at the door.

She had the carriage out for the first time one lovely October morning. As it stood in front of the house she eyed it shyly from the drawing-room window. Somehow it seemed very unreal—the furniture of a dream, that would whisk around the corner some day, never to return. When the footman asked her for her orders, she was in a flutter, and almost at random gave the address of Isabelle Pond, at Buena Park. The Ponds lived so far out of town that it would give her a good drive. And Isabelle would be interested in the new possession.

The Ponds were the only young people in their set who were distinctly poor and who were not "in the market." It had irritated her a little to feel that Belle's sharp tongue made merry with the "operators," as she dubbed Barton McDonald and their friends. Willie Pond had been pretty wild before Belle married him and kept him in leash; that explained it. They had struggled for years to build their ridiculous little villa at Buena Park. Even now the third floor was unfinished, and Belle had no nurse. On the whole, the McDonalds rather patronized the Ponds, but Mrs. McDonald really admired Belle's pluck and character.

It occurred to her when she had driven half the way that it might not be quite nice to flaunt her carriage in Isabelle's face the first day. Yet she did not know what excuse to make, how to avoid appearing ridiculous before her new servants. She did not feel at home in the carriage—not quite the owner of it yet—and so she was driven on to Buena Park.

Mrs. Pond took the matter charmingly, consented at once to drive back to luncheon; admired, discussed and applauded. Finally she relaxed comfortably into the cushioned back and sighed: "May, you are so lucky; you get just what you want in time. And you don't have to fight for it so hard! The man who said that blessings you strive for are the sweetest was a fool."

Mrs. McDonald patted her friend's hand consolingly.

"Belle! This was such a surprise—I can hardly believe it is mine! And it doesn't make you any happier to have your own carriage. Sheridan's was nearly as comfortable, and all we had to do was to telephone for it."

"Of course!" Mrs. Pond smiled a little cynically. "But to know that you *can* have it; that's the thing. It means that your income is over—well, a certain comfortable sum, not three thousand a year."

"I don't know what Barton's income is," Mrs. McDonald replied, slightly annoyed. "He has been very successful lately."

"Stocks have been going up," Mrs. Pond observed with an uncomfortable quickness.

"Have they?" Mrs. McDonald replied a little snubbingly. "I don't follow Barton's investments closely." She dwelt on the broad, respectable term "investments" with due emphasis. Then to make the point clearer she continued: "One has to invest one's earnings somewhere, and Barton says real estate is so uncertain, and the return on bonds and mortgages nothing—positively nothing!"

Mrs. Pond smiled and shifted the subject to other topics. After luncheon Mrs. McDonald sent her friend home in the brougham alone. Isabelle Pond had woven an unpleasant association about the new toy.

As the days went by the carriage became a commonplace, yet Mrs. McDonald never entered it without a curious feeling



SHE HAD THE CARRIAGE OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME ONE LOVELY OCTOBER MORNING

DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

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of unreality. In some way it did not seem to be hers or any one's. It was perfect, but inexplicable. She had never had this feeling about any other possession. This one had come so unexpectedly that she had not acquired any rights in it beforehand from sacrifices or steady progression toward an object of desire. It was merely thrust into her hands. Who could say that it would not pop out in the same manner?

She still depended quite as much on Sheridan's livery as on her own carriage, for what with sick horses, or excessive distances, or taking the coachman out too often in the day, she was forced to rely on the public stable quite half the time. Thus, perhaps, the feeling of unreality was encouraged by the sense of fragility in the toy.

At last she ventured to mention this matter to her husband. They were driving home from a theatre party, and he was smoking, holding his cigar near the partly lowered window.

"Do you feel as if you owned the carriage?" she began abruptly.

"But I don't," McDonald answered with a laugh. "It's yours, and the horses, too. I merely own the bills for it."

"I mean—does it seem quite real to you, like the house and the children?"

"I never thought of comparing them," he answered banteringly. "Why not?"

"It was dropped into our hands—a kind of fairy trick. It always seems to me as though it might disappear some day."

"So were the children, for that matter, weren't they?"

His smile was reassuring if his logic was frivolous. His smile—so broad, so calm, so perfectly assured—always calmed her. It was representative to her of his character. While he smiled indulgently like that, he seemed firm, judicious, quite completely a man.

"Yes, dearie," her husband continued, stroking her hand, "don't bother yourself about it—the money. There is plenty of *that* to be had——" he waved his cigar complacently toward the heavy warehouses that flanked the street. "This carriage is but a trifle. Stocks—business—are on a boom——"

"I wish you were out of stocks," she interrupted irritably, withdrawing her hand from his.

The man's mouth drew in stiffly, giving him an unpleasant, almost arrogant expression.

"We have talked that matter out pretty thoroughly. I think it is for me to decide."

She acquiesced, and his face softened into its usual complacency. Presently he suggested insinuatingly:

"I've been thinking of late that it would be nice to have a year or two abroad before we get the summer place in shape."

Her face lit up eagerly. This was a hope scarcely admitted to herself. "But how could you leave your business?"

He smiled delphically.

"There's Charlie"—Charlie was his younger brother, who had graduated from Yale two years before—"he's taking hold of the business well. If we got together a little capital, say fifty thousand, we might go off and leave him to manage the office. Just think! One, perhaps two years, over there?"

She snuggled closer to him, her heart leaping joyously at the vision.

"How can we ever get all that together!" she exclaimed doubtfully. She remembered the mortgage on the Ritson Place house.

"We'll see," McDonald replied in a tone that said, "Leave that to me."

She made no more remarks until they reached home, when she said irrelevantly:

"Poor Isabelle! It doesn't seem just that all the good things should come to us. That is what I mean, Barton, by saying that everything is unreal. Things come to us almost by wishing for them. They have to struggle for them so hard—it seems unfair."

"Life is a gamble," her husband answered sententiously. "Besides, Pond always was a fool."

These two remarks gave her much food for thought in the weeks to come. They were never quite obliterated from her mind. Sometimes she thought them profoundly wise. Then they seemed paradoxical, for if life were all a gamble Pond could not be blamed for being a fool. Again the paradox made her uneasy—it seemed to indicate a softening of her husband's morality. But, however she pondered the sayings, she came back finally to the bed-rock of her marriage covenant—her husband was the wise and the good man.

Chapter II

THE unreality of it all did not diminish as the days wore on, but she thought less about it. She became accustomed to living in a busy, affluent kind of dream. Barton and she went out a good deal. The city was very gay this winter, and she found herself to be of a certain importance socially. Every one wore a prosperous air, not the least the McDonalds. The activity, business and social, gave her almost no chance to talk things over with Barton. And she felt that her feminine feelings about their life would merely irritate the determined husband.

One day she was obliged to go to his office to remind him of an engagement they had for the evening. After she had completed some errands she was driven to the Marquette Building. It was nearly twelve, and she might get him for luncheon. Of late he had given up coming home for luncheon, although Ritson Place was conveniently near Dearborn Street.

The footman disappeared into the tall hive, and in a few minutes returned with the message that Mr. McDonald had stepped out an hour before and had probably gone over to Knight & Turner, the brokers on LaSalle Street, who had called him up by telephone. Mrs. McDonald debated for a moment; then, as the message was an important one, she gave the order to drive to Knight & Turner's. The brokers' offices were only two blocks away, on the ground floor of an old, blackened building, which was pierced in many spots by telegraph and telephone cables. The first-floor windows bore the simple legend in white letters: "*Stocks and Bonds Bought and Sold.*"

She noticed while she waited that few people entered the brokers' door, but around the corner, downstairs, where a lengthier legend in gilt letters showed that another firm of brokers had their offices, a constant stream of men poured in and out of the swinging doors. She could see from her position in the carriage the top lines of an immense blackboard where a boy was writing rapidly a lengthening line of figures. Through the window that was dropped at the top came a perpetual clatter of ticking machines, but there did not seem to be much talk. The people who went in interested her; they were heterogeneous, but uniformly respectable. Young lawyers, doctors, and smart clerks in wholesale houses—most of them; now and then a grizzled, rather flashily dressed man that might be a habitué—might get a living by the ticker or the race-course. It was the noon hour, and the throng steadily increased.

Suddenly she recognized a face, and quickly withdrew into her carriage, feeling instinctively that the man would be annoyed to be known, feeling also that she might not have done right in driving over to the brokers' in this way. Several times again she perceived faces of people known to her, and each time she withdrew guiltily until the crowd of indifferent men filled up the space between the curb and the basement steps. The stream of men fascinated her. Just what they were doing behind the swinging doors she could not tell, but evidently something in stocks, and not in investment securities, either. They were too eager for that, too preoccupied, and even worried. Almost every one was smoking. One man whom she had seen enter came out in a few minutes, looked aimlessly up and down the street for a moment as if discontented with either prospect, and then set off, his head slightly bent, chewing at his unlighted cigar. He was not shaved, and his sallow flesh, pocked here and there, was seamed, as if from loss of sleep. Not a nice person at all, she thought, and then she reproved herself for her narrow judgment. He was merely a person that she would not be likely to meet, or if she did, he would be shaved and freshened—made presentable.

The footman came back and said that Mr. McDonald would be out presently.

She waited patiently, although it was growing late for luncheon. The stream of attendants at the brokers' office in the basement fascinated her. The noon crowd of clerks, lawyers, doctors were coming out, and to take their places older men were dropping in by twos and threes, business men who could get away from their offices for the afternoon. The exchange was open for the afternoon session. The younger men had evidently come to look over the situation as a whole, to watch the New York market that was already running its afternoon course. Now they were obliged to return to their desks.



"THAT IS GAMBLING"

At last McDonald came down the steps and crossed to the carriage window. His face was set in a sombre, rather preoccupied expression, as if he had been suffering some slightly annoying experience. He looked like this when the servants acted badly, or they missed their connections in traveling. He greeted her in a hurried manner that forced her to state her business at once in justification of disturbing him.

"Well, well," he replied impatiently, and she thought that he had not heard half what she had told him, or considered it altogether too trivial to warrant this interruption, "I must go back now."

"Why, I thought we'd lunch together!" she panted. "Let me take you back to your office, at least."

McDonald shook his head shortly.

"No, I must go back to Knight's for a moment and then get a bite of lunch. Yes, I'll be home in time to dress. Good-by."

"Barton," she called almost involuntarily, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing—a mere flurry; the bull market has had a setback. It's nothing of importance." He wheeled about to be detained no longer.

The carriage threaded its way carefully down the length of the busy street. It passed a number of other groups of men running in and out of offices, which bore the little signs: "*Stocks and Bonds, Grain and Provisions Bought and Sold.*"

She was glad when they had crossed to the busy wholesale streets. There the animation and bustle was another matter. Tangible things, like barrels of potatoes, bales of cotton, huge boxes of merchandise blocked the sidewalks. The prudent, shopkeeping blood in her veins seemed to respond to these manifestations of commerce. The other—LaSalle Street—terrified her. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," it has been writ. And that law had not been abrogated.

To-day, more than ever before, her possessions seemed vague, unsubstantial—phantoms of material desires that had borrowed tenuity for the moment, merely to escape on the morrow in elfish scorn. The one thing which saved her from taking this view of her life completely, instead of having a normal, sane enjoyment of her wealth, was that obstinate belief in her husband. But she had to admit that many admirable husbands had failed, had betrayed shocking judgments in "investments." And if life were nothing but a gamble, why might not to-morrow's throw be disastrous?

She tried to school herself to the idea of loss. To lose one's carriage, one's servants, one's house, nay, one's dreams—but she stopped. That was a step too far, and it was an idle thought. Perhaps the deprivation would not mean much, but the confession of mistake, of defeat would be galling. She must save. Mechanically, she opened her purse and emptied its contents into her lap—two ten-dollar bills and some silver. She picked up the bills and stared at them. They had no particular meaning for her, for she knew when they had disappeared that all she had to do was to write her name in a little red-covered book and present the paper at Field's, or anywhere, to get some more. And she could remember the time in her father's house when a ten-dollar bill had much significance; indeed, it had never quite lost its importance during her maiden days. Now it meant nothing more than an electric bell, or a tray, or any other convenient way of getting your desires fulfilled.

It irritated her, this appearance of a Tantalus meal to which she was forced to give her attention, and with her customary energy she sought to find the cause. Earlier she and Barton had appropriated his income to different accounts; now they spent what had to be spent without much reference to the particular account to which the money should be set down. She must insist on their returning to the old method.

McDonald came in rather earlier than usual, with the same set look of annoyance that his face had worn at noon. She forbore to probe the matter there and then, but some hours later, when they were alone before going upstairs for the night, she could contain herself no longer. All the evening she had kept an eye upon her husband's face, trying to supply the causes for its lines, trying also to settle the uneasiness of her morning's reflection. She knew no particular *finesse*—Barton and she had not been in the habit of managing each other—and so she began awkwardly:

"What did you mean by a flurry?"

"That the market was irregular in prices," he replied sententiously; "some things up; more down."

"What difference does that make?" she persisted. "You didn't lose anything, did you?"

"No," he answered slowly, "not exactly." Then he added in a burst of confidence, "but if the market doesn't recover soon I shall have to lose."

"Why?" she asked bluntly. "If the investments are good, what difference does it make what people think about them just now?"

"You don't understand," he began pettishly, with a sense of the hopelessness of making her understand it all.

"But I want to," she pressed; "I must——"

"I have a lot of stock that I have bought on account."

"What's that?"

"The brokers have bought it for me," he explained with increasing irritation, "but it is more than I care to pay for outright, and they are holding it for me."

"Oh!" after a pause she continued. "But they can sell it for you, can't they?"

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"Yes, Goody! But I don't want them to sell it at a loss. See?"

"You can buy it, then, can't you?"

"Well, no, not all; it is a good round lot."

"What is it?"

"Sugar, six hundred shares," he blurted out irritably.

She gazed into space for a few minutes and then asked:

"How much was it?"

"One sixty-five," McDonald answered wearily.

"Why! six hundred shares; that's most a hundred thousand dollars! How can you buy all that?"

"I can't. The brokers do"—and he went into further explanations. Suddenly she interrupted him fearfully, "But isn't that margining?"

He hesitated. He knew what a fated word that was in the Blake household.

"Buying on account is what I said," he answered briefly.

"But isn't it the same thing as margins?" she persisted relentlessly.

After a moment he replied doggedly, "Yes, you can call it that."

The book she had been fingering slipped from her hands. When McDonald glanced at her he was startled by the horrified, tense expression of her face. He got up and put his hand on her shoulder and smiled reassuringly.

"That is gambling," she whispered at last, "gambling."

"Nonsense," McDonald retorted.

And they spent a long while over the matter, he trying to explain, to make her understand; she recurring to the dreaded term that had such potency over her imagination. Finally he gave it up in despair and had to take refuge in the authority of his judgment, in the propriety of his will. Even that seemed to have got a shock in her mind. She ventured to plead with him, to urge him to sell the Sugar certificates on the morrow. At last he exclaimed brutally: "I can't. If I sold to-morrow it would wipe out almost everything we have, house and all."

At that she said never a word, but got up and walked nervously about the room, examining this thing, then that; handling the bric-à-brac and ornaments until the atmosphere became intolerable to her husband. At last she went upstairs. To all appearances she had accepted the situation.

Chapter III

THE famous bull market of '98 and '99! Whoever is interested in the psychological manifestation of a nation as reflected in the stock market will long remember the vagaries of that season. The picture of an insatiable public, greedy for stock certificates, fed for weeks on the emptiest rumors that floated up from Wall Street like the cloud swirls from a factory chimney! More remarkable were the occasional periods of distrust, when the ignorant multitude, for no apparent reason, was temporarily glutted with its paper trumpery and refused more. For weeks a steady, upward wave, then a halt, then irregular spurts of strength, then a general sag—such was the course of the public pulse as read by the ticker.

These conditions were not reflected openly in the Ritson Place house. Mrs. McDonald asked no more questions after that evening when she had tried to master the distinction between "buying on account" and "margins" and had totally failed. But the market was reflected as by a sixth sense; the atmosphere of the house was the atmosphere of the market, now optimistic, upward, careless; now feverish and fretful, underwrought by scarcely defined fears. She divined that after an anxious two weeks Barton had got rid of his Sugar certificates, even, or at a slight loss. She found herself wishing that it had been a crushing loss, a kind of catastrophe that would deter him from hazardous ventures of a similar nature. When he began to talk once more of Europe, she felt that "something had gone well" besides the regular business, some stock had been "put up," and he had "realized." When he was talkative, full of plans, imaginative, the market was on the rise. When he was gloomy, conservative, inclined to cynicism, he was being pushed. Barton had never been moody—his solid intelligence had hitherto kept a sane note—but now she read him by his moods.

She found herself chiming in note with these moods—now lulled to quiet and fain to trust in her old faith; now suspicious, puritanic and fearful. No matter what the mood might be, however, the same transparent mist of unreality hung over the world and its goods. Should he come home to-morrow and announce that he had taken passage for Europe, she should accept it as a curious bit of the fretwork of dreams that might vanish over night. The horses and the carriage were toys, the house was a home under the sea, the dinners were Persian feasts—a messenger would come some bright day and strike the table. Presto! she would awake.

The measure of reality seemed the Ponds and their sordid struggles. Isabelle and she carefully avoided the subject of stocks—both veiling their eyes before the growing affluency of the Ritson Place house—and sought the safe ruts of old companionship, the insubstantial realities of women's commerce. So for a three months. Then a careless remark let slip by Isabelle awoke her unhappy imagination in all its old vividness.

"We may not always be poor. There is more in this world than slaving from nine to five for daily bread and a roof."

The resentful tone, she thought, might be in sarcasm at her own easy circumstances. But she thought not—it went deeper; it went so deep as to show a new side of Isabelle's nature. She had no ready reply. In pondering this later, a fear came over her; Isabelle was untying the leash that she had so cleverly and affectionately tied about poor Willie Pond. Was she pointing the finger of comparison to her husband—a married woman's deadliest, last weapon? The Ponds had a nurse now, and nothing was said about the mortgage on the Buena Park house. Instead, Mrs. Pond spoke of taking the children East for the summer. Decidedly the Ponds must have discovered some new springs of ease!

She was minded to ask Barton about it. She suspected with misgivings that Barton might know more of Willie Pond's affairs than she cared to have him. He seemed to see a good deal of Pond in the city, lunched with him three or four times a week. But they had been going so gayly and easily the past month that her idle, suspicious, questioning mind had been almost at peace. She had taken a great deal of interest in the discussion at the Monday Club over the question of foreign education for American children. It was generally known that the lucky McDonalds "were contemplating an extended residence abroad." So she refrained from asking troublesome questions. Instead, she changed Margaret's kindergarten and joined a class in French conversation.



DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"TO THE BULL MARKET"

Then, out of all the clear sunshine there came a bolt. Some big man overate or overdrank himself in New York and died—an innocent enough event. She read it in the paper, but scarcely noted it. That evening, however, Barton came home with a heavy face, all the lines of maturity sunk in his brow. The next morning they were not wiped away, nor the next, nor the next. Clearly this was no ordinary "flurry," to which she had grown accustomed. The McDonalds began to decline invitations! Barton was not well—too tired to run about until twelve every night. These days of perturbation there were only two of her possessions that seemed really hers—the children and Barton. As for the carriage, the house and the servants, she clean forgot about them. They were packing themselves up in her mind and soon would be off for good. In more hopeful moments she comforted herself with thinking that her husband, whether right or wrong in his actions, was no weakling. He would bring things out right, give him time. She gave it, drilling herself to be lenient.

Willie Pond was drinking again, so she heard from the Eustises, who lived at Buena Park. She avoided meeting Isabelle, for something might come out which she shrank from facing. She kept up her round of duties from church to kitchen. Margaret had a governess now, and she was watching the governess. At last she met Isabelle Pond accidentally at the Armitages' reception. Mrs. Pond seemed to elude her, willfully, in the press of people. She pursued Isabelle, edging her way in by the corners, until she overtook her friend.

"Drive back in my carriage, Belle."

Mrs. Pond answered coolly: "No, thanks. The electric is good enough for me. It's got to be good enough."

The two women looked at one another silently, while the ripples of talk went over their heads. Every minute some one from the struggling sea grasped one of them by hand, and their faces would relax from the tragic mask—for a moment.

"Come, Isabelle!" Mrs. McDonald plead. And when she pushed into the crowd again the other woman followed her. Once in the carriage, Mrs. McDonald lowered the silk shades.

"What is it, Belle?"

Mrs. Pond's lips quivered proudly, and then she cried, defiantly, openly: "It is all over. We struggled so hard. The house must go, and we owe——"

"But how?"

Mrs. Pond drew herself up proudly——

"*You* ask?"

"Isabelle, I know *nothing!*"

The other woman looked at her critically.

"I have *felt* so much," Mrs. McDonald explained apologetically, "so much—everything is so queer. It's like opium."

Mrs. Pond wiped her eyes.

"May, do you pretend to tell me that you don't *know* what has happened this week—that Will has lost every cent we have and more—over fifteen thousand? He went into something with your husband, and some horrid man died, and everything slumped, and Will's——" but she could not finish. A new sob overtook her.

"No, I did not know that," Mrs. McDonald replied calmly. She was thinking. Suddenly the world flamed up, red and vivid and tragic. The vision burned her, and it was refreshing to feel even pain.

"No, I did not know that," she repeated monotonously. "Where have I been living? I have been asleep." She stroked Isabelle's hands, trying to comfort her.

"Hush; don't tell me anything more, just yet. Thomas will take you home. I will see you soon—to-morrow, perhaps."

The groom held open the door, and Mrs. McDonald heard the click of the lock for the last time, she thought.

Barton was at home, although it was early, and to her annoyance her father was with him. They were sitting in the little den, or rather standing, as if their conversation had been animated. While she crossed the hall and came toward them they suspended their talk and waited for her.

Her dear old father! she thought, with a little gasp; they must keep this sickening mess from his sight. But after one glance she knew that was no longer possible.

"May," her father spoke gently, as was his manner when he had a family rebuke to administer. "May, did you know about this—about what Barton has been doing?"

She looked at her husband to make the denial for her, but to her amazement he turned away as if to avoid the question.

"No," she began, but moved by the thought that this was not the truth exactly, and not courageous to the covenant of marriage, she retracted: "I should say yes, in part."

Her father looked at her keenly, rather sorrowfully, as he replied: "I thought my children had been brought up—well—it's useless to go into that. You should know that your husband has been speculating in stocks, has been speculating wildly, and stands responsible to-day for nearly a hundred thousand dollars more than he can possibly pay. So he has come to me——" he added wearily, as if it were not the first time that he had had to bear heavy burdens of others' folly.

"Did Barton go to you?" she flashed out scornfully.

"What else was there for him to do?" her father answered, as Barton did not take the chance to reply. "Your husband cannot be disgraced."

She had it on her lips to say "But he is disgraced." It would be well later, however, not to have said that.

"I am disappointed," the old man continued reproachfully. "I was so proud of you."

She was glad to see that Barton winced at the tense of the verb. "Now, is this *all?*"

Barton nodded. The old man took his leave with a final order: "Come to my office to-morrow morning."

Her first words, when they were alone, were: "How could you say *all?* Where is Willie Pond's money?"

"I haven't it," Barton replied morosely. "I am not responsible for all the idiots and the unfortunates, am I?"

"What will they do?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Dear," she went on more tenderly, "why did you go to father? Couldn't we have managed it?"

"A hundred thousand—little you know!"

She saw that it would be useless to enter upon the deeper

(Continued on Page 678)

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MEN AND WOMEN
Close-Range Studies



Seumas MacManus, Schoolmaster

Until two years ago Seumas MacManus, the Irish story-teller, taught a little parish school—the same at which he had himself gathered his knowledge—among the Donegal Mountains. Another young schoolmaster, and a schoolmate, James Sweeney, tells of Mr. MacManus' eventful step when he decided to forsake his school and turn to literature.

"I believe he locked the school door for the last time with a sigh of regret," writes Mr. Sweeney. "There were many ties to attach him to the place. It was the school where many of his careless, happy boyhood hours were spent, where his youthful companionships had been formed and cemented by pleasant remembrances, and mayhap where his youthful ambitions first sprung into existence. There were boys whose jacket sleeves were rubbed stealthily across their eyes that day when he announced his intention of leaving them. Seumas MacManus gained his appointment to this school as he forced his way into the ranks of literature—by open competition. I think there were upward of eight candidates for the position. I was one myself, and 'Mac,' though the youngest, I believe, left us far behind. He has left us farther behind since.

"When he resigned this appointment about two years ago the parish and surrounding districts were thrown into such a state of alarm as would prevail in London if Joe Chamberlain should relinquish his office at the present juncture. People could not believe that any man in his proper senses would thus commit professional suicide. It was incomprehensible that any man of mature judgment should throw away the fabulous salary of sixty pounds a year!

"Quite easy was the transition to the explanation that he was asked by his employers to resign because he persisted in writing lying stories for the papers, and poetry. It then got into the county paper and thence into everybody's mouth that, owing to the part he had taken in the commemoration of the Irish Rebellion of '98, the Education Department had called upon him to retire from office. So the people were loud and vehement in their indignation when they discovered 'the Masther was broke.' With all the force and energy of their honest, kindly hearts they sympathized with him in his misfortune, just as they had deplored his rashness when he had announced that he was going to publish a book.

"There were a few who maintained that 'Mac's' resignation was in no way forced—that it was a voluntary act of his own. Jemmy Friel, the roadmaker, was one of this minority.

"'It's my opinion,' said Jemmy, leaning on the shovel and addressing himself to Ned Simm and Mick Curley, 'it's my opinion that the masther's not the soart iv a boy to do sich a thing as design if he didn't take himself. If he wanted to houl' on to the taichin' he wudn't design for all the boords in Dublin. He'd hev it thried in Parliamint beyant first.'"



WILLIAM MACMANUS

Edwin Emerson's Expensive Correspondence

When a New York lyceum manager recently talked to Edwin Emerson, Jr., about his war experiences as a correspondent, Rough Rider, and member of General Wheeler's staff, he said, "Emerson, I'd like to have you give a course of lectures for me, but I suppose you have made so much out of the war that you cannot be touched by an ordinary offer."

"Yes," said Emerson, "I made one dollar out of the war, and I did it on one hundred cents. I started out for a newspaper with an artist, and we had $100 between us. We joined Sampson's fleet at Key West, and it was so long waiting for orders that we used all our money up and finally we had only one dollar left. My friend had a hat I liked, and I bought it from him and gave him the dollar. Just then orders came for the fleet to move and we had to be on board the transports at once. We owed the landlord a large bill, and we tossed pennies to see who should converse with him about the non-payment of it. It came to me, and I talked with him. He said he was a patriot and believed we were also, and we could pay when we came back. Meanwhile our cables for money were not answered. We left about five dollars' worth of laundry with our host and joined the fleet. We stopped to coal at Cape Haytian, and I got off and sent forty dollars' worth of cablegrams and gave my name as security. Then I went on to Puerto Rico, where I raised some money on a draft. I did Puerto Rico as a German peasant, and worked my way to San Juan and back to the coast. There I sailed out in a small boat which I lifted. I was picked up by a passing steamer from Santa Cruz, and at that time I had forty cents left. The passengers, who were mostly Americans, made up a purse and fairly hauled me from the steerage into the first cabin. I arrived in Brooklyn penniless, and I had to slip past the ferryman to get over to New York. I made at once for the office of my paper, expecting to be met like a conquering hero and to be feted and given several dinners, not to say a life position by the editor. Nobody noticed me, and I said to the old door-boy:

"'Say, that's a nice way they have here of treating a war correspondent, isn't it?'

"'Didn't you know,' he said, 'that the paper has failed?'

"'Failed!' said I, and wandered, or rather groped, out into the street. 'Yes,' he explained, 'and they cabled you to Key West fifteen minutes after you left not to go to the front.'

"I rushed uptown and I met a friend who said: 'Say, Emerson, where has your wife moved to? She was to bring us a poem last week, and she neither wrote nor called. We sent to her house and they said there that she had moved.'

"I replied not a word, but finally found out where my father-in-law was and walked to his place. There I saw my wife. After I told her what straits I was in she said: 'I have been very thrifty, and I have saved all your salary checks for months back—ever since you left. Here they are, a present for you.'

"Of course the checks were worthless. I had to write for months afterward and give every cent I earned to the cable people, who had taken up my drafts, but, still, perhaps it's worth while to have done the war on a dollar."



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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

A Change of Bliss

The Rev. Dr. William Bliss, of Pasadena, California, is the head of a new school of political science, of which the chief features are direct legislation, and the initiative and referendum. His leading followers are college men and pedagogues. One of them said lately to a Los Angeles woman:

"I do not understand why Doctor Bliss' friends should be exclusively learned men, especially scientists."

"Why, Tom Moore explained that long ago," was her quick answer. "'They have turned from the bliss of science to take up the science of Bliss.'"

Lord Wolseley in America

It is not generally known that Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, visited the ranks of both the Union and Confederate Armies of this country during the Civil War. It was in 1863. He was then a Lieutenant-Colonel and was serving with his regiment in Canada. He received permission to come to the States and made a personal inspection of the warring American troops. After visiting Washington, he was allowed to cross the lines, and he entered the territory occupied by General Lee. It was there that he met Colonel John J. Garnett, of New York, one of the best-known survivors of the Civil War.

"I had been out on picket duty," said Colonel Garnett the other day, "when Colonel Wolseley made his appearance. My troops were not in the best of condition, but we were proud and glad to see him, and we made him feel as much at home as our circumstances would permit. The next day I saw him at General Lee's headquarters and was detailed to accompany him through the ranks. The following day we had an inspection of all the troops available, and Colonel Wolseley was among Lee's staff as the men marched by. He was a tall, soldierly man in the early prime of life, vigorous, strong and pleasant-mannered. He took in everything that there was to be seen, and his comments were marked with rare common sense and military judgment. Our men, as I said, were not in the best of condition, but the Colonel did not humiliate us by calling our attention to the fact. After he had seen all that he cared about, he returned North and rejoined his command. Meantime the Colonel and I had struck up a more than ordinary intimacy, and after the war, and even during the struggle, we began a correspondence which lasts to this day.

"The next time I saw him was in London, in 1887, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. We had renewed our old acquaintanceship, and I rode with him as a member of his staff. When we had ridden past Her Majesty and had taken our stand to watch the review of that part of the British Army on duty in the capital, Lord Wolseley turned to me and said:

"'Colonel, there isn't much resemblance between these soldiers and those we reviewed together down in Virginia.'

"'No,' I answered; 'but I don't think they can fight any harder than our boys could and did.'

"'I hope to Heaven,' answered His Lordship piously, 'that they never will have any need to.'"

President Steyn's Cyrano Courtship

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, took for a wife Miss Fraser, who was the belle of Bloemfontein. This was many years ago, when the great Africander was a poor, struggling law student and clerk. Miss Fraser's parents were very proud and well-to-do, and did not favor the match. Steyn made love and wrote love letters by proxy, choosing a prominent young farmer as the go-between. Every day, sometimes twice a day, Miss Fraser and the farmer would take long walks and rides together. Bloemfontein made up its mind that Steyn had been cut out, when the law student returned from Europe where he had taken his degree. Gossip rose to fever heat when the news came that Steyn had called upon the farmer. Everybody was certain that a duel was about to come off. A short time passed in which every one was on the *qui vive*. Disappointment was nothing to the feeling which was created when, instead of a duel, there was the wedding of Steyn and Miss Fraser, with the farmer as the first groomsman.



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GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY

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OF THE HOUR of Contemporaries

The New Japanese Minister

Jutaro Komura, the Japanese Minister, has made a most agreeable impression in Washington, not only on his colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps, but on every one who has had the pleasure of meeting him. He is especially popular with newspaper men, to whom he is invariably cordial and frank, appreciating their position, their point of view and their mission better than the majority of diplomatists from the Orient, who are either too confidential or too reserved, and who are constantly getting themselves into hot water, and making themselves unpopular by loud complaints that they have been willfully misrepresented.

Mr. Komura is small in figure, even for a Japanese, slender, frail almost, but wiry, and quick in his movements. He is about forty-five years old. He began his diplomatic career before he had hardly reached his majority, and since that time has been constantly in the service of the State. His early education was received at the Kaisei-Gakko and at the Imperial University at Tokyo. Subsequently he took a degree at Harvard, and remained for a number of years in the United States, fitting himself for an official career in his own country.

As Secretary of Legation at Peking at the time it was known that war between the two great Oriental nations, China and Japan, was inevitable, as Civil Governor of the captured province of Antung, following the war, and as Minister resident in Korea, Mr. Komura made a record which made him a potent factor in the politics of the Flowery Kingdom. He resigned the position of Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs to accept the appointment at Washington.

Japan will follow the example of other nations who have raised their representatives to the rank of Ambassador, and ultimately the Japanese Minister will be promoted to the highest diplomatic rank.

Hambourg and the Conductor

All great pianists are more or less eccentric as to their hair, and the latest prodigy, Mark Hambourg, a *protégé* of Paderewski who came to this country in October last, is no exception to the rule. He is of medium height, muscular, smooth-shaven, and has a football growth of hair that enables him to wear a hat several sizes too large for him. During his brief but brilliant experience in Europe and Australia the young player was successful, artistically, professionally and pecuniarily, to a high degree; therefore when he came to America he was led to believe that his name was one to conjure with. And his first experience on an American railroad did much to secure him in this belief. It was on a sleeping car over a rough stretch of road full of curves and windings, and the car's unsteady motion made walking a hazardous task. After being thrown from one side of the aisle to the other he sought out the porter.

"Say," said he in his broken English, "tell your conductor that he must go slower around these corners or I shall not be able to appear to my audience to-morrow."

"What's the matter with the car?" asked the porter.

"It goes too fast around the corners. It jolts me all to pieces. I am Mark Hambourg, pianist, and I must play to-morrow. Tell him all I say and waste no time."

Then the player crept back to his section, and the porter returned to his boots, whistling meantime an unclassical, rag-time air, and the incident, so far as he was concerned, was dropped. But it so happened that within five minutes the train slowed up at a junction where it waited two hours for a Southern connection, and in the stillness of the night the pianist composed himself to slumber, a pleasant smile resting on his face. His command had been obeyed.



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MARK HAMBOURG



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MADAME LILLI LEHMANN

It was after Hambourg's first concert in New York that a friend said to him: "Didn't I tell you so? What a fine audience you had. I told you you could just pick up money in the streets here. New York is full of it."

The musician smiled and agreed with him. The next day he took a street-car ride and paid his fare with a crisp new dollar bill, one of those he had picked up in the concert hall. He was handed in change a lead fifty-cent piece, a defaced quarter, a crooked ten-cent piece, and a freshly minted dime. On his way home he endeavored to pass some of the money, but without success. When he met his friend in the evening he showed him the change and said:

"What do you think of it?"

"Where did you get it?" was the reply.

"In a street car."

"Well, I told you you could pick up money in the streets, but I didn't say anything about street cars."

Madame Lehmann's Two Fads

The interest which Madame Lilli Lehmann, the grand opera prima donna, has taken in saving the song birds of America has given a special significance to her appearance in society. Not long ago a committee of ladies called upon her in New York and asked her to sing for their pet charity.

"I will do so upon one condition," was the reply.

"What is that?"

"It is that you promise me never again to wear 'song-birds' feathers upon your hats."

The promise was given and Madame Lehmann sang.

A member of one of the companies in which Madame Lehmann traveled last year says that the singer's sentimentality for animals often caused the stage hands much annoyance. She is an ardent vegetarian, and will partake of no animal food. She does not believe in stimulants, and at dinner always turns down her glass. It is customary for refreshments of some sort to be passed around behind the scenes before and during an operatic performance. One evening an old stage hand asked Madame Lehmann if she would have some wine.

"Madame Patti sang Lucia on roast chicken and this wine," said he.

"Indeed?" replied Madame Lehmann; "well, I sing Brunhilde on a plate of rice and water."

Mr. Bryant's Venturesome Slide

Henry G. Bryant, one of the two American Vice-Presidents of the Geographical Association which met in Berlin last summer, has returned to this country. Mr. Bryant has not only been in the Arctic regions with one of the Peary Auxiliary Expeditions, but he has done considerable exploring on his own account. He discovered the great falls of Labrador, and climbed almost to the top of Mount St. Elias. His most recent experience was in the Canadian Rockies. He had two men with him and a pack-train. Taking one of his comrades, he climbed for several days above the clouds toward the peak of the highest mountain in the range. They were fully ten thousand feet above sea-level when they were driven back by a storm. At their feet lay a *névé* basin, which is the beginning of a glacier, and in plain English is a hole in the frozen snow, with almost perpendicular sides, extending downward hundreds of feet. The two men were tied together with a rope. Bryant, being the heavier, brought up the procession. After they had struggled down for several hours with the utmost care, digging steps in the wall with their picks, his companion lost his foothold, and they started on a wild slide for the bottom. Just as each man had given up all hope, the foremost one caught his ice ax in a protruding rock and they were brought up with a short jerk. It seemed almost miraculous. After they had got their breath Mr. Bryant remarked coolly:

"Well, no bones are broken, fortunately. Let's go on."

And they toiled for another two hours until every particle of strength was exhausted. There were still four hundred feet of space to cover before the bottom was reached.

"Suppose we slide: it can't any more than kill us."

Making extemporized sleds of their superfluous clothing, they let loose all hold and darted into space. In a few seconds they brought up at the bottom in a soft snow-bank.

"Why didn't we think of that before?" said Bryant. "It wasn't much trouble getting down here."

"It isn't the getting down here I'm thinking about," returned his companion. "It's the getting back."



The Man Who Would Not Meet the Prince

Probably the only American of distinction who was in New York at the time and declined to meet the Prince of Wales when he visited America before the Civil War, did meet him afterward, and has not been forgotten by England's future King since. It is an odd story. The American is Colonel Ethan Allen, author, financier, diplomat and club man. Allen was about the Prince's age, a law student at the New York University. He refused to attend any of the functions.

"If the Prince wants to see me let him call on me," he said.

His friends laughed. But the Prince did call upon Allen the first week he was here. It was in the old University building in Washington Square, where young Allen had shut himself up for study. That same day the Chancellor was to receive the Prince in another part of the building.

The reception hour came, and Allen sat in his solitude. Before long, he heard a loud knocking and a voice:

"Open this door. Who's in here?"

He opened the door and there stood Chancellor Ferris, and on his arm was the Prince. They evidently felt it a relief to be out of the jam. The members of the party were advanced in years, except Mr. Allen and the Prince, and the two boys soon came together.

"I'm glad to know you, sir," the Prince said.

"Thank you, sir," replied Mr. Allen.

The two then took seats together, and talked for more than an hour. When they parted the Prince said:

"I don't know when I have had such a good time. Will you call upon me at my hotel?"

"No," was the prompt reply; "I haven't the time."

The Prince looked astonished but went on: "Well, if you haven't time now, Mr. Allen, perhaps you may have time when you visit England. At any rate, don't forget me."

Though Colonel Allen has visited England many times, he has never availed himself of this invitation, but last year when the Prince received a representative of the Sons of the American Revolution he said: "I was looking over an old diary, and I came across the strangest incident that happened to me during my American visit. It was about a man named Allen who refused to meet me. Do you know him? I'd like to meet that man again."

But they haven't met yet.



PHOTO BY FREDRICKS, NEW YORK

ETHAN ALLEN

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Bohemian Days *in* San Francisco

By Bret Harte

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AT THE time of these earlier impressions the Chinese had not yet become the recognized factors in the domestic and business economy of the city which they had come to be when I returned from the mines three years later. Yet they were even then a more remarkable and picturesque contrast to the bustling, breathless and brand-new life of San Francisco than the Spaniard. The latter seldom flaunted his faded dignity in the principal thoroughfares. "John" was to be met everywhere. It was a common thing to see a long file of sampan coolies carrying their baskets slung between them, on poles, jostling a modern, well-dressed crowd in Montgomery Street, or to get a whiff of their burned punk in the side streets; while the road leading to their temporary burial-ground at Lone Mountain was littered with slips of colored paper scattered from their funerals. They brought an atmosphere of the Arabian Nights into the hard, modern civilization; their shops—not always confined at that time to a Chinese Quarter—were replicas of the bazaars of Canton and Peking, with their quaint display of little dishes on which tit-bits of food delicacies were exposed for sale, all of the dimensions and unreality of a doll's kitchen or a child's housekeeping.

They were a revelation to the Eastern immigrant, whose preconceived ideas of them were borrowed from the ballet or pantomime; they did not wear scalloped drawers, and hats with jingling bells on their points, nor did I ever see them dance with their forefingers vertically extended. They were always neatly dressed, even the commonest of coolies, and their festive dresses were marvels. As traders they were grave and patient; as servants they were sad and civil, and all were singularly infantine in their natural simplicity. The living representatives of the oldest civilization in the world, they seemed like children. Yet they kept their beliefs and sympathies to themselves, never fraternizing with the *fanqui*, or foreign devil, or losing their singular racial qualities. They indulged in their own peculiar habits; of their social and inner life San Francisco knew but little and cared less. Even at this early period, and before I came to know them more intimately, I remember an incident of their daring fidelity to their own customs that was accidentally revealed to me. I had become acquainted with a Chinese youth of about my own age, as I imagined—although from mere outward appearance it was generally impossible to judge of a Chinaman's age between the limits of seventeen and forty years—and he had, in a burst of confidence, taken me to see some characteristic sights in a Chinese warehouse within a stone's throw of the Plaza. I was struck by the singular circumstance that while the warehouse was an erection of wood in the ordinary hasty Californian style, there were certain brick and stone divisions in its interior, like small rooms or closets, evidently added by the Chinamen tenants. My companion stopped before a long, very narrow entrance, a mere longitudinal slit in the brick wall, and with a wink of infantine deviltry motioned me to look inside. I did so and saw a room, really a cell, of fair height but scarcely six feet square, and barely able to contain a rude, slanting couch of stone covered with matting, on which lay, at a painful angle, a richly dressed Chinaman. A single glance at his dull, staring, abstracted eyes and half-open mouth showed me he was in an opium trance. This was not in itself a novel sight, and I was moving away when I was suddenly startled by the appearance of his hands, which were stretched helplessly before him on his body and at first sight seemed to be in a kind of wicker cage.

I then saw that his finger-nails were seven or eight inches long and were supported by bamboo splints. Indeed, they were no longer human nails, but twisted and distorted quills, giving him the appearance of having gigantic claws. "Velly big Chinaman," whispered my cheerful friend; "first-chop man—high classee—no can washee—no can eat—no dlinke, no catchee him own glub allee same nothee man—China boy must catchee glub for him, allee time! Oh! him first-chopman—you bettee!"

I had heard of this singular custom of indicating caste before, and was amazed and disgusted, but I was not prepared for what followed. My companion, evidently thinking he had impressed me, grew more reckless as showman and, saying to me, "Now me showee you one funny thing—heap makee you laugh," led me hurriedly across a little courtyard swarming with chickens and rabbits, when he stopped before another inclosure. Suddenly brushing past an astonished Chinaman who seemed to be standing guard, he thrust me into the inclosure in front of a most extraordinary object. It was a Chinaman wearing a huge, square, wooden frame fastened around his neck like a collar, and fitting so tightly and rigidly that the flesh rose in puffy weals around his cheeks. He was chained to a post, although it was as impossible for him to have escaped with his wooden cage through the narrow doorway as it was for him to lie down and rest in it. Yet I am bound to say that his eyes and face expressed nothing but apathy, and there was no appeal to the sympathy of the stranger. My companion said hurriedly:

"Velly bad man; steelee heap from Chinamen," and then, apparently alarmed at his own indiscreet intrusion, hustled me away as quickly as possible amid a shrill cackling of protestation from a few of his own countrymen who had joined the one who was keeping guard. In another moment we were in the street again—scarce a step from the Plaza, in the full light of Western civilization—not a stone's throw from the Courts of Justice.

My companion took to his heels and left me standing there bewildered and indignant. I could not rest until I had told my story, but without betraying my companion, to an elder acquaintance, who laid the facts before the police authorities. I had expected to be closely cross-examined—to be doubted—to be disbelieved. To my surprise, I was told that the police had already cognizance of similar cases of illegal and barbarous punishments, but that the victims themselves refused to testify against their countrymen—and it was impossible to convict or even to identify them. "A white man can't tell one Chinese from another, and there are always a dozen of 'em to swear that the man you've got isn't the one." I was startled to reflect that I, too, could not have conscientiously sworn to either jailer or the tortured prisoner—or perhaps even to my cheerful companion. The police on some pretext made a raid upon the premises a day or two afterward, but without result. I wondered if they had caught sight of the high-class first-chop individual with the helplessly outstretched fingers, as that story I had kept to myself.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

—AN ACCIDENT WHICH WAS FOLLOWED BY THE PROMPT BREAKING OF ANOTHER BY THE NEOPHYTE

But these barbaric vestiges in John Chinaman's habits did not affect his relations with the San Franciscans. He was singularly peaceful, docile and harmless as a servant, and, with rare exceptions, honest and temperate. If he sometimes matched cunning with cunning it was the flattery of imitation. He did most of the menial work of San Francisco and did it cleanly. Except that he exhaled a peculiar druglike odor, he was not personally offensive in domestic contact, and by virtue of being the recognized laundryman of the whole community his own blouses were always freshly washed and ironed. His conversational reserve arose, not from his having to deal with an unfamiliar language—for he had picked up a picturesque and varied vocabulary with ease—but from his natural temperament. He was devoid of curiosity, and utterly unimpressed by anything but the purely business concerns of those he served. Domestic secrets were safe with him: his indifference to your thoughts, actions and feelings had all the contempt which his three thousand years of history and his innate belief in your inferiority seemed to justify. He was blind and deaf in your household because you didn't interest him in the least. It was said that a gentleman who wished to test his impassiveness arranged with his wife to come home one day and, in the hearing of his Chinese waiter—who was more than usually intelligent—to disclose with well-simulated emotion the details of a murder he had just committed. He did so. The Chinaman heard it without a sign of horror or attention even to the lifting of an eyelid, but continued his duties unconcerned. Unfortunately, the gentleman, in order to increase the horror of the situation, added that now there was nothing left for him but to cut his throat. At this John quietly left the room. The gentleman was delighted at the success of his ruse until the door reopened and John reappeared with his master's razor, which he quietly slipped—as if it had been a forgotten fork—beside his master's plate and calmly resumed his serving. I have always considered this story to be quite as improbable as it was inartistic, from its tacit admission of a certain interest on the part of the Chinaman. *I* never knew one who would have been sufficiently concerned to go for the razor.

His taciturnity and reticence may have been confounded with rudeness of address—although he was always civil enough. "I see you have listened to me and done exactly what I told you," said a lady commending some performance of her servant after a previous lengthy lecture; "that's very nice." "Yes," said John calmly, "you talkee allee time; talkee allee too much." "I always find Ling very polite," said another lady, speaking of her cook, "but I wish he did not always say to me, 'Good night, John,' in a high falsetto voice." She had not recognized the fact that he was simply repeating her own salutation with his marvelous instinct of relentless imitation, even as to voice. I hesitate to record the endless stories of his misapplication of that faculty which were then current, from the one of the laundryman who removed the buttons from the shirts that were sent to him to wash that they might agree with the condition of the one offered him as a pattern for "doing up," to that of the unfortunate employer who, while showing John how to handle valuable china carefully, had the misfortune to drop a plate himself—an accident which was followed by the prompt breaking of another by the neophyte, with the addition of "Oh, hellee!" in humble imitation of his master. I have spoken of his general cleanliness; I am reminded of one or two exceptions which I think, however, were errors of zeal. His manner of sprinkling clothes in preparing them for ironing was peculiar. He would fill his mouth with perfectly pure water from a glass beside him, and then by one dexterous movement of his lips in a prolonged expiration squirt the water in an almost invisible misty shower on the article before him. Shocking as this was at first to the sensibilities of many American employers, it was finally accepted, and even commended. It was some time after this that the mistress of a household, admiring the deft way in which her cook had spread a white sauce on certain dishes, was cheerfully informed that the method was "allee same."

His recreations at that time were chiefly gambling, for the Chinese theatre wherein he later produced his plays (which lasted for several months and comprised the events of a whole dynasty) was not yet built. But he had one or two companies of jugglers who occasionally performed also at American theatres. I remember a singular incident which attended the début of a newly arrived company. It seemed that the company had been taken on their Chinese reputation solely, and there had been no previous rehearsal before the American stage manager. The theatre was filled with an audience of decorous and respectable San Franciscans of both sexes. It was suddenly emptied in the middle of the performance; the curtain came down with an alarmed and blushing manager apologizing to deserted benches, and the show abruptly terminated. Exactly *what* had 'sappened never appeared in the public papers nor in the published apology of the manager. It afforded a few days' mirth for wicked San Francisco, and it was epigrammatically summed up in the remark that "the next morning no woman could be found in San Francisco who was at that performance, and no man who was not." Yet it was alleged even by John's worst detractors that he was innocent of any intended offense. Equally innocent but perhaps more morally instructive was an incident that brought his career as a singularly successful

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Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers on Bohemian Days in San Francisco.

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physician to a disastrous close. An ordinary native Chinese doctor, practicing entirely among his own countrymen, was reputed to have made extraordinary cures with two or three American patients. With no other advertising than this, and apparently no other inducement offered to the public than what their curiosity suggested, he was presently besieged by hopeful and eager sufferers. Hundreds of patients were turned away from his crowded doors. Two interpreters sat, day and night, translating the ills of ailing San Francisco to this medical oracle and dispensing his prescriptions—usually small powders—in exchange for current coin. In vain the regular practitioners pointed out that the Chinese possessed no superior medical knowledge, and that their religion, which proscribed dissection and autopsies, naturally limited their understanding of the body into which they put their drugs. Finally they prevailed upon an eminent Chinese authority to give them a list of the remedies generally used in the Chinese pharmacopœia, and this was privately circulated. For obvious reasons I may not repeat it here. But it was summed up—again after the usual Californian epigrammatic style—by the remark that "whatever were the comparative merits of Chinese and American practice, a simple perusal of the list would prove that the Chinese were capable of producing the most powerful emetic known." The craze subsided in a single day; the interpreters and their oracle vanished; the Chinese doctors' signs, which had multiplied, disappeared, and San Francisco awoke cured of its madness, at the cost of some thousand dollars.

My Bohemian wanderings were confined to the limits of the city for the very good reason that there was little elsewhere to go. San Francisco was then bounded on one side by the monotonously restless waters of the bay and on the other by a stretch of equally restless and monotonously shifting sand dunes as far as the Pacific shore. Two roads penetrated this waste: one to Lone Mountain—the cemetery; the other to the Cliff House—happily described as "an eight-mile drive with a cocktail at the end of it." Nor was the humor entirely confined to this felicitous description. The Cliff House itself, half restaurant, half drinking saloon, fronting the ocean and the Seal Rock where disporting seals were the chief object of interest, had its own peculiar symbol. The decanters, wine-glasses and tumblers at the bar were all engraved in the old English script, with the legal initials "L. S." (*Locus Sigilli*)—"the place of the seal."

On the other hand, Lone Mountain, a dreary promontory giving upon the Golden Gate and its striking sunsets, had little to soften its weird suggestiveness. As the common goal of the successful and unsuccessful, the carved and lettered shaft of the man who had made a name, and the staring blank headboard of the man who had none, climbed the sandy slopes together. I have seen the funerals of the respectable citizen who had died peacefully in his bed, and the notorious desperado who had died "with his boots on," followed by an equally impressive cortège of sorrowing friends, and often the selfsame priest. But more awful than its barren loneliness was the utter absence of peacefulness and rest in this dismal promontory. By some wicked irony of its situation and climate it was the personification of unrest and change. The incessant trade winds carried its loose sands hither and thither, uncovering the decaying coffins of early pioneers, to bury the wreaths and flowers, laid on a grave of to-day, under their obliterating waves. No tree to shade them from the glaring sky above could live in those winds, no turf would lie there to resist the encroaching sand below. The dead were harried and hustled even in their graves by the persistent sun, the unremitting wind and the unceasing sea. The departing mourner saw the contour of the very mountain itself change with the shifting dunes as he passed, and his last look beyond rested on the hurrying, eager waves forever hastening to the Golden Gate.

If I were asked to say what one thing impressed me as the dominant and characteristic note of San Francisco, I should say it was this untiring presence of sun and wind and sea. They typified, even if they were not, as I sometimes fancied, the actual incentive to the fierce, restless life of the city. I could not think of San Francisco without the trade winds; I could not imagine its strange, incongruous multigenerous procession marching to any other music. They were always there in my youthful recollections; they were there in my more youthful dreams of the past as the mysterious *vientes generales* that blew the Philippine galleons home.

For six months they blew from the northwest, for six months from the southwest with unvarying persistency. They were there every morning, glittering in the equally persistent sunlight to chase the San Franciscan from his slumber; they were there at midday to stir his pulses with their beat; they were there again at night to hurry him through the bleak and flaring gas-lit streets to bed. They left their mark on every windward street or fence or gable, on the outlying sand dunes; they lashed the slow coasters home, and hurried them to sea again; they whipped the bay into turbulence on their way to Contra Costa, whose level shoreland oaks they had trimmed to windward as cleanly and sharply as with a pruning-shears. Untiring themselves, they allowed no laggards; they drove the San Franciscan from the wall against which he would have leaned, from the scant shade in which at noontide he might have rested. They turned his smallest fires into conflagrations, and kept him ever alert, watchful and eager. In return, they scavenged his city and held it clean and wholesome; in summer they brought him the soft sea fog for a few hours to soothe his abraded surfaces; in winter they brought the rains and dashed the whole coast-line with flowers, and the staring sky above it with soft, unwonted clouds. They were always there—strong, vigilant, relentless, material, unyielding, triumphant.

The FIRESHIP

By George Gibbs

AMONG the young officers of Commodore Preble's squadron before Tripoli there was a tall, dark, melancholy looking fellow of about twenty-five. His name was Richard Somers, and his command was the Nautilus, a little schooner of twelve guns and a hundred men. He had been, with Decatur and Stewart, a junior officer on Commodore Barry's United States in one of the wars in the last century, and the friendship formed in those early days had been cemented by a score of thrilling adventures.

The difference in their temperaments was marked. Decatur was bold, domineering and impetuous. Somers was quiet, mild, and ever avoided the quarrel which Decatur too often sought. But under the quiet exterior men had found a will like iron and the willingness to dare and do anything that came within the province of his profession.

In the old days on the United States there happened an affair which immediately established his reputation as an officer and a man. At first he was not understood. His brother midshipmen, mistaking the reserve of his manner for weakness, did not hesitate, before they had been aboard with him a month, to take advantage of him in the steerage



—SOMERS SAID QUIETLY: "I ASK FOR NO FUSE AT ALL"

and on deck in every possible way. Somers stood it for a while in silence. As the weeks went by and the bantering continued, Somers became more and more quiet and self-contained.

Decatur, ever humorous and mischief-making, had himself been one of the worst to chaff his comrade, but he knew what Somers' silence meant, and he desisted.

Somers went about his duties quietly, never giving a sign that there was anything upon his mind until the day before coming into port. Then he went to Decatur and said:

"Stephen, to-morrow I want you to go ashore with me, for I am going to meet three men."

The next afternoon a cutter containing Somers, Decatur and three midshipmen with their seconds went ashore and found a secluded spot upon the beach where they would be free from interference. Somers had challenged all three to fight, and was to take them in succession.

In the first two duels Somers received two shots in the body. The latter caused him to sink upon the sand, as though dangerously hurt; but he rallied quickly and, seeing that the third midshipman was standing waiting to see if the battle could be continued, tried to struggle to his feet. He found he could not get up, and Decatur offered to take his place and receive the fire of the third midshipman. But Somers, though suffering greatly, was not to be deterred, and bade Decatur prop him up in a sitting posture, in which position he exchanged shots with the third man. Fortunately none of the injuries resulted fatally, and in a few weeks Somers was on deck again. He went about his duties as before, but never after that did they call him a milksop.

It was Somers who led one division of the gunboats to attack the Tripolitan fleet while Decatur was leading the other. Finding that he could not reach them by the eastern entrance, he sailed into the northern entrance of the harbor, and, single-handed, boldly sent his little vessel into the midst of five of the enemy. His gunboat was smaller than any one of those of his adversaries, but so well was his long gun served and so true was the fire of his musketry that not one of them succeeded in getting alongside of him to board.

They were all bearing straight down upon the rocks, and Somers could not spare enough men from the guns to man his sweeps. But Preble, on the Constitution, saw his danger and, coming up in time, sent a broadside of grape among the pirates, who got out their sweeps and retreated when one united attack would have made the victory theirs.

As they drew off, instead of returning to the Constitution, as Preble wished, Somers pursued them until within less than a cable's length of a twelve-gun battery, which had not fired before for fear of damaging the fleeing Tripolitans. When she opened fire at this close range the destruction of Somers' valiant little vessel seemed inevitable; but by a lucky chance a bombard exploded in the battery, blew up the platform, and drove the Tripolitans to cover.

While these many attacks were being made upon the gunboats and batteries, the Intrepid, in which Decatur had recaptured and destroyed the Philadelphia, was being rapidly prepared as a fireship. The plan was to load her with a hundred barrels of powder in bulk, with bags of grape and solid shot, and, under cover of the night, explode her in the midst of the Tripolitan war vessels. Somers, who had been frequently in the harbor of Tripoli, and knew its reefs and rocks so well that he could readily thread his way through the narrow channels, asked for the command.

It was an honor that half a dozen other men sought, and not until the old Commodore had weighed the chances fully did he at last agree to let Somers go. Before consenting, Preble repeatedly warned the young officer of the desperate character of the work, and told him that on account of the Napoleonic wars the Tripolitans were short of ammunition, and that so much powder must not fall into the hands of the enemy. But Somers needed no warning. A day or two afterward, when the preparations were nearly completed, Preble and some other officers were trying a fuse in the cabin of the Constitution; one of the officers, watch in hand, ventured the opinion that it burned too long, and might enable the enemy to put it out before it exploded the magazine. Hearing this, Somers said quietly:

"I ask for no fuse at all."

When volunteers were called for, the desperateness of the enterprise was fully explained, but the crew of the Nautilus, Somers' own vessel, stepped forward to a man. Midshipman Henry Wadsworth (an uncle of the poet Longfellow) was chosen as second in command. Midshipman Joseph Israel, having vainly pleaded with Somers to be allowed to go, at the last moment smuggled himself aboard the Intrepid, and, when discovered, Somers had not the heart to send him back.

As soon as the night fell the Intrepid cast off her lines and went slowly up toward the harbor. The Argus, Vixen and the Nautilus followed her, and shortly afterward Stewart, on the Siren, became so anxious that he followed, too. A haze that had come up when the sun went down hung heavily over the water, and soon the lines of the fireship became a mere gray blur against the dark coast-line beyond.

Midshipman Ridgley, on the Nautilus, by the aid of a powerful night-glass aloft, managed to follow her until she got well within the harbor, and then she vanished. The suspense soon became almost unbearable, for not a shot had been fired, and not a sound came from the direction in which she had gone. About nine o'clock a half-dozen cannon shots could be plainly heard, and even the knowledge that she had been discovered and was being fired on was a relief from the awful silence. About ten o'clock Stewart was standing at the gangway of the Siren with Lieutenant Carrol, when the latter, craning his neck out into the night, suddenly exclaimed, "Look! See the light!"

Away up the harbor Stewart saw a speck of light, as if from a lantern which moved rapidly as though it were being carried by some one running along a deck. Then it paused and disappeared from view. In a second a tremendous flame shot up hundreds of feet into the air, and the glare of it was so intense that it seemed close aboard. The flash and shock were so stupendous that the guardships, though far out to sea, trembled and shivered.

That was all. The officers and the men looked at one another in mute horror. Could anything have lived in the area of that dreadful explosion? The tension upon the men of the little fleet was almost at the breaking point.

The vessels beat to and fro between the harbor entrances, firing rockets and guns for the guidance of possible fugitives. All night the fleet kept vigil, but not a shot, a voice or even a splash came out from the harbor.

With the first streaks of dawn the Americans were aloft with their glasses. On the rocks at the northern entrance through which the Intrepid had passed they saw a mast and fragments of vessels. One of the enemy's largest gunboats had disappeared, and two others were so badly shattered that they lay upon the shore for repairs.

The details of the occurrence were never actually known, but it is thought that Somers, being laid aboard by three gunboats before actually in the midst of the shipping, and feeling himself overpowered, fired his magazine and destroyed himself and his own men in his avowed purpose not to be taken by the enemy.

Thus died Richard Somers, Henry Wadsworth, the Midshipman, Joseph Israel, and ten American seamen, whose names have been inscribed on the Navy's roll of fame.

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Judging a Flock by the Black Sheep

WE ARE all prone to judge of a movement by the character of certain individuals identified with it. If we believe in the person, the movement is good; if we distrust him, it is bad. The church is good or bad as we esteem or distrust one of its members. A Sunday-school Superintendent falls. At once the church is held responsible and suffers a loss of respect and confidence. A walking delegate makes a mistake or selfishly uses his power for his own ends; and the labor organization stands condemned in the eyes of the critic. A handful of selfish and corrupt politicians secure control of the party machinery, and at once the whole party is regarded as corrupt and selfish. How often do we find a family enjoying an unpleasant notoriety and reputation because of one black sheep in its fold?

We must not forget that "to err is human"; that there are exceptions to all rules; that the same bush which brings forth the rose brings forth the thorn. It is unfair and unjust to judge a body by a single member. It is the same as arguing from a particular premise to a general conclusion. It is false logic. Is the Revolutionary Army to be judged by Benedict Arnold, or by the hundreds of thousands of brave men unnamed and unsung who patiently and heroically fought and suffered at Lexington, at Valley Forge, at Yorktown? Are we to know the Christian Church by the weak, fallen elder and Sunday-school Superintendent, or by the millions of sincere and faithful adherents who love God and strive to obey His commandments? These questions answer themselves.

There is, however, a reciprocal view: the greater includes the less. We are able to know the greater through the lesser, and it is but natural to judge of a movement or an organization by the individuals composing it. This fact lays a heavy responsibility upon every person identified with a movement. Are you a Christian? Then remember that some, in fact many, will judge Christianity by you. Are you a partisan? Then remember that your party will be in all likelihood judged by you. You are a representative, and the body you are identified with gains or suffers as you act wisely or unwisely. "By their fruits ye shall know them." By their members we know and judge organizations.

—CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

No really good politician is absolutely sure of any election until the votes are counted.

The Poet and the Poet Laureate

AS A RULE, the English demand the worth of their money, and they are very unhappy until they get it. There is no more impressive spectacle in the world than the Britisher who has arrived at a realization of robbery. The fall of the Roman Empire or the eruption of Vesuvius is a dime show in comparison with it. When this Britisher suspects extortion he can rise to a point of grandeur; he storms like a brigade of heroes, and the neighborhood quakes; but when he has to admit defeat he is as a monarch dethroned.

In many respects he is the biggest national figure, and he naturally wants big things—big dinners, big functions, big navies, big armies, big victories, big poems, for after all is said and done a really great poem that celebrates a historical event is about the greatest thing that mankind can offer to immortality; it is the greatest greatness built on a great deed. How many to-day would recall the charge of the Light Brigade—magnificently heroic as it was—if Tennyson had not written his undying lines? The British nation has not retrograded; the British people are not less brave or less noble; they have done some wonderful things since the Six Hundred stormed the hills at Balaklava.

In the line of leadership, England instituted the office of Poet Laureate. It was an evolution of the court singer. At first this gentleman received the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars a year. Then Chaucer held the post for an allowance of wine—judging from his spelling he must have written his poems after absorbing his income—and then, as the office went on, the pay was increased to five hundred dollars a year and an annual tierce of Canary wine from the Royal cellars. However large or small this may be, it is quite certain that Mr. Alfred Austin, who was put into the place because he was a good Tory, is not earning his salary. It may be because it is not the same kind of wine that Tennyson drank. They may have changed the cask on him, giving him an inferior article. At any rate, the British taxpayers do not appear to be getting the worth of their money. It does not seem to be exactly right that a young gentleman from India—one Kipling—has to do all the heroic versifying for the nation without a salary, or even a glass of the stimulant. Yet that is the fact. He is writing more than his share of the English poetry that gains the world's attention. It is true his verses do not always wear Court dress, but as songs that delight the people's souls and exalt the people's pride they have undoubtedly succeeded.

This is not all. Not only does Mr. Kipling get no pay for this service, but where money is given for his patriotic work he turns it over to patriotic uses. For instance, when he wrote those swinging verses about the private soldiers, calling on the people to support their families while they were fighting for the flag, the thousand and odd dollars which the papers paid him were at once turned over to those for whom he plead, and then other dollars followed swiftly from the public until they have passed the hundred thousand mark.

It does not seem exactly right for Poet Austin to be failing in his efforts and drawing the wine and the stipend while Poet Kipling is doing the real work. Still, the people do not complain, and as Poet Kipling is not in want of the necessities of life, and as his copyrights are yielding more than a Prime Minister's salary, it is quite certain that he will not complain either. Of course there are those who would like to see him the Poet Laureate—but fancy Mulvaney drinking Canary wine!

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Luck is when a man wins a two-dollar prize and spends ten dollars celebrating it.

A Plan to Abolish the Kitchen

THERE are few finer sights in Philadelphia than a great stretch of two-story houses erected by building associations for working-people. But there are also few more striking evidences of poor economy than the erection of a kitchen in the rear of each of these small houses wherein the mistress spoils her good looks, her health and her temper; nor is this the only bad economy about the arrangement. Through our unscientific methods of obtaining heat from coal much more than half the heat is wasted, and by the method of buying supplies in the small fragments needed for each family, the cost is made necessarily very high.

In the two chief cities of Norway, Christiana and Bergen, these difficulties have been entirely overcome. Cooperative kitchens furnish food so good and so cheap that no workman can afford to have cooking done at home. He could as well afford to have his clothes spun and woven at home. At the same time the Norwegians have devised a plan for carrying food to any required distance without loss of heat. Even in Paris the workman has what is called a "Norwegian kitchen," consisting of two thicknesses of tin with felt between. In the inner one his soup is brought to the boiling point in the morning, and it goes on cooking until he takes it out at dinner-time.

Not only the economy of cooking, but the method as well, is capable of great improvement. Science has busied itself with many matters of far less importance to the race than this of converting the ordinary substances of our food into food at once palatable and wholesome. And science is not likely to do much for us so long as the matter is in the hands of women cooks, who naturally look at the problem from the personal side, seeking to please our palates much more than is good for our stomachs.

Bishop Spaulding says he meets every demand for woman suffrage with the retort that women are responsible for the prevalence of dyspepsia among mankind, and thus prove their lack of practical intelligence. But may not this be because we have set them to an employment for which they have no natural fitness? Nor is the tradition that cooks shall be women a venerable or well-established one. On the Egyptian monuments all the cooks are men. In Biblical times women made bread, but did no cooking, that being reserved to the men (Genesis xviii, 6, 7). Even the dish-washing seems to have been claimed as man's prerogative, for a prophet, quoted in the book of Kings, says: "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down." And the perfect woman of the book of Proverbs is not described as a cook.

The best modern usage confirms this view of unfitness of women for the kitchen. When a great undertaking in cookery is on hand, as for an army, or a palace, or a big hotel, nobody thinks of calling upon a woman to do it. A man is always taken. For one woman who has made a name for cooking there have been ten men, from Apicius to Soyer. It is only because we have not given the subject thought that we think of cook as a feminine noun.

Cookery must leave the house, as other trades have left it, that the home-maker and house-mistress may be free to do her proper work in it. Once it was crowded with spinning, weaving, chandlering, laundering, and what not, all of which is of the past, or is becoming so. Cookery is the last to go, but go it must, that woman may have the chance to set herself to finer tasks, which call for her tact, her sympathy, her appreciation of the finer shades of existence. She must cease to be cook or boss of the cook, that she may be wife and mother to better purpose.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

To have a good servant there must be a good mistress.

The Cross-Cut Path to Riches

THAT a "rolling stone gathers no moss" has been clearly exemplified by the great majority of those who, within the past year, have returned from the Klondike gold-fields. The tales of riches gained in one day by a few fortunate prospectors and circulated far and wide by the industrious agents of transportation companies fired thousands with the feverish desire to win sudden wealth in the rigorous clime.

Of the fearful hardships and sufferings endured by these brave seekers for gold the reading world is perfectly familiar, yet little publicity has been given the hundreds who have come back almost penniless, nearly all broken in health, and many of them physical wrecks. The clerk who resigned a good position and joined in the mad race for riches discovered that indoor occupation was preferable to frozen limbs and starvation, that his soft muscles were unable to withstand the strain of unremitting toil in search of hidden treasure, and worn and crestfallen he returned to civilization to beg for work. The man who mortgaged his little farm that he might go to the region of wealth found instead of shining millions only privation and misery awaiting him, and he, too, came home to his disappointed family with an empty purse and a faltering step. To one who achieved success thousands failed, and of this one alone the world heard. All that remained to the many was to acknowledge defeat and begin anew.

There is a certain fascination to every energetic young man in perilous journeys through unknown lands where a single stroke of the pick may reveal a great heap of yellow nuggets. With dreams of sudden fortune his imagination is stirred, and to withstand the temptation of risking all he has hitherto gained and joining the mighty army of prospectors requires no small degree of will-power. He considers the few dollars he manages to lay aside each month from his salary of slight consequence when compared with those barrels of gold of which he has read. Thus he is often lured into the short road to wealth only to be deceived.

Though all admire the ambitious spirit and the high courage that prompt him to brave the dangers of the far North—that realm of buried hopes—the chance of success is so slight and the probability of losing his health, or even his life, is so great that it seems by far the surest and safest way to wealth lies in close application to legitimate business pursuits and rational economy. Little is to be gained by seeking fairer fields. To remain at home and be content with one's lot may not in every instance prove the profitable course, yet it nearly always brings the most happiness.

The poor young man of fixed purpose, of good habits, content to bide his time, who endeavors to please his employer and who is fairly economical, almost invariably finds himself at the prime of life in a prosperous condition. He has, it is true, followed the long way around, a way devoid of all the allurements of sensation, yet which at last proves the surest and nearest highway to prosperity. What seems the short road to riches usually ends in poverty, and the one who has the courage to remain steadfast and rely upon thrift and industry is almost sure to achieve financial success.

—HERBERT BASHFORD.

Sham courtesy is the most transparent of all humbugs.

The Age of the Fighters

ALL the British Generals now in South Africa are over fifty years of age, with the possible exception of General Kitchener, who is near the half-century mark. General Roberts is sixty-seven, General Buller is sixty-one, General Gatacre is fifty-seven, and General Methuen is fifty-five. Though nothing can be said against the brilliant records of these fighters, their age is being mentioned as a handicap, especially in the way of the vigor and the science of the war.

Therefore parallels are being drawn—George Washington Commander-in-Chief at forty-three; Grant forty-three when the war closed; Sheridan successful at thirty-four; Lee only fifty-eight at Appomattox; Longstreet only forty-four; Stewart only thirty-one when killed; Napoleon forty at the height of his power; Cæsar victorious at forty-eight; Hannibal at the zenith of his success at thirty-one; and Alexander the Great dead at thirty-two.

But it could just as easily be shown that some of the best work on the battle-field has been done by men beyond fifty. For instance, what is the matter with General Joseph Wheeler, who climbed the tree at Santiago, and who is spending a part of his sixty-fourth year fighting in the Philippines?

—WEBSTER WALLACE.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The War Correspondent of the Century

One day more than thirty years ago, when the German and French armies were drawn up for battle and the nearer troops were popping away, a young man strolled between the firing lines and stood there gazing through his field glass as calmly as though he were sitting in an opera box. He did this sort of thing regularly.

When Paris was in the hands of the Commune he was there mingling with the excitement. One day, hearing firing, he hurried forward. Suddenly he found himself inside a most extraordinary triangle of barricades. The officer noticed the young Englishman and commanded him to pick up the musket of a man who had just been killed. He replied that he was a foreigner and a neutral and would not do it. The officer gave him the alternative of taking the gun or being shot. The young man laughed. But a firing party was told off, and he was stood up against a church wall, and they were cheerfully proceeding to end his life when the forces from another barricade rushed upon them. He was condemned to be shot by his new captors, and again he laughed and again he escaped.

A couple of years later he was in the midst of the fever and famine of India, and after that he was in the Carlist War in Spain, first with one army and then with another. In a few months he was in Servia, and in the battles of that war he was a conspicuous observer. Then attached to the Russian Army, he crossed the Danube, followed the campaign, saw the fighting at Shipka Pass, and was at Plevna.



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ARCHIBALD FORBES

He realized the Russians could hold their position, and his next thought was the telegraph office. The nearest one was one hundred and eighty miles away, at Bucharest. One bite of black bread was all he ate in twenty-four hours. He wore out horse after horse. This ride ended in the greatest newspaper special known in the history of journalism. The great White Czar of Russia afterward sent for him, and said: "I have had reported to me the example which you showed with our forces on the day before Plevna by succoring wounded men under heavy fire. As the head of the State, I desire to testify how Russia honors your conduct, offering you the Order of the Stanislaus 'with the crossed swords'—a decoration never conferred except for personal bravery."

In all parts of the world where there was war or promise of war this placid, cheerful and gifted young man was generally found. He went with the British force to Jelalabad, and under a close and heavy fire he saved a wounded soldier's life and the official dispatches gave him special mention for his services. In Zululand he was the first to see the certain result of the battle of Ulundi, and although it was dark he started through the trackless forest and made his way through one hundred and twenty miles of that unmarked wilderness to a telegraph wire at Landsmann's Drift, and from there he wired to the world the result of the fight days ahead of the official intelligence, his dispatches being read in both Houses of Parliament amidst enthusiastic acclamation. This was Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent.

Men Who Risked Life for the News

Dr. William Howard Russell, the great correspondent of the London Times, went through a half-dozen wars, and fought in the first rank of the party that drove out the Sepoys from the front at Lucknow. His pictures of the Crimea carried Florence Nightingale and her heroines to that place.

A few years ago the State of Ohio, by vote of its Legislature, brought the remains of J. B. MacGahan from their foreign resting-place to his native soil. He became a correspondent while completing his collegiate studies in Europe. His ride of six hundred miles pursued by a band of Cossacks across Russia was one of the most noted incidents of the century. He reached Khiva and told the story of Russia's first step toward India. His accounts of the atrocities in Bulgaria upset Disraeli's ministry.

Fred Burnaby rode through Asia Minor and Afghanistan with his life in his hands; was the first man to mount the parapet at El Teb; and killed two of his assailants after receiving his death wound in the Soudan, where three other correspondents lost their lives.

The man who stood by Dewey in the battle of Manila was Mr. Joseph L. Stickney, of the New York Herald. Close to Schley in the destruction of Cervera's fleet was Mr. Graham, of the Associated Press. On the road to Santiago Mr. Creelman and Mr. Marshall were wounded, and Colonel Roosevelt publicly expressed his obligations for assistance received from Richard Harding Davis on the firing line.

Methods of Communication in War Times

The censorship in South Africa is very annoying. In the first place, for every correspondent who was sent there were hundreds who wanted to go. In the second place, the few who did go bound themselves to the most rigid adherence to the War Department's rules. Leading from South Africa are several cables, but over these the Government exercises absolute control. As soon as the Boers began to hold their own the British, as a war measure, instituted a censorship of dispatches which is the strictest in the history of journalism. Their fear was that the news of the Boer victories would lead the Dutch in other colonies to rise in favor of their kinsmen. Thus it made little difference even if the correspondent had in his possession the most vital facts; he could not get it to the world. For instance, Mr. Julian Ralph, well known to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is with the army, traveling with the privileges and appurtenances of a Lieutenant, and probably enjoying life as much as a man can under the circumstances, but when he marches to the cable office with his batch of facts he is as coolly repulsed as if he were the humblest private. So with slight exceptions our news from South Africa is from the official sources of both sides.

One interesting thing in that section of the country is a variety of methods in communication. The carrier pigeon is the most useful. Had it not been for these fleet messengers of the air we should not know the news from Ladysmith. Back of these services are years of training. While the Boers control everything leading out of that city, they cannot reach the birds that sail in the air and make their way straight to Durban, from which place news is cabled to the world.

Another method employed is the heliograph. The working of this is very familiar; it is simply the use of the telegraph code in flashes of sunlight over miles of country. There is a third method which is almost as mysterious as it is interesting. In Africa they have the native runners, and the way they communicate is by shouting from hill to hill. An extraordinary statement is made that in this manner they can send information hundreds of miles a day. It is further asserted that in the battle of Glencoe this shouting and running by the natives beat the telegraph several hours.

France has in training almost three hundred thousand pigeons, and other Governments have tens and hundreds of thousands. In the United States we have posts at different points, and Great Britain has pigeons both for the Army and the Navy. In this war the pigeons have been of far more service than any other of the old-time methods of communication. The balloon was a failure at Santiago, and it has not done very much in South Africa.

The cost of reporting the war can be estimated from the fact that in our war with Spain one of the biggest news associations ended the conflict more than a quarter million dollars in debt. It would not be a great exaggeration to say that upon the war the newspapers spent for their special services and special dispatches several millions of dollars, and in many instances the most elaborate plans costing thousands of dollars yielded nothing whatever. The English papers are spending fortunes in South Africa and are getting scarcely anything for their money. At the same time, their expenditures are nothing like as prodigal as were those of the American newspapers in the recent war. It has been stated with some show of pride that one of the English newspapers paid $2000 for a single dispatch, but a certain single dispatch to an American newspaper cost over $18,000.

Winston Spencer Churchill's Brilliant Work

The one correspondent in South Africa who has interested the world and made a distinguished reputation is Winston Spencer Churchill, whose mother is Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly Miss Jerome, of New York. Although a Lieutenant in the British Army, Churchill went to South Africa as correspondent of the London Morning Post, which is one of the aristocratic newspapers. He accompanied two detachments of troops on an armored train in an attempt to get from Estcourt to Ladysmith, but four miles south of Colenso the train was derailed and the Englishmen were captured. The war correspondent is supposed to be a noncombatant, but Churchill took full part in the scrimmage, and one correspondent—a rival, by the way—wrote this sentence: "Churchill behaved magnificently during the train disaster and deserves the V. C."

His capture by the Boers, his imprisonment and his dramatic escape are familiar history to all the readers of recent dispatches. With the push of the American and with the persistency of the English mingling in his blood he seems to be somewhat of a model for an end-of-the-century hero. And admiration for his courage and gratitude for his work probably led the press censor to be merciful for a few hours, and to allow his dispatches to go to his London newspaper, even if they did attend a sarcastic reference to the Queen's Christmas gift of chocolate for the troops who are fighting for her Kingdom.



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WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

An Interesting Bit of History

There are some entertaining parallels of the history of journalism. For instance, the first newspaper in France was published in 1631 by Théophraste Renaudot under the patronage of Richelieu, and his best contributor was Louis XIII. Even when on tours the King sent his contributions to the Gazette—truly a royal correspondent. This Gazette appears to this day, and there are over three hundred volumes of it in the Paris Library. Just one hundred years later the Pennsylvania Gazette, now THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, began its existence, and the difference between that paper and its namesake in France represents largely the difference between French and American journalism, for Franklin absolutely declined to circulate through his pages any attacks, personal paragraphs, or scandals anonymously for any one, while Renaudot made a specialty of that class of matter supplied by his distinguished contributors. Julius Cæsar would have made an admirable war correspondent, so clear and informing are his descriptions of movements and battles. It is generally forgotten that George Washington was the first great commander to suggest that newspapers send regular correspondents to the armies. His view was that the news of the work of the troops would do much to satisfy the natural curiosity and encourage the loyalty of the people, but when the modern correspondents grew to legions the convictions of some other commanders did not coincide with that of the father of the country, and General Sherman used to declare that every one of them ought to be shot. Still, when peace came and he sat with them at the banquet board he expressed his feeling of satisfaction that he had never carried his war-time sentiments to their extreme.

The war correspondent deserves well of his age and of the world. He is the servitor of the public, without the excitement of fighting which helps the heroism of the soldier in the midst of danger. His importance was recognized by the Peace Conference at The Hague, and in the Nineteenth Article of the Regulations it is declared that correspondents and reporters "who fall into the enemy's hands, and whom the latter think fit to detain, have a right to be treated as prisoners of war, provided they can produce a certificate from the military authorities they were accompanying."

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The door is being held ajar, and four solemn faces, piled one on top of the other, are peering at you

The Awakening at Beggarbush

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—George, Harris and the author—have planned a tour awheel through the Black Forest. The mounts are a tandem and a safety, and the start is to be bright and early Wednesday morning.

GEORGE came down on Tuesday evening and slept at Harris' place. We thought this a better arrangement than his own suggestion, which was that we should call for him on our way and "pick him up." Picking George up in the morning means picking him out of bed to begin with, and shaking him awake—in itself an exhausting effort with which to commence the day; helping him find his things and finish his packing, and then waiting for him while he eats his breakfast, a tedious entertainment from the spectator's point of view, full of wearisome repetition.

I knew that if he slept at "Beggarbush" he would be up in time. I have slept there myself, and I know what happens. About the middle of the night, as you judge, though in reality it may be somewhat later, you are startled out of your first sleep by what sounds like a rush of cavalry along the passage just outside the door. Your half-awakened intelligence fluctuates between burglars, the Day of Judgment and a gas explosion. You sit up in bed and listen intently. You are not kept waiting long; the next moment a door is violently slammed, and somebody or something is evidently coming downstairs on a tea-tray.

"I told you so," says a voice, and immediately some hard substance, a head one would say from the ring of it, rebounds against the panel of your door.

❧

By this time you are charging madly around the room for your clothes. Nothing is where you put it overnight; the articles most essential have disappeared entirely; and meanwhile the murder, or revolution, or whatever it is, continues unchecked. You pause for a moment with your head under the wardrobe, where you think you can see your slippers, to listen to a steady, monotonous thumping upon a distant door. The victim, you presume, has taken refuge there. They mean to have him out and finish him. Will you be in time? The knocking ceases, and a voice, sweetly reassuring in its gentle plaintiveness, asks meekly:

"Pa, may I get up?"

You do not hear the other voice, but the responses are:

"No, it was only the bath. No, she ain't really hurt, only wet, you know. Yes, ma, I'll tell 'em what you say. No, it was a pure accident. Yes; good-night, papa."

Then the same voice, exerting itself so as to be heard afar, remarks:

"We've all got to go upstairs again. Pa says it isn't time yet to get up."

You return to bed and lie listening to somebody's being dragged upstairs, evidently against their will. By a thoughtful arrangement, the spare rooms at "Beggarbush" are exactly underneath the nurseries. The same somebody, you conclude, still offering strenuous opposition, is being put back into bed. You can follow the contest with much exactitude, because every time the body is flung down upon the spring mattress, the bedstead, just above your head, makes a sort of jump; while every time the body succeeds in struggling out again you are made aware by the thud upon the floor. After a time the struggle wanes, or maybe the bed collapses, and you drift back into sleep. But the next moment, or what seems to be the next moment, you again open your eyes under the consciousness of a presence. The door is being held ajar, and four solemn faces, piled one on top of the other, are peering at you, as though you were some natural curiosity kept in this particular room. Seeing you awake, the top face, walking calmly over the other three, comes in and sits on the bed in a friendly attitude.

"Oh," it says, "we didn't know you were awake. I've been awake some time."

"So I gather," you reply shortly.

"Pa doesn't like us to get up too early," it continues; "he says everybody else in the house is liable to be disturbed if we get up. So of course we mustn't."

The tone is that of gentle resignation. It is instinct with the spirit of virtuous pride, arising from the consciousness of self-sacrifice.

"Don't you call this being up?" you suggest.

"Oh, no; we're not really up, you know, because we're not properly dressed." The fact is self-evident. "Pa's always very tired in the morning," the voice continues; "of course, that's because he works hard all day. Are you ever tired in the morning?"

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At this point he turns and notices for the first time that the three other children have also entered, and are sitting in a semicircle on the floor. From their attitude it is clear they have mistaken the whole thing for one of the slower forms of entertainment, some comic lecture or conjuring exhibition, and are waiting patiently for you to get out of bed and do something. It shocks him, the idea of their being in the guest's bedchamber. He peremptorily orders them out. They do not answer him; they do not argue; in dead silence and with one accord they fall upon him. All you can see from the bed is a confused tangle of waving arms and legs suggestive of an intoxicated octopus trying to find bottom. Not a word is spoken; that seems to be the etiquette of the thing. If you are sleeping in your pajamas you spring from the bed and only add to the confusion; if you are wearing a less dignified garment you stay where you are and shout commands, which are utterly unheeded. The simplest plan is to leave it to the eldest boy. He does get them out after a while and closes the door upon them. It reopens immediately, and one, generally Muriel, is shot back into the room. She enters as from a catapult. She is handicapped by having long hair, which can be used as a convenient handle. Evidently aware of this natural disadvantage, she clutches it herself tightly in one hand and punches with the other. He opens the door again and cleverly uses her as a battering-ram against the wall of those without. You can hear the dull crash as her head enters among them and scatters them. When the victory is complete he comes back and resumes his seat on the bed. There is no bitterness about him; he has forgotten the whole incident.

"I like the mornings," he says; "don't you?"

"Some mornings," you agree, "are all right; others are not so peaceful."

He takes no notice of your exception; a far-away look steals over his somewhat ethereal face.

"I should like to die in the morning," he says; "everything is so beautiful then."

"Well," you answer, "perhaps you will, if your father ever invites an irritable man to come and sleep here, and doesn't warn him beforehand."

He descends from his contemplative mood and becomes himself. "It's jolly in the garden," he suggests; "you wouldn't like to get up and have a game of cricket, would you?"

It was not the idea with which you went to bed, but now, as things have turned out, it seems as good a plan as lying there hopelessly awake, and you agree.

❧

You learn later in the day that the explanation of the proceeding is that you, unable to sleep, woke up early in the morning and thought you would like a game of cricket. The children, taught to be ever courteous to guests, felt it their duty to humor you. Mrs. Harris remarks at breakfast that at least you might have seen to it that the children were properly dressed before you took them out; while Harris points out to you pathetically how, by your one morning's example and encouragement, you have undone his labor of months.

On this Wednesday morning, George, it seems, clamored to get up at quarter past five, and persuaded them to let him teach them cycling tricks around the cucumber frames on Harris' new wheel. Even Mrs. Harris, however, did not blame George on this occasion; she felt intuitively the idea could not have been entirely his.

It is not that the Harris children have the faintest notion of avoiding blame at the expense of a friend and comrade. One and all, they are honesty itself in accepting responsibility for their own misdeeds. It simply is, that is how the thing presents itself to their understanding. When you explain to them that you had no original intention of getting up at five o'clock in the morning to play cricket on the croquet lawn, or to mimic the history of the early church by shooting with a cross-bow at dolls tied to a tree; that as a matter of fact, left to your own initiative, you would have slept peacefully till roused in Christian fashion with a cup of tea at eight, they are firstly astonished, secondly apologetic, and thirdly sincerely contrite. In the present instance, waiving the purely academic question whether the awakening of George at a little before five was due to natural instinct on his part or to the accidental passing of a home-made boomerang through his bedroom window, the dear children frankly admitted that the blame for his uprising was their own. As the eldest boy said:

"We ought to have remembered Uncle George had a long day before him, and we ought to have dissuaded him from getting up. I blame myself entirely."

But an occasional change of habit does nobody any harm; and besides, as Harris and I agreed, it was good training for George. In the Black Forest we would be up at five every morning; that we had determined on. Indeed, George himself had suggested half-past four, but Harris and I had argued that five would be early enough as an average; that would enable us to be on our machines by six, and to break the back of our journey before the heat of the day set in. Occasionally we might start a little earlier, but not as a habit.

I myself was up that morning at five. This was earlier than I had intended. I had said to myself on going to sleep: "Six o'clock, sharp!"

There are men, I know, who can waken themselves at any time to the minute. They say to themselves, literally, as they lay their heads upon the pillow: "Four thirty," "Four forty-five," or "Five fifteen," as the case may be, and as the clock strikes they open their eyes. It is very wonderful, this; the more one dwells upon it the greater the mystery grows. Some Ego within us, acting independently of our conscious self, must be capable of counting the hours while we sleep. Unaided by clock or sun, or any other medium known to our five senses, it keeps watch through the darkness. At the exact moment it whispers "Time!" and we awake. The work of an old riverside fellow I once talked with called him to be out of bed each morning half an hour before high tide. He told me that never once had he overslept himself by a minute. Latterly he never even troubled to work out the time for himself. He would lie down tired and sleep a dreamless sleep, and each morning at a different hour this ghostly watchman, true as the tide itself, would silently call him. Did the man's spirit haunt through the darkness the muddy stairs, or had it knowledge of the ways of Nature? Whatever the process, the man himself was unconscious of it. And yet, to satisfy our craving for mystery, we must needs dress up ghosts in night-shirts, and listen around a three-legged table to spirits spelling nonsense!

In my own case, my inward watchman is, perhaps, somewhat out of practice. He does his best, but he is over-anxious; he worries himself, and loses count. I say to him, maybe: "Five thirty, please," and he wakes me with a start at half-past two. I look at my watch; he suggests that perhaps I forgot to wind it up. I put it to my ear; it is still



At every stroke I made the bleated: "C-o-o-d, g-o-o-o-d, ind-e-e-e-d!"

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

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going. He thinks maybe something has happened to it; he is confident himself it is half-past five, if not a little later. To satisfy him, I put on a pair of slippers and go downstairs to inspect the dining-room clock. What happens to a man when he wanders about the house in the middle of the night, clad in a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, there is no need to recount; most men know by experience. Everything, especially everything with a sharp corner, takes a cowardly delight in hitting him. When you are wearing a pair of stout boots things get out of your way; when you venture among furniture in woolwork slippers and no socks it comes at you and kicks you. I return to bed bad-tempered, and refusing to listen to his further absurd suggestion that all the clocks in the house have entered into a conspiracy against me, take half an hour to get to sleep again. From four to five he wakes me every ten minutes. I wish I had never said a word to him about the thing. At five o'clock he goes to sleep himself, worn out, and leaves it to the girl, who does it half an hour later than usual.

On this particular Wednesday he worried me to such an extent that I got up at five simply to be rid of him. I did not know what to do with myself. Our train did not leave till ten minutes past eight. All our luggage had been packed and sent on the night before, together with the bicycles, to Fenchurch Street Station. I went into my study; I thought I would put in an hour's writing. The early morning, before one has breakfasted, is not, I take it, a good season for literary effort. I wrote three paragraphs of a story, and then read them over to myself. Some unkind things have been said about my work, but nothing has yet been written which would have done justice to those three paragraphs. I threw them into the waste-paper basket, and sat trying to remember what, if any, charitable institutions provided pensions for decayed authors.

To escape from this train of reflection, I put a golf ball in my pocket, and, selecting a driver, strolled out into the paddock. A couple of sheep were browsing there, and they followed, and took a keen interest in my practice. The one was a kindly, sympathetic old party. I do not think she understood the game; I think it was my doing this innocent thing so early in the morning that appealed to her. At every stroke I made she bleated:

"G-o-o-d, g-o-o-o-d, ind-e-e-e-d!"

She seemed as pleased as if she had done it herself.

As for the other one, she was a cantankerous, disagreeable old thing, as discouraging to me as her friend was helpful.

"Ba-a-a-d, da-a-a-m ba-a-a-d!" was her comment on almost every stroke. As a matter of fact, some were really excellent strokes; but she did it just to be contradictory and for the sake of irritating. I could see that.

By a most regrettable accident, one of my swiftest balls struck the good sheep on the nose. And at that the bad sheep laughed—laughed distinctly and undoubtedly; a husky, vulgar laugh; and while her friend stood glued to the ground too astonished to move, she changed her note for the first time and bleated:

"Go-o-o-d, ve-ery go-o-o-d! Be-e-e-est sho-o-ot he-e-e's ma-a-a-de!"

I would have given half a crown had it been her I had hit instead of the other one. It is ever the good and amiable who suffer in this world.

I had wasted more time than I had intended in the paddock, and when Ethelbertha came to tell me it was half-past seven, and that breakfast was on the table, I remembered that I had not shaved. It vexes Ethelbertha, my shaving quickly. She fears that to outsiders it may suggest a poor-spirited attempt at suicide, and that in consequence it may get about the neighborhood that we are not happy together. As a further argument, she has also hinted that my appearance cannot be trifled with.

On the whole, I was just as glad not to be able to take a long farewell of Ethelbertha. I did not want to risk her breaking down. But I should have liked more opportunity to say a few farewell words of advice to the children, especially as regards my fishing-rod, which they will persist in using for cricket stumps; and I hate having to run for a train. Quarter of a mile from the station I overtook George and Harris; they were also running. In their case—so Harris informed me jerkily, while we trotted side by side—it was the new kitchen stove that was to blame. This was the first morning they had tried it, and from some cause or other it had blown up the kidneys and scalded the cook. He said he hoped that by the time we returned they would have gotten more used to it.

We caught the train by the skin of our teeth, as the saying is; and, reflecting upon the events of the morning as we sat gasping in the carriage, there passed vividly before my mind the panorama of my Uncle Podger, as on two hundred and fifty days in the year he would start from Ealing Common by the nine thirteen train to Moorgate Street.

From my Uncle Podger's house to the railway station was eight minutes' walk. What my uncle always said was:

"Allow yourself a quarter of an hour and take it easily."

What he always did was to start five minutes before the time and run. I do not know why, but this was the custom of the suburb. Many stout city gentlemen lived at Ealing in those days—I believe some live there still—and caught early trains to the city. They all started late; they all carried a black bag and a newspaper in one hand and an umbrella in the other; and for the last quarter of a mile to the station, wet or fine, they all ran.

Folks with nothing else to do, nursemaids, chiefly, and errand boys, with now and then a perambulating costermonger added, would gather on the Common of a fine morning to watch them pass and cheer the most deserving. It was not a showy spectacle. They did not run well; they did not even run fast; but they were earnest, and they did their best. The exhibition appealed less to one's sense of art than to one's admiration for conscientious effort. Occasionally a little harmless betting would take place among the crowd.



—WE WALKED UP TO A HANSOM, RAISED OUR HATS, AND WISHED THE DRIVER "GOOD-MORNING!"

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

"Two to one ag'in the old gent in the white weskit!"

"Ten to one on old Blowpipes, bar he don't roll over hisself 'fore 'e gets there."

"Even money on the Purple Hemperor!"—a nickname bestowed by a youth of entomological tastes upon a certain retired military neighbor of my uncle's, a gentleman of imposing appearance when stationary, but apt to color highly under exercise.

My uncle and the others would write to the Ealing Press, complaining bitterly concerning the supineness of the local police; and the editor would add spirited leaders upon the Decay of Courtesy Among the Lower Orders, especially throughout the Western suburbs. But no good ever resulted.

It was not that my uncle did not rise early enough; it was that troubles came to him at the last moment. The first thing he would do after breakfast would be to lose his newspaper. We always knew when Uncle Podger had lost anything by the expression of astonished indignation with which on such occasions he would regard the world in general. It never occurred to my Uncle Podger to say to himself:

"I am a careless old man. I lose everything. I never know where I have put anything. I am quite incapable of finding it again for myself. In this respect I must be a perfect nuisance to everybody about me. I must set to work and reform myself."

On the contrary, by some peculiar course of reasoning he had convinced himself that whenever he lost a thing it was everybody's fault in the house but his own.

"I had it in my hand here not a minute ago!" he would exclaim.

From his tone you might have thought he was living surrounded by conjurors, who spirited things away from him merely to irritate him.

"Could you have left it in the garden?" my aunt would suggest.

"What should I want to leave it in the garden for? I don't want a paper in the garden. I want the paper in the train with me."

"You haven't put it in your pocket?"

"Bless the woman! Do you think I should be standing here at five minutes to nine looking for it if I had it in my pocket all the while? *Do* you think I'm a fool?"

Here somebody would exclaim: "What's this?" and hand him from somewhere a paper neatly folded.

"I do wish people would leave my things alone," he would growl, snatching at it savagely.

He would open his bag to put it in, and then, glancing at it, he would pause, speechless with sense of injury.

"What's the matter?" aunt would ask.

"The day before yesterday's!" he would answer, too hurt even to shout, throwing the paper down upon the table.

If only sometimes it had been yesterday's it would have been a change. But it was always the day before yesterday's, except on Tuesdays; then it would be Saturday's.

We would find it for him eventually—as often as not he had been sitting on it. And then he would smile, not genially, but with the weariness that comes to a man who feels that Fate has cast his lot among a band of hopeless idiots.

"All the time right in front of your noses——!" He would not finish the sentence; he prided himself upon his self-control.

This settled, he would start for the hall, where it was the custom of my Aunt Maria to have the children gathered, ready to say good-by to him.

My aunt never left the house herself, if only to make a call next door, without taking a tender farewell of every inmate. One never knew, she would say, what might happen.

One of them, of course, was sure to be missing, and the moment this was noticed all the other six, without an instant's hesitation, would scatter with a whoop to find it.

Immediately they were gone it would turn up by itself from somewhere quite near, always with the most reasonable explanations for its absence, and would at once start off after the others to explain to them that it was found. In this way five minutes at least would be taken up in everybody's looking for everybody else, which was just sufficient time to allow my uncle to find his umbrella and lose his hat. Then, at last, the group reassembled in the hall, the drawing-room clock would commence to strike nine. It possessed a cold, penetrating chime that always had the effect of confusing my uncle. In his excitement he would kiss some of the children twice over, pass by others, forget whom he had kissed and whom he hadn't, and have to begin all over again. He used to say he believed they mixed themselves up on purpose, and I am not prepared to maintain that the charge was altogether false. To add to his troubles, one child always had a sticky face, and that child would always be the most affectionate.

If things were going too smoothly, the eldest boy would come out with some tale about all the clocks in the house being five minutes slow, and of his having been late for school the previous day in consequence. This would send my uncle rushing impetuously down to the gate, where he would recollect that he had with him neither his bag nor his umbrella. All the children that my aunt could not stop would charge after him, two of them struggling for the umbrella, the others surging around the bag. And when they returned we would discover on the hall table the most important thing of all that he had fogotten, and wonder what he would say about it when he came home.

We arrived at Waterloo a little after nine and at once proceeded to put George's experiment into operation. Opening the book at the chapter entitled "At the Cab Rank," we walked up to a hansom, raised our hats, and wished the driver "Good-morning."

This man was not to be outdone in politeness by any foreigner, real or imitation. Calling to a friend named "Charles" to "hold the steed," he sprang from his box and returned to us a bow that would have done credit to Mr. Turveydrop himself. Speaking apparently in the name of

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the nation, he welcomed us to England, adding a regret that Her Majesty was not at the moment in London.

We could not reply to him in kind; nothing of this sort had been anticipated by the book. We called him "coachman," at which he again bowed to the pavement, and asked him if he would have the goodness to drive us to the Westminster Bridge Road.

He laid his hand upon his heart and said the pleasure would be his.

Taking the third sentence in the chapter, George asked him what his fare would be.

The question, as introducing a sordid element into the conversation, seemed to hurt his feelings. He said he never took money from distinguished strangers; he suggested a souvenir—a diamond scarfpin, a gold snuff-box, some little trifle of that sort by which he could remember us.

As a small crowd had collected, and as the joke was drifting rather too far in the cabman's direction, we climbed in without further parley and were driven away amid cheers. We stopped the cab at a boot-shop, a little beyond Astley's Theatre, that looked the sort of place we wanted. It was one of those overfed shops that the moment their shutters are taken down in the morning disgorge their goods all around them. Boxes of boots stood piled on the pavement or in the gutter opposite. Boots hung in festoons about its doors and windows. Its sun-blind was as some grimy vine, bearing bunches of black and brown boots. Inside, the shop was a bower of boots. The man, when we entered, was busy with a chisel and hammer opening a new crateful of boots.

George raised his hat and said "Good-morning."

The man did not even turn around. He struck me from the first as a disagreeable man. He grunted something which might have been "Good-morning" or might not, and went on with his work.

George said: "I have been recommended to your shop by my friend, Mr. X."

In response the man should have said: "Mr. X. is a most worthy gentleman. It will give me the greatest pleasure to serve any friend of his."

What he did say was: "Don't know him; never heard of him."

This was disconcerting. The book gave three or four methods of buying boots. George had carefully selected the one centred around "Mr. X." as being of all the most courtly. You talked a good deal with the shopkeeper about this "Mr. X.," and then, when by this means friendship and understanding had been established, you slid naturally and gracefully into the immediate object of your coming, namely, your desire for boots, "cheap but good." This gross, material man cared apparently nothing for the niceties of retail dealing. It was necessary with such a one to come to business with brutal directness. George abandoned "Mr. X." and, turning back to a previous page, took a sentence at random. It was not a happy selection: it was a speech that would have been superfluous made to any bootmaker. Under the present circumstances, threatened and stifled as we were on every side by boots, it possessed the dignity of positive imbecility. It ran:

"One has told me that you have here boots for sale."

For the first time the man put down his hammer and chisel and looked at us. He spoke slowly, in a thick and husky voice. He said:

"What d'ye think I keep boots for—to smell 'em?"

He was one of those men that begin quietly and grow more angry as they proceed, their wrongs apparently working within them, yeastlike.

"What d'ye think I am," he continued, "a boot collector? What d'ye think I'm running this shop for—my health? D'ye think I love the boots, and can't bear to part with a pair? D'ye think I hang them about here to look at 'em? Ain't there enough of 'em? Where d'ye think you are—in an international exhibition of boots? What d'ye think these boots are—a historical collection? Did you ever hear of a man keeping a bootshop and not selling boots? D'ye think I decorate the shop with 'em to make it look pretty? What d'ye take me for—a prize idiot?"

I have always maintained that these conversation books are never of any real use. What we wanted was some English equivalent for the well-known German idiom: "*Behalten sie ihr Haar auf.*" Nothing of the sort was to be found in the book from beginning to end. However, I will do George the credit to admit he chose the very best sentence that was to be found therein and applied it. He said:

"I will come again, when, perhaps, you will have some more boots to show me. Till then, adieu!"

With that we returned to our cab and drove away, leaving the man standing in the centre of his boot-decked doorway addressing remarks to us. What he said I did not hear, but the passers-by appeared to find it interesting.

George was for stopping at another boot-shop and trying the experiment afresh. He said he really did want a pair of bedroom slippers. But we persuaded him to postpone their purchase until our arrival in some foreign city, where the tradespeople are no doubt more inured to this sort of talk, or else more naturally amiable. On the subject of the hat, however, he was adamant. He maintained that without that he could not travel, and accordingly we pulled up at a small shop in the Blackfriar's Road.



George explained to him that he wished to purchase a cap

The proprietor of this shop was a cheery, bright-eyed little man, and he helped us rather than hindered us. When George asked him in the words of the book, "Have you any hats?" he did not get angry; he just stopped and thoughtfully scratched his chin.

"Hats," said he, "let me think. Yes"—here a smile of positive pleasure broke over his genial countenance—"yes, now I come to think of it, I believe I have a hat. But, tell me, why do you ask me?"

George explained to him that he wished to purchase a cap, a traveling cap, but the essence of the transaction was that it was to be "a good cap."

The man's face fell. "Ah," he remarked, "there I am afraid you have me. Now, if you had wanted a bad cap, not worth the price asked for it; a cap good for nothing but to clean windows with, I could have found you the very thing. But a good cap—no, we don't keep them.

"But wait a minute," he continued on seeing the disappointment that spread over George's expressive countenance; "don't be in a hurry. I have a cap here"—he went to a drawer and opened it. "It is not a good cap, but it is not so bad as most of the caps I sell." He brought it forward extended on his palm. "What do you think of that?" he asked; "could you put up with that?"

George fitted it on before the glass, and choosing another remark from the book, said:

"This hat fits me sufficiently well, but tell me, do you consider that it becomes me?"

The man stepped back and took a bird's-eye view.

"Candidly," he replied, "I can't say that it does." He turned from George and addressed himself to Harris and myself. "Your friend's beauty," said he, "I should describe as elusive. It is there, but you can easily miss it. Now, in that cap, to my thinking, you do miss it."

At this point it occurred to George that he had had sufficient fun with this particular man. He said:

"That is all right. We don't want to lose the train. How much?"

Answered the man: "The price of that cap, sir, which in my opinion is twice as much as it is worth, is four and six. Would you like it wrapped up in brown paper, sir, or in white?"

George said he would take it as it was, paid the man four and sixpence in silver and went out. Harris and I followed.

At Fenchurch Street we compromised with our cabman for five shillings. He made us another courtly bow, and begged us to remember him to the Emperor of Austria.

Comparing views in the train, we agreed that we had lost the game by two points to one, and George, who was evidently disappointed, threw the book out of the window. We found our luggage and bicycles safe on the boat, and with the tide at twelve dropped down the river.

HIS PROPOSAL

By Kate Masterson

SHE knew he loved her by each glance,
Though he'd not spoken;
His hand's quick pressure in the dance,
Each flower and token.
She waited for the story old
As she had read it,
But though his eyes the legend told
He never said it!

He sang to her in verses sweet,
His accents sued her;
He played the banjo at her feet,
In rag-time wooed her;
On smooth yacht decks all golden glow,
Where starlight blended,
'Till she began to think him slow
As well as splendid!

She led him into quiet nooks
On stairs, demurely,
Where lights were low and tender looks
Might pass securely,
And when the band throbbed some sleep
Or old song story, [hymn
She steered him gently for the dim
Conservatory!

But in a crowded cable car
One rainy morning,
They rode with many a jolt and jar,
The weather scorning,
Till swerving round a curve she leaned
Against his shoulder,
And safely by her big hat screened
'Twas then he told her!

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY

By Charles M. Skinner

SOCIETY'S every move toward a distribution of its material gains is hailed as a step toward the millennium. That society squeezes together tighter than ever when it hears a rumor of a dividend, to make sure that the other man does not get more than his share, appears to be a matter of course, and in nowise to be deplored. But are not the physical and moral mischiefs of this centralizing tendency more than an offset to the practical advantages it is supposed to give? We are rushing to the city, and it wrings us dry of talents and strength of blood and brain and muscle. Of the millions who are born in the cities how seldom does one succeed in anything beyond the gathering of dollars! The country gives us statesmen, the city politicians; the country Generals, the city soldiers; the country athletes, the city spectators. The city hardens, unifies, levels, grinds off the edges of character, and makes men alike.

The appalling thing in all socialistic schemes is that the man is overlooked. Everything is for the mass. Anarchy is kinder than communism because it allows the right of the human being to be himself. No doubt that as a *modus vivendi* socialism is the fairest yet devised; but why always consider the crowd? Why so persistently overlook the members of the crowd? Why this stress on government? The object of government is to train men to do without it.

The material success that laws encourage is not the be-all and end-all. If you want wisdom, your success is in getting that. Glory or office may invite you—and you may even care for happiness. If the latter is attained, neither money, power nor glory will buy your success from you. To make the most of ourselves is merely to be ourselves, and to be ourselves is to be profitable to our neighbor, since we are able to give to him a larger and more personal product than if we tried to be imitations of him. For, in the end, we judge men by their work, not by their lives; by their best, not their worst. Homer did not know our ethics, therefore avoid him! Raphael was peccable in his love affairs, wherefore do not look at his madonnas! Wagner was vain, so stay away from Lohengrin! No: we must accept ourselves with our frailties; and know our worth by the mark we leave—not by the noise we make.

The breath of the universal life that has come to me, still warm from the sun fires, cannot last long for me. So let me use it in work and play that give a return, not alone to me, but to you. And it is in the open, where neither my thoughts nor my elbows are confined, that I can and must secure my fullest enlargement.

It is the country, then, that asks its wandering and forgetting populations back. We take the countryman's life as a luxury, nibbling at it for two weeks in the year, and looking forward to it through the other fifty. Open the town gates and show that cities are not all: men are not all: art is not all. The universe stands for what dwarfs them into nothingness. Let man freshen his soul at the fount of being. Let him learn, in occasional hours of solitude on the hills, what resources he has. In town he is a constant borrower. Alone, he gathers to give.

There are sanitary, no less than mental and moral advantages in country living. The hours are normal; night is not turned into day; eyes are not strained; lungs are not filled with gas and dust; false appetites are not teased into being in drug and candy shops, tobacco stores and saloons; nerves are not edged by the din of factories and drays. That some people on farms live as artificially as if they were in town tenements is nothing to the prejudice of the country. The villager who digs his well beside his stable, who is afraid to let sunlight into his house, who shuts his windows against "night air," who eats pork, who has never bought a bathtub, is not a representative countryman in these days.

And, as to city advantages that so many urge as a reason for enduring to be a part of the mob, the country is acquiring them. In the older States public libraries are found in hundreds of villages; the schools are fair; there is much ability in the rural pulpit; transportation has become swift and cheap; entertainments are frequent in town halls; the ponds and rivers offer better facilities for swims than we find in the city baths.

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At the English Capital

AN ORDER has reached a firm of famous Piccadilly hat makers for the best "top" hat of a special size that they can make. The hat has a history. An officer in the Gordon Highlanders lost it to an officer in the Gloucester regiment, but it is seldom that a man experiences such a victorious loss. Before the sortie from Ladysmith which resulted in the disaster of Nicholson's Nek, the two officers, knowing their respective regiments were to take part in the expected battle, were keenly discussing the coming operation, and the Gloucester man chaffingly remarked that General White knew a good regiment when he saw it, for the General had given orders that the Gloucestershires were to march out first. The Highlander at this insinuated that the Gloucestershires would also have precedence in getting back to Ladysmith. So the two bet the usual hat on the event. The officer who first brought his regiment into Ladysmith, and therefore soonest away from the face of the foe, was of course to lose. As all the world knows, the Gloucesters never got back at all, and the officer, with his brother officers and men, are kicking their heels in Pretoria—prisoners of war. The kilted Highlander swung into Ladysmith, and when he found he had lost the bet he was furious. But later, when the news reached him that his friendly antagonist had been captured, a broad grin took possession of his face, and he gleefully wrote off to England, giving his friend's hat size, and is anxious to pay the bet.

PLUCK AND WIT FROM THE FRONT

The Boer war is producing the usual crop of epigrams. Here are a few to hand:

"Heavy firing; casualties, one cooking pot injured."—Excerpt from a Kimberley bombardment report.

"A time-expired man."—A Gordon Highlander's dying words at Elandslaagte.

"Those who sup with me will require a devil of a long spoon."—The motto the Blue Jackets have fastened upon their naval gun, of which the range is five miles.

"Come along, boys! This is the hottest business I have ever been in."—General French to his cavalry at Elandslaagte.

"Retire be d——d."—Comment of a Gordon Highlander bugle-boy when the fight at Elandslaagte was at its crucial point and the Boer bugles treacherously blew the British call to "Cease Fire" and "Retire." The boy immediately blew the call "Charge" at his own initiative.

"Surrender to avoid bloodshed."—Cronje to Baden-Powell at Mafeking. "When is the bloodshed to begin?"—Baden-Powell to Cronje.

"The English must pay a price that will stagger humanity."—Kruger.

"All well. Enemy shelling us."—Baden-Powell's report.

"Go on. This is your show."—General White to General French, cavalry leader at Elandslaagte.

"Will be with you to-morrow."—A Boer heliograph message to the British at Colenso.

THE POLITEST MAN LIVING

This is a new story of the Height of Politeness. It is told by Angus Evan Abbott, the author, and it is, I believe, absolutely true. Mr. Abbott is a Canadian by birth and education, and on first coming to England he was, as most Americans and Canadians are, eager to catch a glimpse of the Queen; but as Her Majesty did not live in his suburbs Mr. Abbott's wish remained ungratified for some time. However, one day he found himself in Portsmouth and learned that the Royal yacht, with the Queen and Princess Beatrice aboard, was to cross from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth. Hastening down to the landing-place, he discovered that there was not the ghost of a chance of catching sight of Her Majesty on land, so he went to the waterside, hired a small boat, and rowed out into the great harbor. Pushing out from the inner port, wherein rode a mighty fleet of battle-ships and cruisers all a-flutter with bunting in honor of the Queen, the writer found himself on the broad outer bay, alone except for a dotted line of men-of-war's boats indicating the route to be taken by the Queen's yacht. Pulling in his oars and allowing the boat to float at will, Mr. Abbott got his glasses focussed ready for the Queen's yacht and put in his time reading a book. All at once he heard a voice sounding as though it came from the clouds. It was gentle, aristocratic of accent, and apologetic in diction. It said, "I beg your pardon, but would you mind letting us pass?" Glancing quickly up, Mr. Abbott beheld the bow of the mighty battle-ship Minotaur towering over his little rowboat like a precipice; and peering over the brow of the cliff of iron was the calm face of a naval officer. The ship was swinging slowly into harbor, and was but a few yards away, coming directly toward the tiny rowboat. In the words of the novel, "To seize the oars and pull for his life was the work of an instant." When Mr. Abbott was clear of the battle-ship the naval officer, not a ghost of a smile on his face, said "Thank you very much," and the ship crept past. Mr. Abbott claims that naval officer to be the politest man living.

A HERITAGE OF BRAVERY

An Englishman is always glad to run across a proof that heredity tells. The pleasing theory that there is everything in heredity is the foundation of the mild monarchical and aristocratic form of government that obtains over here, and isolated instances of inherited virtues are rapidly seized upon and held up to public view. The war now raging has furnished one such object-lesson. At Elandslaagte the Lancers found themselves in a very tight corner. The Boers swarmed around the cavalrymen and shot straight. Along with the foremost of the Lancers rode John James Shurlock, a sixteen-year-old trumpeter. This young blood deserted the bugle for the revolver, and was seen by officers and men to shoot down three Boers as he rode forward. Now, this boy's mother was the daughter of a man who served thirty-one years in the old Eighty-second Foot (now the second battalion of the South Lancashire Regiment), and his father served twenty-two years in the Fourteenth Hussars and the Fifth Lancers. Two cousins of young Shurlock are also at the front.

HOW MISS RHODES WON THE TUG-OF-WAR

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has a sister who is quite as striking a character in South Africa as her distinguished brother. In figure she is an Amazon. Her appearance is eminently masculine, her face florid, her voice powerful, and as for her mind, her wits are as sharp as "they make 'em." She accompanies her brother everywhere and is altogether a striking character. On the last occasion when the two went from England to Cape Town, Miss Alice Rhodes superintended the athletic games on shipboard. One of the items in the program was a tug-of-war between twelve brawny Cornishmen and an equal number of weather-stained sailors. Slowly, steadily the sailors were hauling the Cornishmen near the mark, when Miss Rhodes, whose sympathies were with the miners, leaped to her feet and cried, "My faith, Cornishmen! Off with your shoes and pull on your bare feet like the sailors." The game was stopped, the Cornishmen took off their shoes, and Miss Alice's delight was unbounded when the miners simply walked away with the sailors.

BUCCANEER DAYS OF BENNETT BURLEIGH

To return to the war again: apropos of contraband of war and recent seizures in Southern waters, I wonder how many remember an exploit of Bennett Burleigh, the war correspondent, in the days of the Civil War? Just how young he must have been in those days, seeing that he is as active as the best of them and in Natal to-day, I'm sure I cannot guess, but the deed he did there on the broad Detroit River proves that in the sixties he had not cut his wisdom teeth. Burleigh, like many another Englishman, violently sympathized with the South in the grand struggle, and after seeing active service at the front evolved an elaborate scheme. The fact that the scheme was quite unworkable did not occur to him until later. He hastened to Canada, gathered together a handful of fiery, erratic characters of his own kidney, and crossed the river to Detroit. He knew that on certain islands in Lake Erie were thousands of Southern prisoners of war, and his grand, elaborate scheme was to set these men free, form them into an army, and march for the South, taking the Northern forces in the rear. Of course, could he have armed these prisoners, and if he had had at his call in Lake Erie the present fleet of British transports, he might have caused some serious inconvenience. But he had neither arms nor transports. Running down the river at that day was a small steamer—the Philo Parsons, I believe she was named. This Burleigh and his swashbucklers boarded as passengers, and when the steamer was fairly under way, fully armed, they invited the unarmed Captain and crew to, as it were, send in their resignations. Burleigh then headed for Lake Erie and the island prisons, but I believe was brought to by a revenue cutter, and ended up in prison. Such is the story as told in England. Just how much of it is true the gods and the Americans and Bennett Burleigh probably alone know. Since that day Burleigh has become more level-headed, and is one of the most successfully daring of the many picturesque characters that play a roving part on the Imperial outskirts.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN-PARTY AT WINDSOR

The German Emperor is like Mr. Thomas Atkins: we must take him as we find him. For some years past he has been in a bit of a huff with his grandmother at Windsor, owing to the resentment shown by England on the published account of a certain memorable telegram sent to his sometime friend Kruger. William was greatly offended by England's show of force on that occasion, for if there is one nation more than another that wholly depends upon force for its existence it is Germany, and quite naturally Germany cannot well afford to have another nation make manifest to the world that she is not a bit frightened of the Emperor's army. So William let his English relatives clearly understand that if they wanted to see him they must call at the front door at Potsdam and ring the bell twice. However, the Queen is too old to pay many visits, and her rebellious grandson relented and stepped across to get a piece of the old lady's cake and a glass of lemonade, and make it up like a good boy. Of course, the reporters flocked to Windsor to write as many columns as they could scrape together. At the castle they were well received; important officials were told off to keep them informed and to see that things were made comfortable for them. But one day the Emperor decided to pay a visit to the Duke of Marlborough's place near Oxford. Over here press men work together, English papers report matters soberly, and as "scoops" count for almost nothing reporters do not try to get ahead of one another in a small way. So when William II sped off to Woodstock the journalists elected three of their number to follow—those three to supply the lot with all information.

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE IN THE REALM

After receiving all consideration from the Queen of England the reporters had no fear of finding matters different in a mere Duke's establishment. But the husband of the one-time Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt is a most superior person, and the deputation from the press found themselves confronted at the lodge gate with strict orders that they were neither to be given access to the estate nor furnished with any information. One of the press men then sent a letter in to the castle explaining that they were held up and asking to be given liberty to pursue their calling. No answer came. Then the three put their heads together and wrote a second letter, explaining that Her Majesty had countenanced them, and that, up to date, she had been unable to discover the loss of any of her silver spoons.

They hoped, they said, that although the Queen was notoriously less exclusive in the selection of her guests than the Lord of Woodstock, still it might be that Her Majesty's patronage would not be taken as a disability. They asked that His Grace would please remember that the doings of his Royal guest were of great interest to the public, and that he, the Duke, in his august graciousness, might humor the world in this small particular. In answer to this came a steward of the fifteenth degree with all the important news, as he said, direct from the Duke. When the envelope was opened it was found that it contained a long list of the names of nonentities who had attended the dinner-party. The reporters returned to Windsor.

—E. W. Sabell.



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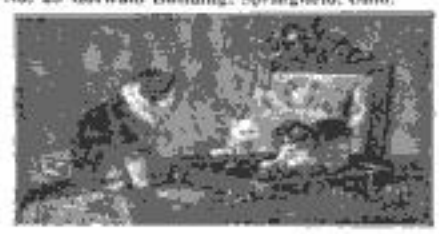
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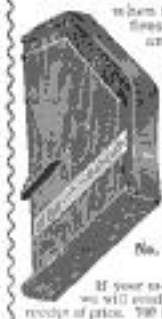
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A Rub of the Green

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE first annual tournament of the Homeville Golf Club was progressing smoothly. The day had dawned clear and bracing, and these favorable conditions endured. Only wind enough was blowing to set a premium on the best judgment of the different players, and to keep in a flutter the gay garments of the fair spectators.

Although the club had been in existence scarcely three months, Society had set upon it the seal of her approval. The names of the foremost people of the town were on its membership list. Such was the rapid spread of the golf epidemic when once it had been introduced by young Will de Pont, that the club, necessarily limited in number, had no difficulty in shaping its personnel to suit itself.

Since this was the first tournament, only a few members had been bold enough to enter the matches, and before the morning was past it was seen without doubt that De Pont and Herbert Radcliffe were by all odds the best players competing. Therefore, it was likely that they would be matched in the finals for the championship.

As happens on many a golf course, the rivals in play were rivals in love. Nancy Heath in her golf costume is a sight to turn the head of even a cool-blooded creature who sneers at golf as "shinny." How, then, must she affect a golfer?

The answer is to be found in the attitude of all the unmarried and some of the married members of the club. The single men were openly in love with her; a few of the married men secretly wished they had waited longer. The unmarried women, and those married ones either young or aspiring to be so, avowedly admired her and effusively hated her.

Even Stub, Radcliffe's ugly little bull terrier, was her slave. The bane of stockinged calves and the terror of cats, to Nan Heath he was lavish, honeyed puppyhood. His wicked small eyes blinked fondness, and his curt tail wagged amity. Nancy Heath was one of those marvelous persons who at once subtly win the devotion of child and brute. And, as is notable, adult humanity is not exempt.

It was an established belief in the town that De Pont and Radcliffe were the advance-guard in the battle for the affections of the girl. No other man felt in his heart that really he stood a show with these two as his antagonists. Which of them was winning no outsider presumed to say. The two themselves had had no means of ascertaining. And if Nancy was clear on the matter she had not signified her knowledge. Had Stub been a decent kind of a dog, with a passable disposition, he might have informed her that in his language the old saw ran, "Love me, love my master." However, Stub was a canine with a villainous temper. So he took the goods the gods provided him and selfishly kept the young lady to himself.

Sometimes he growled at Radcliffe, but never at Nan. He preferred his master at meal times, but Nan at all other times.

Now it was noon, and De Pont and Radcliffe were the only contestants left. The two men never had gone the rounds together. This situation may have been due to chance, or it may have been allowed by mutual consent. Their scores, of course, were known. De Pont's best was 99; Radcliffe's 98. These records were quite good for the links, which had a rather poor and very tantalizing fair green.

The crowd which assembled after lunch to watch the final match was large, animated and interested. All the golf celebrities of Homeville were present. There was old Jim Duncan, who had played on St. Andrew's—the original St. Andrew's—before coming to this country, and who even yet, despite his rheumatism, could make as pretty an approach shot as one could wish to see. There was Lem Sawyer, whose every-day clothes were golf clothes, and who used any club that was handy—employing a cleek, for instance, when the ball was crying for the niblick—violating the most cherished canon of golf ethics; still Lem had by no means the worst record in the club. And there was Francis van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, whose golf clothes and golf clubs were made to order, who debated long and earnestly with his caddie regarding the club to be used at each stroke, and who as yet had not covered the course in less than 122. And there was Nan Heath, the blue of her skirt and hat akin to her eyes, her crimson sweater reflected in her cheeks, and the sun imprisoned in her hair.

The spectators saw a battle royal. First De Pont was up; then Radcliffe. Fickle victory perched now on this banner, now on that. It was a struggle irritating to the players, but highly exciting to the throng. Both men were in fine form. The course out was taken by Radcliffe, one up; but the course in at once cut down his slight lead, and after seven consecutive holes had been halved, the second last hole—next to home—was attained with appearances promising that the match itself would be halved. Things looked like a drawn game.

At this crisis De Pont made a superb drive. The ball seemed to be headed too far to the right, but caught by the wind it settled to a true line for the hole, and when it dropped its flight had covered fully 190 yards. Then an embarrassing incident occurred.



"STUB, *DO* DROP IT; THAT'S A NICE DOGGIE"

Stub—who had followed his master to the grounds, and, having been summarily rebuked when, mischief-bent, he had set out after a scampering caddie, had consoled himself with Nancy Heath—having become tired of attending the footsteps of a deity who since lunch had waxed singularly forgetful of his presence, had apathetically strayed on to the course. Here, just as he, suffering from ennui, had about determined to lie down, he was pleased to behold a white ball plump at his side and roll merrily onward.

What a challenge! Now for a frolic! He was aroused. He had chased balls before. It was a sport productive of much hilarity. With a bound he was upon the lively sphere, and had grabbed it in the midst of its career.

On his ears smote a great shout from the distant crowd. This he interpreted as a sign of approval. Another shout, more shrill, distinctly had in it a tone of enmity. It came from the caddie whom Stub saw running toward him in a hostile manner, brandishing a bundle of sticks. With tail cocked defiantly and head high Stub darted off, firmly convinced that no offensive small boy should catch him—not much.

With that satisfaction which thrills every golf player when he has felt his club strike clean and sweet, De Pont, from the teeing ground, had watched the flight of his ball. But when he saw the dash and ensuing cavorting of Stub his satisfaction died instantly.

"Why—I say, Radcliffe, your confounded dog has my ball!" he exclaimed, starting forward. "Make him drop it! Catch him, caddie! Call him, Radcliffe!"

"Hi, there! Drop it! Hit him with a club! Go it, caddie!" yelled the crowd.

"Here, Stub! Stub, come here!" called Radcliffe. The dog, at the command, remembering the program of previous games of ball, retriever-like trotted to his master and laid the ball at his feet.

"Dash the cur!" remarked De Pont, not lowering his voice the least bit, although the terrier really had a pedigree.

"I suppose, considering that he's your dog, you'll have no objection to my driving over again?" asked De Pont.

Radcliffe hesitated a moment and reddened.

"Well——," he replied, and hemmed to clear his voice; "Well, De Pont, to tell the truth, I have. This is a match, you know, or I wouldn't care. But according to the rules, you ought to play the ball from where it lies, you see."

De Pont also flushed.

"I didn't know the rules made provision for worthless curs running at large all over the course," he said. "I wish you'd kindly show me the rule you have in mind."

Radcliffe drew from the right hip pocket of his short trousers a book of rules and opened it. After having glanced through several pages he said:

"Here it is. Rule 22: 'Whatever happens by accident to a ball in motion, such as its being deflected or stopped by any agency ouside of the match, or by the forecaddie, is a rub of the green, and the ball shall be played from where it lies.' Now *that* covers this case exactly. The ball was deflected by an agency outside the match. Isn't that so?"

"What a shame!" spoke a voice that sounded like Nan Heath's.

"Let me see the book," demanded De Pont. The book was handed to him. "But this rule says also," he continued, "that 'should the ball lodge in anything *moving*, such ball, or if it cannot be recovered, another ball, shall be dropped as nearly as possible at the spot where the object was when the ball lodged in it.' Your dog was a moving object, wasn't he? The ball should be played from where he picked it up."

"But he isn't moving *now*," objected Radcliffe stubbornly, indicating Stub, who, panting, was sitting on guard over the ball.

"And he'd never move again, either, if I had my way about it," observed De Pont energetically. "Now look here. I suppose if my ball lodged in a wagon, and that wagon went off a mile or two and into a barn, you'd

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claim that I must play my ball from there. Is that so?"

"It would be a lost ball," replied the other. "And it's not a parallel case; it's unreasonable. According to the rules, you must play from here or lose the hole. I'm sorry, but it's golf," and he set his lips.

"Yes—and that's all," replied De Pont. "Why did you call your dog back here?"

"You told me to," was the cool answer.

This was very true. He had.

Now De Pont did what a golf player ought never to do, but what, nevertheless, the most good-natured of golf players *do* do—he let his temper wriggle a little.

"I'll be dashed if I play from here!" he exclaimed; and he viciously kicked at the ball, knocking it ten or more feet. At the same instant a sharp whistle sounded. Both he and Radcliffe knew this whistle, for, saying, "If Radcliffe is to furnish the dog I'll furnish the whistle," he had taught Nan Heath to put her two forefingers in her mouth—so, and to send forth the air between them piercingly. Stub also knew the whistle.

With a leap he seized his ball and went tearing off along the course to where, half way to the home hole, a flash of crimson was expecting him.

"Stub! Here, sir," called Radcliffe. De Pont said nothing. The crowd laughed. Then all proceeded in the wake of the terrier.

After she had seen the dog well on his way to her the girl turned and ran toward the flag, tempting Stub to a pursuit in which he was nothing loth to indulge. Within a few moments she was standing close to the standard, Stub at her side, waiting for the players and the spectators to reach her.

"Stub! Here, sir!" again ordered Radcliffe, when he was near enough.

"Don't you do it, Stub. You stay right by me," said Nan clearly. Everybody heard the words. Stub stayed.

"Good for you, Miss Heath!" gleefully shouted De Pont.

"I say, Radcliffe, this is fine. Thanks for the use of your dog. I'll just play the ball from where it is. I lose a stroke, according to rule, by moving the ball as I did, but to make the hole in three will be enough for me. Bogey is five."

When the party arrived on the green Nan called sweetly:

"Oh, Mr. Radcliffe, please make Stub drop the ball. He won't do it for me."

"No, thank you; I'm not in the business at present," responded Radcliffe rudely. "Anyway, De Pont can't play from here, you know. The ball must go back to where Stub was when you whistled for him."

"How do you make that out?" inquired De Pont furiously.

"Same rule, old man," replied Radcliffe suavely. "If you'll read on to the next page you'll find that if a ball at *rest* is displaced—here it is: 'If a ball at *rest* be displaced by any agency outside of the match, the player shall drop it, or another ball, as nearly as possible at the spot where it lay.' See? So the ball goes back there where we were when Miss Heath so charmingly interfered."

The girl looked blank, unheeding the withering sarcasm of her angry suitor. Chagrin manifested itself on her face.

"But the ball *wasn't* at rest," objected De Pont eagerly. "It was on the roll. I kicked it, you remember, and this cur grabbed it. So I play it from where it lies. Isn't that so, Miss Heath?" appealing to his ally, whose countenance had brightened up, and whose cheeks were flaming the danger signal for somebody.

"According to Mr. Radcliffe's own ruling," she said, smiling disdainfully. "Will you *please* try to make him drop the ball, Mr. Radcliffe?" she a second time asked, stooping to pat Stub.

"I can't make him drop it—he has one of his mean fits," answered Radcliffe.

"Quite a difference where the dog *is*," laughed a person in the crowd.

"Where the two dogs are, rather," bitingly observed De Pont. "Drop it, you mongrel!"

"Stub, *do* drop it; that's a nice doggie," coaxed Nan.

But Stub, carried away by his notoriety, simply sat on his tail and leered suspiciously with his red little eyes at whoever approached him. The ball remained tightly clinched between his set jaws.

"Maybe if we walk around he'll drop it," volunteered Radcliffe with sudden urbanity. "Come on, Stub," and he started back toward the teeing ground.

"Stub, stay here," commanded Nan. Stub, flattered, stayed.

Radcliffe colored high and gnawed his lip.

"Why not let me have my drive over again, Radcliffe?" remarked De Pont, winking at the spectators.

"All right. I agree. That's the best way to settle the whole matter. You can have a new ball, of course," responded Radcliffe.

"Why——" began Nan; but De Pont interrupted her.

"Excuse me, Miss Heath," he broke in, "but I have no intention of going back. I merely suggested it to see just how detestable this fellow can be. I shall play the ball from where it lies, and no more monkeying. Look out, please," and drawing his putter from the bag he stepped forward briskly.

"Say; hold on! What do you mean?" exclaimed Radcliffe excitedly.

"Oh, never you mind," retorted the other, taking his stand beside Stub and menacingly swinging aloft the stout iron. "I'm only going to follow the rules. This is a rub of the green. Better be farther away, Nan, or you'll get spattered. Say good-by to your cur, Radcliffe."

"No, you don't!" cried Radcliffe, in dismay. "I won't allow it," and he sprang in front of De Pont so as to shield the dog.

"It's your own ruling, Mr. Radcliffe," said Nan, interposing. "But you will not let Mr. De Pont play the ball from where it lies?"

"Certainly I sha'n't see him kill my dog," snapped the man, brought to bay.

"Or make Stub drop the ball?"

"I can't."

"Then, according to your favorite rule, you lose the hole and the match. The penalty for breach of rule is loss of hole, you know," declared Nan triumphantly.

The crowd applauded. Radcliffe reflected. If Stub dropped the ball De Pont surely would hole out in one putt. The hole was not a foot away. It was ridiculous—but the match was lost, in any event. Playing the ball with Stub's head as a hazard was not to be thought of seriously.

"*Take* the match," he ejaculated desperately. "I can't beat the two of you. Come on, Stub," and he marched off, full of wrath.

"Go on, Stub," said Nan. Stub, who had hesitated, ran after his master.

"Mr. Radcliffe lost the match, didn't he?" asked Ann Lawrence of her escort, as the crowd was stringing homeward.

"He lost two on 'em, Miss Ann," observed Jim Duncan, then passing, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

His idea was plain. Behind, to the left, silhouetted against the western sky, was Radcliffe, moodily taking the short cut across the fields for home. At his heels was Stub, presumably with the ball still in his possession.

Also behind, also silhouetted on the sunset, but striking off at a tangent with Radcliffe, were Nan Heath and Will de Pont, headed for the river road—the longest way home.



—*the longest way home*



ON THE HYGIENIC VALUE OF CIGARS

With reference to cigars, as is well known, they contain more or less nicotine, which is poison; however, if the tobacco is of proper grade and correctly cured and cleanly manufactured, there will be found in such properly made cigars just enough nicotine to be of hygienic value in preventing the smoker from catching contagious diseases, and also frequently cure membranous mucous disease germs. Therefore the *United States Health Reports* go on record as declaring that *cigars can be made* (and in this instance have been found made) *so as to be healthful, sanitary and of hygienic value.*

Inasmuch as we are looked to for unbiased reports on such matters, solely for the public welfare, as an instituted and dependable authority on matters of health for the benefit of the American public—and inasmuch as we have received many inquiries on this subject—and have instituted an examination into this matter and have investigated a great number of the various brands of cigars offered the public, we have found that the "Lucke's Rolls" and "Lucke's Rolled Cigars," made by J. H. Lucke & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, were perfect and came up to every exacting qualification. They are made of finest tropical tobacco, hygienically handled from the very start, and manufactured according to the best methods known to science. Extreme cleanliness is required in every handling, and they reach the consumer with the absolute guarantee that they combine the very best qualities possible to be contained in a cigar.

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A. N. TALLEY, M. D.,
For *United States Health Reports.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 2, 1900.

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The Clerk who makes Friends

By William H. Maher

THE young man who is making his way through the world, depending upon his energy, industry and intelligence to lift him higher, must not neglect to cultivate the study of mankind. No matter how efficient he may be in other qualities, if he is not a judge of men he is doomed to failure.

A man must possess the faculty of winning the confidence of other men and of making them his friends if he would be successful in any walk of life. This faculty, or gift, is born with some. They touch a sympathetic chord in every one they meet, are given a hearing when more worthy men are turned away, and succeed along their chosen lines when men of immensely greater ability plod along at the foot.

If we say they possess tact, we only half express it. Tact is saying and doing the right thing at the right time to the right person. Tact prevents blunders that would make enemies, but does not necessarily make friends. Tact is the form, but the feeling lies deeper down. To make friends, tact must be present, but the heart only can tie the knot of friendship.

The strength of youth is its unlimited hopefulness. Success is just around the corner; in a few years, at most, she will be overtaken; then come ease and luxury! The great majority of those in the race never catch a glimpse of her robes, and the ones who lag farthest in the rear are those whose manners were so unsympathetic or forbidding that the men who could and would have helped them refrained, perhaps at the critical moment, from saying the word or doing the thing that would have advanced them.

THE SAVING GRACE OF TACT

I am at this moment interested in a man who is out of work and who is struggling bravely to find a position. When he is not near me I study how I can help him, and I canvass friends who may need a man and who would give my recommendation some weight. But when he comes to see me he has not talked five minutes before I begin to think that I wouldn't want him near me all the time; and, feeling so, I wonder if it is right that I should commend him to others. He has no tact. He does not permit me to get half way through a sentence before he interrupts me to agree with me, while he proceeds to finish my sentence in an entirely different way from what I had intended. I conclude that it is not worth while to go back and finish in the way I started out to do, so let it go as he left it, but I do not volunteer any further remarks. When he goes away I still wish, as much as ever, that he was at work, but I am hoping that he will find a place without my having to make a special recommendation.

Every young man, with the competition of life around him, should probe deep down into his own soul and learn for himself just what is the measure of his capacity to win the good will of other men. He should be absolutely honest with himself, listening to no flattering tale, but facing the truth fearlessly.

THE VALUE OF INTEREST IN OTHERS

If he finds that, on the whole, he does make friends of those with whom he comes in contact, so that they seem to take a kindly interest in him, he may well rejoice, for he has a basis upon which to build toward better results. His danger will be in thinking that he is naturally so shrewd and magnetic that he need give the matter no further study, but may safely trust to these powers to carry him through any and every thing that will come in his course.

A young man in whom I am interested was told by his employers to make his preparations for a trip over a certain railroad as a salesman. He had been working in the office and had never sold a bill of goods in his life. He had been expecting to be appointed a house salesman, and while there would have had experienced men to refer to, if it were necessary, so that he could not have made any serious blunder. But to go out of the city and be obliged to depend entirely upon his own knowledge and judgment—that seemed a tremendous risk both for himself and his house. But he started on his journey.

When he finished the trip he told me: "I studied it out like this: no man will buy of a man if he dislikes him; as a stranger he will have no interest in him, one way or the other; he must approach the merchant so as not to arouse any aversion, and then do his best to create some little interest in himself. I worked on that plan. I appeared to be interested in every merchant and clerk whom I met. I had to work long and hard many times—in fact, most of the time—to get beneath the crust of their indifference, but eventually I succeeded in getting them to do a little talking about themselves. I showed such interest in this that by and by they wanted to know a little something about me. We grew friendly, and I succeeded in working up a good trade."

SINCERITY AND COURTESY ALWAYS TELL

One of the most successful men I meet first learned that he might be a good salesman by an incident that happened on the cars between Albany and Buffalo. The seats in his car were pretty well taken, so he offered half of his to a gentleman who came in late. The two engaged in conversation, and it came about naturally that the youth told of what he had been working at and where, and that he was going to a Western city on a rather slim chance of bettering his position. As the older man neared his station he gave the youth his card, saying: "This is my address; I have a factory there. I like your grit and the way you talk; if you don't find the place you are looking for, drop me a line and I'll make a place for you in my office."

The young man secured a place and one day told his employer of this incident. The latter said: "That is the kind of work that makes a man a successful salesman; I have been wondering if you wouldn't do well on the road, and I think you may try it." He made a profitable trip, and was a noted salesman until he was compelled to leave the road and take up the management of the house.

How could he do this? His heart was in his voice and touched the right chord in the hearts of his listeners.

THE VITAL NATURE OF FRIENDSHIP

I recall another young man who was visiting in a city for a few days and was taken by his host to call upon the head of a wholesale house that he might see how business was done in that busy place. The young man and the merchant talked together for an hour, and the latter drew from the youth the story of his life thus far and his aspirations for the future. That evening the merchant called upon the host, and as he took his leave particularly requested the young man to call upon him in the morning. He then said:

"Some remarks you made yesterday kept repeating themselves to me after you went away. I think you are possessed of the spirit that succeeds. I want a man in my office; if you wish to take hold you may."

The offer was promptly accepted and neither man ever had cause to regret it.

As any man studies his relations with other men, and analyzes the position in which he holds those whom he meets in either a social or business way, he must confess that he divides these into two classes: those who attract and those who repel him. There is a small percentage to whom he is indifferent, but the great majority are in the two classes I have named.

If he were free to follow his first inclinations he would avoid one class the moment he detected the coldness between them, and would seek his associates and friends entirely from the ranks of those toward whom he was attracted. Experience proves that to do this would be a grievous mistake, and in the due course of business he must not draw a line between men and men, but must endeavor by every means at his command to hold as customers all men, regardless of any antipathy he may have conceived against them.

A man who intends to succeed must have friends. These are not to be bought or borrowed ready made; they must be evolved out of the men and women whom he meets both in social life and in business.

How shall he do this?

I know of no better rule than that given in Proverbs:

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

If this was given as the rule by which a man shall keep his friends, much more is it the law to be adopted by which one shall create friends for himself.

The result of the efforts to make friends is no less important to the clerk in the smallest grocery store than to the salesman in the largest wholesale concern. Both rise or fall by their power to please their employers and customers.

THE CHILL OF AN INDIFFERENT BEARING

A manufacturer told me recently: "The personal equation enters far more into the success of a salesman than was the case thirty years ago, when I was on the road. Our men must make their customers their friends or they fail to build up a paying trade."

Go into a large store where the clerks employed number among the hundreds; watch one after another as you pass their counters and observe their attitude to their customers. While all are intent upon making a sale, for thereby hangs their continuance in their places, nine out of ten have no interest whatever in the buyers. Their manner to the customer is as cold as an icicle; and though they put on what they think will pass as an air of interest, this is so palpably artificial that the customer is never deceived by it.

The tenth clerk approaches his customer with an air of kindly anticipation, shows a decided interest in the goods called for, is probably a little more desirous of exactly matching what is wanted or in finding an exact fit than is the buyer, and seems so sincerely desirous of pleasing and so thankful for the purchase that the customer remembers him, and not only seeks him again, perhaps even at some little discomfort, but is not stingy with a word of praise where it will do the clerk some good.

THE FATAL ERROR OF GUARDING "RIGHTS"

The clerk who is pushing his way has every reason to congratulate himself because so many of his associates and competitors "stand up for their rights." This is an attitude that is very dear to the shallow majority. They may not refuse to do something that their employers ask of them, but they show by their manner that they think they are being imposed upon, and they perform the task unwillingly and ungraciously.

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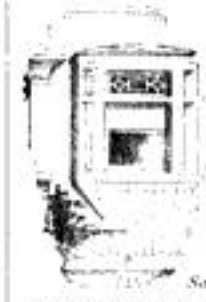
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They are quick to teach a customer who may have unwittingly offended their sense of their own importance that they have their "rights," and know their business too well to be taught anything about it. They resent any request from an associate unless the task was one distinctly agreed upon in their engagement.

Clerks of this class are so numerous they act upon each other, and always to their own harm. Their employers keep them only because better help is not to be had, and customers go to their counters simply because they must. They make no friends and no progress, and are of very little more importance to their stores than are the horses that pull the drays.

The business man who says friendship cuts no figure in business does not even know himself and the motives that govern many of his own actions. He entirely overlooks the part it plays in the treatment of those in his own store, or from whom he buys his stock. Friendly feelings must have influence so long as human nature is what it is. They will not tempt a shrewd merchant to pay a fraction of one per cent. more to a man he likes than to one who is less likable, but where prices and quality are the same they will throw the order to the salesman who is most popular.

WHAT STARTS THE SALESMAN IN TRADE

When I miss my favorite clerk at the grocery I am quite prepared to hear that he has started in business for himself. All who dealt with him liked him; many have promised that if he started for himself they would give him their trade, and have followed him. His capital in friendship is of far more value to him than his dollars.

The salesman who has been calling upon me for years, and who has won my regard, now tells me he is traveling for himself, having started in business with a partner, and he is certain of my trade to as great an extent as I can give it to him.

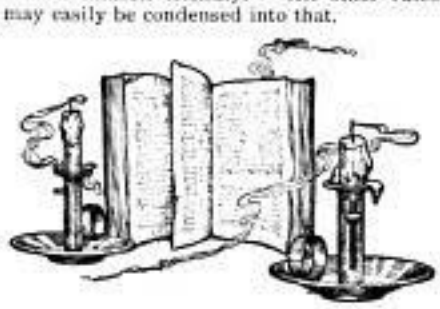
There is a class of people who make friends easily but who do not hold them. If they are traveling salesmen their first trip is usually a good one, but each succeeding trip grows poorer till they are dropped. It does not seem to be because they are insincere, but because they do not wear well. All that there is in them is on the surface; they are shallow, and in the first interview they tell all they know.

There are others who are much too friendly in appearance upon short acquaintance. They greet you with fervor, and inquire anxiously about your health, as if their happiness depended upon your answer. They ask about trade with such gravity of tone as if they had come these hundreds of miles to get the answer to that one question. Their manner lacks the ring of sincerity and they are wearisome. You feel that they are acting a part, and you are not complimented that they should think that you are deceived by it.

THE DOLT WHO NEVER GETS ON

By far the larger portion of mankind can think only of themselves; the *I*, with them, is so extremely large that they spend most of their thought and time in efforts to impress the rest of the world with a proper sense of their fancied importance. A person belonging to this class can never forget himself long enough to take an interest in his auditor. He not only lacks tact, but he is wanting in common shrewdness.

The interest that makes friends must be both kindly and honest. The clerk and salesman must forget himself; must think only of the one purpose, to make the person his friend. This is not accomplished by fawning upon men, nor by echoing their opinions, but by an intelligent acquaintance with human nature that pushes one's self into the background and sees and brings out the best in others. He must follow out the injunction laid down for keeping friends and "show himself friendly." All other rules may easily be condensed into that.



GENERAL W. A. BANCROFT STREET RAILWAY EXPERT

NOT a few of the successful men of America were farmer boys. It was on a farm in Groton, Massachusetts, where he was born, that General William A. Bancroft, President of the Boston Elevated Railway Company, spent his boyhood days. General Bancroft is not yet forty-five years old, but into the past twenty-two years of his eventful career he has crowded more triumphs and successes than fall to the lot of most men in a full lifetime. General Bancroft is popularly supposed to be one of the highest-salaried street railway officials in the country. So well has he impressed the great street railway interests of the country that there recently came to him from Chicago a very flattering offer to leave Boston and manage the surface lines of the former city.

Yet there is not a victory to the credit of General Bancroft that has not been won by hard, persistent work. He has been a wonderfully successful man, whether he be considered as a newspaper correspondent, as a struggling student at college, as the stroke of the Harvard crew or later as its coach, as a lawyer, as a military officer, as a representative of the people, as Mayor of Cambridge, or as the head of a great railway company employing thousands of men and transporting millions of passengers annually. Being a successful man, he has naturally been a leader, and has again justified the old saying that "nothing succeeds like success." In thought, General Bancroft is independent. He is a man of ideas, not afraid to state them, and his executive abilities are recognized by the public generally. General Bancroft's title came to him originally through his command of one of the brigades of the Massachusetts militia. When war broke out between the United States and Spain he volunteered his services, and was made a brigadier and assigned to General Lee's corps. When peace was declared General Bancroft tendered his resignation, and on its acceptance he returned home to resume his duties with the elevated road.

General Bancroft was graduated from Harvard in 1878, and was admitted to the bar in 1881. His rise in the militia was from the bottom. He joined the organization as an enlisted man in 1875, and has served continuously since. As Captain of the famous Harvard crews of 1877, 1878 and 1879 he became known far and wide, winning three of the most notable victories ever achieved over Yale. Every Harvard man knows "Foxy" Bancroft, the famous stroke and coach.

In 1885 he entered the street railway business, and was a most successful manager of the interests over which he was placed. General Bancroft was one of the prime movers in the organization of the present Boston Elevated Street Railway, which leased the West End system, giving them the control of most of the street railway lines in and about Boston, including twelve cities and towns.

Here is what General Bancroft says: "To industry and loyalty to the interests that I served I attribute in a great measure my success in life. I mean by industry, strict attention to business. I came out of college a poor man, and made several attempts to secure work. I finally hit on a scheme of doing a certain kind of newspaper work, and submitted it to the editor of a Boston paper. He accepted it, and I got my first start in life. It was a success, and I felt encouraged. I continued my newspaper work while I studied law, and have always found it helpful to me. I suppose I may say that the position that led up to my present place was my connection with the Cambridge Street Railway, but the fact that I had been successful in most of my undertakings, the reputation I had made out of athletics, military service and municipal administration, largely assisted in placing me where I am to-day.

"A young man starting out in life would do well to remember that in the first place he should be honest—deal with everybody fairly. There's a deal of satisfaction in doing so. Be industrious. Try to be intelligent, and try also to be able to seize the opportunity to better your condition. A young man shouldn't be fastidious about what he does. No matter what kind of work it is, take it and do it well, so long as it is honest labor. It may lead to something better. As a parting word, I would say, in working for somebody else, be loyal to that person."



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Tales of Men of Many Trades

The Belated Wedding

By Charles Battell Loomis

HAVEN'T you got your McDonald Street bills made out yet, Handsome?" said Ed Barnett, of the Breslau Gas Company, as he stopped at the desk of George Doolittle on his way to the locker.

"No," said George sullenly. He was slow and he was ashamed of it. But he was not steadfast, and he was not ashamed of that. A man is apt to be ashamed of the wrong thing.

Barnett hung up his hat and coat. He had been out to lunch. Then he came up to the desk again and saw the big pile of blanks that were to be converted into bills that would astonish people on McDonald Street as gas bills have astonished people since the first bill was made out.

He paused a moment on his way to his own desk. "Say, Handsome, the Secretary wants those bills to go out to-night dead sure. There are a lot of bad bills on that street, and he wants to give 'Bulldog' a bunch of the worst to collect. He'll give you rats when he finds you're behind again."

George stuck his pen into the inkwell viciously.

"Well, I can't write any faster than I can write, and I can't figure fast and get them correct. I don't want to have any sixteen-dollar mistake to pay out of my own pocket as I did last year."

"Somers spoke about that. You tried to get old Heinemann to pay up, didn't you?"

"Yes," said George sadly, for the recollection was painful even a year later. "You weren't here then, were you? I went to his place and told him I'd made a mistake in his gas bill and he still owed sixteen dollars on his November bill."

"And what did he say?"

"He said the gas company had been skinning him for three years and he was glad of a chance to get square."

"Didn't you tell him it was coming out of you?"

"I did, but—"

Just then the Secretary passed Doolittle's desk.

"Ed, I guess George will work faster if you don't talk to him," he said pleasantly.

"All right," said Ed, and went to his desk.

"Handsome," or "Old Handsome," was the name that George went by in the Breslau Gas Office, varied sometimes by "Gargoyle." Each was appropriate in its own way. He had a long, thin face, lobster eyes, thick, round ears set in his head like those of a bat, and a lantern jaw. When he had first come to the office he looked so solemn that the other clerks, who had been in the habit of varying their work with more or less horse-play in the absence of the President and Secretary, said, "Oh, there'll be no more fun now." "He's a funeral and the corpse and the chief mourners all in one," said Walter Hixon, the application clerk, who had a somewhat large way of speaking.

Such did not prove to be the case. Doolittle was not quick at figures but he was quick at devilment. And in an office whose clerical force is made up of young men there is always more or less devilment. It was Doolittle who engineered the famous series of jokes on "Mrs." Watkins, the collector. John Watkins was a mild, ladylike man with sparse Dundrearies and a face like a greyhound's. He was the most guileless, innocent soul that was ever party to a gas bill. As a collector he was a success because women liked his gentle ways, but he had a baby's knowledge of human nature, and did not know how to take the rather wild young men who made up the corps of clerks in the Breslau Company.

There were six collectors in all, and the rest were men's men. They had been let into the practical joke at Watkins' expense. When the collectors returned from their labors they were in the habit of counting their money and making out their lists at a table; and Watkins always sat at one end of it to be nearer the light, as his sight was not good. The leaf at his end was supported by a hinged leg. Doolittle, at a time when he should have been at work on his six-months' statement, tied a string to the lower end of the leg and hung the other end in the washroom.

Watkins came in, blandly smiling, and said "Good-evening" in his soft, maidenly voice. Then he seated himself at the table where the other collectors were already seated; bluff old David Thompson, who had collected for twenty-five years; Joe Madden, the "bulldog" collector, who went after bad bills, and who had a genius for wheedling reluctant coin from hardened debt-shirkers; and the others.

Doolittle was in the washroom, but he came out with soapy hands and bade "Mrs." Watkins a solemn good-afternoon.

"Good-afternoon," said Watkins asininely, and stroked his impossible whiskers with maternal pride. Then he arranged his bills and his money on the table in front of him and began to make out his list.

Just then Doolittle pulled the string; the leaf came down with a crash, and bills, money and list went on the floor.

"What's the matter, Watkins?" said Thompson with mock interest.

"I think the leg gave way," said Watkins in his high treble. And Doolittle, his hands still soapy, came out again and said sympathetically, "Had an accident, Mr. Watkins?"

The office enjoyed the joke hugely, and Watkins never suspected that he had not kicked the leg himself. If he had examined the table he would have seen that such an accident could not have been accidental. Doolittle whisked the string out of sight, and when his hands were dried he helped the collector pick up his scattered papers and money.

It may not be believed, but it is a fact that for three days running Watkins had the same catastrophe, and he might never have found out how it happened if Doolittle, rendered bold by long-continued immunity from detection, had not pulled the string in plain sight of the unfortunate collector. And then Mr. Watkins understood and laughed a mirthless laugh that made Doolittle sorry that he had bothered the old soul.

But though George endeared himself to his fellow-clerks by these and similar pranks, he did not show any especial aptitude for even so simple a calling as the making out of gas bills and the keeping of gas accounts. It is such men as he who on a salary of eight hundred a year become engaged and—marry on a fifty-dollar raise.

Doolittle was not only engaged, but he contemplated matrimony that very evening.

He had not breathed a word of his intention to a soul in the office; the very existence of the young woman was unknown to his fellow-clerks. Young men in offices are sometimes a trifle free in their remarks, and Doolittle respected and loved Miss Esther Woodford too much to wish to hear her name bandied about among men.

He was twenty-four, and he had no family to oppose his wishes; she was twenty-one, and an orphan. She was as pretty as health and regular features could make her; that she was plucky as well may be argued from the fact that she knew what George's salary was. But she believed in his future, being ignorant of the skylarking that was popular at the office. At twenty-one a woman will take risks that would make a woman of thirty-one pause.

Doolittle was a queer mixture of boldness and diffidence. If a practical joke was under way, he stopped at nothing, but he would have as soon cut off his hand as go into the Secretary's room and say, "Mr. Dunham, I want a day off to go and get married." In the first place, Mr. Dunham was opposed to early marriages on insufficient salaries; in the second place, four of the clerks had gotten married within a year, and Doolittle knew that he would never tolerate a fifth wedding without much friendly argument and advice—two things that George hated.

He had arranged it all with Esther the evening before. She was to go to the house of the Rev. Aaron Pettingale, the pastor of the Baptist Church which she had attended since she was a child, and wait there until George arrived at six or as soon after as was possible. Then Mr. Pettingale was to unite



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them in matrimony, and, as she had no relatives, they were going to dine with the minister and his wife—a unique way of beginning a honeymoon.

It was Saturday, and George had supposed that he was to have until Monday to get out McDonald Street. There were twelve hundred bills on it, and many of them had back bills to be added. It was a good six-hour job, and it was now half-past one.

Mr. Dunham came up. "George, you're behindhand on those bills. I expect you to finish the street before you go home. Evans will keep the office open if you have to stay overtime." Evans was the janitor.

Now, George should have said immediately, "Mr. Dunham, I've promised to marry a young woman at six o'clock, but if you'll give me until Monday noon I'll finish the street." And Mr. Dunham undoubtedly would have not only given his consent, but would have detailed another man to make out the bills and would have bidden George stay away for a day or two. Certainly no Secretary with as much flesh and blood as the rotund Mr. Dunham would keep a clerk from his wedding because he was a few hundred bills behind.

But all that Doolittle said was, "All right, sir. I'll do them." And having received George's word, Mr. Dunham knew that the bills would be done before daylight. He went back to his room and George pitched into work with vigor.

In an hour Dunham went down to the bank with the deposit and Joe Morton came up and asked George to give his imitation of Daniel Webster on the field of Waterloo, a bit of preposterous impersonation that never failed to win rapturous plaudits from the boys, no matter how often George did it. But George could not be moved. He saw Esther making ready for the wedding and he tossed off bill after bill with almost as much speed as Ed Barnett brought habitually to his work. Even when a Chinaman came in and ordered a ton of coke and Walter Hixon asked him whether he wanted it delivered at "half-past" and then flashed the Chinese letter on him, even then George did not turn his head, although ordinarily the translation of the letter into pigeon English made a welcome quarter-hour break in the monotony of bookkeeping. He heard Wun Sing's astonished interrogation, "Where you get lat?" and Walter's injunction to "Sing it, John; sing it?" but he did not pause in his work.

At half-past four he still had three hundred bills to do and he began to doubt his ability to finish on time. He would have asked Ed to help him, but all the McDonald Street accounts were in the same ledger, so that was out of the question. At five the collectors began to come in, and Nemesis in the shape of Mr. Watkins came to him and asked him to look up an old account.

"Can't you wait until Monday?" asked George, anxiously glancing at the hurrying hands of the clock.

Watkins' tone was sweetness itself, but George fancied there was something sardonic in his answer: "I must have the amount to-night. I'm to go there at six o'clock and Mr. Heaton will pay me. It's conscience money."

"At six o'clock." That was the time that he and Esther were to be united. Six o'clock, and it was now a quarter to five and the Rev. Mr. Pettingale lived down in South Brooklyn, nearly half an hour away on the "L."

Accounts were traced back by the number of the meter when different consumers had used the gas, but George had neglected to transfer the number from the last ledger and this made a hard task of a simple one. Back, back, through ledger after ledger he went, until at last he found it in one of the first books ever used by the company. The account had been marked off as "dead." And a good half-hour had been consumed in the search. It did not make it any pleasanter for George when he reflected that if he had entered his meter numbers on the last ledger he could have found the account in five minutes.

Most of the clerks had gone home in the meantime, and all of the collectors except Mr. Watkins.

"Good-night, Handsome." "That's right. Stick to your work." "Be with you Monday morning, Gargoyle," were the adieus showered upon him. Watkins laughed in his feeble, cackling way, and George felt like smiting him. At last he went away with his bill, and George was left alone with three hundred bills to do and no time to do them unless he postponed the marriage.

He pictured Esther going to the parsonage in her pretty gray dress and waiting anxiously for his arrival. The minister would at first reassure her, and then he, too, would become worried.

Some young men would have shoved the unfinished bills into the desk, slammed the ledger into the safe and shut the door, but George was peculiar in many ways, and one of his characteristics was a pig-headed persistency that seized him at times. He would finish those bills without looking at the clock, and then he would hurry down to the parsonage just as he was, and even if he was late she would be waiting for him.

He did not know Esther.

Evans came up to him at six o'clock with his hangdog air as if he expected a kick and would be disappointed if he didn't get it.

"When'll you be through, Mr. Doolittle?"

"Shut up, Evans; I'm busy."

"All right, sir," said Evans, and shuffled meekly away.

And now as George worked he awoke to a realizing sense of his deficiencies. Here he was, late to his own wedding because he had neglected his work. What kind of a husband was he going to make? Did he deserve such a perfect little woman as Esther? No, sir; he did not. But if this horrid nightmare ever turned out right he would deserve her. He inked his pen with enthusiasm and the bills fluttered from under his hands like so many green butterflies.

It might have been seven or it might have been half-past when there came a tap on the front door.

"Who in thunder is coming here now? Tell 'em the office is closed, Evans—to come Monday."

"All right, sir," said Evans obediently and teetered out to the door. He opened it and George heard him deliver the message. Then he heard a woman's voice but could not distinguish what she said.

"No, he's busy. Come around Monday morning," said Evans with borrowed authority.

Again the woman's voice, but this time louder. "But I must see him now. Tell him it's Miss Woodford."

George swung from his stool, vaulted over the desk, and threw the door wide open.

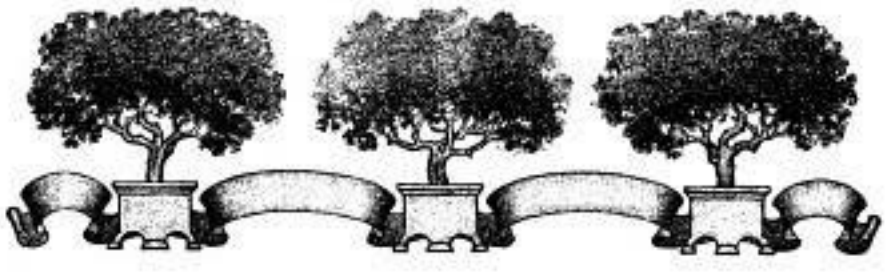
Then Evans was treated to the sight of a very pretty and plump young woman kissing "Old Handsome."

"I thought I'd find you here, you dear, old, hard-working boy. Did you forget that I was waiting at the Pettingales'? Their dinner's cold, and—we're not married. Aren't you ashamed?"

George, oblivious of passers-by on Fulton Street, and of Evans in the background, punctuated his reply with kisses. "I—am—coming—as—soon—as—I—make—out—about—fifty—more—tiresome—old—bills. I—promised—'em—to—Dunham—for—Monday."

"Well, Mr. Dunham ought to have been ashamed to ask it. I think business men are awful. They ought to raise your salary two hundred dollars for your faithfulness."

And they did. But maybe it was what Evans told Mr. Dunham that led to it, and as George has settled down to straightaway work in business hours now, and saves his little jokes for evenings, Mr. Dunham is beginning to talk of promoting him.



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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week



Mrs. Howe's Reminiscences *

TO THE many volumes of memoirs which have recently been given to the public—to the New England public especially—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has added the Reminiscences of her long and useful life. They cover a period of eighty years, are mainly personal and private in their character, and reveal an astonishingly retentive memory, from which not even the incidents of early childhood have faded softly away. Mrs. Howe remembers, for example, the difficulty she had in pronouncing the word "mother"; she recalls the first seams she sewed, her early writing lessons, and what she said when she saw Niagara at the age of four. The ice cream of occasional dinner-parties dwells vividly in her recollection, and the toast and preserves of ordinary supper-time, and the color of the drawing-room curtains, and the wholesome aversion she entertained for Paley's Moral Philosophy.

It was a serene if somewhat rigid atmosphere in which the girl was reared. Sunday began on Saturday evening, when no amusements were permitted. The unusual indulgence of coffee and muffins for the Sabbath breakfast heartened the young people somewhat for the severities that followed. Twice they went to church and twice to Sunday-school, and beguiled the intervening hours with Mrs. Sherwood's engagingly pious tales. "In the evening we sang hymns and sometimes received a quiet visitor."

After a while, however, there came along a visitor not so quiet—"a noble rider on a noble steed"—to wit, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, well known even then for his philanthropic work. Miss Ward was married to him in the spring of 1843, and the young couple sailed at once for Europe. With her usual attention to detail, Mrs. Howe assures us she was cured permanently of seasickness on this trip by the magnetism of her husband's will, which compelled her to struggle with her weakness, and by a "small dose of brandy with cracked ice"—usually the deadliest of remedies. To Italy they went, to Rome—not then despoiled and shorn in the name of progress. On their return home they began life very soberly and earnestly in Boston, where hitherto the bride had been but a "petted visitor."

Her zeal for emancipation connected her closely for years with the New England Abolitionists; yet when the Civil War, which they promoted, had been fought, she went over to old England—never at rest from weary and heroic struggle—to found and foster the Woman's Apostolate of Peace, which seems to have been as influential and as productive of good results as the recent congress at The Hague.

Her long championship of universal suffrage is too well known for comment. Upon this matter, as upon all others, she writes freely and frankly in the stout volume of Reminiscences, not ignoring even the social side of her life, and the amusements, which strike a languid reader as being of an intellectually athletic order. A lecture every ten days seems like severe fun for Newport in hot weather, and only a woman who confesses she "felt the need of upholding the higher social ideals, and of not leaving true culture unrepresented even in a summer watering-place," could have listened to them with cheerful resignation.

Two Stories for Young Folk †

AMONG the host of children's books which the Christmas season brought in its train is a slender volume of tales by Clara Morris and a really good story of early New England life by Beulah Marie Dix. Miss Morris' sketches are pretty, simple little episodes of child-life. They tell the adventures of Jim Crow, a small negro boy with acrobatic talents; of Shins, a ragged philanthropist of the slums; of Marty Many-Things, a half-starved little drudge to whom Santa Claus, in the form of a vaudeville actress, sends a Christmas dinner and a doll baby. The best story is about two little girls who learn to love each other very dearly at school, and who are parted suddenly and forever by the simple circumstance of one family moving far uptown. The lordly indifference of adults to anything so insignificant as a broken friendship is well described, and reminds us of Miss Thackeray's complaint that in childhood "intimacy and companionship depend almost entirely upon the convenience of grown-up people"—which seems a little hard.

The title of Miss Dix's book, Soldier Rigdale, and the sudden manner in which she breaks off her narrative, suggest a sequel to follow—a sequel in which little Miles Rigdale will be old enough to do some real fighting against the French and Indians. The present volume gives us but his early experience in that cheerless colony planted by uncompromising piety on the bleak New England coast. Miles is a real boy, who under more favorable circumstances might even have been a jolly boy. He is eleven years old when the Mayflower brings him over the sea, and he remembers with unregenerate regret the merrymaking of an English Christmas, in default of which he ventures to hope that he and the other children will be granted at least a holiday. But alas! and alas! for such unwarranted expectations. "We stain this virgin soil with no Popish festivals," says Master Hopkins grimly; and the newly arrived colonists work harder than ever from sunrise to sunset by way of proving that they honored not the day.

One glorious episode, however, compensates Miles for all his scoldings and whippings and scrapes. He is carried away by Indians, and for a few days of splendid freedom lives in their wigwams, and has—in spite of fearful misgivings—the good time of his life. Even when reclaimed by civilization there is left the joy of swaggering before less fortunate lads. "'Twas so brave a life I led among the savages" is his cry, and what right-minded boy would not endure greater hardships than befel Miles Rigdale to be able to say as much?

—Agnes Repplier.

By Way of the Cross *

IN SEVERAL respects Mr. F. Marion Crawford's Via Crucis: A Romance of the Second Crusade, is very different from any of the recent stories turned out by the great historical grist-mill. In some respects, on the contrary, it is inevitably quite like the other stories of its type. It might be expected to have as heroine a woman the most beautiful in the world, and as hero a man possessed of all knightly qualities; in Queen Eleanor it has the peerless beauty, in Gilbert Warde the peerless knight. It might be expected to have as incidents flaring battle-deeds and breathless duels; it has the unparalleled duel in an early chapter, the blood-swimming battle in a later one. It might be expected to describe at length the dress and arms of the knights (carefully or carelessly spoiled from the encyclopedias), the food that was eaten, the wine that was drunk, the oaths that were sworn. It might be expected to rouse one's interest in a well-born hero done out of his inheritance by a designing stepfather; a timid, shrinking girl in love with the bold, aggressive hero, but kept from him because of the before-mentioned spirit of evil, the stepfather; a couple of trusty henchmen to help the hero out of his tight places; and, finally, some *deus ex machina* to make all right at the end. All these things might be fairly looked for in a novel avowedly cast in the mould of the historical romance. Most of them one finds in Via Crucis.

Because it is in at least two respects entirely unlike the generality of books of the sort it is worth reading in a class by itself. It has a distinct, logical, artistic character-development far and away better than anything of the kind I have lately seen done. It has, all unobtrusively, all unpedantically, a definite moral purpose.

The two characters developed in the story are Queen Eleanor, the heroine, and disinherited Gilbert Warde, the hero. Queen Eleanor, as we know from our history and as we find in our Crawford, was essentially self-willed and unrestrained. At the beginning of the story she meets a young Norman gentleman, not yet a knight, not even squire, towering physically over other men, tranquil and strong, born to command. Him she promptly falls in love with; him, to his dismay, she soon kisses passionately. It's a far cry from this unrestrained, loving young Queen to the deeply emotioned, surpassingly glorious woman, who, more Queen than ever before in her life, at the Tomb of our Saviour knelt in the dark watches afar off from the purified maiden knight, her dearly loved, and there prayed "God, let me perish, but keep him what he is!"

Gilbert Warde, at first a simple Norman boy, becomes the blood-lusting warrior, killing for killing's sake without a thought of the why, and then, with many a step in life-weaving between, the serene, all-doing, all-well-doing Guide of Aquitaine, the one man in all the host of the Second Crusade able to lead the way to the Holy City.

And why the change in the lives of both? Here is the writer's purpose; here is the lasting good that comes to one for the moments of great joy that one spends over these pages: both Eleanor and Gilbert learned their life lessons by doing much, by sacrificing all things—Gilbert, comfort, rewards, bodily strength, revenge; Eleanor, love itself. Both came to their full stature by way of the Cross. *—C. R. Gaston.*

The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment *

IF THE Protestant Episcopal Church contains a dignitary so lost to all sense of humor and so thin of skin that he cannot enjoy a bit of artistic fun-poking at the human foibles to which even Bishops are heir, let him beware of Oscar Fay Adams' daintily satirical volume, The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment. But to the credit of all members of the Anglican clergy who have attained to the dignity of lawn sleeves be it said that they are altogether likely to constitute the most appreciative readers of these studies of the temptations and predicaments which assail those who have achieved high positions in Episcopal life.

It may safely be taken for granted that the scholarly clergy of the Established Church has as quick an eye for a well-trimmed dart of satire as any body of readers—even though the arrow puncture the vulnerable joints of a Bishop's armor.

To those who are looking for the conventional story, with traditional plot, with clockwork movement, and a finale as easily anticipated as the hour which a reliable domestic timepiece is due to strike, these quiet studies of ecclesiastical foibles will prove disappointing. Their satire is too delicate and their construction marks too radical a departure from set story form to appeal to them; but they will have a sure and appreciative acceptance among those who like their pearls of humor the better for being strung on a gossamer thread, and whose only demand of a story is not that it shall "come out right."

The reader who loves a story for its subtler qualities, for the light which it sheds on human character, will have but one quarrel to pick with Mr. Adams' art. No amount of readiness to accept the exigencies and eccentricities of modern "artistic endings" will prepare the way for submission to the half-hearted conclusion to which the last sketch in the volume is brought.

The effect of the closing paragraph of the Dilemma of Bishop of Oklaho is much like the jar which is experienced in climbing an unlighted stairway when the top is reached, and the foot, raised to make farther ascent, comes down upon the landing with unexpected force. The most sympathetic reader

---

* Reminiscences. By Julia Ward Howe. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

† Little Jim Crow. By Clara Morris. *The Century Company.*

Soldier Rigdale. By Beulah Marie Dix. *The Macmillan Company.*

* Via Crucis: A Romance of the Second Crusade. By F. Marion Crawford. *The Macmillan Company.*

* The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment. By Oscar Fay Adams. *L. C. Page & Co.*

GEBER

A Tale of Harun the Khalif

By Kate A. Benton

HARUN AL RASCHID is a name familiar to every one, but little has been written of his time and period except in histories that are slightly known and almost inaccessible.

This romance by Mrs. Benton is one seriously considered and successfully carried out. It deals with the latter part of the reign of Harun and tells the story of the fall of the great Barmek family.

Geber, after whom the novel is named, and of whose great skill as a physician we have only a fragmentary knowledge, of course plays a prominent part; but the story is not so much the record of one man as it is a gorgeous and splendid history of a court that was marked by a magnificence and splendor not surpassed by the pomp of the greatest monarchs the world has known.

No more fascinating period of history could have been chosen by Mrs. Benton than the time of Harun, nor one about which so little is known and there is so much curiosity.

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feels himself confronted with the necessity of concluding that the sketch is intended either as a second Lady-and-the-Tiger puzzle or that the author had not the moral courage to bring the story to a legitimate end. His lack of moral stamina mars an otherwise clever "conscience study."

With the exception of The Dilemma of the Bishop of Oklaho, which is both serious and tender, the sketches are in lighter vein and play upon the secret prides and ambitions which occasionally creep under the sacred robes of Bishops, active and prospective.

Seldom is a more tantalizing situation more tactfully presented than that upon which turns the story that gives to this collection of quaint studies of the Episcopate its title. For the curate of an obscure country parish to rise, by dint of hard work, grace, and patient continuance in well-doing, to the proud position of a Colonial Bishop, is much; to marry the daughter of a Lord Bishop is much more; but to achieve from such humble beginnings the splendor and dignity of an Archbishop's estate is the superlative of Episcopal distinction. Then suddenly to have all this accumulation of glory struck away by an unhappy exclamation uttered under pressure of a mighty and unlooked-for provocation—the outburst of "an unguarded moment"—is to run the whole diapason of ecclesiastical joy and grief! Even if less artfully handled, an episode of this kind could not fail to interest any reader who has the slightest touch of what may be termed clerical feeling. In the sketch called The Evolution of a Bishop is presented one of the most deliciously humorous studies of ecclesiastical life to be found in recent literature. Altogether, these delicate and whimsical sketches make a pleasant and welcome contribution to that small and exclusive section of humorous literature which is appreciated in the ratio of the reader's refinement.

—Forrest Crissey.

Two Views of Art

THERE are two kinds of art: the kind that is addressed to the practitioner and the kind that is aimed at the general consumer. And there are two views of art: that which may be called (without undue pomp) the professional view, and that which may be called (without undue disparagement) the human view. Let us try to bring the two into as close association as may be.

Here is A, who works in the short story. Each piece in his latest volume is, from one reason or another, a technical triumph—is of the day and in the movement, shows a mastery over some curious new form, exhibits a singular deftness and originality in handling, takes in and breathes out again the latest afflatus transmitted by the past masters in the art over sea. Each—save one; and that one is a brief thing—a trifle tucked in at the end as a makeweight. It is deeply conventional in its form, wholly cut and dried in its efforts at pathos, carved out, basted and stitched together after a pattern completely archaic. A offers his volume to Mr. and Mrs. Friend—persons of some taste, judgment, cultivation. They pass over the strained modernities that compose the bulk of the volume to feed their fill on the trivial tailpiece that finishes it. "The best thing you ever wrote, old man," says Friend. "I cry whenever I think of it," adds Mrs. Friend heartily. Disgust of A, who is too narrowly professional to allow due play to the element of the merely human.

B is a conductor. He is shut in by a triple hedge of musicians, guarantors and holders of season tickets, and is the last man in the world to be reached by simple human considerations. His real interest is only in the erudite, the complicated; nothing pleases him and his pack more than a steeplechase over multiplied *chevaux-de-frise* of technical difficulty—he wills Dvorak, Tschaikowsky, Richard Strauss. A, who sometimes attends his concerts, makes moan: "Where is Träumerei? What has become of the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria? Have you no tunes, no melodies? Can't you give us something with some soul, some feeling?" Disdain of B, who wonders why he should be asked to confine himself to the rule of three after having fully qualified himself to deal with the differential calculus. For, in matters musical, A is human. It is only in fiction that he is rigidly professional.

C is a painter. His modernity is rampant. He is all for handling, values, and *plein air* problems. He loathes the "literary" picture. To him comes B with this plaint: "I don't care about your haystacks painted between sunset and moonrise. Why can't you paint something that appeals to people—something that tells a story?" Contempt of C, who would sooner die than tell a story in a picture, and who would even tell a story rather than relapse into Prussian blue and bitumen. For, as concerns painting, B, the musician, is human, like most of the rest of us. It is only in music that he holds rigidly to his professional standard.

And here is D, an architect. But why go on? Every art-worker has his two sides: one turned toward the sun—his sun—and the other turned to the shadow. Let each one try to remember that what is shade for him is sunlight for his next neighbor; let all of them try to bear in mind the rights of their patrons and supporters, for whom art, in any of its forms, is by no means a be-all and end-all, but simply a passing diversion in the thick press of more earnest and more immediate concerns; and let the public itself—well, there are several things that the public itself might bear in mind. First, that the artist is supported largely by his pride in his own workmanship and by the approval of a few others in his own field of endeavor who *know*; second, that an advanced or even an incomprehensible technique such as must battle in its own behalf to-day becomes an accepted commonplace, even to the average man, to-morrow; and third, that the function of the artist, whatever his vagaries, has an importance not always well enough realized; for though he does not rear the walls and roof of the social edifice, he yet provides a large share of the atmosphere that permeates it; and air to breathe is no less important than shelter overhead, or ground on which to find a foothold.

—Henry B. Fuller.

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

THE WESTERN STORY, as Mr. Bret Harte has crystallized it for us in his best work, is sharp, clear-cut, and soon over; humanity has but scratched the surface—behind it are the mountains, impassive and unchanged. Mr. Ralph Connor has attempted more, and the attempt comes somewhat as a surprise. Black Rock is a history—the history of a community. Behind it is the might of a movement, a creed. In the person of Craig, the missionary, the Christianity of Civilization serves its "tenderfoot" apprenticeship like any other newcomer, and grows up to strength and service. There is nothing cramped about Black Rock; Mr. Connor—we quote from Professor George Adam Smith's introduction—"writes with the freshness and accuracy of an eyewitness and with the style of an artist."—*Fleming H. Revell Company.*

The doings of a foundling grown up, in the Western border struggles that went before the Civil War; his association with the heroic but distorted figure of John Brown, and last—a chapter full of quiet self-restraint and manly strength—the story of a man who found his happiness in his friend's love, not in his own—these are the main divisions of Mr. William R. Lighton's Sons of Strength. Kansas thrown open for settlement—for settlement and war—was indeed a field for men.—*Doubleday & McClure Co.*

The lawyers have always had the name of getting more fun out of life than either the doctors or the clergy. Mr. Marshall Brown, himself a lawyer, has given the spare moments of a long and busy professional career to collecting examples of the Wit and Humor of the Bench and Bar. The resulting volume is alive at every page and sprinkled throughout with names eminent on both sides of the water.—*T. H. Flood & Co.*

In his preface to The Bond of Black, Mr. William Le Queux declares: "The things I have described actually take place in secret, as certain facts in my possession indisputably show." No wonder that he feels called upon to vouch for his statements. The Bond of Black is the secret oath of the cult of latter-day diabolism. How a brave lover was able by his devotion and courage to rescue for himself his sweetheart, and for his best friend the girl he loved, from despair and sin is what the story tells.—*G. W. Dillingham Company.*

Except that Pierre Debré did not marry an Indian, but a French girl of his own faith, his life with the Indians of Florida almost reminds one of Atala. In The Sword of Justice, however, Sheppard Stevens follows accurately Indian scenes and customs and adheres closely to historical fact. The history of the times in which the story is laid is rich with romantic interest as yet unexplored.—*Little, Brown & Co.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Fitting of the Peats

NEXT week's issue of the POST will contain the opening installment of S. R. Crockett's new romance, The Fitting of the Peats. The scenes of this exquisite love story are laid in Scotland and France. The time is that of the Jacobite uprising in the middle of the last century. The hero is a young rebel of noble birth; the heroine, the daughter of a loyal laird. The story will be completed in the four February issues.

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of The Raiders, The Sticket Minister, The Grey Man

NEXT WEEK'S POST WILL ALSO CONTAIN

With Lawton in the Field

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES KING contributes a remarkably interesting sketch of the late General Lawton, who fell in action last December. General King was his companion in the field and on the march during a considerable portion of his Philippine campaign. He writes of him as one friend would of another, and tells many new anecdotes of his campaign life.

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES KING

Molly Elliot Seawell

MISS SEAWELL tells with delightful humor of the strange matrimonial complications of a susceptible Englishman.

Derwent's Love Affairs

R. Lindsay Coleman

R. L. COLEMAN, the man who is acknowledged to be the greatest in the bicycle industry, is the subject of a bright, entertaining sketch.

By Perriton Maxwell

Jerome K. Jerome

ANOTHER of Mr. Jerome's inimitable papers follows the fortunes of his misadventurous wheelmen on a tour.

Three Men on Four Wheels

Hon. R. P. Porter

THE United States Special Commissioner to Cuba and Puerto Rico, contributes a valuable article on the needs of Cuba—political, financial, industrial.

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THIS is the title of a series of piquant satirical papers on the exclusive society of Washington. The author is a woman who has the entrée to all the "great houses" of the capital, and she is constantly meeting, in a social way, the most distinguished in Washington. Her racy chat and gossip will be illustrated by snap-shot photographs, taken especially for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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RIDING TO HOUNDS

Where *and* How *to go* Fox-Hunting

By A. H. Godfrey

IN THESE days of outdoor sports of all kinds no form of energetic exercise is more deserving of attention than the time-honored sport of hunting, by which is meant "riding to hounds."

Fox-hunting is recognized as an institution in rural life wherever the English language is spoken. In this country, especially, the sport has found a congenial home as being peculiarly suited to the energetic force underlying the American character and having just the requisite tinge of danger about it to give it piquancy. It is at once democratic and in keeping with all that constitutes good form. It is supported by men of wealth and those of moderate means, and its followers include enthusiasts of every grade of life. All are alike in the hunting-field, and there rich and poor strive for honor on an equal basis. The instant the fox breaks cover and hounds begin to run, "Ta-a-leo! Go-o-ne away!" is the cry, and then he is first after "Master" and "Whip" whose horse is able to place him there.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF FOX-HUNTERS

In this country the hunting enthusiast has a wide expanse to range over, and the follower of hounds, after wild fox or the elusive aniseed drag, can, without much trouble, find sport enough to satisfy the most exacting. There is no red-tape formality about it. With the indorsement usual in the acceptation of applicants to clubs everywhere, any decent fellow can count upon being enrolled on the membership list of one or more of the hunting organizations of Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Illinois, New York, Massachusetts and Canada, which affords scope for all the hunting one needs east of the Mississippi. But whether he joins a club or merely wishes to hunt occasionally, as means or time may permit, the enthusiast will be equally welcome. Provided he has heart and hands of the right sort, and bestrides a horse of blood, stride, condition and courage, the visitor to the American hunting-field will be afforded every opportunity to take his fill of sport, and may be sure of a cordial greeting from men whose friendship makes life worth living.

There are hunts and hunting-fields suited to all purses and all ages. Small and large packs of hounds are maintained by farmers and professional men as well as by wealthy clubs, and one can follow a few couples or half a hundred well-trained dogs according to the locality chosen, and that without further expense than the keeping of one horse approaching the thoroughbred type which, in the off season, can do good service as a park hack.

THE SELECTION OF A STABLE

Of course, if more ambitious and you desire to rank with the first-flighters throughout the season at the several hunts, you must maintain a stable of six or eight full-sized, well-bred horses, with their attendant grooms, and so on. For hunting two or three days a week with nearby packs, over a country of small fields and frequent woods, three or four horses of less value will carry a careful man over all the obstacles and keep him fairly well to the front. In hunting, the pleasure is by no means in proportion to the cost, and in hilly districts where the pace is necessarily slow and the difficulties great, the weighty individual on his sturdy cob has just as much fun and is as often in at the finish as he who bestrides the flying thoroughbred. Indeed, the balance is not infrequently in favor of the cob.

But the enthusiast who makes hunting his only pastime and follows hounds every day they can run will, if he is young enough, strong enough, and of stout heart, and can afford it, do most of his riding over a grass country, where fences are far between but high and tough-looking, where large horses are most in request, and lots of galloping is to be done after swift hounds. In such a country wild foxes must, of course, be numerous, and scent must, as a rule, lie strong. But such an enthusiast is a hard rider, and will generally be found farther afield than the novices to whom this article is addressed. I therefore leave him to take care of himself, and write only for the information of those who would like to take up hunting because they happen to own or hire one or two horses that they ride occasionally, and have leisure enough to enjoy a run with a pack of hounds located in their vicinity.



WAITING FOR THE MASTER OF HOUNDS

SOME OF THE BETTER-KNOWN HUNT CLUBS

Leaving out of this purview the history of the sport and interesting details of the several hunt-clubs, it is sufficient to enumerate a few of the better-known hunts. Of all Eastern cities, Philadelphia undoubtedly ranks first in the estimation of hunting men as affording easy access to an extensive hunting section. In less than one hour by rail from the heart of the city one can salute the Master of the Radnor Hunt, and within a radius of a dozen miles of that cosy club-house a man may "a-hunting go" with any one of nine packs of hounds—the Radnor, the Rose Tree, the Lima, the Gulf Mills, the Chester Valley, the Merion, the Donon, the Ortlipp, and the Washington of Valley Forge. Chester County is a veritable hive of hunting men, and Montgomery and Delaware Counties are not unlike it. For if Messrs. Howard Sharp, Gibson, Green, O'Brien and Glenn can give you a run from West Chester, Messrs. Mather, Hill, Dohan, Tarpey and Haley will each lead you a merry chase from Bryn Mawr, Media, Glen Riddle, King of Prussia and Merion Square. Then there are the Royersford, the Phoenix, and the Birchrunville packs, Pechin's at Strafford, and the Lionville, Trooper, Pottstown and Black Rock kennels, and others at Malvern, Pughtown, Font, Tanguay, New London, Gadsburyville, Everhart and White Horse. In Maryland there are the Green Spring Valley hunt on the Reistertown Pike, and the Elk Ridge, or "Old Baltimore," governed respectively by Messrs. Stewart and George. The Patapsco Hunt is in Howard County; Mr. Brice's pack is located at Chestertown, Kent County, and Mr. Clark is M. F. H. of the Overland, Towson.

The country about Washington is hunted regularly by the Chevy Chase pack, and there is, or was until recently, a cross-country, or paper-chase, organization thereabouts.

Of the prominent hunts in Virginia are the Deep Run, under Doctor Tritton's charge, at Richmond; Mr. Barker's pack at Warrenton; a pack at Lynchburg; Mr. Dulany's at Upperville, and the National Fox Hunters' Association, President, R. F. Sturgill, of Richmond.

In South Carolina, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., maintains a pack of hounds at Aiken.

In New Jersey, Mr. Charles Pfizer conducts the Essex Hunt at Gladstone, Mr. P. F. Collier the Monmouth County at Eatontown, and James Converse the Ocean County Hounds. At Lakewood, Mr. George Gould and his neighbors, who make up the winter colony at this charming resort, enjoy many a run behind hounds maintained for the purpose at Georgian Court.

In New York State, the Old Westchester pack is maintained by Mr. Eugene Reynal; Mr. Edward L. Smith keeps the Ballston pack; the famous Meadowbrook Drag Hounds are maintained at Hempstead by Mr. Ralph N. Ellis; at New Rochelle, Joe Holloway keeps matters moving; J. S. Tailer hunts a pack at Richfield Springs, and Mr. W. A. Wadsworth holds the sport in hand in the Genesee Valley. Massachusetts has the Myopia Drag Hunt, with Mr. R. M. Appleton as Master, at Hamilton, and Mr. Joseph Balch conducts the movements of the Norfolk Drag Hounds at Dedham.

In Canada, Mr. G. R. Hooper is M. F. H. at Montreal, and Mr. Adam Beck is the hospitable host at London, Ontario.

ANENT THE MUCH-ABUSED DRAG

All hunting is good, but the best is straightaway going, after a live, wild fox across undulating country. These hounds are seldom at fault, and a decisive finish (such as a fox gone safely to earth, or a kill) is assured. Such affords scientific sport and all the hard riding that a reasonable man can demand, and even if the hard riding is of short duration, sportsmen worthy of the name, who hunt for the love of it, and not for the wholesale slaughter of foxes, will derive exquisite pleasure from the run.

Drag hunting consists of putting hounds on the scent of a drag—that is, an aniseed bag, a ferret's nest, or fox's bed or litter—taken by a man across country an hour or so ahead of the pack. In the true hunting sense of the term, this is not sport, but it affords exciting amusement and capital practice for any one desirous of learning how to ride fast and straight across country. It accustoms a young horse to the cry of hounds, and teaches a novice to decide, while going at a good pace, how to get out of a difficult place, and it also gets him into splendid condition for real fox-hunting. Indeed, to be in at the finish of a run with such packs as the Meadowbrook Drag Hounds a horseman must "harden his heart" and "keep his nag's head straight," and few are the packs of fox-hounds that can set a merrier pace.

THE PROPER HUNTING GET-UP

To be well and appropriately dressed according to the season adds much to one's comfort in the hunting-field. The novice, if he is wise, will choose an inconspicuous costume of sombre tint, such as a loosely fitting coat of gray tweed or black Melton cloth, and easy-fitting, well-made breeches of Bedford cord or other appropriate material, and either cloth or leather leggins or high boots of regulation pattern, all of which are procurable anywhere nowadays. Later, as he becomes more experienced and at home in the field, he can adopt the scarlet (pink) coat and white breeches of the full-fledged hunt club member. But whatever costume is adopted, it should be roomy and comfortable, heavily lined for winter wear, and of lighter weight for warmer weather, and the coat and vest should have plenty of pockets protected by flaps. As to head-gear, the high hat or the close-fitting velvet cap may be worn. Gloves may be of heavy kid, deer, calf, dog or buck skin.

WHAT GOES TO MAKE A GOOD HUNTSMAN

To ride to hounds among the first-flighters requires a knowledge of the sport and a knowledge of the geography of the country ridden over, horsemanship of the kind that enables a man to get over the complete course

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without using up his horse, and a high quality of courage and judgment. It is not the harum-scarum youth or the hot-headed thruster who cuts out good sportsmen in the first burst of speed that is always in at the finish. Frequently such nuisances soon pump themselves out and are found ingloriously limping homeward over the highways when hounds are closing in upon their quarry. In agreeable contrast to such is the brilliant horseman, well mounted, and sailing over every obstacle as though on parade, keeping in sight of but never running over the hounds, and satisfied if he finishes fifty to a hundred yards behind the "Master." Between the "leader" and the "follower" in the hunting-field there is a marked difference; nevertheless, the man who never attempts to rush to the front may be an excellent sportsman. Of the hard riders, many of the more prominent follow hunting as a sport, and have done so ever since their childhood; others make a business as well as a pleasure of it, having a good or indifferent horse to sell now and then. Some ride for their health, and others because it is the fashion or because they have little else to do, and among them all will be found good men to follow, who seldom take or try to take an unnecessary fence, but never hesitate to negotiate anything practicable when hounds are in full cry.



BRINGING UP THE HOUNDS FROM THE KENNELS

ETIQUETTE OF MEET AND VIEW-HALLOO

On arriving at a hunt it is considered the proper thing to salute the Master by bowing to him in passing, and this is deemed quite sufficient unless he shows an inclination to greet you by a hand-clasp, as he may a personal friend. A friendly nod to the Huntsman (if there be one), who is the right bower, so to speak, of the Master of Fox Hounds, is usual, and the same form can be adopted toward the Whip. Then get your horse among the others, and acknowledge the salutes of your friends, if any be present, but avoid the wholesale handshakings which draw too much attention to yourself and interrupt the proceedings. Don't ask frivolous questions of the Master, Huntsman or Whip, and when the Huntsman moves into cover with a hound or two to scare up a fox don't go pottering in after him unless you want to make yourself appear ridiculous and get your hands and face scratched by the brambles. While near the wood, or at any other point waiting for the fox to break cover, don't "holler" the instant you catch sight of him, or he will likely turn back and you will get sworn at for your pains. Rather let the fox get well away, and then, unless some other man does it before you, stick your hat on your hunting-crop (whip) and shout, Tally-ho! Go-o-ne-away!! as loud as you know how. But don't run after the fox, unless the entire field has seen him, until the Huntsman comes up to where you are standing. Then point in the direction that "Rienecke" has taken, and when the hounds are put on the scent follow them and keep them in sight or hearing as long as you can.

THE NECESSITY FOR FIELD GENERALSHIP

Before the start, take a look over the country and the fences in your immediate vicinity and make up your mind as to how to negotiate the first two or three jumps. If you are unacquainted with the country it will be safest for you to follow the lead of some well-known cross-country rider whom you find near you. The actions of riders across the first field will enable you to pick out a good leader—but do this in the first few moments or you will surely get left, as when hounds have been running straight ten minutes not more than half a dozen riders will be close up to them. The field (horses and riders), if a large one, will be quickly noticed to divide up into troops or triangular groups, each headed by a horseman who seems to have either the best mount or the requisite courage and experience to lead the rest. As a rule, the foremost men will be mounted on typical hunters—that is to say, handy horses of good shape, great strength, and with a rare turn of speed. Their riders have nerve and are quick to take advantage of good or likely ground, set the pace, and, while keeping an eye on the hounds, seem to know the country so well that the moment they jump over a fence into a field they instinctively steer their horses to the best point that will let them out of it. One of these is the man for the novice to follow, but see that you follow him at a safe distance and a little to one side—say twenty-five feet, if there is room. There is no excuse for the duffer who, after kicking a pilot, jumps on top of him should the leader's horse make a mistake and fall.

PICKING UP POINTS OF CLEVER RIDING

Note how your clever leader gets a good start of the field and keeps away from the crowd by trotting along a fence until he comes to a low or open space, then, nipping his horse over it in a trice, is loping merrily over the next field before the nervous crowd have got a gate open. Then notice how your chosen leader crosses a bit of ploughed land at a tangent rather than along the furrows, then by a clever rise at the corner tops a stiff fence into a pasture where the going is a veritable dream. He has picked the spot where his horse "took off" for his jump, and you will have noticed how his good hunter spreads himself at every leap so as to clear everything and land well with his hind legs under him. Thus he is able to recover his stride without straining, and to go on.

If there is a wood near by it is quite likely that the fox will steer for it, and, if so, the hounds may be checked for a moment. In such a case your leader, who may have been contemplating a stiff, high fence, will very likely suddenly turn aside and get into the next inclosure or the road by clipping open with his crop a convenient gate. If you are close up he will swing the gate open for you to catch, and if you are clever you will get your horse through before the bars swing back into place. If you lose sight of the hounds, try to catch the sound of their music "down wind." Your leader, if he knows the country, will generally get you on terms with the pack again. If the hounds get out of hearing it is some consolation to remember that foxes generally turn on their tracks, and if you don't go floundering around too much you may get into touch with Reynard as he comes out of the wood.

HEADWORK IN SAVING YOUR HORSE

If the pace is hot you must keep your horse at a gallop up hill and down dale, over rough ground and smooth. Hold him well in hand, however, and watch out that he does not sprawl and strain himself, and always be prepared to turn quickly, thus avoiding boggy and soft ground. Rather than pump out your nag over ploughed land, take him around the edge of it, where the footing is firmer. Let him trot easily up to and leap high timber, dash over ordinary brush or low fences, creep or push his way through gaps, carefully climb or descend steep banks (in many such cases you had better dismount and lead him), step over narrow ditches, and, finally, when approaching broad water, let him gradually increase his speed so that he can take it in his stride. If you will follow this plan and keep your ears alert for the cry of the hounds you will not be "far out of it" at the finish, and with luck you may perchance get the fox's "brush" (tail).



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THE BULL MARKET

(Continued from Page 657)

aspects of the question then. Barton was filled with bitterness over his "bad luck." And appalled at the size of the loss, at the apparent hopelessness of paying the sum by themselves, she accepted gloomily their humiliating position.

Of course old Blake "paid up." Knight & Turner knew that he would when it came to the pinch. He had merely remarked at the close:

"You have had your lesson, Barton. Better stick to railroading now."

Both men understood what that meant.

Chapter IV

SHE said to herself that it would have been much better if they had been forced to take the blow, not allowed to escape in this shambling fashion. Her father had taken away the blow for her sake, and mercifully to Barton. In his eyes it had been a young man's folly, and perhaps one slip thus early in life would be salutary—would serve to protect his own fortune later.

She was not sure that the lesson had been learned, however. Barton had changed since the day of their marriage, and she had changed, too, since the bull market. They loved each other, but with big reserves. For instance, she admired less blindly. That he felt, and he judged her to be a bit hard. Of course each knew the other's thought. And when at the breakfast table he shook out that sheet of the newspaper which contained the stock lists, he realized the lines about her mouth without looking up.

In the weeks that followed the settlement she refrained persistently from talking it all over, until McDonald began to feel bitter at her coldness. When he implied as much once, she replied frankly, as an equal:

"It's no use going into it, Barton. We sha'n't agree about the matter. The trouble isn't with the loss of the money, nor with the failure in the speculation. I am a stupid woman; I don't know whether stocks are wrong or right. But to me the sad thing, the thing we *can't* talk over, is that you did something you wouldn't have done five years ago. It's almost as if you made love to some other man's wife—flirted, like Billy Kernan. Something you don't believe in. But to *you*, the only difficulty is that we didn't succeed—in beating the market."

This was for her a long and casuistical speech. He replied, and before they closed he came nearer to understanding this ethical distinction she had made for herself. By this she held him aloof; he was as other men—both fallible and devious. He began to pass into the shadow of unreality that seemed to pervade her life. She explained her heavy heart to herself by saying that she was growing old, approaching the disillusioned clear light of middle life.

The Ponds had disappeared. Some one said they had gone to Denver; some one else, to Isabelle's aunt in Massachusetts. At all events, they were wiped off the board, like yesterday's quotations. In a way, this made it easier for Mrs. McDonald. The streets of Chicago contained no special reproach. Thus the summer of the year of the famous bull market drew on.

There was naturally no talk of Europe, not even of the summer home. McDonald suggested renting a cottage at Wheaton, near the golf club, but his wife displayed no interest. They went on just as before—the same people, the same dinners, the same kind of talk. Yet, withal, a trifle vaguer, a trifle more vapory than usual. Her eye was too much on her own affairs.

"May McDonald is growing dull," the Kernans said after a dinner.

"You look confoundedly bored," Barton had complained on the same date.

She had merely gazed at him thoughtfully without replying. How could he find any amusement in dawdling on, just as before! She was growing ashamed of Barton; even he felt it—he who had always been a figure of strength and success! Just what he could do to retrieve himself was not evident. Both secretly pondered that subject. She dreamed of something rather heroic, like saving life—some sacrificial repentance; he, of something material, like recouping himself and paying off his father-in-law. Each was equally out of the question, and he grew restless and cynical. He had all he could do to keep the house in Ritson Place going on the liberal footing of old.

It was in July that she began to be conscious of new developments. She would have taken her oath that they were in stocks again. It seemed too preposterous to mention. It would have been easier to suspect any impossible thing. But the house was feverish once more. Hints of anticipations, of desires, floated in and out. Barton was absorbed, and alert, and then—insomnia. There was no longer any question of it in her mind; railroad supplies never kept him awake. For a week she gathered herself for the blow. When he returned from the city one afternoon, creased, dirty, haggard, she spoke:

"Barton, tell *me* first, this time."

The time had been when he would have refused such a peremptory order. Now he answered wearily:

"You might as well know—I am done for this time. The old man will never stand this."

Her next question was strangely to one side.

"Did father understand that you were *never* to go into this again?"

"Something of the sort was said," he admitted.

"Stand it!" she flashed. "How can you *think* of going to him again? I would not respect—I would leave you, if you did such a weak thing."

His eyes glowed dully. Respect or no respect, she must understand—but she had the whip hand.

"How much is it?"

"Between thirty and forty thousand. Nearer forty," he answered grimly.

His tone was that in which he might have admitted second drunk, or tenth, or fifty grains of opium. He had the vice. She saw it in a flash—a vice, something that ate and sapped until its victim toppled over, dead.

"I meant to get even," he explained, ashamed of the triteness of the apology. "I couldn't stand your contempt."

He wanted her to take a share in his difficulty.

"And you thought *that* was the way I cared to have it come about? Oh, Barton, Barton! how little you know!"

The scales bent now the other way. It was she who had the understanding, and he who must learn the rudimentary facts of life from her.

"If I were only even with the game," he muttered, careless of the shiver that his figure of speech gave her. "I would quit the whole thing. I feel dirty, grimy, greasy. I'd like to feel like a gentleman again, and not like an office-boy who is playing the races."

"You can," she answered authoritatively.

"Your father?" he brought his lips together sourly.

"No! no! Not that!" she exclaimed passionately. "What has happened to you, Barton? That is not the way to get——"

"You needn't finish—I understand," he interrupted. "But I see no way," he continued bitterly, "except to get out. Yet it's only a business mistake, what four men out of five do."

She shot a glance at him which penetrated. Yet in the end they came much closer than they had been for months. She outlined the campaign in a few primary principles: they were not to leave Chicago—that would be too simple; they must sell everything and settle the last score of debts; and—over this he debated a long time querulously—they were to live as miserably simple as they could and save a few thousands every year, to pay back something of what had been given them before.

Wearily they took themselves to bed, neither fully content with the prospect. She wondered if he had not really changed, was not merely bullied into accepting her plan temporarily—until the dice somehow turned up double sixes. For such, she said to herself, was the nature of man.

Chapter V

BUT she held him to it relentlessly. She took upon herself the paternal storm and made it out that the stern plan was Barton's, not hers. She met her mother's tears and entreaties. She selected the flat on the South Side and dismissed the servants. And she explained it to their intimates. The others could divine for themselves. As for McDonald, it must be said that he followed her without protest, although he wanted badly to leave her with the Blakes and to try his fortune elsewhere.

Then the stifling weeks of August began. Their cramped apartment was like a little dusty oven, but she refused to leave town, even for the two weeks he could legitimately take.

"That will come later," she persisted, "when we know what it means to be comfortable and can enjoy it."

Curiously she seemed to be getting a good deal of pleasure out of their life now. She was planning to make the whole thing fit, to have the children at the public school, to save here and there and swell the sinking-fund. The insubstantial character of her possessions began to wear off; she called things "mine" and "ours." The very food was food, not dinner here and dinner there.

A new, tolerable ground existed between her and her husband. She recognized the hardships it had meant to him, would mean daily, and she saw that he took them, that he did not seek to escape from the monotonous vista of ordinary life. She knew now that she had been wrong about the kind of rehabilitation she wanted for him. It was not saving life; it was patience and humility and effort. There was but one sad thing, one unfortunate memory of a brutal handling of others—the wretched Ponds. However, she had to content herself to forget them, to hope that no one else would ever suffer through them.

So she blanched when McDonald remarked one evening: "Pond called on me at the office to-day. He was pretty seedy—had evidently been going it hard. He said Belle is somewhere in the East with the children. He had been hunting a job up in Duluth. I gave him ten dollars."

His wife turned crimson.

"You gave him ten dollars! How could you! Give him a few dollars, like a tramp. Why didn't you ask him here?"

McDonald growled uncomfortably.

"Oh, come, now! Willie Pond always was a fool and was hunting for trouble. Belle was a fool to marry him."

"I'm not sure," she answered coldly. "Willie Pond is a fool and weak—but he hasn't——"

"As I have," he broke in nervously. "You think I have done worse?" he asked sadly.

She avoided the issue.

"If it hadn't been for us," she continued illogically, "poor Belle would have her home and her husband."

McDonald shrugged his shoulders at her logic, but he was not anxious to go deeper into the question of responsibility. He said nothing when she came nearer to him and put her hand gently on his shoulder.

"You see, we have to look out for the foolish ones, the weak—and we are all weak sometimes."

He winced but said nothing. A day or two later he brought word that he had looked Pond up and found him at a cheap hotel, getting over a spree.

"I think I'll make a place for him in the office," he went on; "something to get him started once more, if he *can* start. I was fortunate enough to save *my* skin and not go to the devil."

Egged on, perhaps, by his wife's look of appreciation, he continued:

"We might have him here for a time, if you think it would do any good. There isn't much sand in him, never was, and he needs a prop."

So Willie Pond came, shamefacedly, to take up his quarters in the McDonalds' flat. He came and went, circumspectively, gratefully for six weeks, and then Mrs. McDonald broached a new plan.

"I should like to write Belle to have her come on with the children for a visit. We could manage it by getting a room from the people downstairs."

McDonald made no objection. Pond went to the station alone to meet his family. While he was gone, the McDonalds had some talk about the matter. Barton, she saw, had brought himself to take another step, one that sent a thrill into her heart.

"I could," he said, "find a way to get them back into the Buena Park box they had. You could manage the thing with Belle? It

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wouldn't take a great deal. I saw the man who got the place when they went under, and for a reasonable sum down he would be glad to go out. It might put new life into Pond—or he might go to the deuce again and cost us some thousands."

"We'll try him," she exclaimed eagerly. "It's a risk," she added mischievously, "a *legitimate* risk."

Before the Ponds left the McDonalds' to take possession of their old home, Mrs. McDonald gave her first dinner-party of the new season—a small affair for four. She put into it the taste and contrivance that had made the Ritson Place dinners locally celebrated. The service was not all that she could as an exemplary hostess approve of, but the table was pretty, the courses excellent, and the talk above the average for animation. She had levied on her father's cellar for a single bottle of champagne, judging that Willie Pond's share of one bottle would not be dangerous to his new resolution. She proposed the first toast:

"To the Bull Market."

The men drank it silently, thoughtfully; the women clasped hands under the table. There were no other toasts.

STORED ATMOSPHERE

By Waldon Fawcett

A MARVELOUS new engineering force, second only to electricity in the number and diversity of its uses, has stolen quietly into a most important place in the world of industry. The path of progress along which compressed air has forged during the past few years has not been marked by figures like a Franklin with his kite, or an Edison with the manifold products of his workshop, standing like milestones along the avenue of its advancement.

It was air-driven tools that helped to make possible the rapidity of construction of the Athara Bridge, which did so much to open the eyes of Great Britain to the dangers of American competition. It was a realization of the capabilities of these pneumatic appliances which enabled the Cramps, of Philadelphia, to capture from the Russian Government contracts for war vessels because they guaranteed to deliver them in thirty-three months, whereas the French builders demanded over four years.

Indeed, the stored atmosphere is doing almost as great a variety of work as the electric current. It propels our automobiles, operates our street cars, whisks our letters through miles of underground tubes, and performs almost every service save locomotion for our great railway systems. Finally, compressed air has made possible the submarine boat which is to revolutionize naval warfare.

In no sphere of work is the introduction of compressed air working greater wonders than in marine wrecking. By reason of the assistance which it lends, salvage operations which a few years ago would have been regarded as nothing short of foolhardy are now undertaken as a matter of course. That most interesting memento of the Spanish-American war, the cruiser Reina Mercedes, and the souvenir which we found, only to lose again—the cruiser Maria Teresa—were both secured for us by means of compressed air. Not only did Lieutenant Hobson use countless rubber bags filled with air to raise the Teresa, but in patching up both vessels hundreds of rivet holes were driven under water by means of the pneumatic appliances. Right here, too, was scored another little victory for American tools, for when the Russian naval attaché who was watching the operations at Santiago saw the work done by the novel utensils he straightway recommended that every warship in the Czar's navy be provided with a full equipment in order to facilitate repair work.

It is almost too early to estimate the value of compressed air for the propulsion of automobiles and street cars, but that it has a place as a public transportation agent has already been demonstrated conclusively. Prominent capitalists, who are not only men of millions but capable engineering experts as well, have backed their judgment by investing heavily in companies organized to utilize compressed air in the operation of heavy trucks. In one of these new corporations such men as Richard Croker, Lewis Nixon, the shipbuilder, and Henry W. Cramp, superintending engineer of the Cramp shipyard, are heavily interested.

The autotruck, its advocates claim, will revolutionize the trucking business of the metropolis, and indeed every city of any size. The compressed-air trucks are, of course, quite heavy, but their projectors claim that this is a decided advantage in that it will contribute to strength. Being designed for operation only with a comparatively restricted district, it will be convenient for them to return at intervals to a charging station for a new supply of power. Once arrived at the central station, a few minutes will suffice for the refilling of the storage tanks with compressed air.

Among the people who are acquainted by reputation or otherwise with the brainiest men in the transportation business in America, it is of immense significance that President Vreeland, of the Metropolitan Street Railway Corporation of New York City, has within the past few weeks come forward with the declaration that compressed air constitutes preëminently the ideal motive force for street railways upon short branch lines, especially those that have many switches. Mr. Vreeland is also interested in a company which intends to place in service upon the highways of New York City cabs driven by compressed air.

It was only five years ago that Mr. John Wanamaker, then Postmaster-General, first introduced compressed air for the transmission of the mails by the establishment of a pneumatic mail tube line in Philadelphia. It was almost an absolute innovation, and it demonstrated the entire practicability of the project. Now there are miles and miles of these tubes in the principal cities of the country. In some instances single circuits have a length of from three to four miles, and through these there shoot, almost with the speed of projectiles, cartridges carrying more than half a thousand letters.

To the railroads of the country belong the credit of taking the fullest advantage of the enormous possibilities of compressed air. The principal transportation lines have vied with one another in its utilization. It sweeps the stations, paints the cars, handles the baggage, rings the locomotive bells, signals the trains, stops them, and finally even dusts and cleans the cushions, carpets and furniture in the coaches.

The employment of many of the appliances introduced by the railroads has conferred benefits not only by economy of time but by a direct pouring of money into the coffers of the companies. Thus there have been few bills for damages for misused trunks where the pneumatic baggage handler is in use, carefully lifting a trunk weighing a quarter of a ton into a car in five seconds, and car carpets and cushions wear much longer when the dust is driven out by a rush of air than when the furnishings are turned over to the tender mercies of men armed with brooms and carpet-beaters.

It was one of the dreams of the late Colonel Waring, Commissioner of the Street Cleaning Department of New York City, that the health and cleanliness of the metropolis would be immensely increased if, first, some other motive power than that furnished by horses could be obtained, and second, if some more thorough and efficient method of street cleaning could be devised. These aspirations are likely to ere long be realized.

As for street cleaning, the compressed-air blower has already demonstrated its wonderful serviceability, and there is reason to believe that the demonstration has only just commenced.

The novel uses to which compressed air is being put would fill a long list. Every housewife knows of its use in pneumatic mattresses, but probably very few persons know that it has given the sculptor a new tool which enables him to chisel statues with wonderful rapidity, that it rings church bells in the spires of two continents, and that it hammers the rivets in bridges and ships many times as rapidly as the best workman could do by hand. Up in a little town in Michigan thousands of bushel baskets are made each day by compressed-air machines, and in some of our Eastern shipyards a machine driven by this new motive power sprays paint evenly over the sides of a ship, which thus serves to reduce the dangers of one of the trades most detrimental to health.

Finally, it is interesting to note that whereas half a dozen years ago the total capital represented in compressed-air appliances of all kinds in this country was less than a million dollars, to-day it is a hundred times that sum, and increasing with a rapidity that almost baffles computation.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

May I set myself right with the numerous well-meaning persons who misread my ironical article entitled A Plea for Asphalt?

I am glad to find that there are so many people in the country who love trees; it may be that after a time all people will love them, and then the statute books will contain a law making it a penal offense to kill a tree—except in self-defense. I read the other day of a man who sacrificed a $25,000 house in order to save a clump of trees. All honor to him! It was because there are so many who without thought cut down a tree that may have taken centuries to attain its glorious height and awe-inspiring proportions that I wrote the article, not thinking that Americans would need a chart to explain its meaning.

I am sorry to have been misjudged, but I am glad that trees have so many defenders. May a strong public spirit for the preservation of what is next to man "the noblest work of God" be fostered and spread throughout the various communities of the country!

And the next time I joke about trees I will give due warning. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Scotch Plains, New Jersey.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Might a man who at thirty-six years of age feels that he has made a failure be permitted to offer a few remarks?

In my opinion, one of the principal causes for non-success in a business career is the square peg in the round hole brought about by parents putting their son at a business in which he can never take an eye-single interest, if, indeed, it be not totally repugnant to his tastes and inclinations. Nowadays a business man who has made a success sends his son to high school and university, and the young man there perhaps finds that his tastes lie toward the practice of law or medicine, or he may wish to engage in literary pursuits or to enter the ministry. But instead of the parent asking the son what profession he wishes to enter, it is an even chance that after the young fellow laid out his plans to engage in one of the learned professions his parent will, after his graduation, tell him to come down to the store.

And the result can be nothing but failure.

The writer speaks not at random, but from personal experience. When a boy in my native land over the sea I studied earnestly and diligently to fit myself for a certain career, but after going to school and academy for thirteen years I was sent out here to friends with the request that they put me in business. No charge was ever brought against me save that I had no business tact or application. Indeed, strive as hard as I might, I could not give my employers satisfaction, and after being told by two different firms that my services were no longer required I gave up trying to be a success as a business man.

Among my schoolmates in Ireland was Mr. William McClure, the Secretary of the New York Stock Exchange. At his studies he excelled in arithmetic, Euclid and algebra. This was of itself a hint as to where his talents lay, and his coming to America in 1879, working for Mitchell, Fletcher & Co. and John Sigrian, Front Street below Chestnut, were but the stepping-stones to a position in the American Exchange National Bank of New York. So step by step he has risen.

My remedy is this: Let the young man be given his choice of what field of labor he wishes to enter. Do not coerce him or persuade him in any way, and I am firmly of the opinion the number of young men who make success will be larger, and fewer will have to admit their lives a failure. JNO. H. ROBINSON.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

"We generally start life thinking we will build a great cathedral, a crowning glory to architecture, but in the end we build a mud hut and get into it like the earth men," said the Disagreeable Man.

Despite the pessimism of the Disagreeable Man, I think he expresses concretely the idea of most of us. It was not a matter open to choice which threw me in the line which I follow to-day. Money had to be earned. Ten years have passed away and the new year finds me following practically the same line of business through which I first brought home a few dollars. More dollars come my way now, being just tribute, and perhaps will come until—well, no one misses us very much.

Failure? Yes. No heart in it. I get through the day honestly to my employer, but only God knows how monotonous it all is—being here in a false position and not in love with my work. Yet, you understand, I am honest to my employer.

Think of the possibilities and opportunities if circumstances had been favorable for my commencing in a bookstore or thrown in the way of literature. Instead of an automaton, a man with soul and ambition, and, in lieu of monotony, life and personal interest.

Yes, Mr. POST, I'm on the road between New York and Bombay, when my real journey should be from Naishâpûr to Babylon, and until it is, I shall be one of the young men who inhabit the mud hut. But I pray that before it is all over I shall see the sun reflected from the "Crowning Glory" and I shall know in my soul my dream is realized, and that I left failure way behind on the other road.

New York City. PERCY LYLE.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLORED COVER BY GEORGE GIBBS

Stories

		PAGE
La Lettre d'Amour *Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy*	*Richard Harding Davis*	649
A Bull Market *Illustrated by John Wolcott Adams*	*Robert Herrick*	655
Three Men on Four Wheels *Illustrated by Harrison Fisher*	*Jerome K. Jerome*	664
A Rub of the Green *Illustrations by F. R. Gruger*	*Edwin L. Sabin*	668
Tales of Men of Many Trades—The Belated Wedding *Illustrated by F. R. Gruger*	*Charles Battell Loomis*	672

General Articles

The Strong Young Men of the Administration *Illustrated with Photographs*	*A. Maurice Low*	652
Bohemian Days in San Francisco *Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek*	*Bret Harte*	660
The Fireship *Illustrated by Norval Marchand*	*George Gibbs*	661
The Call of the Country	*Charles M. Skinner*	666
The Clerk Who Makes Friends	*William H. Maher*	670
Riding to Hounds *Illustrated with Photographs*	*A. H. Godfrey*	676
The Old Daguerreotypes (Poem)	*Joe Lincoln*	652
His Proposal (Poem)	*Kate Masterson*	666
Stored Atmosphere	*Waldon Fawcett*	679

Departments

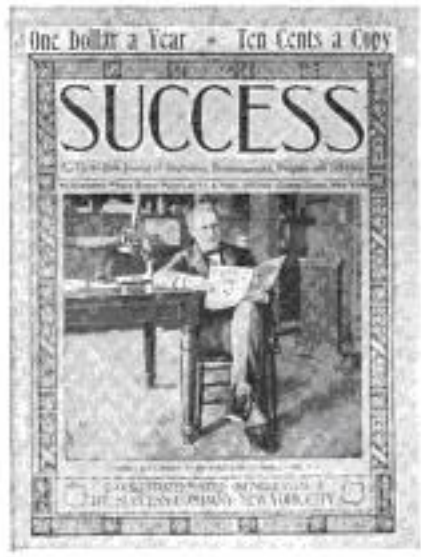
Editorials		662
Judging a Flock by the Black Sheep	*Clinton Rogers Woodruff*	
The Poet and the Poet Laureate	*Lynn Roby Meekins*	
A Plan to Abolish the Kitchen	*Robert Ellis Thompson*	
The Cross-Cut Path to Riches	*Herbert Bashford*	
The Age of the Fighters	*Webster Wallace*	
Men and Women of the Hour *Illustrated with Photographs*		658
"Publick Occurrences" that are Making History *Illustrated with Photographs*		663
At the English Capital	*E. W. Sabel*	667
Books	*Agnes Repplier*	
What to Read	*C. R. Gaston*, *Forrest Crissey*, *Henry B. Fuller*	674
Letters to the Editor		680

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I firmly believe that any young man who is blessed with good health and fails has but himself to blame for his failure. To-day he who would learn has opportunities at every hand to gain a good education if he cares to give a little time to study. A man with a good education need never fail. If he does it is his own fault. The success or failure of any man rests not upon the accident of birth, the lucky opportunity, or by the pulling or shoving of powerful or influential friends or relatives, but simply and absolutely upon himself. If a man awakens the spirit within and can say to himself that he will not fail, then success will surely be his. It may not come to him in years, but it will be sure, however slow. Right here it may be well to state that there are several kinds of success, but that is altogether another matter. The success I mean is that for which most men crave—that of wealth and power. It has been my good fortune to come in contact with a great many young men who have not failed, and some, I regret to say, who have, but I have yet to hear one of the latter class accuse anybody but himself for his lack of success. There is one case which comes to my mind now that I would like to use to illustrate my point of view.

Eight years ago there was working in one of the large factories in New Haven, Connecticut, a young man twenty years of age. He had been employed there for three years and was then earning wages of seven dollars a week. His education was meagre, having left school when thirteen years old, and the only tools he possessed with which he was to fashion a successful life were good health and a bulldog tenacity of purpose. One day this young man, who had an almost uncontrollable temper, got into a disgraceful altercation with an Italian fellow-laborer, and the latter received a sound thrashing. The young man was called before the official head of that great human beehive, who gave his pugnacious employee his walking papers with this kindly and sterling advice: "You have broken one of the rules of the company and must leave our employ, and I desire to say to you that you might just as well go now as any time, for you will never make a success of yourself here or anywhere else."

As he walked away the words of his former employer kept ringing in his ears. Was it so, then, that he would never make a success of anything? Going upon a wharf which ran out into the harbor, this young man threw his dinner pail as far as he could away from him and took a solemn oath that henceforth he would never fail, no matter what he undertook to do. Seven years from that time he walked into the office of the manager of the factory and made that astounded official a liberal offer for the large share of the stock in the concern. It was only eight years before when he threw away his dinner pail, yet to-day this young man is a lawyer of prominence in the large city where he has taken up his life's work. Last year his practice brought him in over six thousand dollars, and it is constantly increasing. He has begun to be a power in politics, has represented his city in the State Assembly, and stands directly in line for Congress.

How did he do it? Here is what he told me one day: "A man to get up in the world must have an education. Everything else being equal, the educated man will distance his fellow-man. I realized this, and set about it by doing reportorial work at night and studying in the daytime. I entered a law school not knowing where my tuition was coming from, let alone my board and lodging, but I kept up my reportorial work to pay my way, and finally graduated. In the mean time I was studying the Bible diligently and soon became convinced that I ought to become a Christian. This I did, and since then have faithfully tried to live as one. After this it was not so hard. I have known what it is to be hungry and cold, but through it all I never failed to say to myself, 'I shall succeed.'"

But few of us are doing what we love to do, but this should not keep us from having our heart in our work. All things are not so arranged here that we are allowed to do just what we wish to. If it were so everybody would eventually wear the garb of mediocrity, because there would be no striving for higher and better things, and men would rest, which would result in a state of inaction, and finally chaos. If man makes the best of himself, no matter where he may be placed, he is doing just what God has willed.

If the young men of to-day would be the successful men of to-morrow they must first decide that they will succeed, put their trust in Him who fashions all successes, and then, whatever they do, do it well.

The goal is sure, but the making of it is in their own hands. JOHN F. BRONSON.

Waterbury, Connecticut.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Has it never been observed by the writers of the series "Why Young Men Fail" that it is a negative question, and that the answers in no way say how to succeed, although many have presumed so? Granting that every man had the elements of success and knew how to use them, it does not follow that they would be successful. Is it not a fact that most of us are destined to fail in business? Does not experience prove this? Can we all be superintendents or managers?

There is beyond doubt an element of *luck* in business success. How many successful men know themselves why they succeeded? Is there one who can tell exactly how he achieved wealth and position? No. The articles have generalized, but there has been no definite and precise answer, for the simple reason that there can be none.

But is not personal influence a great factor of success? In the language of politics, a "pull" is the most potent means of success. Hundreds of young men to-day owe their positions to this influence. Why not have some sage attempt to answer the question, "How can I succeed?"

New York City. OTTO HENSCHEL.

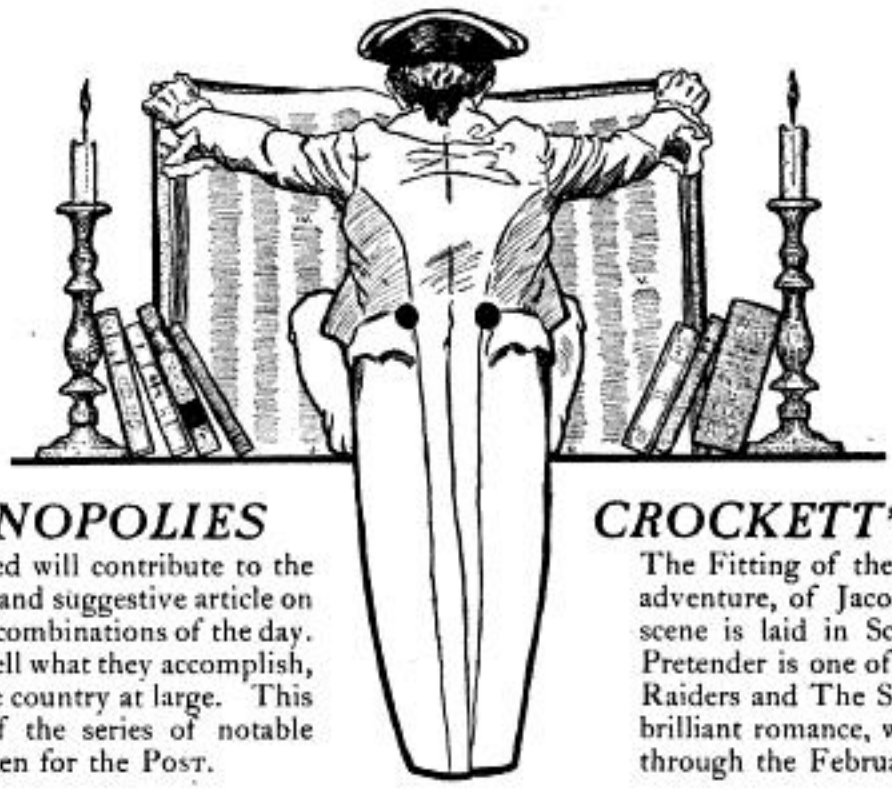
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MR. REED ON MONOPOLIES

The Honorable Thomas B. Reed will contribute to the Post of February 10 a valuable and suggestive article on the great business and industrial combinations of the day. He will explain why they exist, tell what they accomplish, and discuss their effect upon the country at large. This is easily the most important of the series of notable articles that Mr. Reed has written for the Post.

CROCKETT'S NEW ROMANCE

The Fitting of the Peats is a dashing story of love and adventure, of Jacobite plots and hard fighting. The scene is laid in Scotland and France, and the young Pretender is one of the characters. The author of The Raiders and The Stickit Minister is at his best in this brilliant romance, which is to begin next week and run through the February numbers of the Post.

OTHER SPECIAL ARTICLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBERS

COLONEL A. K. McCLURE

Colonel McClure's next paper in his series, How We Make Presidents, is entitled Lincoln's Two Campaigns. He gives an insider's view of these remarkable Presidential battles, in which he himself bore a prominent part.

JULIUS CHAMBERS

One of the most successful newspaper men in the country opens a new series, Famous Feats of Journalism, with a remarkable paper on A Visit to a Mad World.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS

Ex-Senator Ingalls is undoubtedly the most popular political writer of the day. His next paper will describe The Stormy Days of the Electoral Commission.

HON. R. P. PORTER

The United States Special Commissioner to Cuba writes authoritatively on The Needs of Cuba—political, financial, industrial. This paper will appear in the Post of February 3.

A NEW CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife will run through the February numbers. It will continue to discuss the Nation's notables as they impress a clever woman who meets them daily in Washington society.

FOR YOUNG MEN

Several important articles directed particularly to young business men will appear in the near future. They have been written by business men who have discovered the secrets of success.

HON. THOMAS G. HAYES

Putting a City on a Business Basis is the title of a valuable article on Municipal Economy, by the Mayor of Baltimore.

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BRET HARTE

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The Biter Bitten is a curious sea story, in which the crew of an English sailing vessel capture the French steamer that sent their ship to the bottom.

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The Ordeal of Isabel, soon to appear, is a love story of unusual force and originality, with a piquant mystery.

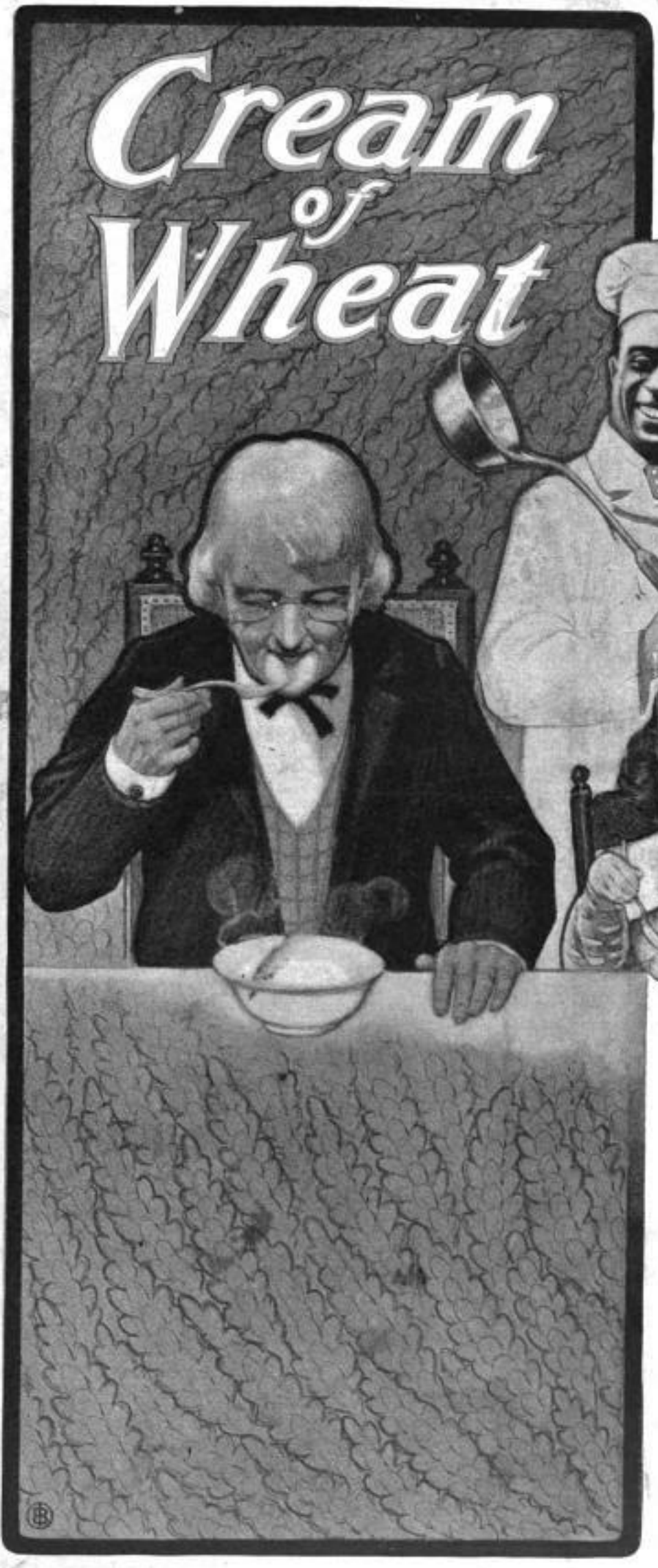
F. HOPKINSON SMITH

The author of Caleb West and The Other Fellow will have a delightful story in one of the March numbers.

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The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett



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Drawn by HARRY C. EDWARDS

—took off his broad blue bonnet and wiped his brow

The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett

Author of The Stickit Minister, The Raiders, The Lilac Sunbonnet, The Grey Man, The Red Axe, etc., etc.

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First Chapter

NINIAN MACLURG, Laird of Millwharchar, in the hill country of Galloway, took off his broad blue bonnet and wiped his brow. It was customary for lairds at that time to wear broad-brimmed hats which came from Edinburgh, or even London, according to the standing of their territorial sasine upon the rolls of the county sheriff.

But there are lairds and lairds, bonnets and bonnets. So Ninian MacLurg wore a blue broad piece almost as heavy as a steel cap, with a checked band of red and white Rob Roy tartan and a round button of brightest scarlet on the top, which to the initiate meant that the headgear had been manufactured no farther away than Kilmarnock, in the neighboring shire of Ayr. The Laird of Millwharchar's bonnet was no mere common bonnet, new coft from the shop of Rob Rorrison on the Plainstanes of Dumfries. It did not dazzle the beholder with the brilliance of its checked pattern. No flaunting feather cocked recklessly at an angle upon its right side, as was too much the fashion among the unhallowed young callants who roamed the countryside after the lasses.

No—many times no, indeed. Ninian MacLurg's bonnet was a sober, serious, responsible piece of headgear, well befitting its stern wearer. Generally it was drawn firmly down on either side till the band touched the tips of the wearer's ears. It was worn doggedly, belligerently, almost insolently. For that was the way in which Ninian MacLurg wore all his garments, till even when lying upon a chair by his box-bed at nights they seemed able and willing at any moment to expound the Catechism, contradict an opinion upon any subject, by whomsoever advanced, or to deal either any unlicensed night-raker or Episcopalian dissenter a most discomposing buffet on the side of his head for the good of his soul.

Ninian MacLurg was looking for his daughter Bell. He had three younger daughters and two sons, but, somehow, Bell took more looking after than all the others.

"The de'il's in the lassie," was his unpaternal way of explaining and denouncing this fact. "I declare, I canna gang to the hoose o' God on the Lord's great day but it's 'Where's Mistress Bell?' 'What for brocht ye no Miss Isobel wi' ye, Laird?'—as if the feckless, hellicat lassie had been the minister himsel'!"

But after all there is no accounting for taste, and so the matter stood. Then not only was this strange popularity of his daughter a trouble to the laird at kirk or market; it was equally troublesome when he abode on his own acres.

Two stout sons he had, Alec and John by name, who labored all day at plough and flail to satisfy their father, but at the gloaming went off on their own visitations at other farm towns, where the gloom was less pronounced than within the sphere of influence dominated by the severe Laird of Millwharchar.

"The man that shall tak' daughter o' mine frae aboot the hoose," he was wont to proclaim loud enough to be heard between kirk door and market cross, "maun hae three hunder pound o' coined siller and three hunder acres o' good plow land besides. He shall satisfy me upon three points o' doctrine according to the Presbyterian standards of our faith, and lastly, he shall stand up to me, Ninian MacLurg, with a stieve cudgel of oak in his fist, and therewith he shall break my head. Then after that I will speak with him in the gate concerning my daughter."

All the same, Bell MacLurg took a good deal of the trouble inseparable from the task of finding such a paragon out of the laird's hands; and used her fine eyes so resolutely and to such purpose among the faithful on Sabbath mornings at the kirk that young bloods from distant parishes, who for years had systematically neglected the stated assembling of themselves together, became constant and devout attenders upon ordinances at the kirk of Dullarg. Moreover, some curious and recondite motive induced them to congregate along the west wall—a spot not much in favor with the general body of the faithful, inasmuch as not only was it hot in summer and cold and draughty in winter, but what was worse—from the seats along the west wall one could not watch the minister's movements during time of sermon, nor yet make certain that on the top of the shut pulpit Bible there was not room for the most microscopic of written "notes." All the same, these highly undesirable benches were now generally better filled than the rest of the kirk. And it has really nothing to do with the matter to add that the square, black-lettered pew of the MacLurgs was placed at the lower angle of the west wall, and that Bell MacLurg never passed a sprig of thyme or sleep-dispelling southernwood to her sisters without having a whole battery of admiring eyes directed upon her movements.

One famous Lord's Day as Ninian MacLurg opened the small pew door to marshal his family in before him he stopped suddenly aghast. All four seats were piled high with branches of sweet-scented "sidderwood," and as the laird said afterward, "What with flowering thyme and other play-actin' trash the decent Millwharchar pew was steaming like a haystack that had heated."

Ninian MacLurg was not, however, a man without commonsense. He had been, as the countryside expressed it, a "gye boy" in his youth—which, being interpreted, meant that he had had some repute of wildness before the arrival of that inward grace which in the Bonnet Laird had now so entirely gained the mastery over original sin and actual transgression.

The Laird of Millwharchar, casting back into his own unhallowed youth, instantly divined whence the "rubbish" had come, and correctly estimated its meaning and purport. With a haughty gesture of his left hand he kept his family, as it were, at bay, while he entered the square "seat." Then, with an action exactly like a binder on the harvest-field, he took up the southernwood, the thyme, and yet rarer growths in his arms, pressed them into small compass, and strode with them to the bench along the west wall, which was already filled with the bachelordom, eligible or otherwise, of three parishes. Then, like to a sower on a windy day, he swept his mighty arm along the astonished row—and lo, their offerings to Venus, as one might say, the frankincense and mixed spices and myrrh were scattered in the very faces of those who had brought them to the temple. Thereafter Ninian MacLurg passed slowly down the west wall with his oaken staff in his hand ("thick as a bullock's hind leg," said Rob Gregory, of the Borelands), and held it a moment under every young man's nose, giving him ample time to inhale the perfume of its polished knobs and sinewy, compacted strength.

After that the western wall was more thickly populous than ever with daring and worshipful swains, but the Millwharchar "box-seat" remained forever empty, and swept—but wholly ungarnished.

"Bell—Bell MacLurg—oh, ye besom, wait till I lay hands on ye! The kye are yet on the hill. 'Tis not an hour to milking-time! The lads are wanting their suppers, and gin ye dinna come, ye'll miss the worship o' God—and I'll daud the head aff ye, my lass!"

This comprehensive denunciation Ninian addressed to the waving broom and nodding gowans of the "park" pastures which lay like a bright green fringe outside the gardens and orchards of Millwharchar. But only the girdling woods of Larbax and his own white barn wall gave back the echo.

Thwarted outside, Ninian MacLurg went into the house and relieved his feelings by subjecting his younger daughters to wholesome spiritual discipline. Then, being sore by reason of Bell's impudent evasion, he yet further regained his self-respect by going to the hayfield in order to tell Alec and John that they were lazy good-for-nothings, who would not sleep that night with whole bones unless they worked twice as hard as they had been doing.

But these projects, agreeable and delightsome as they appeared, were instantly banished by a sight which fairly dumbfounded the Laird of Millwharchar.

On the face of a brae some three hundred yards from the farmhouse his daughter Bell appeared, in the broad light of day, unblasted by the lightnings of heaven, calmly walking toward him with a young man on either side of her.

Second Chapter

THIS is how it happened. As usual in such cases it was in no sense the lady's fault.

Bell MacLurg had gone out to the moor avowedly to "fit" such peats as had been drying on the heather, after being carried out of the "face," or wet bank of fibrous fuel, from which her father's strong arms had cut and "cast" them. It was a hot day, so Bell took with her a white summer bonnet of linen framed on wire, the materials for which she had bought out of her butter money last Rood Fair—without, however, thinking it necessary to consult her father on the transaction. It was a becoming article of attire, but, nevertheless, the lady wore it mostly in her hand, or drooping over her shoulders by the strings.

Isobel MacLurg arrived at the peat-moss in due time, and sat down to recover herself upon a convenient tussock of dry heather, when she saw an apparition strange to be discerned in that wild place—that is, save and except when Mistress Bell by chance wandered thither. A tall young man was coming over the moss toward her.

Bell MacLurg shaded her brow with her bonnet. She did not need to lift it very high in order to do this, for the sun was already quickening his pace for the final plunge beneath the horizon.

"It cannot be Will Begbie," she mused; "Will is not so slender, and he always comes through the wood at any rate. It cannot be Allan of the Hill. He walks too fast for Allan. It must be some one new—some one I do not know. How interesting that will be! But ought I to have ventured so far away from home? My father says that there are some of my Lord Dalmarnock's rebels lurking in the moss-hags yet! Shall I run home?"

She rose to her feet and kilted her coats with a pretty action of her hands at either side her already attenuated kirtle.

"No, I will not," she said, "upon second thought; he does not look like a rebel—from a distance, that is!" Then she fell on her knees and began to "fit" the peats with the most intense and abstracted concentration, added to many turnings of her head to this side and that, besides divers pauses, finger on lip, to consider abstruse problems of architecture, drying and ventilation.

"It seems a difficult job, this which engrosses you so entirely, madam," said a voice close behind her. "Pardon me for inquiring if I can be of any assistance to you?"

Bell arose instantly to her feet with a little cry, and yes—explain it who will, the blushful color of an infinite surprise mustered most becomingly upon her neck and cheeks. She could not have looked more astonished if the speaker had suddenly dropped from the new moon, which, like a blown leaf of autumn, floated already high above the horizon.

"I have startled you," said the newcomer regretfully; "pray pardon me. I should be more sorry than I can say to discompose so fair a maiden."

In the first burst of surprise Bell had placed one hand on her breast below her throat, as if to recover herself—Eve's attitude when Adam caught her that first time looking at the apple. Then she put her other hand up beside it with charming unconsciousness of her pose, and looked at him through her mantling eyelashes.

He was tall—taller even than she had thought when she diagnosed him from Will Begbie. He was, as it seemed at a first glance, somewhat shabbily dressed, yet he wore every article with such distinction that, as Bell put it to herself, after "a little you came quite to think him better put on than my Lord Queensberry himself." He was a young man—but yet not so very young either; a little on the shady side of thirty, perhaps. But his face was so pale and thin that he looked older than his years, and when he took the military hat with its binding of tarnished gold lace off his head Bell could see a frosting of early gray at his temples. His surcoat, unbuttoned all the way down the front, and dotted irregularly with gold buttons or the threads which had once attached them to it, was also white—or, rather, had once been white. The undercoat, belted easily at the waist, had likewise, doubtless, at the same time been red. It was still faced with gold lace, and had large silk pockets, from one of which the ear of a dead hare projected with a curious suggestion of listening to what was going on.

But by this time Bell had quite recovered herself. A brief, comprehensive glance, at once reproachful, playful, tragic,

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Editor's Note—The Fitting of the Peats, by S. R. Crockett, will run through four numbers of The Saturday Evening Post.

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and coquettish, had told her all that the pen has been able to pack into a longish paragraph. She decided that she would not be frightened any more—for the present, that is.

"And please, sir, who are you?" she asked, looking up again at the man in the white coat with the straggling gold buttons.

The young man laughed and, before answering, glanced about him uneasily, as if looking for some one.

"Glenmorrison would never forgive me if he knew I had told you, but I am called Adam Home!"

"How strange I never had one—I mean, I never knew any one of that name," said Bell. "It must be very awkward."

"And why awkward?" queried Adam Home, smiling down at this pretty rustic who yet spoke so like a lady.

"Because," said Bell slowly, "if there were any one you liked very much—any one who liked you, that is—there is no nice 'little name' for them to call you by."

She seemed to turn the whole subject of this second transgression of Adam over in her mind. Then she shook that small, dark head of hers, with the scarlet snood bound low about it, so vigorously that one of the crisp brown ringlets escaped from that slender band as gladly as children getting loose from school.

"No," she repeated emphatically, "it would not be nice at all!"

Adam Home stood smiling before her, his hat still in his hand.

"And may I ask what names fulfill these severe conditions sufficiently to be eligible for your favor?"

"Why," said Bell to herself, "I declare he talks like Fontinbras, in that book I hide from father, writ by Mistress Aphra Something or other."

But aloud she said, "Well, I like William, though it is common, but Charles and Francis are best of all. Willie, Charlie and Frank are so sweet to say!"

And she looked as if she had experience of them all.

The young man bowed.

"I am fortunate enough to be able to oblige you with two of these. My full name happens to be Adam Charles Francis Charteris Home!"

"You are not deceiving me?" she said, looking up at him with an innocence which added without words, "for I could not possibly deceive you!"

"On my honor, no!" he cried, with a quick rebound from the somewhat formal gravity of demeanor he had hitherto observed. "I would not attempt to deceive one on whose countenance Nature has marked both sweetness of disposition and trustful innocence, in addition to a delicate beauty all its own."

"Oh! Oh!" cried the girl, clapping her hands. "It is wonderful! How well you know me, and without ever setting eye on me before!"

But if Mr. Home of the many prænomens had been at all an observant man he would have noticed a very roguish smile lurking about the corners of Mistress Bell's mouth, which might have caused him to modify at least one clause of his somewhat flowery eulogium.

But at that moment his eyes were ranging the heather and trying to pierce into the dark woods which edged the Millwharchar Moss to the eastward.

Third Chapter

"YOU do not ask me my name—it must be because you know it already," said Bell, who did not approve of young men looking over her head at fine scenery, still less as if they were looking out for some one else. It was a trait of male character to which she had been little accustomed. So, to the spoilt little beauty this grave young man with his stately periods, his tantalizing, errant eyes, his tarnished clothes and his noble bearing was like a spur in the flank of a mettlesome steed.

Adam Home's eyes returned slowly to his pretty companion's, lingering by the way on hillock and hollow with a sedulous and anxious regard.

"Nay," he said, "but indeed I know not your name. Will you tell me to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"Is it not usual for gentlemen to ascertain that first, before speaking at all?" said Bell, tartly enough.

At this Master Adam Home started as if a wasp had stung him.

"By Heaven, you are right, madam!" he said, lifting his hat ceremoniously; "still I think the circumstances may plead for me. This is, if I mistake not, Millwharchar Moor, and these brown, shaggy hillocks at the back are denominated Lamachan and the Black Craig of Dee?"

Bell inclined her head, hoping that if he went on in such language as that she might be preserved from smiling too obviously. But she replied gravely enough: "Indeed they are, and the effort to denom—I cannot mind that most excellent word—proves you a Scot and a countryman. It is as good as an introduction at the Assembly Rooms of the town of Edinburgh. If it please your Highness" (she made him a low curtsy), "I am nominate—thank you, denominate—Bell, or otherwise Isobel MacLurg, eldest surviving daughter of Ninian, Laird of Millwharchar."

The young man bowed again, with yet more humble and respectful, observance.

"Mistress Isobel," he said, "I come to you with something more than the commonplaces of introduction. Your kindness or cruelty may mean my life or death. So fair a lady must needs in this amorous country of ours have had such a sentence addressed to her before. But never by a man in such a case as I."

The mirth gradually died out of Bell's eyes as he spoke.

"The fact is," he went on, "that I and a companion have had a small difficulty with the Hanoverian Government, in which we have come off somewhat at the worse. There is a price upon our humble heads which would make you safe of new bonnets to the end of your life, and which, if he chose, it would greatly enrich your father to obtain. For our sins we have been compelled to take refuge with certain wild outlaws of these inmost hills, headed by one Hector Faa, who calls himself of the Honest Party, but who, in fact, is ready to be honest or dishonest, just as may suit him best.

"Now there is pressing need for my friend and myself to get to France, both on account of the cause which we have at heart and because the search for us grows daily more hot and close. Also for my own part I am greatly weary of a damp and dreary cave in the rocks and of the society of Hector Faa, the hill gipsy, and his tatterdemalions."

"You are not a murderer?" cried Bell, standing a little farther off defensively; "you have never taken human life?"

The grave young man, Adam Home, laughed a little self-contemptuous, ironic laugh. "Indeed, I cannot flatter me that I have. I was never in but one affair, and that was a raveled, unsatisfactory piece of business. It took me all my time to keep the swords of King George's Hessians off my own crown."

"Then you are a rebel," she said, panting a little; "how lovely!"

"I am very glad you think so," he said. "I am in hopes that in that capacity I may make a similarly favorable impression upon your father, and mayhap induce him to accommodate us with horses, and conduct us privately to some cove on the southern shore of Galloway, whence we may obtain boat for France."

As he had been speaking Bell's countenance had gradually been falling. As soon as he had finished she came a step nearer him, and held up her clasped hands with a sweet, penitential innocence which was not on this occasion all assumed.

"Oh, do not!" she cried, "do not! For Heaven's sake—yes, and your own—never dream of going to my father. If you are of the Pretender's party, or favorable to my Lord Kenmure, he will have no pity upon you—not though your case were ten times as needful."

"Mistress Isobel," said Adam gravely, "I will not conceal from you that we have heard some such reports of the laird of this bleak heritage as discouraged us from approaching him directly. But that was before we knew that he owned a jewel so rare that to possess it—nay, even to gaze upon it—were worth—were worth——"

"Who may you be calling *it*?" inquired Bell pointedly, as he stammered and paused for a fitting price with which to round his phrase.

The unexpected interrogatory knocked the bottom out of his compliment. Adam Home laughed, colored, and finally said: "I' faith, Mistress Bell, you have not your wit to seek. We will be having you at Versailles yet, clattering up the great gallery upon the prettiest of red heels and parrying and riposting with each courtier as you go."

"Indeed, I were better employed fitting the peats," said Bell; "but to your needs. I am concerned, sir, for your necessities and those of your friend. But I do urgently dissuade you from approaching my father. He would, of a surety, hand you over to the Government without question or pity, being a strong friend of their party."

"But he is a gentleman, a laird on his own property. He would surely have some compassion on misfortunate men whose heads are already forfeit to the executioner's ax."

Bell shook her own pretty head, and felt her neck with a little shudder as if to make sure that it was rightly attached.

"Ah," she cried, again interrupting him, "you do not know my father when you speak so! He is a strong, fierce man, a Covenant man of the sternest sort, and he hath sworn that if ever he catch any of the Pretender's folk he will slay them like so many rats in a trap."

"That he might not find so easy," said the youth. "We are at least men of our hands, we rebels of the moss and cave."

"I see, sir, that you know not my father," she answered, not without a certain satisfaction; "he could break a dozen"—she was about to say "of you," but refrained—"a dozen men in his fingers at once. There is none in all the countryside can stand against him for a moment—no, not even Sir Alexander Gordon himself."

Then a quaintly willful look stole over her face as she looked at the young man in the frayed coat.

"But there may be a way," she said. "My father goeth to Wigton to-morrow. I know where there are horses on the moors which you can catch with a feed of corn at any time. Saddles there are in the stable, and that shall be unlocked. I will put plenty of providing for man and beast behind the park dyke in a hollow of the rock which I shall show you. I myself will set you on your way, and, it may be, provide a safe escort who will hold his tongue—a neighbor lad who will do the thing I tell him, and who will guide you to the shore at a place where a boat may be obtained."

It was now the young man's turn to shake his head, which he did slowly and sadly enough.

"Nay, my fairest lady," he said sententiously; "I thank you from my heart, but it cannot be. It shall never be said that Adam Home took another man's horse and provend without asking his leave."

"Is not this somewhat nice in a man who by his own account came over to take a King's crown?"

"You little Whig!" he cried admiringly. "I knew not that you had been so well trained in your father's opinions."

"Nay," she answered, "'tis all the same to me—one way or the other. But I acknowledge your side hath the prettiest fashions in dress, and also the most glossing tongues. So, for the safety of other poor innocent maids I ought to help you all out of the country as fast as needs be."

Fourth Chapter

BELL told herself that she liked to flout this sobersides of a cavalier, because he took every saucy saying with a little quick uplift of the head which showed him unaccustomed to be so treated by any woman. And ever as soon as she had got in her shot she knelt down and fell to fitting peats with much becoming earnestness and innocence. Adam Home was longer this time in finding anything to say in reply.

At last he broke the silence, as if he had finished reviewing the whole field.

"Nay, Mistress Bell," he said, "I sincerely thank you for your kind and courteous offer. It is well intended. But I am sure that Glenmorrison would never agree to it. It would not consort well with the spirit of a gentleman."

Bell looked up sharply.

"Doth it consort with the spirit of a gentleman to stand with his thumbs in his pocket-holes while a girl fits peats on her knees?"

Again there came over the grave face the startled look which the minx had so quickly learned to try for as a sufficient reward.

"My dear lady," he cried, with a quick change of mood, "I crave a thousand pardons. To my undying shame I had not observed your occupation, so intent was I on yourself and my wretched affairs. Permit me——"

He knelt down beside her, and at the first attempt succeeded in knocking over no less than five of the "fittings" which Bell had been engaged so busily in constructing before his arrival, and which she had persevered with in spite of so many interruptions.

The girl gave a little cry of horror on thus beholding her work undone.

"Hold! hold!" she cried; "you mistake. These are not ninepins. This is Millwharchar peat moor, not a skittle alley. That is not the way to fit peats, but thus—and thus."

And seizing his wrists she showed him how to take the first peat, set it anglewise on its stronger base, face and balance it with a second, buttress it with a third, and finally, having built a fort after the manner of stooked sheaves in a harvest field, how to pat the all-important "crown" upon the work—"to turn the rain," as Bell explained technically.

(Continued on Page 698 of this Number)



—with a young man walking demurely on either side of her

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife



—One of Schneider's Pretentious White Stone Houses



He has Taken the Corcoran House for the Winter

Washington, December, 1899.

WELL, here we are at last, Robert and I, actually realizing our ambitious hearts' desire. The first and most precious step of the way is accomplished. Robert has taken his seat in the House of Representatives, and we are installed in one of Schneider's most elaborate and pretentious white stone houses in the most exclusive section of Washington and in one of the most fashionable streets therein; and I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that my appointments are all in the highest vogue.

My little Southern friend, Page Mason, who is also my guide and philosopher, says the whole outfit is too much overdone—house, decorations, carriages and servants. But what does it matter? If the Celestial-eyed minister from China can live in one of these gorgeous houses, and Commander Clover, of the Navy, in another, I do not see why Representative Robert John Slocum and his wife, Agatha, may not live in one of them, too; aye, live and flourish, for the situation commands a view of the great Leiter mansion, and who knows but a corner of their mantle may not fall upon us? I believe that my golden key will fit the lock of any door among the smart set, for open their doors I can and will. We have the money and can pay the shot, and I have not campaigned Robert into Congress out of sheer patriotism or for the good of the Constitution. No, not a bit of it!

If I can only persuade Robert to heed me in all matters pertaining to our social advancement I will promise not to meddle any more than I can help in his political affairs, although I have felt it my duty to give him the benefit of my advice already. He has, unfortunately, an idea that his mission in the House is to reform the Constitution, but I am convinced that that rôle has already been overworked *ad nauseam*, and that during the first half of the session he would better content himself with not taking any part in the proceedings whatsoever save to answer to the roll-call.

Page says that his safest plan, till he knows the ropes thoroughly, will be to stick quietly to distributing garden seeds, or to sending out literature about potato bugs and assorted worms, and I agree with her to a certain extent; but Robert is a bright man, albeit a trifle pig-headed, and he must rise to national prominence. He must go from the House to the Senate, and the way thither is not by an agricultural by-path.

He confessed to me just after he had been sworn in that he felt very insignificant and very much like the man whom his fellow-Representative, Amos J. Cummings, tells about, who wondered all during the first week how in the world he ever got to Congress, and afterward he wondered how in the world any of them ever got there.

I was up in the gallery the day Congress assembled, and I was never so nervous in my life until the group of members containing Robert had taken the oath, and then I immediately braced up and resolved that Robert must forego hereafter the wearing of a white cambric tie in the daytime, as I am convinced after seeing him among other men thus arrayed that it might create a misunderstanding: what use would there be for me to keep a butler who wears a white tie in broad daylight if my husband elects to wear one, too?

I was fortunate in having some one with me who could explain things to me and point out prominent men and women. I never saw such crowds of people in my life. The lobbies, committee-rooms and corridors swarmed with all sorts of men, and women of all sorts, conditions and colors. There were red men, black men and white men, who wanted everything under the sun and were there to get it—consulates, mail-lettings, new projectiles, claims, pensions, trusts, post-offices, and Heaven knows what besides.

Everybody seemed to be buying an ugly dark-blue book, which I promptly learned was the famous Blue Book, so dear to the heart of the office-seeker. Finally, when we had squeezed our way into the gallery, and the House had been called to order, I, womanlike, began to ask all manner of questions. I could not for the life of me understand why so many members on the floor kept their hats on, nor could I understand one word of what the clerk was droning out, or what effect the mace was supposed to have upon the order of the House when borne aloft by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

I was interested, though distinctly disappointed, in the mild appearance of the new Speaker, about whom the thing that impressed me most was his gigantic voice. I heard a whisper run around the gallery that his bearing as a presiding officer is a sad let-down after Mr. Reed, and that if the Reed rules should be modified, as is threatened, the House is likely to break over the traces altogether before the session is half over. The new Speaker has one prime recommendation over and above all his predecessors: he was born out of the country, and cannot indulge in Presidential aspirations; therefore there is likely to be harmony between the Capitol and the White House for the first time in years.

To me the House seemed like a school full of unruly, fidgety boys, and when the Chaplain made a prayer and the House rose and stood they were more than ever like school-boys who, upon being compelled to submit to a dose of piety, took it in a lump, as though to get it over with.

There were ever so many members I was curious to have pointed out to me. I wanted to see Mr. Bailey, the ex-minority leader, and Mr. Richardson, the new minority leader, who has been dubbed "Slim Jim" because of his unusual height. Robert says that he ought to be called "slick" instead of "slim," though Robert would not explain what he meant by that. I've understood that he is held to be among the finest parliamentarians on the floor. I wanted to see Mr. Sulzer, who thinks that he resembles Henry Clay and poses accordingly, and also the Tammany member, William Astor Chanler, who is the pluckiest, richest and youngest man in the House; though when I did finally see the latter he looked very inoffensive, very well groomed, and very much as though he had no particular interest in life. I wanted above all to see the notorious Mr. Roberts, of Utah.



—Mr. Bailey, the ex-Minority Leader

Well, I saw Mr. Roberts out in one of the corridors. He was accompanied by a tall, graceful young woman, whom he held by the hand and who seemed to be about twenty years old. I learned that this young woman was the daughter of one of his marriages, and that she came here to help her father's cause, which under the circumstances seems a painful and terrible thing for a girl. What she can possibly expect to accomplish in such a fight and in such an arena I, as a woman, cannot understand.

The man himself made an uncomfortable impression upon me. He possessed a certain immobility of purpose which looks at you out of his clear, steady, blue eyes. There is caution in the firm lines of his square-cut jaw, and one cannot help feeling the effect of the impressive quiet of his voice and the telling moderation of his language. The keynote of the man's character I should judge to be self-control. He was talking earnestly to a group of people and, as we passed by slowly in order that I might have a good look at him, I caught these words spoken clearly:

"I can look any man or woman in the face and say from my heart I have done no wrong, and whatever happens I shall stand erect where I am, to fight or fall."

As we passed on I had a singular feeling of the menace this man is to the house, and I determined to give Robert a brace on the subject; for I heard him doubting whether, constitutionally, the House could exclude the member from Utah.

—"Billy" Mason, as He is Familiarly Called



I was anxious to get a glimpse of the Senate, too, on that opening day, so we made our way thither, and my companion pointed out a little corner off Statuary Hall, where he says women office-seekers generally await the slow motions of their "influence." He said that the condensed heartaches and desperation that are crowded into that narrow space day after day are enough to draw tears from the "whispering stones" which pave the way under foot.

In the Senate almost every man was one I had long wanted to see, from the strong and able President *pro tem.* to the very funny, fat "Billy" Mason, as he is familiarly called, who, with the assistance of the great Mr. Hoar, holds up the Constitution so continually. I wanted to see Mr. Hale, not because of his anti-expansion utterances, but because he is credited with being the best-dressed man in the Senate, and one who prides himself upon his Chesterfieldian manners. He is said to pose for the ladies' gallery.

Then there was the celebrated Mr. Depew, who makes such lovely bombastic speeches. He has taken the Corcoran House for the winter, and is expected to emulate the departed Brices in entertaining the swell mob. Robert says he does not believe Mr. Depew will amount to shucks as a statesman, but he has said one catchy thing lately that might make a good campaign watchword. He said that the Republicans stood for "Gold and Glory," which is alliterative and pithy.

Of course I saw other celebrated men, among whom were the burly Mr. Hanna, the wise Mr. Proctor, the smooth Mr. Foraker, the scholarly, strong Mr. Davis, the overreaching Mr. Wellington, and the newly wed Mr. Thurston.

I was glad finally to get away from Congress out into the bright sunshine. Late that afternoon I picked up Page, and as we bowled over the smooth streets we had a talk about my prospective social chances.

I will confess that I am a bit staggered to learn from Page that to be a Congressman's wife is in reality rather a social handicap than otherwise. She even hinted that I would do well to keep Robert's membership as much in the background as possible. She tells me that there are not many of the Senators' wives who hold any great social position here, and that it is not always a sure thing that even the first lady in the land will be in the smart set.

All this is a blow to me, for I had banked considerably upon our strong friendship with the Presidential family being a social lever to us. Page tells me that of course such a friendship will be of use to us, as it will always secure a card to the White House, but that we must rely almost solely upon our wealth and tact to accomplish anything with the smart set.

This wise child, who seems to me to be scarcely out of the cradle, is a veritable social Napoleon in petticoats. She comes of a long line of gentle Southern folk. She goes everywhere, knows everybody, and is the most charming, the most whimsical, and at the same time the most long-headed little Southerner who ever came out of Dixie. She is to be my General in command, and she has already opened the campaign.

She has skillfully let fall a word here and there as to our wealth and the possibilities of my ballroom for dinner dances, which are so much the fad at present. She has presented to me various men of her acquaintance, and shoals of débutantes. These fair young things, scarcely out of their pinafores, possess a worldly foresight that is something astonishing. I heard Page say to one of them, in her queer Southern lingo:

"Ah want you to be right nice an' polite to Mrs. Slocum. She's goin' to entertain the débutantes, an' she's got the loveliest ballroom in Washin'ton. She'll do lots of nice things for you gyirls, but she won't stan' such nonsense as you treated pore Mrs. Westin'house to last year."

This was the first I'd heard of any entertainment to the débutantes, not one of whom do I know, nor their mothers before them, and I'd never heard of Mrs. Westinghouse either; but I smiled and nodded, and was gracious to this little chit, who belonged to one of the "Court" families, as they grandiloquently call the families of the Supreme Court Judges here.

The whole social structure of the Capital as explained by Page seems to me to be a huge joke. There is a continual talk of precedence, and it seems to be of great importance who shall come first at dinner-tables.

The plan, so far as I am concerned, is to be this: I am to lay in hundreds of visiting-cards with "Tuesdays in January" marked in one corner. Then I am to start out visiting, with a coachman and footman in full livery on the box of my smart brougham, or, if the weather should be superfine, I am to use my new cabriolet. My only regret is that Page will not allow me to have a crest put on any of my

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carriages. She says that it would open up a fund of quiet ridicule among the diplomats, who are well up in heraldry, and that I must avoid all such mistakes.

My first few weeks are laid out as follows: On Monday I am to devote myself to visiting the "Court families"—that is, the wives of the Supreme Judges; and Page says that nowadays this is not at all formidable, for the time has gone by when they were a social power, for the family of the Chief Justice has never taken any lead whatever, and the rest are all very simple folk, and that among the whole of them there is only one recognized snob; but she would not tell me who it is, for she said my courage might desert me, and besides, I'd find it out soon enough for myself.



—THE CELEBRATED MR. DEPEW, WHO MAKES SUCH LOVELY BOMBASTIC SPEECHES

Tuesday is to be devoted to calling upon the wives of the Representatives, and this will be a herculean task, for they live in all sorts of impossible places, notably in the outskirts of Capitol Hill; and I groan in spirit when I recall the wife of one Representative whom I saw the other day in the Housegallery, with a crochet collar lavishly displayed around the neck of an old-fashioned black velvet jacket.

Wednesday I shall go the rounds of the Cabinet, and this will be an ordeal; for while the Cabinet ladies are many of them gracious and unspoiled, there are one or two houses in high places where the blood of a visitor is pretty apt to congeal in the veins unless given a fillip by the thawing presence of the respective secretaries. Page says that I must assume the air of the *grande dame*—sweep in and sweep out again, and not be more than three minutes in the operation.

Thursday I am to visit the wives of Senators. My first visit among them will be only upon those who are most widely known and where it will be a help, socially, to me. I shall have to call upon those from Robert's own State; fortunately, both these women are most gracious.

Thank goodness that Friday and Saturday are of no official importance. The former is citizens' day in a general way, and it is also the day at the British Ambassador's; but into this holy of holies I cannot yet penetrate, though I hope it is to be my good fortune one day to be bidden there. The jolly way in which Lord Pauncefote trundles around the town on his tricycle is truly delightful. He sits on his tricycle very much as though he were on a favorite hunter that was adapted to cross-country riding, and would not be guilty of giving him, in hunting parlance, any "nasty croppers."

Lord Pauncefote—or "Sir Julian," as he is still called by many—seems to be genuinely beloved by people here, and I don't wonder, if he is as genial as he looks. I saw his daughter, the Honorable Lilian Pauncefote, the other day, out at the Chevy Chase golf-links, whither I had driven with Page to catch a glimpse of the smart people gamboling on the green at play. The Honorable Lilian was an object of much interest to me, as well as to others, for it was her first appearance publicly since the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Bromley, one of her father's under-secretaries, and Page, who spoke to her, was accorded the privilege of inspecting the betrothal ring of sapphires and diamonds.

Everywhere that I have gone during my first weeks here I have been on the *qui vive* to get a glimpse of Admiral Dewey, and it came about as I was on the point of despair.

Thanks to Robert's friendship with the President, we were bidden to the reception given at the White House to the visiting delegation of Methodist Bishops. I was naturally in great trepidation at making my first social bow on so formidable an occasion, but I put on my war paint and feathers and took a good look at Robert to see that he had committed no indiscretion of toilet, and we set out. I am not going into any description of the function save to say that I was impressed chiefly with the general shabbiness of the White House and with the charming graciousness accorded us by the President; and I want to state also that I had not more than passed the receiving line when I felt quite to the manner born; and I could not help thinking that, given the chance, I, too, could grace a Presidential mansion. We had scarcely made our way into the East Room when an unwonted stir among the guests caused everybody to start forward eagerly, and immediately a murmur ran around, "Admiral and Mrs. Dewey."

It was some little time before the crowd parted sufficiently for me to see this famous pair, and I was surprised at the appearance of both. In the first place, the Admiral is younger and far better looking than any published picture of him. He has a great deal of manner, which, though courtly, is a trifle fidgety. I should think that he might be a man of quick, excitable temper, who shows in his bearing the nervous strain he has been under. He was in full uniform, which made him a striking figure among the other men.

Mrs. Dewey was even more of a surprise to me than the Admiral. The papers had spoken of a "gracefully rounded figure," of a face "fair, mobile, and untouched by any marks of time." Well, if I had been making out her passport I should not have set her down thus. She was, however, a charming, pleasing woman. Her smiling face was surrounded by a profusion of reddish hair, dressed elaborately and graced with a diamond aigrette. She wore a beautiful frock of heavy white lace, made in long, severe lines, and cut decolleté. But the striking thing about her, and the thing that seemed to catch every eye, was an unusually large and brilliant object depending from her neck, which at first glance I took to be rather an overblown locket. Suddenly a conviction flashed over me that this brilliant gem-set ornament was no locket, and I was just about to whisper to Robert when a naval officer's wife standing near me ejaculated loud enough for me to hear:

"I do believe she is wearing the Admiral's jeweled watch, presented to him by the State of Vermont!"

I was so lost in wonderment at the begemmed object, and at the diamonds which glittered upon her neck, that I was oblivious of time, until Robert said testily:

"Are you going to stand there staring at her all night, Agatha?"

I was recalled to myself only to find that I had lost my opportunity to be presented to the hero of Manila and his bride. My disappointment was keen thereat, but was somewhat softened by the fact that my evening at the Executive Mansion had been something in the nature of a liberal education to me.



—THE ADMIRAL IS YOUNGER AND FAR BETTER LOOKING THAN ANY PUBLISHED PICTURE OF HIM

INDIAN MERMAIDS AND FAIRIES

By Charles M. Skinner

OUR Indians are a serious people, but though their symbols and fictions contain much of killing, fighting and robbery, they have many of a gentler sort, and some are absolute poetry. Students of their myths are sure to be impressed, before they have carried their researches far, with the likeness of some of these legends to the traditions that have come to us from Greece, from Israel, from Egypt and India. There is, for example, a myth that is prevalent over half the world, if not the whole of it, in which a person is translated from his element into either water, air, earth or fire, and seeks to draw others after him either by force or by love. We have stories of mermen and mermaids, firmly believed in by navigators of the South Seas, and no more doubted by Columbus than he doubted his vane or his needle. We have tales of tritons, nymphs and sirens from the Greek; Undine and Melusina are types of somewhat later date; and no longer ago than 1782 one Venant St. Germain reported that he had seen a mermaid in Lake Superior, at the south end of the Paté. It was of the size of a seven-year-old child, brown of skin and woolly as to hair. He wanted to shoot it, but his Indian canoemen cried in alarm that it was a water-god, and if injured would fearfully revenge itself. Apparently it had read the thought of the adventurer, or had learned to know a rifle when it saw one, for within a couple of hours a storm blew up, and during three days following there was little intermission in the downpour or the violence of the gale. An Alaskan tribe is said to have preserved a tradition that its ancestors crossed the sea under lead of a man-fish with green hair and beard, who charmed them with his singing.

THE MERMAID WHO LONGED FOR A SOUL

The Canadian Indians relate that a member of the Ottawa tribe, while lounging beside a stream, was confronted by an undoubted mermaid that arose from the water and begged him to help her to land. She was weary of being half fish and wanted to be all human, but this might be only if she wedded. The Ottawa, moved by her appeal, took her home, doubtless in his arms, for fishtails where feet should grow must be a sore hindrance in the woods. He adopted her, and in time found a husband for her—an Adirondack youth—and on their marriage the dusky Undine received a soul. But the people did not like her; they held her in distrust. In the end the Ottawas and Adirondacks fought about her. Their war continued until all of the latter tribe had perished—all save one, who, wandering beside the Mississippi at St. Anthony's Falls, into which the mermaid had been thrown by her vexed and vexatious relatives-in-law, was seen by her and pulled beneath the water to her home. The Minneapolis flour mills have made the river so turbid that one seldom sees her nowadays.

THE MAN-FISH LOVER

Battao, a Nisqually girl of Puget Sound, was plagued by lovers. She had charm and gentleness and prospects, and it was the latter that kept the suitors hanging about the premises, for her father was rich. There came to the village, one summer, a tall stranger of noble presence who had tales to tell of other lands, and of sights and adventures so strange that even the old medicine-man forgot himself and listened.

To Battao this stranger stood for all that was daring and splendid. She was touched by a new emotion. She admired him. She was happy when he was near, restless when he was absent. One morning when a warm, luminous mist hung over the Sound, the stranger, who had been strolling and talking with her, looked into her face with a smile, then, without further word, walked off on the surface of the water and disappeared in the fog. The girl was naturally startled and frightened, and as day after day went by and he did not return, a sadness weighed upon her which she tried to dissipate by visits to Fox Island. Every day she would be rowed across from the mainland where she lived, and there she would sit, hour after hour, running beach-sand and pebbles through her fingers, just as she and he had done a thousand times during their talks together. The agates, thus sifted out as she watched the sea with longing eyes, fell in the odd forms which visitors to the island have noticed. On one of these excursions her boat came to a sudden stop, as if it had been driven into mud. The oarsmen made the water foam with their paddles, but the canoe advanced not a foot. Leaning over the side to discover the cause of this detention, Battao saw the smiling face of her lover through the clear tide, far below; saw his arms outstretched to embrace her, and his voice came, faint, telling her that he could not return to land, but begging her to join him, and, in an access of longing, she spread her arms and leaped into the water.

On the fifth day from her seeming death she arose from the Sound, and ran up the beach to her father's lodge. In five days more she returned to the sea again, and from that time, for several years, she divided her time between her lover and her people. She was enchanted now; more gentle, more beautiful than ever, more affectionate and thoughtful withal, for if a storm were arising or any mishap threatened she would appear from the waves and cry a warning. But when all her friends had died, the ties of earth no longer held her, and she went below the sea.

THE SPIRIT IN THE BARK BOX

It is at the Great Lakes that we discover a complement to this tale. Near what is now Gros Carp, Michigan, lived the hunter Kandawagonosh, famed for his affection for his parents and his care of them in their age. Heavy were their hearts on the day when his canoe washed ashore and was found broken among the rocks, for by this token they knew he was at the bottom of the lake. Yet, in love and the hope of his spirit's freedom, they built a memorial grave for him, and under its roof placed his knife, arrows, bow, kettle and paint, also burying his dog alive, so that if his soul did return it would find the outfit for the journey to the happy hunting-grounds. The weapons and kettle were not disturbed, however, and in due time the old people took their way to the shadowland together. Kandawagonosh remained at the bottom of the lake—but not dead. A water-spirit had seen and loved him. It was she who broke his canoe and drew him down, down to the grottoes of crystal and green below; she who inflamed his heart with an equal love and kept him there in a long content.

Kandawagonosh, nevertheless, did not forget the upper world. He remembered, with moments of longing, the friends in his village, and he had misgivings when he pictured his parents as weak and old. There were twinges, almost like jealousy, as he thought of his place being taken by others, of his name forgotten among those who had often spoken it. Ah, yes, he wanted his freedom. He wearied of constant happiness. He must have an hour of action. "Let me go back to the earth for a day and see my parents," he pleaded. "They will need my help, for winter is coming on again and they are growing feeble."

"You shall go back to the sunlight for a time," consented the mermaid. "We will wait for you, our children and I. Look; here is a box of bark. Keep it always fast to your belt, and bring it back unopened. If you take off the cover you will never see this home in the green water-world again."

They embraced, and the man arose swiftly through the lake. Brighter and brighter it grew until his head was above the surface and he saw once more the wooded shores and felt the burn of the sun on his bleached face. With a few strokes he reached the land. He parted the branches and plunged into the wood. Strange! Where his father's tepee had stood a pine of several years' growth moved its arms. And what was this? A grave? He bent close, and examined the symbols and weapons that were half-buried in the mould. The grave was his own! Hark! What was that? Somewhere down in the earth an animal was scratching and whining. It sounded like a dog. Puzzled and troubled, he sank upon the mound, and brooding on these changes he unconsciously turned in his fingers the box his water-wife had made. The cover came off. A cloud poured from it in the shape of the mermaid, who looked at him with reproach. His cry of remorse had hardly ceased when his dog burst, panting, from the grave, seized him by the throat and forced him beneath the ground. For, without knowing it, he had been in the water for a lifetime, and when he sat upon the grave all those years together had fallen upon him in an instant and he was too old to live.

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The Needs of Cuba

By Robert P. Porter
Special Commissioner for the United States to Cuba

THE civil and industrial reconstruction of Cuba must be more or less retarded by the deplorable condition in which the United States forces found the population, January 1, 1899, when the entire island was turned over to our military authorities. The work of pacification has been satisfactorily brought about, the insurgent army disbanded, and the men composing it, in a majority of cases, have returned to peaceful occupations. This has been accomplished without serious riots or disorders, and the disposition of the people appears to be law-abiding and, under the circumstances, cheerful and hopeful.

The new tariff for Cuba, though quickly framed to go into force simultaneously with American occupancy, has proved satisfactory, and as a revenue measure has exceeded the maximum estimates of its framers. The experience of officials in administering it naturally suggests modifications in classifications and administration, and possibly some changes in rates; but until a complete and equitable system of internal taxation, with which to supplement the customs revenue, has been established, radical reduction of rates will be impracticable. The revenues collected have been managed with economy and skill, and the expenditures made with a view of giving immediate relief to a people who for many years had been plundered of their legitimate revenues. That the condition of the people is gradually improving under these expenditures for improved sanitary conditions, better roads, schools and similar purposes is undoubtedly true, but years must elapse before the scars resulting from a century of misgovernment, a generation of disorders and a three-years' war of extermination will disappear.



PHOTO BY GIACOMO BRIGI, HAVANA

ROBERT P. PORTER

THE WORKINGS OF A POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION

The work of reconstruction, to be complete, must begin at the bottom and proceed upward—not at the top and proceed downward—to the minor civil divisions. The first step to secure civil government is a full and accurate enumeration of the people of the island, and the dawn of independence in Cuba must come with the establishment of municipal and minor civil division elections by the people. The machinery to bring about this establishment of a civil government in all its various branches has been put in motion and the work of taking a census is in process of completion. Good municipal and local administration is the foundation of all independent government, and after the Cubans have demonstrated their ability to elect local administrators and manage local and provincial affairs with honesty and precision the establishment of a stable government will be neither a long nor a difficult undertaking. With the establishment of sound local government must come modifications in the present judicial procedure, the revision of which is already occupying the attention of United States officials, assisted by many able and public-spirited Cuban jurists and lawyers.

THE FRICTION BETWEEN THE THREE CLASSES

During the process of building up the civil government the friction which would at once develop between the three antagonistic elements of the population—Spaniards, native-born Cubans and the blacks—can only be restrained by the presence of a military power. The Cubans, unhappily, have never known any other than martial law. The methods by which the United States authorities propose to build up a civil government are strange and unknown to the Cubans, and may account for the impatience exhibited in some quarters. Thoughtful Cubans realize and frankly admit the danger of sudden change, without first having arranged for popular government in the municipalities. When the local tub is able to stand on its own bottom it will be far more likely that the island government will be able to retain its equilibrium. Experience with Cuba has demonstrated that the three distinct classes of population of the island must be handled with tact and firmness. A government in the hands of any one of these three antagonistic classes would, it is believed, not be stable. A stable government is usually a growth of years, sometimes of generations. The United States has neither moral nor political right to withdraw from the responsibilities of administering the affairs of Cuba until all the machinery for an orderly and peaceful government has been established and is harmoniously in operation.

The industrial reconstruction of Cuba began when the last transport of Spanish soldiers departed. The people have been gradually finding employment, the cultivation of the soil has been taken up again, and the work of vivifying devastated districts progresses. Scarcity of capital and of the right sort of labor, together with the uncertainty as to the future and stability of the government, are the deterrent forces which impede industrial progress. All the available cash funds have been drained away from the island, $130,000,000 having gone to Spain since January 1, 1899.* The wealthy Spaniards whose interests are interwoven with the commercial and industrial interests of Cuba will not bring that money back until assured that a stable government has been established—a government strong enough to protect and hold inviolate investments prior to the war.

WHAT PRUDENCE DICTATES

Foreign citizens (and the Spaniards now rank with the English and Germans in this respect) hold the United States responsible for the protection of their property in Cuba. Before any considerable investments are made, ordinary prudence dictates that the future of the island should be removed from uncertainty. The scarcity of labor, like the scarcity of capital, is a menace to industrial prosperity. The present immigration laws, practically those of the United States, are too stringent and should be modified, so that thrifty Spaniards and Canary Islanders may be tempted thither. Many of the Spanish soldiers who are acclimatized and know the country would gladly return to take up peaceful pursuits but for the severity of these regulations.

THE HARDSHIPS OF THE SUGAR TARIFF

Industrial progress is also retarded by the fear or knowledge that with Cuba independent the Cuban sugars would be met with our maximum tariff on sugar, while those coming from Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, aggregating nearly 400,000 tons (exceeding the entire crop of Cuba last year), will be admitted free. Under these conditions the sugar planters of Cuba realize that the crops in these islands will, of course, rapidly increase and make it more difficult for the Cuban planter to regain even his old position; and this fact makes it difficult for the Cuban planter to borrow money to replace his machinery. Sugar is the most important crop of Cuba, and, with tobacco, lies at the basis of the prosperity of the island. The existing rates of duty on sugar valued at 2½ cents, free on board, amounts to a discrimination of about 68 per cent. ad valorem against Cuban sugar when compared with these free-sugar countries. After the ratification of the treaties between the British Colonies and the United States, sugar of equal grades may be imported under four classifications:

1—A countervailing duty against the sugars of Continental Europe where bounties are paid.

2—Existing rates of the Dingley Tariff Law against all countries excepting such countries with which reciprocity treaties were made prior to July, 1899, under the reciprocity clause of the Dingley Act.

3—The reduced rates of duty established for sugar from the British West Indian Colonies, with which treaties have already been negotiated and are pending confirmation of the Senate.

4—Free sugar, as aforesaid, from Puerto Rico, Hawaiian Islands and the Philippine Islands.

Under these conditions the three last-named islands offer vastly better fields for investments of capital in the sugar industry than does Cuba. The disadvantage from which Cuba will suffer when these treaties go into effect may be forcibly illustrated by taking the duty-paid price of centrifugal sugar in New York, which amounted in July to 4⅝ cents the pound, for basis of standard grade on 96-test centrifugal sugar, coming from six sources, viz.: Germany, Cuba, Java, English Colonies, Puerto Rico and Hawaii. At this moment the price of sugar has declined to 4¼, or under, in the New York market, which leaves hardly any profit on equal duties for all sources of supply. Deducting from the 4⅝ cents all accruing charges, including duties (where payable), it will be found that the German producer will get for his sugar as free-on-board value 2.71 cents, the Java producer 2.46 cents, the English colonist 3.07 cents, the Puerto Rican 4.28 cents, the Hawaiian 4.14 cents, and the Cuban only 2.69 cents. Under equal duties in the United States against all countries one-half a cent the pound would be considered a fair profit to the producer of sugar, while under the figures above given there would be a discrimination against Cuban sugars: as against Puerto Rico of 1.59 cents the pound, as compared with Hawaii of 1.45 cents, and as compared with the English Colonies of .033 cents.

These are some of the stern facts which face the Cubans who are seeking for immediate independence. The United States could hardly be expected to give up the large revenue collected from Cuban sugars unless it received some equivalent in return. On the other hand, an independent government in Cuba could not exist without revenues, and as the largest percentage of Cuban revenue is collected from custom duties on commodities which the United States exports to Cuba and in a reciprocal negotiation with that island would want free, it is difficult to see how such an arrangement could be made mutually advantageous. A decided discrimination in favor of Cuba as an independent country would, of course, disturb our relations with countries claiming the right of the "most-favored-nation" clause, and result in international complications. Pending the formation of a stable government it might be well for those interested in the future welfare of Cuba to divest themselves of sentiment and study the trend of these economic questions to their legitimate conclusion.

There are other dangers which must be provided against before Cuba can safely set up in business for itself besides the mere establishment of an Assembly and central government. There should be an available surplus and credit. Leading French economists contend that a large proportion of the loan which was taken by French holders of Spanish-Cuban loan bonds form a lien on the custom-houses of Cuba. Is there no danger of France enforcing this claim in the event of the United States withdrawing its protection from Cuba? At home it is understood that vouchers for a large amount were delivered to the insurgent army when it disbanded, payable on the independence of the island. While the return of prosperity might justify this payment as well as the two and one-half million dollars of bonds issued to aid Cuban independence, an immediate demand for such payment might seriously interfere with the successful launching of an independent government.

MATTERS FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION

The matters which require immediate attention by the Military Government, and the adjustment of which General Leonard Wood, the newly appointed Governor, will find in no way at arms with the broader question of the future status of Cuba, are in the order of importance as follows:

1—Modification of the present immigration laws.

2—Abolition of direct railway taxation.

3—Abolition of the three per cent. tax on real estate transfers.

4—Inauguration of a complete and just system of internal taxation.

5—Revision of the tariff with a view to simplify the administration.

An adjustment of these matters, together with the general work already referred to with which the War Department is occupied, may proceed without involving questions which the people of the United States and the people of Cuba are not yet prepared to pass upon. The serious question of the advisability of repealing the resolution prohibiting the granting of franchises has been purposely omitted. The question whether the United States has the right to grant privileges to American citizens and foreigners unless we are prepared to defend them afterward is one of grave import. The refusal to grant such rights has undoubtedly prevented the investment of millions of dollars and the employment of thousands of laborers. For this misfortune, however, the United States can hardly be held to blame, for the other course might have resulted in even more serious complications.

* This may seem a startling statement, but it is vouched for by one of the ablest and best-known Spanish bankers in the island.



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DERWENT'S Love Affairs

By Molly Elliot Seawell

SHE was an American, and a pretty one at that.

So much was plain to Derwent, who, though an Englishman, had an American mother, and knew the ways and wiles of American women. He decided that she was from the South—probably New Orleans—with a dash of New York in her which enabled her to wear her clothes properly. The very fetching character of her costume contributed to what was her chief beauty and charm—an extreme girlishness and youthfulness. She was one of those women who carry something of youth with them into the grave. Her figure was slight and willowy, and her thin, black gown showed off its delicate outlines. She sat alone at a table on the terrace of the Kurhaus, looking down on the rich green park below, lying in placid beauty in the mellow light of the August afternoon. There were few people in the park at that hour, and scarcely any one on the terrace, except Derwent, and the charming creature in the black gown; it was not yet four o'clock, and the music did not begin until five. Derwent, with his cigar and a newspaper before him, had every opportunity to watch the young woman in the black gown. She sat, with a book open upon her lap, and occasionally read in it; but Derwent, who knew all the highways and byways of women, discerned a faint and furtive coquetry in her.

She was not in her first girlhood—she looked twenty-five, but Derwent concluded that she was at least thirty; American women have such a way of disposing of five or six superfluous years that nobody suspects where they are gone. Her complexion was of a beautiful creamy pallor; her hair was dark, and so were her eyes. In those eyes Derwent saw something which belied the girlishness of her figure and the youthfulness of her air. They were eyes which had evidently looked deep into the mysteries of life.

Half an hour passed; people began to stream upon the terrace. Derwent, glancing up for another look at this charming creature, caught sight, at the same moment, of Lady Sarah Battle, bearing down upon him, with her niece, the Honorable Mrs. Mannering. They were making a bee line for him. Mrs. Mannering had not always done this. A few years before, when he was a beardless young Lieutenant in the Guards, available as a substitute at dinners, and very available at balls, Maria Greville had been the object of a faint and distant passion for him. She was a London beauty in those days, bent on making a great marriage, going about seeking whom she should devour, and had little time to waste on beardless Lieutenants with two hundred pounds a year and their pay. She had married rather badly, and was now a widow, dependent on a small annuity and Lady Sarah's good will. Meanwhile, Derwent had become heir to a fine estate and a baronetcy, had resigned from the Army, and had a seat in Parliament. The tables had been turned with a vengeance.

As the two women approached—Lady Sarah, tall and stout as a grenadier, and eagle-eyed, with Mrs. Mannering mincing beside her—Derwent could not help seeing the contrast between his former adored one and the new vision which had fixed his attention for the last half hour. Maria Mannering affected extreme youthfulness, but Derwent did not remember that she had ever been young. She had been old and wary at twenty-five. Derwent arose, as the two women approached, and politely placed chairs for them at his table. Lady Sarah planted herself, and remarked savagely:

"Well, Maria, I hope you are satisfied now. I've walked over half this terrace trying to find a table that suited you. One was too much in the shade, another was too much in the sun; one was too near the café, and the other was too far from the music. Here I shall stay, unless Mr. Derwent orders us off."

"Then," said Derwent gallantly, "you'd better have a tent put up, and a hammock swung."

Mrs. Mannering smiled rather faintly at these pleasantries. It was mean to tell Derwent that she had been hunting for him, but she did not retaliate on Aunt Sarah. It is difficult to show righteous indignation toward an elderly lady who has sixty thousand pounds to dispose of by will, as Lady Sarah had.

Tea was brought and conversation begun. Derwent's body was at the tea-table, but his eyes were at that other table, where the lady in black sat and read and pondered. This did not escape Mrs. Mannering, but she discreetly refrained from comment. Not so Lady Sarah Battle.

"Bless me!" she cried, putting up her glass; "there is that handsome Madame Schaffenberg. Schaffenberg had the grace to die and leave her a widow, a year or two ago. He was a good man—he played the best game of écarté I ever saw in my life. You know Madame Schaffenberg, Maria?"

"Yes," said Maria, smiling pleasantly; "I've known her a good many years. She is here with her children—seven of them."

Derwent did not catch the whole of this sentence. All widows had children, or ought to have, but—she was a widow. This did not lessen his interest in her in the slightest degree.

"I always felt sorry for that woman," said Lady Sarah. "Her father was one of those Southern irreconcilables, who came to Europe after the Civil War in America, and would never go back. Her mother was one of those crazy American women who would marry their daughters to imps of Satan, provided the imps were foreigners and could go to Court. The girl was married off, at eighteen, to Schaffenberg, who was old enough to be her father. He was quite a decent fellow—very rich—and could take his wife to Court whenever or wherever he pleased. I heard at the time that the girl pined to go back to America, but her simpleton of a mother would not take her. The father was dead by that time, and the poor girl had no choice but to take Schaffenberg."

Here was an interesting story, thought Derwent. Perhaps the joys of life were just beginning for that sweet creature there, now that Schaffenberg was gone.

Mrs. Mannering prattled on pleasantly, thinking she had spiked her enemy's guns with the seven children. But Derwent had not caught the fateful word "seven." And then the band came, and the crowd followed it; the tables filled up, and the blare of the music rent the summer air.

Madame Schaffenberg still sat alone at her table, listening to the music with a pretty air of abstraction, and occasionally dipping into her book.

Derwent was past the age when he thought every pretty face he saw might influence his destiny; but not for a long time, and possibly never, had he seen a woman whose mere appearance had interested him so vividly. He knew better than to talk about one woman to another, and therefore in his conversation with Lady Sarah and Mrs. Mannering he did not come within a thousand miles of Madame Schaffenberg, or anything relating to her; but Mrs. Mannering, who was a tolerably fair mind-reader, caught an occasional furtive glance of Derwent's, which told the whole story to her experienced mind. She felt, therefore, when the music was over and they walked homeward through the purple twilight, that she had spent an unprofitable afternoon, albeit she had held Derwent in tow and he was even then escorting them homeward. When they reached the street which led to their villa he politely excused himself and returned the way he came. As he was passing along one of the ferny glades which the dying glow of sunset filled with a beautiful, unearthly light, he saw Madame Schaffenberg coming toward him. She moved with perfect grace, and as he lifted his hat respectfully to let her pass she flashed him a look of recognition and walked on with a half bow.



DRAWN BY JAS. CATTELL

DERWENT AROSE AND POLITELY PLACED CHAIRS FOR THEM AT HIS TABLE

Derwent, like most men of his age, cherished his illusions, and anxiously asked himself if there was enough youthful feeling left in him for the chance sight of a woman like Madame Schaffenberg to impress him deeply. He was only thirty-five, but he had lived a good deal, which made him feel older than his years.

He actually dreamed about Madame Schaffenberg that night, and was as pleased as possible when he waked up the next morning at the thought that he might meet her again. The next morning was dull, cold and gloomy. A fine mist was falling that was worse than a pouring rain. Derwent went down to the Kurhaus for his breakfast and found the park and terrace deserted. He strolled along through the park, scarcely hoping to see Madame Schaffenberg, when, to his delight, in one of the secluded, bosky dells that seemed made to meet the woman one had dreamed of the night before, he saw Madame Schaffenberg sitting on a bench under a low-branched larch tree. His heart gave a thump as if it were eighteen years old instead of thirty-five. As he approached her it suddenly came on to rain violently. He had an umbrella in his hand, and knowing that American women understand perfectly, and even exact, certain civilities which are considered liberties among Europeans, he walked up to her and said, "Permit me," and held the umbrella over her. The larch tree, thick and impenetrable as a roof, arched over them. It would be clearly absurd, while the pouring shower lasted, to give up so secure a protection, and Derwent said so.

"Thank you; you are right," replied Madame Schaffenberg. "See, the water is pouring along the paths; but don't let me deprive you of your umbrella, or detain you."

"Don't mention it," said Derwent. "Nothing is a privation to me which assists a lady in distress." And then he added with a smile which showed his excellent, white teeth, "My mother was an American."

"Was she?" said Madame Schaffenberg, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "I am an American, too, although I have not seen my native country since I was five years old. My father was a General in the Southern Army, and he could not bear to go back after the war was over; but I always wanted to."

There was no need to tell Derwent that she was Southern. This frank disposition to tell her family history was enough.

"I knew a Southern General once," said Derwent.

He had seated himself, meanwhile, without any invitation, and Madame Schaffenberg bent her clear gaze upon him with an air of fearless friendliness.

"He was the finest old chap I ever saw in my life. He came to my father in England with a letter of introduction, and used to stay down at our place in the country. I was nothing but a lad then. He taught me how to shoot—he was the best shot I ever saw—and gave me my first cigar. He used to tell me great stories about the battles at the South. The fact is, I think he was responsible for my going into the Army instead of the University. He was such a noble, chivalrous, impossible, mediæval sort of an old fellow. You ought to have seen a Duke try to patronize him, and the way he turned the tables on the Duke and patronized *him*; it was great. When he died I felt as if I had lost something out of my life that never could be replaced. I never knew a man quite so guileless and high-minded—or quite so ready to fight."

"What was his name?" asked Madame Schaffenberg. She was leaning forward a little, and breathing rather quickly. "When you praise him it seems as if you were praising my father."

"It was General Baskerville," said Derwent, "General Roger St. George Baskerville. It was a fine name, and it suited him exactly."

Madame Schaffenberg leaned yet a little closer to him. Her breath came quickly, and her eyes grew bright with tears as she said in a low voice:

"That was my father."

Derwent put out his hand, and she laid hers in it impulsively, and gave it a soft pressure. Two big, bright drops rolled down her smooth cheeks.

"It is the first time I have heard my father's name spoken for ten years by any one who knew him," she said. "Now pray tell me yours, and tell me all about yourself. I am Madame Schaffenberg. My name is Austrian, but my heart is American."

"And my name is Derwent—William Derwent."

"Papa often spoke of you," said Madame Schaffenberg joyfully. "Though I was but a little girl at the time when he was in England, he wrote me many letters, and in all of them he told me something about William Derwent. I have those letters now. You see, after my marriage and my mother's death, I was cut off from everything associated with my father; and it is like a dream to hear him spoken of."

If her appearance had charmed Derwent before, her manner completed the spell laid on him. It was very simple,

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very direct, straightforward, thoroughly American, perfectly frank, yet exquisitely modest. He wondered how she could have acquired such a manner, brought up in Europe; but he remembered the old General; it was impossible that his daughter should be anything but open and unaffected. And yet there was no forgetfulness of herself. She had the unruffled dignity of a woman born to good position, that nothing can elevate and nothing can depress.

Of course, after that, conversation flowed rapidly. A magnetic sympathy flashed between them. Each knew what the other was going to say before the words were spoken. Manlike, Derwent talked about himself; womanlike, Madame Schaffenberg talked about her feelings, her emotions. She had lost her husband within the last two years; the best and truest friend—she did not say lover—any woman ever had; a man worthy to be named beside her father. Her husband's family were good to her—she had entire control of her children. As she said that there was a little pause and hesitation; a strange look came into her eyes. It was the first expression on her mobile face that Derwent had yet failed to understand. She loved her adopted country, and their country home near Prague; but she could never cease yearning for her native land, although she would probably be an old woman before she would see it again. Her children, she felt, must be educated in their father's country—must be taught to love it; their estates, of course, were there; and again, at the mention of her children, that inscrutable look came into her face.

While they were talking the rain stopped and the sun came out gloriously and decked the trees with diamonds and strewed the grass bright with crystal drops. They were perfectly dry and comfortable under the shelter of the umbrella and the larch tree. Far across the park they heard the distant tolling of the town clock. It was two o'clock. They thought they had been sitting there half an hour; it had been nearly two hours.

Madame Schaffenberg rose instantly. "I must return," she said. "My children will think I am lost."

Derwent arose, too, and together they walked through the dripping park, the sun blazing brightly overhead. It was an awakening from an exquisite dream, but the magnetic current yet pulsated between them.

Derwent walked back to the Kurhaus feeling as if he were treading on air. His lost youth had come back to him. He was in love—not in the cold, bored way in which men are apt to fall in love after thirty-five—but in a good, wholesome, robust, foolish, enchanting, wild fashion that was highly agreeable to him. He ordered a good dinner, drank a pint of champagne, and tipped the waiter to the tune of a couple of marks. After his midday dinner he went to the park and smoked a cigar, and was back again on the terrace at four o'clock. He suspected that she came there every afternoon. "She," of course, was Madame Schaffenberg. It was in vain that Mrs. Mannering planted herself like a lion in his path; he would have none of her—that is to say, when she, with infinite tact and art, tried to attach him to her, he, with infinite tact and art and entire politeness, escaped from her.

Mrs. Mannering, like most women of her kind, knew when she was beaten, and let him go with a smile. It was, however, rather exasperating to have Aunt Sarah say:

"What's the use of your bothering your head about Derwent, Maria? He isn't going to marry you now. You might have had him once, and you wouldn't take him. 'He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay.'"

This roused Maria.

"I think, Aunt Sarah," she said with dignity, "you say very coarse things"; and then remembering the sixty thousand pounds, held her peace, and drank her tea in bitterness of spirit.

Derwent wandered about the terrace, sitting down and listening to the music occasionally, but keeping a sharp lookout for his inamorata. Five o'clock, six o'clock came, but not Madame Schaffenberg. He then did what he would have done twenty years before—strolled off, and seated himself on the bench where he had passed those two happy hours that very morning. If she passed that way she would see him sitting there; she would know what it meant. Derwent had a soul big enough and a heart warm enough yet to make a fool of himself in love; and he was in love. In twenty-four hours the world had resolved itself into Heaven and hell—Heaven where Madame Schaffenberg was, hell where she was not. She had spoken of her children. His heart warmed toward them, dear little innocents. They should never lack a father's care while he lived. He privately concluded that she had two—a boy and a girl; possibly three, but the thought of the third was rather disquieting, so he put it out of his head. If there should be four—but no, that was impossible. He sat on this bench of romance, and sweet, loverlike fancies flitted through his mind, like butterflies in the sun. He then got up and wandered around the park, but did not meet her. At dusk he crossed the park and strolled past the villa where she lodged. There was a light within the salon, but he could see no one. He walked around to the other side, where the garden of the villa sloped upward to a hayfield, and that still farther up to a wooded height over which a young moon hung trembling in the deep blue sky.

There was a balcony at the back of the villa, and while Derwent watched he saw Madame Schaffenberg come out and, seating herself in a chair, lean both arms upon the balcony railing. She was bareheaded, and although he could not, by the faint light of moon and stars, make out her features, he saw the exquisite pose of her graceful figure. Presently two children came romping out—a boy and girl, apparently between six and eight years of age. They clung around her, and she kissed their fair heads tenderly. Derwent looked at her with rapture. Every woman looks beautiful when caressing her children. Derwent could not imagine Mrs. Mannering caressing her children, if she had ever had any. She would have turned them over to nurses and governesses, and not allowed them to spoil her hair and disarrange her dress by any excess of affection.

Derwent did not go home until Madame Schaffenberg had gone indoors with the two children clinging to her. He went back to his lodgings and found a pile of correspondence awaiting him—invitations, friendly letters, business communications, bills, and a quantity of Parliamentary matter. He set himself resolutely to this last, for he was a rising man in the House, and full of ambition. By a tremendous effort of will he succeeded in fixing his attention upon it, but Madame Schaffenberg's beautiful eyes, and those pretty children clinging to her, and the soft, maternal kiss she pressed upon them, continually came between him and the written page. With all his endeavors he worked but slowly. It was four o'clock in the morning before he went to bed; it had taken him since ten o'clock to do the work he should have done in a couple of hours.



DRAWN BY JNO. CASSEL

"BLESS ME!" SHE CRIED, PUTTING UP HER GLASS; "THERE IS THAT HANDSOME MADAME SCHAFFENBERG"

Next morning he tried to remember whether he had asked permission to call on Madame Schaffenberg or not. He did not know, but that troubled him little. He was certainly entitled to call upon General Baskerville's daughter, and remembered with anguish that he had not done so the day before, but consoled himself with the thought that when a man is truly in love he does not always know where his own interest lies. He lost no time, however, and at eleven o'clock precisely presented himself at Madame Schaffenberg's villa and was ushered into the salon on the second floor. It was a pretty room, bright with flowers, and the balcony was shaded with tall palms.

Madame Schaffenberg did not keep him waiting long; she came in at once. For the first time he saw her in a white gown with a jaunty little jacket, and a mannish little collar and tie. She looked younger than ever. Her frank pleasure at seeing him was changed into a charming coyness at the lingering pressure of his hand. Derwent's first words brought a vivid blush into her clear, pale cheeks.

"I looked for you yesterday afternoon on the terrace," he said. "Then I went into the park, and sat on the same bench where we were together yesterday morning, hoping that you might pass, but you did not. I should have availed myself of your kind invitation to call" (Derwent was an able and felicitous liar where women were concerned), "and determined to lose no time this morning."

Now, to a man so far gone as Derwent, the sight of the woman who exercises this strange and sudden charm over him, blushing and smiling and lowering her lids before him, was not calculated to release him from his infatuation; and Madame Schaffenberg had the true American gift of conversation, tempered by European training. She had, too, an American woman's natural ability to cope with the other sex in flirtation. Derwent boldly and pointedly inquired into all her movements, not only for the next week, but for the next month and year. Madame Schaffenberg parried his questions, laughingly yet skillfully, and told him no more than she wished him to know. She let fall words, however, which plainly indicated that she was about thirty years old. Derwent spoke of her beautiful children. She smiled and sighed as she replied:

"They are a great joy, but a vast responsibility."

And then he boldly announced that he should look for her on the terrace that afternoon, and only took his leave when a sudden commotion and irruption in the next room showed that the children were on hand.

It was certainly delightful to feel young again. So Derwent thought as he dressed that afternoon, carefully selecting his tie, and laughing to himself at his own reflection in the glass, while he brushed his hair vigorously.

Madame Schaffenberg was, indeed, on the terrace; but she played him a shabby trick by having a wheezy old French baron at her elbow, to whom she devoted herself. Derwent, however, was not of the stuff to be set aside for a wheezy old French baron. He planted himself at Madame Schaffenberg's side with quite the air of an invited guest, and immediately plunged into reminiscences of her father. This was a subject which could not fail to attract Madame Schaffenberg, but in which the wheezy old baron had no earthly interest; so he soon got up and walked away.

"Thank God!" said Derwent fervently. "I was determined to get rid of him if I had to pitch him headlong over the terrace."

There was no mistaking the glance of his eye now, and the tone of his voice. Madame Schaffenberg must have been a fool indeed if she had not known that William Derwent and all that he had lay at her pretty feet for her to pick up; and to Derwent's experienced eye it was equally plain that he was not disagreeable to her.

But she became sad and *distraite*. He led her to talk of her life, and he soon found that there was a burden upon her: it was her children. He was rather surprised at that, because he saw in her a resolution, a courage, a spirit which she had inherited from that bland and polished old fire-eater, General Baskerville. He could not quite make out why two happy, healthy children—as he supposed hers were—should weigh so upon her.

"I feel," she said, "how difficult it is to apportion my time between my children and other things that claim my attention; for a woman should be something else besides a mother. I owe it to them to read, to improve myself, not to make them ashamed of me when they grow older. I have led a most retired life during my marriage; I have scarcely been in the world at all since I was eighteen. Now, when I go to a ball, the thought comes home to me with a chill—I should be at home with my children. While I am reading and studying it occurs to me that I should overlook their governesses and masters. I suppose I shall get used to it in time, but it seems to me as they grow older I am more overcome with the sense of responsibility. I feel it more now than I did two years ago."

Derwent gently reasoned with her. He thought it a sweet and noble instinct in excess, but it can scarcely be called a fault in a woman to be too devoted. Every moment that he spent with her increased his admiration for her. The intoxication of the music, too, was in his blood. The orchestra was playing the wild love story of Lohengrin; the bridal music echoed among the trees.

Derwent began to ask himself when he could make his

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direct proposal to her. Should it be in a week, or in a month? And then suddenly it came to him, like a direct inspiration—why not that very afternoon? He would walk home with her through that lovely path by the larch tree. It would be at twilight. He would be a fool to neglect such an opportunity. He would not stand dangling and dawdling about her for a week—no, not for a day, nor an hour—and so, when they arose and took their way through the purple twilight, his mind was made up. Just let him get away from those streams of well-dressed, idle, laughing, chattering people, in the sweet seclusion of that charming spot, and under the protecting ægis of that larch tree, and he would put his fate to the touch—to win or lose it all.

They were rather silent as they walked along. Madame Schaffenberg, too, had her moment of illumination. It was coming. Derwent was hers if she wanted him; but she had not made up her mind what to say to him. She knew, however, what she wished to say to him. His boldness had not hurt his cause—it never does with women.

As they neared the larch tree they heard a shout of childish voices, and suddenly a mob of children sprang from behind the shrubbery and rushed toward Madame Schaffenberg. There were seven of them. Derwent stood back, a little staggered by the sudden onslaught. It did not occur to him that they were all Madame Schaffenberg's; but after half a minute of observation, of seeing them crowding around her—three tall girls, the eldest about eleven, three smaller boys, and a little tot of about two years old, in a white frock, all graduated like stair steps—the awful truth flashed upon him: they were all hers, all seven of them. There could be no doubt about the eldest girl: she was her mother all over, and promised to be even handsomer; and the others—there was no mistaking them either. All had the same long, fair hair and the same bright, dark eyes; they were as alike as seven cherries in a bunch. Madame Schaffenberg had seven children under eleven years of age! It was perfectly plain to him then. Madame Schaffenberg glanced toward him. He was perfectly pale, and was gnawing his mustache. She, too, turned a little pale. She read him like an open book. There was a moment's awkward and agonizing pause, and then she said, with an air of perfect sweetness and dignity:

"These are all my children, Mr. Derwent. Do you wonder now that I am oppressed with the responsibility of them?"

Derwent, with a ghastly smile, mumbled some reply. In spite of the horror of knowing there were seven he was still human enough to admire them. They were the handsomest children he had ever seen in his life. Any mother might feel proud of them; any father; but any stepfather—that was another story.

There were governesses and a valet, too, in the background. The whole thing was appalling; but one thing was certain—there was no opportunity to make love to Madame Schaffenberg with seven romping, laughing, healthy, happy, noisy children around her. Derwent approached to escort her the rest of the way. She waved off the children, who retreated with perfect discipline; but she said to them, "You may follow us, my dears"—which they did.

Derwent felt to the core of his heart the grotesqueness of his position. The seven children followed, and two governesses and a valet followed the children. Derwent, however, was a man, and he acted a man's part. When he said good-by to Madame Schaffenberg he gave her hand the same tender pressure he had given it when he thought she had but two children, and said:

"May I call to-morrow morning?"

Madame Schaffenberg hesitated for a moment, and then faltered out, "I—I will let you know," and then vanished indoors, the children trooping after her.

Derwent walked back, altogether dazed by the strange position in which he found himself. He was certainly in love with Madame Schaffenberg, and he called himself a coward and a poltroon for letting the seven children weigh a feather in the matter; but seven children do weigh more than a feather, anywhere and under any circumstances. If Madame Schaffenberg would marry him—and he had had a sweet and comforting assurance in her glance that he was not disagreeable to her—how would they settle the problem of those children? She could not take them all to live in England; she could not be separated from the younger ones; he could not live at the country place near Prague. It was fearful. Still, he had made up his mind to ask her to marry him, and when a man who is truly a man goes that far, nothing should turn him back.

He went back to his lodging and ate his supper, but it tasted like chips and sawdust. He spent a sleepless night. Talk about the responsibility of the children weighing upon Madame Schaffenberg! They weighed him down like so many tons of lead. If Madame Schaffenberg should urge them as a reason for not marrying him he would feel bound in honor to protest. Altogether, it was maddening.

At five o'clock he arose. It was a beautiful, fresh, dewy August morning, and, making his toilet rapidly, he went out of doors. He did not go near the park—that was too noisy—but wandered through the town until he got to the little railroad station. There was an early train to Frankfort. He watched listlessly from a corner of the street the people hurrying into the station, and heard, far off, the scream of the engine and watched the long train as it thundered into the station.

There were not many passengers, but one party he noticed because it was so large, and in a moment or two he recognized Madame Schaffenberg. There were the seven children, the two governesses, the *valet de place*, the tutor, a couple of maids, and a nurse. There were, likewise, baby carriages, go-carts—all the impedimenta necessitated by seven small children. They were whisked into a couple of railway carriages—they more than filled one. Madame Schaffenberg paused a moment before stepping in and looked around her. There was regret in her attitude and her air; but in another moment she had taken her seat, the guard had banged the door, and the train was off.

Derwent felt as if he were in a nightmare. He spent the whole morning wandering about, forgot to take his coffee, and at ten o'clock went to the villa Madame Schaffenberg had occupied.

"Yes, she was gone," the maid volubly informed him, "very unexpectedly. She had left no address behind."

Derwent returned to his own lodgings much disturbed in mind. He could not fail to suspect that he was the reason of Madame Schaffenberg's sudden flight. She had seen the difficulty in the way and had fled from it.

He sat down and wrote her a long letter and sent it to her home near Prague. He waited a week for a reply, and got none. He wrote again, this time putting on the outside of the envelope his address, so that the letter, if not delivered, might be returned to him. It was not returned; neither were two others that he wrote. At the end of a month the conviction was forced upon him that Madame Schaffenberg, for a reason either most flattering or unflattering to himself, declined to hold any further communication with him.

Derwent returned to England a changed man. He was disappointed and embittered—but, yet, the seven children. He felt that fate had played him a scurvy trick. He was a long time getting over it, and he never reached the point when he could laugh at it.

Ten years passed, and on another August afternoon he found himself on the terrace. Nothing had changed except the fashions and the people. No one was there that he knew, not even Mrs. Mannering, who still had a way of turning up at places where Derwent was likely to take his holiday. He spent several days there, and lived, as it were, those past days over again.

One afternoon he was sitting on the terrace when, looking up, he saw Madame Schaffenberg approaching. Three handsome young women were with her. They were evidently her daughters, and were apparently between twenty-one and seventeen years of age. She still looked singularly young, and might easily have passed for the elder sister of those handsome girls.

Derwent arose at once and went toward her. She met him as affably as if she had parted from him in the most courteous manner, with perhaps a slight shade of embarrassment. Derwent squeezed her hand just as he had done at their last meeting, and Madame Schaffenberg's hand trembled a little in his. She introduced him to her daughters—the eldest one, Claire. Derwent thought them all charming, but the eldest girl was one of the loveliest creatures he had ever beheld. She had inherited all her mother's charm.

Derwent accompanied them to a tea-table, sat and took tea with them, and thought how happy he would have been had unkind Fate given him such a wife and such daughters. He was forty-five years old, and was beginning to feel very lonely. He had changed, however, as little in appearance as Madame Schaffenberg. By virtue of a clean life and an active mind he looked young, though he felt old.

He saw them every day after that. He tried very hard to get back upon his old footing with Madame Schaffenberg, but vainly. She would have none of it. He inquired with paternal interest after the other children. They were all well, happy, and likely to be a credit to themselves and to their mother.

The three girls were great belles, and at the Kurhaus dances were surrounded by admirers. Derwent, who thought he had forgotten how to dance, was laughingly persuaded by Claire. In fact, the dear girl—"the child," as Derwent called her to her mother—developed a strange friendship for him. A man is not past the danger line at forty-five. It was impossible for him to be insensible to the delicate flattery she paid him; but he steeled himself against it, saying to himself that it would be a shame to take advantage of her childish fancy.

He soon had an opportunity of proving his sincerity. Tommy Uxbridge, Lord Balmaine's eldest son, turned up at the Spa, and in a week had made a formal application to Madame Schaffenberg for permission to pay his addresses to her daughter Claire. Tommy was a fine fellow—there was no doubt about that. So much Derwent assured Madame Schaffenberg; and declared that Claire ought to be made to see the wisdom of marrying Tommy. And then Derwent went off for a solitary stroll in the park, whistling jovially.

His thoughts led his steps to the larch tree. He sat down on the bench and his eye fell upon a little manuscript book lying there. He picked it up. One casual look at a page told him the story of Claire's heart. She was deeply in love with him, and that little book was her confidante. Derwent closed the book instantly, feeling like a murderer at having read even a part of the confession of this innocent girl.

And there, rushing down the path, was Claire.

"My book, my little book!" she said. "Have you looked inside of it?"

Derwent, quite dumb, looked into her eyes. He wished to tell her a lie; but he could no more do it under that clear, searching, maiden gaze than he could have lied to an archangel; and she, noting his silence, turned from a rosy red to a sudden pallor and burst into a passion of tears.

What man would not have succumbed to that? On that bench, under the larch tree, Derwent became engaged to Claire Schaffenberg.

It was very difficult to tell Madame Schaffenberg. He could not say, what he knew to be the truth, that Claire's love was the spontaneous gift of her young heart; nor was he pleased at the thought of appearing in the rôle of an old fool, running after a girl young enough to be his daughter.

Madame Schaffenberg received his communication kindly and gracefully. Derwent owned up to his age with shame and sorrow. Madame Schaffenberg smiled.

"I, at least," she said, "can have nothing to say on that score. My husband was twenty-five years older than I. Never was there a wife more tenderly and generously treated than I. I cannot but hope that my child will have the same good fortune that I had. I cheerfully give her to you."

So Derwent and Claire were married. The women generally, especially Mrs. Mannering, called him an "old fool." The men called him a lucky dog.



DRAWN BY JNO. DANIEL

—AND SHE, NOTING HIS SILENCE, TURNED FROM A ROSY RED TO A SUDDEN PALLOR AND BURST INTO A PASSION OF TEARS

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PHOTO BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON, WASHINGTON

WU TING-FANG

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

One of the Greatest Achievements of the Times

In many respects the most important achievement of recent months was the success of the United States in throwing open the whole of China to the nations of the world. This was done by one of the cleverest pieces of diplomacy in history. England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Japan had pounced upon the Chinese Empire and got as much of it as they could—not exactly taking the property, but placing political mortgages upon it. Our statesmen saw that if something were not done the whole Empire would soon be rent asunder, and that the Chinese trade of the United States, which is second only in importance to that of Great Britain, would be destroyed by tariffs and other discriminations. Secretary Hay proceeded in a practical way. He sent notes to each one of the Powers mentioned and demanded assurances in writing that our trade rights should be respected, and that there should be no discriminations and no differences in favor of other countries. In brief, that in any part of the Chinese Empire, whether under the protection of Great Britain, or France, or Germany, or Russia, the American should stand on the same plane as an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, or a Russian, and so on. To this England agreed first, Germany next, France next, Japan next, Russia next, and Italy last. Thus in placing the American on an absolute equality with others the Americans placed everybody on the same equality. This is the open door about which we have heard so much, and it is a feat of diplomacy brilliant in itself, and of incalculable advantage to the peace and well-being of the world.



PHOTO BY TAYLOR, WASHINGTON

JUTARO KOMURA

Some of the Big Questions of the Year

As a rule, every century goes out with a peck of trouble and a burst of glory. The greatest of the centuries is evidently destined to keep up the record. Already the facts are before us. In all parts of the earth not only do the difficulties and problems exist, but they are on a scale almost without parallel in history, and they demand the broadest, widest and wisest statesmanship. The great war in South Africa, whatever its results, will involve more or less actively the politics of the world. The possibility of an outbreak in the far East, with the contest between Russia and Japan, brings forward a race issue of extreme interest and significance. These two great problems ought to be sufficient, but there are others.

The insurrections and rebellions in South America promise more than the customary excitement. The building of a ship canal, whether through Nicaragua or Panama, is to be decided. The Alaska boundary question is still in the condition of truce. The *modus vivendi* agreed upon in October, 1899, has effected only a temporary settlement of the main point of dispute—that is, the demand of Canada for a port on Lynn Canal. The United States still retains full possession of the coast and all of the harbors, but Great Britain is within a mile and a half of a stream leading to tidewater, and it is against all reason to think that when the negotiations are opened she will not do everything in her power to get what she wants. The trade differences between Germany and the United States are still serious, but the President in his message said that our relations with Germany are most cordial, and the German Minister has told in glowing terms of German friendship for us. In the trade arrangements between Germany and the United States gradual improvements are being made. Though the progress is slow it is going on. The greatest achievement was in securing the admission of American insurance companies to the German Empire. The Paris Exposition presents problems in industry, but many Americans are wondering how they will get to the big show if Great Britain uses up so many of the ships for transports. Our colonial questions are still pressing, but they seem to be in solution more through good administration than through any special legislation or diplomacy.

Our trade with all our new possessions is very materially increasing. The question as to whether or not we shall take Cuba is still discussed, but underneath it all there seems to be the conviction that Cuba will sooner or later be a part of the United States.

Of all the colonial questions Cuba unquestionably presents the most difficulties, because, though this country is responsible for its order and well-being, it is under a distinct pledge not to annex it as spoils of war. Consequently it must give it a quality of administration far beyond the average. That is being done under the governorship of General Wood, whose appointment evoked the most enthusiastic approval everywhere.

Governor Wood's administration thus far has been marked by the same merits which gave him so much fame at Santiago. Indeed, there is no example before the world that offers such opportunities and promises such results as that which Governor Wood is now presenting in the fortunes of one of the richest islands of the hemisphere.



CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

The American Brand of Diplomacy

Some years ago, when Mr. Bayard was Minister to England he caused a slight ripple in politics by declaring that the time had come for diplomacy to abandon quibbles and subterfuges and speak the truth; but gradually the change is taking place. The diplomatic procedures in the far East deal in flattery or bribery. For instance, when the great Powers were after Chinese territory some of them were offering to lend the Chinese Government tens and even hundreds of millions of dollars. All the resources of skilled intrigue were used, and in some instances are still being used. The course of the United States was different. It put its desires in plain English, and instead of requesting the usual polite assurances it asked for replies in writing—and it got them.

Thus through the power of candor and honesty this nation to-day occupies the greatest diplomatic point of vantage in the world. The nations look to us and trust to us because they know that Uncle Sam means what he says and will carry out any promise he makes. No better proof of the diplomatic rise of the United States could be found than in the coming to Washington of some of the greatest diplomatists in the world, such as Count de Cassini, who did priceless work for the Russians while Minister at Peking, and who is to-day one of the greatest men of that great nation; Mr. Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese scholar, who has charmed American audiences by the purity and beauty of his English, and a man who has made his impression by his great intellectual force; and Mr. Jutaro Komura, the new Japanese Minister, known for his experience and grasp of international questions; and others who need not be named. These men are adepts in statecraft, and it is remarkable to observe how quickly they have adapted themselves to the conditions of American life.

In other countries the idea of such men speaking freely in the newspapers would be preposterous, but here all of the three mentioned have become rich mines for the interviewers, and they not only talk their praises through the columns of the daily press, but accept invitations to address learned bodies, using every opportunity for expressing their great admiration for the American people.

In other countries it would be necessary for them to weigh and cultivate only the Court influences. Here they are obliged to take into account the sovereign force of public opinion. It is undoubtedly a new experience for them, and they must be highly interested in it. They have to deal with such men as President McKinley, Secretary Hay, and Senator Cushman K. Davis, the Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign affairs, who are all past-masters in the science of popularity—men who are apt to trust more to the voice of the country than to any theories which they may individually hold, and thus even through our public men we are educating the representatives of monarchy in the blessed influences of liberty and free government. In the meanwhile the sentiment among the people of this country against participation in any foreign difficulties or wars was never stronger than it is to-day. They believe in minding their own business.



PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON

COUNT DE CASSINI

When Anglo-Saxon Meets Anglo-Saxon

There is a feeling in some quarters that the Anglo-Saxon is not only making a supreme effort to control the world, but that he is actually nearing the point of victory. The increase of the Anglo-Saxon speech, trade, power and population since the beginning of the century is one of the marvels of history. The showing is so large that its leaders and members freely predict that it must control every part of the earth. Thus in peaceful seasons we have much talk of a union between the United States and Great Britain, but it so happens that when any one speaks of this too confidently a feeling of opposition arises.

As a matter of fact, Anglo-Saxons are a bad people for any other race to tread upon or contend against, but they seem to be even more sensitive when any question comes between themselves. An illustration of this was found the other day when British warships seized merchant vessels containing cargoes of American goods. The seized ships were not American, but the goods were, and while the British put up a temporary contention that the food supplies were intended for the South African Republic, our State Department filed a protest as quickly as a cable could get it to London.

We really never fully outgrow our old quarrels, and this refers to nations as well as to individuals. One hundred years ago Great Britain maintained that it could confiscate neutral property as contraband, and Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson repudiated the idea. It was because the famous Jay treaty allowed outrages of this sort to a certain extent that the people arose in their wrath, and it was all that President Washington, who accepted it, could do to escape their indignation, although he did it only because he believed that it was the only way to avoid another war. But the people were not satisfied, and later the war of 1812 brought out their sentiments about the matter and taught Great Britain that she must respect rights upon the seas. Of course these latest seizures are nothing like as serious as those of a century ago, but there is no question about the feeling that they aroused among our people.

However powerful politics and passions may be in these closing days of the century, trade in reality rules the world, and to interfere with its rights is to set in force the machinery of diplomacy or of war. Of course there was no likelihood of any serious difficulty with Great Britain, but she was told that she must let American goods alone unless they regularly belong to her through gift or purchase. And thus has come the reply of the British Foreign Office to the United States. As condensed by Secretary Hay and officially bulletined by the State Department it was as follows: "The British position as to the vessels and hostile destination is that they can only be considered contraband of war if supplying the enemy's forces, it not being sufficient that they are capable of being so used, but it must be shown that this was their destination at the time of seizure. This qualification virtually concedes the American contention that the goods were not subject to seizure, and practically disavows the seizures, it not being claimed that there is any evidence of hostile destination." And thus the United States scored again in diplomacy and humanity. Indeed, it is hard to see how the world could get along without Uncle Sam! He increases the blessings of peace, and mitigates the misfortunes of war.

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR



PHOTO BY NOTMAN PHOTO CO., BOSTON

THOMAS N. HART

The Excellent Luck of Mayor Hart

Mayor Thomas N. Hart, of Boston, conducted his own campaign in a masterly manner. The situation was peculiarly delicate. Normally, Boston is Democratic, but at the December elections there was a bolting wing of the Democracy that threatened at the first sign of a mistake or the utterance of an unwise sentiment to return its allegiance to the Democratic candidate. Mr. Hart therefore planned for a short campaign with few speeches. There were no mistakes, and the bolting Democracy elected Mr. Hart.

When it was "all over but the shouting," Mr. Hart, in conversation with one of the Republican leaders, said:

"This campaign reminds me of the old Southern darky who was brought before the court for stealing chickens."

"In what way?" some one asked.

"Why, the Judge asked the old man, looking at him sharply and speaking in his sternest manner: 'Were you ever in court before for stealing chickens?'

"'No, sah,' said the colored brother with a grin; 'I'se been mighty lucky, sah.'

"And so have I," said Mr. Hart with a hearty laugh.

Alexander MacArthur's Surprise-Party

Alexander MacArthur, author of a successful study of life in the Latin Quarter of Paris, which brought to the writer both popularity and profit, is also the pupil and biographer of Rubinstein and is a close friend of Paderewski. The author lived for two years in St. Petersburg, corresponding for the London press, and taking part in some thrilling adventures, but the most singular of the writer's experiences happened in Chicago after the novel had been brought out by a publisher of that city. The book had been so successful that the publisher decided to give the author a dinner to which a dozen of the leading men of letters in the Lake City were invited. The guests had assembled when the author was announced.

Through the blue haze of smoke there appeared a handsome young woman attired in evening dress.

"We are expecting Mr. MacArthur," said the host; "Mr. Alexander MacArthur, the novelist."

"So I understood," returned the unexpected guest. "I am Alexander MacArthur."

"You?" gasped the publisher.

"Yes. Didn't you know? I am Lillian MacArthur, at your service. I have been writing over the name of Alexander even since I left my home in Dublin."

It was only the work of a minute to rearrange affairs, and the dinner was a great success.

What Mr. Cummings Would Have Done

Before Amos J. Cummings was a Congressman he was managing editor of the New York Sun, editor and founder of the Evening Sun, and President of the New York Press Club. During his many years of active journalistic work Mr. Cummings' paper was first and foremost in his mind. That is one reason why he was always at the top of the profession. He unconsciously illustrated this characteristic at a social function of the Press Club. There were several amateur and two or three professional entertainers present. One of the latter was reciting a dramatic incident with marked force and finished elocution. Mr. Cummings sat at the head of the table deep in thought over the next day's paper.

"The murderer crept up to my bedside," whispered the elocutionist tremulously. "He thought I was asleep. But I was awake. Oh, awake! Hours passed between each tick of the watch under my pillow. He looked into my face and raised his keen knife above my head. Just as he was about to strike I heard a low whistle and the desperado leaped from the room and disappeared out of the window. Now, sir, what do you suppose I did then?" he asked in thunderous tones.

Mr. Cummings came to for a moment. "I'd have hustled down to my office and written it up for my paper," he replied in a matter-of-fact way.

The True Explanation of a War-Time Coincidence

The law of coincidence works wonders. During the blockade of Santiago, Admiral Sampson and his officers were sitting, one more than sultry day, upon the deck of the flagship New York. It was too hot for conversation, and almost for thought. The fighters simply blinked and glared. The silence was broken by one who said: "Next to having a brush with the Spaniards, I'd like to have a Georgia watermelon."

The suggestion brought a smile to every face, which widened when the Admiral echoed, "A watermelon? I want two for myself."

A moment afterward the Quartermaster announced the arrival of a boat from a supply-ship which had just come in from New York City, and added, "The boat is full of Georgia watermelons off the ice."

Red tape was disregarded, and soon all on board, from Admiral down, were having one of the most enjoyable feasts of the entire war. When it was over the officers tried to find how it was that their wishes were so promptly answered, but although they came near the truth they never learned the true story of the coincidence.

Mrs. Van Brunt, a New York artist and a member of many of the patriotic organizations which were brought into being by the Spanish-American War, heard one day of the excitement produced on the Texas by the arrival of a large but somewhat dilapidated watermelon from home. The story touched her, and the same day she secured several barrels of the choicest fruit and shipped them by the first supply-ship going to Santiago. The Captain of the vessel was courteous and obliging, and when told of the consignment put every one of the melons on ice and agreed to send them to the Texas the moment she arrived at her destination, and in the event of the Texas not being there to present them to the Admiral in charge.

But the voyage was swift, and, as luck would have it, the supply-ship passed the Texas on the Cuban coast.

Convincing Evidence for Madame Ruegger

Mlle. Elsa Ruegger, the Swiss 'celloist who is touring this country, was born in Lucerne. Her father is a Government official. Before she was twelve years old her parents decided to send her to the Royal Academy at Brussels for a musical education. She first played in public at a charity concert when she was eleven years old. Two years later she left the Academy, having received many medals and prizes. She first made a tour through Switzerland and from her native land she went to Germany. In the latter country she met with great enthusiasm. After one of her performances in Berlin she was presented with a necklace and bracelet from the Emperor and Empress. Mlle. Ruegger in appearance somewhat resembles Eleanora Duse, the Italian actress. Like Madame Duse, she has a penchant for the mystical and occult. Her mother, who travels with her, is very much exercised over these fads.



PHOTO BY GUTEKUNST & VAN BRUNT, NEW YORK

MLLE. ELSA RUEGGER

"Does she believe in them?" a caller asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I think she does."

"Do you believe in them?"

"Now you ask me a hard question. The palmists, astrologers and phrenologists my daughter and I have met are certainly wonderful people. Do you know every one of them says my daughter Elsa is a genius?"



PHOTO BY CHICKERING, BOSTON

COL. SIDNEY M. HEDGES

A Joke the Boston Ancients Tell

The visit to the United States next June of the Honorable Artillery Company of London will be an event of more than ordinary importance. The man upon whom the task of doing the honors will fall is Colonel Sidney M. Hedges, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, whose guests the London visitors will be during their stay.

When the Boston Ancients were in England in 1896 as guests of the London Artillery the members were entertained every moment. It happened one afternoon that Colonel Hedges and a large company of friends were invited to Marlborough House by the Prince of Wales. Now the Princess and her daughters had never met Colonel Hedges, but they thought more highly than ever of the Massachusetts society that claimed as one of its members an ex-President. They had taken the Colonel for Grover Cleveland.

The story leaked out through Lord Denbigh at a dinner at the Prince of Wales Club just at the time when all good stories come to the surface. The joke tickled Colonel Hedges immensely, and by his friends who were in the secret he has been slyly called "Grover" ever since.

A Meteorological Surname

The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, has a magnificent voice. An Englishman said to him one day, "Doctor, how do you pronounce your name?"

The Doctor was somewhat taken aback, but answered with dignity and some force, "Think of a cloud, sir, a dark, storm cloud."

"Thank you, Doctor; but you need not use the voice of thunder to carry out the illustration."

A Novel Way to Dig Canals

Prince Hohenlohe is a strong advocate of Emperor William's scheme for a great ship-canal which will connect the interior of Germany with the ocean. In discussing the subject with one of the Agrarian nobles who opposes the project the latter said: "Your Excellency, you will find the opposition to be a rock in the path of your canal."

The Prince's eyes twinkled as he retorted, "We'll imitate the prophet Moses, smite the rock, and then the water will flow."

A Tree Like a Grocery Store

Admiral Von Diederichs, the new executive of the Imperial German Navy, is not the cold, calculating personage depicted by the American press when he annoyed Admiral Dewey in the summer of 1898 at Manila. Those who know him well describe him as a highly educated, well-bred officer with a large fund of good nature. At Ceylon, while eating breadfruit for the first time, one of his staff who was a naturalist said:

"The tree, besides supplying breadfruit, also produces a nutritious oil or vegetable grease."

The Admiral looked up. "Why not call it the bread-and-butter-fruit tree?"

Not According to the Regulations

Lord Roberts, the British commander in South Africa, is very popular among the rank and file, who usually refer to him as "Bobs." He began his career in 1851 as a Second Lieutenant in the artillery, and fought and worked his way up with remarkable success. No one better understands "Tommy Atkins." When near a barracks in India one day he was annoyed by several terriers belonging to the soldiers. The owners rushed forward, kicked the quadrupeds, and humbly apologized for their pets' misdeeds. The Colonel listened and then said:

"They undoubtedly make good sentries, but I don't like the way they salute their superior officers."

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DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

Training Animals and Performers

From the Notes of W.C. Coup ◆ Edited by Forrest Crissey

THE awe inspired in the breast of the average countryman by the "daring act" of the lion-tamer is well founded. Long years of familiarity with this feature of the show business have not served to dampen my sense of admiration for the grit of a man who does not flinch to enter the cage of any fierce animal and prove man's mastery over the brute creation. In justification of this sentiment I have only to point to the professional animal-trainers of long experience. If there is one of them who does not bear on his body the marks of his encounters with his savage pupils he is a rare exception to the rule. The whole fraternity is physically ragged and tattered—torn and mutilated by the teeth of beasts they have trained. I have never ceased to marvel that men will deliberately choose to follow the subjugation of animals as a profession, particularly when they have only to look upon the veterans in the business to behold a ghastly and discouraging array of ragged ears, of split noses, of shredded limbs and lacerated trunks. But at these substantial warnings the novice and the past-master in the art of "working" animals alike only laugh and scout the idea of danger or dread. At least, this is their attitude in private conversation, when not attempting to make an impression on the minds of their auditors.

If all animals subjected to training were even in disposition, and did not have their ugly moods, the same as their human lords, the principal element of danger to trainers would be removed. Unfortunately, it is the universal testimony of the men who have devoted their lives to the training of fierce creatures that the most docile, obedient and friendly carnivorous creature is sure to be in an ugly humor sooner or later, and then is the great time of test. These sudden, unexpected and abnormal moods in the animals handled are responsible for having sent scores of good trainers to early graves.

THE PERILS OF A TRAINER'S LIFE

Let us suppose an animal to be even-tempered. This means he is always at his maximum of ugliness. He shows every day the worst that is in him, and the trainer knows the limit of what to expect in that direction. But animals are not constituted that way. They are generally on their good behavior, or at least have an astonishing reserve of ferocity to be vented on the hapless trainer when the day of abnormal ill-humor comes—provided, of course, the trainer is not discerning enough to detect the gathering storm.

In no other profession is eternal vigilance so surely the price of safety. There is nothing more certain than the fate of the trainer who once relaxes the intensity of his vigilance. Just as surely as he throws himself off guard the animal he is working will get him. This is an accepted rule among those who train and perform with animals. Of course, it often appears to the outsider that the men handling ferocious animals are off their guard and nonchalantly indifferent to the creatures in the cage. But the experienced animal-man knows better. The fact that a trainer or performer allows two or three lions to pass behind his back might seem to indicate that watchfulness is not necessary, and that creatures naturally ferocious may at least sometimes be put absolutely on their good behavior—trusted with a man's life without being subjected to the slightest surveillance. In nine cases of every ten a momentary adherence to this departure would result in disaster.

WHERE STEADY NERVES ARE IN DEMAND

The best men of the profession I have ever known have all assured me that the stupidest animal is quicker to detect the slightest relaxation of a trainer's watchfulness than is the keenest trainer to observe the abnormal and hostile mood of his pupils. For this reason no trainer or performer should be allowed to enter a cage unless he is in a normal frame of mind—sober, in full command of all his faculties, and not subject to any distracting influence.

Most of the tragedies of the profession are chargeable to a disobedience to this rule. The unfailing brute instinct at once detects the fact that the trainer has let down the bars of his mind, and then comes the long-delayed attack!

Never do I tire of watching a good trainer work his animals, especially those fresh from their native wilds and full of snap and spirit. What sport more splendid and royal can man imagine than that of placing his life in imminent peril for the purpose of putting a wild beast—a creature far his superior in strength, in swiftness of movement, and in all-round fighting power—in complete subjection to his will! It is truly a sport for a King!

CAPTURED ANIMALS PREFERRED TO CAGE-BORN

The only universal rule for working animals recognized by all trainers is this: First, *show* the creature what you wish done; then *make* him do it. Easily said, but sometimes almost impossible in practice. I have yet to find any other line of human effort demanding such unwearying patience and application, shifty tact and unflagging alertness. All of these mental qualities are brought into activity during every moment that a trainer is working his animals. And not for an instant may he safely slacken his courage or control. A stout heart is his only safety. To go into a cage in a state of fear is recognized among these men as a foolhardy undertaking.

My observation is that trainers almost universally prefer captured animals to those born in captivity, so far as working purposes are concerned. This preference is founded on practical experience—for your animal trainer is little inclined to theorize or experiment in his work. The answer which my trainers have invariably returned to questions on this point of animal nature has been: The wild animal is afraid of man, recognizes him as a strange, dangerous enemy, and is willing to make a safe retreat from him. The carnivorous beast born in captivity is accustomed to the daily sight of man, and has not the wholesome and instinctive fear of him that dwells in the breast of the free-born denizen of the jungle. On the other hand, the cage-born creature seems to retain all the mean, treacherous and savage traits of its race.

Then the trainers declare that the jungle-reared animals are more intelligent and active, and therefore make better performers. This I have no reason to doubt. Leopards are the least in favor among trainers, and the latter prefer to undertake the education of lions rather than tigers, as the former have more stability of disposition, and lack the element of treachery which seems so universally a characteristic of cat nature.

THE EDUCATION OF A YOUNG JAGUAR

The first active step which a trainer takes in the education of an animal which has never been handled is to test its temper. I recall very distinctly watching an excellent trainer working a leopard and a jaguar from start to finish. No man had ever been into the cage along with these vicious brutes before "Frenchy," as we called this crack trainer, laughingly took up his tools and slipped gracefully through the iron door which closed behind him with a sharp bang. Realizing that these animals, which were full grown, belonged to the most spiteful and treacherous of the cat kind, I scrutinized the face of Frenchy to see if I could possibly detect the slightest sign of inward anxiety or disturbance. Not the slightest evidence could I see to indicate that he approached his dangerous task with a particle more excitement than any business man feels in going to his daily work.

As he slipped into the cage he thrust before him an ordinary kitchen chair of light, hard wood. This was held in his left hand by gripping two of the central spindles of the back, thereby obtaining an excellent purchase which enabled him easily to hold the chair outstretched with its legs pointed directly at the animals. In his right hand he carried a short iron training-rod. The only other article which he used in his first lesson was a stout, movable bracket, which could be instantly hooked upon any of the horizontal bars which extended the length of the cage in front.

The instant the trainer faced his pupils there was a regular feline explosion—a medley of snarls, growls and hisses. And the way those spotted paws slapped and cuffed the rounds of the extended chair which served as a shield to Frenchy's legs was something to be remembered. Never before had I seen such a startling exhibition of feline quickness as in this preliminary skirmish between master and pupils. The latter's claws seemed to be everywhere in a moment and played a lively tattoo on the shield and against the point of the rod with which the trainer protected himself. During all this excitement the trainer was as calm as if standing safely outside the cage. However, he did make some lively thrusts with his rod as the leopard attempted to dash under the legs of the chair.

While one of the beasts was engaged in carrying on an offensive warfare, the other would invariably attempt to sneak behind the trainer. How alert the latter was to the movements of the creature which apparently claimed little of his attention was impressed on me by the fact that every time the crouching animal attempted to steal past the trainer he was met with the quick, sidewise thrusts of the prod, which sent him back spitting and hissing into the corner.

THE LEOPARDS AT KINDERGARTEN

In less than half an hour the leopard and the jaguar seemed to realize that they, and not the man, were on the defensive. Their savage dashes were less frequent, and they were more inclined to crouch close to the floor and lash their tails in sullen defiance. Then it was that Frenchy began his first attempt at teaching them. Hooking the movable bracket upon one of the lower rounds about three feet from the floor of the cage, he made a forward movement toward the animals, veering a little to the side opposite the bracket. The creatures had long been attempting to get past him, and now their opportunity had apparently come.

Together they made a rush to run under the projecting bracket. Quick as a flash, however, the trainer was back again in his old place, and the head of the foremost animal struck the rounds of the chair. This checked the leopard's progress for a moment, but the creature was not given a jab of the rod as before. Instead, the chair was slightly withdrawn, with the result that the spotted cat instantly bounded upon the narrow bracket—precisely the result at which the trainer had been aiming.

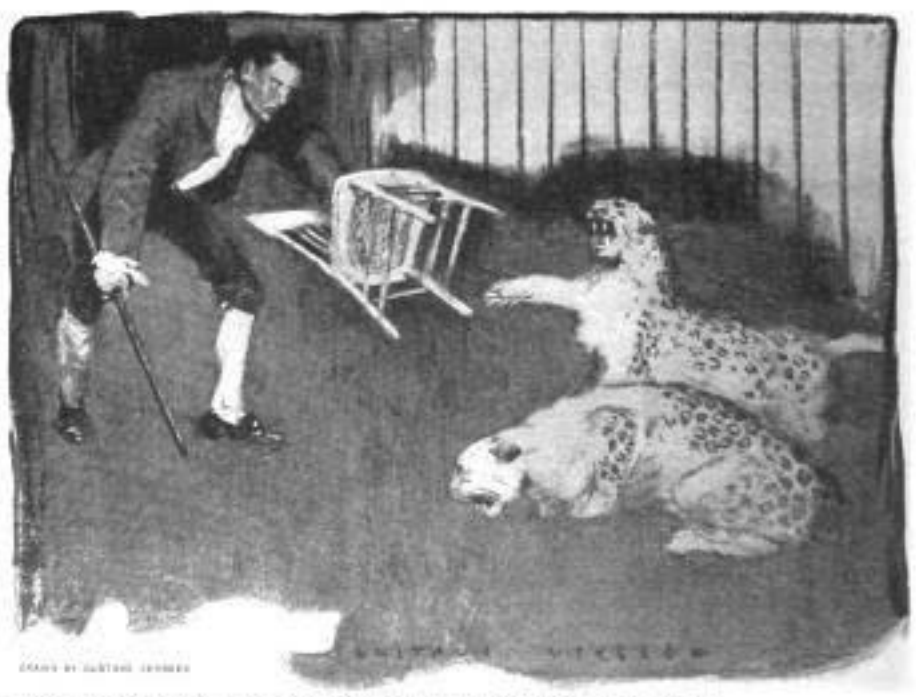
Before the leopard was fully aware of what was transpiring, Frenchy reached forth his training-rod and rubbed it caressingly along the creature's back from head to tail. Of course the animal struck out spitefully with its paw, but the blows were received by the chair and did no harm, while the trainer had been able to bestow upon his ferocious pupil a caressing touch of approval.

Even at that early stage in the education of the animal I fancied I could see an understanding of this commendatory stroke. Certainly within a week this sign was clearly understood, and never did one of the animals leap upon the bracket without receiving this token of approval. Before Frenchy came out of the cage on the occasion of this first experience with these two creatures his chair was splintered beyond repair. Backing out as deftly as he had entered, he leaned up against one of the posts in the winter quarters and remarked:

"Those cats will make good performers. They've got just enough fight in them. I don't mind working a leopard that's been captured, but I don't want anything to do with cats that have been born in a cage. By the time an animal has cuffed one chair to pieces I can generally size him up and get at his disposition. I don't mind a creature that's ready for war right at the start. The sulky, sullen brutes are the ones that keep a trainer in a perpetual state of suspicion."

HOW THEY PUNISH UNRULY PUPILS

Most of the training is done while the animals are in winter quarters, the cages being generally arranged in a semicircle or along the wall, while the centre of the main room is occupied by a big ring or circular space inclosed by a very strong and high fence of iron bars. At first the animals are worked in their cages, later in the ring. Lounging about in



—THE LEOPARD AND THE JAGUAR SEEMED TO REALIZE THAT THEY, AND NOT THE MAN, WERE ON THE DEFENSIVE

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front of the cages is a man with a long iron rod having a sharp point. The duty of this guard is to keep watch of all the cages where animals are being worked, and to be ready to come to the instant relief of any of the trainers who happen to get into trouble. Occasionally he assists them from the outside in various ways; as, for instance, by slipping his rod between the bars and heading off an animal which is attempting to sneak out of doing his trick. In the main, however, he is there to do heroic service in times of emergency.

Should a lion, tiger or any other savage creature get a trainer down or fasten its teeth or claws into his body, the watchful guard on the outside is expected to plunge his spear into the animal, or get into the cage with hot irons, if necessary. The use of heated irons is, of course, only justifiable in cases of extreme peril, but more than one trainer's life has been saved by recourse to this weapon, which quickly cows an infuriated creature which has had a taste of blood when nothing else will avail.

PUNISHMENT OF TREACHEROUS BEASTS

I have already cited one cardinal rule recognized by all animal workers. There is one other just as universally accepted by the fraternity of trainers. This is, that any animal which has inflicted injury on a trainer must be punished until completely subjugated. This punishment must be given, if possible, by the one whom the creature has injured.

No doubt more than one trainer who has been half killed by a treacherous animal has been inclined to overlook this chastisement after recovering from his injuries. This, however, is regarded as professional treachery, for it is practically certain that the rebellious animal that is not chastised in this manner will kill the next man who enters its cage. To neglect to show the brute which has injured you that you are its master is therefore, according to the ethics of the profession, a deed of cowardice, and a sure way of bringing disaster upon any other person having the hardihood to trust himself in the power of an animal that has "downed" its trainer.

Of course some trainers are killed outright, and others are so disabled in severe encounters that they are absolutely unable to continue in the service. Then the duty of inflicting the chastisement falls upon a new man, and you may rest assured he never looks forward to the job with any particular pleasure. There is but one course, however, and that is to beat the creature until it howls for mercy. Occasionally an animal famed for its splendid performances is suddenly and without any apparent reason retired from the program. As a performing animal is worth many times as much as one that has not been trained, this would seem a strange and unbusinesslike course on the part of the management.

The outsider would immediately ask: "Why not continue the performance with this animal so long as it does not kill a man or conduct itself more savagely than many others of its kind which have the confidence of trainers and performers?"

The answer is very simple: The man handling the animal and knowing well its character has been able to discern a radical change in its disposition. He declares that the brute is no longer to be trusted, and any wise and humane showman who receives this kind of a warning from a reliable and efficient trainer or performer will retire the brute in question to a cage and leave it there. On the other hand, some animals which have tasted blood, and even "killed their man," are continued in the service. Why? Because the trainer who goes in to chastise them believes that he has been able to beat the animal into a permanent state of penitence, humility and wholesome fear, and to effectually obliterate the sense of triumph in the mind of the creature.

A SINGLE-HAND FIGHT WITH FIVE LIONS

Occasionally a foolish and intermeddling spectator will endeavor to show his brilliancy by experimenting with the animals. More than once this tendency has well-nigh cost a performer his life. I recall one instance when a performer was doing an act in a cage containing five lions. He had just begun his work, and the lions had taken their positions. In the middle of the cage, facing him, was one large lion, and at either end sat two others. Of course a big crowd had collected in front of the cage and was pressing heavily against the guard ropes. Suddenly a countryman of the smart kind was seized with a desire to distinguish himself and attract a little attention. Slipping inside the ropes, he stooped down and took up the ragged little dog that was crouching at his heels. The instant he lifted the cur up to the level of the cage every lion gave out a roar and made a wild leap for the yellow mongrel.

For a few moments the performer was completely lost to view, buried underneath the writhing bodies of the infuriated lions. Of course the animal men outside made a rush for the cage door, but before they could reach it with their irons in hand the plucky performer was on his feet again and fighting his own battle. A tooth or a claw had split his nose and upper lip, and the tattered condition of his clothing indicated that he had suffered severely. Although his face was bathed in blood, he stood his ground and plied his rod on the heads and noses of the growling beasts until they were momentarily driven back. But they had tasted blood and were furious. Before he could reach the door they were at him again, and in the onslaught his right arm and hip were frightfully lacerated. His grit, however, was indomitable, and he struck and jabbed right and left like a gladiator. Finally the howls of pain from the lions revealed the fact that he was getting the upper hand of them, and at last they were driven howling and whining into the corners of the cage and he backed out of the door. No sooner was he safely outside the cage than he became unconscious.



—EVERY LION GAVE OUT A ROAR AND MADE A WILD LEAP

It was a good thing for the countryman whose folly had stirred up the lions that he contrived to make his escape from the grounds before the circus men got hold of him. This incident is simply typical of hundreds of others perhaps more interesting and exciting. It will, however, serve to indicate the constant perils that surround the trainer or performer, many of which arise from sources over which he has no control.

I have often been asked if the training of animals does not quite generally involve considerable cruelty. This, it seems to me, may fairly be answered in the negative, although one exception should be made. Though great firmness must be shown in working wild animals, and frequent and severe chastisements are called for, there is nothing essentially cruel in the method of training. This, however, cannot be said of the methods generally followed by the trainers of horses.

I can never forget how forcibly and painfully this exception was brought home to me. In company with Mr. Costello I had brought from Texas and New Mexico a herd of beautiful pinto ponies, or broncbos. They were handsome piebald creatures, and apparently very intelligent, although desperately wild. From a herd of about forty we picked out sixteen to be educated for the ring. About ten miles out of Chicago we put up a convenient stable and engaged one of the most celebrated trainers in the United States. In the course of a few weeks the animals became accustomed to having men about them, and then I told the trainer to begin his work.

I had never watched a trainer work horses for the ring, and I was greatly interested to see how it was done. The method was so cruel that I told the trainer if he could not invent a method which inflicted less torture he might quit and we would have the horses sold. He had not the ingenuity or patience to devise a more humane method, and consequently retired from the field, leaving his assistant to work out the problem under my directions. This we finally succeeded in doing with fair results, but the method followed by the trainer is a more general one.

TEACHING A HORSE THE TWO-STEP

In teaching a horse to dance, the master would strike the poor animal above the fetlock, and this would produce a painful swelling. The result was that in a very short time the motion of the stick, in time with the music, would cause the horse to raise its foot. Before the swollen limb was healed the performance was repeated so frequently that the animal did not need the incentives of fear and pain to cause him to keep step with the music.

Jumping the rope is taught in nearly the same manner, a chain being attached to two long sticks swinging back and forth, striking the horse just below the knee. As a man was stationed on each side of him, the poor horse had no way of retreat, and was compelled to jump in order to escape the blow from the swinging bar. A horse is taught to roll an object or to push open a door in a very simple manner, and without cruelty. One man stands in front of the horse and another behind him, the three being stationed in a passageway too narrow for the horse to turn. After standing a bit in this way, the man behind the horse gently slaps him on the back and urges him forward. Instinctively the horse pushes against the man in front, and the latter quickly moves along. In this manner the horse soon learns that by pushing against an object in front of him it may readily be forced out of his way. An intelligent spectator can always tell by the attitude of a horse toward its master whether it has been ill treated. If fear seems to be the governing motive it may be depended upon that the horse has been harshly dealt with; on the other hand, the very nature of the trick performed by the animal goes far to indicate whether fear or intelligence has been the main factor in acquiring the accomplishment displayed. If you see an animal open a trunk or drawer and pick out some article for which it has been sent, you may know that this feat is the result of an appeal to the creature's intelligence and not to its fear, for no amount of punishment could ever teach a thing of this kind.

RING PERFORMERS TRAINED WITH A DERRICK

Ring horses are generally irritated when the rider first stands upon their backs. Probably the action of the foot pulls the short hair; but the irritation ceases in a short time. Riders are first trained to do their tricks on the ground. When complete masters of themselves on the ground they are put upon the back of a horse having an even gait and a reliable disposition. To the performer's belt, at the back, is atttached a stout rope which runs to the end of a strong arm or beam running out from a post set in the centre of the ring. This arm is swung around by a helper, who keeps the loose end of the rope in his hand in order to regulate the slack and prevent the young performer from having a heavy fall should he lose his footing. Again and again the rider is pulled up just in time to prevent him from falling under the hoofs of his horse. He is swung forward, dangling from the arm of the derrick, until he regains his balance and his footing upon the back of his horse.

To describe in detail how every feat and specialty is taught would require a volume, but on general principles it may be said that all tricks are first learned on the ground, or at a safe and minimum elevation. Then when the performer has attained absolute self-confidence and is wholly without fear he is allowed to swing higher, until he finally reaches the height required in the public performance.

CIRCUS PEOPLE A LONG-LIVED RACE

In the old days it was the general custom for the circus proprietors to put their own children into the business, teaching them to do everything in the acrobatic line, from bareback riding to trapeze and bar work and slack-rope and tight-rope walking. Many of them were also skilled musicians and could play several instruments in the band.

At the present day many persons not familiar with the inside life of the circus will no doubt be horrified to think that a man wealthy enough to own a big circus and menagerie would train his sons, and particularly his daughters, for the ring. Let me say on this score that I could name a long list of families in which this custom prevailed, and must say that the private and domestic life of these people was far above that of the average family in fashionable society. Almost invariably the members of each family were devoted to each other and were refined and intelligent. Many of the young women of these families married wealthy and cultured men, and retired from the circus business to become the mistresses of refined and happy homes. Many old showmen whose children were star performers carried accomplished teachers with them on the road, and the children were as well educated as if the entire time had been spent attending school.

Their training and work in the ring not only afforded them splendid physical exercise, but taught them patience, application, alertness, and many other valuable lessons which made their progress very rapid when it came to their lessons from books. It is a fact worthy of notice that the circus people are a long-lived race. I can name almost a score of famous performers who have attained an age of more than eighty years. This would tend to show that circus work is quite as healthy as any other. I may add that the charge so frequently brought against showmen, that the training of children for the circus ring is cruel, is not well founded.

While I have seen many instances of cruelty in this connection, there is nothing in the work itself which necessitates hardship or harshness. In fact, quite the reverse is true.

The child is the sooner trained into an ability to do a dangerous and daring feat through gentleness and encouragement. In other words, the more they overcome their fear in every direction the better able are they to swing from one trapeze to another, to walk the tight rope at a dizzy height, or to turn somersaults from the back of a galloping horse.

Editor's Note—In the series The Memories of an Old Showman, from the notes of the late W. C. Coup, this is the third paper. The first appeared in the issue of November 18. Others will follow in early numbers.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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It's cheaper to be on hand when the train starts than to overtake it with a special.

The Leading American Question

AN HONEST vote is still the greatest issue in American politics. When we think of the sacrifices that were made; of the good lives that were freely given; of the stress and strain of war and peace that the citizen might be sovereign, it seems incomprehensible that the pollution of the ballot-box should not only have continued through the century, but that it should have acquired a certain justification in the acquiescence of the people themselves. It is surely to our large discredit not only that every reform for the purity of the ballot has had to be fought with great patience and great vigor, but that it has had to be absolutely wrested from the forces of partisanship and corruption which had entrenched themselves in the strongholds of the States. The battle has been going on for years, and it is yet not more than half won. At the very time we are teaching other parts of the world the blessings of liberty and honest administration, millions of our own people at home are not doing what they can to compel the emancipation of the franchise from the bosses and corruptionists. On its face the situation seems absolutely absurd. If it were proposed that the right to vote should be taken from you, Mr. Citizen, you would not only invoke the courts, but you would be willing to fight as your forefathers did. Yet, what are you doing to protect that vote? When one of your party rascals cheats his way in, or buys his way in, you would hardly take the trouble to appear on the witness-stand against him, and possibly if you were a member of the Grand Jury you would be inclined to condone the act as belonging to the tricks of politics.

Of course, much has been done. Every State but two has the Australian ballot method, or some modification of it. But the modified Australian law is a very elastic and unsatisfactory arrangement. It generally has the name of that excellent measure with enough loopholes for the old rascalities. Just see how inharmonious the whole thing is! Three of the States do not even require registration of voters. In two States registration is prohibited by constitutional provision. In half of them registration is required only in cities. In some of the others the registration is annual; in others every two years; in others every four or five years. In many of them are thousands of names which come to light only when used by repeaters at the polls. Qualifications for voting vary considerably, and the voting itself presents extraordinary differences. For instance, in the last election, Maryland and Mississippi, with about the same populations, voted for Governor. In Maryland the total vote was 244,695, while in Mississippi it was only 48,648. The last Presidential election drew out the highest vote the country had ever known, and yet Alabama, casting less than 200,000 votes, had 11 votes in the Electoral College, while Kansas, casting over 334,000, had only 10. Mississippi, casting about 70,000 votes, had 9 votes in the Electoral College, while Nebraska, casting over 220,000, had only 8. The total vote in the Presidential election was under 14,000,000, and Mr. McKinley's plurality of about 600,000 was unusually large; and yet there were enough votes outside the ballot-boxes to reverse the entire result, not only in the total vote polled, but in the Electoral College.

Compulsory voting is a dream which regularly finds its way into nearly every legislative body, and never gets beyond the committee-room. It is practically impossible to make a man do his higher duty by mere legislation. That is not what is needed for the good of the ballot. When a man knows absolutely that his vote is going to count for its full value, and that he can cast it with comfort, convenience and privacy, he will be more apt to vote than if there were a law providing a penalty for remaining away from the polls. And this reform of the ballot is so simple a matter that it can be accomplished at once and for all time if the people would only determine that it shall be done. Ballot reform is really a mere matter of mechanics. Fence the voter in and fence the briber out; give the voter plenty of room and keep the party workers a safe distance from the booth. Add to this compulsory secrecy in the marking and casting of the ballot, and the whole thing is done. Even if entirely honest judges cannot be secured at first, enough of them can be put in jail to serve as object-lessons to any others who would follow their example. But what the country needs in order to make the reform complete is that sentiment which holds the man who corrupts the ballot as the meanest and most contemptible scoundrel of the land, whether he be a mere tool in the hands of others or a boss worth millions, in or out of Congress.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

When in doubt the average American either votes the independent ticket or goes on an excursion.

Geography from a Car Window

KNOWING one's own country, like knowing one's self, is a matter of distances and perspectives. Looking at the map and becoming familiar with the shore-lines, the courses of rivers, the situations of towns and cities, and the peripheries of States and counties, can afford but small knowledge touching the real features of a continent. True, we might easily recognize a mountain peak or a stretch of headlands by reference to a small photograph; but when we come to climb the height or walk some miles along the sea-washed and wind-swept bluff there comes an understanding vastly deeper and greater than could have been even vaguely suggested by the most truthful descriptions and pictures, maps and tables of distances. Landscapes, sea-reaches, horizons, hills, valleys, towns, cities, countrysides, have a way of informing us directly and immediately—they give us a thousand details not down in the best guide-books.

On the map the little space between St. Louis and Philadelphia looks scarcely worth considering; but undertake the journey across it by the ancient stage-coach and the distance will gradually grow and grow, until midway of it the task undertaken will burden every nerve of the body and discourage every well of mental energy. We begin to realize, under such a strain, what the smaller areas of our country may be. Day after day we plod along; at every stopping-place we look at the map to see where we are, and our progress is slower, it seems, than that of a snail.

But it is when we set our faces Southward or Westward and fly by rail that the splendor of distances truly dazzles us. Perhaps a winter sweep toward the Gulf of Mexico from a high Northern point affords the most sudden realization of America's greatness of extent. A day of snow and ice, the wind blowing fiercely from a Boreal cave, the thermometer cruelly boasting its ability to dive many degrees below zero, the hills white, the trees bare, the sky like blue ice, the sun a mere twinkle on the far Southern sky-slope—and in one's pocket a bit of pasteboard good for a seat in a railway parlor-car all the way to the Gulf shore; a long whistle-blast, and then a rush down the slope of the world.

Twenty-four hours later, after a night of broken sleep in a narrow and shallow berth, we look forth and see palm trees gliding and whirling backward past us. Where are we? Is this Asia? Africa? Have we leaped a space of sea and struck a tropical island? The car-porter informs us that we are in Louisiana, or Southern Mississippi, or Texas, or Florida. When he opens the window a fragrant breath of pine and salt marsh puffs in, and we hear one of Sidney Lanier's odes singing itself in our mind. Yonder is a pleasant cottage in the midst of an orange grove; there are great masses of roses in full blow on a trellis of the veranda.

This is our country. Yesterday it was a frozen land, blizzard-tortured, snow-heaped, leafless, barren; to-day it is a region of summer with all the sweetness of June in December. Distance enforces its deepest significance upon us; the grandeur of our national estate awes us, and at the same time charms us strangely. In the "globe-trotter's" eye our journey looks small—only a thousand miles or so—but to the thoughtful patriot there is a meaning in what these distances compass. These miles flung behind during our flight of twenty-four hours measure far more than mere geography and climate: the people are measured; manners, customs, industries, aspirations are measured. From far off yonder on Puget Sound or by the Golden Gate, from the stark hills of Maine, a little flight, as time goes, sweeps us by almost every variety of surface and soil and people.

Magnificent distances, indeed, are the measures of our domain, and every American should realize them fully before wandering in foreign lands.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Travel to learn and learn to travel.

The Fate of Irony

AMONG the sad, familiar commonplaces of life is the fact that no human being ever perfectly understands another. Any difference in knowledge, capacity or antecedents is enough to disturb a perfect correspondence between speaker and hearer. I say X and mean X: but if *you* had said X you would have meant X + a or X — a; consequently you suppose that I mean X + a or X — a. People, however, continue to go about with the pathetic illusion that they are understood, and many pairs of them really believe that they are "one." The philosopher knows that they are not, that when they seem to say or to desire the same thing the thought is different.

A familiar and elementary fact of life, and yet though all this is so, though even when a man tries his utmost to say what he really thinks, some different thought will certainly be attributed to him, people are actually found who deliberately say what they do not think and yet expect their real thoughts to be discovered! When once a habit of irony has grown upon a man he cannot resist it, however frequent his experience that he will be taken literally. Statistically worked out, the proportion of the race that understands irony is roughly .00000001. But you can never persuade the ironical man that he will be taken seriously; editors in particular are always trying to persuade him. The ironical man expounds some monstrous heresy by way of a joke: immediately he is surrounded by an infuriated crowd which has put him down for a monstrous heretic. In vain does he declare that he was only in fun; if the subject-matter is serious he will very likely be persecuted to the end of his life. But he goes on his ironical path incorrigible. I am not sure, indeed, that if he does succeed in convincing people that he was in fun his case will not be even worse. For then he will never be allowed to be in earnest; nobody will credit him with sincerity, and at his most sincere moment he will merely be thought guilty of an unusually poor joke.

Disraeli was a great master of irony, and much of the misunderstanding and distrust there were of him came from that fact. Here is a trivial but significant instance. He was once showing Sir William Harcourt, or some other important person, over Hughenden, and remarked as a mild joke against himself, Hughenden being but a small place: "Excuse the vanity of a landed proprietor." I have seen that remark quoted hundreds of times, and every time as an instance, not of playfulness at his own expense, but of ridiculous pomposity.

Lord Salisbury is another ironical person, and I notice that the confidence England places in him generally seems to be slightly diminished when he has made a speech. It is your absolutely matter-of-fact man with whom people feel secure. A part of the odium which Byron incurred, and which to us seems so strange, was probably due to his habit, in mere humor and good spirits, of falling in with his critics' preconceived idea that he was a very wicked man. I myself—to come to insignificant things—pay two penalties to this day for having written an ironical little book: part of that portion of the human race which has read it insisting that I meant it all *in propria persona*, and the other part (which has very kindly gone through the labor of finding out that I meant to be funny) refusing to believe that I ever mean to be anything else. When my tragedy—— But my space is full.

—G. S. STREET.

The quickest way to solve the trust problem is to make every voter a stockholder in the monopolies.

The God of Battles

MAN is the only animal that wars upon his own species. The fact has long been used as a reproach, but it really indicates the essential difference between man and brute. The physical life which man has in common with the brute he will sacrifice for an idea, whereas the brute simply obeys his individual appetite and fights for its satisfaction. The distinction shows that in his moral and intellectual nature man is of another order of existence than the brute.

Despite all the miseries which attend war, it really seems to be a part of the moral discipline of the human race, for all philosophic inquirers agree that civilization is to a large extent a military product. There is no instance in history of a people rising in the scale through the arts of peace alone. Mr. Herbert Spencer, while holding that the evolution of a pacific and industrial type of civilization is the true goal of progress, admits that warfare originally developed the habits of discipline and order without which the existence of civilized communities would be impossible.

But if character has been formed and heroic virtues developed through warfare, the same may be said of the general conflict between good and evil in which man's whole existence plays its part; and even though evil abounds that grace may more abound, yet evil is none the less evil to be condemned, and the sentiment that abhors war and labors against it is well founded.

—HENRY JONES FORD.

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Americans *in* Paris

LAST year the City of Philadelphia bought for the Wilstach collection one of the most important pictures exhibited in the Salon in many a day. It was the Annunciation, by H. O. Tanner. This young man belongs to that race of which the great novelist, Dumas, was the glory: he is a mulatto. Beard and hair are crinkly; his regular, thin and handsome features are yellow. He was born in Philadelphia, learned there the rudiments of his craft—with Aikens and at the Academy of Fine Arts—and then, in 1892, came to Paris to study with Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens. Four years later he sent his first picture to the Salon, where it received an "honorable mention." The picture was the revelation of a new talent, at once mystic and realistic. It was a Daniel in the Lions' Den—grim, crouching beasts, and a man leaning in the shadow of a brick wall. And it was the Orient and it was the Bible, and it was art as modern as that of Whistler. There was race in it—a quality new to Biblical painting. His next picture was bought by the French Government. The young mulatto had "arrived," as they say here. He ranks with the great religious painters of the century, and he won his triumph in five years.

MADEMOISELLE LA MARQUISE OF BEANPOT

THERE is an American in Paris whose sole authentic name is Beanpot, though she is also known as "the daughter of the Colony." I had the pleasure of meeting her the other day, and she sat on my knee and looked at me with solemn eyes and said: "My real name is Beanpot; that's all I know." This was not quite true, for she knows the French irregular verbs and a great many other things, but, for all that, it was just what she should have said, as you shall see.

Four years ago a queer little American made his appearance in Paris. His name was Hubert or Herbert or Gilbert, or something of the sort; no one knows quite what it was. He haunted the studios of the Latin Quarter, for he had invented an adjustable picture frame. It was made of collapsible tubes, and was really quite extraordinary. He had no money and he could not speak French, but he had come to Paris to sell his adjustable frame to the painters. He must have been a hopeful man. He had brought his wife and baby with him. For months he pestered the artists with his absurd frame; they knew he was a nuisance and thought he was a trifle crazy. Finally, growing raggeder and leaner, he begged for work of any kind. He wanted to run errands—though he did not know Paris and could not speak French—to sweep out the studios, to do anything. Some of the artists helped him—Faulkner, who painted those wonderful Venice pictures; Flanagan, the sculptor; Seymour Thomas, Tanner, and a few other Americans. But they did not know about the wife and they did not know about the child—and then there are in Paris many Americans with broken fortunes and tilted wits. Early one morning when Faulkner came to his studio in the Impasse du Maine he found the little frame-maker shivering on his doorstep.

"My wife's dying," said the little man, "there alone—will you come?"

A moment later they were in a cab. They came to the house. It was in the Rue Boissonade, near the Observatory. The room was at the top, and there they found a woman dead in bed and a little girl of three crying on the floor. The artist went out for assistance. He sent the *concièrge* of the house up to the death-chamber. He secured a doctor, why he does not know. It was perhaps half an hour before he returned. The sheet was drawn up over the dead woman's face. By the bedside sat the old *concièrge* holding in her arms the little child. The little frame-maker was gone. Since then he has not been seen. He simply dropped out of knowledge, if not out of life.

When they asked the little girl her name she said "Beanpot." After the funeral a few of the American artists determined to provide for this American country-woman. They formed the Beanpot Club. Once a month they meet in one of the studios and smoke pipes and make sketches, and, before separating, they auction the pictures off to each other, and the money is put away for Beanpot. She is seven years old now, a dark little girl, with solemn eyes and a pretty, womanly face. She lives with an old woman who lives in an old lodge at the gates of an old studio building. From eight in the morning until four in the afternoon she goes to school and knows the irregular verbs and speaks French like a little Marquise. When she grows up (she says) she intends to paint horses and dogs and cats. Perhaps it is just as well she should learn to paint something, for her whole inheritance is made up of a few rusty iron tubes—the "adjustable picture frame" that will not adjust.

GENERAL PORTER KEPT IN COUNTENANCE

MORE important than the Beanpot Club (though I am not sure that it does any more good) is the American University Club, made up of exiles who have attained to the dignity of sheepskins. It is four years old, and the other night it gave a dinner at the Hotel Continental. General Horace Porter presided, and was kept in countenance by M. Paul Ribot, a former Prime Minister of France. Among the guests were M. de Ricaudy, who discovered the grave of John Paul Jones; Professor J. C. Freeman, of Wisconsin University, and Patrick Geddes, of St. Andrews. But the guest of honor was a slim, dandified man, with a little, dark mustache and an eyeglass with a thick black cord—Henri de Régnier, the poet. He is to be next year's Hyde lecturer at Harvard, and he will tell you all about Mallarmé and Verlaine, symbolists, decadents, egoists, and all the other little schools of French poetry.

And this is quite right. No one knows better than M. de Régnier all these schools of verse. He has belonged to them all. With unflagging enthusiasm he has followed every leader who has come to the front during twenty years, even Walt Whitman. And so, though it has been his misfortune never to be quite himself, he has written volumes of good poetry. Withal, he has had his duels and all that. A few years ago he married a daughter of José Maria de Hérédia, who is himself a poet and a son of that Cuban poet whom Bryant praised. Some day M. de Régnier will be a member of the Academy, and thus one-fortieth part Immortal.

GALLIC SYMPATHY FOR THE BOERS

IF YOU were to take a plebiscite of the American women in Europe you would find that nine-tenths of them are in sympathy with the stout little burghers of the Transvaal in that far-away war. Doctor Nevin, the well-known American pastor of Rome, has spoken for Italy, and I can answer for France. So far as German countries go, the subscriptions to the Red Cross speak louder than words. Of course in London the American women, titled and untitled, have fitted out a hospital ship, the Maine, to sail under the English flag; but on this side of the channel the womanly sympathy has gone to the weaker side. Perhaps it is natural. Certainly it is beautiful.

One of these American women has found mere money-giving unsatisfying. She has equipped an ambulance, and by the time you read this will be on her way to Pretoria. This lady, years ago, was Miss Agnes Le Clerq Joy, of Washington. There in the early sixties she married the Prince Felix von Salm-Salm. He fought through your American war and she served among the nurses. In the Franco-Prussian War the Prince held a high command and the Princess Agnes accompanied an ambulance. And so the danger and hardships she will find in Africa will not be new to her. She knows what she has to face. Not only did the Princess Salm-Salm equip the ambulance, but she engaged a corps of German physicians and nurses. In the Franco-Prussian War her heroism won for her the Iron Cross. The little Boer Republics have no dignities to bestow, but brave and beautiful deeds always find their own reward.



THE LOVE OF LOVES

By Madison Cawein

I HAVE not seen her face, and yet
She is more sweet than anything
Of earth; than rose or violet
That April winds and sunbeams bring.
Of all we know, past or to come,
Of loveliness none can forget,
She is the high compendium;
And yet——

I have not touched her robe, and still
She is more dear than lyric words
Of music; or than strains that fill
Wild brooks and throats of summer birds.
Of all we mean by poetry,
That rules the soul and charms the will,
She is the deep epitome:
And still——

She is my world: ah, pity me!
A dream that flies whom I pursue!
Whom all pursue, whoe'er they be,
Who toil for art and dare and do;
The shadow-love for whom they sigh,
The far ideal affinity,
For whom they live or gladly die.
Ah, me!

CONSTERNATION OVER THE NEW RÉGIME

OVER in that queer American colony on the left bank—the land of velvet coats and long hair—there is consternation. The painters have just learned the conditions upon which they may (possibly) exhibit at the Exposition of 1900. The space allotted to the American artists is two hundred yards on a line. This is bad enough. There will be room for scarcely one-tenth of the representative American painters, even if no one exhibits more than one picture. Already the two greatest American artists have been forced out. Whistler and Sargent will exhibit in the British section. This is itself a crime. As well might Edison figure among the Germans. But—they will tell you over in the Latin Quarter—there is worse behind. An outsider has been appointed head of the American art department. Mr. John Cauldwell, as every one will agree, is one of the most charming fellows in New York, but he is not an artist. And he is to select the pictures that will figure in the Exposition. Probably he will select a jury of New York artists to help him out, but that will not do much to help the artist exiles of Paris. Dannet, McEwen, Melchers, and a few others too important to be overlooked, will unquestionably find places on that two-hundred-yard line, but the younger men have given up hope. In order to get a broad idea of American art in 1900 you will have to go to the British section and the Salon.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE LATIN QUARTER

IN SPITE of this dark outlook, the painters, who are merry folk, are enjoying themselves after their kind. Perhaps you do not know just how harmless a way this is. Of course there are always students, coltish persons raw from American villages, who riot in the old Du Maurieresque fashion; but the painter who has arrived is a serious person. All week he works like a galley-slave. It is only on Saturday night that he turns the studies to the wall, rolls away the easels and prepares to enjoy himself.

The other Saturday night the "crowd" met in Herbert Faulkner's huge studio—a ghostly place with tapestries and queer bits of old carving. On a sideboard were quaint German beer-mugs, a punch-bowl of mulled claret, piles of tomato sandwiches, and a Dutch cheese. In the centre of the room, under a big lamp, was an old oak table, round which sat a half-score of artists working away for dear life. There was John Flanagan, the sculptor who is making the four big eagles that are to crown the American building here; Seymour Thomas, who came from Texas; Eugene Grivaz, whom you remember in New York; Lazare, oldest and shortest of them all; Simpson, McRae, Marsh—all men who have made a mark at the Salon. Each had a zinc etching plate on which he was spreading—with fingers or brushes or bits of wood—brown oil-paint. I circled the table like an uneasy ghost. Flanagan was building up with his sculptor's thumb the head of a football chap, wild hair, sweater, and all. Thomas, having stippled over his zinc in a reddish brown, was sketching with a match some old Spanish mission-house of San Antonio. Grivaz had a tall knight, lance in hand, riding along some lonely mediæval street. And when these zinc plates and all the others were finished the "printing" began. The plate was covered with a sheet of wet white blotting-paper and run through an American clothes-wringer. All the color, of course, was transferred to the paper, and the result was a monotype. At this delightful game—and you would be surprised to know how much chance there is in it; how a meadow may turn out to be a sea and a knight's lance a fishing-pole—they spent the evening. Of course they smoked many pipes and drank the beer and ate the Spanish tomatoes and the Dutch cheese, but it was far—very far—from the Trilby revels and all that sort of thing; and far more amusing.

THE LAST BRAVE BOHEMIAN

THERE is indeed very little Bohemianism among the artists of the day, and even the students have learned that genius, after all, is merely the habit of working eight hours a day. I think the last of the Bohemians is André Castaigne, and even his Bohemianism is dignified with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. (You know he has just been made Chevalier.) His studio in the Rue des Fourneaux is as decorative as need be, and Castaigne, stalwart and big, with a dragoon's mustaches, has the look of a prosperous poet. He takes his Bohemia at dinner-time. Near his studio, in one of the noisiest streets in the Quarter, is a *bureau de tabac*—a dark little shop where they sell tobacco and wine and where one may dine for eighteen cents. The only customers are workmen in blouses, cabmen in white hats and—the Chevalier Castaigne. He takes his soup, his square of bread, his two cents' worth of carrots like the rest of them.

"They are men," says Castaigne, "these fellows. I like to take off my coat and sit down with them. They don't chatter of 'light and shadow,' 'drawing by the masses,' 'producing effects,' 'relations,' 'tones,' and all the nonsense of the studio. They are men who live and work and see things. Their talk is worth all the books ever written."

And yet Castaigne is as exigent an artist as you ever met. In his studio I saw a pile of unopened magazines.

"I don't care to open them," he said. "In the first place, I don't want to see what the other fellows are doing, and then—it breaks my heart to see the reproductions."

And there spoke the artist.

That reminds me of Edwin Abbey's experience. The art editor of the magazine buying his work wrote him a letter urging him to make his drawings bolder and broader. "Your effects are so delicate," he wrote, "that our men cannot reproduce them."

Abbey wrote back: "Get better men."

That is just what they did, and, incidentally, raised black and white illustration to the dignity of a fine art.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

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—while our office boy, with an excellent pair of scissors for his assistant, was responsible for our supply of Wit and Humor

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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The Universal Educator

A STORY is told of a Scotchman, who, loving a lassie, desired her for his wife. But he possessed the prudence of his race. He had noticed in his circle many an otherwise promising union result in disappointment and dismay purely in consequence of the false estimate formed by bride or bridegroom concerning the imagined perfectability of the other. He determined that in his own case no collapsed ideal should be possible. Therefore it was that his proposal took the following form:

"I'm but a puir lad, Jennie; I hae nae siller to offer ye, an' nae land."

"Ah, but ye hae yersel', Davie."

"An' I'm wishfu' it wa' onythin' else, lassie. I'm nae but a puir, ill-seasoned loon, Jennie."

"Na, na; there's mony a lad mair ill-lookin' than yersel', Davie."

"I hae nae seen him, lass, an' I'm just a-thinkin' I shouldna care to."

"Better a plain mon, Davie, that ye can depend on than ane that would be a-speerin' at the lassies an' bringin' trouble into the hame wi' his floutin' ways."

"Dinna ye reckon on that, Jennie; it's nae the bonniest Bubbly Jock that maks the most feathers to fly in the kail-yard. I was ever a lad to run after the petticoats, as is weel kent; an' it's a weary handfu' I'll be to ye, I'm thinkin'."

"Ah, but ye hae a kind heart, Davie; an' ye love me weel. I'm sure on't."

"I like ye weel enoo', Jennie, though I canna say how long the feelin' may bide wi' me; an' I'm kind enoo' when I hae my ain way, an' naethin' happens to put me oot. But I hae the deevil's ain temper, as my mither can tell ye, an', like my puir fayther, I'm a-thinkin' I'll grow nae better as I grow mair auld."

"Ay, but ye're sair hard upon yersel', Davie. Ye're an honest lad. I ken ye better than ye ken yersel', an' ye'll mak a guid hame for me."

"Maybe, Jennie. But I hae my doots. It's a sair thing for wife an' bairns when the guid man canna keep awa' frae the glass; an' when the scent o' the whuskey comes to me it's just as though I hae'd the throat o' a Loch Tay salmon; it just gaes doon an' doon, an' there's nae fillin' o' me."

"Ay, but ye're a guid man when ye're sober, Davie."

"Maybe I'll be that, Jennie, if I'm nae disturbed."

"An' ye'll bide wi' me, Davie, an' work for me?"

"I see nae reason why I shouldna bide wi' ye, Jennie; but dinna ye clack aboot work to me, for I just canna abear the thocht o't."

"Anyhow, ye'll do yer best, Davie? As the minister says, nae man can do mair than that."

"An' it's a puir best that mine'll be, Jennie, an' I'm nae sure ye'll hae ower muckle even o' that. We're a' weak, sinfu' creatures, Jennie, an' ye'd hae some deeficulty to find a man weaker or mair sinfu' than mysel'."

"Weel, weel, ye hae a truthfu' tongue, Davie. Mony a lad will mak fine promises to a puir lassie, only to break 'em an' her heart wi' 'em. Ye speak me fair, Davie, an' I'm thinkin' I'll just tak ye, an' see what comes o't."

Concerning what did come of it the story is silent, but one feels that under no circumstances had the lady any right to complain of her bargain. Whether she ever did or did not—for women do not invariably order their tongues according to logic, nor men either, for the matter of that—Davie himself must have the satisfaction of reflecting that all reproaches were undeserved.

I wish to be equally frank with the reader of these papers. I wish here conscientiously to set forth their shortcomings. I wish no one to read these papers under a misapprehension. There will be no useful information in them.

Any one who should think that with the aid of this story he would be able to make a tour through Germany and the Black Forest would probably lose himself before he got to The Nore. That, at all events, would be the best thing that could happen to him. The farther away from home he got, the greater only would be his difficulties.

I do not regard the conveyance of useful information as my forte. This belief was not inborn with me; it has been driven home upon me by experience.

In my early journalistic days I served upon a paper, the forerunner of many very popular periodicals of the present day. Our boast was that we combined instruction with amusement; as to what should be regarded as affording amusement and what instruction the reader judged for himself. We gave advice to people about to marry—long, earnest advice that would, had they followed it, have made our circle of readers the envy of the whole married world. We told our subscribers how to make fortunes by keeping rabbits, giving facts and figures. The thing that must have surprised them was that we ourselves did not give up journalism and start rabbit farming. Often and often have I proved conclusively from authoritative sources how any man starting a rabbit farm with twelve selected rabbits and a little judgment must at the end of three years be in receipt of an income of two thousand a year, rising rapidly. He simply could not help himself. He might not want the money. He might not know what to do with it when he had it. But there it was for him. I have never met a rabbit farmer myself worth two thousand a year, though I have known many start with the six necessary, assorted couples. Something has always gone wrong somewhere; maybe the continued atmosphere of a rabbit farm saps the judgment.

We told our readers how many bald-headed men there were in Iceland, and for all we knew our figures may have been correct; how many red herrings placed tail to mouth it would take to reach from London to Rome, which must have been useful to any one desirous to lay down a line of red herrings from London to Rome, enabling him to order in the right quantity at the beginning; how many words the average woman spoke in a day; and other such like items of information calculated to make them wise and great beyond the readers of other journals.

We told them how to cure fits in cats. Personally, I do not believe, and I did not believe then, that you can cure fits in cats. If I had a cat subject to fits I should advertise it for sale, or even give it away. But our duty was to supply information when asked for. Some fool wrote, clamoring to know; and I spent the best part of a morning seeking knowledge on the subject. I found what I wanted at length at the end of an old cookery book. What it was doing there I have never been able to understand. It had nothing to do with the proper subject of the book whatever; there was no suggestion that you could make anything savory out of a cat, even when you had cured it of its fits. The authoress had just thrown in this paragraph out of pure generosity. I can only say that I wish she had left it out; it was the cause of a deal of angry correspondence and of the loss of four subscribers to the paper, if not more. The man said the result of following our advice had been two pounds' worth of damage to his kitchen crockery, to say nothing of a broken window and probable blood-poisoning to himself; added to which the cat's fits were worse than before. And yet, it was a simple enough recipe. You held the cat between your legs, gently, so as not to hurt it, and with a pair of scissors made a sharp, clean cut in its tail. You did not cut off any part of the tail; you were careful only to make an incision.

As we explained to the man, the garden or the coal-cellar would have been the proper place for the operation; no one but an idiot would have attempted to perform it in a kitchen, and without help.

We gave them hints on etiquette. We told them how to address peers and bishops; also how to eat soup. We instructed shy young men how to acquire easy grace in drawing-rooms. We taught dancing to both sexes by the aid of diagrams. We solved their religious doubts for them, and supplied them with a code of morals that would have done credit to a stained-glass window.

The paper was not a financial success—it was some years before its time—and the consequence was that our staff was limited. My own department, I remember, included Advice to Mothers—I wrote that with the assistance of my landlady, who, having divorced one husband and buried four children, was, I considered, a reliable authority on all domestic affairs; Hints on Furnishing and Household Decorations—with designs; a column of Literary Counsel to Beginners—I sincerely hope my guidance was of better service to them than it ever was to myself; and our weekly article, Straight Talks to Young Men, signed "Uncle Henry." A kindly, genial old fellow was Uncle Henry, with wide and varied experience and a sympathetic attitude toward the rising generation. He had been through trouble himself in his far-back youth, and knew most things. Even to this day I read Uncle Henry's advice, and though I say it who should not, it still seems to me good, sound advice. I often think that had I followed Uncle Henry's counsel closer I would have been wiser, made fewer mistakes, felt better satisfied with myself than is now the case.

A quiet, weary little woman, who lived in a bed-sitting-room off the Tottenham Court Road, and who had a husband in a lunatic asylum, did our Cooking Column, our Hints on Education—we were full of hints—and a page and a half of Fashionable Intelligence, written in the pertly personal style which even yet has not altogether disappeared, so I am informed, from modern journalism: "I must tell you about the *divine* frock I wore at 'Glorious Goodwood' last week. Prince C—— But there, I really must *not* repeat all the things the silly fellow says; he is *too* foolish, and the *dear* Countess, I fancy, was just the *tweetish* bit jealous"—and so on.

Poor little woman! I see her now, in the shabby gray alpaca with the ink stains on it. Perhaps a day at "Glorious Goodwood" or anywhere else in the fresh air might have put some color into her cheeks.

Our proprietor—one of the most unashamedly ignorant men I ever met—I remember his gravely informing a correspondent once that Ben Jonson had written Rabelais to pay for his mother's funeral, and only laughing good-naturedly

"Come," urged the professor, growing impatient; "you have been reading about this wood for the last ten minutes. Surely you can tell me something about it"



Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments. In the previous chapters the three men—George, Harris and the author—have arranged to make a bicycle tour through Germany. The mounts are to be a tandem and a safety bicycle.

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when his mistakes were pointed out to him—wrote, with the aid of a cheap encyclopædia, the pages devoted to General Information, and did them on the whole remarkably well; while our office-boy, with an excellent pair of scissors for his assistant, was responsible for our supply of Wit and Humor.

It was hard work, and the pay was poor; what sustained us was the consciousness that we were instructing and improving our fellow men and women. Of all games in the world, the one most universally and eternally popular is the game of School. You collect six children and put them on a doorstep, while you walk up and down with the book and cane. We play it when babies, we play it when boys and girls, we play it when men and women, we play it as, lean and slippered, we totter toward the grave. It never palls upon, it never wearies us. Only one thing mars it: the tendency of one and all of the other six children to clamor for their turn with the book and the cane. The reason, I am sure, that journalism is so popular a calling in spite of its many drawbacks, is this: each journalist feels he is the boy walking up and down with the cane. The Government, the Classes and the Masses, Society, Art and Literature are the other children sitting on the doorstep. He instructs and improves them.

But I digress. It was to excuse my present permanent disinclination to be the vehicle of useful information that I recalled these matters. Let us now return.

Somebody, signing himself Balloonist, had written to ask concerning the manufacture of hydrogen gas. It is an easy thing to manufacture—at least, so I gathered after reading up the subject at the British Museum; yet I did warn Balloonist, whoever he might be, to take all necessary precaution against accident. What more could I have done? Ten days afterward a florid-faced lady called at the office, leading by the hand what she explained was her son, aged twelve. The boy's face was unimpressive to a degree positively remarkable. His mother pushed him forward and took off his hat, and then I perceived the reason for this. He had no eyebrows whatever, and of his hair nothing remained but a scrubby dust, giving to his head the appearance of a hard-boiled egg, skinned and sprinkled with black pepper.

"That was a handsome lad this time last week, with naturally curly hair," remarked the lady She spoke with a rising inflection, suggestive of the beginning of things.

"What has happened to change him?" asked our chief.

"This is what's happened to him," retorted the lady. She drew from her muff a copy of our last week's issue, with my article on hydrogen gas scored in pencil, and flung it before his eyes. Our chief took it and read it through.

"He was Balloonist?" queried the chief.

"He was Balloonist," admitted the lady; "the poor, innocent child, and now look at him!" He stood there before me in all his baldness.

"Maybe it'll grow again," suggested our chief.

"Maybe it will," retorted the lady, her key continuing to rise, "and maybe it won't. What I want to know is what you are going to do for him."

Our chief suggested a hair-wash. I thought at first she was going to fly at him, but for the moment she confined herself to words. It appeared she was not thinking of a hair-wash, but of compensation. She also made observations on the general character of our paper, its utility, its claim to public support, the sense and wisdom of its contributors.

"I really don't see that it is our fault," urged the chief—he was a mild-mannered man; "he asked for information, and he got it."

"Don't you try to be funny about it," said the lady (he had not meant to be funny, I am sure; levity was not his failing), "or you'll get something that you haven't asked for. Why, for two pins," said the lady with a suddenness that sent us both flying like scuttled chickens behind our respective chairs, "I'd come around and make your head like it!" I take it she meant like the boy's. She also added observations upon our chief's personal appearance that were distinctly in bad taste. She was not a nice woman, by any means.

Myself, I am of opinion that had she brought the action she threatened she would have had no case, but our chief was a man who had had experience with the law, and his principle was always to avoid it. I have heard him say:

"If a man stopped me in the street and demanded of me my watch, I should refuse to give it to him. If he threatened to take it by force, I feel I should, though not a fighting man, do my best to protect it. If, on the other hand, he should assert his intention of trying to obtain it by means of an action in any court of law, I should take it out of my pocket and hand it to him, and think I had got off cheaply."

He squared the matter with the florid-faced lady for a five-pound note, which must have represented a month's profits on the paper; and she departed, taking her damaged offspring with her. After she was gone our chief spoke kindly to me. He said:

"Don't think I am blaming you in the least; it is not your fault; it is Fate. Keep to the moral advice and the criticism; there you are distinctly good; but don't try your hand any more at Useful Information. As I have said, it is not your fault. Your information is correct enough; there is nothing to be said against that; it simply is that you are not lucky with it."

I would that I had followed his advice always; I would have saved myself and other people much disaster. I see no reason why it should be, but so it is. If I instruct a man as to the best route between London and Rome, he loses his luggage in Switzerland, or is nearly shipwrecked off Dover. If I counsel him in the purchase of a camera, he gets run in by the German police for photographing fortresses. I once took a deal of trouble to explain to a man how to marry his deceased wife's sister at Stockholm. I found out for him the time the boat left Hull and the best hotels to stop at. There was not a single mistake from beginning to end in the information with which I supplied him; no hitch occurred anywhere; yet now he never speaks to me.

Therefore it is that I have come to restrain my passion for the giving of information. Therefore it is that nothing in the nature of practical instruction will be found, if I can help it, within these pages.

There will be no descriptions of towns, no historical reminiscences, no architecture, no morals.

I once asked an intelligent foreigner what he thought of London.

He said: "It is a very big town."

I said: "What struck you most about it?"

He replied: "The people."

I said: "Compared with other towns—Paris, Rome, Berlin—what did you think of it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It is bigger," he said; "what more can one say?"

One ant hill is very much like another. So many avenues, wide or narrow, where the little creatures swarm in strange confusion; these bustling by, important; these halting to pow-wow with one another. These struggling with big burdens; these but basking in the sun. So many granaries stored with food; so many cells where the little things sleep and eat and love; the corner where lie their little white bones. This hive is larger, the next smaller. This nest lies on the sand, and another under the stones. This was built but yesterday, while that was fashioned ages ago, some say even before the swallows came; who knows?

Nor will there be found herein folklore or story.

Every valley where lie homesteads has its song. I will tell you the plot; you can turn it into verse and set it to music of your own.

There lived a lass, and there came a lad, who loved and rode away.

It is a monotonous song, written in many languages; for the young man seems to have been a mighty traveler. Here in sentimental Germany they remember him well. So also the dwellers of the Blue Alsatian Mountains remember his coming among them; while, if my memory serves me truly, he likewise visited the Banks of Allan Water. A veritable Wandering Jew is he; for still the foolish girls listen, so they say, to the dying away of his hoofbeats.

In this land of many ruins, that long while ago were voice-filled homes, linger many legends; and here again, giving you the essentials, I leave you to cook the dish for yourself. Take a human heart or two, assorted; a bundle of human passions—there are not many of them, half a dozen at the most; season with a mixture of good and evil; flavor the whole with the sauce of death, and serve up where and when you will. The Saint's Cell, The Lovers' Leap—call it what you will, the stew's the same.

Lastly, in these papers there will be no scenery. This is not laziness on my part; it is self-control. Nothing is easier to write than scenery; nothing more difficult and unnecessary to read. When Gibbon had to trust to travelers' tales for a description of the Hellespont, and the Rhine was chiefly familiar to English students through the medium of Cæsar's Commentaries, it behooved every globe-trotter, for whatever distance, to describe to the best of his ability the things that he had seen. Doctor Johnson, familiar with little else than the view down Fleet Street, could read the description of a Yorkshire moor with pleasure and with profit. To a Cockney who had never seen higher ground than the Hog's Back in Surrey, an account of Snowdon must have appeared exciting. But we, or rather the steam engine and the camera for us, have changed all that. The man who plays tennis every year at the foot of the Matterhorn, and billiards on the summit of the Rigi, does not thank you for an elaborate and painstaking description of the Grampian Hills. To the average man, who has seen a dozen oil paintings, a hundred photographs, a thousand pictures in the illustrated journals, and a couple of panoramas of Niagara, the word-painting of a waterfall is tedious.

An American friend of mine, a cultured gentleman, who loved poetry well enough for its own sake, told me that he had obtained a more correct and more satisfying idea of the Lake district from an eighteen-penny book of photographic views than from all the works of Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth put together. I also remember his saying, concerning this subject of scenery in literature, that he would thank an author as much for writing an eloquent description of what he had just had for dinner. But this was in reference to another argument, namely, the proper province of each art; my friend maintaining that just as canvas and color were the wrong mediums for story-telling, so word-painting was, at its best, but a clumsy method of conveying impressions that could much better be received through the eye.

As regards the question, there also lingers in my memory very distinctly a hot school afternoon. The class was for English literature, and the proceedings commenced with the reading of a certain lengthy but otherwise unobjectionable poem. The author's name, I am ashamed to say, I have forgotten, together with the title of the poem. The reading finished, we closed our books, and the Professor, a kindly, white-haired old gentleman, suggested our giving in our own words an account of what we had just read.

"Tell me," said the Professor encouragingly, "what it is all about."

"Please, sir," said the first boy—he spoke with bowed head and evident reluctance, as though the subject were one which, left to himself, he would never have mentioned—"it is about a maiden."

"Yes," agreed the Professor, "but I want you to tell me in your own words. We do not speak of a maiden, you know; we say a girl. Yes, it is about a girl; go on."

"A girl," repeated the top boy, the substitution apparently increasing his embarrassment, "who lived in a wood."

"What sort of a wood?" asked the Professor.

The first boy examined his ink-pot carefully and then looked at the ceiling.

"Come," urged the Professor, growing impatient; "you have been reading about this wood for the last ten minutes. Surely you can tell me something about it."

"The gnarly trees, their twisted branches——" recommenced the top boy.

"No, no," interrupted the Professor; "I do not want you to repeat the poem. I want you to tell me in your own words what sort of a wood it was where the girl lived."

The Professor tapped his foot impatiently; the top boy made a dash for it.

"Please, sir, it was the usual sort of a wood."

The Professor gave up the top boy as hopeless.

"Tell him what sort of a wood," said he, pointing to the second lad.



"I REALLY DON'T SEE THAT IT IS OUR FAULT," URGED THE CHIEF—HE WAS A MILD-MANNERED MAN; "HE ASKED FOR INFORMATION, AND HE GOT IT"

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The second boy said it was a "green wood." This annoyed the Professor still more; he called the second boy a blockhead, though really I cannot see why, and passed on to the third, who for the last half minute had been sitting apparently on hot plates, with his right arm waving up and down like a distracted semaphore signal. He would have had to say it the next second whether the Professor had asked him or not; he was red in the face, holding his knowledge in.

"A dark and gloomy wood!" shouted the third boy, with much relief to his feelings.

"A dark and gloomy wood," repeated the Professor, with evident approval. "And why was it dark and gloomy?"

The third boy was still equal to the occasion.

"Because the sun could not get inside it."

The Professor felt he had discovered the poet of the class.

"Because the sun could not get into it, or better, because the sunbeams could not penetrate. And why could not the sunbeams penetrate there?"

"Please, sir, because the leaves were too thick."

"Very well," said the Professor. "The girl lived in a dark and gloomy wood, through the leafy canopy of which the sunbeams were unable to pierce. Now, what grew in this wood?" He pointed to the fourth boy.

"Please, sir, trees, sir."

"And what else?"

"Toadstools, sir." This after a pause.

The Professor was not quite sure about the toadstools, but on referring to the text he found that the boy was right; toadstools had been mentioned.

"Quite right," admitted the Professor; "toadstools grew there. And what else? What do you find underneath trees in a wood?"

"Please, sir, earth, sir."

"No, no; what grows in a wood besides trees?"

"Oh, please, sir, bushes, sir."

"Bushes; very good. Now we are getting on. In this wood there were trees and bushes. And what else?"

He pointed to a small boy near the bottom who, having decided that the wood was too far off to be of any annoyance to himself individually, was occupying his leisure playing noughts and crosses against himself. Vexed and bewildered, but feeling it necessary to add something to the inventory, he hazarded blackberries. This was a mistake; the poet had not mentioned blackberries.

"Of course Klobstock would think of something to eat," commented the Professor, who prided himself on his ready wit. This raised a laugh against Klobstock, and pleased the Professor.

"You," continued he, pointing to a boy in the middle; "what else was there in this wood besides trees and bushes?"

"Please, sir, there was a torrent there."

"Quite right; and what did the torrent do?"

"Please, sir, it gurgled."

"No, no. Streams gurgle, torrents——?"

"Roar, sir."

"It roared. And what made it roar?"

This was a poser. One boy—he was not our prize intellect, I admit—suggested the girl. To help us, the Professor put his question in another form:

"When did it roar?"

Our third boy, again coming to our rescue, explained that it roared when it fell down among the rocks. I think some of us had a vague idea that it must have been a cowardly torrent to make such a noise about a little thing like this; a pluckier torrent, we felt, would have got up and gone on, saying nothing about it. A torrent that roared every time it fell upon a rock we deemed a poor-spirited torrent; but the Professor seemed quite content with it.

"And what lived in this wood besides the girl?" was the next question.

"Please, sir, birds, sir."

"Yes, birds lived there. What else?"

Birds seemed to have exhausted our ideas.

"Come," said the Professor, "what are those animals with tails, that run up trees?"

We thought for a while, then one of us suggested cats.

This was an error; the poet had said nothing about cats; squirrels was what the Professor was trying to get.

I do not recall much more about this wood in detail. I only recollect that the sky was introduced into it. In places where there occurred an opening among the trees you could by looking up see the sky above you; very often there were clouds in this sky, and occasionally, if I remember rightly, the girl got wet.

I have dwelt upon this incident because it seems to me suggestive of the whole question of scenery in literature. I could not at the time, I cannot now, understand why the top boy's summary was not sufficient. With all due deference to the poet, whoever he may have been, one cannot but acknowledge that his wood was, and could not be otherwise than, "the usual sort of wood."

I could describe the Black Forest to you at great length. I could translate to you Hebel, the poet of the Black Forest. I could write pages concerning its rocky gorges and its smiling valleys, its pine-clad slopes, its rock-crowned summits, its foaming rivulets (where the tidy German has not condemned them to flow respectably through wooden troughs or drain-pipes), its white villages, its lonely farmsteads.

But I am haunted by the suspicion you might skip all this. Were you sufficiently conscientious—or weak-minded enough—not to do so, I should, all said and done, succeed in conveying to you only an impression much better summed up in the simple words of the unpretentious guide-book:

"A picturesque, mountainous district, bounded on the south and the west by the plain of the Rhine, toward which its spurs descend precipitately. It is well watered with numerous streams, while its populous valleys are fertile and well cultivated. The inns are good; but the local wines should be partaken of by the stranger with discretion."

THE FITTING OF THE PEATS

(Continued from Page 683 of this Number)

"Now," she said, "take care that you do it exactly right after this, and when you turn around, see that you knock no more of my 'fittings' down, or else they will say: 'What blundering bullock has been among the peats?'"

"'Tis the first time that ever I was called a blundering bullock," said the young man, starting half around, as on a pivot, at her speech.

"It will not be the last if you do not keep more watch over your feet," said the girl with a vicious click of her pretty teeth; "pray endeavor to finish one fair job without whirling around every moment like a teetotum."

The young man worked a while in silence, feeling a little sullen at being thus thwarted and tantalized by one whom he had thought to be no more than an ignorant pretty maiden of the country. But Bell's saucily unconscious air of command piqued him, and he resolved to excel in the occupation to which he had been set.

It was not long before she looked again.

"Ah, that is better—much better," she cried, sitting up on her own knees and letting the wide summer bonnet fall back from her head so that the latter stood out against the sky with a certain comely and shapely determination. Adam Home thought he had never seen the like anywhere before.

He did not feel the necessity of leaving the country to be so pressing or immediate as it had been.

But he was to be quickly and somewhat unpleasantly reminded of the duty on which he had come. For at the very moment when Bell had again taken his wrist to help him with a "fitting" of peats whose moist slipperiness prevented them from being easily "set," a shadow fell between them, and there within three yards stood the figure of a man, silently and, as it appeared, somewhat contemptuously, regarding their occupation. Bell's first instinct was to start up to her feet and apologize for having been the means of causing her companion to be discovered in so trivial a task. But after one glance at the regardant intruder the young man on his knees went calmly on with his peat-fitting, turning his head to the side and studying the architecture after the manner of his mistress, and "hefting" the peats in his hand as if his whole soul were in the work before him.

The newcomer was a smallish man with a thin mustache, which he kept twisting assiduously, black eyebrows, which, thick in the middle, turned sharp at the outer corners and flashed defiantly upward like feathers in a Highland bonnet, with an air at once conceited and insolent.

But the amateur in peat-fitting was not intimidated by his attitude.

"Ah, Hector!" was all that he said, and went calmly on with his work, so different is the effect of a supercilious regard in man and in woman. Adam Home had responded like a tuned instrument of strings to Bell's disdainful eyes and petulant words, but now he labored, apparently unconscious as any hind, at his menial occupation, under the contemptuous stare of another man.

The figure addressed as "Hector" retained its first attitude of disapproving reserve for some minutes, but as neither of the objects of contempt appeared at all affected he was at last forced to break the silence.

"My lord," he said, "you seem to have forgotten in congenial employment the purpose for which you came hither."

Adam Home glanced sharply up at him.

"Keep the 'my lording' for the next campaign in Flanders," he said. "I am no lord of yours!"

Bell MacLurg rose to her feet. What had she been doing? A lord—and she tried to think over all she had said to him. The tally did not turn out a very suitable or a very respectful one.

The olive-skinned, dark-mustached man made a little impatient movement with his foot.

"No man is the lord of Hector Faa—that is well enough known in Galloway. And indeed, if I may venture to remark, it ill becomes your—I mean it is ill befitting one in your situation to handy compliments or waste precious time when the scaffold is as near you and your friend as that heather buss is near me."

And he stamped on a tussock of heather bells with an angry gesture.

Adam Home now arose to his feet and deliberately dusted his hands.

"You are right," he said; "I did wrong to forget Glenmorrison in the time of trouble which he shares with me. I crave your pardon, Hector Faa; now let us go down and speak with the laird."

The man addressed started back.

"Nay," he cried, "not I. There is still some sense left under my bonnet, Hector Faa is not going to venture his life, unattended, near such an old heathenish Cromwell as Ninian MacLurg, of Millwharchar!"

"Then," said Adam Home tranquilly, "I will go alone—or at least with this lady, if she will deign to accompany me."

The little dark man hesitated a moment. Then with great deliberation he pulled out a pistol, half-cocked it, looked to the priming, and anon restored it to his side pocket. Next he set his hand upon his thigh and half drew a dagger therefrom, as if to ascertain that it worked easily in its sheath.

"Lead on," he said; "you shall not cast it up that Hector Faa was afraid of any man that breathes. But mind you, if there be a 'tulzie,' each of us will look only to the safety of his own life. This is no quarrel of occasion of mine."

And this is the reason that Bell MacLurg came into the presence of her father, Ninian, Laird of Millwharchar, with a young man walking doucely on either side of her.

(To be Continued in the Next Number)



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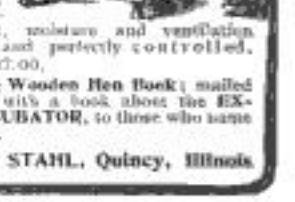
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IN THE FIELD WITH LAWTON

By CHARLES KING, BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. V.

IT WAS early in March when the first transports by way of Suez reached Manila, and with the foremost, as I remember, came Lawton, the tallest man on the ship, and the "biggest" in point of reputation as a frontier fighter yet sent to the Philippines.

Those of us who had served with the cavalry through the Indian wars knew him well, for I doubt if any of the long list of zealous and ambitious officers who won distinction under Crook, Miles and Merritt on the plains and in the mountains would deny to Lawton "the head of the class." He was a wonderful field quartermaster to begin with; could step into a corral of unbroken mules, parcel and pair them out, dividing them off six by six, perfectly sized and matched. Then he could break them to harness, train them to work as lead, swing or wheel teams, and "lick them into shape" for service in quicker time and with fewer swear words than any dyed-in-the-wool teamster I ever knew. He was the admiration of veteran wagonmasters of the war days, who fairly swore by him, and one of them, at an old Texas post in the Comanche country, after watching Lawton "coach" mules for one of McKenzie's expeditions, away back in the early seventies, turned to his fellows with an emphatic whack of his broad palm upon a muscular thigh, and said:

"Boy an' man, I've been tacklin' mules for thirty years, an' demme me if ever I see a man could larn 'em the fear of the Lord quicker'n the Lieutenant."

LAWTON'S REPUTATION AS A HARD WORKER

Lawton was just as keen a hand with the cavalry horse, conquering always by patience and kindness—never by fear or heavy punishment—the "mount" of his troop, when he was Captain in the famous old Fourth Cavalry, being renowned for the "fit" condition in which it was ever to be found even after long and hard marches. Yet, with his own superb physique and apparently vigorous health, he could stand so much more work than many of his fellow-officers and men, that troopers who lacked ambition and grit would shun his command as they would an ambush. He was tireless on the trail, and he worked his men for all they were worth, and they were proud of it and of him.

It was a big loss to the cavalry when Captain Lawton accepted promotion in the Inspector-General's Department, that being the only way of rewarding his heroic and indomitable campaign against the little but vicious band of Chiricahuas. Time and again, could it have been permitted, he would gladly, as I believe, have exchanged back into the rough life of the mounted service. He was far better fitted for it than for what is called office duty.

KEEPING IN THE THICK OF THINGS

It was perfectly characteristic of Lawton that the moment the war was over in Cuba he should seek service in the Philippines. The insurrection had not begun when he begged to be allowed to drop the command of a *corps d'armée* in the South to go to Manila and take any command General Otis might see fit to give him. Every other soldier could see with half an eye that Aguinaldo and his Cabinet "meant business," and that the storm was sure to break. When Lawton sailed from New York the indications were that hostilities might begin any day, despite all the reassuring and pacificatory dispatches that so frequently appeared about that time in our papers. When he reached Manila the insurrection was a month old, the hardest fighting of the campaign was over, the fiercest battles had been fought, and "Johnny Filipino" had learned a gruesome lesson at terrible cost.

LAWTON'S NERVE ON THE FIRING LINE

Wheaton, an old regimental friend and comrade of the Commanding General's, had just been placed in command of the "flying column" when Lawton arrived, and with keen interest the veteran Indian fighter hastened out to the southeast front of Manila and up the Pasig River to see the start. I was commanding the First Brigade of the First Division at the time, our line stretching from the river 'cross country southwestward until it reached the left of General Ovenshine's, near the little "Barrio" of Culi Culi. Wheaton's brigade launched out from our front, and Lawton stood watching the move from our salient, the cemetery height of San Pedro Macati, totally heedless of the Mauser bullets that came singing in from the treetops about Guadaloupe church to our left front or the mile-away ridge beyond Wheaton's steadily advancing lines.

Wheaton went out some distance and was gone several days, driving the insurgents everywhere before him. Finally, finding it impossible to get them to stand and fight in force, he turned back, in compliance with orders from General Otis, and passed on to the north of Manila to bear valiant part in MacArthur's splendid advance on Malolos.

THE OLD INDIAN FIGHTER IN A TIGHT PLACE

This left Lawton in command of a little division of two little brigades to hold a long, thin line at the east and south fronts, four miles out from Manila at its nearest point (Pasay near the Bay), and seven miles at the left front, the village of Taguig on the Delta. Moreover, this line at the left front, held by my brigade, was split by an unbridged, unfordable river, and the big town of Pasig and the villages of Pateros and Taguig, garrisoned by the First Washingtons, and menaced by the enemy, were across the Pasig, and reached only by a raft ferry that could "tote" but twenty men at a time.

Lawton shook his grizzled head over the situation, for if the insurgents had only known their power they could have massed a few thousand men and hurled them on Wholley and his fine regiment on the islands of the Pasig Delta, or concentrated in front of Guadaloupe church on Treumann and the North Dakotas—another aggregation of fighting volunteers led by some of the finest field officers it was ever my lot to know.

Of course the situation demanded the utmost vigilance day and night, and it resulted that for a fortnight Lawton was often with us all day long, and I spent hour after hour with him in saddle, riding the lines, trotting out to Pasig and Pateros, and scouting along the ridge that stood like a barrier between the river and the bay. Being the tallest man in the party, mounted always on the biggest horse, and wearing habitually a white helmet, Lawton was a target for Filipino sharpshooters wherever he went, and the placid way in which he would continue a conversation with the whiew of a Mauser or ping of a Remington bullet punctuating every other word was something inspiring, in a way, yet ever suggestive of the reflection, "What if he should be hit?"

AN ANNOYING LITTLE INTERRUPTION

His staff pleaded with him to keep more under cover, not on their account—for braver fellows than Edwards and young King, who were always with him, were not to be found in the field—but for fear that some bullet better aimed than the rest might find its billet in his great heart and rob us forever of his heroic leadership. As next to him in command in the division, I did more than plead. I protested. Twice while I was engaged giving some instructions along the outposts he slipped away, and to my consternation was next seen clambering a high rock or swinging into the branches of a tree far out to the front. Then we would have to rush a platoon, picked up anyhow or anywhere, to cover the ground beyond him, twice nearly bringing on a fight that General Otis particularly desired to avoid while our line was so thin. It is a marvel Lawton was not killed or captured sooner, and all because he would rather go himself than send officer or man into danger.

One day he was standing with only two or three comrades about him and reading a dispatch just received. The two orderlies holding the horses were close at hand, and the Filipinos in the bamboo a few hundred yards away were peppering at the party. A bullet ripped through the paper Lawton was reading and spoiled the context. A puzzled look came into his eyes as he held the paper closer, and just then one of the little native ponies we had to use as mounts squealed and kicked.

"Take the horses behind that clump, Orderly," said Lawton; "they may get hurt."

And then Lawton was a Spartan in self-denial. The sun beat down with fierce intensity as March wore on. I never felt such heat in Arizona, and sometimes for six, eight or ten hours we would be riding or scouting unsheltered from the burning rays. Canteen water was only just off the boil, but Lawton said he was following his old Indian campaign rules of schooling himself to go without drink of any kind, if need be, for a day at a time.

LAWTON'S SCORN FOR COOLING DRINKS

My headquarters were in the village of San Pedro Macati, in a house that had just before the outbreak been the headquarters of General Pio del Pilar. It was close to the river, and every day the hospital launch, steaming out of town, would leave a big lump of precious ice at our back door. The officers of my staff, with one or two others detailed for duty at the front, "messed" together here, and we had a refrigerator of goodly size stocked with bottled soda, Milwaukee beer, and the light Spanish wine known as La Vallesa de Mandor—mighty comforting things to a parched gullet after long hours in saddle under that broiling tropic sun. While Wheaton's column was out along the Laguna, officers were constantly passing to and fro, from city to far afield, and some one of our staff was always in readiness to administer creature comfort in the shape of hot coffee by night or a cooling drink by day, to the end that scores of thirsty souls went on their way refreshed. I don't know how many times we have come in from a long day's prowling about that extended and intricate front, and, dismounting at our headquarters, found Lawton's carriage or launch ready there to take him home far back in the city. Every mother's son of the party would have a throat as dry as a limekiln, and our Chinaman and his two Filipino aids would come scuttling down the stone steps with hissing goblets of lemon and soda or foaming glasses of beer. Staff officers of both division and brigade—and the Brigadier, too, for that matter—would eagerly gulp down the refreshing fluid, but Lawton would only grin and shake his head. "I had some water before we started out," he would say. "That's got to last till dinner-time."

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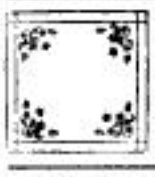
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MEN OF ACTION

R. LINDSAY COLEMAN

By Perriton Maxwell

Drawings by CHARLOTTE HARDING

WHAT new kind of wagon are you making?" asked a friend of Michaux (the Parisian carriage builder who invented the first real bicycle), as he watched the latter fitting a crank to an old Draisenne velocipede.

"I am not making a new kind of wagon," retorted M. Michaux; "I am making a new kind of horse."

In the light of present-day bicycle perfection that dialogue glows with import; in proper time it will pass into history along with the famous sayings of Cæsar and Napoleon, of Watts and Stephenson, of Robert Fulton and Elias Howe. It is only forty-four years since Michaux gave voice to his unconscious prophecy, and it proves no less the juvenility of the wheel than it does the prescience of its parent. The interesting fact of the moment is that in less than half a century the centre of bicycle production has shifted from Paris to Chicago. From Michaux to Coleman is less a matter of time than of bewildering accomplishment.



"I am not making a new kind of wagon; I am making a new kind of horse"

The name of Michaux is the property of the world; the name of Coleman—Reuben Lindsay Coleman—is scarcely known outside of cycling circles. In the business world of "bikes" Mr. Coleman is always an unknown quantity, but the effect of his actions is never underestimated. He prefers the modest position of power behind the throne; he is to the world of bicycle manufacture what Richelieu was to the Court of France. Nor is the simile overdrawn, for "R. L.," as he is called by his business associates, is dictator and adviser in every large and important move that concerns bicycle production, and those who profess to heed him least are the first to seek his counsel in a crisis.

THE GREATEST BICYCLE MAKER IN AMERICA

"Who is Lindsay Coleman?" asked a new arrival in the cycle trade after hearing the name repeated a dozen times in the course of a ten-minutes' conversation. "Oh, he is the largest manufacturer of bicycles in America," was the rejoinder.

Later, when this same newcomer had met "R. L." and was asked what he thought of him, he replied: "He is a splendid fellow, but I can't understand how such a mild-mannered man can wield so much influence."

The secret of Lindsay Coleman's power is not generally understood, for he is a quiet man who works with the least possible friction, while steadily holding his own and aggressively pushing forward his plans and ideas. There is no obtrusive egotism in his personality, but you feel in his presence that he has a store of latent strength. With this he has that expansiveness of heart which frequently dictates impulsive acts of helpfulness and generosity that sometimes work a detriment to the purse, and which have no place among the unwritten and uncompromising laws of business. And yet no man more dearly loves a vigorous clash of arms than "R. L." He does not go about with the proverbial chip on his shoulder, looking for an encounter royal, but at the drop of the hat he is squared for action and ready for the fight. He is the kind of man of whom a wag once remarked: "He will smile on you when you tread on his toes if you apologize, but he will thrash the deuce out of you if you don't."

The tendency of the times, industrially, is toward the amalgamation of interests and the combination of capital. Much has been said and written for and against this unification of producers, and each side has its logical conclusions and its convincing arguments. The truth about the formation of so-called "trusts" and their effects for good or evil does not enter into consideration here; moreover, the American Bicycle Company does not claim to be a trust. "The law of our existence in this nineteenth century has been concentration," says one, "and the 'trust,' 'combine,' or whatever you are pleased to call it, is merely a continuation of this concentration of labor and capital." Another economist has put it: "Trusts and labor unions are immediate stepping-stones to our next industrial system, under which public functions will be greatly extended."

FORMING THE BICYCLE COMBINATION

The American Bicycle Company, including as it does nearly every bicycle manufacturer of any importance in America, claims to work for the good of all concerned in the production and use of the riding-machine. Since the fall of 1878, when Colonel Albert A. Pope put on the market the first one hundred bicycles manufactured in this country, nothing so momentous as the organization of the American Bicycle Company has occurred in the wheel trade. Nor was this organization a simple matter. Large bodies move slowly, and even when the plans of this great industrial coalescence were on the eve of perfection there came a stumbling-block, and that stumbling-block was Lindsay Coleman; he did not approve of certain methods of organization, and his threatened withdrawal would have wrecked the proposed corporation as the keystone knocked from the arch makes the structure topple. Perhaps it was not so much the withdrawal of Mr. Coleman and the important concern he represents that endangered the existence of the embryonic organization, as the fact that his opinion on any given subject relative to the business is law to a large number of other bicycle manufacturers; and, though "R. L." is not the kind of man purposely to influence the acts of others by his own conduct, it is a truth conceded by those who know his power that what "R. L." does, so do a dozen other manufacturers. For a personage of purely commercial importance Mr. Coleman has a larger number of loyal followers than is usually given one man to enjoy.

Singularly enough, Lindsay Coleman's part in the formation and controlling of the American Bicycle Company is on the surface a purely supernumerary one. He seeks no official title and wants no conspicuous position in its affairs. And yet that his is the hand on the lever no one in the secrets of the giant company's operations can deny. It is as if "R. L." were only the tail of the dog corporate, to be swayed by every fancy of the main body, while in reality he is the whole dog, but not, let it be understood, the dog in the manger. Other men whose names are a household word among cyclists stand in the lime-light glare of this newest and strongest of consolidated manufacturing companies, but Lindsay Coleman is content with a place in the background.



"Did you shoot that pea?"

MR. COLEMAN AND HIS PEA-SHOOTER

Mr. Coleman's ready wit and gift of repartee are a byword in the bicycle world. His earliest witticism on record is one of the schoolboy period. It was a warm day, and the scholars droned sleepily behind their books, while the teacher, a maiden lady famous for her severity, dozed gently over her desk. Suddenly a pea, shot with unerring aim from young "R. L.'s" sugar-cane blowpipe, landed squarely on the gentle lady's nose. She awakened wrathfully, and by that kind of instinct known only to those who are accustomed to deal with a roomful of unruly youngsters, singled out the trembling culprit.

"Did you shoot that pea?" demanded the irate teacher.

To the query came no response; but little "R. L.'s" face showed traces of subdued mirth.

"Did you shoot that pea?" again questioned the now thoroughly angered teacher.

"No'm," replied young Coleman; "I shot you," and the maiden lady's sense of humor saved the future bicycle magnate from a drubbing.

The plain biographic facts about Reuben Lindsay Coleman can be told in few words. Born in Richmond, Virginia, November 30, 1852, he is that rare type of Southerner in whom much of the breeziness of the Westerner and much of the prevision and shrewdness of the Yankee have been infused by environment. But despite these alien and acquired characteristics, he cannot be mistaken for aught but a son of the South, and his love for the land of his birth asserts itself not only in his manner of speech but in his methods of recreation. When business cares have prompted a respite from work he packs his traps and is off for the old Virginia homestead, where, with his high-bred dogs, his amiable servants, his hunting and his fishing, he is the contented Southern gentleman of wealth—and bicycles be blowed. It is because of these frequent expeditions to his native heath that "R. L." preserves a robust physique. As dearly loved as is the old homestead today, there was a time when it seemed a mere cage made to imprison an ambitious and venturesome boy, and like most lads of his temperament, young Coleman bolted for the great, wide world.

GETTING A FOOTHOLD IN BUSINESS

The usual result followed. Vicissitude piled on vicissitude, but were met with a determination that made them insignificant. One day the adventurer found himself the incumbent of a "job" which yielded him a weekly income of eight dollars. Life took on a rosier tinge, and the comforts of the forsaken homestead did not seem quite so far away. That was in 1880. Afterward came experiences in the printing business in Philadelphia. The famous "Jay Cook failure" and its accompanying panic worked its disaster to "R. L." along with its thousand other victims. In Baltimore the nineteen-year-old fortune-seeker found himself stranded—"flat broke," says Mr. Coleman, "with neither a sound pocket nor a dollar to put into it." But very soon as an agent "R. L." prospered for a time, until, in sheer disgust, he left the man who employed him—cast off a living salary and the good things that go with it for a principle. "I couldn't endure to work for a man who mixed affected piety with barefaced robbery, and who put his trust in God and his hands in other people's pockets," he explains.

While the eighties were still young Mr. Coleman drifted to Leadville, Colorado, and there had a taste of mining life, the flavor and memory of which will last him to the end. At the outset of the Leadville period he saw no hope of employment, and the little "blue devils," which either drive a man to desperation or successful effort, hovered around him for a longer time than he now cares to remember. One fine day—it is always a fine day when such things happen—there was need of an engineer at one of the mines. A competent man was nowhere to be found though the recompense was three dollars per day.

"Why don't you apply for the job?" asked a friend who knew how badly Coleman needed employment.

"I know nothing about running an engine," sadly replied the stranded Southerner.

"Bosh!" said the friend. "A fellow of your alertness can run that machine by instinct. Make a bluff at knowing it all and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For next week will contain a notable article on monopolies and modern corporation methods, by Honorable Thomas B. Reed. In this suggestive paper Mr. Reed explains the birth and growth of industrial monopolies, and discusses their relationship to the country at large. This is the most important paper that Mr. Reed has contributed to the Post.

THOS. B. REED
on
Monopolies

HOW PRESIDENTS ARE MADE
Recollections of Lincoln's two campaigns, by
Col. A. K. McClure

HOME ATHLETICS FOR THE BUSINESS MAN
By
Dudley A. Sargent
of Harvard University

THE ARGUMENT FOR DOTY
A story by
Octave Thanet

THE FITTING OF THE PEATS
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in a week's time you will be a master engine-driver."

"But what about 'Big Pete?'" queried Coleman. "He engages all the men, and he'll never trust that hoisting engine to a tyro."

"Tell him you're an engineer and want to run his engine."

"No; I'll not lie to get the job."

"All right. Suit yourself about the moral part of it. I'll tell him about you and you can fix up the rest as best you can."



—"flat broke"

"R. L." TRIES RUNNING A HOISTING ENGINE

Next day the applicant for the vacant position confronted "Big Pete." "He had bonfire hair and a temper to match," says Mr. Coleman in narrating the episode. "He chewed more tobacco and swore more new and wonderful oaths than any other man" in Leadville. He was not one of your careless, haphazard blasphemers. He swore fluently, gracefully, comprehensively, methodically, homogeneously—I had almost said prayerfully."

"Do you know how to run an engine, you blank tenderfoot?" asked "Big Pete."

"I can run *your* engine," replied Coleman.

"By the blankety blank," roared the prospective employer, "I didn't ask you if you could run *our* engine, but if you can run *an* engine."

"I can run *your* engine," calmly repeated the applicant.

For a few minutes "Big Pete" eyed the young man before him as a cat eyes a mouse before crushing out its breath and, turning on his heel, said:

"Well, go ahead and run it, and be dashed!"

THE SCANDINAVIANS' CLOSE CALL

Coleman did run the engine and was dashed—by "Big Pete"—when a few days later his inexperience as an engineer nearly cost two lives. The hoisting engine wound and unwound the rope to which was attached the basket that carried the miners up and down the perpendicular shaft of the mine. Two Scandinavian delvers were descending in the basket and the rope ran off its reel steadily enough until something snapped. Coleman saw the hempen cable tearing over the great wheel on which it was wound with a speed that made it crackle and groan and roar. Human lives were at the other end of that racing rope and, when it ceased its plunging, death would wait at the bottom.

With all the strength of despair the amateur engineer threw his weight against the brake provided for such emergencies. It did not work. It was well for the men in the dropping basket that the brake was inoperative, for suddenly to check their downward plunge would be to throw them headlong out of their shallow car. With an inspiration born of fright young Coleman seized a length of iron pipe lying close at hand, and bracing it, lever-like, under the whirring rope-drum, gradually brought that perverse apparatus to its normal speed. The basket and its freight were not far from the bottom by this time, and with collapsing relief the new engineer finally saw the taut line leading into the mine's throat sag and then hang limply on its pulley. Somehow the engine was repaired, and the badly frightened Scandinavians were brought to the surface. Money or persuasion could not induce them to venture again into the black hole that had nearly swallowed them. More for joy at their safe delivery and to relieve the nervous tension under which he had labored for five frightful minutes, Coleman set upon both of the rescued men and thrashed them as their fathers never did and as few other men may. Fisticuffs, for "R. L.," took the place of tears in those rough days.

SWAMPING THE HOUSE WITH ORDERS

In 1883 Mr. Coleman traveled eastward, but nothing of importance came into his life until two years later, when he found himself with a toy company in Chicago. The business of this concern was the making of baby carriages, light wooden playthings for the nursery, and velocipedes. "R. L." relates with a reminiscent smile how he had to beg for a place with the firm. They did not want him, and lost no time in telling him so, but the same grit that enabled him to cling to the flying drum of the hoisting engine finally gave him a place in the toy factory. He must have felt that his persistence in this case meant future success. His work was more varied than congenial. It finally came to his mind that his principals were so busy making goods that they left no time for selling them. He proposed to "go on the road" for his concern, and after some persuasion his wish was granted. "R. L.'s" trip astonished his employers, for he sold so many goods that the factory was unequal to the demands made upon it. Other trips were made with still more wonderful results, and then "R. L." was called home and entreated not to sell any more goods until the capacity of the factory was equal to his capacity for keeping it busy.

Mr. Coleman's success as a commercial traveler determined his position, though his salary was not made burdensome. It was not long before he became a factor in the firm's business. The usual story of intelligent energy and profitable achievement is the story of Mr. Coleman's career at this period—and after. The business of the company expanded, to the wonderment and envy of its competitors; plot after plot of ground was purchased and built upon.

In the latter part of 1885 Mr. Coleman opened an Eastern branch in New York. The company had become the largest makers of cheap grade and juvenile bicycles and of iron and wooden velocipedes in the country. As far back as 1872 the company had manufactured two-wheeled velocipedes, and in 1877 had put on the market a number of the old high-wheel "ordinaries." This was the first step toward the present position of Mr. Coleman's concern as makers of the marvelous modern bicycle. In 1887 "R. L." was making his presence felt among wheel manufacturers. He had first a proprietary interest in the Eastern branch of his concern, and soon afterward came into absolute control. The firm name was changed about this period, and the Eastern agent's weekly remittance to the parent concern was an average of $5000. Between 1891 and the latter part of 1893 Mr. Coleman became a principal with a controlling interest in the Chicago business, and in 1894 became its manager and Vice-President. The little toy factory had grown to be a great corporation worth $1,000,000.


—gave him a place in the toy factory

A GOOD YEAR FOR BICYCLE MEN

To-day R. Lindsay Coleman is a man of fortune and the foremost bicycle manufacturer in the land. As his contribution to the American Bicycle Company he brings the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to the production of cycles—a plant equipped with the most perfect bevel gear cutting machinery, labor-saving devices for making chains and sheet-steel stampings, automatic mechanisms capable of finishing 325,000 small parts daily, and a staff of workmen able to complete 1000 bicycles in a working day of ten hours. Twenty-five hundred persons are employed by Mr. Coleman in the various departments of his factory. Proudly enough, "R. L." points to his ledgers recording the sale of more than 100,000 bicycles last year; this year's sales will probably far exceed this number. A glance at these figures shows plainly why R. Lindsay Coleman is a power in the new organization of wheel manufacturers.


—and tells a story pithily

A COMPANY WITH FIFTY-SIX PLANTS

As it is now constituted, the new bicycle combination is able to produce anything utilized in the making of a riding-wheel. The list of manufacturers includes forty-five concerns and fifty-six plants, and there are options upon other plants. The men and history of the concerns in the combine are the men and history of American cycling—nay, of cycling the world over. It is claimed that the effect of this gigantic coöperation in the production of one of the necessities of modern existence—the bicycle—will be the cheapening in price of riding machines and the fixing of a still higher standard of excellence in their making. Those who know say that the coming season will see a greater production of bicycles of a finer grade and for a lower price than has ever been known. "Bicycles will be cheaper than shoe-leather, and the human animal will cease to walk except in a sitting posture," is "R. L.'s" picturesque way of unveiling the future.

A SNAPSHOT OF "R. L."

Whatever comes to pass, the name of R. Lindsay Coleman must find a forward place in future histories of the wheel. For the benefit of these bicycle Gibbons and Macaulays let it be recorded here that "R. L." is a square-jawed man with a vagrom fancy for saying things in an incongruous manner. His wit is without hurt or bitterness. He is generous, hearty and wholesome, and tells a story pithily. Because he seldom goes among his trade-fellows he is a celebrity in name more than in person. He is a valiant hater and a staunch friend. He has the courage of a lion, but looks the lamb. His business principles embrace the virtues of fair dealing, thoroughness and honest representations. He studies the game long and thoughtfully, but once his move is made nothing can alter his course or shake his determination. First and last, he is the ideal American man of affairs, cautious in planning, quick in acting, and accomplishing everything on a broad and generous scale.

"Coleman is bigger than his business, greater than his millions," said one of his friends to the writer. "When there is anything too big for any one else in the trade to tackle, take it to 'R. L.' and you'll find it six sizes too small for him to bother with it."

TO MY OWN

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE squirrel lies hid in his hollow tree,
All wrapped in his long, soft tail;
The rabbit is snuggled as snug can be
In his home 'neath the old fence rail;
The partridge is only a bunch of down
Where thickest the arching brush—
They in the forest and we in the town,
Hush, my honey-boy, hush.

The field-mouse curls in a velvet ball
Far under the dead swamp-grass;
In his hole by the frozen waterfall
The mink dreams oft of the bass;
And every chick of the ground and air
Is cuddled in haven deep—
So here, in the glow of the fire-light fair,
Sleep, my honey-boy, sleep.

The North Wind romps with the whirling snow;
Sly Jack Frost noses about;
But wood and field are abed—for no,
Not even the owl is out.
And here, where the motherkin's breast is warm,
And motherkin's arms are tight,
Safe from the snow and the frost and storm,
Good-night, honey-boy, good-night.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SOME NEW FEATURES SOON TO APPEAR:

The late Dwight L. Moody will be the subject of some reminiscent papers which are to be an important feature of several early issues of the Post.

These anecdotal articles, dealing in a most interesting fashion with the greatest of American evangelists, have been written by Mr. Moody's son, W. R. Moody—the one man best fitted to write them. They throw powerful sidelights on the man's character and reveal his true greatness.

Memories of Moody

By his son

W. R. MOODY

SHORT STORIES

A. T. Quiller-Couch

This popular English story-teller contributes two rattling tales of adventure in his best vein. These stories will be superbly illustrated.

F. Hopkinson Smith

The versatile artist-author, will have in an early number one of his inimitable short stories.

W. A. Fraser

The author of The Eye of a God, has written for the Post another curious story of a missing gem—The Brunswick Diamond.

Bret Harte

This great American story-teller will contribute in the near future two tales of life in California in the fifties.

Joel Chandler Harris

The creator of "Uncle Remus," has written for the Post a companion story to Why the Confederacy Failed. In the Order of Providence is also founded upon a chapter of war-time history.

PRACTICAL POLITICS FOR YOUNG MEN

Have you ever thought of "going into politics"? These papers by Judge Nathaniel C. Sears will tell you how to set about it.

Judge Sears has directed campaigns against the municipal abuses in Chicago, and he knows the game of politics inside and out. By

Judge Nath. C. Sears

PUTTING A CITY ON A BUSINESS BASIS

A new paper in the Post's series on municipal affairs, is from the pen of

Hon. Thos. G. Hayes

(Mayor of Baltimore)

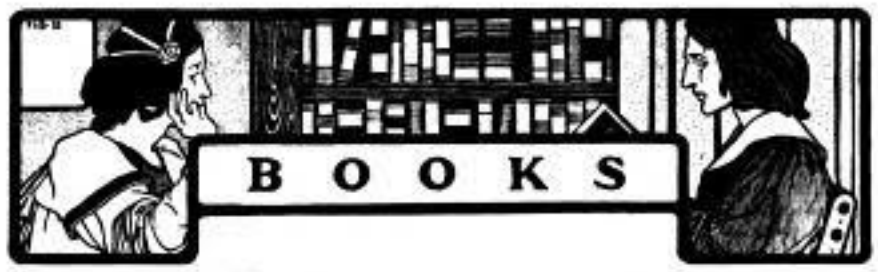
Whose work in that city has attracted attention all over the country.

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In Ghostly Japan *

MY COUNTRY, good-natured and ever breaking into smiles lyrical and soft as the moon and all her own, has posed, . . . but who can pretend to tell how many times and before how many painters, good, bad, indifferent, and so called; and the Buddhas only know, perhaps, with how many heart-aches and despairs. And then, after many days, came Mr. Hearn. I have never seen my home-land so coquettish, so pleasing, so altogether pleased with her charms as since her acquaintance with Lafcadio Hearn. He is a magic mirror—this near-sighted genius of a poet-artist—at which one stares in ecstasy or in a ghastly horror, as the case may be, because therein one sees not one's form, or lines external, but the secrets that, in dullness and vanity, we fancied well screened from the vision of the gods. And before this mirror stands Japan happy as a girl of sixteen when her own sweet image shimmers back at her from the smiling, melting eyes of her sweetheart. I cannot think of any higher tribute to my land than this.

Of course she had been shy at first, this convent maid, Japan—three centuries of hermit life, you remember—but by and by, as a maiden will, say and do what you please, she lost her heart to Mr. Hearn; and now, with that grace and abandon which come only from utter forgetfulness of self, she has unlocked to him, one by one, the deeper chambers of her heart, and invited him to light his way into them with that lamp called genius which the gods give.

He did not despise her invitation, and so this new volume came to be. The Heart-Shadows of Japan may not be a better title than In Ghostly Japan, but somehow I fancy that it is a truer one. In A Fragment, and The Story of a Tengu, he pushes ajar the gates of that dreamland—Japan's and his—that you and I, mere mortals, may catch a glimpse of it and speculate on the depth of the mysteries of life and death. Furisode, A Story of Divination, Ingwa-Banashi, are short tales which you can find scattered all over Japan—lying idly neglected as rocks by the road-side—rocks, which in the magic hands of the master turn into pearls. Incense is an essay, concise and at the same time comprehensive—for there does not seem to be a single word which you could weed out of these pages—on the history of Japanese incenses and of a certain game in which they are used. And the scholarship of his article on Footprints of the Buddha is such that I do not see how in the world Mr. Anderson could stand in peace before gods and men till he revise a certain statement in his catalogue of Japanese and Chinese paintings in the British Museum. In A Passional Karma, Mr. Hearn tells—as only he could tell a story of this sort—the skeleton story of a drama, called Botan-Doro, which is now being acted in Tokyo by Kikugoro, and which shows a certain phase of our picturesque cult—you may call it a superstition if you like.

The author wrought a miracle in his translation of some Japanese poems and proverbs. A miracle, yes—really there is no other word for it. Translate Shakespeare into French! —George Sand made a fool of herself at it, and Dickens had a gloriously merry time at her expense and over the whole matter. But do not dare dream for a moment that the task of translating the Japanese poetry into English is anything as easy as the dressing out Shakespeare in French. This is the job which a few thousands of Japanese young men to-day, who could understand the English language as well as, say, an average graduate of Johns Hopkins or of Oxford, and whose knowledge of the Japanese is incomparably superior to that of any foreigner, have not dared to undertake as yet; it is the work which the gods would not take up without a second thought—it is a miracle, as I have said. And Mr. Hearn—that singular darling of the gods—has performed the wonder, not perfectly, no, but better than any one else has ever done. In a few years, when the purer days of our faith shall have returned, if you visit Japan, you must not be surprised at a tablet pendent at the centre of a *torii* bearing the inscription in gold: Hearn-Myo-Jin; or at the discovery of a shrine, buried and made modest in the fragrant bosom of the blossoming cherries of the Third Moon, dedicated to the Hearn-the-Enlightening-god.

To him has been vouchsafed the apotheosis of that power of the pen which gives a mere mortal that attribute of the divine called "avatar," so that he can make another's personality his and feel the shudders that were Macbeth's and the thrills that were Napoleon's. His also is the triumph of prose—the commercial English prose at that —over the viewless, the spiritual; he has painted therein the things which neither the eye can see, nor ear hear, nor nose smell, nor hand touch, nor mouth taste. And what a wedding of the deep and the simple!—you cannot speak but in exclamation about this —it makes you think of the famous passage, "Consider the lilies of the field," wherein the Master crammed the white throat of a simple flower with wisdom deep as life, and sang about it without an adjective. There may be a more graceful, ornate and simpler prose than this, but the angels must be reading it.

When the Japanese Government, in acknowledgment of his ability and the gracious labor of love which he had lavished upon our country, asked Mr. Hearn to honor a chair in the Imperial University with his acceptance, the editor of the Tai-Yo (a leading Tokyo magazine) was indignant at the ingratitude of his Government; the reward was too insignificant for the merit. I agreed with him perfectly; and so also a million others. But to be enshrined in the hearts of a people is surely something. And our gratitude, . . . but a man cannot write with ink everything his heart feels.

—Adachi Kinnosuké.

*In Ghostly Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. *Little, Brown & Co.*

Sermons in Stones *

SINCE the subject is ecclesiastical sermons we may alter the saying of the Wise Man of old to read, Of many sermons there is no end, and much reading of them is a weariness of the flesh. The wife of a clerical friend of mine wittily said that one assurance of the truth of Christianity lies in the fact that it has survived eighteen hundred years of bad preaching.

The question is often asked, and rarely answered correctly, "What is the first requisite of a sermon?" As I understand it, it is that it should be interesting. You may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, yet if your sermon does not possess that indefinable but actual quality of being interesting to your hearers you might as well have used sounding brass or tinkling cymbals. Of course, to be interesting is only the beginning of the series of qualifications necessary to a proper sermon; there must be other things of equal importance; but to be interesting is first in order if not in degree, and these sermons are all of that.

There is a simplicity, an appositeness about Mr. Wells' Sermons in Stones that is absolutely beguiling. You commence by reading some delightfully put scientific fact, or by enjoying some clever little personal experience, and you find before you know it that a moral or ethical lesson has been driven in you so hard that it stays, and you feel it, for sometimes it hurts. Then, too, they are so eminently plain and understandable, so thoroughly sane, healthy and practical, and there is withal such a vein of delicate humor through them that they are to be commended in the highest way, and not merely from the standpoint of sermons.

Of course the book is not meant for continuous reading as the reviewer attempted it, but is intended to be taken up at odd moments and each essay devoured and digested; indeed no one who reads can help considering, for the little preachings make people think. There is never a word too much of the lesson, although frequently it is only a suggestion, which has, nevertheless, a world of meaning. Rarely is the connection between the illustration and the lesson a strained one, and with few exceptions, easily overlooked in the genuine spirit of the writer which shines out from every page, is there evidence of a lack of taste in the treatment.

The style of the author is excellent; sometimes it is epigrammatic, and the advice given frequently lies in a quaint and curious transformation of a commonly accepted idea; for instance, the admonition to "Talk easy; Listen hard!" There is something in the sermons for almost every kind of man and woman. Geological discussions, botanical investigations, astronomical reflections, and the trolley car, the telephone, the camera, the printing office, the business world and the highway have each contributed their various lessons of "good in everything." For those who love the infant preacher in the household (and who does not?) there is a delightful little section called From Caroline's Pulpit. I wish it had been longer.

—Cyrus Townsend Brady.

*Sermons in Stones. By Amos R. Wells. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

AMONG the sea towns of the Levant, Mr. Robert Barr has been playing at Innocents Abroad; and if one may judge from his book about it, a very pleasant and amusing occupation it must have been. Mr. Barr is a trained observer who sees the comedy side of life all about him—whether in Detroit or London or Jerusalem, it matters not; he has a nose for humor, and his keen eye everywhere detects the comic, be it never so well disguised.

The Unchanging East, as he calls his book, is alluring and insidious. It contains so much real information enlivened with fun and disguised with local color, and it beckons the reader on from chapter to chapter with such persuasive interest.

Mr. Barr's camera has done the reader good service in furnishing the interesting pictures which adorn the two handsome little volumes. It will be recalled that several chapters of the book appeared in these columns—under another title—last summer. *L. C. Page & Co.*

If the windows of the booksellers are any indication of the public taste there would seem to be a growing inclination on the part of people at large to recognize the work of the artist in color and line along with that of his fellow-workman, the author—and, of course, the publisher will be the first to admit that he is here to gauge the public taste. From the presses of a New York house we note: a fac-simile reproduction of one of Mr. E. W. Kemble's sketch books—cover and all —full of his quaint humor and quick seizure of types Northern and Southern; to the accompaniment of verse by Arthur Waugh, twelve drawings in color, called The Square Book of Animals, by Mr. William Nicholsons, done in the same inimitable manner which has marked his incisive portrayal of current celebrities; eighty scenes of that snug and tidy English country life and landscape that lends itself so easily to prettily picturesque treatment, from the work of Mr. C. T. Taylor; and in the broader manner of frank caricature, The Record of Three Bears, by Mr. Frank Ver Beck, and Animal Jokes, a comical distortion of animal life by Mary Baker-Baker—the first published collection of her work. *R. H. Russell & Co.*

In Child Life in Colonial Days, a companion volume to her Home Life in Colonial Days, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle throws a most interesting side-light on the formative influences of American history—by which let it not be understood that anything is detracted from the normal interest that always attaches to children as children. Mrs. Earle describes how they were brought up, what they wore, what they studied, how they played, and what discipline was meted out to them by our conscientious forefathers. One hundred and fifty illustrations of toys and dresses make the picture additionally real. *The Macmillan Company.*

Tales of an Old Château, by Margaret Bouvet, illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong, is an attractive little book containing six delightful stories in which romance, chivalry and the glamour of old days



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are pleasantly portrayed. The leading story concerns a small Swiss timepiece which was given to the author's maternal great-grandfather by a lady of noble birth in reward for his courage and valor in a time of peril. Miss Bouvet tells how this amulet saved his life on one interesting occasion. The other stories are also entertaining. *A. C. McClurg & Co.*

Critical Confessions, by Neal Brown, range from Andrew Lang and Honoré de Balzac to Max Nordeau and Americanism in Literature. They are the frank expressions of a man who has read widely and who has opinions about writers and books. He deplores the lack of real greatness in the present-day literature, but has hopes of the future. In ending his essay on Americanism he says: "There must have been many unsung Odysseys in the lives of those hardy adventurers who came with Raleigh and Smith, and whose descendants later drifted down the Ohio and the Mississippi and over the plains, driving the Indian and the buffalo before them. But we had no Homers to put this pioneer wonderland into verse. Life was too stern and exacting and pitched in too intense a key, so we built literature slowly in our pioneer age. This early poverty had its effect on the really great builders like Longfellow and Cooper, who came later." *The Philosopher Press, Wausau, Wisconsin.*

Songs from Puget Sea, by Herbert Bashford, is a collection of poems, sonnets and quatrains, the subjects of which are peculiar to the life and scenery of that glorious section of our country. They are marked by a high appreciation of Nature and a close acquaintanceship with the life and history of the land and people. *Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco, California.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

A Sympathetic Little Aristocrat.—The Rev. R. H. Stone, author of In Afric's Forest and Jungle, tells a pathetic story of Bishop Crowther, the black Sierra Leone evangelist. The Bishop does not know what his real name is, but he knows that he was found by friends on a Portuguese slave-ship and by them named Samuel Crowther. He was educated in Sierra Leone and afterward in England. On account of his piety and wisdom he was made a Missionary Bishop of the Church of England.

Once, when visiting a nobleman's country-house in England, he was telling of an incident in his life, when he felt his hand being softly rubbed by his host's little daughter. As a tear dropped from her eyes he said, "Don't cry, little one."

But the tears dropped faster and faster and the soft rubbing kept on.

"Well, well, what is the matter?" exclaimed the Bishop.

"I'se trying awful hard to wash that smut off of you," was the unexpected but sympathetic reply.

An Undesirable Neighbor.—The Mystery of Mr. Cain, an odd bit of fiction by Lafayette McLaws, who in private life is Miss Emily L. McLaws, of Augusta, Georgia, created no end of a disturbance in that quiet town when it appeared. Every one was proud of the success of the young writer, but as the scene was supposed to be laid in Augusta and there was a great deal of local color worked in, some of the citizens took their pleasure sadly. One, who is somewhat of a *littérateur* himself, said to a relative of the author:

"You see, we think the story is a great yarn; plenty of blood and thunder in it, and interesting enough to keep you up nights, but it's the atmosphere that chills our local pride. Why, the author has the heroine commit murder right in our town, pick the corpse up and dispose of it in the most offhand way. Anybody would think we had a cordon of Parisian morgues bordering the settlement."

"So you don't care for the story?"

"Care? I think it's great. You tell Miss Emily to write all she can of them, but tell her to take some other town for her next scene, will you?"

Why Miss Ganahl Gave Up Art.—Harriet Adams Ganahl, author of Plantation Sketches and Stories, belongs to an old Georgia family which met with reverses after the Civil War. Although a young and comely woman, in the twenties at the present time, she has been a breadwinner for years. Her first ambition was writing, but as she could not earn a comfortable income at that time from her pen she eked out a living by teaching school, singing, and giving music lessons. Once she thought she had a special talent for decorative painting, as several jars she had painted sold for high prices and took some prizes at the Southern county fairs. But this aspiration was soon nipped in the bud. The old family servant, a most devoted darky, came into her room one day while she was at work putting the finishing touches upon a calla lily which was painted at one corner of a stone jug.

"Oh, Miss Hattie," said the servant, "that's jest Heavingly!"

"Is that so, Auntie?" asked the painter.

"Yes, indeed, honey," went on Auntie; "it's jest saintly. You's a regular Rosie Bonny, you is, sure enough."

"Well, what is it Auntie that you like?" replied the artist, her pulse quickened with pride.

"Why, Miss Hattie, anybody can see. It's jest the most celestial thing I ever seed. It's one of them flying fishes. That's what it is."

After that Miss Ganahl gave up art.

Anthony Hope's Mad Season.—Anthony Hope, among other odd characteristics, has a strong dislike to poetry. A bright London belle, knowing this trait, once tried the joke of reading some verses to him. To her surprise he listened complacently and at the end of the infliction thanked her in superlatives. It was too much for her comprehension. She forgot about the joke and said:

"I thought you hated poetry?"

"So I do in my lucid intervals," was the consoling rejoinder, "but this is the spring season, which affects me like the March hares."

Mrs. Thomas' Narrow Escape.—Mrs. Clotilde Thomas, an author and critic, who was in Puerto Rico last spring and summer gathering literary material, was the guest of Major and Mrs. Sharpe, the former the Judge Advocate of his district. While there she accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with American friends in the mountains. She bade her hosts good-by and started for the hills. The route was by the way of the coast, where, thanks to the excellent postal arrangements, she received her home mail. On opening it she found that she was called urgently to the United States to look after some property interests. A steamer was about leaving, and she only had time to send a few lines to the friends in the mountains. A short time after her departure came a terrible tornado and flood which obliterated the hacienda where she had intended to go.

Why She Loved Him So.—The memoirs of Jules Massenet bring up an incident of his courtship told by Coquelin. It seems that when Liszt, Sgambati and Massenet were studying together in Rome they all became fascinated with the daughter of an aristocratic Frenchman. The trio spent their spare time composing and playing themes to the object of their affections. One evening the young woman showed marked favor to Massenet, and he proposed to her after having asked her father's consent. He followed her to Paris in a few days, where he was accepted by her and the marriage soon took place.

One day Massenet said to his bride before a party of friends:

"My dear, do you remember the day you first showed me that you preferred me to Sgambati and Liszt?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know, besides proving to me that you loved me, it also gave me great joy to know that you believed I played so well, even excelling the others?"

"Oh, but it wasn't that," answered his wife quickly. "It was because you played so badly that my love went out to you."

It is said that the great composer never referred to the incident again.



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The New Mother Goose

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

1. The Mischievous Music that Little Boy Blew



BESIDE the fence that flanked a dense and rustling crop of corn,
A farmer's boy with vicious joy performed upon a horn.
The vagrant airs, the fragrant airs around that field that strayed
Took flight before the flagrant airs that noisome urchin played.

He played with care The Maiden's Prayer, he blew God Save the Queen,
Die Wacht am Rhein, and Auld Lang Syne, and Wearing of the Green.
With futile toots, and brutal toots, and shrill chromatic scales,
And utterly inutile toots, and agonizing wails.

The while he played, around him strayed and calmly chewed the cud,
Some thirty-nine assorted kine, all ankle-deep in mud.
They stamped about and tramped about that mud till all the troop
Made noises, as they ramped about, like schoolboys eating soup:

Until at length they tried their strength upon the fence forlorn,
The railing cleared, and then careered, carousing through the corn,
And viciously, maliciously went prancing o'er the loam.
That landscape expeditiously resembled harvest-home.

"Most idle ass of all your class," the farmer cried with scorn,
"Alas! my son, what have you done? The cows are in the corn!
Oh, brat!" said he, "Oh, drat!" said he. The cowherd seemed to rouse.
"My friend, it's worse than that," said he, "the corn is in the cows!"

THE MORAL lies before our eyes: when tending kine and corn
Don't spend your noons in tooting tunes upon a blatant horn,
Or, scaling, and assailing, and with energy immense,
Your cows may take a railing, and the farmer take offense.

Editor's Note—The New Mother Goose will be continued through six numbers of The Saturday Evening Post.



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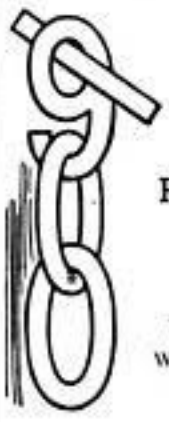
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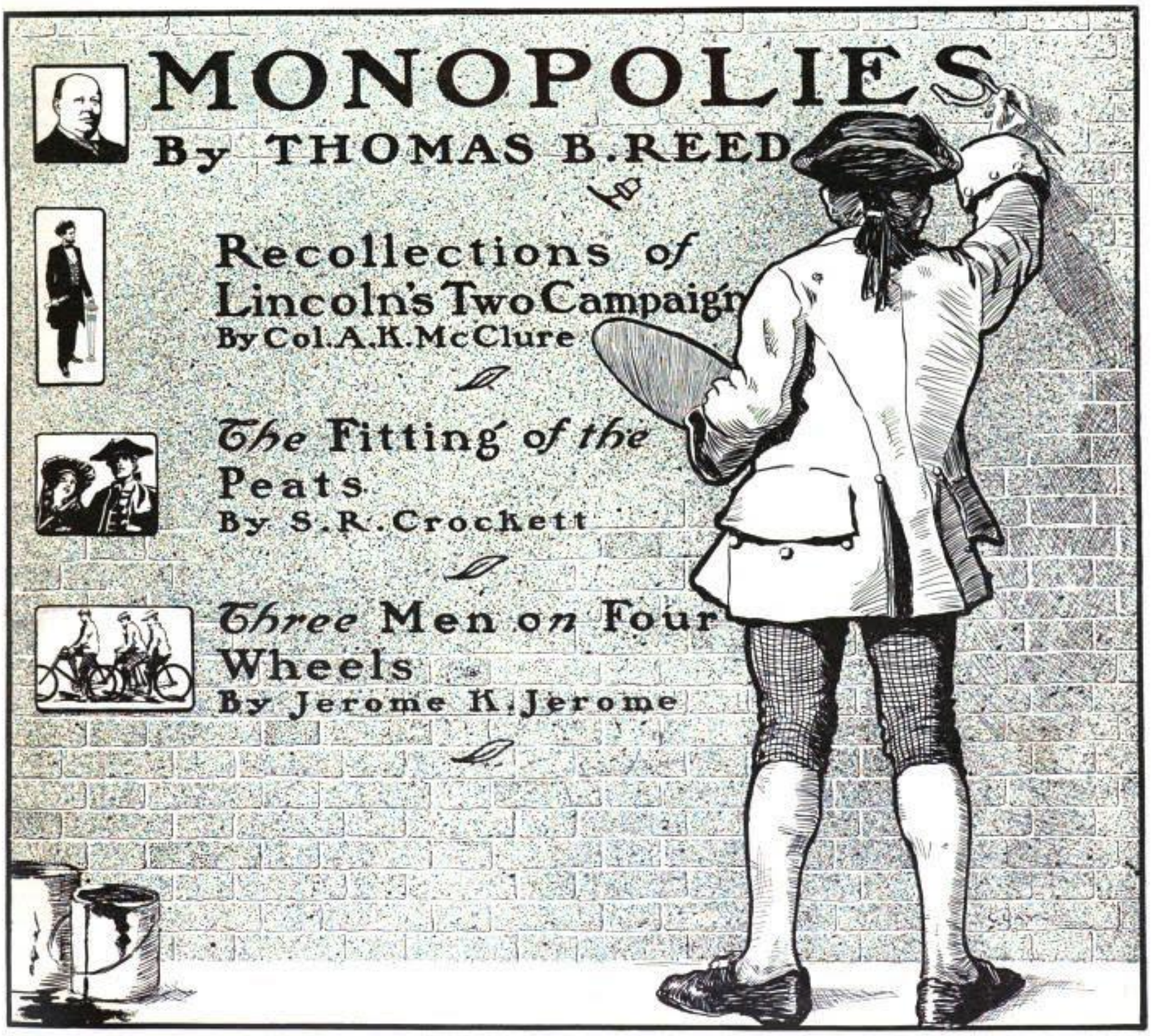
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MONOPOLIES

By Thomas B. Reed

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WORDS in any language are not definite. They mean, too often, different things to the speaker and to the hearer, though both assume that they mean the same. Words, too, are often laden, especially in the popular mind, with the sorrows of other days—sorrows which have passed away, but the memories of which have survived. Words, again, are epithets, and are easier to utter than descriptions carefully framed to convey true ideas. Descriptions require thought, and appeal to the mind; reproaches only appeal to habits of thought. There are some words used in discussion of the modern methods of doing business which not only have the indefiniteness of all words, but have in addition associations which are misleading and confusing. They are epithets for reproach and not language for explanation.

A great many years ago, all over the world, there were real monopolies, things to be tolerated only in barbaric times, by which noblemen and high statesmen were enriched at the expense of people so poor that we have in our day no conception of their lives or of their misery. Singularly enough, the reign of her whom we call "Good Queen Bess" was one of the worst of all in English history for the establishment of monopolies and exclusive rights.

A real monopoly without limit of time is a thing not to be endured, and never has been endured. The divine right of Kings, even when apparently sanctioned by all human agreement, was never powerful enough to keep it alive. Even in despotic ages it could not be maintained even among peoples who bent willingly to the King's prerogative. Like all other things, it had to yield to the laws of human nature. Human selfishness is universal, and can be curbed only by selfishness itself. Where the selfishness of a few is intrusted with unlimited power and buttressed up by all the power of the State formally enlisted in its behalf, it has never been able to resist successfully the selfishness of all. In other words, the selfishness of a few is always met and mastered by that greater power, the selfishness of all. The struggle may be long and may seem doubtful, but it never is so in the result. All history is full of examples. For hundreds of years the unprivileged seemed in France to be struggling hopelessly against the privileged, and the story was the most melancholy in the history of the world; but the final result was liberty and equality. Nowadays there can be no such prolongation of the fight.

A MONOPOLY TO WHICH NO ONE OBJECTS

We still have monopolies; but they are limited in time or are governmental in their character. With the Government monopolies we have no concern at present, though some of them have been the subject of fierce struggle in times gone by. Taxes used to be farmed out and great burdens laid upon the people, forcing them to contribute, sometimes beyond human endurance, to enable superintendents of finance and postmasters-general to revel in wealth, to live in stately palaces, and excite human envy by luxurious festivals. The post-office with us is a Government monopoly, but the only way this affects the people unfavorably is by making them pay from six to twelve millions of deficit every year for the benefit of those whose mail is carried for less than cost. There have been times in the history of the country when it was made much of a question whether this whole business should not be turned over to private enterprise; and no less a man than Horace Greeley was its most earnest advocate. Had it been a mere question of prompt and proper service, especially in regions where a full population would have made it pay, much could well have been said in favor of that view. But a nation in its relations with the post-office has many other requirements besides those of business letters, and especially is this so in a nation of the broad expanse of the United States, where the citizens of one State are not only in theory the citizens of the whole country, but are likely in fact to become citizens of any other State. It is for the interest of a nation like ours to facilitate communication between the different parts because it is another bond of union between regions so widely separated. Therefore was it wise to make postage uniform at three cents all over the Union, and then equally wise to reduce it to the two-cent level.

Of such a monopoly nobody can successfully complain, and nobody tries to do it either successfully or unsuccessfully.

Government has itself everywhere established another set of monopolies, and they have the sanction of the Constitution itself, and that sanction is fully justified by the history of the world's progress. Nevertheless, these monopolies are oftentimes the subject of the same abuse as the bad, old monopolies which not only ground the faces of the poor, but afforded them not the slightest compensation. The monopolies to which I refer are those which are the result of copyright and patents. Of copyrights I shall not speak because they are the subject of very little public comment, and the largest complaint comes from those to whom they are not granted rather than from the people who pay for those which are granted.

THE MONOPOLY GRANTED TO INVENTORS

The Constitution provides that if any inventor make a discovery he shall have the exclusive right to it for a limited term of years. For this limited time, this right of discovery thus recognized becomes to the inventor a monopoly protected by the laws of the country, by all the enginery of courts and all the power of the United States. No other person not authorized by the inventor may make, or use, or sell it. The inventor levies upon the public whatever tribute he sees fit. It is his right to do with it what he pleases. At the end of the limited time it becomes the property of the public, and the monopoly of the inventor wholly ceases.

One would think that this was very simple, but human selfishness, at once the maker and the destroyer of things, steps in and begins to do its work, and the inventor finds that he needs all the aid of the Government to save his rights. A new discovery leaves open all that was known before. Men lose nothing they had before. If a man had invented a whole steam engine and a whole railroad train and the trucks also all at once, it would have left open any other method of transportation which formerly existed. The world would be no worse off if not a car wheel was turned, yet if the inventor should ask a large price for transportation, even if it were but one-half what the old transportation cost, there would be outcry and disturbance at once. Yet it is for the advantage of all that patents are granted. If men can be so stimulated by the offer of a monopoly for a few years that new discoveries can be made to lessen cost, the world loses nothing and gains much by the bargain. It gives the man the product of his brain for fourteen years and takes for itself all the remaining years. Yet there is always a most unreasoning eagerness to refuse to let the inventor have his fourteen years in peace. In theory, the inventor of the railroad train would seem to be entitled to charge for his fourteen years what people paid for the old system of carriage. His genius has made the difference and ought to have the difference. But there are two things which step in and wake him from his dream of bliss. In the first place, he cannot invent all the new ways of doing the carriage. Even his own effort, beyond which he cannot go, lights up the pathway of a greater than he. Then by the laws of trade the highest price is seldom or never the most remunerative price. More things at a less price may outvalue fewer things at a larger price. So even during the life of a patent, the period during which it is a monopoly, we are greatly protected by natural laws from the inventor's unreason. Moreover, he has to divide his profits with makers and promoters and, in the end, with all of us.

It is a strange thing how quickly profits escape from the one who seems to own them to the public at large. Sooner or later all discoveries enure to the benefit of us all. Even when Bessemer took more than one million of toll for his invention of a way of making steel in large quantities, it was not a tenth of one per cent. of what the whole world made out of it in his own lifetime.

VAST CORPORATIONS A RESULT OF GROWING CIVILIZATION

But all this is but preliminary to what ought to be said about monopolies, or rather what are called such in popular parlance. What are for the most part called monopolies to-day are simply corporations formed for the transaction of business, and which seem likely in popular estimation, by reason of their great size and large capitalization, to become a menace, first, to the liberty of trade, and secondly to our personal liberties. To study the probable effect of these companies in these directions, perhaps the best way is to understand what they are in their very nature. In speaking of them I shall not speak of railroad corporations except to show that they and their history throw very little light upon the questions of which we are seeking the solution. Railroads are not only corporations; they are something more. In some States they are not monopolies, for rivals may have the same rights. In other States they are monopolies, subject to the possibility of the Legislature or Railroad Commissioners granting a rival charter. But whether they are strictly monopolies or not the people are too much concerned in their business and all other affairs of life to give up due and proper control of their relations with the communities through which they pass. At present there is little discussion about them, though there is still on the part of the people a demand for lower freights, and on the part of the railroads a struggle for lower net cost of doing their work to meet the claim for lower freights. Of course I am aware that a rush of business enables from time to time higher prices to be made for all things, but in the long run nothing but wages increase. All other things go down.

Outside of railroad corporations, and perhaps some others performing public or quasi-public functions, it sums up corporations in a broad way to say that they are merely methods of doing business. They were the natural invention of the growing complication of human affairs, the result of growing civilization. In the first origin of things a man did business alone. He put out the labor and took the income, and when he died the business ended. By and by men acted in concert. They assumed partnership relations, and with larger capital assumed larger responsibilities. Partnership did its work well for a long time, but had great disadvantages. Death of one of the partners forced a settlement of all their affairs. In their business each one was liable not only for what he put in, but for all he had outside. There was no way of limiting liability. Partners were also, in the nature of things, practically limited in number. If there were a large number the danger of being wrecked by the imprudence of any one would be increased with the number, for each one was the agent of all. Moreover, there was much capital in the world which could not be obtained for a partnership because the owner did not wish to be a partner and look after the business, and did not desire to hazard in a business he was not looking after not only what he put in, but all he had in the world.

PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES OF CORPORATE METHODS

In this state of things a corporation naturally took the place of a partnership as a method of doing business. As stockholders in a corporation men could put in the money they wanted to risk and yet not imperil that which they refused to risk. Under this same class came the people who had small amounts, who wished to invest; a corporation could take in a stray hundred or thousand and a partnership could not. When a stockholder died nothing happened to the method of doing business. No probate court intervened. The heir took it or sold it and the change disturbed nothing. Instead of everybody, as in a partnership, having a right to involve everybody else in danger, the officers of the corporation alone had that right, and even their power was limited to the sum put in. Such were the great advantages of the corporate way of doing business that it is a great tribute to the conservative character of mankind that it is only in the last two decades that ordinary business has adopted that method.

Thus described—and the description seems to be a correct one—there is very little in a corporation to deserve the doubt and suspicion with which it has been so often treated, especially in the harangues of those who trade upon the weakness of mankind. Undoubtedly there are reasons for the feeling about corporations, arising from the fact that corporations in their dealings with mankind are less conciliatory and put themselves under general rules more closely than men who manage smaller things by the method of a partnership. It is often said that corporations have no souls. That is true, but the stockholders have, and the workmen also, and the latter are just beginning to find out that profits are the mother of wages. Singularly enough, none of the public talk which has been made about corporations on account of their having no souls has ever ventured a single sentence in favor of either the stockholder or the employee, both of whom undoubtedly have souls. The fact is, that arguments on this subject, like most arguments in this world, proceed by indirection.

COMMON METHODS OF ARGUMENT

In politics, if you want to defeat a man because he is a bad lot, a thief or a knave, don't say that. Explain how he comes from the wrong town, that he is a good man himself, but don't you think Smith has too much of his society, and you know what a blackguard Smith is. When people of skill come before Congress to get lower freights in order to make more money in their business, they never mention greed on their part at all, but talk about the heinousness of watering stock and the giving to railroads the power of taxation. Railroads in their turn never reply that stock-watering, while it may be deadly on investors, cannot create a cent of taxation on the people. They talk of their rights and of robbery, as if their rights could ever be in derogation of the people's rights, or they could ever be robbed by justice. Nobody, however, can complain of what advocates may say. They have to adapt themselves to their auditors; but when the people sit as judges they ought to know not arguments only, or epithets, but facts and sound reasons. They ought not to let themselves be misled by specious talk, but ought to rest upon the basis of real conditions.

THE DECEMBER FLOOD IN WALL STREET

The misdirection of energy against what is called watering of stock has led to false results. Watering stock, where stock really is watered, is a crime, not against the whole community, but a crime against investors. It is a species of assertion as to them that property is worth what the stock represents in figures. So far as the community at large is concerned, that deceit rectifies itself. If it is water, the first squeeze in the market takes it all out, and more, too. Last December Wall Street showed a practical and costly proof of what has been said. Water flowed down both sides of the Street.

The popular notion is that the proposed and nominal capital is the basis of earnings, that the company can tax the people to pay on any amount named, but in real life what the plant and good-will is worth is the sole basis of profits. Undoubtedly there are stocks issued above that value, but such stock issue is merely an anticipation of success if they are honestly valued, hoping if the success comes the modesty

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of the nominal dividend may avoid human envy and consequent unreasonable attack. Of course the owners could and ought to meet the future success by a larger per cent. of dividends on the real cost, but dodging behind bushes is not confined to savages. The amount that a private corporation may make ought not to be limited any more than the amount a private partnership may make. The idea that the amount a man should make should be limited to four per cent., the average value of capital, might perhaps be speciously defended if there were along with it the correlative idea that if he did not make four per cent. the people would furnish the balance. But nobody could even speciously defend the idea that a man should stop at four per cent. on his successes and lose without reimbursement on his failures. Business could not live that way.

THE ONE CONDITION OF SUCCESSFUL MONOPOLY

But would you leave us open to the rapacity of these money-makers? Not in the least. My notion is that though Providence and the higher laws which really govern the universe are in men's talk much inferior to the Revised Statutes before they are enacted, they are always found to be quite superior to them after they are enacted. In fact, Nature abhors a monopoly as much as it does a vacuum. But there are monopolies which have the power of survival. I am not now referring to patents or post-offices. There is one condition on which an established business can continue to exist, and, if it be big enough, can drive the others out, all of them. That condition is, that it can supply at a profit the whole market at all times with any article at a lower price than any and all others. Upon that statement you must decide whether such a monopoly is a monopoly at all. One thing seems certain. If such a monopoly is a crime, then you must give up your continued demand for lower and lower prices.

Private corporations have been already described—sufficiently, at least, for the purpose of this article—and their characteristics defined. They have so grown in practical favor that a great amount of business which from time immemorial used to be done by partnerships, is more and more being done by corporations. They seem to find favor in the eyes of all business men. What, then, is the difference between the private corporations of the past and those of to-day? Do they differ at all? Only in one respect—they are larger. Of course, size alone may contain an element of danger to liberty. But when we discover that they are the same thing we have always had, the problem is simplified. What is there in the size of the new corporations which threatens us? The usual reply is that they are so large, have such an enormous capital, that nothing can be created which can compete with them. Why not? How did they get this great capital? By the increase of the wealth of the whole world. That same increase will furnish the antidote.

THE FLUX OF CAPITAL AND COMPETITION

Let these agglomerations of wealth take one step in prices beyond what is warranted by the business condition of the world; just let it be known that there are huge profits being gained; then, as all history shows, not only will competition arise, but over-competition, which will make that business which appears the most profitable the least profitable on the list. Men are not now so short-sighted as they used to be; fewer geese are killed that lay golden eggs. Men understand that large profits mean over-competition soon to come. Take the sugar company, which from its size and entrenchments seemed impregnable. Even against that powerful combination rivals have made such headway as has reduced the price of a twelve per cent. stock to 114, which figure shows what has already been done, and the public estimate of what will be done in the way of competition. Even a capital of $75,000,000 is not relatively great.

A good many years ago a wise old manufacturer in my district told me the secret of success. I said to him: "You are the only man who makes these things. You can demand your own price." Said he, "I am trying every minute to make these goods cheaper and sell them cheaper." "Why so?" "I am the only man," he replid, "in this business, and I want to stay so. If I raised the price I would have a boom, but I'd lose a business. In the long run, business is better than boom."

The books do not make much mention of it, but there is a thing that wise men look out for, and that is potential competition. The capital of the whole world is ready to flow toward the best chances. Those who make too much are in the worst danger, for when capital starts to flow it overflows, and too much gets in, and what was already in shares the loss.

But it is said that there have been great unions of competing companies quite recently which are evidences of the designs of the rich to overwhelm the poor. It will be noted, first, that these combinations have already occurred; second, that they were not voluntary. It was like the consolidation of railroads—forced, not desired. Human nature has not changed. A man who has spent his whole life in building up a successful business never voluntarily hands it over to another. He is too proud of what he, and perhaps his father and grandfather, have done. So he has to overcome his personal pride and put himself out of business. So, too, he has to struggle with the idea that, compared with others, he is not getting what he ought to get. Then he has to see one of his business rivals put at the head of the new concern. Men in business are as proud of their positions, and justly so, as any soldier in a red uniform, or any Congressman who wants to be at the head of a committee. Yet in making these combinations men have given up their positions and their business. Why? Simply because they were forced so to do. The demand for lower prices had outstripped the inventive power, and to meet that demand the economy of freights from the nearest points of supply, the economy of large production at the cheapest places, and the economies of administration and distribution had all to be called in to help, as well as the brightest intellects and the most skillful business energy that money could buy. The demand for lower fares and freight invented consolidation for railroads long ago. The same demand invented steel rails and the Bessemer process. In like manner, the demand for lower prices invented and forced the use of large consolidated corporations and department stores.

In all these instances, the number of which could be increased without limit, the first hope of those most deeply and immediately interested was that the whole profit of the change would come to them. But it will not. Consolidated railroads have been the givers of lower fares, palaces to ride in, swifter and more frequent trains, cheaper freights, with greater accommodation and fuller facilities. All the economies of the steel rail go to the ultimate consumer, and the newly consolidated manufactories will finally pass over to the whole people the economies of the consolidation. If they have sense enough to do this, retaining to themselves only a reasonable profit, they will keep their places. If they do not, then competition will come in, and then over-competition, and then the downfall of the weaker, and the consolidation again, and so on, as it ever hath been.

Though what I have already described may be the outcome, nevertheless there have arisen from them very great personal evils involving poor and rich alike. Even if the future reconciles us to what has happened, the present has to suffer.

A PERIOD OF BUSINESS RECONSTRUCTION

These consolidations were many of them made on fictitious prices which were the result of hope and not of reason. For that stockholders have already paid the penalty. To the rest of the people this fall of stock prices makes no difference, if my view of it be correct. To another portion of the active men of the country it means discharge from their present and readjustment of their future employment. This was and is grievous to be borne. Mills placed in wrong places have to be abandoned, and loss comes to the town. In like manner department stores have so encroached on the profits of small dealers that rents have had to be lessened. Of course, if all this results in a better method of doing business, and by better method I mean one which is better for all the people, we shall be gainers, just as we are gainers by a labor-saving invention, though even those blessings are always disguised by immediate lessening of demand for labor, and sorrow comes while labor readjusts itself. So far there does not seem to be much daylight thrown upon the questions started. Only two really practical suggestions seem to have been made. One is that the utmost publicity, at least so far as stockholders are concerned, should be given to the business of corporations. It may be said, and is said, that this requirement in some cases, if exactly complied with, would be to fully inform rivals of details which lie at the base of successful competition. In that event the other suggestion is that, if no information is given, the directors should be made fully responsible for the losses of others caused by their action. Whether this last suggestion is worth much needs more full discussion.

THE OUTLOOK FOR EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE

These considerations, of course, only touch upon the subject, and do not in any way exhaust it. Time alone will show whether the evils which have happened from the forming of large corporations will pass away, or whether those predicted will actually come. Some of the evils specified are not real ones. That real evils will come we can hardly doubt, any more than we can doubt the right and power of the people or their ability to meet them when they do come. What I mean can best be taught by an example. In the old days, before factories, each man controlled his own actions. When factories started a large inroad was made upon the liberty of labor. A man found himself part of an organization. He was controlled by it. He had to work to the full measure of his strength each and every day. In time he began to realize that organization, which was his weakness, was also his strength. He organized also. The result, after long struggle, is that to-day, after many mistakes and blunders on both sides, he is recognized as a potent factor, has in due measure dictated his hours of labor, and largely influences his own pay. The owners of large plants are beginning to understand that they are trustees as well as employers, and that the value of what they own depends not solely upon the capital even judiciously put in, but also upon the relations they have with those who do the work. This example gives great hope for the future of the race to us who have watched the struggles of the last twenty years. Of course, there has been much misdirected energy and temper on both sides. The capitalist said: "This is my property. I have a right, the sole right, to say how and when or for what hours and what wages men shall work for me"; and the laborer said: "This mill cannot go on without me, and I will say how, when or for what hours and what wages I shall work." Between these two statements lay the truth, and men have slowly gravitated toward it. Fights have largely ceased, and reasoning and mutual information have taken their place.

Upon the people who have managed such discussion to such sensible conclusions we may depend for the solution of this question of the hour. Of course there will be wild propositions, like the closing of the post-office to obnoxious corporations, the repeal of the tariff as to them, and such like things, but as we watch the workings of the new method of business those who feel its evils as they develop will find the remedy.

One of the best ways to meet this or any other evil, and especially the wild discussion of it, is to sit down and reduce to details what we propose to remedy and how in detail we propose to enact the remedy. This will reduce the evil to its just terms, and reduce also the proposed remedy to actual practical life. When men have thus coolly set down in detail the grievance and then the proposed remedy, it has not seldom happened that the grievance was found to be preferable to the remedy. Declamation and generalities are easy. Lawmaking for a nation twenty-five hundred miles square is not easy.

SOME CURIOUS NAVAL STORES

By John Edward Jenks

ANY of the vessels of the United States Navy, if stranded on an island, would find almost enough material in her general stores to establish and maintain a community on shore. Each ship is so well equipped with a mass of diversified material that she is able to go on a three-years' cruise without replenishing supplies, except of provisions and clothing. A vessel of the battle-ship class carries fully one hundred tons of stores, the value of which would be half a million dollars.

The list of naval stores for each ship is prepared in the Navy Department, where the experience of many years determines the needs of the service. The weight of different articles is carefully ascertained and the record faithfully preserved. The books of the department show, for instance, the weight of the crank-pin bolt of the forward starboard engine of the Oregon, or the weight of the safety valve of No. 1 auxiliary boiler. It is possible for a naval engineer to take the diameter of a smoke-pipe and to trace out the dimensions and general characteristics of the ship, just as the scientists will take a fossil bone of an extinct animal and furnish a picture or build a skeleton of it.

For convenience in ledger accounts the naval stores are divided into thirty-two classes, and they embrace every conceivable article likely to be needed during a three-years' term on board a ship of war destined to visit strange ports and to encounter unusual conditions. The possible needs of a naval ship have been very aptly anticipated, although the list will show many articles which will strike an outsider as curious. For instance, a man on the farm, who knows a vessel only as a thing of masts and ropes, would hardly expect to encounter on shipboard plows, pitchforks, rakes, spades, chicken coops, carriages and wagons, carriage whips, currycombs, horse collars, and mules and oxen.

Some idea of the diversity of various articles classed under one head is afforded by the item of brushes, of which these varieties are required: artist's dabble, badger, bench, blacking, blender, blind, bristle, camel's-hair, cattle, chisel, clamp, coach-painter's, coir, color, dust, fan, factory, feather, feather dusting, fitch, floor, flue, foundry, frescoe, gilder's tips, glue, graining-combs, hair, hand, hearth, horse, kalsomine, lacquering, lamp chimney, lettering, marking, mottler, moulder's, painter's, painter's dust, paste, pencil, roofing, sable, sash-tool, scrub, shaving, ship's seaming, shore, stencil, steel wire, stove, streaking, sweeping, tar, tooth, tube, varnish, wall, whitewash, window, wire.

Another subject with many sides is that of oil, of which the different kinds are armorer's tool, belt, boiled and raw linseed, cleaning, carboline, carbon, castor, clock, cocoanut, cottonseed, carne, cylinder, engine, fish, gargling, gasoline, hard finish, kerosene, lard, liquid cooler, lubricating, machine, Mecca, mineral, naphtha, natural, neat's-foot, olive, paraffin, petroleum, polishing, sperm, spindle, sweet, synovial, tea, vacuum, valve, whale.

Articles with quite widely separated utility are closely associated in the alphabetical classification, sometimes to an interesting degree, as when we find that coffins, clothespins, clarinets and clapboards are together, or gravel, gravy-boats, Greek fire and gridirons are grouped in another place. The other curious items which help make up a ship's equipment are andirons, drums, earrings (rigging), letter boxes, rags, razors, lap robes, umbrellas, bread boxes, box openers, cat meat, coal breakers, cravats, corset lacing, diamond-tools, devil's claws, dog vanes, dynamite, fireworks, hour glasses, jewsharps (pertaining to the anchor), Jacob's ladders, pedometers and rat traps.



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The Argument for DOTY

By Octave Thanet

THE Flying Fisherman had left the marshes and the factories of Boston behind and was flashing through stone-walled pastures and stunted woodlands, and glimpses of gabled green roofs and stately columned piazzas on hillsides overlooking little curves and triangles of the ocean. It was a day in August, warm in Boston, but cooler with every vanishing mile on the train. Only six persons sat in the rear car—three elderly gentlemen with gray mustaches, who read their newspapers; two smoothly shaven young gentlemen who were talking with more interest in their subject than young gentlemen with crimson ribbons on their straw hats usually show, and a man who was not a gentleman.

The man who was not a gentleman wore a new tweed suit—a check suit of a most accurate fit, if his shoulders would not stoop so much—but his linen was not quite fresh. He combined this undress business suit with a shining black silk hat, for reasons best known to himself. He wore a crimson tie and a big diamond ring; and he repaired his finger-nails carefully with a knife. Then he turned his face to the window. It was not a handsome face; the nose was finished with a bulb, and was too short for the other features; or else the upper lip was too long. Certainly the stubbed, sandy mustache was too big. Yet common as the face was, it was not commonplace; the bullet head of close-cropped, coarse, sandy hair had a fine back brain; and there was indomitable determination in the square jaw. As the man looked out of the window he set his mouth and frowned; but any one close behind would have seen him wink repeatedly, and finally dash his hand across his eyes.

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The young men leaned forward toward each other; their voices were low. One was a slim, bright-eyed young fellow, with quick motions and a trick of gesture as he talked; the other was tall, with fair hair which fell over his handsome brow; he had the muscles of an athlete. He listened very quietly to a rather vehement speech.

"Yes, I'm afraid he was a mucker," he said in a slow, pleasant voice which had lost its Western burr without losing its leisurely Western cadences. "There are mucker gentlemen and mucker cads——"

"And *he* was a mucker cad," the other broke in; "but now, what about Ronny? Where will he pay the money? Doty's dead, and I shouldn't think it would be cheerful for his father, who is rich as mud, to have his son's gambling loot turned over to him. Anyhow, you know he told Ronny he needn't pay."

"Yes, I was there," said the fair man dryly. "He had raked in the last pile of chips when I arrived with the rescue party. Ronny was white as chalk and looked drawn about his eyes; but he's a dead sport. 'I guess I've had enough,' says he. 'How do we stand, Mr. Doty?' Doty grinned as he named the sum; and poor Ronny grinned, too, and said he would send it around to-morrow. Poor Ronny! he's been paying back the loans he got that next morning ever since, and it was only half, too."

"I think it was meaner than plucking him, the way he offered not to take the money; it was insufferable!"

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"Well, I'm not so sure," said the fair man. "It was rather like dancing on the body of his victim when he told him he could put up the pencil, for he didn't want his money; and the next time he'd better not play poker with a mucker. And it was pretty bad rubbing it in, the way he did; he swelled out his shirt-front and swaggered and squeaked, 'And, what's more, sonny, you haven't any business to play at all, for you haven't got the price. And you haven't got any business to refuse now, either; for you'll have to borrow from your friends until you can get it out of your sister; and she is skinning herself alive to keep you in Harvard, anyhow.'"

"That was atrocious!" said the other.

"Well, it was true. But it was a dirty trick, hitting a man that was down, and I told Doty so; but Ronny said, 'I'm not going to have any scraps on my account; you'll see every cent of your money, Mr. Doty, and it won't come out of my sister, either.' Ronny was *great!* He toddled over with all the money he could raise, and left it and his note for the rest in Doty's rooms.

"I heard that Doty said if the young fool wouldn't take a favor he could sweat; if he'd ask him to let him off he'd let him off, and he knew it. It was pretty bad; but it's made a man of Ronny; he was going the pace badly."

"I happen to know that," said Georgy, looking away.

"I am sure you get your information from the inside, Georgy," said Frank, "and I rather think that you passed on the hint that Miss Edith gave you; and—just between you and me—I'm thinking the Dean finds a daughter convenient sometimes as a kind of unofficial——"

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"Look here, Frank, drop that; and if you're going to be witty, I won't tell you another bit of information."

"Tell away," said Frank; "you know you want to."

"The Dean has sent a letter to Doty's father that won't be nice reading."

"The Dean hadn't got on to that?"

"Oh, no; it was general worthlessness; he was always flinging his money around and treating the world. Do you suppose he had been drinking—yesterday?"

"The other boys had. He brought them down to Manchester in his spread-eagle style; they had more than enough in the hotel; then they took a lot of stuff on board the boat; and you saw the sail they were carrying!"

The young fellow shuddered. "I can't get it out of my mind," he cried, "the way they looked in the water! The girls were bad enough, but his—it simply jumped at me, swashing on that big, green wave, when he pushed the girl toward you, the way he did, with the black hair plastered over his forehead. Uh-r-r! I see it all the time!"

"So do I," answered Frank gloomily; "and I wonder—— Do you suppose he *meant* to push her to me? It was really getting her saved instead of himself, you know. And he certainly had his arm about her, holding her on."

"N—ah!" sniffed Georgy, tossing his head as if to toss away an ugly vision. "The poor old boy wasn't the sort of man to give up his show of life for a girl. Who were the girls, anyhow? Becky Crowe, and who else?"

"Waitresses in the hotel; there wasn't any harm in them; they knew one of the other fellows."

"All Harvard men, and a tough lot, weren't they?"

"I don't know them; they were warm and grateful, but they were all more or less befuddled. The girls cried and went to pieces; I don't know how much for Doty, who was such 'a noble young gentleman,' as one of them who was a school-teacher said—Beckie, you know, waits on the next table—or how much because they were afraid the lark would cost them their jobs. The ways of women are mysterious."

Georgy shrugged his shoulders. "The ways of One Woman are, I know," said he. "Look here, Frank; I can't seem to get away from the subject; did they get his father? They were telegraphing and telephoning when I left, and he wasn't at home."

"I don't know, I'm sure. Poor man; I'm sorry for him."

"Why, he's a big boss, I heard; owns pretty much the whole city, and rose from the ranks to having a house like a palace and voting several thousand American citizens."

"Maybe; but Doty was his only child, and Ronny says that the old boy simply poured money on Doty. His heart was set on having him know all the best set and get into the Dickey, of which he had about as much chance as he had of getting honors."

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"Didn't he have a mother, too?"

"Yes; started life as a cook; a good soul, whom the reporters who write up the old man describe as a 'lady of lovely nature, devoted to her domestic duties.' She never goes out except to church."

"How did you ever find out all that?"

"Ronny. He used to butter Ronny up all the time, and was trying to be chummy with him; and he showed him the picture of his father's house and pictures of the rooms in it, and told him how much everything cost, and showed him a Biography of Prominent Citizens of—wherever he lives; the sort of book you pay $25 for and get your picture in. This one had them all—his father, his mother, and him. Ronny laughed over it; but I was rather sorry for the fellow. I never made up my mind just why he was after Ronny until Ronny got tired of dodging his attentions, and unluckily made that bad break about his being a mucker. It was when we were chaffing him on Doty's admiration; and Ronny cut loose on his mucker friend—which was not just nice of Ronny, if he *was* annoyed. Doty heard of it somehow, and he had it in for Ronny ever after."

"Well, I shouldn't like to be called a mucker, myself. But I guess Doty was a bad lot, and he followed around after Ronny because he was a big man, and he thought he could use him. I don't suppose he'll see it that way, but it was a piece of luck for his father, losing him. Well"—his voice, which had been low, rose to a higher key—"how far are we from Manchester?"

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At the word the man who was not a gentleman turned his head from the window. He looked fixedly at the two young men, at their handsome, clean-cut profiles, at the two hats with the crimson bands. Some emotion, which the habit of repressing all emotion made it hard to detect, twitched his features. He arose and walked over to the young men's chairs. "Beg pardon," said he, "but did I hear this young gentleman"—he inclined his head in Georgy's direction—"say something about Manchester?"

"I spoke of Manchester," said Georgy distantly; he thought that the man looked as if he had been drinking, with his red eyes and nose; there was something shaky about him; and it was evident that he was not a gentleman. "Did you want to stop at Manchester?"

"Yes," said the man. "You boys are Harvard boys?"

Georgy assented—rather stiffly.

"Maybe you know about the—the accident? My name's Doty, and——"

Frank was on his feet before the sentence was ended, and Georgy almost as quickly, both offering their chairs. The man who was not a gentleman was accustomed to weighing men and to watching slight changes of manner; he did not fail to observe the change here, although his father's heart mistook its meaning.

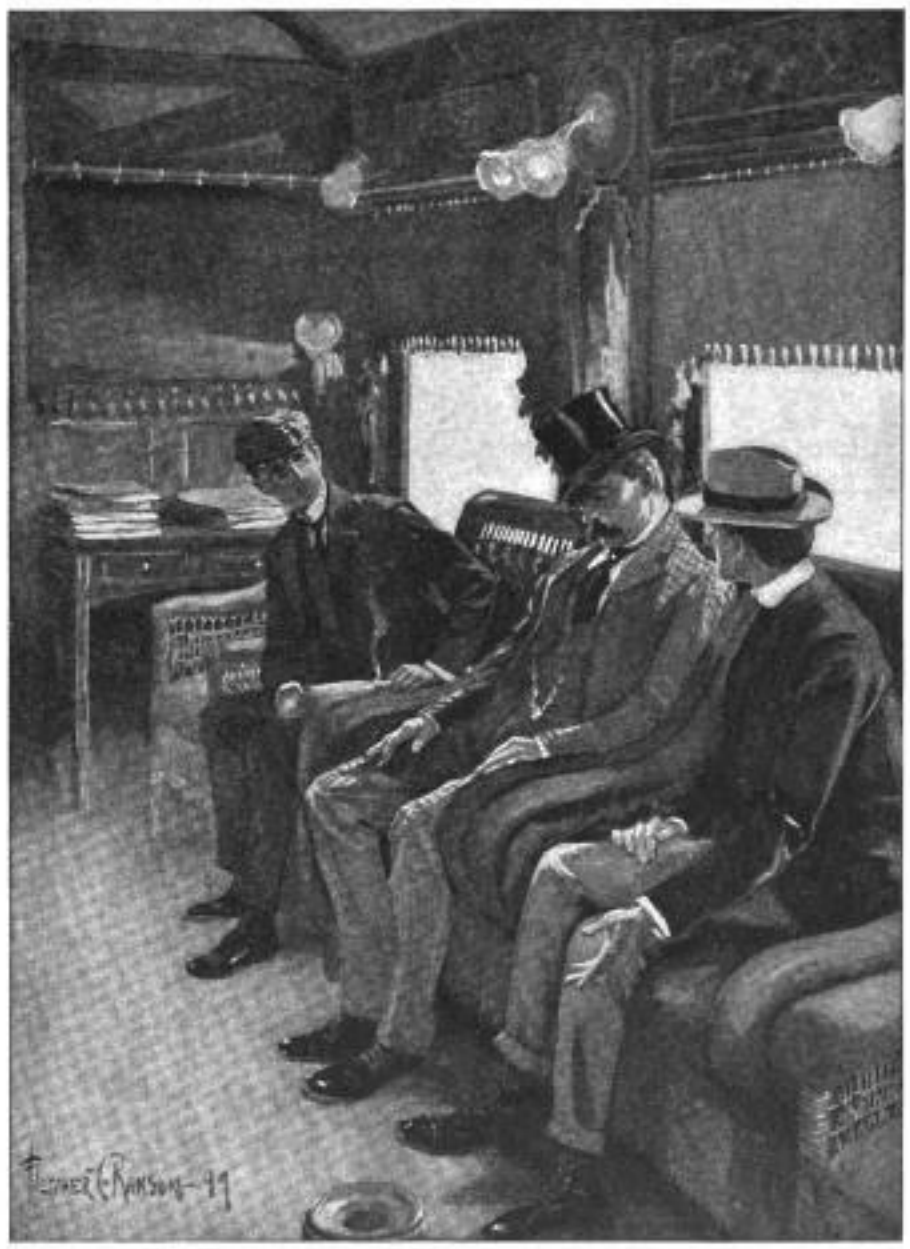
"Thank you, thank you, boys," he said; "yes, I *will* set down if you'll let me. I want to ask you. I haven't had anything but the wire. I was away from home, and being Sunday in between made it hard."

"We were afraid you would have trouble getting here; I don't know how you got here so soon," said Frank, casting about for a properly expurgated account of the accident.

"I got an engine," said Doty.

"But did they let you come?"

"Oh, yes. I found it was a private train, but the Superintendent fixed it." He spoke wearily, as if getting special engines and going on private trains were common



DRAWN BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

THE FATHER NODDED, AND SWALLOWED SOMETHING IN HIS THROAT

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matters with him—as, indeed, they were. Then he added: "Could you boys tell me anything about how it happened?"

Frank spoke while Georgy was struggling with his wits.

"There was a squall," he began. "Doty and two other fellows and some girls were out in a little yacht; and the squall struck it, and it capsized. We, my friend, Mr. Wendell"—indicating Georgy—"and I had put to shore, and were just getting out when we heard the shouts and saw them; we put about and went to them. I don't know a man on the coast except the old skippers who could have got up to them and handled the boat so I could pull them in, except my friend here. Just as we came alongside, some one—your son, it must have been—called, 'Take the girls first!' But they were all clinging to the side of the boat, and we had to take them as they came. Your son and one of the girls were the last ones. He pushed the girl over to me—she had short hair—I didn't know it was a girl; I should have hauled him over the stern first, but he pushed her toward me; and I took *her*; he must have known he was giving up his chance, for he was too weak even to cling."

"And you didn't get him in?" said the father.

"We *did* get him in," cried Georgy. "In that wind, Atherton"—tapping Frank's shoulder—"jumped in and got him, and we got him on board after a while, but it was too late. We did all we could."

Doty looked from one young and glowing face to the other. His own face worked; but he had had a long experience in mastering his feelings; he held out his hand to Frank and gripped the Westerner's strong hand hard; then, in the same silence, he caught Georgy's slender fingers. "I'm not going to tell you boys how I think about what you done," said he in the same dry, small voice, "but——" He let the last word limp into silence, leaving the sentence unfinished, adding directly: "I've heard Fred talk of you; he said you were good fellows, but he didn't know you very well. I could see he thought a sight of you. He knew what he was about, I guess. Would you mind telling me again, Mr. Atherton? He was hanging to the boat, and——"

"And holding the girl," interrupted Georgy.

"And he pushed her toward you, didn't he?"

"He pushed her toward me," Frank repeated; "and then I saw it was a girl and pulled her in."

"He couldn't do no otherwise," said the father, "no matter what it cost. But it's an awful cost to *us*. I don't know *what* his mother will say. I told her not to come. I got a niece of hers that's got sense to go on to her and stay with her; I got her by the long-distance 'phone, while they were getting the engine ready; I got her to go on and break the news herself to her; I couldn't bear her to just get a wire, and it would be 'most as bad with the 'phone; it kinder rattles her hearing the buzz. I couldn't have her told that way, so poor Johanna had to try; I can git *her* here, and find out, I guess, when I git to the hotel. I'd like to arrange to"—he held his voice steadier with an effort—"to take him right home."

"We thought so," said Frank, "and the Dean, who is visiting my friend's mother, took charge of the arrangements."

"It was him wired me?"

"Yes, sir."

The grave kindness and respect of Frank's manner increased all the time; Georgy picked up the tall hat which had fallen to the floor and replaced it gently on the back of the chair where its owner had absently hung it.

"The young lady—did she git off all right?" asked Doty.

"She is all right, poor girl; she didn't realize anything at the time; she was almost insensible——"

"She would have been washed away if he hadn't held her on," interrupted Georgy. "He used up all his strength supporting her."

"He couldn't do no otherwise," said the father again. "Has she got a mother and father? Is it a young lady lives 'round here?"

Georgy cast a swift glance of appeal on Frank's serious, sympathetic face; the Westerner did not return it; he answered in the same even, compassionate tone: "No, she is a school-teacher in Vermont; there were three of them; they are waitresses here in the hotel, and one of the boys suggested to your son that the girls never had any sails and good times, and Doty, who was awfully generous and kind, you know——"

The father nodded and swallowed something in his throat. "I know better'n you, I guess," said he. "When he was a little chap he was always fetching stray dogs home; of course he wanted to give the girls a good time."

"She knew Doty a little; she was telling me what a noble fellow he was," said Frank. Georgy looked at him with deep admiration. "She has a mother living, she said; but I think her father is dead. And one of the other girls told me there were four or five little ones, and she didn't know what they would do without this girl's help."

"I'm glad she's that kind of a girl," said Doty. "Do you know her name? I want to find her."

"Her name's Beck—Rebecca," Georgy put in. "We'll send her to see you. And—Mr. Doty, won't you allow me to see about getting you a room at the hotel? A friend of mine is to be away and you'd be quieter in his room."



DRAWN BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

THE DEAN TAPPED HIS FINGERS TOGETHER AND FROWNED

"If it won't put you to too much trouble. Pay the hotel whatever they want. You boys are certainly good to me—I never expected—it kinder bowls a man over to meet kindness like that. I'm glad to take it from Freddy's friends. I'd like to see Freddy's teacher, or whatever you call him."

"I'll fetch him around to see you as soon as I get to Manchester," said Georgy eagerly, "and the girls and the other boys, if they haven't gone back to Boston."

"I'll be obliged to you. There's a friend Freddy had at Harvard I'd like you to see. He's wired about it. Maybe you know him; his name is Ronald Danforth——"

"I dare say he'll have heard and will be in Manchester," said Frank. Georgy caught his breath at his friend's unexpected wealth of resource and daring invention. "He'll be here this evening, anyhow."

"You boys know him?"

"We know him, yes; he's a splendid fellow."

"Freddy said he was just out of sight. One of his last letters he wanted me to get a Gordon setter for him to give him. They'd had some kind of a tiff, and he was trying to make up, I guess; that's like Freddy."

Georgy had his own inspiration at this point; he struck in quickly: "That is just what did happen, Mr. Doty. They had some kind of misunderstanding, and, unfortunately, at the time Danforth was owing your son money, and he was stiff about paying it, and Doty didn't want to take it; but Danforth got about half of it together and was nasty the way he insisted on paying. He still owes the other half, I think, but he was arranging to pay that. I dare say he'll say something——"

"No he won't," said Doty. "You tell him to *drop* it. He can take it as a present from Freddy; that's what Freddy would want, and his mother and me, too."

"But—it's quite a large——"

"I don't give a—I don't care how large it is—if it's ten thousand! Freddy was fond of him. He's welcome."

"I'm pretty sure he'll be down on the six o'clock train," said Frank. "I'll fetch him over. Now, Mr. Doty, the next station is Manchester; you'll let us take care of you. There'll be a trap there for us, and if you'll let me get your bag——"

"*I'll* git it," said Doty. "I chucked all my mail into it; I don't know what difference it makes now whether I attend to things or not; but it might ball up some good friends of mine, so I'll try to git at it. I don't suppose you've got a typewriter girl here handy?"

"I have a typewriter, Mr. Doty, if you'll try *me* for secretary."

Doty looked a little less haggard; he smiled faintly. "I guess I'm imposing on you; but I can't bear to let go of you boys. If you will, then, Mr. Wendell. I got to write to his mother. I don't know *what* she'll say. But he couldn't have done no otherwise. She'll see that, too. But she was so set on Freddy's growing up to be a gentleman——"

"He died like a noble gentleman," said Frank. "No mother could help being proud of him, and that's something——"

"It's a lot. You boys understand; you——" But, with his features quivering, he shook his head and jumped up to go for his bag.

The young men exchanged glances. "We seem to have changed our views," said Frank a little grimly.

Georgy, however, saw no irony in the situation. He was fidgeting on his seat with excitement. "Oh, isn't he pathetic!" cried he; "and so sandy, too!"

"If we say much more in praise of poor Doty we'll get to believing in him ourselves," said Frank. "But I guess we *were* too hard on him."

"We were *beasts!*" muttered Georgy. "I say, Frank, how are you going to get Ronny?"

"He's in Boston; I heard so yesterday; and I'll send him a telegram that'll fetch him. What bothers me is the Dean's letter. I hate him to get that now."

"That's my fix," said Georgy. "Poor Doty, he had such a good heart, I wish we'd said a kind word to him before."

The idea of the letter did not worry Georgy long. Three hours later the two met in the hotel hall.

"Well?" said Frank, who had come.

"All right; you drilled 'em well. The girls were lovely, especially the school-teacher. I don't know what he said to her, but she came out crying, and said she was going to write to Mrs. Doty, and she was sobbing something about his great goodness. I tell you, Frank, the old boy mayn't be a gentleman, but he's taking this like one. So fair all around, and *so* sandy! I think everything is moving our way all right. I've got seven telegrams of sympathy. Good ones, too. The boys answered right off. I got in about his saving the girl in the long-distance, you know, and explained. But I'm downright rattled about that letter—the Dean's. It was in his mail. I saw it, and I was going to put it in a safe place, but when I got a chance it was gone——"

"Not so loud, Georgy! Monkeying with mail is a penitentiary offense——"

"Tommy-rot! I say! Do you suppose he's opened it?"

"N-o," said Frank slowly; "I don't think he got it; in fact, I know he didn't, for I took it myself—unopened. And I propose to give it back to the Dean."

Georgy flung himself on the football player and hugged him, crying: "You precious old hypocrite! Come on! *I* propose to make myself an accessory and go to the Dean, too."

The Dean tapped his fingers together and frowned thoughtfully into the triangle. Then he looked up with a veiled twinkle in his eyes. He took the letter which Frank was holding—Georgy had told the whole story, omitting only their earlier and immature opinions of young Doty. "Of course," said the Dean, "you cannot expect me to approve of your robbing the United States mail——"

"It was not the mail, but Mr. Doty," said Georgy.

"Of robbing Mr. Doty, then; but as I have the letter back I will say that under the circumstances"—he threw the unopened envelope into the open fire—"I am glad he didn't get it. I shall call on Mr. Doty this evening."

"It will be a comfort to him, sir," said Georgy.

"I wonder how they will hit it off; but they've both got the right stuff in them, and that's what tells when a man's in trouble; it shows right out then!" So Georgy discoursed to Frank a few moments later, and secretly he thought, "I'm afraid I've dished myself with the old boy *now*."

The Dean watched them as they swung around the curve of the driveway. "They seem to have changed their opinion," he thought. "It is easy to see why. That is how youth forms its opinions. They are just as sure to-day that Doty was a misunderstood hero as they were yesterday that he was a vulgar cad. They have convinced themselves with their own arguments. Ah, youth! Dear youth!"

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How WE make Presidents

Recollections of Lincoln's Two Campaigns

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE

Drawings by CARL KLEINSCHMIDT



THE election of Lincoln in 1860 gave birth to a new political epoch in the history of the Republic. The Government was organized under Federal rule by the inauguration of Washington. He was a thorough Federalist; he believed in a strong government with the most effective restraints upon the mutations of popular expression, and but for Jefferson, who was the exponent of the broadest features of popular government, the new Republic would have had many elements of monarchy interwoven with it. Washington's impregnable strength with the people prevented any serious agitation for a new political departure during his eight years of Presidential service, and he was sufficiently powerful to transmit the government to Federal authority in John Adams, his successor, who defeated Jefferson by a small majority in 1796.

In the second battle between Jefferson and Adams Washington was dead and Federalism had developed some of its most offensive features, especially in the alien and sedition law, and Jefferson's triumphant election in 1800 inaugurated the second political epoch of the nation. Political control departed from Federalism to Democracy under Jefferson—under the title of Republicanism—and for sixty years the Democrats ruled the policy of the Republic.

In 1860 the nation proclaimed the third great political epoch of its history by an aggressive departure from Democracy to the Republicanism that has since ruled without material interruption. There have been two Democratic Administrations since the Republican epoch of 1860, but though they, for the time, halted and modified the Republican policy, they never had the power to make a decisive reversal of Republican mastery. Thus an epoch of twelve years of Federalism, another of sixty years of Democracy, and another of forty years of Republicanism tell the story of the political revolutions of the Republic during a period of one hundred and twelve years.

When Fremont made his brilliant campaign of 1856 and narrowly escaped election to the Presidency, it was generally accepted by all the varied phases of politics opposed to radical Republicanism that the Republican movement was like a bee—biggest at its birth—and that it never could win a national victory; but all the chief events affecting the political sentiment of the country from 1856 until 1860 tended to strengthen Republican sentiment and to alienate a large portion of the intelligent elements of Democracy. The significant elections of 1858 and 1859, with the Kansas-Nebraska war convulsing the country from centre to circumference, steadily strengthened Republican lines, and when the leaders of the party came to face the great battle of 1860 they well understood that success was within their reach, and never did a party exhibit greater sagacity in leadership than was displayed in the convention that nominated Lincoln.

THE APPARENT CERTAINTY OF SEWARD'S NOMINATION

William H. Seward was the confessed Republican leader of the nation. He was admittedly its ablest champion and was among its earliest supporters. He had been long in the Senate, and was the peer of any in the discussion of all the grave questions which then agitated our National Legislature. He was not only the ablest of his party, but he was one of the most exemplary and courteous of men. Two-thirds of all the delegates elected to that convention were friends of Seward and expected to vote for him, and his nomination would have been inevitable on the first ballot had not the convention been restrained by considerations of expediency which were most reluctantly accepted. Lincoln's own delegation from Illinois embraced one-third of positive Seward men. They were instructed for Lincoln without hope of his nomination at the time, and most of them expected to perform a mere perfunctory duty by voting for him on one or more ballots.

Horace Greeley had sounded the first note of warning against the nomination of Seward, and his paper, the New York Tribune, was then the most influential journal ever published in this country. It was the Republican Bible, and its weekly edition was more read in the West than all other papers combined. He startled the party by a series of dignified and masterly articles in favor of Edward Bates, of Missouri, for President, on the ground that Seward was not available, and that a man of the great ability and conservative attitude of Bates alone could win in that contest. But though the conservative element of the opposition to the Democracy was not enthusiastic for Seward and his "irrepressible conflict," the true reason of Seward's defeat was not presented either by Mr. Greeley or by any public discussion before the meeting of the convention.



I saw several rural delegates from New England States shed tears

WHY SEWARD WAS SET ASIDE FOR LINCOLN

I have read many romances about how, why and by whom Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President at Chicago, but the explanation is very simple, and when presented must be accepted by all as conclusive. Henry S. Lane had been nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana, and Andrew G. Curtin had been nominated by the Republicans for Governor of Pennsylvania. These States voted for Governor and other State officers on the second Tuesday of October, and they were the pivotal States of the national contest. It was an absolute necessity to carry them in October to assure the election of a Republican President, and the first inquiry of the Republican leaders at Chicago, outside of those who were blindly devoted to Seward, was "Who can carry Indiana and Pennsylvania?"

Lane and Curtin were there solely for the purpose of getting the strongest possible national ticket nominated to aid them in their State contests. With Lane was John D. Defrees, as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Indiana, and I was with Curtin, as he had charged me with the same responsible duty in Pennsylvania. Curtin and Lane decided that they could not be elected if Seward were nominated for President. They were not personally or politically hostile to him; they had but one thing in view, and that was their own election, which was essential to elect a Republican President.

THE ROCK THAT SPLIT THE SEWARD DELEGATION

Prior to 1860 the Republican party had never carried either Pennsylvania or Indiana. Opposition to the pro-slavery policy of the Buchanan Administration had crystallized anti-slavery Democrats, Whigs and Americans into the support of Union State tickets, and had elected them; but in Pennsylvania the Republican name was omitted from necessity, and the organization was entitled the People's Party. In both of these States there was an organized and powerful American party yet in existence, without which the Republicans could not succeed. It was the remnant of the American or Know-Nothing revolution of 1854, and they cherished their own faith with great fidelity and would not support any candidate especially friendly to the Catholics.

When Seward was elected Governor of New York in 1838 it was largely by the influence of Archbishop Hughes, one of the ablest Catholic prelates this country has ever had; and Seward, not only because of his gratitude to his Catholic friends, but because of his broad and liberal views generally, in a message to the Legislature urged a division of the school fund between the Catholics and Protestants. That was the rock on which Seward was wrecked. Had he been nominated, the entire American element of the opposition would have been aggressively against him, and Pennsylvania and Indiana would have been lost not only by the defeat of Curtin and Lane in October, but by the defeat of Seward in November.

The situation was earnestly presented by Curtin and Lane, and Mr. Defrees and I accompanied them in their conferences with various delegations which were devoted to Seward, but were willing to abandon him—not because they loved Seward less, but because they loved Republican success more. I saw several rural delegates from New England States shed tears as they confessed that they must abandon Seward because he could not carry Pennsylvania and Indiana, and certainly more than one-third of all the delegates who voted for Lincoln in that convention did it in sincerest sorrow because compelled to abandon their great leader for the sake of victory.

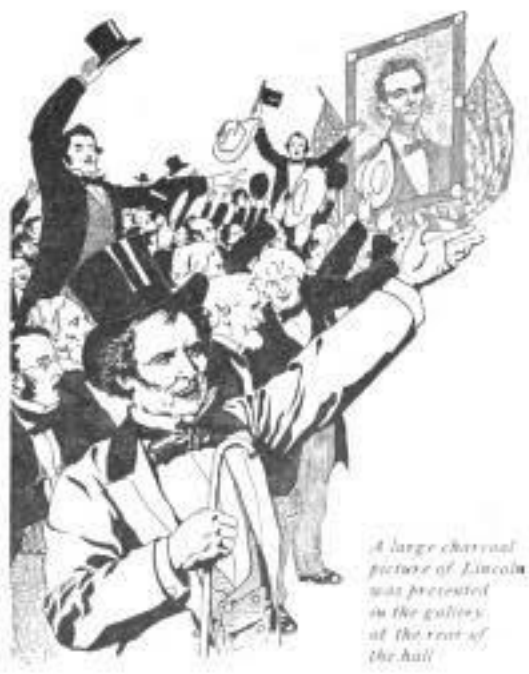
Under such conditions the Seward lines were steadily weakening, but never was a movement so ably led as was the Seward movement at Chicago. It was literally a battle of giants. Thurlow Weed, the master of masters in politics, led the fight for Seward, and he had around him Governor Morgan, Chairman of the National Committee; Raymond, of the Times, and many others of distinguished ability in such struggles. Weed invited Lane to drive with him, and, in the course of their conversation, assured him that if his delegation would support Seward all the money needed to carry his election in Indiana would be generously furnished; but Lane knew that no amount of money could give him victory in October with Seward as the national candidate.

THE CLEVER STRATEGY OF THE LINCOLN MANAGERS

The convention met on Wednesday, May 16. The first day was devoted to routine duties, and the second to the adoption of a platform and rules to govern the convention. The convention adjourned on Thursday evening profoundly impressed with the great battle that was to be fought on the following day, and both sides exhausted political strategy to gain the advantage. Weed organized a most imposing street parade of the Seward people. They had thousands of Seward spectators outside of the delegates, and it was one of the most impressive public displays I have ever witnessed. They paraded the streets for an hour or more before the meeting of the convention.

The friends of Lincoln had been tireless in their efforts, and they displayed wonderful ability in handling their forces. The leaders in immediate charge of the Lincoln people were Colonel Medill, of the Chicago Tribune; David Davis, afterward Judge of the Supreme Court; Norman B. Judd, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and Leonard Swett, who was almost a copy of Lincoln physically, and who was Lincoln's closest friend until the day of his death. When they found that the Seward parade was to come off, they counseled how to meet it, and they finally decided that while the Seward men were parading they would fill the immense temporary wigwam—erected for the convention, and capable of holding five thousand spectators—with men who should go there solely for the purpose of hurrahing for Lincoln. They carried this plan into very successful operation, and when the Seward procession attempted to march into the convention hall they found it filled to overflowing, and very few Seward men outside the delegation could obtain admission.

Just before the convention opened I saw the New York delegation file in and fill the only vacant place in the immense building. They were appalled when they saw how they had been outgeneraled. Almost immediately behind the New York men, who were under the lead of Evarts as Chairman of the delegation, sat Horace Greeley at the head of the Oregon delegation. That new State, just admitted into the Union, was so far from civilization, as the iron horse had not yet been heard in either the Rockies or the Sierra Nevadas, that the Republican convention selected a number of prominent men in the East, including Greeley, to represent the State. I never saw a more benignant face than that of Greeley's when the nomination of Lincoln was declared. It was known by the supporters of Seward that Pennsylvania and Indiana had both decided to support Lincoln, the Pennsylvanians having declared for Lincoln by four majority over Bates, after giving a complimentary ballot to Cameron.



A large charcoal picture of Lincoln was presented in the gallery at the rear of the hall

MR. LINCOLN'S TRIUMPHANT NOMINATION

With very little preliminary movement the ballot began, and Seward's two-thirds vote of the convention dwindled down to 173½ when 234 were necessary to a choice. Lincoln, with Pennsylvania and Ohio giving complimentary ballots to Cameron and

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Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Colonel McClure's series, How We Make Presidents. The series began in the Post of January 6.

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Chase, had 102 votes. As the ballots were announced, every vote for Lincoln was cheered to the echo, while there were but few cheers for Seward except from the delegates themselves. When the second ballot was called the Seward people felt that they must increase their strength or fall behind in the race. As Lincoln gained most of the vote of Pennsylvania, with important gains from other States, the wildest cheering greeted the announcements, and when the ballot was given with only 10 votes gained by Seward and 75 votes gained by Lincoln, it became evident to all that Seward's strength was exhausted and that Lincoln was the coming man. The next and last ballot soon showed Lincoln as leading Seward, and from that time on it was difficult to announce the votes of the States because of the frenzied cheers for "Abe Lincoln."

When the last State was called it was known that Lincoln was either nominated or very close to it. The vote as recorded was 231½ for Lincoln, being 2½ votes short of a majority, and 180 for Seward, with some 50 scattering. Before the result was announced Chairman Carter, of Ohio, got up on his chair to assure the attention of the President, and said:

"I rise to announce the change of four votes from Ohio from Mr. Chase to Abraham Lincoln."

It was known then that this gave Lincoln the majority, and I have never before nor since witnessed such a scene as was made by the great mass of the Lincoln people who were in the hall. A large charcoal picture of Lincoln was presented in the gallery at the rear of the hall, and the whole vast audience, with few exceptions outside of the New York delegation, rose to indulge in the wildest enthusiasm for some minutes.

HOW THE TAIL OF THE TICKET WENT BEGGING

When order was finally restored, Maine, Massachusetts and Missouri changed a number of votes to Lincoln, giving him a total of 354, being 120 odd votes more than he needed. When the vote was announced by the President cheers broke out afresh, but they soon quieted down to await the action of the New York delegation that was expected to move the unanimous nomination. There was certainly fully five minutes of dead silence in the body as the New York delegates were mortified beyond expression at their discomfiture; but after a long wait that seemed to be vastly longer than it was the tall form of William M. Evarts arose, and with reluctance that was unconcealed said:

"Mr. President, I move that the nomination of Abraham Lincoln be made unanimous."

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, rose as soon as he saw Evarts rise, and when Evarts' motion was made Andrew seconded it, and with the unanimous vote of the convention and the heartiest huzzas from the many thousands who witnessed the proceedings, Abraham Lincoln was declared the Republican candidate for President. The convention adjourned to meet again in the evening to nominate a candidate for Vice-President.

So keen were the disappointments of the New York delegation, and Mr. Weed, who was the Seward leader, that when earnestly urged to name a candidate for Vice-President who would have been accepted by a nearly unanimous vote they churlishly refused to do so. Governor Morgan would have been taken as the candidate to emphasize the desire of the friends of Lincoln to recognize the friends of Seward, but he peremptorily refused to accept it, and the convention then nominated Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, as a representative of the Democratic-Republican element, but New York divided her vote between five candidates, giving a bare majority to Hamlin from personal choice.



"Well, McClure, I don't quite forget that I was nominated in a convention that was two-thirds for the other fellow"

The Chicago convention that nominated Lincoln for President was not only the ablest national political body that ever met in the country up to that time, but it exhibited the highest type of political strategy. It has never since then been equaled in ability and leadership, with the single exception of the Republican convention of 1880, in which the friends of Grant made their last stand to give their chieftain a third term. As compared with these two conventions, all subsequent ones were tame.

THE NOMINATION OF DOUGLAS BY THE DEMOCRATS

The Democratic National Convention of 1860 met at Charleston, South Carolina, on April 23, with full delegations from every State, and after a desperate wrangle of many days, which resulted in the withdrawal of a number of the Southern delegations, 57 ballots were had for President. Stephen A. Douglas started at 145½ and ended at 151½, the highest vote he received being 152½. The two-thirds rule was adopted, requiring not only two-thirds of the vote but two-thirds of the full convention, being 202, to make a nomination, and on the tenth day of the session a resolution was adopted to adjourn the convention to meet in Baltimore on June 18. A number of Southern delegates seceded and decided to meet in Richmond on the second Monday in June. The regular convention met according to adjournment, and after various severe skirmishes and votes on preliminary propositions and the withdrawal of a number of Southern delegates, two ballots were had for President. On the first, Douglas received 173½, to 15 scattering; on the second, 181½, to 13 scattering, and the convention declared that as Douglas had received two-thirds of all the votes present he was therefore the nominee for President. Senator Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was nominated for Vice-President.

The delegates who had withdrawn from the regular convention immediately convened, 105 in number, and they gave a unanimous nomination to John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for President, and General Joseph Lane, of Oregon, for Vice-President. Had the Democrats accepted Douglas and his liberal slavery platform they could have elected him triumphantly, as a very large preponderance of the Democrats who voted for Lincoln were Douglas men, and would have supported him had there been any prospect of his election. Had he been elected, slavery would have had a new lease of life, and might have been extinguished by peaceful means rather than by the arbitrament of the sword. Curtin and Lane were elected by decided majorities in October, and that ended the contest. Lincoln received 180 electoral votes, with 72 for Breckinridge, 39 for John Bell, and 12 for Douglas. Bell had been nominated as a Union candidate for President, with Edward Everett for Vice-President.



—met the people at every city and village cheering to the echo over the capture of Atlanta

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF MR. LINCOLN'S SECOND CAMPAIGN

The average intelligent student of our Civil War a generation after the conflict ended, with Lincoln's achievements in the grateful remembrance of every patriot, would naturally assume that Lincoln's reelection to the Presidency in 1864 was never in any measure doubtful; but, in fact, his defeat by General McClellan was generally apprehended. On August 23, 1864, Lincoln wrote the following with his signature appended:

> "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be reelected. Then it will be my duty to cooperate with the President-elect so as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterward."

This paper he sealed and delivered to Secretary Welles with notice not to open it until after the election.

There was very earnest opposition to Lincoln's renomination by men of eminent ability and influential leadership in the Republican party. Chase, Wade, Henry Winter Davis and Horace Greeley were bitterly opposed to accepting him as the Republican candidate for the second contest, as they believed that he could not be elected. In addition to these, Sumner was not heartily for him; Stevens was earnestly opposed to the President because he had not pressed confiscation and other punishments against the South, and the extreme radical wing of the Republican party was aggressive in its hostility. Lincoln's strength was with the people, and they overwhelmed the leaders who sought his overthrow.

LINCOLN'S SOLE EXHIBITION OF WEAKNESS

The only exhibition of weakness I ever saw in Lincoln was displayed during what might be called the contest for his renomination. There was, in point of fact, no contest at all, as after all the efforts of the opposing leaders had been exhausted the Republican people rallied to his support and asserted their mastery. He was painfully impressed with the apprehension that he might be defeated in the convention, and on a number of occasions I heard him discuss the question with a degree of interest that was painful. Even after a majority of all the delegates to the convention had been positively instructed for him, and certainly two-thirds of the remainder were publicly pledged to his support, he could not dismiss the fears of defeat.

I visited him several times within a month of the convention in obedience to his telegrams, when he discussed only the political dangers which beset him. He told me that his name would go into history darkly shadowed by a fraternal war that he would be held responsible for inaugurating if he were unable to continue in office to conquer the Rebellion and restore the Union.

Lincoln was human, as are all men, and a more anxious candidate I have never known. The last time I conferred with him on the subject was within two weeks of the meeting of the convention, and I could hardly treat with respect his anxiety about his renomination. He had given close attention to the election of delegates, and I called his attention to the fact that a decided majority were positively instructed for him, and that he certainly knew that a majority of the others could not be diverted from him. He had to admit that there seemed to be no plausible reason for doubting the result, but, with a merry twinkle of the eye, he said:

"Well, McClure, I don't quite forget that I was nominated in a convention that was two-thirds for the other fellow."

I had to admit that he had been nominated by a convention that was two-thirds for Seward, but no such conditions could arise as presented themselves in the Seward fight to swerve the convention from its purpose.

So anxious was he about the situation that he made the very unreasonable request to me to become a delegate-at-large from Pennsylvania when I had already been unanimously elected a delegate from my Congressional district. I vainly attempted to convince him that it mattered not whether I was a delegate-at-large or a district delegate, as my power to serve him would be just the same, and he persisted in urging me to go before the State convention with the ungracious request to elect me a delegate-at-large—a position that was sought as one of honor—when I was already a member of the delegation from my district.

The only possible explanation I could conceive was that, as Cameron was certain to be a delegate-at-large, he desired me to be one with Cameron and thus have both the Cameron and Curtin wings of the party equally represented at the head of the delegation. Fortunately, as it so happened, political conditions enabled me to carry out his wish, and Cameron and I were elected on the first ballot by a nearly unanimous vote.

WHY MR. LINCOLN SUPPORTED JOHNSON

I never suspected Lincoln's purpose in asking me to change my position as a delegate until three days before the meeting of the convention, when I went to Washington in obedience to his summons. He then asked me to vote for the nomination of Andrew Johnson for Vice-President. He had Cameron already committed to the nomination of Johnson as a War Democrat to succeed Hamlin, but he gave me no intimation of Cameron's position. I was favorable to the renomination of Hamlin, but, after hearing Mr. Lincoln's reasons for the request he made, I would have voted for Johnson in obedience to a sense of public duty, although Lincoln was not wrong in assuming that I was likely to vote for any candidate for Vice-President he especially desired. He was not opposed to Hamlin, but he knew that the success of the party depended upon bringing into the Republican fold a large body of War Democrats who had never become Republicans.

But the conclusive reason why he desired the nomination of Johnson was that it would most effectually prevent the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France. That was the great peril in the last year of the war, and Lincoln believed that in no way could the success of the Government in the suppression of the Rebellion be so clearly presented to the world as by taking Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, who had filled every important position within the gift of his State, and elect him to the Vice-Presidency from a reorganized rebellious State in the heart of the Confederacy. It is needless to say that, notwithstanding my prejudice against Johnson, I agreed to support him; but Lincoln's caution prevented him from giving me any intimation as to the attitude of Cameron, who was equally pledged to Lincoln in the Johnson cause. Cameron and I met at the convention in Baltimore on June 7 without either knowing the position of the other, and as our political relations were not of the confidential order, although our personal intercourse was always pleasant, it required some diplomacy for us to reach an understanding. Cameron had been committed to Hamlin, with whom he had served in the Senate, and was somewhat embarrassed, and he suggested that though he was friendly to Hamlin he did not believe that he could be nominated, to which I agreed. He then proposed that we should line up the two factions of the State in the delegation and cast a unanimous vote for Hamlin when the State was first called, and change it to a unanimous vote for Johnson when the roll-call ended, to which I readily assented; and with some effort we had a harmonious delegation on that line with the exception of Thaddeus Stevens. The vote of the State was, however, recorded unanimously for Johnson, and it was the like efforts of Lincoln in his very quiet and earnest way that made Andrew Johnson Vice-President and President.

GENERAL McCLELLAN OPPOSED TO MR. LINCOLN

The Democratic convention met in Chicago on August 29 and nominated General George B. McClellan for President, with George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, for Vice-President. It was on the twenty-third of the same month that Lincoln had written the paper before referred to expressing his settled belief

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that he would be defeated. Grant had been hammering away between the Wilderness and the James with appalling sacrifice of life and without visible substantial results. Sherman had been fighting his way toward Atlanta and had never won anything approaching a victory over Johnson. Thus the summer was well nigh ended without the inspiration of victory, and the long, fearful strain and sacrifice suffered by the people made many patriotic hearts inclined to accept peace on any reasonable terms.

The Democratic convention thus met just when the country was most profoundly impressed with the terrible sacrifices of war and the apprehension that the military power of the Confederacy could not be conquered. It was this condition that made the Democrats commit the fatal blunder of declaring in their national platform, "as the sense of the American people that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, under the pretense of a military necessity of a war power higher than the Constitution," considerations of humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand "that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States." Had the election been held at that time McClellan would have been elected.

The two things which turned the tide overwhelmingly against McClellan and in favor of Lincoln were Sherman's dispatch from Atlanta telling that it had been captured and fairly won, and Sheridan's dispatches from the Valley, reporting his brilliant victories over Early. Those were the campaign documents which saved Lincoln from reasonably apprehended defeat and made McClellan figure as one of the lowest Presidential candidates in the electoral vote.

THE CAMPAIGN IN PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania was the only State that faltered in the October election of 1864. There was no State ticket to be chosen, and the Republicans assumed that Lincoln would carry the State without extraordinary efforts.

Our October election was practically a stand-off, and Lincoln telegraphed me on the morning after the election to come to Washington. He was much distressed at the attitude of our State, and apprehensive that New York, with Horatio Seymour as Governor, one of the ablest Democrats of the country, might vote for McClellan, as Tammany was then in the very zenith of its power. I had been Chairman of the State Committee when Lincoln was elected in 1860, and General Cameron was my successor in 1864. He was thoroughly competent for the task, but evidently did not appreciate the perils which confronted him. Lincoln asked me to join Cameron and devote the intervening month between the October and November elections to assure a victory. I answered that I could not make the suggestion to Cameron, as our political relations were not especially friendly, to which he replied by asking me whether I would do it if so requested by Cameron. I of course assented, and the following day I received a letter from Cameron requesting me to join him, where I found Honorable Wayne MacVeagh, who had been the Republican Chairman the year before and who was then not more friendly to Cameron than myself. We all united in an earnest effort to win the State.

HOW THE ARMY VOTE SAVED THE DAY

I had private quarters at the Continental, and Cameron's quarters were at the Girard. As requested, I advised Lincoln each day of the apparent progress of the battle. My reports were not so assuring as he desired, for the friends of McClellan, inspired by the partial victory of October, renewed their energies for the November fight. Postmaster-General Dennison came to see me on a special mission from Lincoln about two weeks before the election, to learn the situation as precisely as possible, and I had to tell him that I saw but little hope of carrying the State on the home vote. The Army vote would doubtless be largely for Lincoln and give him the State, but it would be declared a "bayonet election," and the moral power of the new Administration to prosecute the war and attain peace would be greatly impaired. My answer to Lincoln was that I would go to Washington within a few days if it should appear necessary to take extreme measures to save the State by the home vote.

As the political conditions did not improve, I telegraphed to Lincoln that I would meet him at nine o'clock in the evening to discuss the campaign. I found him nervously anxious about Pennsylvania, although not doubting his reëlection. He knew that New York was trembling in the balance and might be lost, and his fears were fully warranted, as he had but little over 6000 majority in a million votes. I told him that I had not confidence in the State being carried by the home vote, but that it could be done without interfering with the military operations of the Army, as Grant was then besieging Petersburg and Sheridan had whipped the Confederates clear out of the Valley. I suggested that he should in some way have Grant furlough five thousand Pennsylvania soldiers home for twenty days, and that Sheridan should do the same, as that vote cast at home would insure a home majority. He hesitated about making the request of Grant, and I suggested that General Meade was a soldier and a gentleman, and that he could safely send an order to him as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, and that Meade would obey it and permit the order to be returned.

A messenger from the War Office, who went the next morning to Meade bearing the order from Lincoln, brought it back with him, and fully five thousand Pennsylvania soldiers were furloughed to return home. I said: "How about Sheridan?" Lincoln's face brightened and with great enthusiasm he said: "Oh, Phil; he's all right."

The same order went to Sheridan, and he sent five thousand of his veterans home to vote as they shot, and Lincoln's majority on the home vote was 5712, to which the Army vote added 14,363, making a total majority in the State of 20,075.

Famous Feats of Journalism

The Capture of Patsy Early

By William Vincent Byars

ON THE evening of August 9, 1881, William E. Louderman was murdered on one of the leading thoroughfares of St. Louis. Many people were standing or passing within a few feet of him, and one of the best detectives in America, a former chief of the St. Louis department, heard the shot, hastened to the side of the dying man, and in a few minutes formed as nearly a correct theory of the crime as it is possible for the human intellect to form of the unknown from *a priori* reasoning. Yet the murderer escaped unsuspected. The crime became a notable "police mystery," and in the attempts to clear it up one of the best police departments in the country almost succeeded in hanging an innocent man in order to vindicate its own earnestness and effectiveness. So little has the theory of detecting crime popularized by Émile Gaboriau and A. Conan Doyle to do with the reality!

At the time the murder was committed, electric lights were still a novelty, and as a rule the newspaper reports opened something like this:

> "Under the full glare of the electric light which shines from the front and sides of the Laclede Hotel, a murder was committed last night which promises to be one of the most mysterious ever committed in the city. The victim was William E. Louderman, son of John J. Louderman, one of the wealthiest men of the city, now spending the summer with his family at Brighton Beach."

The wealth of the family, the peculiarities of the murdered man, the ease with which the murderer escaped without leaving a trace, and the fact that there was a general desire at that particular time to hold the police department responsible for anything and everything, gave "the Louderman murder" precedence in St. Louis over all other topics, local, national or international; and day after day the electric lights of the Laclede Hotel "glared" in the St. Louis newspapers in a way which caused keen anguish at police headquarters—anguish which was undoubtedly accentuated and not successfully concealed by the general attempt to appear at once unconcerned and well-informed. Human nature at best has its deplorable weaknesses, from which even police reporters for the leading dailies are not wholly exempt, and in the great crises of the department there is an element of diabolism in the mild persistence with which newspaper men apply for news to the Captain, the Chief or other great man who has none to give, though he feels his reputation, and perhaps his place, may depend on satisfying the public.



Like a sensible woman, she at once consulted Mr. Serviere as to her duty in the premises

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH SHIPMAN GREEN

HOW THE POLICE KEPT UP APPEARANCES

A Chief of Police who has been thus disciplined in adversity, after having towered in his pride of place during prosperity, knows as nearly as any modern man can know how Saul felt on waking and finding the skirt of his robe cut off. This may seem irrelevant, but it was really the most important part of the connection in which Charles Wolf, truthful, dazed and finally desperate, found himself virtually convicted of murdering a friend with whom he had no shadow of a quarrel.

Wolf was an ex-policeman, and the friendship between him and the heir of the wealthy Louderman family was a result of young Louderman's belief in his own genius as a detective. Having a considerable allowance from his family and no compelling attachment to business of any kind, he became possessed by the idea that he had in him the making of a detective as great as Vidocq. Having one suite of rooms at the Southern Hotel and another on Spruce Street in the slums of the city, he cultivated the police, frequented detective headquarters, and studied the criminal life of the slums with a persistence which would have yielded admirable results if applied to a worthier object.

The police and detectives grew fond of him and often took him with them when visiting the resorts of criminals, that he might indulge what they looked upon as his harmless fancy. He was a representative of the class to which Mr. Toots in David Copperfield belonged in the days when he was sowing his wild oats, and his friends of the police department felt much the same regard for him which Mr. Toots never failed to inspire among his acquaintances.

On the evening of August 9, 1881, the young man and ex-policeman Wolf, one of his tutors in the great art of logical detecting, had gone to make a study of life in a Sixth Street wine-room, then known as the Canterbury Theatre. Returning from it at 10:45 o'clock, they reached the corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets, on which was situated the Laclede Hotel, one of the principal hotels of the city. Here a shot was fired and Louderman fell, dying. The bullet had severed the carotid artery and death was almost instantaneous.

The police were on the ground at once. Wolf's mind was in a state of great confusion, and he admitted having his hand on the murdered man's shoulder when the shot was fired. He was accordingly arrested and, during the progress of the subsequent police investigation, held as either the principal in the murder or an accomplice.

THE THEORY OF THE OPPOSITION

John C. Chapman, ex-Chief of the St. Louis detective force, who had recently been removed, went into strong opposition to the official theory.

"I was standing in the door of Number 10 North Sixth Street, not far away, when I heard a shot," he said. "The explosion was not louder than that of a fire-cracker, and the revolver must have been a 22-100 calibre. When I reached the corner I saw a man running as hard as he could to the north side of the street. Poor Louderman was lying twelve or fourteen feet west of Sixth Street. There were three hundred and fifty people there in less than twenty seconds, and a perfect swarm of policemen. I never saw officers get to a shooting so quickly. It looked as if they rose out of the ground. When I came to where the body was lying, I found ex-police officer Wolf bending over it. Now this is my theory of how it occurred. Louderman, though as good-hearted a young fellow as ever lived, was a crank on the detective business. He had left his rooms last night and, going along Sixth Street to some low resort, had 'detected' some rough or criminal and followed him to Sixth and Chestnut, where, as a result, the shooting occurred."

This is a condensation of a long and carefully worked out theory—so nearly correct in its general idea that it could hardly have been improved, and yet, through its very artistic and logical completeness, so misleading that even if the regular detectives had adopted it, it would have given them nothing but the artistic satisfaction of being logically in accord with all the known facts. Of course they could not adopt it officially. It represented the opposition, and its success would have been accepted as equivalent to a demonstration of the incompetency of the administration.

Poor Wolf was accordingly taken before the Coroner under guard. Judgment day had come for him. Ex-policemen are not necessarily angels, and subjected to the intelligent suspicion of several hundred policemen and detectives, working to vindicate themselves by convicting him, he himself must have wondered why he had not been hanged long ago. His only defense was that though he had his hand on Louderman's shoulder when the shot was fired, he did not know who did it and could not identify the murderer. This in itself was regarded as the gravest evidence of guilt and he was locked up, while from day to day the persistent and finally menacing newspapers were supplied with fresh proof that he must have committed the crime.

A NEWS TRUST IN MINIATURE

There was at this time among the Criminal Court reporters at "the Four Courts" in St. Louis a combination consisting of Mr. Gaston Serviere, afterward city editor of the Westliche Post; Mr. John Mueller, of the Daily Amerika, afterward editor of the Shoe and Leather Gazette; and a third newsgatherer, the representative of the Daily Republican (now the Republic). The two German reporters were accustomed

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Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of articles on Famous Feats in American Journalism, told by the reporters and correspondents who did the work. The next article will be by C. E. Harrington, who will tell how he went to London at a moment's notice to secure for his paper a copy of the carefully guarded Revised Version of the New Testament and first gave it to the world.

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to bring their "tips" to their English associate who had a much greater amount of what is technically known as "leg-talent" than either of them. While one of them watched the police headquarters and the other the criminal courts, the Republican reporter went out into the city to "work up the tips"—that is, to get facts for a connected and reliable history of events of the day concerning which his associates had heard reports more or less vague.

On his return he divided with them loyally, as professionally he had a right to do, since their papers, printed in German, did not compete with his own. The result of this combination was a dreadful sacrifice of the efficient young men on other English dailies who looked down on "the Dutch" and knew nothing of the beauties of cooperation. They were "scooped" out of their situations week after week until, finally, the climax of the system came in the "Solution of the Louderman Murder Mystery."

WHAT DOCTOR DOYLE MIGHT HAVE LEARNED

If Doctor Doyle had ever reported the criminal courts of a great city he would have learned that at least in nine hundred and ninety cases out of a given thousand the mysteries of crime are solved not through the logical processes of detectives, prosecuting attorneys, grand juries—or even of the "detective press," if such a thing ever existed—but through the workings of the self-consciousness of the criminal. The most astute criminal, the greatest diplomat, the most admired statesman cannot successfully resist the moral forces of human nature, in himself and in all organized society, ceaselessly working to force him at last to disclose his realities, whatever they are.

After losing sleep for two weeks under the operations of this law, an accomplice after the fact in the Louderman murder, a young man hardly over eighteen, told his mother—a very worthy woman who took a highly respectable class of lodgers, one of whom was Mr. Gaston Serviere, able journalist and member of the combination above-mentioned. Like a sensible woman, she at once consulted Mr. Serviere as to her duty in the premises, and, like an able journalist, he advised her to postpone action and say nothing until he could take advice on it himself. He called in the Republican reporter at once and a council of war was held—from which Mr. Mueller was excluded on the ground that it was "too big an item"—a conclusion which, as it fully justified Mr. Mueller in withdrawing from the combination subsequently, suggests the necessary human limitations of what otherwise might be the unlimited benefits of efficient cooperation.

THE FIRST VAGUE HINT OF THE TRUTH

The story told by Mr. Serviere's landlady was vague in the extreme. It lacked detail, the names given were unreliable, and it left much unexplained, but it was evidently in the line of the facts, and a brief and comparatively commonplace investigation showed what the facts were. Louderman and Wolf on the evening of the murder had visited the Canterbury Theatre, and while there Louderman had spoken authoritatively, if not harshly, to a number of young men who were making an unnecessary noise. The oldest of them was under twenty-one, and though they were not necessarily very wicked, they belonged to the "tough element," which makes it a point of honor to resent what it construes as an insult.

After having complained to the proprietor of the theatre of the noise, Louderman left, accompanied by Wolf and followed by the young men—"Patsy" Early and four others—who expected to see Early "get satisfaction." On the corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets, perhaps an eighth of a mile from the theatre, two of them pressed in front of Louderman, and Early demanded an explanation.

Louderman attempted to push by them, and either shoved or struck one of them. Early immediately fired one shot from a small revolver and then ran without waiting to see the result. The murder had been committed, and the principal in it had disappeared in less time than it takes to tell it. One of the young men, however, who had been threatened with death if he told, remained and helped to carry the body of the murdered man into the neighboring drug store. He was never suspected, but it was through his confession that the facts finally came out.

It is a remarkable part of the case that this story had been communicated to the police immediately after the commission of the crime, but its simplicity led to its rejection. After investigation had convinced the two newspaper men of its reliability, they had to face the only real problem—that of keeping the other newspapers from getting the sensation. It is easily possible to hear the most sensational news, but to prevent other newspapers from hearing it also—that, during the latter half of the nineteenth century in American journalism, has called for intelligent selfishness of the highest order.

In this case, the problem was solved by a resort to the simplicities. The two newspaper men knew well that they could not go to their offices without taking an air of mystery with them which would soon pervade the entire building.

They resolved accordingly to disappear, without leave, taking all necessary and unnecessary risks, leaving their own papers and all the rest to go on hanging Mr. Wolf, to satisfy the public's sense of justice, until such time as the manuscript of a complete report of the murder, fully substantiated, could be handed in, between midnight and two o'clock on the morning before the report was to appear. This program was carefully carried out. At about one o'clock on Monday morning, August 15, 1881, the Republican reporter returned to his office and, without waiting to be asked to explain, placed on the city editor's desk in the neighborhood of half a ream of paper, with the facts of the murder "padded" to the last extremity, and arranged for double leads, "scare heads," and all the other paraphernalia of a "sensation."

Mr. Frank R. O'Niel, then city editor and afterward editor-in-chief of the paper, made a notable but only partly successful attempt to appear perfectly self-possessed as he read the first page of the manuscript. Failing, he abandoned the attempt and took the manuscript to Mr. William Hyde, the editor-in-chief.

Mr. Hyde promptly ordered the doors of the office locked, with orders that no one should leave the building until the paper had gone to press. The report asserted in positive terms that men until then unsuspected of crime were guilty of murder. It gave their names and residences, and made the charge so specific in every case that a mistake would have rendered the paper liable for crippling damages, certain to be collected. On the other hand, to leave out such an item or to hold it over with the certainty that it would cease to be exclusive was almost too painful to be thought of.

THE VISIT TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE

The event depended on the young man who had brought in the sensation, and when he was called into final consultation he professed himself prepared to resign in either of two contingencies—first, if the report were found unreliable; second, if it did not appear in the next morning's paper with as many double leads as could conveniently be crowded into it.

Nothing more was said. The editor-in-chief wrote on the margin of the first page of the copy, "O. K.—W. H.," and the city editor wrote the headlines. It went to the composing-room after the names and addresses of the murderer and his accomplices had been written on a slip of paper.

As soon as it was reasonably certain that the first edition of the paper with the report in it would get on the street without the other papers suspecting it, Mr. O'Niel and the Four Courts reporter drove to the house of Captain Anton Heubler, then acting chief of police, who, when they had made noise enough to arouse him, came to the front door in his nightshirt.

"Chief," said Mr. O'Niel with marked calmness, "here is a list of the names and addresses of the Louderman murderers, and as the paper which contains a full account of the murder will not be on the street for an hour, you will have a chance to arrest them, if you like."

It is hard to tell exactly what great men say on great occasions, but it is reported that Captain Heubler said simply, "Wait until I get my coat."

When a moment later he came down the stairs with the list of names in his hand he said quietly, but in a tone of intense disgust:

"I had these names days ago in an anonymous letter which I threw into the fire."

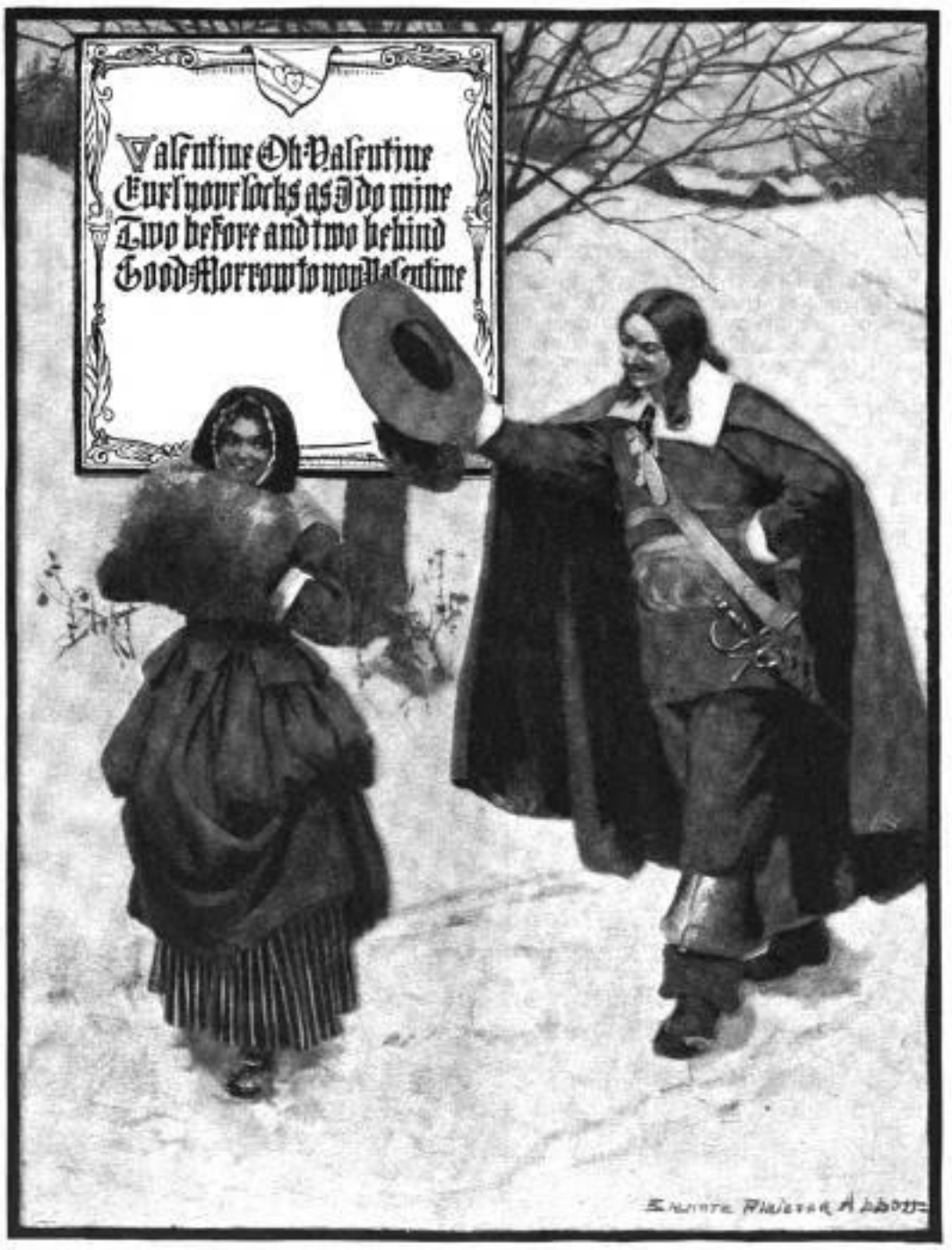
QUICK ARRESTS AND PROMPT CONFESSIONS

In the next hour the St. Louis police did work which in rapidity and thoroughness has never been equaled perhaps in the history of the country. The acting chief telephoned the central station to summon the sergeants for the district, and the whole business portion of the city sounded with the emergency signal. When Captain Heubler drove at full speed to the central station he found all the force he needed to work with, and he soon had the houses of Early and his accomplices surrounded front and rear by details of policemen. With each squad of police went a reporter for the Republican, and as soon as an arrest was made the prisoner was "interviewed" for the second edition of the paper.

Oppressed by the consciousness of guilt, and frightened out of their small senses by being dragged from bed at four A. M., the poor fellows confessed everything connected with the crime except their own responsibility for it. Before daylight all were arrested, and the city edition of the Republican contained a complete authentication of it in the confession of three of the parties to the crime.

In the gray of the morning a group of suspicious characters intercepted a Globe-Democrat carrier and persuaded him to give up one of the first copies of the paper. The headline over the murder mystery read: "The Louderman Murder; Unsuccessful Attempts of the Police to Find a Clew; Wolf the Only Man Who Knows the Murderer."

"We'll go home now," said the city editor, and they went accordingly. Next day the business office of the Republican sent the local rooms a hundred dollars with its compliments, and Colonel George Knapp, President of the Republican Company, told the Four Courts reporter that he was in the line of promotion to succeed Mr. Hyde as editor-in-chief.



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MEN & WOMEN
Close-Range Studies



PHOTO BY BOWNESS & CO., QUEBEC

SIR WILFRED LAURIER

In College with Senator Frye

My old friend and classmate, Senator Frye, has always been climbing to higher and higher positions. Once, some years ago, when I met him at the Hamilton, where he always lives when in Washington, he said to me jocosely that he was in a dilemma, being uncertain whether to accept a Senatorship or a higher position. He did not tell me what he regarded as a higher position than that of United States Senator—it may have been the office of Secretary of State; but his choice fell to the Senatorship. Now he touches, I think, the acme of his ambition, if in these days he really has any ambition—to occupy the chair of the Vice-President of the United States. Probably no better presiding officer of the Senate could be found.

The first time I saw Frye was in our Livy classroom at the beginning of our first term in Bowdoin College. I was not quite sixteen and he was about the same age. He appeared to me self-reliant and jolly. He hadn't yet come to his full size, but he was a very presentable youth. He had a perfectly shaped head and a fine forehead. His hair was darkish brown with light shades, and his eyes were just as they are now, large and noticeably blue—eyes that brighten immensely under excitement. As a Freshman, he roomed in Massachusetts Hall (North End) with Webster Pickard, a Junior. This chumming with a Junior cut him off considerably from his more humble classmates of the North College, where P. S. Perley and I enjoyed the fun and teasing of the Sophomores. I doubt if Frye ever had his proper share of the old discipline of hazing, though I saw him at football, once, considerably animated and indignant when Sophs mistook Freshmen's shins for the ball. He and I used to meet out of study hours at the gymnasium in the edge of the Pine Wood and practice jumping with the swing-rope for developing our muscles.

The remarkable thing about Frye at that time was his voice. It had a clear ring and demanded—commanded—attention. His memory was seldom at fault, and his recitation was excellent when he had previously studied. Boys of our age did not always have good lessons, because there were sometimes distractions that were dominating, and poor work was not always our fault. Think of that old-fashioned "hold-in" by the Sophomores at the chapel door, and of those "smoke-outs" in one's room! If one *had* studied, such disturbances always for a time acted unfavorably on the nerves and naturally troubled the reciting. There were suppers, society meetings, games and novels, which, indulged in over night, would at times occasion a poor rendering of language before Professor Packard in the early morning; or a noonday nap would bring on difficulty with Professor Smyth at his blackboard in the afternoon.

But Frye was better defended than I by having a Junior roommate and a conservative example, so that his recitations were generally good. It was my fortune, or rather the want of one, to teach school winters, and during my course of four years to stay out of college one whole fall term. But Frye came from Lewiston, where the falls of the Androscoggin by a storage of power enabled the people to have large factories; he himself belonged to the family of a manufacturer of ample means, so that he was not obliged to teach winter school, or do double work in term time. He retained his youth and elasticity all through the course, was very fond of his secret society, the Psi. U., and had many boon companions. Really, I do not know what would have become of him if he had not struck two important epochs after his graduation. One was the meeting with a charming and accomplished young lady, whom he married; after which, life to my classmate naturally became more serious.

The other important event was his public confession of the Great Master; there resulted what we in New England used to call a "change of mind."

In 1881, while I was commanding the Department of West Point, Frye called me to the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument at Auburn, Maine. When I arrived, Frye was on hand to meet me. A vast multitude had gathered about the covered monument and the nicely constructed platform; among them were families from far and near, his friends and mine. Frye presided and, after an invocation by the Chaplain and a patriotic piece by the Auburn band, made the introductory address. In the evening we had a Soldiers' Rally and Campfire with speeches. His addresses on both occasions so impressed me that I shall never forget either the substance of them or the manner of their delivery. His evening address was a fine summary of the events of the great war and a tribute to the veterans who had participated in it. His voice was so strong and resonant that the large crowd became silent at his first utterance, and he held their attention fixed to the close. I had heard that he could bring the noisy House of Representatives to silence and stop the talk of the lobby during his first three minutes on the floor.

As a lawyer, as an officer on the Governor's staff in war-time, as a public speaker of pronounced and peculiar eloquence, as a member of the House of Representatives faithful to his constituents, and finally as a United States Senator, William Pierce Frye has always played a distinguished part. Every subject he touches he masters, and for every opinion he entertains he can give a wholesome reason. Admiral Dewey, at Manila, gave us the entrance to an Empire in the Orient; Frye and his colleagues at Paris formulated and carried through treaty stipulations which secured it.

—OLIVER OTIS HOWARD,
Major-General United States Army (Retired).

The Secret of Sir Wilfred Laurier's Popularity

Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian Premier, is one of the most approachable of men, and in his days of prosperity does not forget his humble friends and associates of earlier days. A gentleman who presented letters of introduction to Sir Wilfred, while he was in Quebec last summer, relates an incident that displays this side of the Premier's character.

The business of the call having been transacted, Laurier asked:

"How would you like to take a trip about the old town?"

His visitor responded that he would enjoy it very much, and the start was made. Objects of interest were pointed out from the carriage, but not until the quarters of the old habitants were reached did Laurier display much enthusiasm. Once among the old French people his eyes lighted up, and soon a torrent of the *patois* was pouring forth.

"Ah, Uncle Basil," to an old man standing in the doorway, "it is some time since we met. How is that rheumatism? Still troubling you? And *petite* Anne, where is she? What, married! But no, that is not possible. Her child, that little one on the doorstep? *Eh bien!* How time does fly!" And Laurier left the carriage, took the little one in his arms, kissed it, and then, leaving some silver with Uncle Basil, he resumed his seat in the carriage, and was slowly driven down the street.

"These are my children," he said. "I love them dearly."

Wasted Instruction

The University of Chicago, like its great rivals in the East, has a department of Provençal and the other Romance languages, which was lately filled by the appointment of Professor F. M. Warren, formerly of Adelbert College. A day or so after his appointment a good old lady friend said:

"I was very much surprised to hear that Doctor Warren had left professing to become a romancer and to teach boys and girls how to romance. They know enough of it already without any teaching."



PHOTO BY GILBERT & BACON, PHILADELPHIA

MAY IRWIN

May Irwin Off the Stage

Jolly May Irwin has serious moments when she plans out the future of her two big sons, Walter and Harry, or, with a foresight remarkable in a woman, looks out for the days to come by shrewd investments of the money earned in "coon" songs, or unctuous spontaneity which may be at strong variance with her true feelings when the curtain is rung down. Of all the women of the stage she is the most serious.

Persons who have an idea that the actress lives in an atmosphere of diamond showers and late suppers would gasp in astonishment to see this popular favorite engrossed in the composition of a pudding or worried over the vagaries of a crochet pattern. Sarah, the colored maid, who has for fourteen years ruled the Irwin kitchen, quite delights in these lessons, and she is always ready to testify that her mistress would make a far better cook than actress.

On Irwin Island Miss Irwin is queen. Here she revels in a library of rare books. Here she chums with her sons and the many friends who enjoy her freehanded hospitality. Here she goes bareheaded and light-hearted from June to September, putting the artificial life behind her.

Tom Donahu and the Wild Elephants

There is a man in New York who could give Ernest Seton Thompson points on wild animals he has known. He is Tom Donahu, and for more than thirty years he has been night watchman in the Central Park Zoo. Before that he was in the United States Navy. That is where his courage was first put to the test, during the Civil War, but it has had plenty of chance for exercise since. The night watchman's arms are a lantern, a stout stick and a shotgun, which he does not carry with him. His attendants are two bull-terriers who will fight anything from runaway elephants to rats.

Once Camp and Barnum left seventeen wild elephants in Central Park all summer. They were apparently playful, amusing beasts, well-behaved and amiable, but in reality they were, as a rule, so disobedient that they could not be trusted with the shows on the road. Most of them were man-killers. They were kept in a paddock now converted into the hippopotami preserve. Each pachyderm was chained to a peg driven into the earth, and during the day they were watched by Snyder, now head keeper of the Zoo, and "Frenchy," an itinerant elephant man, whose present residence is unknown. At night, Donahu, with his stick and his dogs, was in sole command.

One night old Samson, a sullen, surly brute, scarred with white-hot irons, dented with blows from crowbars, an unsubduable beast who had killed half a score of keepers, broke loose and started browsing around the paddock, jostling other elephants and stirring up revolt. His trumpeting, and the shrill cries of the smaller beasts he had excited, soon brought Donahu to the scene. A newspaper reporter was with him, luckily, and to him the watchman handed his lantern. Then vaulting the paddock fence, he leaped in among the now thoroughly aroused elephants. In an instant he was in front of Samson and was beating his trunk.

Before the brute realized what was being done he was driven back to his place and the chain around his hind leg was fastened securely to the peg. Then the watchman gave him a few more lusty blows on his tender trunk, which finally elicited a cry of submission, and he darted through the maze and was back on the pavement.

"Risky thing to do, Tom," observed the reporter when the herd had quieted down.

"Indeed it was," honestly commented the watchman. "Do you know I've got my Sunday clothes on? I wonder who'd have paid for them if that old beast had ripped them."

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OF THE HOUR
of Contemporaries

How Admiral Selfridge Lost His Ship

There is an officer in the American Navy who has the distinction of having lost his ship and escaped both court of inquiry and court martial. He was never reprimanded, nor, officially, was he notified by the Navy Department that as commander of a warship he was responsible for its loss and must explain. This officer is Rear-Admiral Selfridge the second, recently retired from the service, whose father is the senior ranking Rear-Admiral on the retired list, with another son now a Commander in the Navy.

It was back in the early seventies that Admiral Selfridge, then a Lieutenant-Commander in charge of the sloop-of-war Saganaw, cruising in the Pacific, was ordered by the Department to proceed to an almost unexplored part of the ocean and there to look for an island little known on the charts. The precise location was not definitely known, and Lieutenant Selfridge was told to hunt up the island, make a survey of it, and plot on charts the currents and rocks near shore.

It was a long trip, but Lieutenant Selfridge carried out the essential part of his instructions; he found the unknown land. Unfortunately, he underestimated its length, and, during a dark night, the old Saganaw piled up on the rocks and broke her back. Two hundred men were cast ashore on an island where there was no fresh water and little to eat. Lieutenant Selfridge was a strict disciplinarian, and maintained the same severe observance of the regulations that would be expected of a ship's company on shore. He held two courts-martial, sentenced men to hard work, and all the time kept the crew busy catching fish and securing what food was obtainable. He knew the nearest civilized country was Hawaii, many miles away, and being out of the line of commerce, it was necessary that this land must be reached to secure relief. A whaleboat was patched up and dispatched on the long trip, only to meet disaster in the surf as she entered the harbor of Hawaii. There is a tablet now at the Naval Academy commemorating the heroic conduct of the young officer who lost his life. Of the crew of four, but one man reached the shore.

Lieutenant Selfridge's party after many months was rescued, and when he reached Washington he was congratulated by the Secretary of the Navy for his strict attention to duty while on shore and the care he had taken of his men. Never a word was said about the loss of the Saganaw, and to-day Admiral Selfridge stands alone as the only officer perhaps in any navy who has lost his ship without being held to account for it. In the British service the Captain who loses his vessel never gets another command.



PHOTO BY NORMAN PHOTO CO., BOSTON

RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE

The Dead Man Who Was Much Alive

Nicholas D. Bragaw, now a staid commercial man in New York, was a citizen many years of Colorado and other mining regions. His brother Robert was heavily interested in mines, and was Postmaster and Mayor of Ouray. One winter, what with busy times in the camp and such unexpected accidents as premature blasts and lynching bees, there was a dearth of men, and to help his brother in the post-office Mr. Bragaw took charge of the railway postal service for the Government in that district.

"It was not an unpleasant life after you once got used to it," he said recently in describing it. "The grandeur of the scenery, the bracing air of the mountains and forest, the ice-cold water of the streams, and the good nature of the people more than offset the accidental bullet and the occasional bowie knife. One day, in 1882, we started from Leadville out at the top of a long incline which followed the meanderings of the California Gulch. We were fifteen minutes late on account of a blizzard and wanted to make up lost time. The day was a very dark one in January; my lamps were burning and my little stove blazing fiercely. I noticed the train was going very fast, but supposed we were making up lost time. As the velocity increased I suddenly realized that the train had run away. Nothing was to be done. If we were going to smash no power could prevent it, and if we were not my mail-bags would have to be ready for delivery. I worked hard it seemed for hours. As a matter of fact, however, it was only a few minutes. Then the front of the car, the ash-pan and the mail-bags seemed to rush at me and I became unconscious. When I came to I found myself thumping the floor with my head and struggling with imaginary foes. I then recalled where I was, and slowly and painfully extricated myself from the mountain of letters, papers and mail-bags which had providentially served as safety buffers for my body.

"We had run into a train ahead of us, and the mail car had been crushed at both ends while the middle had been left intact. We were not far from a telegraph station, and in a few minutes the news had been carried in every direction. Now here comes the queer part: a locomotive and a wrecking car were not far away and were sent promptly to our relief; the track was cleared, the mails were transferred, and I had the pleasure that evening of alighting at my destination on time with all of my mail. I was received with a wild welcome by the population of the place, who had come prepared to receive the dead."

President Eliot's Left-Handed Compliment

Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, the successor of the lamented Phillips Brooks, tells this little joke upon himself with keen relish.

It was at the time when there was a vacancy in the bishopric, and Doctor Brooks was the most prominent candidate. Mr. Lawrence, then Dean of the Theological School in Cambridge, was walking with President Eliot, of Harvard University, and the two were discussing the situation.

"Don't you hope Brooks will be elected?" asked the Dean.

"No," said Doctor Eliot; "a second or third rate man would do just as well; and we need Brooks in Boston and Cambridge."

Phillips Brooks was elected, and a little later Doctor Eliot and Mr. Lawrence again discussed the matter.

"Aren't you glad Brooks was elected?" queried the Dean.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Doctor Eliot, "if he wanted it; but to tell the truth, Lawrence, you were my man."

Why He Did Not Coöperate

To Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, of Bensonhurst, New York, belongs much of the credit of establishing the coöperative movement in the United States. She had been impressed with the success of the system in Great Britain while traveling there in the seventies, and on her return began an active campaign to establish it in this country. Possessing great wealth and marked literary and forensic ability, she gradually built up a large organization. Among those who aided her in the beginning of the work were Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, Rev. Dr. de Costa, the Honorable Charles Codman, of Boston, and Professor Bjerregaard. The brunt of the work, however, was sustained by Mrs. Fales, who spoke in more than two hundred cities, wrote and distributed leaflets, circulars and books, and published the Sociologic News.

Once there was a call from a man whose hair and beard ran riotously about his face. He asked anxiously: "Is this scheme a new religion?" "Oh, no," said Mrs. Fales. "Is it a new politics?" "Not in the least." "Is it against the Government?" "Not at all," answered Mrs. Fales. "Then I don't want nothing to do with it."

Señor Pacheco's Malay Creeses

The beautiful weapons which have been sent home as trophies from the Philippines have brought into prominence the artistic skill of the Malays in this kind of metal work. The finest specimen exhibited thus far is a bolo presented recently to Adjutant-General Corbin by Brigadier-General Schwan, now with General Otis in Luzon.

Señor A. Antonio Pacheco, the ex-Administrator of Macao, who is a visitor to the United States, has the most famous collection of these Malay arms in the far East.

"The bolo," he says, "is a straight, flat-bladed weapon, used for both cutting and thrusting. It is widest at a point about one-third from the hilt, and tapers in a graceful curve to the point and in converging lines toward the handle. In size it varies from that of a dirk knife to that of a short sword. The creese, on the other hand, has a waved or serpentine edge and a channeled surface. These channels at one time were poisoned. Few of the Malays poison their blades to-day, the practice being confined to three or four small tribes in the interior of Borneo and Mindanao. The creese ranges from a small dagger scarce four inches long to a sword three feet long. It is used almost exclusively for thrusting. Both creese and bolo have a handle shaped like a pistol grip, but the extreme end is carved into graceful finials that suggest the prow of a Venetian gondola. The prices depend upon the steel, the workmanship and the silver and gold ornaments upon the handle, and range all the way from ten cents up to forty and fifty dollars."



PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON

WILLIAM P. FRYE



PHOTO BY GEMPERLE & VAN BRUNT, NEW YORK

MRS. ISOBEL STRONG

Mrs. Strong's Story of Samoa

Mrs. Isobel Strong, for years the faithful amanuensis of Robert Louis Stevenson, possesses a unique vocabulary which may be likened to a mosaic of picture words. Once when questioned about this she said:

"I suppose if I have anything peculiar in my speech it is because I am easily influenced by travel and association. I sometimes think I have been verbally infected by every land I have visited." And, of course, she has been all over the world.

Mrs. Strong has written of her travels very entertainingly and her fame as an author is a growing one. It is when she talks of Samoa that she is most interesting to those who have the good fortune to hear her descriptions and reminiscences of the far-away island and its people.

"I shall never forget one incident," said she, "which is a lesson in patriotism. My mother and myself welcomed all the men-of-war that came into Samoan waters, and gave little social affairs in honor of the visitors, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

"There were ships from Germany, France, England, and I don't know how many countries, and, oh! how we longed for ships from our own beloved United States.

"One day they came, and their coming will not soon be forgotten. Certainly we are not likely to forget it. The first thing they did was to shell our city and send their shots right through our house."

Misunderstood Patriotism

Professor Alfred B. Adams, of New York, was a soldier in the Civil War, and took part in the Red River campaign under Major-General Nathaniel T. Banks.

"At one place," he said recently to one of his classes, "we surprised a Southern garrison and took many prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment to Europe on account of the Southern Government. General Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his flotilla. Each bale was stenciled C. S. A., and over this the Northern soldiers with marking brushes wrote in huge characters U. S. A. I was on guard at the time, and one of my prisoners, a handsome, bright-eyed young Southern officer, said: 'Yank, what's that writing there?'

"I looked proudly at him as I replied, 'The United States of America over the Confederate States of America. Can't you read U. S. A. over C. S. A.?'

"He looked at me quizzically. 'Thank you,' he said. 'Do you know, I thought it was United States of America Cotton Stealing Association.'

"The next question he put to me I didn't answer."

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The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett

Author of The Secret Ministry, The Raiders, The Lilac Sunbonnet, The Grey Man, The Red Axe, etc., etc.

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Part II—Fifth Chapter

THE trio arrived at the little loaning shaded with irregular alders and birches which led between the two "parks" pertaining to the house of Millwharchar. The two first acquainted were maintaining a brisk conversation on the merits of various wild flowers, Bell preferring the wild white rose and Adam Home holding out for the modest gowan, while a step behind them, Hector Faa, with his hand in the flap of his right pistol-pocket, listened with a smile as incredulous as it was contemptuous.

Suddenly a turn of the loaning brought them face to face with a startling apparition.

"Halt there where ye stand, or prepare forthwith to meet your Maker!" exclaimed a voice stern as the law and all the prophets.

The young people looked up from their pleasant converse of word with word and glance with glance. Close to them, and elevated a little on the broad stone step of the farm-house, stood a striking and almost tremendous figure. Coat of blue, ancient steeple-crowned Puritan hat towering above, steel breastplate winking beneath, buff knee-breeches covering limbs sturdy as an average man's body, shoon buckled with huge clasps of hammered iron—thus before them, instant and minatory, stood Ninian MacLurg. His long-stocked, brown "Queen Anne" musket was leveled directly at Adam Home, a second piece stood contiguous to his hand, and the bare blade of an Andrea Ferrara glittered against the wall of rough harled masonry whereon it leaned hilt upward.

Six foot six in height stood Ninian MacLurg, tough as an ancient oak, keen-eyed as an eagle, irascible and indomitable as in all Scotland only he could be.

"Oh, father," cried Bell, "put down your gun. These gentlemen are in trouble and have come to beg your assistance."

"Out of my gate, lassie," cried her father, glancing down the barrel of his piece; "gentlemen, forsooth! They are rebels, cave-lurkers, sheep-stealers. Make your peace with God, gentlemen. It was an ill day that you thought to cozen Ninian MacLurg with your traitorous speeches."

Then Bell, with terror, threw herself in front of Adam Home, and cried to her father: "Do not shoot; it was my fault. I brought him here. He hath a sick companion who needs your help. You would not refuse it, for your heart is kind. Oh, father, be forbearing with him!"

The eye of Ninian MacLurg never wavered along the leveled tube.

"Take your hand out of your pocket-hole, little ugly gipsy man—one, two, three—out with it! I thank you. Now, long man with the tashed coat, say after me, with your hands held up to Heaven, 'God save King George and confound Jamie the Pretender!' You have till I count thirty to save your life."

Hector Faa's hand, which, obedient to the first invitation, had been reluctantly withdrawn from the vicinity of his pistol, now began to return stealthily. But he reckoned without his host.

"Your hands above your head, little man—so!—as you hope for life, keep them there. Now, sir, to your catechism. Say after me, 'God save King George.'"

Up to this moment Adam Home's fingers had been busy with the gowan which he had pulled to illustrate his argument with Bell. But he turned to that maiden now, as her father began to count slowly, "One—two—three"; in an audible voice he said: "Mistress Bell, you were right; will you give me that rose from your neck in exchange for my gowan? I think, after all, it is the finer and fairer flower. At least, I love the better to wear it."

"Fourteen—fifteen—sixteen," came the steady count.

"Oh, take it," cried Bell; "take it, and say what he tells you; for my sake say it. My father is a man of his word. I will never be saucy again; I will do anything you wish if only this once you will say 'God save King George.'"

"For your sake I would if I could at all, sweetest maid," the young man said, "but the true King is more to me than life—more, even, than love!"

"Twenty-three—twenty-four—twenty-five."

Adam Home instinctively put his petitioner at arm's length from him, and with a quiet and assured mien fitted the white rose to his buttonhole, first reverently kissing the emblem of the Stuart race, which was now also a lady's favor.

He was adjusting it to his satisfaction, and giving a little pat to the lapel of his coat, when the inexorable voice from the doorstep counted on, level and monotonous, "Twenty-eight—twenty-nine——"

"Crash!" went the Queen Anne musket.

The young man, Adam Home, stood for a moment after the report in his ordinary attitude of careless ease. Then, all suddenly, he swayed, clasped his hand on his right side, gripped himself, as it were, and, turning to Bell, with his other hand he raised his hat.

"I fear that I need not trouble you any longer," he said courteously, "but I am infinitely indebted to you—indebted to you—indebted——"

And the hand that had held the hat aloft sinking heavily down, its owner slowly pitched forward, rather than fell, and lay motionless on his face among the straw which cumbered the yard.



DRAWN BY HENRY C. EDMONDS

BELL, OVERWHELMED WITH SHAME AND PITY, WAS LEFT ALONE WITH THE WOUNDED MAN

Sixth Chapter

AT THE first pull of Ninian MacLurg's finger on the trigger Hector Faa had dodged like a weasel behind a red-bodied mountain cart, and now his pistol-barrel glanced over the back bar with the sharp eye of the hill-gipsy twinkling small and bright behind it like the eye of a bird.

The Laird of Millwharchar had not, however, expended his whole magazine at one shot. He seized the gun, which stood against the wall, by the barrel and, cocking it, advanced toward the fugitive entrenched behind the trail-cart.

Hector Faa's teeth gradually uncovered, and he waited till his assailant was within a dozen paces and then fired, the bullet, being well aimed, struck the second musket upon the side of the lock, glancing off, however, and flattening itself against the wall without doing any damage.

"The God of battles hath delivered the wicked into my hands!" cried Ninian MacLurg as he caught the trail-cart suddenly by the pole and turned it over, almost but not quite upon the top of Hector Faa, for that active man of the hills, seeing his position and acknowledging defeat as readily as victory, instantly fled, leaving his discarded pistol on the ground, so anxious was he to avoid underlying the tender mercies of the Laird of Millwharchar. He sped across the courtyard, almost bowed to the ground, and ran with all his power for the heather.

Ninian turned about for his Ferrara blade. He had a score of steps to go back to recover it, which gave the nimble fugitive a considerable start. But in a moment it was in his hand, and, with his great body thrown forward and every nerve strained, the laird took up the chase as eagerly and determinedly as if twenty-six instead of sixty-two had been the number of his years. But Hector Faa had a long start, and strain as he would, Ninian could not overtake him nor reduce by an appreciable inch the distance between them.

Bell, overwhelmed with shame and pity, was left alone with the wounded man. With a great effort of strength she turned him over till his head rested on her shoulder. She was surprised to feel how light and supple he was. She thought that she could almost carry him in her arms.

At this moment her two brothers, Alec and John, came into the courtyard, and stood astonished to find their eldest sister with the head of a wounded man on her shoulder.

"Bell," the two lads cried simultaneously, "what in the world are you doing with the man?"

"Come and help this instant, great gomerels," replied that acrid maiden; "think you that I am playing 'Jook-my-Joe' about the stacks on Hallowe'en?"

Alec and John approached gingerly, looking around for their father as they did so with a glance which told much of the Spartan nature of their up-bringing.

"Who is he, and what are you going to do with him?"

"He is a young lord who came to ask a favor of my father," said Bell, "and he has shotten him. And, oh! if he dies our father will hang. Come; help me with him to the old stable-loft of Larbrax. Will Begbie will hide him there, or I shall know the reason why."

The lads demurred. It was a good half mile to the deserted steading of Larbrax. Their father might return. What would they say to him when he came back and found the wounded man gone?

"Leave all that to me," cried Bell; "say not a word to the other lasses. Take hold of him, I say."

And so, with their imperious sister at the head, Alec in the midst, and John at the feet, they laid Adam Home on a dismounted door which stood at the back of the byre, and prepared to carry him to the stable-loft of Larbrax.

Alec and John soon tired of their burden, and Bell had to threaten and cajole them to turn about to make them keep to their work. At last, to shame them, she took a turn at the foot of the door, relieving John, who sulked along after them. Her arms were almost dragged from their sockets, and there was a tearing stitch in her side which threatened to deprive her of breath altogether.

As she looked at the young man he appeared to wear the selfsame smile with which he had thanked her for the white rose, and her heart prayed that he might not be dead, and the dishonor forever laid upon her father's head that he had shot down an unarmed and unresisting man upon his own doorstep.

Even as she stumbled along, biting her lips with the effort not to cry out and drop the board on which Adam Home lay stretched out, the eyes of the wounded man were slowly opened. Consciousness struggled back into them. Seeing Bell at his feet, he strove to raise himself, but with a determined shake of the head she motioned him to lie still where he was.

Then John, who had been gradually growing ashamed of himself, craved that she should let him back to his place.

Editor's Note—This is the second part of a four-part romance by [illegible] Post of February 3.

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but Bell, with a new strength in her veins from the knowledge that he was alive, would not surrender her post, and permitted him only to help in Alec's place at the side.

In this wise came the procession into the silent courtyard of the old farm town of Larbrax. Now, the "stable-laft" into which Bell proposed to convey Adam Home was of peculiar construction, and had obviously been built to suit the needs of difficult and dangerous times.

It was, in fact, not upon the top of the stable at all, but over the barn. That store house of fodder and sheaves had been originally built with a double roof, the inner being of less steep slant than the outer, leaving a space of some five feet high all along the length of the barn. This was entered from the real stable-loft by a wall-press of which the back was composed of wood roughly plastered over to imitate stone.

It was with some pain and no small difficulty that Adam Home was carried up the narrow ladder which led to the outer loft. From thence the road was easier, but the wounded man had to endure many a pang before he found himself deposited on a bed of clean straw, with the little green skylight carefully extracted and placed among the thatch in order to let in the air and a glimpse of the blue sky.

Then, at last, sending off the lads, Alec and John, lest her father should have arrived home before them, Bell kneeled beside Adam Home and cut away the waistcoat and fine shirt from the wound, the locality of which was all too easily discoverable by the oozing red which dyed with a fresher scarlet the faded red of his military undercoat.

"This is kind of you," he said; but she could only answer him with her tears as she bent tenderly to bathe the wound.

The bullet, she found, had made a long, tearing cut, glancing along the rib, but not reaching the backbone.

"Will you tell me exactly what it looks like?" said Adam Home. "I am enough of a surgeon to know whether or not it is dangerous."

Bell checked her sobs in order to obey him.

"That is well," he said cheerfully, "yet I fear much I shall be a trouble to you for some time. But where am I at this moment?"

The girl told him that he was at the old and deserted farm steading of Larbrax and in perfect safety—that no one but the owner, Will Begbie, ever came there.

The wounded man took a swift glance at her as she attentively bound up the wound with strips of her kirtle, till she had extemporized as good a dressing as was possible.

Then, leaving the last strip of cloth she could spare wet upon his brow, and promising soon to return, Bell tripped down the ladder and carefully closed the door behind her.

Seventh Chapter

ARRIVED at the outer air, Bell went in search of Will Begbie. She would find him, she was sure, at the New Farmtown, where he resided with an old housekeeper, by name Tibby Lee, and a shepherd or two, whose duties kept them all day on the hill. But upon her arrival there she found silence in the wide spaces of the yard, broken only by the "chunnering" of the hens in their dustbaths under the bank. Silence dominated the house when Bell stood on the steps and called "Will!" Then, when at last she mustered courage to open the door by lifting the iron latch with its new-fangled broad thumb-piece, her call of "Will, I want you!" was answered only by the pushing back of a wooden chair as Yarrow, his half-blind old collie, rose from beneath the kitchen table and came inquiringly to the door.

But Yarrow could not inform Bell where his master was, though he thrust a moist nose of sympathy into her hand, so she had to seek farther. On a bench in the new barn was a tankard from which the ale had been so recently drained that the yellow froth bubbles had not yet had time to reach the bottom. The girl's voice rang through the wide, dusky spaces from threshing-floor to rafters.

"Will! Will! Oh, Will—I want you!" But Will Begbie was not to be seen.

The girl was heartsick and distressed. She thought with a sharp self-reproach mingled with a wild pleasure of how the young man in the tarnished officer's dress had helped her with the peat-fitting. She recounted to herself (after the manner of women) how often their hands had touched each other, and especially she recalled again that quick, backward fling of the head as often as she broke the crust of his formality with her daring pleasantries.

"It is all Will Begbie's fault. He ought to be here when I want him. He is often enough in the way when I don't!"

"Will Begbie is here, Mistress Isobel!" said a tall, fresh-complexioned youth. "In what can I serve you?"

"Indeed, Will Begbie, there is much that you can do," said Bell, dashing into her explanation before she lost courage. "My father shot a rebel, and I have had him carried to the old barn over there. He lies in the secret laft. You do not mind, do you?"

Bell lifted up beseeching eyes, wet with recent tears, to the youth who stood before her. He in his turn set his fingers underneath his bonnet sideways and, tilting it a little, scratched his head with a quaint perplexity.

"A dead man—a murdered man in my barn, and your father did it?" he said, with an appreciable interval.

"Neither a dead man, nor yet, even if he had been dead, a man murdered by my father. He is a rebel officer, and came to ask succor and safe conduct. It was my fault. I brought him. But my father, being an angry, hot man, would not listen to a word, and gave him only half a minute to cry "God save King George." Then when he would not thus be hurried into loyalty my father shot him down."

Will Begbie shifted from one foot to the other uneasily. "Bell," he said doubtfully, "you know not what you ask. It is rank treason to conceal a rebel, and it might go against my neck were it known. Besides, I am a good King George's man, and so was my father before me."

Bell flashed a small key from her pocket, and leaping to her feet and thrusting it under his nose, she cried out indignantly: "Here, take it; there is the key of the secret laft. Go and betray the man that trusted you; betray me that thought better of you than of any of her own folk. But never from this day forth look the road Bell MacLurg is on till the day you die the death of a traitor and a spy!"

"Nay, Bell," he stammered, "I meant nothing of the kind. I was just a little taken aback at the first go off. I will never betray any that trusted me. I will go and see the man now. Will you accompany me?"

"Thank you, Will; I knew you would see reason. You always can be convinced. But, before you go, can you think of any kindly, silent man with the skill of a surgeon? There is none that I can remember but Dominie Duncan Robison over at the clachan. He has the name of great skill. Can you advise me if with his official position we could count on his holding his tongue in the matter of the rebel?"

The slower wits of Will Begbie revolved the problem a while and looked at it from all points. "I think it would do," he said. "They whisper cannily that Duncan, being a Highlandman himself, hath a warm side to the King over the water. I am sure he would deal kindly with the old man."

"I said not that the rebel was an old man, Will," said Bell quickly; "he is not so very old."

"I will go and see him," said the farmer of Larbrax with less exuberance of spirits than he had hitherto shown. And this time he did not invite Bell to accompany him.

They walked together, however, to the old farm town, and then Will Begbie went up alone. When he came down ten minutes after his face was altered. It was sterner and older.

"I will do it, Bell," he said; "but mind, it is for your sake I will help this man to escape out of the country.

"And partly for my own!" he added to himself.

Eighth Chapter

BELL'S father did not return to Millwharchar till late at night, and when he came in none dared ask a question of him as he set himself down by the fire, now gloomily staring at the sullen glow of the peat ashes, and now rubbing briskly at the blade of his Andrea.

Suddenly he flung a question at Bell, and the lads, who sat by the slender illumination of a candle pretending to read, trembled till their chap-books shook like willow leaves in a westerly wind.

"What came of the young rebel that I shot?"

Bell had been expecting the question ever since she had heard her father's step on the threshold, and she had been prepared for it long before that.

"Some ill-looking gangrel lads came down from the hills and carried him off, we knew not where," she answered, looking at Alec and John, daring them to say a word.

"Some of Hector Faa's crew of rascals, I doubt not," grumbled her father. "Hark ye, Mistress Bell; never let me hear of you passing word of mouth with any belonging to that gang, or I will banish you from my fireside, never to return."

Under the skillful leechdom of the dominie, who proved as silent and willing as Will Begbie had foretold, and the bright, occasional visits of Bell to his lonely garret, the wounded man recovered quickly. But Will Begbie never went from home to kirk or market all the time that Adam Home lay in the secret loft above the old barn. And only on one occasion did Bell see her invalid alone. So anxious was Will to preserve him from intrusion and guard him from all excitement that he frequented the old farm town more than he had done in twenty years.

The solitary exception to Will Begbie's unsleeping watchfulness chanced on the afternoon of the day before Adam Home and his friend Glenmorrison were to sail, as castaway foreign sailors of no particular nationality, in a lugger which was putting out from the Ferry Port of Cree. Will had been called away suddenly by a message that one of his horses had fallen into a moss-hole on the march between Larbrax and Millwharchar Moor. The message was brought by John MacLurg, and its genuineness was somewhat suspect, owing to the fact that John was seen to spend one silver crown on a new thistle buckle for his bonnet and another on particolored ribands for the lasses over at the clachan that night, where, as it happened, a traveling chapman was displaying his wares and driving a brisk trade.

At any rate, the horse was definitely and indubitably in the bog, and had to be extricated with ropes. Nevertheless, so strange is chance that before Will was over the hill Bell MacLurg had set John to guard the approaches of the old farm steading and had gone up to say farewell to Adam.

She found him wearing a coat of Will Begbie's, while his own, carefully mended and brushed, hung on a nail behind him. He was pale, but was able to rise, so far as the low rafters would allow him, to greet her entrance.

"You are going to leave us to-morrow," said Bell after the pause that follows most salutations; "how glad you must be!"

"I shall indeed be glad that I am again to see the sky and breathe the unconditioned air," he said, dropping into his old, ornate diction; "but I grieve that I can receive no more such angel visits as this. I can never repay that which you have done for me. But neither will I ever forget. In happier times I shall return. There are even now good friends in high place who urge me to make my peace with the Government. Also I think that they themselves will soon have had enough of the ax to satisfy even Hanoverian tastes."

Bell and Adam Home sat on two stools, looking at each other, awkward as school children left alone when the master is out, and they know not when he will return.

A light, quizzical smile came over Adam's face.

"If I come back next year in time for the peat-fitting will you give me the rest of my lesson?"

Bell was silent, but a deep flush slowly covered her face.



"Here, take it; there is the key of the secret laft!"

"Do not——" she said; "be a little generous. You are a great man. I heard Hector Faa call you 'My lord.' And though after a fashion you explained his words, yet I have not seen you so much without knowing that you belong to a different world from that in which we simple folk of Galloway dwell. Leave us alone to our dull lives. We have done our best to help you to life again, as one Christian should help another. But do not come back. I pray you do not come back!"

There were tears in her eyes now, and Adam Home thought he had never seen them so large and beautiful, deep as the cloudless zenith before the sunrising. He came forward and took both her hands.

There was a whistle.

"Haste ye—haste ye, Bell," cried her brother; "they have shifted the horse beast out of the mire!"

Adam Home stood by the plastered door. He held Bell's hands a moment in his. "I have not the right now," he said, looking down at her lips and blushful face, "but when the roses bloom and the peats are fitted I will come again and ask for what I dare not take."

"Ah, do not——" she began, but could get no further. For, with a courtesy such as she had only dreamed of, he lifted the fingers of the Bonnet Laird's daughter to his lips and respectfully kissed them. Then with a resolute hand he shut the door after her.

Next day at the fair at Cree Bridge, as Bell stood by the little jetty which protruded into the brown tidal water, a tanned foreign sailor with a red knitted cap on his head came limping past.

"Will you buy a purse, pretty lady?" he said in broken English.

Bell knew the voice at once. It was that of Adam Home. But she could not find a word with which to answer him.

"I thank you," he said aloud, as if he had received a price; and, touching his cap, he moved away. She saw him get on board the lugger, which looked so slight and frail a craft in which to cross the wide seas to France, yet had proved herself capable by many a successful voyage to Fécamp and Le Havre.

The tide being full, the rope was immediately cast off, and with a favorable wind the boat moved off.

Bell stood on the quay and watched. The foreign sailor took off his cap and swung it about his head. Bell's hand wavered piteously up in reply, but dropped again in a moment as if ashamed of its own daring. Then, as she turned away, she eagerly opened the purse. It contained nothing but a withered white rose.

"What have you got there in that old purse, Bell?" said Will Begbie cheerily in her ear.

He had rid himself of the rebel officer, and since he knew nothing of John MacLurg's vigil, his heart pulsed light and secure within his bosom.

"Tell me—what have you stowed away so secretly and anxiously in that old purse?" he cried again.

"Nothing but a seed for next year's garden," answered Mistress Isobel MacLurg.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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The Decline of Conviction

PRESIDENT HADLEY, of Yale, recently threw some incidental light on the decline of oratory in this country. He pointed out the fact that the disappearance of the forum from our legislative halls was coincident with a change in the legislators themselves, from men of earnest convictions, desirous of educating public opinion, to men of practical bent desiring only to subserve in the most direct way the special and local interests which were confided to them. To do this expeditiously they resort to compromise and adjustment. Such a change of legislative action, it must be plain to all of us, sooner or later renders mere eloquence superfluous and narrows the field of operation from the educational to the merely executive. What may now be called "close attention to business" in the Halls of Congress leaves little room or time for those broad views and patriotic sentiments which appeal to the people themselves. Anything like a forensic effort is very apt to be regarded as a diversion or an interruption, and to be called "talk" by the newspapers.

President Hadley distinctly declares that the country has suffered a positive loss in this change, and there is no doubt that he is right, because it is not only the duty of legislators to act, but also to give the people the very best reasons that are in them for their acts, and to bring to the statesmanship of law-making elemental principles in the loftiest utterance. It is to the intellect, the sagacity and the experience of such men that we must look for guidance in all those questions which affect the permanent well-being of the commonwealth. Some of the noblest precedents of our history have passed into literature, no less than into the code, and it is because they have been there preserved with the flash and glow of eloquence that the personal conviction of the Congressman has outlived his time and his work. The once superb challenge of the tribune wears in our day, it must be acknowledged, an apologetic and abbreviated air. And yet we are constantly reminded that it is the men of conviction and not the mere men of assiduity who give a sort of personal impact to opinions and convert ideas into eloquence. Earnestness of belief still holds our attention as if there were some authority in the very enthusiasm of a man, quite aside from his intellectual equipment.

No better example of this can be found than is furnished by the late Mr. Moody, the evangelist. Probably no religious teacher of our times was so oblivious of all the minor distinctions which creed and mere ecclesiasticism have given to the various bodies of Christian workers, and certainly no popular preacher so persistently ignored the rationalism, the estheticism and the higher criticism of the intellectual church of to-day. And yet his simple faith, his unswerving adherence to two or three fundamental principles that were as broad as Christianity itself, and his valiant simple-mindedness and coercive love of mankind not only brought about him in reverent respect the most antagonistic workers, but gave him an efficacy of utterance with the people which it is not too much to say has not been equaled in our generation by any other man.

Eloquence in its final definition is only earnestness, whether it be set in the words of a Peter Cartwright or flash in the elegant diction of a Cardinal Newman. It is the announcement that a man has arrived at certain convictions and that he cannot rest until he has brought all men abreast of them.

—A. C. WHEELER.

The Neglected Inclosure

DEAR READERS: You may be my superiors in a thousand ways; you may be sweeter tempered, possessed of better memories or wider learning or finer spirituality, but we have a common weakness—we always forget to inclose a clipping, or money, or a handkerchief, or whatever it is that we say "I inclose herewith." Don't we? Now, why is this, gentle readers? You have good memories for faces or for figures or for stories; why do you fall down on so simple a thing as inclosing an article when you say you're going to?

Think of how it vexes you when you are the recipient of a letter that says, "I am inclosing herewith a little embroidered handkerchief as a birthday gift. I worked it myself and feel sure that you will like it." Only that and nothing more—no handkerchief. Or else it is, "I am sure that you will enjoy as much as I did the droll story which I have cut out and inclose. Please write me at once what you think of it, as to-morrow I am going to India to be gone seven years and I want to get your opinion before I go." But the clipping is not in the envelope. And you are vexed, because you value your opinion of stories and would like above all things to tell your friend what you thought of his tale.

Or worst form of all is the last: "I am sending you a check for twenty-five dollars in payment for that picture you sent me. Please acknowledge receipt." Of course you never needed a twenty-five-dollar bill as you need that one, but equally, of course, your friend forgot to inclose it. Don't blame him, however, for you would have forgotten it yourself.

The art of inclosing is a lost art. Here and there there may be a man who can inclose when he says he is going to, but he is mighty scarce.

The most exasperating form of neglected inclosure is when your correspondent says, "It is vastly important that you should know about the inclosed at once, so instead of copying it out myself I send you a cutting which I wish returned immediately. I hope it will reach you in time."

There is nothing else in the envelope at first sight, and you open it to its widest extent, feeling all the while as if you had been cut off at the telephone just after some one has said, "Your uncle has died and left——" You are in an agony of curiosity, but you must possess your soul in patience until your friend finds the clipping and sends it in a later mail.

Make up your minds, then, dear readers, while it is yet early in the year, that hereafter you will be inclosers. Put your inclosure in, even if you forget to write the letter. The inclosure is the *raison d'être* of the matter. Don't leave it out.

I am too old to learn this new trick, but with you there is yet time. Inclose.

—CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

He is a very great and a very distinguished man who can afford in this period of the world's civilization to wear bad clothes.

Diverse Paths to Divers Ends

IT WOULD be hard to find two men or two women who should receive the same education. Education should be adjusted to the one to be educated. For both men and women education should aid in securing a healthy body, in training the mind to think, in nurturing a pure moral nature, and in making a strong will. Education should not train women to become wives and mothers. Education should not train men to become husbands and fathers. Education is broader than either the nuptial or parental relationship. Education should be so broad and so high that one can enter into these domestic and other relations with fitness and with ease. The highest training fits best for the performance of every task.

One can trust a woman to select those studies which will make of her the best woman. She is to get herself ready for her work; God will find her work. Once ready for her work, she is fitted to be the head of a home or of a school or of a hospital, as the home or the school or the hospital may open itself to her service. The college is not a professional school. It is not designed to make lawyers, or doctors, or housekeepers, or candlestick makers. It is not designed to teach anything in particular. It is designed to give the student *himself*—at his best.

A woman and a man may receive the same education, but they receive it, not on the ground that one is a man and the other a woman, but on the ground that the comprehensive qualities of each demand the same training. Two women may receive different training for the reason that they are unlike. Two men may receive unlike training also on the ground that they are different. There is something larger than sexuality; there is humanity. Humanity is to be educated into the largest character and noblest doing.

—CHARLES F. THWING.

Lots of people grow poor buying bargains.

A Good Thing to Let Alone

THERE are various schemes before Congress to amend the Constitution. Many good people would, if possible, engraft forever their facts and ideas upon this venerable and imperishable instrument of free government. In order to make any amendment there must be a two-thirds vote of Congress, and the vote must be ratified by three-fourths of the State Legislatures. An alternative allows the calling of conventions to do the work, but that is no longer feasible. It is well that our forefathers protected the Constitution so thoroughly; but it is like the other work they did in establishing this Republic. The Constitution was the product of four months of secret and heroic work by the best men of the new nation, presided over by Washington. Many a time results were despaired of, and even Franklin came near giving up hope, but, in the end, the matchless document was adopted. Then it had another trial before the States, and it was with the greatest difficulty that it was finally ratified.

Two years afterward there were added ten amendments, largely the work of James Madison, and intended to guard the rights of the Constitution and prohibit dangerous exercises of authority. Seven years later, in 1798, the eleventh amendment, referring to suits against the Government, was agreed upon. In 1804 came the twelfth amendment, referring to the work of the Presidential Electors. For over sixty years from that date the Constitution remained untouched. Then came the thirteenth amendment, in 1865, confirming the Proclamation of Emancipation. In 1868 followed the fourteenth amendment, making the negroes citizens of the United States, and in 1870 the fifteenth amendment gave these Freedmen the right to vote.

This, in brief, is the history of the grandest plan of government the world has ever known. It is not at all necessary to question for a moment the perfect sincerity and good faith of those who would add to it their ideas and convictions. The very fact that such amendments would last through the centuries makes the effort all the more stimulating to the zealous reformers who want the world to move upon their lines. But after we have investigated all the suggestions and weighed all the propositions, there seems to be nothing to change the fact that, as the Constitution is to-day unequaled and supreme, it would not be wise to endanger it by "improvements." Let us hold it sacred!

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

It costs Uncle Sam nearly two millions of dollars per day to run his Government, but, honestly, it is worth it.

The Humorist and the Philosopher

IN TAKING ourselves and life too seriously we not only miss a lot of fun but defeat the very ends we are apparently seeking. There is no one so blind to the world about him or so little capable of understanding its essential commonplaceness as the man without a sense of humor.

It is a whimsical quality not to be set down in harsh definition and by no means to be spoken of in the same breath as wit. Its possessor is invariably a kindly looker-on at life's comedy and tragedy, and he finds more to smile at than to condemn. The wit laughs. Humor is a sympathetic quality; it helps us to interpret others through a knowledge of ourselves and our various big and little weaknesses and meanderings.

The humorist has time to observe and to listen to his fellow human beings with an open eye and a willing ear. He is the true philosopher, for he deals not with theories and abstractions of the study, but with the facts of the market-place. Life is to him a pageant for his amusement and instruction, not a weary way or a vale of tears to a doubtful finish.

Humor is not shallowness; it is not a belittling of realities. it penetrates the depths, and is never far removed from the fount of tears. The tears it shed, however, are those that afford a gentle stirring of the pleasurable emotions, never those of bitterness and hate.

Humor is genial at all times. It is nearly always shown in combination with far-seeing shrewdness and knowledge of others that makes its manifestations at times embarrassingly surprising to the less gifted. Our pet follies and most admired and persistently cultivated self-deceptions are often illuminated with the flashlight gleam from a friendly humorist, to our chagrin and profit if we are not utterly lost.

We are too apt to get in a rut with the oncoming of the years and the growth of responsibilities, too ready to fix our eyes on a wall-lined, narrow way ahead, and to hurry by the things that make the going easier. That life is real and earnest goes without saying, but the man who is in closest touch with his fellow-men tempers the reality and takes his earnestness without too much insistence. Smoothest going is on ball-bearings that roll along and take their places with just as little noise and friction as possible. The humorist is willing to go his way rejoicing and to let the other fellow set the pace or to trail him as he will.

It is this element of humor that has made David Harum one of the most popular of public characters. He is an embodiment of humor that appeals to all. There is no misunderstanding his shrewd yet kindly personality. He is the man of the world in the rough who sees life as it is and has a lot of fun living his life and watching others live.

It is the "humor of it" that makes Mark Twain's recent comments and criticisms so entertaining, and so free from offense and the common prejudices that are so often found in writing of this kind. Mercutio was a very prince of humorists. Thackeray had the gift. Charles Lamb—Elia of kindly memory—is read for this quality, and its richness in the books of that small bit of a Scot, Barrie, has brought laughter and tears for thousands.

—JAMES B. CARRINGTON.

There are various ways of killing popularity, but after you have delivered a long speech to a tired audience you need not bother about the others.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

Where the Postman Succeeded the Priest

There was a time once when priests sought to regulate the customs of St. Valentine's Day, and through their efforts the saint was supposed to incline the hearts of the young folks away from each other to more spiritual things. They did very well until a new influence balked their excellent endeavors. The reduction of postal charges gave a new direction to the exchanges of sentiments, and these unholy tendencies have since continued. Instead of the priest we now have the postman as the chief figure of the day. On his shoulders the burdens descend. We hear a great deal about the custom falling into disuse, but if we should question the men who carry the mails we should find that there will be millions of these tender missives delivered on February 14. Incidentally, there will be another million or so of the comic valentine, which is a nuisance in itself and an insult to the general meanings of the day. Nowadays it has sadly departed from its spiritual significance.

The Growth of Postage in Cheapness

A hundred years ago it would have cost eight cents each to send valentines or letters any distance under forty miles, and twenty-five cents each any distance between three and five hundred miles. It was less than forty years ago that a single charge took a letter to any point in the United States, and then the rate was three cents for half an ounce. On March 3, 1883, this was reduced to two cents per half ounce, and exactly two years later it was made two cents per ounce; so that now for two cents the valentine may be sent all the way to the Philippines, or to any other of our new colonies. At the rate of one hundred years ago the cost would have been several dollars, and now not only is it two cents, but the movement is under way to reduce this one-half. For several years the Presidential conventions have adopted measures calling for one-cent postage, and the idea is backed by a strong sentiment, although many seemed to think that a first-class mail service for two cents a letter is better than a large deficit at one cent. At any rate, it is only a question of time when the one-cent basis will be adopted. The sender of the valentine does not miss it so very much anyhow, for as a rule he mails it as printed matter and gets it through for the lowest possible sum.

The Greatest Business of the World

The growth of postage in this country is amazing. In 1800 there were 903 post-offices, 20,817 miles of mail routes, and revenues of $280,804. To-day the post-offices number over 70,000. There are nearly half a million miles of mail routes, and to use the words of the President's message, "the expenditures and the revenues will much exceed one hundred millions during the current year." The last Congress was obliged to increase the postal appropriations sixteen millions of dollars, and it is more than likely that the present Congress will have to add millions more to these extraordinary figures. The growth of the postal work goes on, and so far this year is ahead of all previous periods.



PHOTO BY C. M. STAEE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. S. SHALLENBERGER
SECOND ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL

The postal service of the United States is the greatest business concern of the world. In the course of a year it handles from four to five billion pieces of matter—over fifty per cent. more than the postal service of Great Britain—about one hundred per cent. more than the postal service of Germany, and over one hundred per cent. more than the postal service of France. There are two reasons why it is not self-supporting: It does an enormous business for the Government and its departments, and for Congress and the different branches of the service, for which it does not receive a penny. The franking privilege which was voted to the Presidents as an exceptional honor one hundred years ago is now exercised by thousands of Congressmen and office-holders, and the result is tens of thousands of tons of mail matter carried free.

But even with this gratuitous service the department might show a profit were it not for the fact that it loses a great deal of money on certain classes of mail which it carries. Mr. F. C. Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster-General, declares that a proper classification last year would have made an increase of fourteen millions in the revenues of the department, and the President in his message stated that if the wrong exercise of the privilege of the pound rate could have been corrected there would have been last year, instead of a deficit of $6,610,000, a surplus on one basis of $17,637,570, and on another of $5,733,836. Postmaster-General Smith places the loss on second-class matter at over $20,000,000 a year. Thus we see that instead of losing money the department could be earning a very great profit.

How the Service Will be Quickened

It seems strange to us that the free delivery system has been in cities of ten thousand population less than thirteen years, and that the special delivery even in large cities is less than fifteen years old, but in that time the postal progress has really almost equaled that of all the previous part of the century. Two very important things are now being done. The best of these is the expediting of the mail delivery in cities. Mr. Shallenberger, the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, recently said:

"Every month, every day, the department is figuring and working to cut the time of railway transportation a minute or ten minutes or the furthest limit to expedite delivery. Railroads cooperate, special service is inaugurated and conducted with the right of way over regular passenger traffic, and what is the result? An express bearing mail, run at a mile a minute, tears into a great city on time, with the President of the road in his private car sidetracked to let it pass. The mail is ready, is rushed off the postal cars into the contractor's mail wagon, and the mule takes it to the city post-office at the rate of three miles an hour."

Now the problem is to get these mails to the post-office with less loss of time, and thus the automobile will come into use, and there will be a wider employment of the pneumatic tubes.



CHARLES EMORY SMITH
POSTMASTER-GENERAL

There is another change in the same direction which must produce good results. It is nothing more nor less than to have the mails in large cities fully sorted out on the train, so that by the time the destination is reached each bag can be sent directly to the proper section of the city, instead of unloading the whole mass in the general post-office.

The other reform is in an almost opposite direction. It is the extension of the rural delivery. Several trials of this have been made with varying success. It involved, first, the abolition of sundry cross-road post-offices, with the result that the postmaster and his friends at the cross-roads decidedly objected, and some of the farmers declared that they did not want to surrender the pleasure of going to the post-office for their mail. It seems inexplicable, but in one case the sentiment was so strong that it almost upset the department's plans. New rural delivery routes are being established in different parts of the country. Thus the department is striving to please both city and country, and its efforts ought to have excellent results in the way of better streets for the cities and good roads for the counties.

The main objection to a rural delivery is that the cost exceeds the revenue, and until the country is more thickly settled it cannot be made universal as it is in the tight little island of England.

Protecting the Foolish

Not only is this good postal service a method of speed, enterprise and safety—for instance, the Registry Division last year handled for the Treasury and Post-Office Departments alone $1,800,000,000 without the loss of a single penny—but it is an alert watcher for all sorts of swindling, and it literally saves millions of dollars every year to the credulous people of the country. It stands between the robbers and their victims. It is to the credit of the Post-Office Department that it did more to kill the Louisiana Lottery Company and the whole lottery evil than all other agencies and influences combined. And recently when one of the new Napoleons of finance in New York was filching hundreds of thousands of dollars from the foolish on promises of 520 per cent. annually, it was the Post-Office Department that saved what could be saved for the victims and put a stop to the other schemes of that kind. In the petty swindles of the day it is about the only means we have for protecting the people.

The Parcel Post and the Postal Savings Bank

There are two practical additions which probably will be made to the present postal service. Both are in full operation in other countries and their success is undisputed. It is rather curious that while we have no parcels post in our domestic service, we have conventions with several countries for international arrangements of that kind. The first of these was signed by the present Postmaster-General and the special German Envoy on the twenty-sixth of last August, and went into operation on the first of last October. It limited the weight in packages to eleven pounds, fixed the rate at twelve cents for each pound or fraction of a pound, and made due provision for the customs declaration and payment. This is the first convention with a European country, but as England, France and others are seeking the same conveniences, the service will become general, especially as this country has also parcel post conventions with several of the South American countries.

Naturally any movement for a parcel post arouses the opposition of the express companies, with whose lucrative business it would more or less interfere. For the same reason the influence that retards the establishment of the postal savings bank system comes from the savings banks. No institutions are better managed, and in none is the average of integrity and safety higher. They have made a splendid record, and naturally they oppose any Government scheme along the same lines. In them are five million depositors who have nearly two billions of dollars to their credit, and they wield an enormous influence.

But there is another side to the question, and it is very well summed up by Mr. Cornelius VanCott, Postmaster of New York. He says: "There are thousands upon thousands of hard-working people who are either too far from savings banks to avail themselves of their privileges, or who have no confidence in banks of any kind, and who hoard their savings in some convenient hiding place where they are liable to be robbed, or perhaps even murdered in defense of their own. This dead capital amounts to millions. Not only a great burden of anxiety, it is, moreover, locked up out of the reach of circulation. If the Government provided an investment at a low rate of interest, say two and one-half per cent., where the question of security would be all in all, it would serve to encourage thrift and better citizenship, and bring millions into circulation. Great Britain has about eight million depositors who have intrusted to their Government $600,000,000. A shilling can be deposited, or stamps can be bought and deposited from a penny upward."

He points out further that there are more than twice as many money-order offices as banks and every one of these offices could become a bank. He thinks that the system would not interfere with other banks, but would aid them by keeping the money in circulation. He emphasizes the fact that in France the profit is fully two hundred thousand dollars.

The Postal Service as an Educational Force

A history of modern civilization could almost be written from the facts about postage. It combines and uses every method of communication and transportation. When it has no railroads or horses, it uses men, and to-day if you should send a letter beyond the village of Kolghur in the Himalayas, the farthest point of the regular service in India, a native runner would place it in the split end of a stick and deliver it hundreds of miles away as clean as when he received it. The thing that has astonished the people of interior Cuba and Puerto Rico has not been so much the American Army, or the guns, or the machinery of war, but the fact that they can send letters and get answers promptly.

The first great step in civilizing and modernizing these people was in sending trained men from our Post-Office Department to organize the postal service. The quickness and the completeness with which they did the work stand forth as one of the best chapters of enterprise in American history. And to-day the Cubans and the Puerto Ricans and many of the Filipinos are being educated and broadened and made better by the postal service. Fancy the merchant in the interior towns of Cuba, who could never tell whether or not his letter would arrive, now enjoying the blessings of free delivery with the money order and registered letter systems in full operation. It is a contrast that must greatly increase his appreciation of his new rulers!

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Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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—*a man with a hose, watering the roads*

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:

The three men—George, Harris and the author—having decided that a change of scene may avert a period of "brain-fag," have started upon a bicycle tour. Their destination is the Black Forest, in Germany, which they propose to reach by easy stages. A tandem and a safety are the mounts.

An Aquatic Adventure at Hanover

WE ARRIVED at Hamburg on Friday, after a smooth and uneventful voyage; and from Hamburg we traveled to Berlin by way of Hanover. It is not the most direct route. I can only account for our visit to Hanover as the darky accounted to the magistrate for his appearance in the Deacon's poultry yard.

"Yes, sah, what the constable sez is quite true, sah; I wuz dar, sah."

"Oh, so you admit it? And what were you doing with a sack, pray, in Deacon Abraham's poultry yard at twelve o'clock at night?"

"I's gwine ter tell yer, sah; yes, sah. I'd been ter Massa Jordan's wid a sack of melons. Yes, sah; an' Massa Jordan he wuz very 'greeable, an' ax'd me fer ter come in."

"Well?"

"Yes, sah, very 'greeable man is Massa Jordan. An' dar we sat a-talkin' an' a-talkin'——"

"Very likely. What we want to know is what you were doing in the Deacon's poultry yard."

"Yes, sah, dat's what I's comin' ter. It wuz very late 'fore I lef' Massa Jordan's, an' den I sez ter mysel', sez I, now yer jest step out wid yer best leg foremost, Ulysses, case yer gets inter trouble wid de ole woman. Very talkative woman she is, sah, very——"

"Yes, never mind her; there are other people very talkative in this town besides your wife. Deacon Abraham's house is half a mile out of your way home from Mr. Jordan's. How did you get there?"

"Dat's what I'm a-gwine ter explain, sah."

"I am glad of that. And how do you propose to do it?"

"Well, I's thinkin', sah, I must ha' digressed."

I take it we digressed a little.

At first, from some reason or other, Hanover strikes you as an uninteresting town, but it grows upon you. It is in reality two towns: a place of broad, modern, handsome streets and tasteful gardens, side by side with a sixteenth-century town, where old timbered houses overhang the narrow lanes; where through low archways one catches glimpses of galleried courtyards, once often thronged, no doubt, with troops of horse, or blocked with lumbering coach and six, waiting its rich merchant owner and his fat, placid Frau; but where now children and chickens scuttle at their will, while over the carved balconies hang dingy clothes a-drying.

A singularly English atmosphere hangs over Hanover, especially on Sundays, when its shuttered shops and clanging bells give to it the suggestion of a sunnier London. Nor was this British Sunday atmosphere apparent only to myself, else I might have attributed it to imagination; even George felt it. Harris and I, returning from a short stroll with our cigars after lunch on the Sunday afternoon, found him placidly slumbering in the smoke-room's easiest chair.

"After all," said Harris, "there is something about the British Sunday that appeals to the man with English blood in his veins. I should be sorry to see it altogether done away with, let the new generation say what it will."

And each taking one end of the ample settee, we kept George company.

To Hanover one should go, they say, to learn the best German. The disadvantage is that outside Hanover, which is only a small province, nobody understands this best German. Thus you have to decide whether to speak good German and remain in Hanover or bad German and travel about. Germany being separated so many centuries into a dozen principalities is unfortunate in possessing a variety of dialects. Germans from Posen wishful to converse with men of Würtemberg have to talk as often as not in French or English; and young ladies who have received an expensive education in Westphalia surprise and disappoint their parents by being unable to understand a word said to them in Mecklenburg. An English-speaking foreigner, it is true, would find himself equally nonplussed among the Yorkshire wolds, or in the purlieus of Whitechapel; but the cases are not on all fours. Throughout Germany it is not only in the country districts and among the uneducated that dialects are maintained. Every province has practically its own language, of which it is proud and retentive. An educated Bavarian will admit to you that, academically speaking, the North German is more correct; but he will continue to speak South German, and to teach it to his children.

In the course of the century I am inclined to think that Germany will solve her difficulty in this respect by speaking English. Every boy and girl in Germany, above the peasant class, speaks English. Were English pronunciation less arbitrary there is not the slightest doubt but that in the course of a very few years, comparatively speaking, it would become the language of the world. All foreigners agree that grammatically it is the easiest language of any to learn. A German, comparing it with his own language, where every word in every sentence is governed by at least four distinct and separate rules, tells you that the English language has no grammar. A good many English people would seem to have come to the same conclusion; but they are wrong. As a matter of fact, there is an English grammar, and one of these days our schools will recognize the fact, and it will be taught to our children, penetrating maybe even into literary and journalistic circles. But at present we appear to agree with the foreigner that it is a quantity neglectable.

Pronunciation is the stumbling-block to our progress. Spelling would seem to have been designed chiefly as a disguise to pronunciation. It is a clever idea, calculated to check presumption on the part of the foreigner; but for that he would learn it in a year.

For they have a way of teaching languages in Germany that is not our way; and the consequence is that when the German youth or maiden leaves the gymnasium or high school at fifteen, it (as in German one conveniently may say) can understand and speak the tongue it has been learning. In England we have a method that for obtaining the least possible result at the greatest possible expenditure of time and money is perhaps unequaled. An English boy who has been through a good middle-class school in England can talk to a Frenchman, slowly and with difficulty, about female gardeners and aunts—conversation which, to a man possessed perhaps of neither, is liable to pall. Possibly, if he be a bright exception, he may be able to tell the time, or make a few guarded observations concerning the weather. No doubt he could repeat a goodly number of irregular verbs by heart, only, as a matter of fact, few foreigners care to listen to their own irregular verbs recited by young Englishmen. Likewise he might be able to remember a choice selection of grotesquely involved French idioms, such as no modern Frenchman has ever heard or understands when he does hear.

The explanation is that, in nine cases out of ten, he has learned French from an Ahn's First Course. The history of this famous work is remarkable and instructive. The book was originally written for a joke by a witty Frenchman who had resided for some years in England. He intended it as a satire upon the conversational powers of British society. From this point of view it was distinctly good. He submitted it to a London publishing firm. The manager was a shrewd man. He read the book through. Then he sent for the author.

"This book of yours," said he to the author, "is very clever. I have laughed over it myself till the tears came."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," replied the pleased Frenchman. "I tried to be truthful without being unnecessarily offensive."

"It is most amusing," concurred the manager; "and yet, published as a harmless joke I feel it would fail."

The author's face fell.

"Its humor," proceeded the manager, "would be denounced as forced and extravagant. It would amuse the thoughtful and intelligent, but from a business point of view that portion of the public is never worth consideration.

"But I have an idea," continued the manager. He glanced around the room to be sure they were alone and, leaning forward, sunk his voice to a whisper.

"My notion is to publish it as a serious work for the use of schools!"

The author stared, speechless.

"I know the English schoolman," said the manager; "this book will appeal to him. It will exactly fit in with his method. Nothing sillier, nothing more useless for the purpose will he ever discover. He will smack his lips over the book, as a puppy licks up blacking."

The author, sacrificing art to greed, consented. They altered the title and added a vocabulary, but left the book otherwise as it was.

The result is known to every schoolboy. "Ahn" became the palladium of English philological education. If it no longer retains its ubiquity it is because something even less adaptable to the object in view has since been invented.

Lest, in spite of all, the British schoolboy should obtain, even from the like of Ahn, some glimmering of French, the British educational method further handicaps him by bestowing upon him the assistance of what is termed in the prospectus A Native Professor. This native French gentleman, who, by the by, is generally a Belgian, is no doubt a most worthy person, and can, it is true, understand and speak his own language with tolerable fluency. There his qualifications cease. Invariably he is a man with a quite remarkable inability to teach anybody anything. Indeed, he would seem to be chosen not so much as an instructor as an amuser of youth. He is always a comic figure. No Frenchman of a dignified appearance would be engaged for any English school. If he possess by nature a few harmless peculiarities, calculated to cause merriment, so much the more is he esteemed by his employers. The class naturally regards him as an animated joke. The two to four hours a week that are deliberately wasted on this philological farce are looked forward to by the boys as a comic interlude in an otherwise monotonous existence. And then, when the proud parent takes his son and heir to Dieppe merely to discover that the lad does not know enough to call a cab, he abuses not the system but its innocent victim.

I confine my remarks to French, because that is the only language we attempt to teach our youth. An English boy who could speak German would be looked down upon as



The horse gave one look at him

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of humorous papers which began in the Post of January 6. Each of these papers is practically complete in itself, and may be read with enjoyment independently of those that precede and follow it.

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unpatriotic. Why we waste time in teaching even French according to this method I have never been able to understand. A perfect unacquaintance with a language is respectable. But putting aside comic journalists and lady novelists, for whom it is a business necessity, this smattering of French which we are so proud to possess only serves to render us ridiculous.

In the German school the method of study is somewhat different. One hour every day is devoted to the same language. The idea is not to give the lad time between lessons to forget what he learned at the last; the idea is for him to get on. There is no comic foreigner provided for his amusement. The desired language is taught by a German schoolmaster who knows it inside and out as thoroughly as he knows his own. Maybe this system does not provide the German youth with that perfection of foreign accent for which the British tourist is in every land remarkable, but it has other advantages. The boy does not call his master "Froggy," or "Sausage," nor prepare for the French or English hour any exhibition of homely wit whatever. He just sits there, and for his own sake tries to learn that foreign tongue with as little trouble to everybody concerned as possible. When he has left school he can talk, not about penknives and gardener's aunts merely, but about European politics, history, Shakespeare, or the musical glasses, according to the turn the conversation may take.

Viewing the German people from an Anglo-Saxon standpoint, it may be that in these papers I shall find occasion to criticise them; but on the other hand, there is much that we might learn from them; and in the matter of common-sense as applied to education they can give us ninety-nine in a hundred and beat us with one hand.

The beautiful wood of the Eilenriede bounds Hanover on the south and west, and here occurred a sad drama in which Harris took a prominent part. We were riding our machines through this wood on the Monday afternoon in company with many other cyclists, for it is a favorite resort with Hanoverians on a sunny afternoon, and its shady pathways are then filled with happy, thoughtless folk. Among them rode a young and beautiful girl on a machine that was new. She was evidently a novice on the bicycle. One felt instinctively that there would come a moment when she would require help, and Harris with his accustomed chivalry suggested we should keep near her. Harris, as he occasionally explains to George and to myself, has daughters of his own—or to speak more correctly, a daughter who as the years progress will no doubt cease practicing Catherine wheels in the front garden, and will grow up into a beautiful and respectable young lady. This naturally gives Harris an interest in all beautiful girls up to the age of thirty-five or thereabouts; they remind him, so he says, of home.

We had ridden for about two miles, when we noticed, a little ahead of us in a space where five ways met, a man with a hose, watering the roads. The pipe, supported at each joint by a pair of tiny wheels, writhed after him as he moved, suggesting a gigantic worm, from whose open neck, as the man, gripping it firmly in both hands, pointed it now this way and now that, now elevating it, now depressing it, poured a strong stream of water at the rate of about a gallon a second.

"What a much better method than ours," observed Harris enthusiastically. Harris is inclined to be chronically severe on all British institutions. "How much simpler, quicker, and more economical! You see, one man by this method can in five minutes water a stretch of road that would take us with our clumsy lumbering cart half an hour to cover."

George, who was riding behind me on the tandem, said: "Yes, and it is also a method by which with a little carelessness a man could cover a good many people in a good deal less time than they could get out of the way." George, the opposite to Harris, is British to the core. I remember George quite patriotically indignant with Harris once for suggesting the introduction of the guillotine into England.

"It is so much neater," said Harris enthusiastically.

"I don't care if it is," said George; "I'm an Englishman; hanging is good enough for me."

"Our water-cart may have its disadvantages," continued George, "but it can only make you uncomfortable about the legs, and you can avoid it. With this machine a man could follow you around the corner and upstairs."

"It fascinates me to watch them," said Harris. "They are so skillful; I have seen a man from the corner of a crowded square in Strasburg cover every inch of ground and not so much as wet an apron-string. It is marvelous how they judge their distance. They will send the water up to your toes, and then bring it over your head so that it falls around your heels. They can——"

"Ease up a minute," said George.

I said: "Why?"

He said: "I am going to get off and watch the rest of this show from behind a tree. There may be great performers in this line, as Harris says; this particular artist appears to me to lack something. He has just soused a dog, and now he's busy watering a sign-post. I shall wait till he has finished."

"Nonsense," said Harris; "he won't wet you."

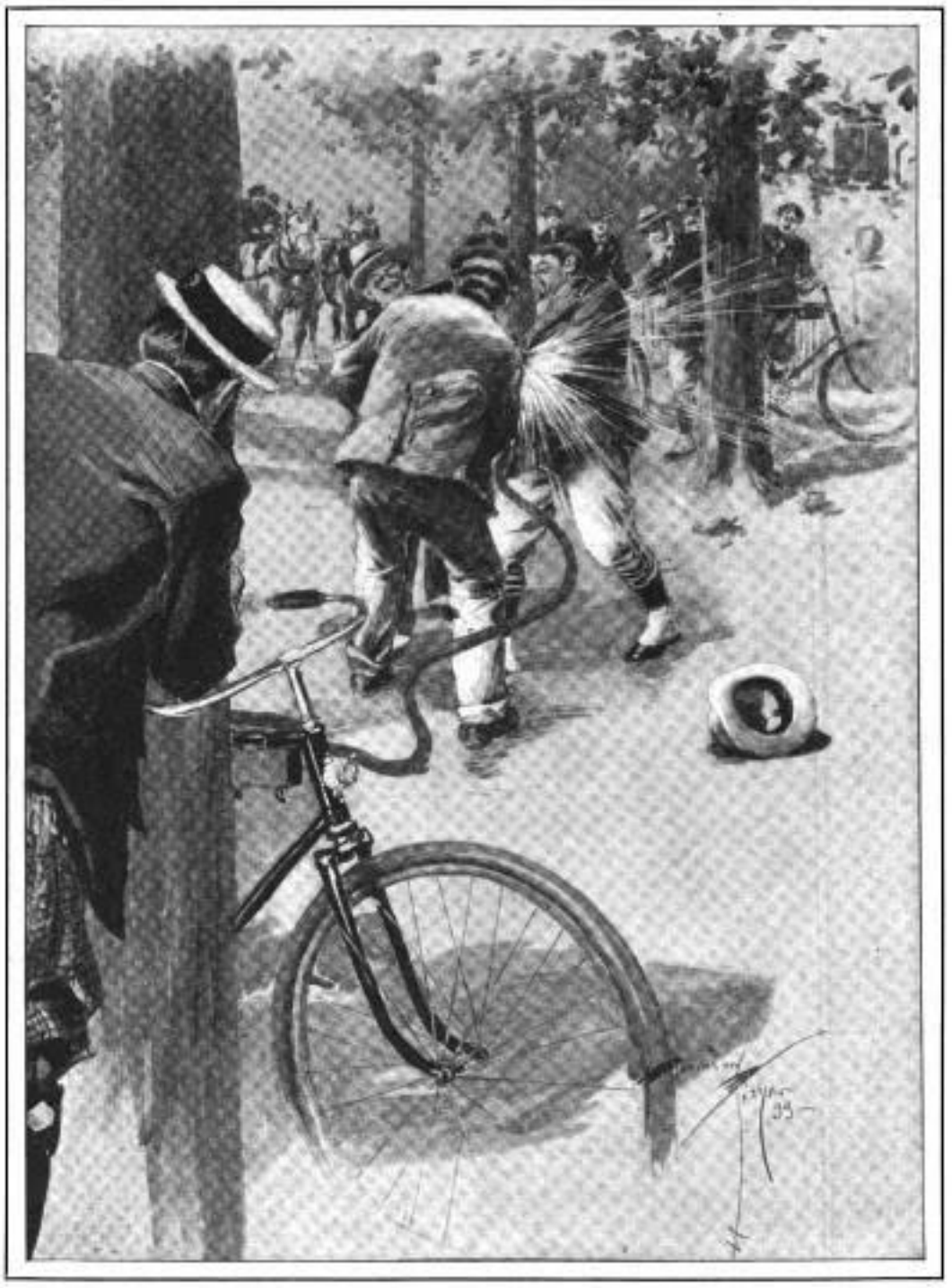
"That is precisely what I am going to make sure of," answered George; saying which he jumped off and, taking up a position behind a remarkably fine elm, pulled out and commenced filling his pipe.

I did not care to take the tandem on by myself, so I stepped off and joined him, leaving the machine against a tree. Harris shouted something or other about our being a disgrace to the land that gave us birth, and rode on.

The next moment I heard a woman's cry of distress. Glancing around the stem of the tree, I perceived that it proceeded from the young and elegant lady before mentioned, whom in our interest concerning the road-waterer we had forgotten. She was riding her machine steadily and straightly through a drenching shower of water from the hose. She appeared to be too paralyzed either to get off or turn her wheel aside. Every instant she was becoming wetter, while the man with the hose, who was either drunk or blind, continued to pour water upon her with utter indifference. A dozen voices yelled imprecations upon him, but he took no heed whatever.

Harris, his fatherly nature stirred to its depths, did at this point what under the circumstances was quite the right and proper thing to do. Had he acted throughout with the same coolness and judgment he then displayed he would have emerged from that incident the hero of the hour, instead of, as happened, riding away followed by insult and imprecation. Without a moment's hesitation he spurted at the man, sprang to the ground, and seizing the hose by the nozzle, attempted to wrest it from him.

What he ought to have done—what any man retaining his common-sense would have done the moment he got his hands upon the thing—was to turn off the tap. Then he might have played football with the man, or battledore and shuttlecock as he pleased; and the twenty or thirty people who had rushed forward to assist would have only applauded. His idea, however, so he explained to us afterward, was to take the hose away from the man and for punishment turn it upon the fool himself. The waterman's idea appeared to be the same—namely, to retain the hose as a weapon with which to soak Harris. Of course, the result was that between them they soused every dead and living thing within fifty yards, except themselves. One furious man, too drenched to care what more happened to him, leaped into the arena and also took a hand. The three among them proceeded to sweep the compass with that hose. They pointed it to Heaven, and the water descended upon the people in the form of an equinoctial storm. They pointed it downward, and sent the water in rushing streams that took people off their feet, or caught them about the waist-line and doubled them up.



DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

THE THREE AMONG THEM PROCEEDED TO SWEEP THE COMPASS WITH THAT HOSE

Not one of the three would loosen his grip upon the hose; not one of them thought to turn the water off. You might have thought they were struggling with some primeval force of nature. In forty-five seconds, so George said, who was timing it, they had swept that circus bare of every living thing except one dog, who, dripping like a water nymph, rolled over by the force of water, now on this side, now on that, still gallantly staggered again and again to its feet to bark defiance at what it evidently regarded as all the furies let loose.

Men and women left their machines upon the ground and flew into the woods. From behind every tree of importance peeped wet, angry heads.

At last there arrived upon the scene one man of sense. Braving all things, he crept to the hydrant where still stood the iron key, and screwed it down. And then from forty trees began to creep more or less soaked human beings, each one with something to say.

At first I fell to wondering whether a stretcher or a clothes-basket would be the more useful for the conveyance of Harris' remains back to the hotel. I consider that George's promptness on that occasion saved Harris' life. Being dry, and therefore able to run quicker, he was there before the crowd. Harris was for explaining things, but George cut him short.

"You get on that," said George, handing him his bicycle, "and go. They don't know we belong to you, and you may trust to us implicitly not to reveal the secret. We'll hang about behind and get in their way. Ride zigzag in case they shoot."

I wish these papers to be strict records of fact, unmarred by exaggeration, and therefore I have shown my description of this incident to Harris, lest anything beyond bald narrative may have crept into it. Harris maintains it is exaggerated; he admits that one or two people may have been "sprinkled." I have offered to turn a street hose on him at a distance of five and twenty feet and take his opinion afterward as to whether "sprinkled" is the adequate term; but he has declined the test. Again, he insists there could not have been more than half a dozen people, at the outside, involved in the catastrophe—that forty is a ridiculous misstatement. I have offered to return with him to Hanover and make strict inquiry into the matter, and this offer he has

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likewise declined. Under these circumstances I maintain that mine is a true and restrained narrative of an event that is, by a certain number of Hanoverians, remembered with bitterness unto this very day.

We left Hanover that same evening and arrived at Berlin in time for supper and an evening stroll. Berlin is a disappointing town: its centre overcrowded, its outlying parts lifeless; its one famous street, Unter den Linden, an attempt to combine Oxford Street with the Champs Élysées; singularly unimposing, and much too wide for its size; its theatres dainty and charming, where acting is considered of more importance than scenery or dress, where long runs are unknown, successful pieces being played again and again but never consecutively, so that for a week running you may go to the same Berlin theatre and see a fresh play every night; its Opera House unworthy of it; its two music halls, with an unnecessary suggestion of vulgarity and commonness about them, ill-arranged and much too large for comfort. In the Berlin cafés and restaurants the busy time is from midnight on till three. Yet most of the people who frequent them are up again at seven. Either the Berliner has solved the great problem of modern life, how to do without sleep, or, with Carlyle, he must be looking forward to eternity.

Personally, I know of no other town where such late hours are the vogue, except St. Petersburg. But your St. Petersburger does not get up early in the morning. At St. Petersburg the music halls, which it is the fashionable thing to attend *after* the theatre—a drive to them taking half an hour in a swift sleigh—do not practically begin till twelve. Through the Neva at four o'clock in the morning you have to literally push your way; and the favorite trains for travelers are those starting about five o'clock in the morning. These trains save the Russian the trouble of getting up early. He wishes his friends "Good-night," and drives down to the station comfortably after supper, without putting the house to any inconvenience.

Potsdam, the Versailles to Berlin, is a beautiful little town, situated among lakes and woods. Here in the shady ways of its quiet, far-stretching park of Sans Souci it is easy to imagine lean, snuffy Frederick "hummeling" with shrill Voltaire.

Acting on my advice, George and Harris consented not to stay long in Berlin, but to push on to Dresden. Most that Berlin has to show can be seen better elsewhere, and we decided to be content with a drive through the town. The hotel porter introduced us to a droshky driver, under whose guidance, so he assured us, we should see everything worth seeing in the shortest possible time. The man himself, who called for us at nine o'clock in the morning, was all that could be desired. He was bright, intelligent and well-informed; his German was easy to understand, and he knew a little English with which to eke it out on occasion. With the man himself there was no fault to be found, but his horse was the most unsympathetic brute I have ever sat behind.

He took a dislike to us the moment he saw us. I was the first to come out of the hotel. He turned his head, and looked me up and down with a cold, glassy eye; and then he looked across at another horse, a friend of his, that was standing facing him. I knew what he said. He had an expressive head, and he made no attempt to disguise his thoughts. He said:

"Funny things one does come across in the summer time, doesn't one?"

George followed me out the next moment and stood behind me. The horse again turned his head and looked. I have never known a horse that could twist himself as this horse did. I have—[illegible] a cameleopard do tricks with his neck that compelled one's attention, but this animal was more like the thing one dreams of after a dusty day at Ascot, followed by a dinner with six old chums. If I had seen his eyes looking at me from between his own hind legs I doubt if I should have been surprised. He seemed more amused with George, if anything, than with myself. He turned to his friend again.

"Extraordinary, isn't it?" he remarked. "I suppose there must be some place where they grow them," and then he commenced licking flies off his shoulder. I wondered whether he had lost his mother when young, and had been brought up by a cat.

George and I climbed in and sat waiting for Harris. He came a moment later. Myself, I thought he looked rather neat. He wore a white flannel knickerbocker suit, which he had had made especially for bicycling in hot weather; his hat may have been out of the common, but it did keep the sun off.

The horse gave one look at him, said "*Gott in Himmel!*" as plainly as ever a horse spoke, and started off down Friedrich Strasse at a brisk walk, leaving Harris and the driver standing on the pavement. His owner called to him to stop, but he took no notice. They ran after us, and overtook us at the corner of the Dorotheen Strasse. I could not catch what the man said to the horse; he spoke quickly and excitedly, but I gathered a few phrases, such as:

"Got to earn my living somehow, haven't I?" "Who asked for your opinion?" "Ay, little you care."

The horse cut the conversation short by turning up the Dorotheen Strasse on his own account. I think what he said was:

"Come on, then; don't talk so much. Let's get the job over, and where possible let's keep to the back streets."

Opposite the Brandenburger Thor our driver hitched the reins to the whip, climbed down and came around to explain things to us. He pointed out to us the Thiergarten, and then descanted to us of the Reichstag House. Then he turned his attention to the Gate. He said it was constructed of sandstone in imitation of the "Propeleer" in Athens.

Here the horse proceeded up the Linden, and nothing would persuade him not to proceed up the Linden. His owner expostulated with him, but he continued to trot on. From the way he hitched his shoulders as he moved I somehow felt he was saying:

"They've seen the Gate, haven't they? Very well, that's enough. As for the rest, you don't know what you're talking about, and they wouldn't understand you if you did. You talk German."

It was the same throughout the length of the Linden. The horse consented to stand still sufficiently long to enable us to have a good look at each sight and to hear the name of it. All explanation and description he cut short by the simple process of moving on.

"What these fellows want," he seemed to say to himself, "is to go home and tell people they have seen these things. If I am doing them an injustice, if they are more intelligent than they look, they can get better information than this old fool of mine is giving them from the guide-book. Who wants to know how high a steeple is? You don't remember it the next five minutes when you are told, and if you do it is because you have got nothing else in your head. He just tires me with his talk. Why doesn't he hurry up, and let us all get home to lunch?"

Upon reflection, I am not sure that that wall-eyed old brute had not sense on its side. Anyhow, I know there have been occasions, with a guide, when I would have been glad of its interference.



A Suppliant to Saint Valentine

By Clinton Scollard

OH, SWEET and most beloved Saint
Whom limners old were wont to paint
As blessing lovers and their love,
I prithee, hear a suppliant's plaint!

2

I know a witching damosel
Whose eyes are like the rathe harebell,
Whose cheeks are like the wilding rose,
Whose voice is like a ritornelle.

3

She bids me come—but never stay;
I go; she questions, "Why away?"
She is a cruel dream by night;
She is a dear despair by day.

4

In vain I sue with timid sighs;
In vain I woo in ardent wise;
In vain I try the happy mean
That 'twixt the lamb and lion lies.

5

Behold, I have no hope unless
Thou succorest my sore distress!
Oh, wilt thou not the art reveal
To win her heart to tenderness?

6

If thou wilt light this barren gloom,
If thou wilt cause for me to bloom
The flower of love, upon thy shrine
Shall burn the choicest hecatomb!

7

So, ere my wounded spirit faint,
Grant thou the measure of my plaint!
From dole to joy, from bale to bliss,
Raise me, oh, most beloved Saint!



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At the American Capital

THE new members of the House are already appearing in the forum of debate. The discussion of the Gold bill gave them an opportunity rarely presented at the opening of a Congress. The gate was up for six days and all were at liberty to enter. Some dropped into the discussion modestly and gracefully, and produced favorable impressions. Others were more energetic. They jumped into the mêlée cap-à-pie, and handled themselves with the skill of professional gladiators. The majority, following the example of some of the older members, had carefully prepared their speeches and read them to the House. Not one man in a hundred can read a speech with *éclat*. John J. Ingalls, when a Senator, did it so deftly and acceptably that very few of his listeners discovered it. The manuscript occupied a conspicuous place on his desk. Apparently he paid no attention to it, moving it unconsciously when applauded and taking entire sentences in at a glance. In emphasis, tone, gesture and deliberation he was perfect. Far different is the effect when a Representative holds his manuscript in his hand and reads the speech as he would from a newspaper.

Some Congressmen commit their speeches to memory. Senator Wolcott did this when he first faced the incrusted wisdom of his compeers. He sailed along gracefully and eloquently until interrupted by a question. It distracted his memory. He lost his cue and became disconcerted, but only for an instant. His reserve power was summoned. His training as a lawyer served him well. There was no more brilliant advocate in the courts of Colorado. His thoughts began to flow temperately and equably, and his facility of expression asserted itself. He made a speech attracting the attention of the nation, giving him a reputation as an orator second to none. To-day an announcement that Wolcott will speak packs the galleries of the Senate. From that day to the present he has never committed a speech to memory.

A DANGEROUS MAN TO HAVE AT LARGE

INSPIRATION, after all, is the secret of success in public discussion. There was little of it in the debate over the Gold bill. The extemporaneous speaker was heard with the delight of the traveler on a desert approaching an oasis. One new member who bore away laurels came from the Pacific Coast. He was Francis W. Cushman, the reputed successor of James Hamilton Lewis. The fact is that both Congressmen from Washington were elected at large. It was a scrub race, with two Republicans and two Fusionists as candidates. Lewis was third in the race, and Wesley L. Jones polled sixteen more votes than Cushman. Lewis polled 2482 more votes than his colleague on the Fusion ticket.

Whether Cushman or Jones is the successor of Lewis is immaterial; certain it is that Cushman is the antithesis of his predecessor. Cushman was born in Virginia and entered active business as a section hand on a railroad. He has a smooth-shaven face, dark hair with an inclination to baldness, and high cheekbones. His features are sharp and angular, but not so sharp as his eyes. They are china blue in color, the pupils glinting with light. He has the legs of Abraham Lincoln, and the face and torso of Alexander H. Stephens. In manner he is plain and unassuming, and walks with a loose-jointed gait. There is nothing exquisite about his raiment. He wears a soft felt hat, a light brown overcoat and loosely fitting clothes. A pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses dangle from a clasp on his waistcoat. Nor is he a conspicuous figure on the floor, although tall, lank and thin-legged. He appears perfectly at home, but his voice at times is harsh and inclined to shrillness. Its upper notes recall the high-C of the Honorable Lafe Pence. He lacks the marvelous redundancy of adjectives so characteristic of Lewis, but his language is so quaint and original that it would attract attention anywhere—in the city, on the farm, or in the mine. He bubbles with humor, and tells a story in a way peculiarly his own. His appearance in the House was heralded as a newspaper event. The old story of the Congressman-at-large was credited to him. It was alleged that he was approaching a town where he was billed to make a speech. He stopped at a house on the outskirts to get some water. The farmer's wife stood at the well. Cushman asked after the political sentiment in the settlement.

"I do not know what it is," said the woman. "I don't go to political meetings. I heard there was a Congressman at large, and I am a little timid; I think the best thing for me to do is to stick close to home." The same story was told of Charles A. Boutelle, of Maine, when he first came to Congress. It has probably been told of every Congressman-at-large since the foundation of the Government.

THE WISE MAN WHO WOULD NOT

MR. CUSHMAN was the first of the new orators to appear in debate. His preface was too long. It was some time before he got the ear of the House. The first sentence to attract attention was this:

"There would be no greater inconsistency to me in hearing a man talk of biyardism, biquartism or bibushelism, than to hear any one discourse on the beauties of bimetallism in the sense of using both metals as a standard."

A moment afterward he added:

"I had rather go down to the bottomless ocean of irretrievable political disaster, battling for an immortal principle, than to ride into the haven of political safety under the flag of repudiation and at the expense of the honor of my country."

The sentence sounds strangely like J. Hamilton Lewis. It drew applause from both sides of the House.

The orator afterward alluded to the financial despondency characterizing the days of the Cleveland Administration by saying:

"I remember—every member on this floor remembers—the pitiful condition of affairs then that was everywhere apparent to the human eye. In fact, you did not have to see it; if you were similarly situated with me you could feel it."

Later on came an allusion to the political surprises in the Chicago platform.

"The Democratic party," he said, "immediately furnished the American voter with a brand-new soap-bubble, filled with Nebraska wind, and asked them to chase that off over another financial and industrial precipice."

The laughter and applause had hardly subsided before he turned toward the Democratic side of the House, saying:

"Everything you said was going to happen in 1896 failed to happen. Everything you said would not happen did happen. If I were in your place to-day I would be keeping still in six different languages, and praying to a just and merciful God that the American people might forget my promises and prophesies of two years ago."

After saying that he had lived away out in the boundless West, far from the throne of grace and the mighty Congressional reservoirs of distilled financial wisdom, he said:

"When you pay a debt with a dollar, that destroys the debt; but the dollar is left like the old gourd at the spring around which I played in childhood; every one who came along took a drink out of it, but they didn't eat the gourd. The American people have come to understand from actual experience that they are not so much interested in the amount of money in this country per capita as in the amount of money per pocketa."

DIOGENES ON THE NEBRASKA PLAINS

MR. CUSHMAN said that he had once lived in Nebraska and he knew William Jennings Bryan. "I know him as well as if I had been through him with a lantern. The trouble with Bryan, and with most of you gentlemen on the other side, is that in your arguments you are so crooked you cannot walk around the block without meeting yourself on the other side."

This caused prolonged laughter, during which time was called, the gavel fell, and Cushman's speech was ended. It was great in quaintness. The metaphors and similes were telling and original. Mr. Cushman himself, however, correctly criticised it. "What I wanted to do," he said afterward, "was to make a speech of more seriousness, with more substantial reasoning; it was in too light a vein. It was more fitted for the stump than for the House."

Whether more fitted for the stump than the House, the speech was answered on the next day in a five-minutes' talk by the Honorable John F. Robinson, a Nebraska Democrat. He alluded to "the brand-new soap-bubble filled with Nebraska wind," and said that the soap out of which the bubble was formed came out of the Republican Congressional campaign fund. The wind came from everywhere. The bubble touched the earth for the first time at Tacoma, Washington, and from there rebounded and soared eastward until it landed in the Capitol and exploded in the Hall of the House of Representatives on Wednesday afternoon, when the gentleman from Washington spoke. "That gentleman," said he, "is so small compared with the man whom he has assailed with his 'going through Mr. Bryan with a lantern,' from an intellectual standpoint, that he could be likened only to a lightning-bug wandering through the vast recesses of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky."

Of course Mr. Robinson was warmly applauded at each of these hits. The minority crowded around him and heartily congratulated him.

SAM JONES AND THE BABBLING OYSTER

HENRY CASSORTE SMITH, of Adrian, Michigan, culled similar laurels. Unlike Cushman, he attracted the attention of the House in his very first sentence. He began by saying that he thought the House the only place on earth where a man was permitted to talk about silver. "Up in my State," said he, "the man who would attempt to discuss the money question would empty the hall as quickly as if a smallpox sign were hung over the stage."

He admitted that the real opposition have many times been right, but "the trouble is," he added, "that they are never right at the right time. They are like the boy who saw an elephant for the first time. 'Oh, mother,' he cried, 'he is going in the wrong direction.'"

It was a five-minutes' speech, and ended with an anecdote credited to Sam Jones. The Rev. Mr. Jones says that he met an old free-silver mollusk the other day in one of his walks.

"Jones," said the mollusk, "where is all that prosperity that you were going to give us?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "it is everywhere. Labor is employed; capital is active; the railroads are overburdened; there is prosperity everywhere."

"It has not struck me yet," the mollusk observed.

"Well, you know," Jones answered, "it is pretty hard to hit nothing."

Mr. Smith is the successor to General Spaulding. He is a man of intense activity, has an intellectual face, and is said to be an unusually able lawyer. There are three Smiths in the House from Michigan, and Henry C. modestly takes his position as Smith No. 3. He has had a fairly active life since entering politics, for the University of Michigan is within his bailiwick, and the most of its professors are Free-Traders. Mr. Smith recently began a suit against the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad to force them to sell mileage tickets at two cents a mile as required by the laws of the State. This lawsuit is attracting attention throughout the country. It has not yet been reached on the docket. If it is decided against the railroad company it will undoubtedly be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States on the ground that such a law is unconstitutional.

A PLURALITY OF SMITHS

AT THE beginning of the present session there were six Smiths in the House. One advanced to higher honors on January 1, 1900. He is John Walter Smith, of Maryland. He comes from the Eastern Shore and succeeded Honorable Isaac A. Barber. Mr. Smith was a State Senator when elected to Congress; he was a Congressman when elected Governor, and it is possible that he may be Governor when elected United States Senator. There were four Smiths among the new members, but Henry Cassorte Smith is the only one of the four who ventured into the arena while the Gold bill was under consideration.

Altogether it was a lively debate, and one that attracted much interest, but it will hardly become memorable. The discussion that will probably arise from the consideration of measures reported from the new Committee on Insular Affairs will undoubtedly prove far more entertaining and instructive.

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Home Gymnastics *for the* Business Man

By Dudley A. Sargent, M.D.

Director of Physical Culture at Harvard College



Fig. 1

WE ARE living in an age of rapid transit. The telegraph, the telephone, and the swift-flying mail train and ocean liner have quickened the pulses of life and revolutionized the methods of doing business. How to keep pace with this rapid method of doing things is getting to be a very serious problem with a great many people. Unfortunately, the human organism cannot be too suddenly changed to meet the new requirements to which it may be subjected. A sudden rise or fall in the temperature may bring on a fit of sickness in many persons, and the difficulty in adjusting one's self to a new climate is familiar to all.

The difficulty of adapting one's self to new methods of thinking and acting are no less trying and severe, and a host of persons are breaking down annually in their efforts to do so. It would be the height of folly for a young man to enter an athletic contest at the present day without taking a course of preparatory training to get himself in condition. But the pursuit of a trade, business or profession is no less a struggle, in which those who are best prepared and keep themselves in the best working condition win success, while those who are poorly prepared through lack of a good inheritance or education, or who neglect to keep themselves in fine physical condition, drop out of the contest and give up the race. Surely it must be apparent to every one that in order not only to attain eminence, but even to hold one's own in the struggles of the business world, a man must always be at his best.



Fig. 2

How to keep one's self physically fit to meet the duties and responsibilities of every-day life is a question worthy of consideration. When bicycles are so cheap, gymnasiums so accessible, and boat, golf, riding, tennis, baseball, bowling and other athletic organizations are so numerous, there is no excuse for not attending to the body's needs on the ground that some particular form of exercise is not in itself interesting or attractive. But there are many who do find a ready excuse—usually lack of time or money—for not availing themselves of those golden opportunities to keep strong and well. To this large class of individuals who find themselves for one reason or another unattached to any of the numerous athletic organizations, I offer a few hints and suggestions on home exercise. If these are faithfully carried out they will meet the condition of the average man, and render him better fitted in every way to meet the daily wear and tear of a mentally active, though physically inactive, life.



Fig. 3



Fig. 5

These exercises which I am about to recommend are exceedingly simple, and the only requirement on the part of the individual is courage and persistency enough to do them. If these qualities are present—and but little can be accomplished without them—good results are sure to follow. This is the course:

Arise in the morning in time to allow yourself about one hour before breakfast. Do not bathe even the hands or face, but put on at once a loose pair of flannel drawers, a flannel shirt and a pair of woolen golf stockings. Do not wear garters or slippers for this occasion, as the garters interfere with the free circulation of the blood in the legs, and the slippers prevent the proper action of the toes, upon which a well-poised body depends. Open the windows in your sleeping-room, or, preferably, go into a room where the windows have been open all night and the air is as fresh and pure as possible.

First Exercise.—Stand between two chairs which you have placed back to back about thirty inches apart (see Figure 1). From this position bend the knees and the arms, allowing the body to sink between the chairs to a depth of about twelve inches; then extend both arms and legs energetically, bringing the body to an upright position. Be sure to keep the head and shoulders well back, and to lessen the resistance put upon the muscles of the arms and chest by doing the greater part of the work with the legs. In no case is it advisable to try to lift the weight of the body between the chairs by the use of the arms alone. Repeat this exercise from twenty to one hundred times.

Second Exercise.—Stand with the feet about twelve inches apart, with the arms extended outward from the sides in a horizontal position (see Figure 2). From this position turn as far round as possible to the left, keeping the left arm fully extended, but allowing the right arm to fold across the chest until the fingers touch the left shoulder (see Figure 2A); now reverse the movement, turning quickly to the right, swinging the right arm well back in a horizontal plane, and allowing the left arm to fold across the chest until the fingers touch the right shoulder.



Fig. 3A

In doing this exercise concentrate the attention about the muscles of the waist and loins, but use the arms and legs in swaying from side to side in such a way as to modify or intensify the strain put upon the centre of the body. Repeat from twenty to one hundred times in each direction.

Third Exercise.—Stand with feet about twenty inches apart, with the arms held in a vertical position above the head with the backs of the hands touching (see Figure 3). From this position bring the arms downward and sideward, turning the body slightly to the right and bending both the trunk and knees until the hands can be clapped between the legs (see Figure 3A); then raise the arms upward and sideward, extending at the same time both the trunk and legs, until the hands are placed back to back again over the head as in the original position. Now do the same exercise turning to the left side, and repeat alternately from right to left from twenty to one hundred times.



Fig. 6



Fig. 4

Fourth Exercise.—Stand with feet about twenty inches apart, with tips of the fingers placed upon the shoulders (see Figure 4). From this position thrust the hands and arms downward, bending the knees and rising on the toes until the fingers touch the floor midway between the feet (see Figure 4A). Now come to an upright position, bringing the fingers to the shoulders, and thrust the hands and arms upward to a vertical position above the head. Bring the fingers again to the shoulders, thrust downward to the floor, and return again to the thrust over the head. Repeat from ten to fifty times.



Fig. 5A

Fifth Exercise.—Stand in a natural position with elbows at the sides and finger-points touching just under the chin. Raise the elbows out from the sides as high as possible, keeping the fingers of both hands in contact under the chin, and elevate the right knee to a horizontal position in front of the body (see Figure 5). Return to the original standing position with elbows at the sides and raise the elbows and left knee. Repeat alternately from forty to one hundred times.

Sixth Exercise.—Stand with the right foot advanced diagonally forward about thirty inches, with the left arm folded across the small of the back and the right arm extended upward over the head as far as possible (see Figure 6). From this position incline forward, pivoting at the hips, and touch the floor in front of the right foot with the fingers of the right hand (see Figure 6A). Return again to the original position, keeping the right arm rigidly extended and carry it backward as far as possible. Repeat from ten to fifty times, then try the same movement with the left foot advanced, the right arm behind the back and the left arm extended upward and backward.



Fig. 4A

Seventh Exercise.—Stand with the feet about twenty-four inches apart, with the weight thrown on the right leg and the right arm extended upward and the left arm down by the left side (see Figure 7). From this position bring the left arm sideways and upward and carry the right arm sideways and downward, throwing the weight of the body at the same time on to the left foot (see Figure 7A). Continue the exercise, throwing the weight of the body first on one leg and then on the other, bending the right knee and swaying the hips to the right and the shoulders to the



Fig. 6A



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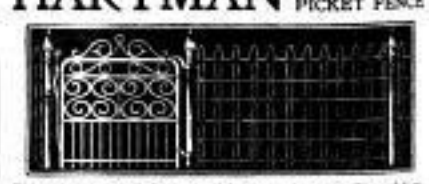


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Fig. 7

left as the right arm swings upward and the left arm downward, and reversing the action of hips, legs and shoulders as the left arm swings upward and the right arm downward. Repeat from thirty to one hundred and twenty times.

Eighth Exercise.—Stand with the feet about twenty-four inches apart and the hands placed together over the right shoulder (see Figure 8). From this position swing the hands down between the legs forcibly, bending the knees slightly at the same time (see Figure 8A). Now bring the hands up over the left shoulder, bending the body backward. Continue the movement by swinging the hands downward again and up over the right shoulder. Repeat alternately from twenty to one hundred times.



Fig. 8

Ninth Exercise.—Stand with the feet together in a natural position with the left hand on the hips and the right arm by the side. Raise the right arm upward and sideward to an extended position above the head; at the same time raise the left leg outward and sideward as far as possible, being careful to keep the moving arm and leg rigidly straight (see Figure 9). Repeat from twenty to one hundred times; then try the same movement with the left arm and right leg.

Tenth Exercise.—Stand with the right leg advanced diagonally forward about thirty inches, and the hands held clenched about the height of the hips (see Figure 10). From this position swing the body forward, pivoting at the hips and throwing the weight well on to the right leg. Extend the arms downward until the fingers touch the floor just beyond the right foot (see Figure 10A). Bring the body to an upright position, pulling the arms upward and backward until the hands are again on a level with the hips. The movement is a little like that employed in rowing a boat, and the action may be greatly intensified by leaning well back at the end of each stroke so that the body is on a line with the advanced leg and the weight is shifted from the right to the left foot. Repeat from ten to sixty times, then place the left leg in the advanced position and try the same movement on the left side.



Fig. 9



Fig. 10A

Eleventh Exercise.—Stand with the right foot advanced about thirty inches in front of the left, with the left arm held upward and forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the right arm held backward and downward parallel with the left leg (see Figure 11). From this position swing the left arm downward and backward, and the right arm forward and upward; at the same time bring the left leg forward and carry the right leg backward until the position is just the reverse of that shown in Figure 11. Now change back again to the first position, and keep changing from the one to the other from thirty to one hundred and fifty times. By hopping twice on each foot between each forward and back movement, and by making the leg and arm movements simultaneous and rhythmical one soon gets into the swing of the exercise and can keep it up for quite a while.

Twelfth Exercise.—Stand with the heels together in a natural position, and with the backs of the fingers touching in front of the body (see Figure 12). Now raise the arms forward slowly and upward, keeping the arms straight and the backs of the hands touching until they pass an imaginary point about the height of the eyes; then begin to separate the hands and carry them upward and backward in a great circle until they pass over the head, when they may be returned again slowly sideways and downward to the first position. In lifting the arms upward from the initiatory position begin to take in a full breath, and so regulate the movement and the breathing that the lungs are not fully inflated until the arms are carried well upward and backward over the head. Then let the breath out quickly and forcibly as the arms are brought downward to the sides. This exercise should be repeated from eight to twenty-four times at the rate of six to eight times a minute.



Fig. 11

IN THE above list of exercises the aim has been to make use of a few movements that tend to bring the large muscles of the trunk, arms and legs into gentle activity. If taken in the order in which they are given one may easily pass from one to another without fatigue, as they are arranged to bring one group of muscles into action while the others are resting. Some of the exercises are especially designed to assist the organs of digestion, others to increase the capacity of the lungs, and others to stimulate the action of the heart, but the less one thinks about these things the better. Enter into the exercise with interest and enthusiasm, and work persistently but not violently at them until you get thoroughly warmed up and begin to perspire. This condition should be attained by the time you get through the tenth exercise, and the eleventh exercise will tend slightly to prolong this delightful state of general organic activity. Now do not wait to cool off but, after taking a few of the breathing exercises, go at once to your bathroom and turn on the cold water. By previous arrangement you should see that your bathroom is warm. Having filled the tub about one-fourth full of cold water, take your sponge and while leaning over the tub bathe the arms first, then the chest, neck, shoulders and face freely with plenty of water.

Having done this, step into the tub with one foot and give the leg two or three spongefuls. Take this foot out after less than half a minute's exposure and put in the other foot and repeat the same process in the same time.

Now wring out the sponge partially and go rapidly over the abdomen, hips and back. Then take a linen towel and go over the whole body as quickly as possible, soaking up the water that may be left on the surface. As soon as this is accomplished, take your rough Turkish towel and go all over the body and limbs, rubbing gently but persistently until the whole surface of the skin is in a glow. This polishing off with the Turkish towel after the bath may be better done in a cooler room than the bathroom if it is accessible, as the reaction following the cold bath may start up the perspiration again if the room is too warm. Where bathrooms are not available the same process may be followed in one's sleeping-room.



Fig. 7A

A system of morning exercises such as I have described, if once earnestly entered upon, will soon get to be a matter of habit, and instead of being irksome will be thoroughly enjoyed. If the reader has any doubts on this matter let him try it a month and see.

The foregoing exercises may be thussummarized: 1, Stand between two chairs. 2, Twisting movement. 3, Clap hands under legs. 4, Touch floor. 5, Raise elbows and knees. 6, Touch toe right and left. 7, Steamboat movement. 8, Wood-chopping. 9, Right leg and left arm. 10, Rowing movement. 11, Two-step run. 12, Breathing exercise.



Fig. 8A

JOHN V. FARWELL'S START

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Fig. 10

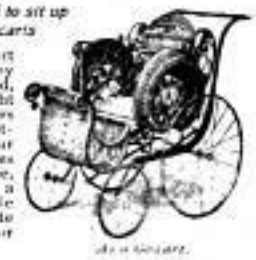
"The blow was a severe one to me, as work was hard to find; and I was for a time deeply discouraged, but with the elasticity of youth I quickly rallied and soon found a position as bookkeeper for a dry-goods firm. It was in this place that I determined to become a merchant, and although my salary was very small, the work gave me an insight into the dry-goods business. After a time I was offered a position with another house at the magnificent salary of six hundred dollars the year, which enabled me to save a good deal of money. Within five years of my arrival in Chicago I was made a partner in this firm. Ten years later two young men, whose names are now generally familiar, were also admitted to the firm. These two men were Marshall Field and Levi Z. Leiter, and I do not go beyond the truth in claiming to have given them their primary education in business. I have sometimes wondered what would have been my lot if I had stayed in the City Clerk's office."



Fig. 12

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WHAT to READ

At the Court of the Caliph*

HERE we have an exceedingly clever tale of the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid. Great was that Caliph, and ever wonderful must remain his splendid city of Bagdad.

The character celebrated in the title was the famous astrologer and physician, Geber, who dwelt in Tarsus and who was summoned to Bagdad to cure the Caliph's wife. Zobeide, loveliest and most-cherished of Queens, was singularly afflicted. One of her arms projected rigidly at right angles from her body, and nobody could move it until Geber took the sufferer in hand. He treated her most rudely, giving her a great shock—whereupon she moved it herself.

Geber had been to Alexandria, had studied the phenomenon of the tides, and had seen flying-fish. The wisdom of Bagdad did not include a distinguished knowledge of the operations of Nature. It expended itself for the most part in the subtleties of pure philosophy. In the best opinion of Bagdad, a flying-fish was an insect, and the tides occurred every six months and were caused by subterranean fires. It can be imagined that the Caliph, a ruler of practical inclinations, was strongly attracted by the specific knowledge of a traveler and observer like Geber. He had just bestowed upon one of the Bagdad wise men a purse of money and a gold chain for some apparently valuable observations upon a flying-fish which had been caught in the Tigris by a falcon, when Geber presented himself and exposed the fraudulency and worthlessness of the same. Thereupon the pretender groveled at the Caliph's feet, but Haroun took from him the purse and chain and caused him to be set in the stocks and branded across the forehead with the word "Liar!"

In this book, by means of its anecdotes and descriptions, one gets a vivid idea of the great Caliph and his city; and there is, besides, a story of pure romance, full of incident and passion, with intrigues and difficulties a-plenty, and it is all admirably told. We hear the gossip in the baths; we listen to the secrets of the Caliph's harem—secrets that would mean the taking off of a number of very pretty heads if the Caliph himself knew them; we roam the streets with Haroun and sit with him in his court of capricious and astonishing justice; we wander by the hundred mosques, and stifle and shudder in the Caliph's merciless, great prison; we follow poets and soldiers in their love-making; and always there is Geber, strongest of all the characters, stronger even than Haroun himself, for the Caliph could not bend the Queen's arm, and he knew nothing about flying-fish or the tides until Geber told him.

We notice on page 59: "I fear not death, nor thou, nor any man." Here, of course, "thou" should be "thee." We have noticed also two instances of the split infinitive, and in one case "transpire" is used in the sense of "occur." But there are few flaws to pick in the story; it is a remarkably good piece of writing. —*E. D. Beach.*

The Critic's Office

NOTHING is more alluring to the average book-buyer than a "set" of volumes, a series of publications bound alike, and presenting in their uniformity a pleasant aspect to any order-loving eye. Nothing is more agreeable to the average reader than to have these "sets" cover a great deal of ground in a rapid and desultory fashion, so that by their aid much information can be easily acquired and forgotten. Our library shelves are accordingly burdened with rows of little books about Men of Letters, and English Worthies and Great Statesmen, and gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in any walk of life; and now a new series is projected by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, the initial volume of which has already been given to the public.

*Geber. By Kate A. Benton. *The F. A. Stokes Co.*

Modern English Writers—by which is meant writers recently deceased, like Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Froude and Mr. Ruskin, or, not to mention names, writers not yet deceased, but equally incapable of protest—are to furnish themes for these brief biographies. Mr. George Saintsbury, who leads the way with a life of Mr. Matthew Arnold, has been apparently selected for the difficult task because of his cold hostility to Mr. Arnold's cherished convictions, his distaste for the bulk of Mr. Arnold's work. He tells us, indeed, in a preface, that it is his endeavor to "help the reader who wants criticism"; but we doubt if any reader wants quite so much criticism on quite these lines.

It is easy to point out the inadequacy of Mr. Arnold's arguments on political and religious subjects; it is easier still to find occasional flaws in his verse; but a helpful critic might be better employed in showing a stupid world how the author of Culture and Anarchy and The Study of Celtic Literature upheld by precept and by example the dignity of letters and of life.

To dwell tediously upon Mr. Arnold's "false rhymes," "imperfect phrases" and "sham simplicities and pedantries" is as little real aid as to make enigmatic remarks about "the equivalenced octosyllables of the Coleridgean stamp," or "trochaic decasyllables of a rococo kind." Even sham pedantry might be better than this, and sham simplicity a genuine relief.

Mr. Saintsbury is of the opinion that Mr. Arnold was less "a man of ideas"—which it seems was his not unnatural ambition—than "a man of theories or crotchets." He wrote "respectable" verse—"respectable" is Mr. Saintsbury's favorite adjective in describing it—and agreeable prose, but his taste was often "hopelessly bad," and he was unfamiliar with "literary history." As a consequence, it would appear, of this lamentable unfamiliarity, he penned a "disparaging passage" on M. Gautier, "of whom," says his biographer severely, "I suspect Mr. Arnold knew little, and whom he was not quite fitted to judge, had he known more."

This is staggering. Whether Mr. Arnold had or had not read M. Gautier it would now be a trifle difficult to discover; but why, if he had read him, should he be "not quite fitted" to offer a criticism upon this charming but fallible Frenchman? It is true the disparaging passage indicated a lack of sympathy, a distaste, not wholly unreasonable, for M. Gautier's mental attitude, a limited appreciation of his power. Because Mr. Saintsbury's little volume is brimful of such disparaging passages, because disparagement chills every page, it may be that he is "not quite fitted" to assign to Mr. Arnold his place in the literature of England.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

THE FOUR-MASTED CATBOAT

Driven by a strong wind from two quarters



A Nautical Paradox*

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS, the author of this treatise on navigation, deserves recognition, if nothing worse. His writing is wholly mechanical, because he prefers the typewriter—an it, not a she.

It is long since Mr. Loomis has given so important a work to the public; he isn't giving books away, as a rule. But we recall the unfortunate history of his previous venture. We refer, of course, to the Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen, which, since its first appearance in 1732, has been rather discredited as a serious contribution to meteorology. In fact, we recall this unfortunate incident in our author's career merely to assert that he has lived it down. He is now qualified to write essays upon Descartes that would not be approached by those who knew what was in them, and his opinion upon Chaldaic grammar would have as much dead weight as that of any man of his inches.

Still, excepting his well-known poem, Beautiful Snow, Mr. Loomis has produced few masterpieces of eminent value—such as Trilby, Ben-Hur, David Harum, Robert Elsmere and Janice Meredith, and some of these, we believe, still find purchasers. But the Four-Masted Catboat is of course superior to them all in its clear-sighted psychological analysis of the Wagnerian Trilogy, though less succinct in epigrammatic conservatism of etymology. Besides, it is cheaper and quite as well illustrated.

Mr. Loomis (we give the statement for what it is worth) has no objection to the sale of this book at the retail price, as he is quite at ease in the presence of royalties. The volume costs no more than others of the same price, and is sold complete, with two covers and numbered pages. We understand that the proceeds of the book will contribute to the author's support, and that he is willing to keep right on writing on reasonable terms. A generous public should ask no more.

To sum up—the book is one of clean, bright American humor, and as funny as it is individual. I wish it had been written by

—*Tudor Jenks.*

*The Four-Masted Catboat and Other Truthful Tales. By Charles Battell Loomis. *The Century Company.*

A Blast on My Own Horn

ONE must needs be a good musician to blow his own horn so that it shall not jar other folks' sensibilities—and I never studied music. If I praise the book people will say, "He is prejudiced in favor of it because he wrote it." Whereas if I say it is poor the same people will cry out: "That is merely a pose of his; he likes the book but thinks it not politic to say so."

The Four-Masted Catboat must be a good book or it would not bear the imprint of the company that publishes it. Papers like the Springfield Republican and the New York Mail and Express have said awfully nice things about it, so there we have a big publishing company and some leading critics who agree that the book is worth buying. It is full of very good pictures—pictures that are funny and that really illustrate the text, and that show that Miss Florence Scovel read the book and presumably liked it, or else she would have fallen down on her pictures. Publishers, critics, artist—unanimous.

I can testify to one thing: the stories that make up the book were not ground out—they were all written *con amore*.

Indeed, they were all written to amuse me. I need to be amused, and, as I live a hundred miles from any library and cannot afford to buy other peoples' books, I simply had to amuse myself. If the public finds them amusing also, what more can I ask?

But to the criticism. If you want to know what are the best things in the book, turn to those gathered under the heading At the Literary Counter. But they're all goo—no, I mean they're not so bad, any of them. They won't teach you to be better. I can't do that. But they won't teach you to be any worse—Heaven forbid.

I find them sadly lacking in continuity of thought. No sooner is one finished than another entirely different is begun, and that is irritating. I really don't believe that I'd care to read them through again in their entirety—I've done it so often, you know—but it's different with you, reader, *dear* reader. That you haven't read the Four-Masted Catboat and Other Truthful Tales, and that that pleasure may be in store for you is the earnest wish of the reviewer,

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have been investigating the matter of municipal ownership of public utilities and, among many interesting points, find that very many places have demonstrated by practical test that three-cent street-car fare will pay interest on a fair investment, and pay five per cent. sinking fund; which will pay off the purchase money in twenty years. In addition to this it will pay better wages and give shorter hours of labor. So a five-cent fare for a twenty-year franchise, taking four cents the day needlessly from the poor to give to the speculator, amounts to $249.60 from each man, woman and child that has to ride to work. That is a heavy tax on the poor, and is cruel because needless. About the same proportion applies to other things—gas, telephone service, etc. If the people will use their heads a little more they will get much more from the use of their hands.

Chicago, Illinois. ALLEN HERBEY SMITH.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In this free and independent country of ours young America is taught from boyhood that he is the equal of any and all.

Now, though this may be true in the abstract, practically it is all false and one of the greatest detriments to a young man's success in life. He is free, to be sure—free to lay out his own life work, free to take advantage of the thousand and one opportunities that present themselves in this country as in no other, but he is not independent, nor will he ever be.

The richest and most successful American of to-day is dependent on some one to carry out plans which he may devise. There is not a prominent man of the present time who does not admit this dependence.

The young man who in a humble position takes pleasure in making himself agreeable to those with whom he comes in contact has, in my mind, made a long step on the road to success, and if he puts himself to some inconvenience his chances are all the better. If he is diplomatic and is eagerly watching the chance to advance the interests of his employer he is advancing his own chances.

So many young men feel that when they have put a sum in their employer's pocket equal to what they receive for their work that their duty is done. To any young man who feels this way let me say his day of usefulness is over. A young man's loyalty to his employer is only loyalty to himself and is sure to be repaid in time.

Honesty of purpose, devotion to that which your hand finds to do, a determination to win the good-will of people, backed by true politeness, will win for any young man an enviable position in life.

Detroit, Michigan. A. H. GRIFFITH.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Supplementary to Major-General O. O. Howard's article on The Elements of Success, permit me to relate an incident which in a large measure indicates the care with which General Howard laid the foundation of his successes.

At the time I speak of General Howard was in command of the Army of the Tennessee, comprising three Grand Army corps, and held the right of General Sherman's Army closing in on the City of Atlanta, then valiantly defended by General Hood with his ragged veterans who, though ragged as to uniforms, always seemed to have their guns in good working order.

The flanking movement which ended in the capture of Atlanta was about to begin, when two regiments of cavalry, the Seventh Ohio and Ninth Michigan, commanded by Colonel Israel Garrard, were ordered by General Howard to reconnoitre the dense forests in front of Howard's flanking column of nearly 40,000 infantry. Owing to the dense undergrowth in the Southern forest our cavalry was not able to operate mounted, and we went into the forest on foot as skirmishers at intervals of about thirty paces. We had an alert enemy somewhere in front of us, and it was our duty to locate this wide-a-wake foe. We advanced with the utmost caution, and every cavalryman had his finger on the trigger of his gun. Our line of skirmishers extended the distance of nearly a mile in Howard's front, and forty thousand men of the Army of the Tennessee were concealed behind our thin blue line.

We had advanced nearly a mile on the beginning of the grand flanking movement to the right when that part of the skirmish line, of which I was a part, was startled by hearing the breaking of twigs in our rear, indicating the presence of a possible enemy in exactly the wrong place. The undergrowth in the forest was so dense that it was impossible to see beyond thirty paces, and our advancing line instinctively halted to develop the cause of the unexpected noises. The veteran cavalrymen stood prepared to meet what might come, and their seven-shooting Spencer carbines were ready for quick action. The noise in our rear was slight, but enough to put us on our guard. We waited a few seconds, when we observed a moving of the bushes, indicating that some one was coming toward us.

Soon we made out two officers in the United States Army uniforms, and as they came nearer I observed that one of the officers wore a hat out of which the crown had been torn, and that his black hair rose above the place where the crown of his hat should have been. By this time the officers were near by, and, much to my surprise, one of them—the one whose hair stuck out of the top of his hat—wore the shoulder-straps of a Major-General, and in my next quick glance I noticed that he had only one arm. It was Major-General O. O. Howard, Commander of the Army of the Tennessee, and one of his aides.

The General explained his presence on the line of skirmishers by saying that he wanted to see the "lay of the land," and I add that, judging from after events, he was laying the foundation of the success which was justly his in the grand flanking movement then in progress.

Never before during the Civil War had I seen a Major-General on the cavalry skirmish line, and this one incident gave me an exalted regard for General Howard. THEODORE F. ALLEN,

Formerly Captain Seventh Ohio Cavalry, Brevet-Colonel United States Volunteers, Wilson's Cavalry Corps.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have read with much interest the articles published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Why Young Men Fail. A writer who deals with the question from the standpoint of the young man attributes the lack of success in the majority of cases to the fact that the young man is not "in love with his work"—is not doing the work for which he is fitted. In other words, he is not able to subject his natural inclinations to his environment. This covers the matter very thoroughly with one exception: he does not consider the question of remuneration, which, after all, is the main question.

Every merchant requires help in some form. It may be a bookkeeper, a salesman, a stenographer, a clerk. He may require one man or one hundred.

Let us suppose the case of a boy fifteen years old who is starting out to work for the first time. After a few efforts—and in some cases, many efforts—he succeeds in getting a position as clerk in a store. It matters not what they sell; he must have work. There are perhaps two or three other employees in the same place. Every one is familiar with the type of establishment to which I refer.

When he calls to see the proprietor he is received pleasantly, and after the usual preliminaries he is told that there is a wide field for that particular business; that he will have a splendid chance to learn the business, etc. The young man then timidly approaches the subject of salary.

"Well," the employer answers, "we don't pay very high salaries at the beginning. We will give you three dollars and raise you as we go along."

The young man, filled with the bright promises which have been made to him, grasps at the "opportunity" and accepts the position. He does not mind the small salary. "Oh, that's all right; I will be raised soon," he says to himself. Alas! for his hopes.

He works very hard and steadily. At the end of six months he supposes he knows a little about the business and expects the promised increase. With eager face and trembling hands he receives the pay envelope. One glance at the figures on it and his heart falls within him. The raise is there. Yes, on the yellow envelope appears—$5.50.

After the first disappointment is over he says to himself: "Well, I'll do better next time." Another long wait, with a similar result. Still he hopes, and keeps on working.

At the end of two years he complains to the employer. That worthy laughs and says: "More money? Why, we can get all the boys we want for less than you are getting. No; we cannot do any better just now."

The result is that the young man sees how he has been deceived, and leaves.

Time goes on and he reaches his majority. He has changed from one business to another and consequently is master of none. Yet there he is, discouraged, disheartened. What can he do?

He is ambitious and willing. He dare not leave his ten-dollar position, fearing that he may not get another as good. What will become of him? Who knows? Who cares?

The thought will at once present itself to the reader: "Why doesn't he get another position? Why doesn't he get work in some place where his services will be appreciated? In some of the larger stores or offices?"

Yes. Why doesn't he?

We cannot all work in large stores or offices.

If he had been paid living wages in the beginning he would no doubt have remained in the original position, and would then have had an opportunity to become master of the business.

I want it understood that I do not refer to the listless, lethargic clock-workers, but to the ordinary, ambitious young man, without influence, with nothing but himself to depend on. I might also add that what I have said is not a mere supposition, but the facts of an actual case. D. J. GREEN.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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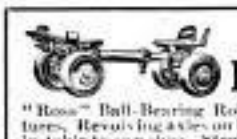
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By Guy Wetmore Carryl



The Singular Sang-Froid Displayed By Baby Bunting

BARTHOLOMEW BENJAMIN BUNTING had only three passions in life,
And one of the trio was hunting, and two were his babe and his wife;
And therefore, so rigid his habits, he frolicked at home until two,
And then began hunting for rabbits, and hunted till fall of the dew.

Belinda Bellonia Bunting, thus widowed for half of the day,
Her duty maternal confronting, with young Baby Bunting would play.
When thus was her energy wasted, a patented food she'd dispense.
(She had bought it the day that they pasted the posters all over her fence.)

But Bonaparte Buckingham Bunting (the infant thus blindly adored)
Replied to her worship by grunting, which showed he was brutally bored.
'T'was little he cared for the troubles of life. Like a crab on the sands
He blew a profusion of bubbles, and threatened the air with his hands.

Bartholomew Benjamin Bunting one night when his wife let him in,
Displayed as the fruit of his hunting a cottontail's velvety skin,
Which, seeing young Bonaparte wriggle, he gave him without a demur,
And the babe with an aqueous giggle soon swallowed the whole of the fur!

Belinda Bellonia Bunting behaved like a consummate loon;
Her infant in frenzy confronting, she screamed herself mottled maroon;
She felt of his vertebrae spinal, expecting the babe to succumb,
And gave him one vigorous final hard prod in the pit of his tum.

But Bonaparte Buckingham Bunting, at first but a trifle perplexed,
By a change in his manner of grunting soon showed he was terribly vexed;
He displayed not a sign of repentance, but spoke in a dignified tone,
The only consecutive sentence he'd uttered. 'T'was, "Lemme alone!"

THE MORAL: The parent that uses precaution his folly regrets.
An infant gets all that he chooses, an infant chews all that he gets:
And colics? He constantly has 'em so long as his food is the best;
But he swallows with never a spasm what ostriches couldn't digest.

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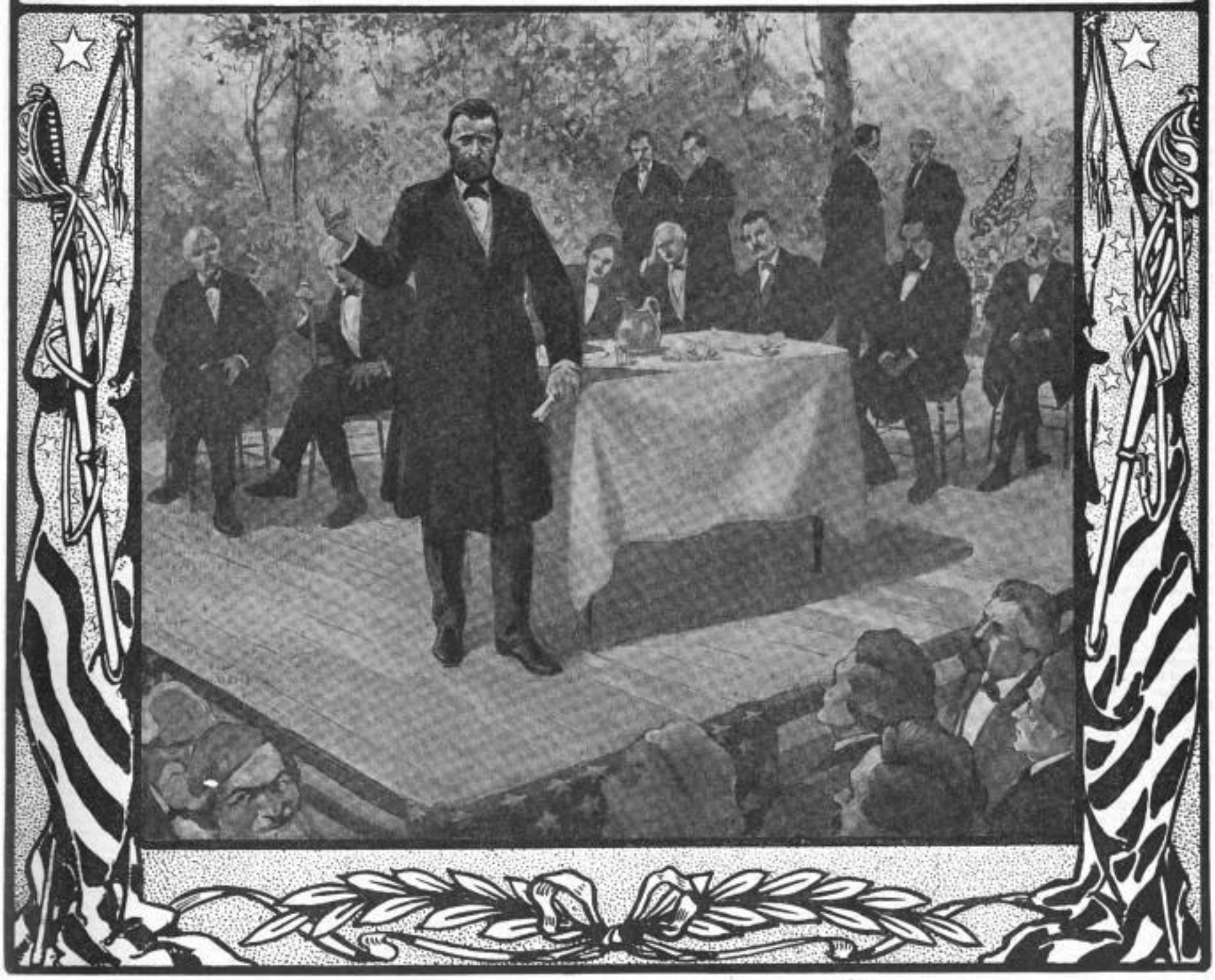
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GRANT'S Two Campaigns

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE



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How WE make Presidents

Grant's Two Campaigns

By Colonel A. K. Mc CLURE

Drawings by CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

TO THE casual reader of our political history, the election and reëlection of Grant to the Presidency, immediately after the close of the war, would seem to be a result at once logical and inevitable; but there are few of the present day who have any knowledge of the many obstacles which confronted Grant in his transfer from the highest military to the highest civil duties of the nation.

It is noted that Grant, the Great Captain of the Age, was elected and reëlected by large majorities; that General Hayes, another soldier of national fame, succeeded him; that General Garfield, a soldier-statesman, succeeded Hayes, defeating Hancock, the most brilliant Democratic soldier of the war, by only a few thousand on the popular vote; that Blaine, the first civilian candidate of the party, was the first Republican to suffer defeat after the political revolution of 1860; that General Harrison, another honored soldier, was successful as the Republican candidate in 1888, and that Major McKinley, now Chief Magistrate of the Republic, carried his musket as a private in the flame of battle, and came out of the war an officer promoted for gallantry. With such a line of military Presidents the natural assumption of the student of our political history would be that General Grant's election came about because none could question its fitness?

There were many and very serious obstacles to Grant's nomination for the Presidency by the Republicans in 1868. First, he was not a Republican and never had been. He never voted a Republican ticket nor cast a Republican ballot until after he had been eight years a Republican President. His last vote before he entered the Army was cast for a radical pro-slavery Democrat, and he did not even sympathize with Stephen A. Douglas in 1860, although he lived in Illinois, the home of the great Democratic leader of that day. Second, he was resolutely averse to being a candidate for the Presidency. He was General of the Army, with freedom to retire without diminution of pay; he had no political training, and felt himself unfitted for a political career. He was honest and apparently fixed in his purpose not to become a candidate. These objections at first appeared to be insuperable obstacles to Grant's nomination, but he was human, and had he declined the Presidency when it was apparently within his reach he would have stood as the only man in the history of the Republic who had refused its crown.

WHY GRANT BECAME A REPUBLICAN

The Democrats were in a hopeless condition, and they at once began a systematic movement to make him their candidate. This alarmed the Republicans, and they made equally earnest and methodical efforts to make him their leader. It is doubtful upon which side General Grant would have fallen had it not been for the early estrangement between President Johnson and himself. Johnson made repeated attempts to overslaugh him either directly or indirectly. He ordered him to Mexico to get him out of the country, but Grant refused to go, and he afterward made an earnest effort to supersede Grant by calling General Thomas to the command of the Army, but Thomas stubbornly refused to consider the call. As the Republicans were then in bitter warfare against Johnson, Grant logically found sympathy in Republican circles, and finally, with visible reluctance, he agreed to become the candidate of the Republicans. Had he been nominated by the Democrats he would have been elected, but his Administration would have greatly conserved and liberalized the Democratic teachings of that day. His final assent to become the Republican candidate for President was obtained by the late Colonel Forney.

I was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1868, held in Chicago on May 21, and as Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation cast the vote of the State for Grant for President and for Curtin for Vice-President. There was not a dissent to Grant's nomination in the entire convention. The Republicans did not stop to inquire what his political record had been; they knew that he was the implacable foe of President Johnson, and that was enough. Most of the Republican politicians would have preferred a more tractable man, but none had the courage to cast a vote against him.

When notified of his nomination, Grant electrified the country by his very brief letter of acceptance, ending with the sentence, "Let us have peace." Such an expression coming from the great hero of the war, whose whole distinction had been won in the field, was welcomed throughout the entire country, North and South, and he at once stood before the nation as an invincible candidate.

THE POLITICAL DEATH OF SENATOR WADE

The swift mutations in American politics were strangely illustrated in the nomination for Vice-President at that convention. Senator Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, who was about closing a term of eighteen years in the service of the Senate; who was then President *pro tem.* of that body, and who was expected to reach the Presidency for a period of eight months by the impeachment and dismissal of President Johnson, was the prominent candidate for Vice-President before the meeting of the convention. It was generally believed that Johnson would be successfully impeached; that Wade would become President for the remainder of the term, with illimitable patronage, and that his nomination for the Vice-Presidency was apparently assured. But when the delegates were on their way to Chicago the trained lightning sped the message westward that Johnson had been acquitted by a single vote in the Senate, and that ended Wade's candidacy. He had many friends independent of the prospective power that had made him formidable, and they made a stubborn battle for him, but though he was highest of all on the first ballot, on the fifth and final vote he had but 38 votes, to 541 for Schuyler Colfax, and 69 for Senator Fenton, of New York. Thus two crushing disasters had befallen Wade in a single week. He had the Presidency apparently within his grasp—and this would have carried the Vice-Presidency for another term—but he was smitten in both efforts, and the crowning disaster came soon after, when he was defeated for reëlection to the Senate. He was the sturdy, bluff, uncompromising patriot of the Senate during the war, and after these three disasters came upon him in quick succession the old man groped his way along for a few years in solitude and then slept the dreamless sleep of the dead.

HOW TILDEN BROKE THE DEMOCRATIC SLATE

The Democratic National Convention met in New York on July 4, and the Democratic leaders had planned to take a Republican for President, to offset the nomination of a Democrat by the Republican convention. It was regarded as settled by a confidential circle of leaders when the convention met in New York that Salmon P. Chase, who had become estranged from the Republican party, and who as Chief Justice had presided over the impeachment trial and aided in the acquittal of Johnson, would be nominated. Horatio Seymour, the ablest Democrat of that day, was President of the convention, and he had no more idea of being nominated for President than he had of becoming the Czar of Russia. He expected Chase to be nominated, and Chase would have been nominated but for the subtle and masterly strategy of Samuel J. Tilden, who decided that Chase must be defeated.



A conference of the leading friends of Davis and Greeley was held the night before the convention met

Tilden was a master leader, as cunning as he was able, and he quietly but thoroughly organized the plan to nominate Seymour. It had been arranged that Seymour was to leave the chair to nominate Chase, and therefore when Seymour called another to preside the Tilden strategy completed its purpose by an able delegate demanding the nomination of Horatio Seymour, and delivering a most eloquent and impressive eulogy upon the confessed leader of the Democracy. In vain did Seymour give a peremptory declination. The convention had been organized for its work, and men in nearly every delegation who had been assigned to their task rose and swelled the hurrah for Seymour. When he found the tide was likely to be overwhelming, he declared with equal earnestness and pathos, "Your candidate I cannot be"; but the wave sped on and Seymour was made the candidate by a practically unanimous vote.

He was prevailed upon to consider the subject, and that meant, of course, that he could not decline. There had been twenty-one ballots before the nomination of Seymour, in which Pendleton, Hancock and Hendricks were the leading competitors. It was then that the nomination of Chase was expected to be made just as the nomination of Seymour was made, and Tilden's was the master hand that shaped the action of the convention. Failing to nominate an old Republican for the Presidency, the convention then nominated General Frank P. Blair, the Republican leader in Congress when the war began, and one of the most successful and brilliant of our volunteer corps commanders in Sherman's march to the sea.

HOW MRS. SPRAGUE AVENGED HER FATHER

This action of Tilden defeating Chase in the Democratic convention of 1868 had its sequel with mingled romance and reality in the defeat of Tilden for the Presidency in 1877, when the vote of Louisiana was passed upon by the Senate. Kate Chase Sprague was the most brilliant woman in Washington society during the war period, and in every way one of the most attractive. Her home in Washington was the centre of the most accomplished men in public life, and among them was Roscoe Conkling, the ablest of the Republican Senators. The contest for the Presidency before the electoral commission in 1876–7 turned on the vote of Louisiana, and it required the approving vote of the Senate to give the electoral vote of that State to Hayes. Had it been given to Tilden he would have been the President. Many believed that Hayes had not been elected and should not be declared elected, and among those who shared that conviction was Mr. Conkling, although he did not publicly express it.

The Senate was carefully canvassed, and enough Republican votes were marshaled to throw the vote of the Senate in favor of Tilden on the Louisiana issue if Conkling would lead in support of that policy, and it was understood that he had agreed to do so. When the crucial time came Conkling did not appear at all, and the anti-Hayes Republicans, being without a leader, fell back to their party lines and gave the vote of the State and the Presidential certificate to Hayes. It is an open secret that Conkling was influenced by Mrs. Sprague, who thereby avenged the defeat of her father in the Democratic nomination of 1868, that had been accomplished by Tilden; and thus Tilden lost the Presidency to which he had been elected by a popular majority of over 250,000.

The contest of 1868 was very animated, though hopeless for Seymour, from the start. He took the stump after the October elections, which were adverse to him, and delivered speeches of great ability, but he was overwhelmingly defeated, receiving but 80 votes in the electoral college, to 214 for Grant, and of the 80 votes he received the 33 given to him in New York were of very questionable integrity.

In 1872 Grant was reëlected President over Horace Greeley, the candidate of the Democrats and Liberal Republicans, by a popular majority of 762,991, and in the electoral college received 300 votes, to 42 for Hendricks, 18 for B. Gratz Brown and six scattering. Greeley had died soon after the Presidential election in November and before the electoral colleges met in their respective States.

General Grant had not been eminently successful as a political leader, and before the close of his term he had arrayed against him a number of the ablest men of the party, including such Senatorial leaders as Trumbull, Fenton and Schurz, with Horace Greeley, the ablest Republican editor; Charles Francis Adams, Swett and Davis, of Illinois, the closest friends of Lincoln; General Frank P. Blair, Representative Grow, of Pennsylvania, and many others.

THE REACTIONARY MOVEMENT AGAINST GRANT

The Administration of Grant had become intensely sectional and intensely factional. It was intolerant of criticism, and Grant's disregard of Republican sentiment in sustaining many of his favorites who brought scandals upon his Administration aroused the opposition to revolutionary action. The first movement in the campaign was a call issued by a large number of prominent Republicans throughout the country for a Liberal Republican Convention to meet at Cincinnati on May 1, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. I was a member of that convention and Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation, and had charge of the campaign in this State as Chairman of the State Committee. The convention was a remarkable assembly of very able independents in politics. The movement was supported by such able Republican journals as the New York

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Editor's Note—This is the third paper in Colonel McClure's series, How We Make Presidents. The series was begun in the Post of January 6. Each paper is complete in itself.

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Tribune, the Springfield Republican, the Philadelphia Press, the Cincinnati Commercial and the Chicago Tribune, and had the deliberations of the convention been wisely directed Grant would have been defeated for reelection.

Such an assertion will doubtless be questioned at this day by those who remember only what is commonly called the Greeley political fiasco of 1872; but at the time the Cincinnati convention met an overwhelming majority of the American people would have voted to defeat Grant had it been possible to do so without apprehension of disturbed financial conditions as the inevitable result.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRATIONS OF HORACE GREELEY

I had known Mr. Greeley for many years and cherished the sincerest affection and veneration for him. I first met him in Philadelphia at the Whig convention that nominated Taylor in 1848 when I was a boy editor, and his kind treatment made me his devoted friend thereafter. I always visited him when in New York, and was ever subject to his call for any service to his journal. When the Liberal agitation began, the prominent candidates discussed were Horace Greeley, Charles Francis Adams, David Davis, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri. Greeley became intensely interested in his own nomination. He felt that he had devoted his life to the best efforts for his country, and especially for the lowly. He was the foremost of all in the great battle for the overthrow of slavery, and he craved the recognition of his work by an election to the Presidency. Before the convention met he made an appointment to meet me at the Colonnade Hotel in Philadelphia. He felt that he could speak with entire freedom to me, and he opened his heart to the full extent of saying how much he desired the nomination and what it meant to him.

Could I have made him President I would gladly have done so, but I knew that he could not be elected, and told him so with frankness that he appreciated. He yielded to my judgment as to his availability, and accepted the suggestion that had then been made generally by the more conservative of the Liberal Republicans, that David Davis would be the only candidate who could certainly defeat Grant. He was the trusted friend and executor of Lincoln. He was conservative, able and clear-headed, and the business interests of the country would have had entire confidence in him. In answer to my statement that the Democrats certainly could not be united in Greeley's favor and without which an election could not be accomplished, he said: "Well, if they won't take me head foremost they might take me boots foremost," meaning for Vice-President. I said I did not doubt that his nomination for the second place could be accomplished with every prospect of success at the election. We parted with the distinct understanding that his friends should move unitedly to nominate David Davis for President and Greeley for Vice-President.

When we reached Cincinnati a conference of the leading friends of Davis and Greeley was held the night before the convention met, Senator Fenton being present as the leader of the Greeley forces. Leonard Swett, the immediate representative of Davis, was present, along with John D. Defrees, of Indiana, and a number of others. The plan of operation was agreed upon, and when we adjourned to enjoy a late supper we regarded it as settled that Davis and Greeley would be nominated on the next day.

THE NOMINATION OF GREELEY AND BROWN

About midnight it was whispered that General Frank P. Blair, as the representative of B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, and others had held a secret conference to unite the Greeley and Brown forces to make Greeley the candidate for President and Brown second on the ticket. We soon discovered that the movement had been thoroughly organized, and many Greeley men who were much more zealous than discreet at once accepted the new situation and forced even Fenton to fall back to the support of Greeley. Fenton was one of Greeley's most sincere and devoted friends, and it was with great reluctance that he joined in the effort to nominate Greeley when he felt that it could result only in crucifying him. The withdrawal of the Greeley men from the Davis-Greeley combination left Davis a hopeless candidate, as the convention was largely radical and little inclined to consider questions of expediency.

I was greatly disappointed, for I could see nothing but disaster for Greeley's nomination, and a most unmerited and overwhelming defeat for him, but with all my personal affection for him I steadily voted against him, and for Charles Francis Adams, with whom I had little sympathy, and three-fourths of the Pennsylvania delegation voted with me. On the sixth ballot Greeley's nomination was accomplished, and I did not change the vote of Pennsylvania until he received a majority of the votes of the convention. The nomination of B. Gratz Brown for Vice-President followed, practically without a contest.



—"you ought to know that I would appoint no Cabinet officer from your section without your approval"

GREELEY'S WEAKNESS

When the convention adjourned I regarded the opportunity to make a successful contest against Grant as wholly lost. Greeley had been hammering the Democrats in his pungent paragraphs for thirty years and they could have little sympathy with him, and the business interests of the country could not accept a President whose financial policy was expressed in the single sentence, "The way to resume is to resume," referring of course to the resumption of specie payments, then the most vital issue. There were a number of prominent Democrats at the convention as spectators, and I was surprised to learn before midnight that many of them had decided to favor the nomination of the Cincinnati ticket by the Democratic convention. Soon after the Democrats of Indiana held their State convention and nominated Hendricks for Governor and declared in favor of the Cincinnati ticket and platform. This was the bugle-call that made the Democratic convention that met in Baltimore in July give practically unanimous votes in favor of Greeley and Brown, and also adopt the Liberal platform without any change whatever. The Democratic National Convention was a purely perfunctory affair, as it was settled before it met that the only hope for Democracy was to fall in with the Liberal Republicans.

Grant was renominated in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, where the Republican National Convention met on June 5. As the opponents of Grant had deserted the Republican standard, his nomination was unanimous. A bitter contest arose for the Vice-Presidency. Colfax would have been renominated without a struggle along with Grant had he not suffered from disordered health during the preceding session of Congress and announced that he would not be a candidate.

Later, Colfax changed his views on the subject and made a desperate battle to win what he had thrown away, but the tide was turned against him by the Washington correspondents, who had become estranged from him, although he had once been a great favorite in newspaper row. They made a most aggressive battle against him, and really accomplished his defeat and made Henry Wilson Vice-President.

From the time that Greeley was nominated, on the first of May, until probably a month after the meeting of the Democratic convention in July, everything pointed to his triumphant election. Leading men of the party were daily announcing themselves as his supporters, and a tidal wave that would sweep Greeley into the Presidency seemed certain. But in August the great business interests of the country, then rocked in the tempest of inflation created by the war, became appalled at the prospect of the election of Greeley, whose financial and business policy would be but an experiment. All knew that the business of the country was dangerously inflated and that a disaster must come sooner or later, but they felt that it would be delayed by the reelection of Grant, and in the brief period of one month the Greeley tide began its ebb, which doomed him to a most humiliating defeat. Had David Davis been the candidate there would have been no such apprehension in business and monetary circles, and I have never doubted that he would have been elected as the logical successor of Abraham Lincoln.

Although I had opposed the nomination of Greeley, he well understood that it was solely because I felt that I was thus a better friend to him than he was to himself, and I devoted my time to tireless effort to give him success. Outside his editorial duties, in which he was a master of masters, he was as guileless and unsophisticated as a child, and even his closest friends trembled when they regarded his election to the Presidency as more than probable. About the first of August, before the revulsion had become visible, I was sent for by Waldo Hutchings to meet the friends of Greeley in conference at the Astor House. Among those present were Mr. Hutchings, Whitelaw Reid, ex-Congressman Cochran, and several others, and they informed me that I had been sent for to call upon Greeley and earnestly admonish him against making any pledges or promises whatever, before the election, as to his Cabinet appointments. They said that if elected President his safety would be in having about him an able, faithful and discreet Cabinet, and they feared that in the kindness of his heart he would become complicated with those who sought to importune him for preferment. In order to keep him from visitors he was then hidden away in a private upstairs room in Brooklyn, where I was directed to call on my mission.

A MEMORABLE INTERVIEW WITH MR. GREELEY

I never saw a happier face than that of Greeley when I met him, as he was then entirely confident of success, and in a very kind and facetious way he reminded me that I had underestimated his strength with the people. When opportunity came in the conversation I suggested to him that a man who was elected President by a combination of opposing political interests would have very grave and complicated political duties to perform, and that he should especially avoid any Cabinet complications. With the simplicity and confidence of a child his answer was: "Don't misunderstand me; you ought to know that I would appoint no Cabinet officer from your section without your approval." He was surprised to find that I was not there to obtain promises, but to warn him against the peril of saying to others just what he had said to me, and after reviewing the conditions he agreed that his only safety was in avoiding all obligations relating to appointments until the duty confronted him.

He asked me to go to North Carolina and give a week to the campaign in that State, and to this I agreed. That was the last time that I saw the face of Horace Greeley. After the disastrous elections of October which clearly foreshadowed his defeat, he made New England and Western tours, and delivered speeches which well compare with the grandest utterances of our best statesmanship. But the tide against him was resistless, and while nursing a dying wife, and worn out by his ceaseless offices of affection, the blow came that clouded one of the noblest, purest and ablest of the great men of the land.



—stood at the tomb of Horace Greeley to pay the last tribute

On the last day that he put pen to paper he wrote me a brief letter stating that he was "a man of many sorrows," but that he "could not forget the gallant though luckless struggle" I had made in his behalf. Broken in health, bereaved in his affections, and disappointed in his greatest ambition, his reason toppled from its throne and he died an inmate of an asylum. The two chieftains of the political contest of 1872 were brought together soon after the victor and vanquished were declared; as President, Grant stood at the tomb of Horace Greeley to pay the last tribute of himself and the nation to the fallen philanthropist.

Where Woolf Learned Poverty

MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF, whose black and white sketches of street waifs endowed with most of the ambitions of more favored children have given him a lasting place in the hearts of the people, knew what it was to be poor himself. For many years he was an actor. Once his company was stranded as far away from civilization as they could possibly get. Weeks afterward Mr. Woolf walked into New York an artistic wreck. He was seedy, polished with wear, but clean. He was unshaven and wore no shirt. His boots consisted entirely of soles held to his feet by fragments of uppers, and his toes were painted black so that from a short distance he looked like a man with the gout to whom his shoemaker had been uncommonly kind.

It appeared that Woolf was the only man in the company who had received his salary in full. He had spent every cent of it in paying the railroad fares home of the women of the company, and had walked back every step of the way.

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The Haunted Inheritance

By E. Nesbit

THE most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me was my going back to town on that day. I am a reasonable being: I do not do such things. I was on a bicycling tour with another man—we were far from the mean cares of an unremunerative profession; we were men unfettered by any given address, any pledged date, any preconcerted route. I went to bed weary and cheerful, fell asleep a mere animal—a tired dog after a day's hunting—and woke at four in the morning that creature of nerves and fancies which is my other self, and which has driven me to all the follies I have ever kept company with. But even that second self of mine, whining beast and traitor as it is, has never played me such a trick as it played me then. Indeed, something in the result of that day's rash act sets me wondering whether after all it could have been I or even my other self who moved in the adventure: whether it was not rather some power outside both of us—but this is a speculation as idle in me as uninteresting to you, and so enough of it.

From four to seven I lay awake, the prey of a growing detestation of bicycling tours, friends, scenery, physical exertion, holidays. By seven o'clock I felt that I would rather perish than spend another day in the society of the other man—an excellent fellow, by the way, and the best of company. At half-past seven the postman came. I saw him through my window as I shaved. I went down to get my letters—there were none, naturally.

At breakfast I said:

"Edmundson, my dear fellow, I am extremely sorry, but my letters this morning compel me to return to town at once."

"But I thought——" said Edmundson. Then he stopped, and I saw that he had perceived in time that this was no moment for reminding me of the fact that, having given no address, I could have had no letters.

He looked sympathetic, and gave me what there was left of the bacon. I suppose that he thought that it was a love affair or some such folly. I let him think so; after all, no love affair but would have seemed wise compared with the blank folly of this sudden determination to cut short a delightful holiday—and go back to those dusty, stuffy rooms in Gray's Inn.

After that first and almost pardonable lapse Edmundson behaved beautifully. I caught the 9:17 train, and by half-past eleven I was climbing my dirty staircase.

I let myself in and waded through a heap of envelopes and wrappered circulars that had drifted in through the letter-box as dead leaves drift in through the areas of houses in squares. All the windows were shut. Dust lay thick on everything. My laundress had evidently chosen this as a good time for her holiday. I wondered idly where she spent it, and how, and the close, musty smell of the rooms caught at my senses, and I remembered with a positive pang the sweet scent of the earth and the dead leaves in that wood through which, at this very moment, the sensible and fortunate Edmundson would be riding.

The thought of dead leaves reminded me of the heap of correspondence. I went through it. Only one of all those letters interested me in the least. It was from my mother.

"ELLIOT'S BAY, NORFOLK, August 17.

"*My Dear Lawrence:* I have great news for you. Your great-uncle Sefton has died and left you half his immense property. The other half is left to your second cousin, Selwyn. You must come home at once. There are heaps of letters here for you, but I dare not send them on, as goodness only knows where you may be. I do wish you would remember to leave an address. I send this to your rooms in case you have had the forethought to instruct your charwoman to send your letters on to you. It is a most handsome fortune, and I am too happy about your accession to it to scold you as you deserve—but I hope this will be a lesson to you to leave an address when next you go away. Come home at once. Your loving mother,

"MARGARET SEFTON.

"P. S.—It is the maddest will. Everything divided evenly between you two, except the house and estate. The will says you and your cousin Selwyn are to meet there on September 1, following his death, in the presence of the family, and decide which one of you is to have the house. If you can't agree, it's to be presented to the county for a lunatic asylum. I should think so. He was always so eccentric. The one who doesn't have the house gets £20,000. Of course you'll choose *that*.

"P. P. S.—Be sure to bring your undershirts with you. The air here is very keen of an evening."

I opened both the windows and lit a pipe. Sefton Manor! that gorgeous old place! I knew its picture in Hasted—cradle of our race and so on—and a big fortune! I hoped my cousin Selwyn would want the £20,000 more than he wanted the house. If he didn't—well, perhaps my fortune might be large enough to increase that £20,000 to a sum that he would want.

And then suddenly I became aware that this was the thirty-first of August, and that to-morrow was the day on which I was to meet my cousin Selwyn and the family and come to a decision about the house. I had never to my knowledge heard of my cousin Selwyn; we were a family rich in collateral branches. I hoped he would be a reasonable young man. Also, I had never seen Sefton Manor House except in a print. It occurred to me that I would rather see the house before I saw the cousin.

I caught the next train to Sefton.

"It's but a mile by the field way," said the railway porter. "You take the stile—the first on the left—and follow the path till you come to the wood. Then skirt along the left of it and cater across the meadow at the end. You'll see the place right below you in the vale."

"Sefton Manor is a fine old place, I hear?" said I.

"All to pieces, though," said he. "I shouldn't wonder if it cost a couple of hundreds to put it to rights. Water coming through the roof and all."

"But surely the owner——"

"Oh, he never lived there—not since his son was taken. He lived in the lodge; it's on the brow of the hill looking down on the Manor House."

"Is the house empty?"

"As empty as a rotten nut-shell except for the old sticks and furniture. Any one who likes," added the porter, "can lie there o' nights—but it wouldn't be me!"

"Do you mean there's a ghost?" I hope I kept any note of undue elation out of my voice.

"I don't hold with ghosts," said the porter, grinning, "but my aunt was in service at the lodge, and there's no doubt but *something* walks there."

"Come," I said, "this is very interesting." I gave the man a shilling and he told me about the ghost at Sefton Manor House. Indeed, about the *ghosts*, for there were two, it seemed: a lady in white and a gentleman in a slouch hat and riding-cloak.

"They do say," said my porter, "as how one of the young ladies, once on a time, was wishful to elope, and started so to do—not getting farther than the hall door—her father, thinking it to be burglars, fired out of the window, and the happy pair fell on the doorstep, corpses."

"Is it true, do you think?"

The porter did not know. At any rate, there was a tablet in the church to Maria Sefton and George Ballard—and "something about in their death them not being divided."

I took the stile, I skirted the wood, I tramped across the meadows, and I came out on a chalky ridge held in a net of pine roots where dog violets grew. Below stretched the green park, dotted with trees. The lodge, stuccoed but solid, lay below me. Smoke came from its chimneys. Lower still lay the Manor House—red brick with gray lichened mullions—a house in a thousand—Elizabethan—and from its twisted, beautiful chimneys no smoke arose. I hurried across the short turf toward the Manor House. I had no difficulty in getting into the great garden. The bricks of the wall were everywhere displaced or crumbling. The ivy had forced the coping-stones away; each red buttress offered a dozen spots for foothold. I climbed the wall, and found myself in a garden—oh, but such a garden! There are not half a dozen such in England. Clipped box hedges, rosaries, fountains, yew-tree avenues, bowers of clematis, now feathery in its seeding time, great trees, gray-grown marble balustrades and steps, terraces, green lawns—one green lawn in special, girt around with a sweet-briar hedge, and in the middle of this lawn a sun-dial. All this was mine—or, to be more exact, might be mine, should my cousin Selwyn prove to be a person of sense. How I prayed that he might not be a person of taste! That he might be a person who liked yachts, or race-horses, or diamonds—or anything that money can buy—not a person who liked beautiful Elizabethan houses, and gardens old beyond belief.

The sun-dial stood on a mass of masonry—too low and wide to be called a pillar. I mounted the two brick steps and leaned over to read the date and the motto:

"TEMPVS FVGIT MANET AMOR"

The date was 1617; the initials S. S. surmounted it. The face of the dial was unusually ornate—a wreath of stiffly drawn roses was traced outside the circle of the numbers. As I leaned there a sudden movement on the other side of the pedestal compelled my attention. I leaned over a little farther to see what had rustled. A rat? A rabbit? A flash of pink struck at my eyes—a lady in a pink dress was sitting on the step at the other side of the sun-dial.

I suppose some exclamation escaped me—the lady looked up. Her hair was dark—and her eyes! her face was pink and white, with a few little gold-colored freckles on nose and on cheekbones. Her dress was of pink cotton stuff, thin and soft. She looked like a beautiful pink rose.

Our eyes met.

"I beg your pardon," said I. "I had no idea——" There I stopped, and tried to crawl back to firm ground. Graceful explanations are not best given by one sprawling on his stomach across a sun-dial.

By the time I was once more on my feet she too was standing.

"It is a beautiful old place," she said gently, or, as it seemed, with a kindly wish to relieve my embarrassment. She made a movement as if to turn away.

"Quite a show place," said I, stupidly enough, but I was still a little embarrassed, and I wanted to say something—anything

MY LAUNDRESS HAD EVIDENTLY CHOSEN THIS AS A GOOD TIME FOR HER HOLIDAY



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to arrest her departure. You have no idea how pretty she was. She had a straw hat in her hand, dangling by soft black ribbons. Her hair was all fluffy—soft, like a child's.

"I suppose you have seen the house?" I asked.

She paused, one foot still on the lower step of the sun-dial, and her face seemed to brighten at the touch of some idea, as sudden as welcome.

"Well, no," she said; "the fact is—I wanted frightfully to see the house. In fact, I've come miles and miles on purpose—but there's no one to let me in."

"The people at the lodge?" I suggested.

"Oh, no," she said. "I—the fact is, I—I don't want to be shown around—I want to explore!" She looked at me critically. Her eyes dwelt on my right hand, which lay on the sun-dial.

I have always taken reasonable care of my hands, and I wore a good ring—a sapphire cut with the Sefton arms: an heirloom, by the way. Her glance at my hand preluded a longer glance at my face. Then she shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Oh, well," she said, and it was as if she had said plainly, "I see that you are a gentleman and a decent fellow—why should I not look over a house in your company? Introductions? Bah!"

All this her shrug said without mistake, as without words.

"Perhaps," I hazarded, "I could get the keys."

"Do you really care very much for old houses?"

"I do," said I; "and you?"

"I care so much that I nearly broke into this one. I should have if the windows had been an inch or two lower."

"I am an inch or two higher," said I, standing squarely so as to make the most of my six feet two beside her five feet four, or thereabouts.

"Oh, if you only would," said she.

"Why not?" said I.

She led the way past the marble basin of the fountain, and along the historic yew avenue, planted like all old yew avenues by that industrious gardener, our Eighth Henry; then across a lawn and through a winding, grassy, shrubbery path that ended at a green door in the garden wall.

"You can lift this latch with a hairpin," said she, and I therewith lifted it.

We walked into a courtyard. Young grass grew green between the gray flags on which our steps echoed.

"This is the window," said she; "you see, there's a pane broken. If you could get on to the window-sill you could get your hand in and undo the hasp—and——"

"And you?"

"Oh, you'll let me in by the kitchen door."

I did it. My conscience called me a burglar in vain. Was it not my house, or as good as my own house?

I let her in at the back door. We walked through the great dark kitchen, where the old three-legged pot towered large on the hearth, and the old spits and fire-dogs still kept their ancient place. Then through another kitchen, where red rust was making its full meal of a comparatively modern range.

Then into the great hall where the old armor and the buff-coats and round caps hung on the walls, and where the carved stone staircases ran at each side up to the gallery above.

The long tables that ran down the hall were scored by the knives of the many who had eaten meat there—initials and dates were cut into them. The roof was groined, the windows were low-arched.

"Oh, but what a place!" said she. "This must be much older than the rest of it."

"Evidently; about 1300, I should say."

"Oh, let us explore the rest," she cried; "it is really a comfort not to have a guide, but only a person like you who just guesses comfortably at dates. I should hate to be told exactly when this place was built."

We explored ballroom and picture gallery, white parlor and library. Most of the rooms were furnished—all heavily, some magnificently—but everything was dusty and faded.

It was in the white parlor, a spacious paneled room on the first floor, that she told me the ghost story, substantially the same as my porter's tale, only in one respect different.

"And so, just as she was leaving this very room—yes, I'm sure it was this room, because the woman at the inn pointed out this double window and told me so—just as the poor lovers were creeping out of the door the cruel father came quickly out of some dark place and killed them both. So now they haunt it."

"It's a terrible thought," said I gravely; "and how would you like to live in a haunted house?"

"I couldn't," said she quickly.

"Nor I. It would be too——" My speech would have ended flippantly but for the grave set of her features.

"I wonder who will live here," she said; "the owner is just dead, they say. It is an awful house, full of ghosts. Of course one is not afraid now." The sunlight lay golden and soft on the dusty parquet of the floor. "But at night, when the wind wails and doors creak—oh, it must be awful!"

"I hear the house has been left to two people—or rather, one is to have the house and the other a sum of money," said I. "It's a beautiful house, full of beautiful things, but I should think at least one of the heirs would rather have the money."

"Oh, yes, I should think so, certainly. I wonder whether the heirs know about the ghost. The lights can be seen from the inn, you know, at twelve o'clock. They can see the ghost in white at the window."

"Never the black one?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"The ghosts don't appear together?"

"No."

"I suppose," said I, "whatever it is that manages such things knows that the poor ghosts would like to be together, so it won't let them."

She shivered.

"Come," she said, "we have seen all over the house; let us get back into the sunshine. Now I will go out and you shall bolt the door after me, and then you can come out by the window. Thank you so much for all the trouble you have taken. It has really been quite an adventure."

I rather liked that expression—and she hastened to spoil it.

"Quite an adventure, going all over this glorious old place, and looking at everything one wanted to see, and not just at what the housekeeper didn't mind your looking at."

She passed through the door, but when I had closed it and prepared to lock it I found that the key was no longer in the lock. I looked on the floor, I felt in my pockets, and at last, wandering back into the kitchen, discovered it on the table, where I'm sure I never put it.



DRAWN BY JNO. CASSEL

"DEAR," SAID I, AND WE WERE NEITHER OF US LAUGHING THEN, "CAN'T IT BE *OUR* HOUSE?"

When I had fitted that key into the lock and turned it and got out of the window and made that fast, I dropped into the yard. No one shared its solitude with me. I searched garden and pleasure grounds, but never a glimpse of pink rewarded my anxious eyes. I found the sun-dial again and stretched myself along the warm brick of the wide step where she had sat, and called myself a fool.

I had let her go—I did not know her name—I did not know where she lived. She had been at the inn, but probably only for lunch. I should never see her again, and certainly in that event I should never see again such dark, soft eyes, such hair, such a contour of cheek and chin, such a frank smile—in a word, a girl with whom it would be so delightfully natural for me to fall in love. In all the time she had been talking to me of architecture and archæology, of dates and periods, of carvings and mouldings, I had been recklessly falling in love with the idea of falling in love with her. I had cherished and adored this delightful possibility, and now my chance was over. Even *I* could not definitely fall in love after one interview with a girl I was never to see again! And falling in love is so pleasant! I cursed my lost chance, and went back to the inn. I talked to the waiter.

"Yes, a lady in pink had lunched there—with a party—had gone on to the Castle—a party from Tonbridge, it was."

Barnhurst Castle is close to Sefton Manor. The inn lays itself out to entertain persons who come in brakes and carve their names on the walls of the Castle keep. The inn has a visitors' book. I examined it. Some twenty feminine names! Any one might be hers. The waiter looked over my shoulder. I turned the pages.

"Only parties staying in the house in this end of the book," said the waiter.

My eye caught one name.

"Selwyn Sefton," in a clear, round, black handwriting.

"Staying here?" I pointed to the name.

"Yes, sir. Came to-day, sir."

"Can I have a private sitting-room?"

I had one. I ordered my dinner to be served in it, and I sat down and considered my course of action.

Should I invite my cousin Selwyn to dinner and ply him with wine and exact promises? Honor forbade! Should I seek him out and try to establish friendly relations? To what end?

Then I saw from my window a young man in a light checked suit, with a face at once pallid and coarse. He strolled along the gravel path, and a woman's voice in the garden called, "Selwyn."

He disappeared in the direction of the voice. I don't think I ever disliked a man so much at first sight.

"Brute!" said I; "why should he have the house? He'd stucco it all over, as likely as not; perhaps let it. He'd never stand the ghost, either——"

Then the inexcusable darling idea of my life came to me—striking me rigid—a blow from my other self. It must have been a minute or more before my muscles relaxed, and my arms fell at my sides.

"I'll do it," I said.

I dined. I told the people of the house not to sit up for me—I was going to see friends in the neighborhood and might stay the night with them. I took my Inverness cape with me on my arm, and my soft felt hat in my pocket. I wore a light suit and a straw hat.

Before I started I leaned cautiously from my window. The lamp at the bow window next to mine showed me the pallid young man smoking a fat, reeking cigar. I hoped he would continue to sit there smoking. His window looked the right way. And if he didn't see what I wanted him to see some one else in the inn would. The landlady had assured me that I should disturb no one if I came in at half-past twelve.

I bought candles in the village, and as I went down across the park in the soft darkness I turned again and again to be sure that the light and the pallid young man were still at that window. It was now past eleven.

I got into the house. I lighted a candle and crept through the dark kitchens, whose windows, I knew, did not look toward the inn. When I came to the hall I blew out my candle. I dared not show light prematurely in the unhaunted part of the house.

I gave myself a nasty knock against one of the long tables, but it helped me to get my bearings, and presently I laid my hands on the stone balustrade of the great staircase. You would hardly believe me if I were to tell you truly of my

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sensations as I began to grope these stairs. I am not a coward—at least, I had never thought so till then—but the absolute darkness unmanned me. I had to go slowly, or I should have lost my head and blundered up the steps three at a time, so strong was the feeling of something—something uncanny just behind me.

I set my teeth—I reached the top of the stairs, felt along the walls, and after a false start, which landed me in the great picture gallery, I found the white parlor, entered it, closed the door, and felt my way to a little room without a window, which must have been a powdering-room.

Here I ventured to relight my candle.

Then I closed the powdering-room door behind me. I felt my way to the mantelpiece and took down the two brass twenty-light candelabra. I placed these on a table a yard or two from the window, and in them set up my candles.

Then I went back into my little room, put on the Inverness cape and the slouch hat, and looked at my watch. Eleven-thirty. I must wait. I sat down and waited. The chill of the night and of the damp, unused house made me shiver.

Finally I opened the door, crept on hands and knees to the table, and keeping myself below the level of the windows, I reached up a trembling arm and lighted one by one my forty candles. The room was a blaze of light. My courage came back to me with the retreat of the darkness. I was far too excited to know what a fool I was making of myself. I rose boldly and struck an attitude over against one window where the candlelight shone upon as well as behind me. My Inverness was flung jauntily over my shoulder. My soft black felt twisted and slouched over my eyes.

There I stood for the world—and particularly for my cousin Selwyn—to see; the very spit and image of the ghost that haunted that chamber. And from my window I could see the light in that other window, and indistinctly the lounging figure there. Then I heard deep down in the house a sound, very slight, very faint.

Then came silence. I drew a deep breath. The silence endured. And I stood by my lighted window. After a very long time, as it seemed, I heard a board creak, and then a soft, rustling sound that drew near and seemed to pause outside the very door of my parlor.

Again I held my breath, and now I thought of the most horrible story Poe ever wrote—The Fall of the House of Usher—and I fancied that I saw the handle of that door move. The fancy passed and returned.

Then again there was silence. And then the door opened with a soft, silent suddenness, and I saw in the doorway a figure in trailing white. Its eyes blazed in a death-white face. It made two ghostly, gliding steps forward, and my heart stood still. I had not thought it possible for a man to experience so sharp a pang of sheer terror. I had masqueraded as one of the ghosts in this accursed house. Well, the other ghost, the real one, had come to meet me.

The ghost, I say, took two steps forward, then it threw up its arms—the lighted taper it carried fell on the floor, and it reeled back against the door with its arms across its face.

The fall of the candle woke me as from a nightmare. I perceived that my ghost was human; I cried incoherently: "Don't! It's all right!"

The ghost dropped its hands and turned agonized eyes on me. I tore off my cloak and hat.

"I—didn't—scream," she said, and with that I sprang forward and caught her in my arms—my poor, pink lady—white now as a white rose!

I carried her into the powdering-room, left one candle with her, extinguishing the others hastily, for now I saw what, in my extravagant folly, had escaped me before—that my ghost exhibition might bring the whole village down on the house. How, in the madness of that night's folly, I had thought to bring a flask passes my understanding. But I had done it. Now I rubbed her hands with some of the contents. I rubbed her temples and tried to force some between her lips. At last she sighed and opened her eyes.

"Are you better?"

She moved her head on my arm. Again she sighed, and her eyes closed. I gave her more brandy.

"I'm all right now," she said faintly. "It served me right. How silly it all is." Then she began to laugh, and then she began to cry.

It was at this moment that we heard voices on the terrace below. She clutched at my arm in a frenzy of terror, the bright tears glistening on her cheeks.

"Oh, not any more!" she cried. "I can't bear it."

"Hush!" I said, taking her hand strongly in mine; "I've played the fool, so have you—we must play the man now. The people in the village have seen the lights, that's all. They think we're burglars. They can't get in. Keep quiet, and they'll go away."

But when they did go away they left the local constable on guard. He kept guard like a man till daylight began to creep over the hill, and then he crawled into the hayloft and fell asleep; small blame to him.

But through those long hours I sat beside her and held her hand. At first she clung to me as a frightened child clings, and her tears were the prettiest, saddest things to see.

As we grew calmer we talked.

"I did it to frighten my cousin," I owned. "I am Laurence Sefton, and the place is to go either to me or to my cousin Selwyn. And I wanted to frighten him off it."

She looked at me.

"I don't know how I ever could have thought I was brave enough to do it—but I did want the house so—and I wanted to frighten you," my pink lady said at last.

"To frighten *me?* Why?"

"Because I am your cousin Selwyn," she said, hiding her face in her hands.

"And you knew me?" I asked.

"By your ring," she said. "I saw your father wear it when I was a little girl. Can't we go back to the inn now?"

"Not unless you want every one to know how silly we have been."

"And who is to have the house?" she said.

"Why, you, of course!"

"I never will."

"Why?"

"Oh—because!"

"Can't we put off the decision?" I asked.

"Impossible. We must decide to-morrow—to-day."

"Well—when we meet to-morrow—I mean to-day—with lawyers and chaperons and mothers and relations, give me one word alone with you."

"Yes," she said with docility.

"Do you know," she said presently, "I can never respect myself again. To undertake a thing like that—then be so frightened—oh, I thought you really were the other ghost."

"I will tell you a secret," said I. "I thought you were—and I was much more frightened than you."

"Oh, well," she said, leaning against my shoulder as a tired child might have done, "if you were frightened, too, Cousin Laurence, I don't mind so very, very much."

It was then that, cautiously looking out of the parlor window for the twentieth time, I had the happiness of seeing the local police disappear into the stable, rubbing his eyes.

We got out of a window on the other side of the house, and went back to the inn across the dewy park. The French window of the sitting-room which had let her out let us both in. No one was stirring, so no one, save she and I, was any the wiser as to that night's work.

It was like a garden-party next day, when lawyers and executors and aunts and relatives met on the terrace in front of Sefton Manor House.

"Your decision," said my great-uncle's solicitor, "has to be given within the hour."

"My cousin and I will announce it within that time," I said, and gave her my arm.

Arrived at the sun-dial, we stopped.

"This is my proposal," I said; "we will say that we decide that the house is yours—we will spend the £20,000 in restoring it and the grounds. By the time that's done we can decide who is to have it."

"But how?"

"Oh—we'll draw lots—or toss a halfpenny."

"I'd rather decide now," she said. "You take it."

"No—you shall."

"I'd rather you had it. I—I don't feel so greedy as I did yesterday," she said.

"Neither do I. Or, at any rate, not in the same way."

"Do—do take the house," she said very earnestly.

Then I said: "My cousin Selwyn, unless you take the house I shall make you an offer of marriage."

"Oh!" she breathed.

"And when you have declined it on the very proper grounds of our too slight acquaintance, I will take my turn at declining. I will decline the house. Then if you are obdurate, it will become an asylum. Don't be obdurate. Pretend to take the house, and——"

"Very well," she said, "I will pretend to take the house, and when it is restored——"

"We'll spin the penny."

So, before the waiting relatives, the house was adjudged to my cousin Selwyn.

When the restoration was complete I met Selwyn at the sun-dial. We had met there often in the course of the restoration, in which business we both took an extravagant interest.

"Now," I said, "we'll spin the penny. Heads, you win."

I spun the coin. It fell on the brick steps of the sun-dial, and stuck upright there, wedged between two bricks.

She laughed. I laughed.

"It's not my house," I said.

"It's not my house," said she.

"Dear," said I, and we were neither of us laughing then, "can't it be *our* house?"

And, thank God, our house it is!

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife



LORD PAUNCEFOTE, WHO IS THE DEAN OF THE CORPS

WASHINGTON,
January, 1900.

I REMEMBER somewhere in my reading a saying of Bulwer's to this effect: "Society is a wall of strong masonry; it may be snapped in the course of a thousand years, but stormed in a day—No!" And I am beginning to find this out. Here I have been for several weeks knocking steadily at society's inner door and it still remains closed to me, though I am cheered by the light which shines through the keyhole. I have been careful that my knocking should be gentle and persuasive rather than loud or aggressive, so that those within may perhaps be tempted to open a crevice just to find out whose is the velvet hand.

The outer door has already swung wide open, and I have crossed the door-sill almost with a bound. In consequence, there have been so many happenings and I have met so many brilliant people and heard so much gossip that I scarcely know where to begin my chronicle.

I have not dared to let any one, not even Robert, nor yet Page, know how utterly impressed I have been by some events, notably by that of the New Year reception at the White House. I have been afraid that if I did they would say, "Poor thing! No wonder she is impressed; she is a new Congressman's wife; she comes from Spruce City."

But others were as much impressed by the spectacle at the White House as I. In the first place, the official set had just emerged from the mourning period of thirty days imposed out of respect to the memory of the Vice-President, and the last of December had been given over to the *débutantes*, who bloomed into society by dozens. Congress had adjourned, and there was little going on. I had had one or two teas and one delightful breakfast given by Mrs. Frye, wife of the President of the Senate *pro tem.* This breakfast was unique for the reason that it was given in the Senator's committee-room at the Capitol, and the mingling of official and resident women made it informal and charming, like the hostess herself. Notwithstanding these pleasant events, December was dull; therefore, when New Year's Day came around every one who had the right to go to the White House was glad enough of the privilege.

I was one of the lucky ones bidden on that day behind the receiving line in the Blue Room. I dreaded to face the ordeal alone, for Robert could not join me until he had paid his respects to the great Chief. But you may be sure that I did not miss any feature of the whole pageant. I was astonished to find that no way has ever been devised to mark the line in the Blue Room where the receiving party stands save the very primitive fashion of drawing out across the room the blue upholstered sofas and chairs, with their backs turned outward to form a barrier to the crowd. In front of this barrier the receiving party stands; behind it are those bidden as guests.

THE WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE



What with the decorations, the uniforms, the military band, the buglers, the etiquette and the official atmosphere pervading everything, the occasion was more like that of a foreign court than anything American. I had only a few minutes in which to gaze around, and it seemed to me that the entire crowd was made up of people, particularly of women, known all over the land. There were young girls and old girls, wives and widows of Generals, Admirals, Judges and Cabinet officers. Some with bonnets and some without, but one and all in festal array.

I saw two or three representatives of former White House dynasties in the persons of Mrs. Harriett Lane Johnston, Mrs. Fred. Grant and Mrs. Stanley Brown. The latter, more familiarly known as Molly Garfield, is a perfect picture of the best type of young American womanhood.

I saw Mrs. Miles, wife of the General of the Army, and Mrs. Philip Sheridan, and Mrs. Henderson, wife of the new Speaker, who is a demure, quiet-looking woman about whom there is some speculation as to the part she will play in the social world. Time was, I am told, when the wife of the Speaker was a brilliant figure in Washington life, but it must have been years ago. Last but not least in all the throng was Mrs. George Dewey. Of course Mrs. Dewey was the centre of attention, and she was most exquisitely gowned in white brocaded satin. As I stared around I could not help a sigh of relief. If I did come from Spruce City, and if I should even be called a "wild and woolly" Westerner, my gown was as handsome and as *chic* as any in the room, not even excepting that of Mrs. Dewey. Robert had thought that I was terribly overdressed when we started from home.

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in the series, The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife. The series will run through twelve numbers. Each paper is complete in itself.

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He even demurred at going with me "rigged out" in white, as he styled it, and I was only waiting for him to see these other women. I was thinking this when a blast from the buglers announced the coming of the Presidential party.

Mrs. McKinley never looked so well as in the mauve brocade, with its spangles and flounces of point lace, which she wore. She sat in her half-upright chair, next to the President, for she does not stand on these occasions.

Mrs. Hay, who was next in rank, stood beside Mrs. McKinley, and right here I should like to know whether or not there is a secret understanding among all stout women which pledges them always to wear besprigged and bestriped material? I do not believe I ever saw a woman of generous proportions who was not thus attired. Mrs. Hay wore a black lace gown, of which the very large pattern was well defined and stood out clearly from the bright canary silk slip underneath.

Next to Mrs. Hay stood Mrs. Gage, a lovely looking woman. Next to her was Mrs. Root; then came respectively Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Smith, Miss Long and Miss Wilson. Taking them all in all, they seemed rather uninteresting, though perhaps a Spruce City denizen would not be esteemed much of a judge.

Almost as soon as they were all in their places, Colonel Bingham and his two aides, in gorgeous uniforms, announced the diplomatic corps, and Mr. Hay began the presentations to the President.

The diplomatic corps, which consists of six Ambassadors and twenty-two Ministers, together with their respective staffs, was headed by Lord Pauncefote, who is the dean of the corps. He was in full court dress, and his coat was a mass of gold embroidery. At his side he carried a small jeweled sword, and on his breast was a row of decorations, while around his neck on a scarlet ribbon hung the Order of K. C. B. His wife and daughters were with him. They are comfortable, buxom-looking women, with about as much style as belongs to the true Britisher. Of course the staff of the Embassy was with him, including Mr. Bromley, the new son-in-law-to-be.

After the British Ambassador, the other Ambassadors and Ministers crowded in quick succession, and a showy lot they were. I never saw anything more picturesque than was the Austria-Hungary Minister. He was a whole scene out of grand opera in himself. He wore a red velvet mantle, edged with sable, which was flung over one shoulder. A pair of shiny top-boots of patent leather were finished off with red velvet breeches. He carried a pointed hat and wore a begemmed sword. I fully expected him to pull out from under his cloak a guitar or mandolin and trill out a troubadour song.



—THE LAST OF THE FOREIGNERS HAD MADE THEIR BOWS

The next figure that caught my attention was the Spanish Minister, the Duke of Arcos. He wore across his breast the red and yellow sash of his country, which was quite covered with jeweled orders. With him was his American wife, who was Miss Lowery, of Washington, and who, I am told, was a great belle. Their wooing was a pretty romance in its day. He was, twenty years ago, only poor Count Brunetti, and far too impecunious to marry, but happily a considerately dying uncle made him a Duke with plenty of money. He came back; "they lived happy ever after."

But the most remarkable personages of the day were the Chinese Minister, Mr. Wu, and his wife. Mr. Wu Ting-fang is said to be far and away the most learned, the wisest, and the most scholarly man in the diplomatic corps. He speaks all modern languages, and is so keen an English scholar that there is no meaning so fine, no wit so far-fetched, that he cannot answer it with a wit and meaning equally fine and to the point. He is simply wonderful. To be sure, he possesses considerable curiosity, and asks embarrassing questions, but he is delightful to talk to. His get-up was of course brilliant, though the blending of his rich brocades was perfect. He wore on his head a bright red cap with a gold tuft on the top of it and a jewel in the front. On his thumb was a jade ring the size of a silver half-dollar.

Madame Wu was equally wonderful, and far more interesting. My eyes never left her face. Upon her elaborately cushioned pomaded hair she wore a sort of birdcage affair, with queer dangling things, which fell over the ears. Above each ear was a bunch of artificial flowers. Her face was enameled so stiffly from the edge of her hair to the curve of her chin that it was like a mask, which prevented her from smiling, or even winking an eyelid, while on each cheek was a round, hard daub of red paint. Her neck and hands were left to their natural tint, and the contrast was startling. She, of course, could only hobble about, for her feet were bent and bandaged after the fashion of Chinese nobility. She can barely say "yes" and "no," and as she says "yes" and "no" indiscriminately conversation is rather haphazard for any one brave enough to attempt it with her.

When the last of the foreigners had made their bows our Army, Navy and Marine Corps were announced; and be it observed that General Miles preceded Admiral Dewey. But here comes in a fine point which has just been explained to me: General Miles will only take precedence when the Army and Navy make their appearance in a body, for since the birth of our nation the Army has always come first. On all private occasions Admiral Dewey will take precedence. Admiral Dewey is full Admiral, while General Miles is only a Major-General, which fact is the flaw in his diamond.

There can be no sort of doubt that General Miles, in full uniform, with his yellow sash and decorations, is the handsomest military man who has been seen at the Capitol in many years; there is also no doubt but that General Miles is quite well aware of it. The Army was small in numbers, owing to so many fighters being in Manila and Cuba.

When the Army had passed, the Navy appeared with the Admiral at its head, and behind him came scores of Rear-Admirals, more than I ever dreamed Uncle Sam could find use for, and not many of whom have ever hoisted or ever will hoist an Admiral's flag.

As soon as the naval ceremony was over and the Judiciary appeared, my sense of humor, which some one says is the next best thing to an abiding faith in Providence, came into play at the sight of the tiny Chief Justice with his flowing white hair. He is almost a veritable Hop-o'-my-Thumb as to stature, and he was followed and completely overshadowed by two of the biggest men in the District of Columbia.

These were Justice Gray and Justice Harlan.

I did not see much more of the reception, for I was distracted, first by the withdrawal of Mrs. McKinley, on account of fatigue; then Mrs. Hay returned home in order to receive the diplomatic corps at breakfast—for it is the custom with all Secretaries of State and their wives to receive the diplomatic corps after their presentation at the White House—and finally Mrs. Dewey hurriedly withdrew in order to receive the Navy in her mother's home.

When Robert came along in the wake of Senators and Congressmen I suggested that when we left the White House he should call on the Admiral, as nearly every other man was likely to do, but he emphatically said he'd "be hanged if he would."

They say that John R. McLean, the Admiral's brother-in-law, is a good fellow, but to me he is rather unprepossessing in appearance. Mr. McLean is a short, round, red-faced, gentleman, who bears the marks of much good eating, though I must do him the justice to add that there is a look about him of a man who can occasionally do some pretty shrewd thinking, but whether it will ever be shrewd enough to bring him to his goal I do not know. Certain it is that he knows men and has been wonderfully successful.



ADMIRAL DEWEY IS FULL ADMIRAL, WHILE GENERAL MILES IS ONLY A MAJOR-GENERAL

The entire McLean family is in the very most fashionable social set here, and their house is a rendezvous for all people who are smart. They give the most "swagger" entertainments in town. (This word "swagger" Page has just taught me to use; I don't altogether like it, and shall use it sparingly before Robert.) The John R. McLeans have given a beautiful dinner to the Admiral and his wife, and also a musicale at which Madame Schumann-Heink and other grand opera stars sang for a fabulous sum. Page went to this affair, and said that the whole thing was beautifully done and in exquisite taste. She says that the gossip is that the Admiral's fate was sealed long before he came home this fall. In fact, it was pretty well sealed before he took command of the Asiatic squadron, which would account for the forty-dollar cable message sent him after the battle of Manila.

After we left the White House and were about to enter the carriage, two foreigners pulled off their hats to Page and approached us bareheaded. They were presented to me, and I was suddenly struck with the curious change which came over Page's face. The elder man was Mr. Morelos, of the Spanish Legation; the younger and handsomer man was Alain de Courcelles, of the French Embassy, and I remembered that I had heard him presented at the White House as the Marquis de Courcelles. Both men were charmingly *empressé* in their manner, but the younger one drew Page apart, and I caught one or two low-toned words of reproach from him and a reference to "last night."

I was seized with a strange misgiving; it was almost as though something had gripped my heart. I made a move toward the carriage. Both men attended us, and both begged permission of me to be allowed to call upon me on my reception day. The carriage door had scarcely closed when I turned to Page, and, feeling that I had the right of an elder woman and tried friend, asked:

"Page, who is this De Courcelles?"

"An attaché of the French Embassy. His father was a fo'mer Chancellor of the Embassy, an' the son has been here since he was a boy, an' is almost an Ame'ican."

"But, Page, the fellow is in love with you!" I blurted out.

A great wave of scarlet flashed over her face. Suddenly she turned a pair of mischievous eyes upon me and answered:

"Ah never heard that it hurt a fo'eigner to fall in love with an Ame'ican gyirl."

"But you, Page; how about you?"

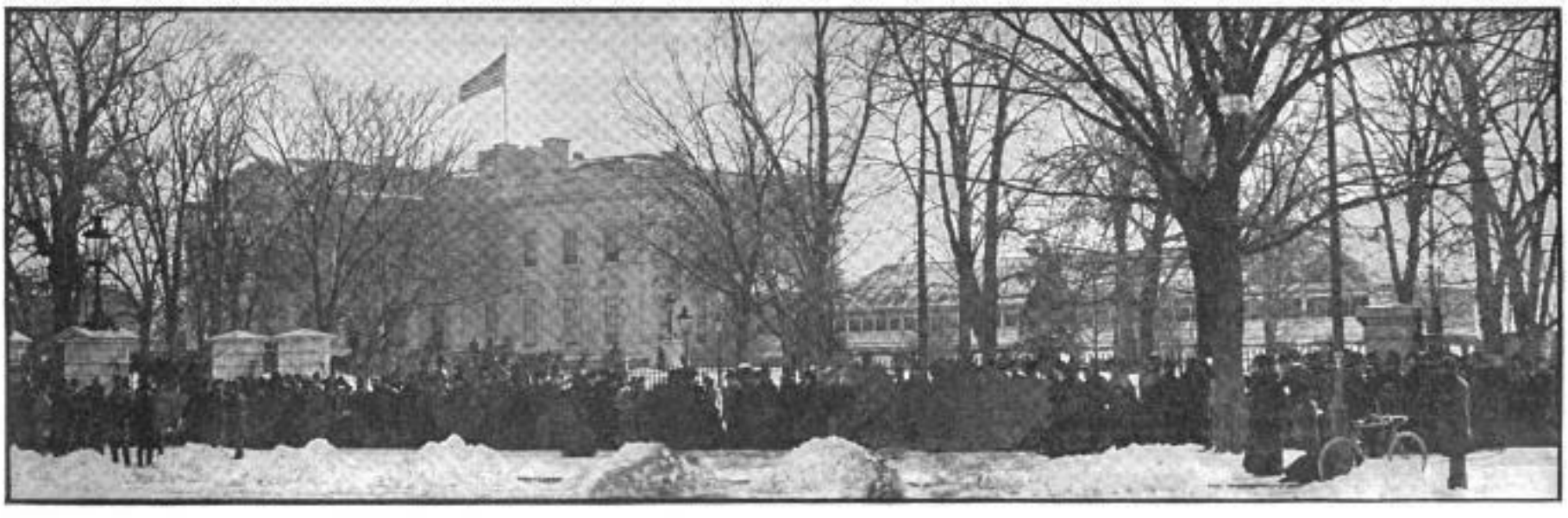
"Ah can take care of myself right well, Mrs. Slocum. Ah danced with Mr. de Cou'celles las' night out at Chevy Chase; you know that Gen'al Co'bin gave a dance to all the gyirls at the club-house. Gen'ral Co'bin's got quite a notion lately to go into society, an' he's jollyin' the gyirls, an' even goin' to the Germans an'——"

"Never mind General Corbin; what about this De Courcelles and you?"

"Oh! Well, Mr. de Cou'celles danced with me, an'—an'—Oh! Mrs. Slocum, Mr. de Cou'celles hasn' a cent to his name, an' goodness knows I haven' got a cent to mine, an' who ever heard of a sum in arithmetic bein' made of two naughts?"

This seemed conclusive, and we drove on in silence. There was a chill at my heart, and a dismal foreboding for the future of my little Southern friend whom I had learned to love as though she were my daughter.

WHEN NEW YEAR'S DAY CAME AROUND EVERY ONE WHO HAD THE RIGHT TO GO TO THE WHITE HOUSE WAS GLAD ENOUGH OF THE PRIVILEGE



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Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—George, Harris and the author—have started on a bicycle tour through Germany. A tandem and a safety are the mounts.

George Goes Shopping

AT A POINT between Berlin and Dresden, George, who had for the last quarter of an hour or so been looking very attentively out of the window, said:

"Why, in Germany, is it the custom to put the letter-box up a tree; why do they not fix it to the front door, as we do? I should hate having to climb up a tree to get my letters. Besides, it is not fair to the postman. In addition to being most exhausting, the delivery of letters must to a heavy man, on windy nights, be positively dangerous work. If they must fix it to a tree, why not fix it lower down—why always among the topmost branches?

"But maybe I am misjudging the country," he continued, a new idea occurring to him. "Possibly the Germans, who in many matters are ahead of us, have perfected a pigeon post. Even so, I cannot help thinking they would have been wiser to train the birds, while they were about it, to deliver the letters nearer the ground. Getting your letters out of those boxes must be tricky work even to the average middle-aged German."

I followed his gaze out of the window. I said:

"Those are not letter-boxes; they are birds' nests. You must understand this nation. The German loves birds, but he likes them tidy. A bird, left to himself, builds his nest just anywhere. It is not a pretty object, according to the German notion of prettiness. There is not a bit of paint on it anywhere, not a plaster image all around, not even a flag. The nest finished, the bird proceeds to live outside it. He drops things on to the grass: twigs, ends of worms, all sorts of things. He is indelicate. He makes love, quarrels with his wife, and feeds the children quite in public. The German householder is shocked. He says to the bird:

"'For many things I like you. I like to look at you. I like to hear you sing. But I don't like your ways. Take this little box, and put your rubbish inside where I can't see it. Come out when you want to sing; but let your domestic arrangements be confined to the interior.'"

In Germany one breathes in love of order with the air; in Germany the babies beat time with their rattles—and the German bird has come to prefer the box, and to regard with contempt the few uncivilized outcasts who continue to build their nests in trees and hedges. In course of time every German bird, one is confident, will have his proper place in a full chorus. This promiscuous and desultory warbling of his must, one feels, be irritating to the precise German mind; there is no method in it. The music-loving German will organize him. Some stout bird with a specially well-developed crop will be trained to conduct him; and, instead of wasting himself in a wood at four o'clock in the morning, he will, at the advertised time sing in a beer garden. Things are drifting that way.

Your German likes Nature, but his idea of Nature is a glorified Welsh harp. He takes great interest in his garden. He plants seven rose trees on the north side and seven on the south, and if they do not grow up all the same size and shape it worries him so that he cannot sleep of nights. Every flower he ties to a stick. This interferes with his view of the flower, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that it is there and that it is behaving itself. The lake is lined with zinc, and once a week he takes it up, carries it into the kitchen and scours it. In the geometrical centre of the grass plot, which is sometimes as large as a tablecloth, and is generally railed around, he places a china dog. The Germans are very fond of dogs, but, as a rule, they prefer them of china. The china dog never digs holes in the lawn to bury bones, and never scatters a flower-bed to the winds with his hind legs. From the German point of view, he is the ideal dog. He stays where you put him, and he is never where you do not want him. You can have him perfect in all points, according to the latest requirements of the Kennel Club, or you can indulge your own fancy and have something unique. You are not, as with other dogs, limited to breed. In china, you can have a blue dog or a pink dog. For a little extra, you can have a double-headed dog.



The Germans are very fond of dogs, but, as a rule, they prefer them of china

On a certain fixed date in the autumn the German stakes his flowers and bushes to the earth, and covers them with Chinese matting; and on a certain fixed date in the spring he uncovers them, and stands them up again; if it happen to be an exceptionally fine autumn or an exceptionally late spring, so much the worse for the unfortunate vegetable; no true German would allow his arrangements to be interfered with by so unruly a thing as the solar system. Unable to regulate the weather, he ignores it.

Among trees, your German's favorite is the poplar. Disorderly nations may sing the charms of the rugged oak, the spreading chestnut or the waving elm. To the German, all such, with their willful, untidy ways, are eyesores. The poplar grows where it is planted and as it is planted. It has no improper rugged ideas of its own. It does not want to wave or to spread itself. It just grows straight and upright as a German tree should grow; and so the German is gradually rooting out all other trees and replacing them with poplars.

Your German likes the country, but he prefers it as the lady thought she would the noble savage, more dressed. He likes his walk through the wood—to a restaurant. But the pathway must not be too steep; it must have a brick gutter running down one side of it to drain it, and every twenty yards or so it must have its seat on which he can rest and mop his brow; for your German would no more think of sitting on the grass than would an English Bishop dream of rolling down One Tree Hill. He likes his view from the summit of the hill, but he likes to find there a stone tablet telling him what to look at, and a table and bench at which he can sit to partake of the frugal beer and "*belegte Semmel*" he has been careful to bring with him. If, in addition, he can find a police notice posted on a tree forbidding him to do something or other, that gives him an extra sense of comfort and security.

Your German is not averse even to wild scenery, provided it be not too wild. But if he consider it too savage, he sets to work to tame it. I remember discovering in the neighborhood of Dresden a picturesque and narrow valley leading down toward the Elbe. The winding roadway ran beside a mountain torrent, which for a mile or so fretted and foamed over rocks and boulders between wood-covered banks. I followed it enchanted until, turning a corner, I suddenly came across a gang of eighty or a hundred workmen. They were busy tidying up that valley and making that stream respectable. All the stones that were impeding the course of the water they were carefully picking out and carting away. The bank on either side they were bricking up and cementing. The overhanging bushes and trees, tangled vines and creepers they were rooting up and trimming down. A little farther I came upon the finished work—the mountain valley as it ought to be, according to German ideas. The water, now a broad, sluggish stream, flowed over a level, gravelly bed, between two walls crowned with stone coping. At every hundred yards it gently descended over three shallow wooden platforms. For a space on either side the ground had been cleared, and at regular intervals young poplars planted. Each sapling was protected by a shield of wickerwork, and bossed by an iron rod. In the course of a couple of years it is the hope of the local council to have "finished" that valley throughout its entire length. There will be a seat every fifty yards, a police notice every hundred, and a restaurant every half-mile.



—"maybe I am misjudging the country"

They are doing the same from the Memel to the Rhine. They are just tidying up the country. I remember well the Wehrthal. It was once the most romantic ravine to be found in the Black Forest. The last time I walked down it some hundreds of Italian workmen were encamped there, hard at work training the wild little Wehr the way it should go, bricking the banks for it here, blasting the rocks for it there, making cement steps for it down which it can travel soberly and without fuss.

For in Germany there is no nonsense talked about untrammeled Nature. In Germany Nature has got to behave herself, and not set a bad example to the children. A German poet, noticing waters coming down as Southey describes, somewhat inexactly, the waters coming down at Lodore, would be too shocked to stop and write alliterative verse about them. He would hurry away and at once report them to the police. Then their foaming and their shrieking would be of short duration.

"Now then, now then, what's all this about?" the voice of German authority would say severely to the waters: "we can't have this sort of thing, you know. Come down quietly, can't you? Where do you think you are?"

And the local German council would provide those waters with zinc pipes and wooden troughs and a corkscrew staircase, and show them how to come down sensibly, in the German manner.

It is a tidy land, is Germany.

We reached Dresden on the Wednesday evening, and stayed there over the Sunday.

Taking one consideration with another, Dresden is, perhaps, the most attractive town in Germany; but it is a place to be lived in for a while, rather than visited. Its museums and galleries, its palaces and gardens, its beautiful and historically rich environment, provide pleasure for a winter but bewilder for a week. It has not the gayety of Paris or Vienna, which quickly palls; its charms are more solidly German, and more lasting. It is the Mecca of the musician. For five shillings in Dresden you can purchase a stall at the opera, together, unfortunately, with a strong disinclination ever again to take the trouble of sitting out a performance in any English, French or American opera house.

The chief scandal of Dresden still centres around August the Strong, "the Man of Sin," as Carlyle always called him. His life-sized portrait hangs in the fine Zwinger, which he built as an arena for his wild-beast fights when the people grew tired of them in the market-place; a beetle-browed, frankly animal man, but with a culture and taste that so often wait upon animalism. Modern Dresden undoubtedly owes much to him.

But what the stranger in Dresden stares at most are, perhaps, its electric trams. These huge vehicles flash through the streets at from ten to twenty miles an hour, taking curves and corners after the manner of an Irish car-driver. Everybody travels by them excepting only officers in uniform, who must not. Ladies in evening dress, going to balls or opera,

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of humorous papers which began in the Post of January 6. Each of these papers is practically complete in itself, and may be read with enjoyment independently of those that precede and follow it.

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porters with their baskets, sit side by side. They are all-important in the streets, and everything and everybody make haste to get out of their way. If you do not get out of their way, and you still happen to be alive when picked up, then on your recovery you are fined for having been in their way. This teaches you to be wary of them.

One afternoon Harris took a *Bummel* by himself. In the evening as we sat listening to the band at the Belvedere, Harris said, apropos of nothing in particular:

"These Germans have no sense of humor."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Why, this afternoon," he answered, "I jumped on one of those electric tram-cars. I wanted to see the town, so I stood outside on the little platform—what do you call it?"

"The *Stehplatz*," I suggested.

"That's it," said Harris. "Well, you know the way they shake you about, and how you have to look out for the corners, and mind yourself when they stop and when they start?

"There were about half a dozen of us standing there," he continued, "and of course I am not experienced. The thing started suddenly, and that jerked me backward. I fell against a stout gentleman, just behind me. He could not have been standing very firmly himself, and he in his turn fell back against a boy who was carrying a trumpet in a green baize case. They never smiled, neither the man nor the boy with the trumpet; they just stood there and looked sulky. I was going to say I was sorry, but before I could get the words out the tram suddenly eased up, for some reason or other, and that, of course, shot me forward again, and I butted into a white-haired old chap, who looked to me like a professor. Well, *he* never smiled—never moved a muscle."

"Maybe he was thinking of something else," I suggested.

"That could not have been the case with them all," replied Harris; "and in the course of that journey I must have fallen against every one of them at least three times.

"You see," exclaimed Harris, "they knew when the corners were coming, and in which direction to brace themselves. I, as a stranger, was naturally at a disadvantage. The way I rolled and staggered about that platform, clutching wildly now at this man and now at that, must have been really comic. I don't say it was high-class humor, but it would have amused most people. Those Germans seemed to see no fun in it whatever—just seemed anxious, that was all. There was one man, a little man, who stood with his back against the brake; I fell against him five times: I counted them. You would have expected the fifth time would have dragged a laugh out of him, but it didn't; he merely looked tired. They are a dull lot."

George also had an adventure in Dresden. There was a shop near the Altmarkt in the window of which were exhibited some cushions for sale. The proper business of the shop was the handling of glass and china; the cushions appeared to be in the nature of an experiment. They were very beautiful cushions, hand-embroidered on satin. We often passed the shop, and every time George paused and examined those cushions. He said he thought his aunt would like one.

George has been very attentive to this aunt of his during this journey. He has written her quite a long letter every day, and from every town we stop at he sends her off a present. To my mind, he is overdoing the business, and more than once I have expostulated with him. His aunt will get meeting other aunts, and talking to them; the whole class will become disorganized and unruly. As a nephew, I object to the impossible standard that George is setting up. But he will not listen.

Therefore it was that on Saturday he left us after lunch, saying he would go around to that shop and get one of those cushions for his aunt. He said he would not be long, and suggested our waiting for him.

We waited for what seemed to me rather a long time. When he rejoined us he was empty-handed and looked worried. We asked him where his cushion was. He said he hadn't got a cushion; said he had changed his mind; said he didn't think his aunt would care for a cushion! Evidently something was amiss. We tried to get at the bottom of it, but he was not communicative. Indeed, his answers after our twentieth question or thereabouts became quite short.

In the evening, however, when he and I happened to be alone, he broached the subject himself. He said:

"They are somewhat peculiar in some things, these Germans."

I said: "What has happened?"

"Well," he answered, "there was that cushion I wanted."

"For your aunt?" I remarked.

"Why not?" he retorted. He was huffy in a moment; I never knew a man so touchy about an aunt. "Why shouldn't I send a cushion to my aunt?"

"Don't get excited," I replied. "I am not objecting; I respect you for it."

He recovered his temper and went on:

"There were four in the window, if you remember, all very much alike, and each one labeled in plain figures twenty marks. I don't pretend to speak German fluently, but I can generally make myself understood with a little effort, and gather the sense of what is said to me, provided they don't gabble. I went into the shop. A young girl came up to me; she was a pretty, quiet little soul, one might almost say demure; not at all the sort of girl from whom you would have expected such a thing. I was never more surprised in all my life."

"Surprised about what?" I said.

George always assumes you know the end of the story while he is telling you the beginning; it is an annoying method.

"At what happened," replied George; "at what I am telling you. She smiled and asked me what I wanted. I understood that all right; there could have been no mistake about that. I put down a twenty-mark piece on the counter and said:

"'Please give me a cushion!'"

"She stared at me as if I had asked for a feather bed. I thought maybe she had not heard, so I repeated it louder. If I had chucked her under the chin she could not have looked more surprised or indignant.

"She said she thought I must be making a mistake.

"I did not want to begin a long conversation and find myself stranded; I said there was no mistake. I pointed to my twenty-mark piece, and repeated for the third time that I wanted a cushion, 'a twenty-mark cushion.'

"Another girl came up, an older girl, and the first girl repeated to her what I had just said; she seemed quite excited about it. The second girl did not believe her—did not think I looked the man who would want a cushion. To make sure, she put the question to me herself:

"'Did you say you wanted a cushion?' she asked.

"'I have said it three times,' I answered; 'I will say it again: I want a cushion.'

"She said: 'Then you can't have one.'

"I was getting angry by this time. If I hadn't really wanted the thing I should have walked out of the shop; but there the cushions were in the window, evidently for sale. I didn't see *why* I couldn't have one.

"I said: 'I will have one!' It is a simple sentence. I said it with determination.

"A third girl came up at this point, the three representing, I fancy, the whole force of the shop. She was a bright-eyed, saucy-looking little damsel, this last one. On any other occasion I might have been pleased to see her; now, her coming only irritated me. I didn't see the need of three girls for this business.

"The first two girls started explaining the thing to the third girl, and before they were half way through the third girl began to giggle—she was the sort of girl who would giggle at anything. That done, they fell to chattering like Jenny Wrens, all three together; and between every half dozen words they looked across at me; and the more they looked at me the more the third girl giggled, and before they had finished they were all three giggling, the little idiots; you might have thought I was a clown, giving a private performance.

"When she was steady enough to move, the third girl came up to me; she was still giggling. She said:

"'If you get it, will you go?'

"I did not quite understand her at first, and she repeated it:

"'This cushion, when you've got it, will you go—away—at once?'

"I was only too anxious to go. I told her so. But I added I was not going without it. I had made up my mind to have that cushion then if I stopped in the shop all night for it.

"She rejoined the other two girls. I thought they were going to get me the cushion and have done with the business. Instead of that, the strangest thing possible happened. The two other girls got behind the first girl, all three still giggling. Heaven knows what about, and pushed her toward me. They pushed her close up to me, and then, before I knew what was happening, she put her hands on my shoulders, stood up on tiptoe, and kissed me. After which, burying her face in her apron, she ran off, followed by the second girl. The third girl opened the door for me, and so evidently expected me to go, that in my confusion, I went, leaving my twenty marks behind me. I don't say I minded the kiss, though I did not particularly want it, while I did want the cushion. I don't like to go back to the shop. I cannot understand the thing at all."

I said: "What did you ask for?"

He said: "A cushion."

I said: "That is what you wanted, I know. What I mean is, what was the actual German word you said?"

He replied: "A *Kuss*."

I said: "You have nothing to complain of. It is somewhat confusing. A '*Kuss*' sounds as if it ought to be a cushion, but it is not; it is a kiss; while a *Kissen* is a cushion. You muddled up the two words—people have done it before. I don't know much about this sort of thing myself, but you asked for a twenty-mark kiss, and from your description of the girl some people might consider the price reasonable. Anyhow, I should not tell Harris. If I remember rightly, he also has an aunt."

George agreed with me it would be better not.



—"AND THEN, BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, SHE PUT HER HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS, STOOD UP ON TIPTOE, AND KISSED ME"

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR



AMBASSADOR CHOATE

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Mr. Choate's Use of an Old Story

In this era of new ideas and startling inventions, old jokes still retain their youthful vigor. Nor are they confined to minstrel performers and monologue artists on the vaudeville stage. No less a wit than the Honorable Joseph Hodges Choate, the law partner of William Maxwell Evarts, and the present Ambassador from this country to the Court of St. James, recently found a very old joke useful and appropriate.

A reporter called to see him.

"Mr. Choate is a busy man," said the clerk.

"So am I," responded the reporter.

"Let me take in your card?"

"Never mind the card. He knows me."

Without further parley he opened the door and confronted Mr. Choate, who was talking with a visitor.

"Good-morning, Mr. Choate," said the reporter cheerily. "I am a reporter."

Mr. Choate looked at the intruder curiously. "Take a chair, sir," he said quietly.

"I want to see you about this story," showing a clipping from the Morning ——.

"Ah!" returned the lawyer with his peculiar, gentle chuckle, "I'm glad to see you. Please take two chairs."

It was an old, old story, but Mr. Choate did not hesitate to use it.

Mr. Campbell's Legal Adventure

Robert J. Campbell, of New York, had an odd and even awkward experience the other day which illustrates forcibly a peculiar phase in the practice of law in the metropolis. Returning home late at night, he was attacked and severely beaten by a drunken stranger. To allay the apprehension of his family Mr. Campbell explained that he had been struck by a street car. He was put to bed, and a maid sent out for liniment and bandages. She returned with a strange doctor who proceeded at once to make a minute examination.

The examination disclosed that the patient was suffering countless injuries, most of them incurable, to his spine, knees, thighs, shoulders and arms. Mr. Campbell, who knew how little he was hurt, was even alarmed by the result, and his family were thrown into almost senseless fear. The following day the doctor returned and announced that he was not a physician at all, but an "accident" lawyer—that is, one who sues corporations for damages resulting from physical injuries. He also brought with him several alleged witnesses to the street-car accident, all of whom were willing to swear to anything for a consideration.

Mr. Campbell was in double distress. He didn't know how to shut the lawyer off without disclosing his own well-meant duplicity. The next day, however, friends of the railroad company that had been mentioned called on him and persuaded him to drop the matter.

He did not settle so easily, however, with the lawyer, who had heard of the accident from the maid in the drug store and had taken up the case as a speculation.

Printed the Wrong Portrait

After Honorable Foster M. Voorhees was elected Governor of New Jersey the usual portraits of him were published in the newspapers. They made an interesting variety. In one instance an enterprising journal drew upon its cabinet and used a cut of the president of a small Western university, showing a young man with the hair carefully parted and curled, and with eyeglasses that stood forth prominently in the picture. He looked about twenty years of age and the face was smooth and smiling. The Governor had a good laugh over this particular picture as well as over some of the other interesting variations of his countenance. He is not an old man by any means, being only forty-three, but he has the look of a serious student and man of affairs. His home is in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Doctor Kitasato's Heroic Experiment

The honors that have been showered upon Professor S. Kitasato, the eminent Japanese physician, are justified today by the spread of the bubonic plague and the realization of his recorded predictions. The story of his work has never before been told in full, as he is very modest and cannot be induced to talk about himself. When the plague broke out in Hongkong in February, 1894, Doctor Kitasato wrote a memoir in which he claimed that the new pestilence was the ancient disease known as the "black death." He said there was grave danger of the malady spreading rapidly to many lands. His assertions were laughed at by the European physicians in Japan. His own countrymen upheld him and brought the matter before the Government. It acted promptly, and selected the Professor, with two assistants, as a special commission to go to Hongkong and study the plague in action. The three men arrived and took rooms at the Hongkong Hotel. They carried with them a complete equipment of a bacteriologic laboratory, the first that had ever been seen in that part of the world. Many of the instruments had just been invented in the Koch or Pasteur school, and were unknown to the Chinese physicians.

Doctor Kitasato first demonstrated that the disease could be communicated to or from rats, rabbits, guinea-pigs and mice. His next demonstration was that the dust, and even the infected air in plague spots, could carry the disease. At this point he and his two assistants contracted the disorder, and were obliged to desist from their studies. Lest science should be the loser, each kept a careful record of the progress of the disease in the other two. The attacks were serious. The younger assistant died, but the elder one, Doctor Oyama, and Doctor Kitasato recovered. Shortly after this the Professor identified the bacillus of the plague, which he found to resemble that of the chicken cholera in its early stages, and lastly he published the results of his experiments. His recommendations were adopted by the Japanese Government the same year, and by the Board of Health in our new possession of Hawaii and other seaport cities thereafter.



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MRS. McKEE

Another Spanish Excuse

A belated war story comes from Ponce, Puerto Rico, and is told by Lieutenant Juan Arato, of the Spanish Engineers.

"When the war broke out," said the Lieutenant, "we found that our supply of ammunition of all sorts was very low. Some was new and some old; some was black and some brown; some was old-fashioned and some was smokeless and mysterious. There was one lot of brown smokeless powder which was marked 'Use with care! Very powerful! Keep cool and dry!' and to it was attached a legend that it had burst a Krupp field gun.

"I determined to try it. I employed a small charge in a gun, and to my surprise it refused to go off. My gunners were very much disgusted, and one of them said: 'Bah, this is no good for war. I'll use it for cooking our supper.'

"We all jumped as he threw a double handful into a small campfire. Judge of our feelings when we saw the fire go out. I afterward learned that powder of this sort deteriorates with age, and that long before this case was opened it was as harmless as wet sand."

Harvard Defeated by a Bluff

Joseph M. Proskauer, of Mobile, Alabama, now a brilliant young lawyer of New York, was a notable figure in the undergraduate life of Columbia University several years ago. He was a member of the debating teams that defeated the teams of Harvard and Chicago Universities, and is at present the coach of the Columbia debaters. He found that the necessity for quick thought in the face of surprise in debating made his *début* into court practice comparatively easy.

He was on the debating team of Columbia which advocated the popular election of United States Senators, against Harvard. Each side agreed that the reëlection of Senators was often beneficial to the nation at large, but the Cambridge debaters claimed that popular elections would not accomplish this end. Columbia denied this, and brought to its support that particular form of sophistry called "statistics" to the effect that members of the House were as often reëlected as Senators.

The next Harvard speaker controverted this statement with more statistics, showing that Governors of States were seldom reëlected, and claiming that Governors and Senators would share the same fate if their elections were conducted the same way.

Mr. Proskauer followed, and his reply not only won the debate, but fixed his status forever in the affections of the Columbians. With an assurance born of daring he answered:

"The comparison of the opposition is worthless, because so many Governors, by reason of State constitutions, are debarred from reëlection."

The Harvard men were stunned. This was a view they had never taken. They had no statistics to cover this point, and therefore they ignored it, and the debate went against them.

This is where they were foolish, for Mr. Proskauer knew no more about State constitutions in fact than they did. It flashed across his mind that one or two Northwestern States did prohibit reëlection of Governors. How many more he did not know, and does not know even to this day.

It was simply a bluff, but it won.

Craig's Western Sketches

Charles Craig, the writer and painter of the Indians and the plains, whose canvases are the vogue just now in London and Paris, as well as New York and Boston, did not always realize the prices that he now receives.

In the early eighties he started for a Kansas Indian reservation to sketch and to hunt.

He met with several mishaps, and his capital was reduced to less than one dollar. Near the border the train he was on ran into a flood and he was forced to disembark and, with a little over fifty cents, to spend the day in a straggling village until something turned up. He had heard a great deal about Western barkeepers, and he wanted a characteristic sketch of one. So he went into a saloon and asked the proprietor, who was the barkeeper, to let him sketch him.

"Say, pard, that's the best picture I ever had took. I think that's worth a dollar."

Before night others posed for him. He made over $15.

Several years ago a knowing art dealer happened in that same hamlet, now a flourishing town, and created the impression that he was a wealthy escaped madman by offering ten dollars apiece for such of the sketches as he could find. It is almost needless to say that he reaped a very handsome profit on his investment.

When Baby McKee Ruled the White House

Mrs. McKee, the daughter of former President Harrison, occasionally revisits Washington and finds a cordial welcome in the social circles in which she was so popular during her father's four years in the White House. As the mother of Baby McKee, who has now outgrown his babyhood, she shared for years the honors of the abundant literature written about the White House.

It was said of Baby McKee that he was the most famous child in the world, and that his only rival was the little King of Spain.

A distinguished writer, who was visiting Washington, called one day by appointment to see the President and Mrs. Harrison. Afterward he said:

"Whilst we sat there awaiting our summons to the Presidential presence, a little light-haired boy, about four years old, came running into the hall, and, pulling at my coat-tails, said, 'Come and see my white rabbits,' which I accordingly did. This was the celebrated Baby McKee."

GOVERNOR VOORHEES



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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

Two Years of Large Speculation

During the past two years there has been more speculation than the world had ever known in the same period of time. Two unexpected wars have provided the agitations which made the markets attractive to those who are always ready to wager their means when they believe that the opportunities promise profits.

The era of good times was already under way when the Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana, but the events which followed gave those variations of price and probabilities which are so essential and so attractive in the great game of chance. Unprecedented prosperity followed upon victory, and thousands grew rich and radiant on the rising tides. Then, as events began to get nearer normal once more, the trouble in South Africa commenced.

It differed materially from our experience with Spain. Then the speculators here, although a bit timid at first, became confident that this country would win without much difficulty. A series of victories steadily raised their assurances, and thus prices and hopes went up together. Those who were buying for a rise saw their profits mounting up; and so continuous was the elevation that they began to believe that the profits were illimitable. In the case of Great Britain's war there was the same confidence. It was to be a picnic march to Pretoria, where the English army was to celebrate its Christmas dinner, and nowhere was the jubilation greater than upon the stock exchanges of several countries. Even with those people who did not sympathize with the war there was a conviction that Great Britain would win promptly and handily.

But when the Boers began to show their strength the markets responded, and groans of despair went up from thousands. Many who were counting their wealth saw themselves ruined, and the same people who sent an insulting cablegram to President Kruger when the war began faced their disasters with blanched faces. Upon the stock exchanges of Europe there were similar disappointments, including in many cases some highly interesting tumbles of people who were thought to be safe with their millions.

A hundred years ago there was more open risking of money, but all of it combined would have made only a fraction of the enormous speculation in these closing years of the century. It is difficult to define just what the word speculation should include. Everybody to a greater or less degree is a speculator. Business is a speculation. A cargo of goods upon an ocean vessel is a speculation. The street railway is a speculation. And some go so far as to say that matrimony is a speculation. At any rate, the laws of chance and the operations of society are apt at any moment to upset the existing conditions, and the fortunate man is he who escapes the misfortunes, and the unfortunate man is the one who misses the fortunes.



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ANDREW CARNEGIE IN HIS LIBRARY

The Meaning of Legitimate Speculation

Speculation is one of those words which modern uses have broadened beyond their original meanings. It is in its real significance a very respectable term; in its higher sense it means to consider carefully, to ponder and examine. In its secondary sense it means to make a purchase or investment that involves a risk or loss, and also offers a chance of considerable profit, and the speculator—it is important to remember this—really acquires a title to property in the expectation of disposing of it at a profit. Consequently the disposition to call speculation ordinary gambling is stretching the word beyond its legitimate usage.

When the Saxons introduced gaming into England the loser often became the slave of the winner, and the winner sold him in profit just as any other merchandise. The Louisiana Lottery in thirty years collected the enormous sum of three hundred millions of dollars, and this and the other forms of gambling are sometimes called varieties of speculation, but it is an abuse of the word.

Coming closer, the bucket shops claim that they speculate, whereas they do nothing of the sort; they are simply gambling-rooms in which the gamblers bet upon the rise or fall of stocks. The proprietor charges him a percentage for making his bet, besides taking equal chances for winning his money. No share of stock is really bought or delivered. It is pure betting, and it only needs a glance at the crowd which does this betting to see how much profit there is in it.

Speculation even of the riskiest kind is far above gambling. Where it more nearly approaches it is when the speculation is done on margins. For those who do not fully understand what this may be, an illustration may be cited: You place a thousand dollars in the hands of a broker for one hundred shares of stock, which makes a margin of $10 per share. If the stock should go up a point, representing a profit of $100, the broker would return to you $1100, minus his commission for buying and selling—$12.50 for each, or $25 for both—thus netting you $75; that is to say, you would receive back $1075. If your stock should go down and you should lose $100, the broker would return to you your difference, minus his commissions and your loss, which would be $25 for the commissions and $100 for the loss, leaving you $875.

Far safer than this is a buying outright of stock, or securities, expecting their value to increase. This more nearly approaches investment, although the real investor, to quote the dictionary, seeks "to promote the legitimate development of property, aiming to secure a regular and limited return for the money advanced."

The Trend of Recent Speculation

One of the richest men in the United States is Mr. Russell Sage, whose wealth has been estimated as high as a hundred millions of dollars, all of which he has accumulated in his lifetime. This is his counsel: "I would advise young men not to go into Wall Street. I would advise no man to speculate. If his business is speculation, he is sure to lose every dollar he has. I went into Wall Street in 1874 as a speculator, but I speedily gave it up when I realized what it meant to me. It seems to me now that I am the only man left of all who were with me at that time, and I am left because I knew that it was time to quit. I have seen hundreds of capable men lose fortunes dealing in chances." He advises young men to save money and invest it in business, or in good stocks and securities.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, another of the richest men of the country, says that saving is the only way to win wealth. He advises investment strictly, and disapproves of all speculation. Other experiences of the same sort come from the rich men of the country, and yet with some exceptions—Mr. Carnegie is probably one—most of them have speculated at some time in their careers, but the ones who have beat the game permanently are those who were able to stand the loss if the markets went against them. It was the careful surplus which Mr. Sage piled up that enabled him to lose several millions in one fateful week, and to recover from the blow.

The policy of the big speculations shows the tendency of modern speculation. It takes chances, but it prefers investments to any operations on margins. During the past few months there were thousands of men who risked all they had, and a great many of them lost much more than they had, although at one time in the contest with fate they felt that they were on the road to wealth. No better illustration of the fact that the stock market is a part of the history of the times could be found than its own daily history. Every condition and every contest has some effect upon it. The crops out West, the wars between nations, the floods and famines are all reflected in its prices.

When the Bottom Drops Out

But beyond all these forces and influences are things which cannot be foreseen and which are never adequately explained. For no reasonable causes the bottom drops out of the market. Stocks are sacrificed. Profits are lost. The little ones are wiped out and the big ones suffer. Such a thing has happened since the beginning of the year, and the slump in prices was peculiar in that the heaviest losers were the very rich men. Doubtless the same thing may occur again just as unexpectedly, just as dramatically. For weeks afterward there will be observations from those who make studies of stocks, but they will amount to little. Hindsight in speculation is about the most useless thing on earth.

Some of the men who have made the biggest fortunes recently have at several times in their lives lost all they had, and of course they may lose again. The exceptions to the rule of speculation—which, when persisted in, Mr. Sage says leads always to ruin—are indeed few, and some of the saddest sights in this world are the human derelicts who were once rich.

As a rule, the history of speculation shows that the optimist fares slightly better than the pessimist. The biggest profits have been made when men have had confidence in dark hours. Of course, thousands have been foolishly hopeful and have suffered for it, but even in speculation we find the note of the modern man and are glad that he is constantly expecting better things. Collis P. Huntington, who has accumulated many millions in his lifetime, recently said:

"To-day is better than yesterday, and to-morrow will be better than to-day."



RUSSELL SAGE

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Things the Speculators Generally Study

In spite of all that may be said against speculation by the men who have made money, the fever always breaks out when the conditions are ripe. It is in the blood of thousands to take risks, and although they may see and admit the danger of their efforts, they keep at it. Of course, this means a watching of every event or probability that offers a variation in prices. Thus, an impending battle almost stops the market. When peace was general and prosperity seemed certain and illimitable, the sales in Wall Street were more than 1,500,000 shares a day. A year afterward, when the world was waiting for the results of Buller's second battle, the sales were less than 200,000. This shows the effect of the greater happenings, but, as a matter of fact, everything counts. For instance, already in the present Congress over ten thousand bills have been introduced, and the effects of these, whether they become laws or not, are carefully studied. There are forty-five legislatures and more than a hundred city councils in the United States whose proceedings may bear more or less upon speculation. The great thing is to get the information first, to measure accurately its probable effects, to act without loss of time; and thus we have a new department of information, and thousands of keen-witted men who make or lose upon the turn of the tide.

Some of the most successful books on how to speculate successfully have been written by men who have lost in speculation, and the greatest speculators will tell you that no one can know exactly how the market will go. Rules, judgment and everything else are suspended in a moment, and prices may have as many moods as April days. For instance, stocks reached their lowest point, in 1899, the week before Christmas, and then they rose nearly five dollars a share before the first of January, because many people thought there would be a lot of enthusiastic buying after the New Year opened.

The differences and the quick variations tell no tale, and point no moral save to show what has been shown millions of times before, that speculation is a risk.

It seems to be the testimony of those who know, that the men who make money in Wall Street and keep it the longest make it not off of speculations, but off of the speculators.

More than three centuries ago John Heywood, in the earliest collection of English colloquial sayings, wrote: "Nought venter, nought have."

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON AT HIS DESK

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Three Hundred Thousand Miles with Henry Ward Beecher

By Major J. B. Pond

FROM my earliest recollection, in our log cabin on the frontier of Wisconsin, the name of Dr. Lyman Beecher was a household word. One day—I think it was the summer of 1846—my mother was reading a paper that some friend had sent from the East containing a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, a young son of Lyman Beecher, pastor of a new church in Indianapolis, in which the young man had dared to denounce slavery. Garrison, Thurlow Weed, Phillips, Beecher, Theodore Parker, Finney were names as familiar to me in boyhood as those of my own relatives. Then came the Kansas conflict, Captain John Brown and Sharp's Rifles (known as Beecher Bibles).

Educated, trained, and a participant in Kansas in those early conflicts as I was, with the name of Beecher as a beacon light, one may perhaps be able to realize my feelings of reverence and awe for this great man when I met him for the first time in Brooklyn, in his own house, in April, 1876. I never had experienced such a feeling before. My lips trembled, my tongue seemed paralyzed, my throat clogged, my eyes flooded. I was helpless; I was joyous; so filled to overflowing with something that I must have made a fool of myself. Holding fast to my hand, Mr. Beecher walked over to the sofa in the parlor, set me down, and began questioning me about James Redpath, who had owned the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, in Boston, and for whom Mr. Beecher had lectured. I told him that Mr. Redpath had gone out of the business and returned to journalism in New York, and that Mr. Hathaway and I had bought out the concern; that a number of engagements for him to lecture had been indefinitely postponed the season before, with a promise on his (Mr. Beecher's) part that new dates should be given the management as soon as he himself could forecast his own time. Nearly a year had passed, and these people were waiting.

To make a long story short, the time was arranged for, the new dates for New England to begin Monday, April 18, 1876, in New London, Connecticut. This was the first lecture given by Mr. Beecher under my auspices. From that time until February, 1887, three weeks before his death, Mr. Beecher and I traveled together nearly 300,000 miles. He lectured 1261 times for me.

On many of our lecture tours we were favored with Mrs. Beecher's companionship. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were both good travelers—never the slightest trouble. They carried each their own hand baggage, and would allow no outsider to touch it. One little journey we made together, a sort of "vacation excursion." Mr. Beecher delivered seventy-five lectures on that little circuit of the continent, preached sixteen sermons, many of them in Plymouth churches, and traveled 17,000 miles.

I cannot undertake to give a connected, chronological account of even a part of my wonderful experiences with Mr. Beecher. I have simply selected here and there an episode which shall serve to illustrate some characteristic of the man I knew.

MR. BEECHER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST TOUR IN THE SOUTH

We had returned from Mr. Beecher's first visit to Nashville and Memphis, in May, 1879. It had been a short tour of unusual interest to him; he had never before been south of Mason and Dixon's line, except for a single night in Richmond, Virginia, in 1877. I accompanied him on the tour, and to his first Friday evening prayer-meeting in Plymouth Church after our return, for I was quite certain his people were to be treated to some interesting comments on our journey. I asked Mr. Ellinwood (Mr. Beecher's stenographer) to take down the "talk" and write it out for me privately, which he did, and here it is, the first time it has ever seen the light of day:

"After the war, for the first time in my life it seemed to me that it was possible for me to visit the Southern portion of my native land. There had always been a sting in the thought that I, a citizen of the United States, who if need be would lay down his life for his country, could not cross Mason and Dixon's line with any certainty of coming back, and that my name was a name to conjure with and bring up evil spirits. It had always hurt my pride of patriotism that I, a loyal and freedom-loving man, could not go where I pleased on this continent, that I could not go into any of thirteen or fourteen of these United States. I had feared that I should die without the sight.

"I did not know how the change was to be brought about, but I believed that there would be emancipation; that the conscience of mankind would slowly unfold and work in secret ways toward liberty, and that in the remote future free labor, applied to the raising of cotton and sugar, would compete in the market with slave labor and lead to abolition. That was my theory; but the Lord cut it short in righteousness; He severed the Gordian knot with the sword; this country was made free from end to end; and ever since I have said within myself, 'Before I die I hope to tread the soil of every State in this Union.' And now I have actually been 'away down South.'

MR. BEECHER'S RESPECT FOR COURAGE

"I went first to Nashville—a beautiful city. The Fisk University—one of the marvels of the world—is there. It is really a very remarkable building, and it is very nobly manned. The whole of it has been sung into existence by men and women that had been in slavery. And, do you know, they look upon you at this church as being the author of their success. For you will recollect that the 'Jubilee Singers' came here impoverished and discouraged, hoping that they might raise a little money by singing. They were hardly able to meet their expenses in getting here. In this lecture-room, on a Friday evening, they were asked to sing some of their songs; and you said, after hearing them, 'Those songs must be heard in the great church,'; and when Sunday came they sang there; the fire was kindled, and invitations came in to them to sing in other places. Doctor Cuyler opened his church for them, and other churches were opened. Then they began to have calls from New England; and finally they went abroad. The result was that they earned over $200,000 singing through America, England, Germany and France; and they have built with their breath that great collegiate institution, where five hundred of their kind are being instructed.

"Talk about old Rome, her achievements and her cathedrals! They are grand; but I will point to the rearing of the Fisk University by ex-slaves and their singing, and say, 'It is the most wonderful thing that has yet been done in architecture.'

AN ATTENTIVE AND SYMPATHETIC SOUTH

"I went the next day to Memphis. I shall never be President of the United States—I have made up my mind to that; but I had a taste of what it would be to be President, for they gave me twenty-one guns when I went into the town. I thought to myself, 'Am I on earth? and am I in Memphis, on the Mississippi River, clear down in the southwest corner of the State of Tennessee, and only twelve miles from the State of Mississippi? And are these twenty-one guns for the pastor of Plymouth Church? Well, things have turned around pretty lively!' I do not know how many people saw that spectacle; I only know that I saw it.

"I was taken about the city by the editor of the Memphis Appeal, one of the most stirring of the Southern papers. I could not ask for a more kind reception than I received at his hands. It was about six o'clock in the evening when I arrived, and the lecture was at eight. As there was no lecture-room large enough to hold the people that wanted to gather, Agricultural Hall was taken, and 4000 seats were put into it, and out from a gallery, looking down upon the people, I delivered my lecture, and I delivered it just as plump and as fair as I ever did anywhere else. I received just as cordial and respectful a hearing as ever I had, and I never desire to speak to a more thoughtful, cultivated, courteous, sympathetic and respectful audience than I had in Memphis. Yet they knew who I was, and they very well knew what my sentiments had been and were.

"I bless God that the day has come when a true heart, with kind and sympathetic feelings, will give a man entrance into every State of this Union to discuss any question that it is necessary to discuss before the people of the United States."

HOW MR. BEECHER MET AND CONQUERED OPPOSITION

It was on January 23, 1877, that I had arranged with W. T. Powell, of Richmond, Virginia, for Mr. Beecher to lecture in that city. Mr. Powell was manager of the Richmond Theatre. He was to pay $400 for the lecture. It was to be on Tuesday evening. Mr. Beecher lectured Monday evening in Baltimore, and we had arranged to take the sleeper immediately after the Baltimore lecture and be in Richmond early the following morning.

As we went aboard the sleeper at Baltimore a telegram was put into my hands which read as follows: "Richmond, Virginia, January 22, 1877. To J. B. Pond, Baltimore, Maryland. No use coming. Beecher will not be allowed to speak in Richmond. No tickets sold. Signed, W. T. Powell."

I at once replied: "Have started. Mr. Beecher will be on hand to keep his contract." I did not mention the incident to Mr. Beecher.

Just before our arrival in Richmond the following morning, Mr. Powell came to me on the train and told me that the feeling against Mr. Beecher was so bitter that it would not do for him to attempt to speak; that not a ticket had been sold, and he dared not advertise.

Mr. Beecher and I went direct to the Exchange Hotel, and as he registered our names I saw at once that there was a general disposition, from the hotel clerk down to the negro porter and bell-boy, to guy us.

We went down to breakfast, and the waiter and head waiter who seated us were distinctly uncivil. Mr. Beecher made no remarks. We ate our breakfast, and as we passed out of the dining-room into a long hall we met a pretty little golden-haired child. Mr. Beecher, in his characteristic manner, stopped and began talking to and caressing the child, taking some candy from his pocket (he never was without bait for children), offered it, and was just getting into the little girl's favor when the mother came along and snatched her away, as though she were rescuing her from a fierce beast of prey.

HOW RICHMOND WAS TAKEN BY STORM

Mr. Beecher walked quietly to his room. I left instructions at the hotel office that no one was to knock at his door. Mr. Powell called and assured me that it would be all Mr. Beecher's life was worth to attempt to speak in Richmond. I told him I would let him off that night from his contract if he would rent me the theatre. He consented, and I at once got out some bills and dodgers and advertised Mr. Beecher to speak that evening. The Legislature was in session and passed an informal vote that none of them would go near the theatre. The Tobacco Board did the same.

Evening arrived, and I could get no one to attend the door, so I did it myself. Mr. Powell applied for an extra force of a dozen police, which was of no account, as they were wholly in sympathy with the crowd.

The Rev. Dr. Grey, the principal Presbyterian minister, and the head of a leading institution of learning in Richmond, wrote the Chief of Police that though he distinctly wished it to be understood that he did not indorse or favor Mr. Beecher's speaking in Richmond, he sincerely hoped that the threat to egg Mr. Beecher would not be carried into effect.

As each member of the Legislature and Tobacco Board knew that none of the other members would attend the lecture, each embraced the opportunity to go; and there, to their surprise, they all met. It was a crowd of men who made the best of the joke they had played upon themselves. They were hilarious and disrespectful.

The time came for me to go after Mr. Beecher. I had no door-tender, but the theatre was full of men, and my pockets stuffed with dollars, so I left the door to take care of itself. I found him ready. While in the carriage on our way from the hotel to the theatre not a word passed between us. We had neither of us broached the situation during the day. When we arrived at the stage door of the theatre the dozen policemen were keeping the crowd back. As we alighted from the carriage, going into the door, a general yell went up. We met Mr. Powell on the stage. He called me to one side and said:

"Don't you introduce Mr. Beecher. The gallery is full of eggs. You will have trouble."

I stepped into the waiting-room. Mr. Beecher said: "Go ahead; I am ready."



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I walked on the stage. He followed. As we sat down I saw the theatre full of men only. The crowd was disposed to be uncivil; canes began to rake the baluster of the balcony railing, and feet to pound the floor. In less than a minute a yell fairly shook the theatre. Mr. Beecher signaled me to proceed.

I stood a moment for them to get quiet, and then introduced him to his first Virginia audience.

HOW MR. BEECHER TOOK RICHMOND BY STORM

Mr. Beecher was to speak on Hard Times, but had decided to change the subject to the Ministry of Wealth. He arose and stepped toward the footlights. Another yell went up. He stood unmoved and waited for them some time. Finally a lull came and he began. He said that there was a natural law that brains and capital controlled the commercial world, and it could not be changed even by the Virginia Legislature, which opened with prayer and closed with benediction. The Legislature were all there, and the public, like any other public, were ready to accept any good-natured drive at the Legislature.

It was not many minutes before the audience was in full sympathy with the speaker, and for two and a half hours Mr. Beecher addressed that crowd, swaying them with his mighty eloquence and telling them such truths as they never before listened to. His peroration was a tribute to the Commonwealth of Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, her history and her people, and closed with a brief retrospect: how she had prospered when she set her mark high and bred her sons for Presidents and position, but how changed when she came to breed men for the market; how manfully and nobly her worthy sons had kissed the sod, and how sad had been her lot. But in all her prosperity and adversity God had not forsaken her. Industry brought prosperity, and soon, very soon Virginia was to be one of the brightest stars in the constellation of States.

Such applause and cheers as he got during that address I have never before or since witnessed.

He stepped off the stage and to the carriage, and we were in our rooms at the hotel before half the audience could get out of the theatre.

After getting to his room Mr. Beecher threw himself back in a large chair in front of a blazing wood fire and laughingly said:

"Don't you think we have captured Richmond?"

THE IMPROMPTU RECEPTION AT THE HOTEL

He had no more than spoken when the door opened and a crowd of men came rushing in. My first impression was that it was a mob, as it did not seem that there had been time for them to come from the theatre, but I was mistaken.

The foremost was a tall man with a slouch hat. (They were all in slouch hats.) He said:

"Mr. Beecher, this is our Lieutenant-Governor. We have come to thank you for that great speech. This is our Member for So-and-So, and this is Judge Harris," and so on—introducing a score or more of prominent Virginians.

"Mr. Beecher, we want you to stay and speak for us tomorrow evening. We want our women to hear you," etc.

Mr. Beecher was in his most happy humor. He shook the Virginians warmly by the hand. He told them he was announced for Washington the following evening, and his time was all booked for the season. They offered to raise $500 if he would remain over.

The following morning at seven o'clock many Virginians were at the station to see him off. All the morning papers contained extensive synopses of the lecture and favorable notices.

After that first appearance Mr. Beecher spoke twice in Richmond to the choicest audiences that old capital could turn out. I consider this the greatest lecture I ever knew Mr. Beecher to give.

WHY MR. BEECHER MADE SO MANY FRIENDS

Mr. Beecher had preached in Davenport, Iowa, Sunday, March 4, and lectured Monday evening. The crowds had been enormous on both occasions. People had come great distances from all directions.

While on the train from Iowa City, the morning of the sixth, a number of people in the same car were returning home from Davenport. Directly behind Mr. Beecher sat two very charming, refined ladies, dressed in black. I was seated directly opposite them, and noticed that they were amusing themselves by trying to gather up a number of Mr. Beecher's long, white, silky hairs which had fallen on the velvet collar of his overcoat and about his shoulders. The ladies were proceeding so delicately, and accumulating so fine a lock of his hair that it attracted the attention of quite a number of passengers, who seemed so intently interested in their success as to cause absolute silence all over the car. Mr. Beecher seemed interested in a book and unconscious as to what was going on about him. All of a sudden he quietly turned his head toward me. I noticed the twinkle in his eye, and at once knew something was coming.

"Pond, are there flies in this car?" he asked, as he quietly raised his hand to his shoulder as in the act of scaring away a fly.

The spectators at once burst into a general laugh. The two ladies were for a moment apparently paralyzed. Finally one of them plucked up courage to say:

"Mr. Beecher, we have been all the way to Davenport to hear you preach and lecture. We are Brooklyn people. We saw some loose hairs on your shoulders, and could not resist the temptation to secure them as souvenirs. We hope you will pardon us."

"Well," said Mr. Beecher, "my wife never could have been so careful as that."

Everybody in the car heard the conversation, and there was general merriment.

These ladies lived at Muscatine. They had once been members of Plymouth Church. Mr. Beecher entertained them until we reached the junction, where they left us for their home. He had given them all the late news from Plymouth and Brooklyn.

At Burlington, a week later, they came to the lecture with their husbands and families. They also came to the lecture in Washington, Iowa, and Monmouth, Illinois. We never made a Western tour that they did not appear in some of the audiences.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING IN THE WEST

On August 18, 1883, Mr. Beecher lectured in Butte City, Montana. We arrived by an early train, went directly to the hotel, and Mr. Beecher to his room to lie down. We had left Mrs. Beecher for a day's rest at Deer Lodge, about forty miles from Butte, a sort of mountain watering-place, to join her on the following day on our way to Portland, Oregon.

While Mr. Beecher was sleeping in the forenoon the proprietor of the hotel told me there was a lady in the parlor who wished to see him. Answering the summons, I found a young woman with a child in her arms. I asked her what she wanted with Mr. Beecher. She replied that she and her husband were members of Plymouth Church; that she wanted him to baptize her baby. I knew very well that under these circumstances Mr. Beecher would be glad to be disturbed, so I called him, and he came to the parlor, shook hands with the woman, patted the baby on the cheek, and asked:

"What are you members of Plymouth Church doing here?"

"My husband is working in the mines."

"How long have you been here?"

"About two years, sir."

"Where is your husband?" asked Mr. Beecher.

"He hasn't any coat, and doesn't care to come in. He's down at the door."

THE OPEN HEART OF THE GREAT PREACHER

Mr. Beecher turned to me and said: "Pond, bring that man up here."

I found the hardy young miner and brought him up to the parlor. He was in his shirt-sleeves. He shook hands, saying: "Ah, Mr. Beecher, don't you remember me? I am a member of Plymouth Church. I was very unfortunate in Brooklyn. I am a better man now, thanks to you, sir."

It appeared that this young man had been unfortunate in Brooklyn. Through Mr. Beecher's influence, and his wife's, he had resolved to try his fortune in the far West.

Mr. Beecher was deeply affected at their earnest desire to have him baptize their only child, and I knew the baby's baptism would be very impressive. As I stepped downstairs for a pitcher of water I met an editor of one of the papers, whom I had formerly known. I told him to come upstairs, that Mr. Beecher was about to baptize the child of one of his parishioners. It was indeed one of the most beautiful ceremonies I ever witnessed. We were all deeply affected.

He questioned them considerably concerning their circumstances, and asked me to see that they had tickets for the lecture that night.

The man had to hurry back to his work in the mine. Mr. Beecher asked the mother to accompany him with her baby to a clothing store across the street, where he purchased a suit of clothes for her husband, giving instructions for them to be sent to his house at once. He then allowed the mother to take her baby home, not without a recommendation to be sure she brought her husband to the lecture that night. The woman replied that she had no one to leave the baby with.

"Bring the baby," said Mr. Beecher. "If there is no one else to take care of it, I will, or I will have Pond tend it."

She was very much overcome with all this unexpected kindness. Her eyes were almost bursting with tears of gratitude as she walked away from the store.

After her departure we went to a dry-goods store, where Mr. Beecher told the proprietor that he wanted several things. First, everything complete for a child of ten months, such as dresses, flannels, and such pretty things as a child wears, even to the little shoes and stockings, cloak and bonnet. Then he told him that he wanted some goods for a dress for a woman who was in poor circumstances but very worthy—something that she could wear to church. He bought two or three calico dresses besides, and such other articles as he thought a poor family would most need, and ordered them all sent to the house. I paid the bills, and have them, receipted, now. They were altogether $83.

WHO IT WAS GOT NEAREST TO MR. BEECHER'S HEART

That evening Mr. Beecher lectured to an immense audience, all the seats having been sold in advance. We succeeded in placing two chairs at one side near the platform, which this little Plymouth family occupied. They were very attentive and enjoyed the lecture immensely. The baby was quiet and playful during the early part of the evening, then fell quietly asleep in its mother's arms. No one was in the least disturbed. I believe the orator got his inspiration for that occasion from this little party.

At the close of the lecture there was the usual rush to congratulate and shake hands with Mr. Beecher, including the Mayor, who presided, and the best people of Butte. I think he hardly noticed them, but made a break through the crowd and went direct to his former parishioners and congratulated them on the good behavior of the baby, told them many things of Plymouth Church and Brooklyn, enjoying it much more than all the congratulations the people had to offer afterward.

As Mr. Beecher and I returned to the hotel that evening I said: "Mr. Beecher, it seems to me there are few men who would devote themselves for a day to a kindness like that."

He replied: "Next to my own children are the members of my church."

REPELLING BOARDERS WITH A RED-HOT POKER

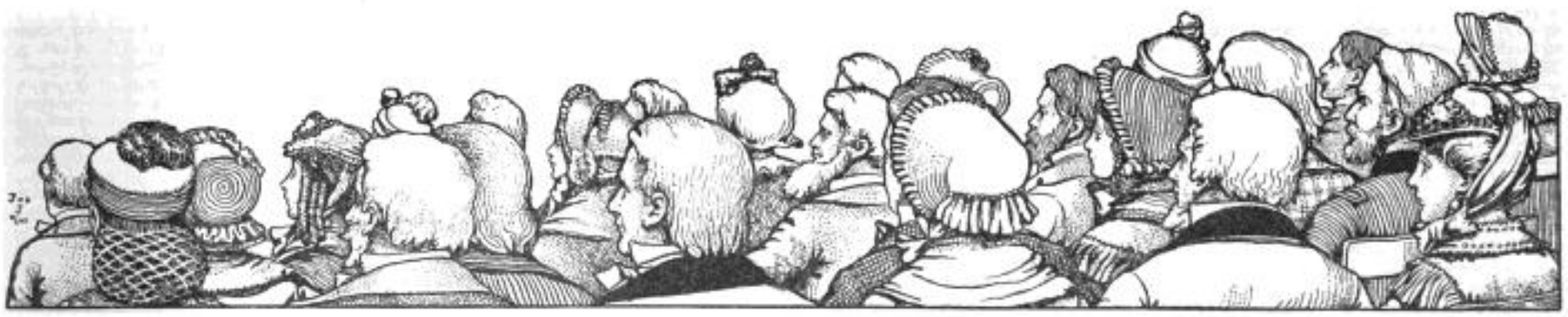
Mr. Beecher spoke in Bloomington, Illinois, being introduced by an old gentleman, a former friend of Abraham Lincoln. He was a very old man, and I could see that he was very much respected. As he approached the audience to make the introductory speech he hesitated for a word, and after a moment felt in his pockets for his manuscripts and discovered that he had forgotten them. Poor old gentleman! He was dreadfully embarrassed, and so was the audience for him. Mr. Beecher helped him out, and explained it to the audience as a common mistake among speakers, of which he had himself often been guilty.

He was to speak in Decatur that night, and I was obliged to secure a special train, as the regular train was four hours late. I secured a caboose and engine on the Illinois Central Railroad. We reached a small station about half-way to Decatur. We had to take a side track and wait for an upcoming train to pass. I saw a great crowd at the station, but our side track took us to one side of the town. We had no more than stopped when, looking back, I saw the crowd rushing toward our car. It was during the period when Mr. Beecher was most liable to insult, and I instinctively felt that that crowd were not coming to do him honor. We had a large coal stove in the caboose. It was red hot. A heavy iron poker lay on the floor. I ran the poker into the stove and let it heat. The mob came on and insisted on getting into the car. As I was watching the front door Mr. Beecher called, "Pond!" I looked around and saw that they had forced open the back door. I at once asked them to leave, as it was a private car and a special train. They kept crowding in, and I saw trouble ahead if they persisted. I caught the poker (which had become red hot) out of the stove and went for them. I jabbed it straight into them, and they began to get out.

I know that one of those roughs, if he is living, bears a scar, as I sawed the poker square across his arm.

We reached Decatur in time for the lecture, and went to Springfield the next day.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers devoted to Major Pond's recollections of Henry Ward Beecher. These articles are two of a series upon the celebrities of the past and present generations. Each is complete in itself.



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The Mystery of Military Bravery

NEWS letters and official reports from the Philippines and South Africa contain so many stories of military bravery that the world is compelled to wonder anew at the mystery of the human quality which is most conspicuous in battle. That the stories themselves are untrue, or that the facts are exaggerated, is extremely improbable; reports of extraordinary bravery of detachments and individuals will not be doubted by men who themselves have been "under fire," of whom we have still nearly a million in the United States, and all of them know that on this subject "truth is stranger than fiction."

The conduct of soldiers in action has been the subject of numerous explanations, none of which explained. It is the fashion of all nations to idealize their soldiers into men who became heroic through love of country and faith in the justice of their cause, but no view, whether casual or careful, of any body of troops will be rewarded by the spectacle of men of more than average human quality. Whether conscripts or volunteers, white, black, brown or yellow, soldiers' faces are very like those of civilians. Nor can their deeds in war be attributed to savagery of nature, for soldiers off the field are quite as peaceable and kind-hearted as home bodies. In the days of solid military formations it was said that soldiers fought because they were pressed upon the enemy by the human mass behind them; when solid columns and squares were abandoned and men fought in lines only two ranks deep it was explained that they stood up to their work because any attempt to run would be stopped by the swords and bayonets of the "file-closers" who stood behind each and every company.

But all the old-fashioned fighting methods have been ignored in the Philippines and South Africa, as they were two years ago in Cuba, and as they have been for a quarter of a century by the British in India and by our Army in its fights with the redskins; yet the common soldier, raised to the responsibility of an individual fighter, and with the individual fighter's chance to skulk, fights even more bravely than his kind did in older days.

He used to have the incentive of loot and license should his side conquer, but even that is now denied him. When armies were recruited principally from the prisons, the slums and the highways, the bravery of the common soldier was attributed to callousness, apathy, and the lack of any incentive to live. When men followed only leaders of their own choosing bravery was supposed to be a result of hero-worship, yet the modern soldier will follow any stranger, of any rank, who manifests willingness to lead. A full stomach, preferably with some alcohol in it, was supposed to be conducive to bravery, yet soldiers on half rations fight as bravely as any others, as many of our men who charged in Cuba and raided in the Philippines (or did both) have abundantly proved.

Military bravery cannot be explained by the theory of fatalism, for soldiers as a class are not fatalists. Neither is it due to abnormal natural courage, for soldiers are recruited from among all classes, including the gentlest. It does not come of temporary insanity caused by extreme mental and physical strain, for never are the soldier's faculties more alert and well "in hand" than when in battle; the excitement at the beginning of an engagement is so great that a compensating calmness inevitably follows, and quickly, too. Possibly satisfaction at having an opportunity to do the work for which he has been trained is a partial cause of the soldier's bravery in action; the man who has learned any other trade spends half his waking hours at it, but the soldier who has given one hour in twenty-four of his term of service to actual fighting is a rarity.

Still, despite all theories and explanations, military bravery remains one of the most mysterious of human qualities, and the men who best exemplify it are as powerless as any others to explain it.

—JOHN HABBERTON.

We are almost as much interested in colonial questions now as we are in the man who moved to another town a year ago.

Keeping Up with the Procession

LIFE is composed of adjustments. From one point of view life is adjustment. The infant adjusts itself to seeing, feeling, talking. The child goes to school and adjusts itself to instruction. Once in school, new teachers and new objects of study require new adjustments. The graduate must adjust or adapt himself to the ways of business or professional life. As a bridegroom he is again face to face with new conditions, new duties, new obligations, and he must study them and adapt himself to them. As a father, still others confront him and call for further adaptation. In short, there is no period, no condition of life free from the necessity of adjustment. Inability to adjust one's self to new conditions means stagnation; then death. The survival of the fittest means nothing more than the survival of those fit or able to adjust themselves to the constantly varying environment. There is constant change of environment; there is constant need of adjustment to it.

What is true of life in general is true of life in particular. Take man in relation to his business or profession. In the former there is a constant change requiring constant study and adaptation. The successful business man is he who sees the changes and accordingly adjusts himself to them. How often do we hear it said of an old firm that business grew away from them. What does it mean? Simply that the firm stood still while business changed.

In professional life the same principle applies. The surgeon who refuses to adopt the principles of antiseptic surgery has fewer and fewer patients, and the lawyer who knows only the common law of bygone days has no clients. Medicine of to-day is vastly different from medicine of fifty years ago. It has been revolutionized. Law, the most conservative of professions, the conservator of customs, nevertheless changes greatly in fifty years, both in methods and subject-matter.

The constant need of adjustment is nowhere more keenly felt than among the industrial classes, and in no other class is there less adaptability. The continuous line of improvements in mechanical devices continuously throws large numbers of employees out of adjustment. No one would halt the march of mechanical improvement, and yet we feel sad when we contemplate the condition of the men and women who are thrown out of employment and are unable to adapt themselves to the changed conditions. We recall the outcry against the introduction of sewing machines, and yet the sewing machine was a blessing when viewed from a broad standpoint, although sewing women in great numbers suffered. But no one now seriously proposes that we go back to hand work. The women suffered not because of the machines, but because they lacked the power of adjustment. We are witnessing the enactment of the same tragedy at the present time in the introduction of the typesetting machines. Our sympathy goes out to the hand-setters, but we realize that they must adjust themselves to the change or go to the wall.

What is true of individuals is true of communities, of nations. There has been a continuous adjustment of American governmental methods to meet new conditions and new demands. America, because she has been able to do this, is known as a growing nation, a living nation. Spain, because she is unable to do this, is known as a decaying nation. Is there not a moral in all this?

—CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

There are quite a few people in this country who could get along with only one Presidential election every six years.

The Hat and the Home

CERTAIN men, unclassifiable, yet somewhat alike in a general way, are in the habit of saying, with pleasant reference to their nomadic life, that they are at home wherever they hang up their hats, or that their hats are their homes. Our day of commercial travelers and peripatetic agents of a thousand sorts has doubtless greatly modified the domestic economy and the home administration of many excellent people. This could not be avoided, but outside of the special circles thus affected by the exigencies of business there is a distinct tendency in American life toward avoiding a permanent domestic centre, which is, in fact, the only true home. Such a trend may be the incipient stage of a complete breaking up of Anglo-Saxon civilization as a well-defined mode of human motion, and a merging of its strongest distinction in the composite forces of the world at large.

The home has always been the most influential source of Anglo-Saxon influence and prestige, because the home has ever served as a sort of church, school and sanitarium all in one, out of which men were sent, full grown and ready for life's battle, imbued with all that a father's, a mother's, a sister's and a brother's loyal love and bracing influence could afford. The home hearthstone was, from the earliest days, a shrine, an altar and a forge. There prayers were said, there noble sacrifice was offered, and there was generated the unquenchable heat of race pride and imperious patriotism. A man's home was not only his castle, but his sanctuary and his domestic nest. A woman's home was where her husband built it, and there she was delighted to dwell, rearing meantime a brood true to all the best traditions of an ancestry whose loyalty to race and country had never been questioned. Whatever limitations may inclose a civilization based upon the home life, the beauty of steadfast loyalty to itself can never be matched in a cosmopolitan system which from every centre looks abroad for its model.

It may be well enough for the commercial agent or the professional traveler to be at home whenever he is under his hat: that is business; but the average citizen, the incalculably valuable common man, he upon whom rests the responsibility of informing true society and true political life, must have a home from which to draw his knowledge of what society and the political organizations need. A mother, a wife, a sister, a daughter, all drawn together in a home under the best domestic influences, form just the combination to imbue a man with a true sense of what legislation women need for their largest happiness. Likewise the home, where men have been well bred in the atmosphere of love, manly self-respect and high courage, is the fountain from which the statesman can safely draw inspiration for his application of law to the needs of an advanced human society which is strongly rooted back in the family.

No earnest observer, no conscientious student of the times, would presume to say what is going to be the outcome of present movements. Humanity is a refractory and perverse quantity. Still, judging by the past, we must recognize certain persistent traits in our race, and certain recurring and apparently ineradicable characteristics of our civilization, which would seem to forecast great trouble to the world when we shall have abandoned the old Anglo-Saxon regard for the home as the cradle of all that makes for the permanence of virtue, love, law, obedience, justice and high patriotism. The man's hat should hang on the peg at home.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Out of every hundred homes in this country only fifteen have servants. Happy eighty-five!

Our Modern Brains

SOMETIMES it is hard to be an optimist. When we read about the germs fighting within us for our destruction, the gentle prophecies that the human race is becoming bald and cross-eyed, and the cheerful predictions that the human stomach will come to an infantile diet, about the only consolation we can find is that we shall probably be off the earth before these things are fully realized.

But there is one thing that does touch our pride. We like to think that we know more and do more than any other generation in the history of the world. But here comes a new preacher and prophet showing us that we are not only below the standards of previous ages, but that we are steadily deteriorating.

Mr. Ellsdale, in the Nineteenth Century, accepts Mr. Gladstone's confession that the brains of the modern Briton had less power than those of the Elizabethan period, and, after telling us that the ancient Greeks' brains represented the high-water mark of the human intellect, he calmly informs us that the tide is now steadily receding, and he gives the reasons.

First, the tremendous increase of knowledge has developed our receptive faculties at the expense of the creative faculties. Second, the mental impatience of the age has hurt our brains, and, instead of thinking steadily and systematically, we are victims of a hop-skip-and-jump literature. Third, the democratic spirit had led to the leveling of thought, and thus we dare not have higher convictions. Lastly, the pursuit of the almighty dollar, involving love of luxury and ease, is the great cause of "the scant development of really first-class and commanding intellect" in the United States. Mr. Ellsdale does not offer very much hope, although in order not to leave us in absolute gloom he thinks that possibly some of the great world-movements will bring about a new order of things in which there will be worthier ideals of sacrifice and devotion resulting in better men and women.

Anybody can prove that people are not what they should be. The trade of the pessimist is easy even in times of great activity and prosperity. He flourished in years gone by, and his prophecies come down to us as interesting curiosities of the past. He is the same "old inhabitant" speaking of "the good old times," and we listen to him with some impatience, and proceed on our destiny trying to do a little and be a little better every day. Even Mr. Ellsdale would hardly have us go back to the days of Elizabeth, who swore like a trooper and flirted like a summer widow, or to ancient Greece, where they had no football or department stores. The present is all right, and there are prospects. Everything is becoming a trust nowadays, and possibly that world-movement which he dimly sees is really an assembling of the mental forces of mankind as the essential preliminary to a golden age of life and letters.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Next to the mosquito and the borrowing neighbor, the friend who is continually telling other people things for their own good is the most unmitigated nuisance in the world.

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At the English Court

A LETTER has just been received by a friend in England from an officer besieged in Ladysmith. The "Dick" referred to is an officer of Gloucestershires captured at Nickolson's Nek.

"I want you," the officer writes to his English friend, "to release me from a promise Dick and I, individually and collectively, made you. You will remember that we undertook to be in Pretoria for Christmas. I find I can't by any possibility get there quite in time, so am obliged to ask you to release me from my part of the bargain. Dick, however, as you know, was always a beggar to keep his word. He has managed to get to Pretoria like the good officer he is, and at the head of his men. By the way, if you are thinking of sending me a turkey for Christmas, please pick out one that is strong on the wing and good for a fifteen-mile burst of speed, and have the pigeon-post people fling it in the air at Colenso. Kindly tell the bird that if its ambition is to be dined off by one of Her Most Gracious Majesty's officers it had better fly high."

MR. PENNELL'S ADVENTURE WITH THE BEAR

IT IS giving away neither a trade nor a professional secret to say that no book will appear dealing with Mr. Joseph Pennell's unexampled and hair-raising trip into that unexplored Czardom, Russia. Pennell recognizes that it would require the pen of Mark Twain and the pencil of Verbeck to do justice to that trip, and, moreover, Pennell recognizes that he possesses neither, so the journey stands in danger of being unrecorded. But the salient points can be put in a paragraph, and this paragraph will show the world what it, the world, is likely to miss through undue modesty of the celebrated artist. One day Mr. Pennell awoke and found his soul filled with a desire to visit Russia, to see her minarets and spires, her barbarous splendor and semi-Oriental edifices and customs, and all that—in fact, to visit the colossal Bear in its den. Now the Bear has entertained certain other Americans who could write and sketch, and when the Bear woke up in the morning, after reading George Kennan's work and scanning Mr. Frost's drawings, the Bear had a very sore head. But the Bear does not often say much; he mouches on and lies low. So when Joseph Pennell applied for passports he was readily given them, and they were willingly, even eagerly, initialed, and all that by the Bear's Ambassadors in Washington and London. They, the Ambassadors, patted Joseph on the back, wished him the best of luck, and assured him that he and the Bear would get along like a house afire. Pennell, I think, first journeyed to Vienna, and from there struck out for Russia, his pockets stuffed full of passports and credentials. A few yards after crossing the frontier the train pulled up at a siding, the door of Pennell's compartment was flung open and in stepped a polite inspector who demanded the traveler's passport. When Pennell handed it to him the man instructed the artist to ask the station master for it at the next stopping-place, who would return it. Meanwhile it would be inspected. On pushed the train, and at length the station was reached. Pennell did as he was bid. "What?" cried the station master, his brows lowering into a suspicious frown, "have you parted with your passport?" "I gave it to an inspector," answered the artist. The station master gave a few hurried instructions to subordinates, who scattered away at breakneck speed. Turning to the astonished American he said, "You have done a most serious thing. You had no right to let your passport out of your possession, and you must consider yourself now under suspicion and closely watched by the police. You may be who you say; I don't know. If you are, and if you really had a passport, it is, no doubt, by this time, in possession of a Nihilist, and we must hold you responsible for anything that occurs. You will go to such-and-such hotel and there stay until you have satisfied us that you are genuine. All your communications must pass through my hands."

THE CZAR'S DENTIST TO THE RESCUE

Mr. Pennell was personally conducted to the hotel named. From there he sent cables to Washington, London, and wires to the American Ambassador in St. Petersburg. No answer to one of them! The Chief of Police visited him the first day, the second day, and on the third day asked him point blank how it came about that none of his country's representatives would have anything to do with him. That afternoon, Joseph, wandering wearily and anxiously about the hotel, heard the sound of a familiar song sung in good American accent. Diving into the room, he came upon an evident Yankee and explained the situation to his surprised compatriot. The man of course knew Pennell's worth "down to the ground," and thought he could help him, although the crisis was most grave. "Now see here, Pennell, you've got to get out of Russia somehow. I carry some weight, being dentist to the Czar, and I'll do my level best for you." In the end the kind dentist got the artist aboard an outgoing train and across the border. When Pennell reached safety he met a knowing friend. "Hello, Joe; finished with Russia already?" Pennell began an explanation. "Oh, I know; lost your passport; deuce of a hubbub; marched off to a hotel; met a Providence-sent countryman—by the way, what was he?" "Dentist." "Ah, yes; dentist, of course. If you had been an Englishman he would have been a horse doctor to the Czar, a Frenchman and he would have been a dancing master. Joe, my boy, they didn't want you in there, and that's the way they go about it in Russia."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE NORTH POLE

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN did not have a very merry Christmas of it. He is held chiefly responsible for the war and England's unpreparedness, and although Englishmen say little at the best of times, and absolutely shut up when things are going badly, Chamberlain knows right well that the voters are "laying for him." He will not be hampered in the conduct of the business by word or deed, but when it is all ended he will be held strictly to account, and have to pay to the uttermost farthing for any act of omission or lack of skill that he may have committed or shown, and he, better than any man in England, knows that. Therefore it was a very inopportune time to approach him for his support toward another expedition in search of the North Pole, as a certain number of enthusiasts did not long ago. After listening in grim silence to what they had to say, Chamberlain readjusted his eyeglass and calmly gazed upon the deputation for a telling time, then said: "Gentlemen, I am informed that the North Pole is in a place where it will keep sweet for a reasonable length of time. I am trying to discover Pretoria. Good-day."



SNOWIN'

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

DEY is snow upon de meddahs, dey is snow upon de hill,
An' de little branch's watahs is all glistenin' an' still;
De win' goes roun' de cabin lak a sperrit wan'erin' 'roun',
An' de chillen shakes an' shivahs as dey listen to de soun'.
Dey is hick'ry in de fiahplace, whah de blaze is risin' high,
But de heat it meks ain't wa'min' up de gray clouds in de sky.
Now an' den I des peep outside, den I hurries to de do',
Lawd a mussy on my body, how I wish it wouldn't snow!

I kin stan' de hottes' summah, I kin stan' de wettes' fall,
I kin stan' de chilly springtime in de plowland, but dat's all;
Fu' de ve'y hottes' fiah nevah tells my skin a thing,
W'en de snow commence a-flyin', an' de win' begin to sing.
Dey is plenty wood erroun' us, an' I chop an' tote it in,
But de thoughts dat I's a thinkin' while I's wo'kin' is a sin.
I kin keep f'om downright swahin' all de time I's on de go,
But my hea't is full o' cuss-wo'ds w'en I's trampin' thoo de snow.

What you say, you Lishy Davis, dat you see a possum's tracks?
Look hyeah, boy, you stop yo' foolin', bring ol' Spot, an' bring de ax.
Is I col'? Go way, now, Mandy, what you think I's made of?—sho,
W'y dis win' is des ez gentle, an' dis ain't no kin' o' snow.
Dis hyeah weathah's des as healthy es de wa'mest summah days.
All you chillen step up lively, pile on wood an' keep a blaze.
What's de use o' gittin' skeery case dey's snow upon de groun'?
Huh-uh, I's a reg'lar snowbird ef dey's any possum 'round.

Go on, Spot, don' be so foolish; den you see de signs o' feet.
What you howlin' fu'? Keep still, suh, cose de col' is putty sweet;
But we goin' out on bus'ness, an' hit's bus'ness o' de kin'
Dat mus' put a dog an' dahky in a happy frame o' min'.
Yes, you's col'; I know it, Spotty, but you des stay close to me,
An' I'll mek you hot ez cotten w'en we strikes de happy tree.
No, I don' lak wintah weathah, an' I'd wush 't'uz allus June,
If it wasn't fu' de trackin' o' de possum an' de coon.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING A QUEEN'S SON

THERE are serious drawbacks to being a son of the Queen. At the moment of writing the Duke of Connaught is suffering from one of those disabilities that go with high birth. He is a keen soldier, and has easily worked high up in the rank of British officers. Were he a commoner and occupying his present rank in the Army he would be out at the front, leading, in place of some one of the Generals to whom the conduct of operations is given. But he is the Queen's son, and the public in England have an inherited undesire to allow the Royal family to get too firm a hold on the British Army. When the weight of years compelled the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, to resign the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Army, a quiet but determined struggle took place between the Throne and the Army over the knotty point of successor. The Queen did not disguise the fact that she wished her son, the Duke of Connaught, to step into the shoes of her cousin, but the Army would not have it, and Lord Wolseley, as his record entitled him, got to the top. On all hands it is admitted that the Duke of Connaught is a most capable officer, who is ambitious not merely to get to the top of the Army, but to see service and to do his best as a soldier. However, the War Office does not consider it politic to send him to the front. He is senior in rank to many already there in responsible positions; but anxious to serve without taking the reins from any hands, he has offered to waive his title to outrank others and to serve in any position. Still the War Office will not send him. It is said that he has threatened to resign his commission in the British Army and to go to South Africa and take a commission in one of the irregular forces now being formed. It will be interesting to see whether he succeeds in getting out to face the Boers. There are drawbacks to being a Queen's son—in England.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S NEW BILLET

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has got a most important command at length. He has been appointed second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, perhaps Britain's heaviest fighting force. The Channel Squadron is undoubtedly the "swell" fleet, but it is recognized here that when the guns begin to thunder in a European war the Mediterranean Squadron is the one which will come in for the first and the heaviest crash. So although the world does not hear so much of the Mediterranean as of the Channel fleet, it is, nevertheless, the grimmest, most hardworking fleet in the world. It is never idle, and it carries no lame ducks on its register. Lord Charles has now the opportunity of his life. If he has any new ideas in his head, any points on manœuvring or plans of battle he will get a chance to work them out and prove their utility. The greatest attention will be paid to any suggestion he makes. Lord Charles is a "hail-fellow-well-met" with the London newspaper men, and attends all their big dinners when he is in town. He invariably finds himself called upon for a speech, and as invariably delivers a rattling, uproarious one in which the British naval flag floats high above the rest of Europe combined. At the finish of his latest outburst of patriotism up jumped the Chairman and sang out, "Now is the moment ripe for Mr. Ward to sing us Sullivan's The Sailor's Grave. Let us hear of at least one dead sailor." A grin, none too comfortable, stole over the broad features of the fighting lord, every one laughed, and the glorious song was sung.

ALBERT EDWARD'S NEAT COMPLIMENT

THE Prince of Wales is—occasionally, at least—clever at paying a compliment. In connection with the fitting out of the American hospital ship Maine, he was surrounded by a number of American ladies, including Mrs. Bradley-Martin, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Arthur Paget, when he said, "I have the greatest faith in the good the ship will do; American girls have healed many an Englishman's wounded heart." —E. W. Sabki.

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The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett

AUTHOR OF THE STICKIT MINISTER, THE RAIDERS, THE LILAC SUNBONNET, THE GREY MAN, THE RED AXE, ETC., ETC.

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Part III—Ninth Chapter

ADAM stretched himself wearily as he arose and looked about him. He had been sitting beneath the arid and insufficient shade of a gray olive, whose dustily silver leaves shivered and rustled and rubbed their edges together even in the windless noon of May with a certain curious suggestion of life not wholly vegetable.

"I wonder what keeps Glenmorrison," he said to himself; "he is always late."

Adam Home heaved a long sigh.

"After all," he continued, "he has nothing else to do, so he may just as well take up procrastination as a business. There is no other advantage in being in this horrible place."

And yet there were few scenes more beautiful than that upon which Adam Home looked down, as he shrugged his shoulders and blinked with eyes half closed in order to shut out the heat and the dust of that high, glorious day in early summer.

He saw a red-roofed, sunny city, full of Oriental suggestion, with wide balconies of scrolled ironwork and closed sunblinds. He looked upon a rippling river, spanned by an ancient bridge, somewhat ruinous, indeed, upon whose broken arches the children joined hands and sang a quaint and moving ditty. And as the burgher folk went past upon the river bank and heard them, husbands and wives clasped hands instinctively and smiled at each other, always saying the same words and always moved with memories of the days when they, too, sang:

"Upon the Bridge of Avignon,
We're dancing round,
Dancing round!"

Beyond, lifting its yellow-white masses of building against a sky which was just beginning to take on its summer look of brass toward the zenith, extended the castle and palace of the Popes of Avignon.

But Adam Home was tired of the brilliant little southern city. He had grown to hate *Rome en poche*. He was tired even of the loyalty which kept him there; tired of drawing money drop by drop from a poor tenantry to lend it to a Prince, who, though far from ungrateful, immediately forgot that he had received it and went off to expose his distress to some other adherent suspected of having received a more recent remittance from home.

"At last!" cried Adam, without moving from the sparse edgewise shade of the dry, rustling olive leaves, and making a trumpet of his hands, "Glenmorrison, what news of *him* to-day?"

A tall, ruddy-faced, elderly man was stepping leisurely up the rocky path toward him, leaning somewhat heavily upon a stick, and occasionally stopping to wipe his brow with a great brown kerchief of the pattern of a Paisley shawl.

So soon as he came within the radius of retort, "*Him*," he panted indignantly, "him, as ye call your Prince, sir, is, for a wonder, in the best o' health and the worst o' tempers."

"What," said Adam Home, smiling and making room for his friend under the olive, "has he been fretted by the Government order to remove himself from Avignon, or has he not been able to borrow the money to pay his last week's market bills?"

"Neither and baith, sir," said Glenmorrison grandly, and then, quite suddenly becoming familiar and dialectal, he added, "sit farther ower, Aidam—ye are takkin' up every bit o' the caller shade—no that this God-forsaken whin buss gies us onything that can be rightly named a shadow. I wish to peace I was sittin' aneath a decent Scots fir in the forests o' Glenmorrison, watchin' the red deer comin' troopin' bonny ower the Balloch! Aidam, Aidam, what garred us no stick to that douce solid man, King George, and so sit siccar on our lands and heritages a' our days?"

"Glenmorrison," said Adam Home, clapping his hand on his friend's knee, as they sat close together in their doubtful patch of coolness, and watched the yellow sunlight in which the landscape simmered, with the Palace of the Popes rising stern and dignified in the midst, "who was it that persuaded me first to join? Who brought me hither? Who pinches and screws, that 'him' down yonder may have three pennies and a bawbee out of every good Scots' groat that comes his way—who but Glenmorrison? Aye, and who would give up that last bawbee for a clap on the shoulder and a careless, kindly word from Ye-Ken-Wha?"

"I ken—I ken," said the ruddy-faced man, shaking his head; "it's true, Aidam. But it's fair heart-breakin' to see him this day, sitting cheek by jow wi' the Dowager's waitin'-maid, and cryin' every quarter-hour for 'a bottle o' wine and fresh glasses!' wi' never a thocht o' his faithfu' servants that have wearied their a' on him, but only colluguin' wi' Irish rapparees and penniless French rogues. It's a' that woman! We maun kidnap her, I'm tellin' ye, and send her aff to King Louis. He has sae mony sicklike already aboot him that an odd yin or twa mair wad never be kenned. But she plays the mischief wi' oor laddie."

"And think you," said Adam Home, "that if the Walkinshaw were away that we would get back the lad that fought at Gaeta like ten men, and stood like a tall pine beneath the gathering banner at Glenfinnan? No, no; let the lass be, lest a worse thing befall."

The elder man looked up with some surprise at his companion.

"Aidam," he said, "what's gotten ye, Aidam? Has she been at ye hersel'? I thocht that ye were wi' us in separatin' the Prince frae that woman?" Then Adam Home spake more sharply than before—nay, even sternly. "The lass has paid her price for him, and a bonny bargain she has of it! Glenmorrison, I am sick of all this. I am going home to Scotland—aye, though I put my neck in the hemp for it. Even Tower Hill were better than this miserable life of feckless plots abroad and universal cat-and-dog at home!"

"Tut, tut, Aidam," said Glenmorrison, "this will never do! Ye need to be lanced, Aidam. MacWheem maun see to ye. Nocht like bloodlettin' for curin' the megrims! Preserve us—ye to speak o' gaun hame to the gallows wi' a score o' ill-set cousins at Henry Pelham's elbow, and that good uncle himsel' aboot to be inducted into your estates and kindly heritages!"

"Glenmorrison," said Adam Home, "my life here is not worth a docken leaf. I am sick of it—sick, also, God forgive me, of the Prince——"

Glenmorrison arose in a fume.

"I see—I see," he said; "ye wad play 'booty.' Ye wad mak' your private peace. Ye hae been in communication wi' the butchers o' Drummossie. That is the secret o' your defense o' the Walkinshaw. Perhaps ye hae gotten the Dowager's waiting-maid to speak a word to her mistress for ye. But, sir, ye shall not go to England without feeling the point o' a true man's sword. Heavens, sir, I will fight ye here and now for the words ye hae spoken!"

And the red-faced man strode to and fro, snorting and nodding his great head, and with his hand clapped threateningly on his sword. The younger man sat still, leaning his back indolently against the gnarled trunk of the olive, and for answer he cast one shapely leg over the other and stared at his silver shoe-buckle.

"Sit down, Glen," he said; "you and I cannot quarrel. We lay over long together in the cave on Millwharchar Muir. The stead of your elbow is in my ribs yet. Man, you just could not find it in your heart to pink Adam Home with the selfsame hand that used to be laid about my neck in the night-time."

The ruddy man, who had been fanning himself haughtily, flung down his hat in the dust and held out both his hands.

"Aidam," he cried, "ye hath seen baith a mad dog this day and a silly one, too! Gie me your hand, if ye can forgie me for my temper. It's my mither's faut for marryin' a —— reid-headed Heelantman!"

Then the young man, suddenly losing his nonchalance, rose to his feet with a bright smile on his face. He took his friend's hand,



DRAWN BY HARRY C. EDWARDS

WILL BEGBIE WENT DOWN MILLWHARCHAR MUIR LIKE A MAN STRICKEN WITH A DEADLY WOUND, BUT YET CAN JUST STAGGER HOME TO DIE

pressed it with a quick enthusiasm very unlike his previous unconcern, and drew him down again upon the roots of the olive.

"Sit down, Glen," he said; "this day is somewhat overhot for emotions. If you are a fool, I am a whole company of them—and a merry-Andrew to boot. For I know as well as you that I risk my neck by going back to Scotland. I have nothing to gain but the gallows. Yet, oh, man, I can hear in my sleep the grouse craw in the heather as he fills his crappan, and the lang-nebbit whaup willy-whaain' doon to his nest in the gloamin'! Man, I'm away back to the cave on the Black Craig o' Dee. My heart is fair sick to see a trout loup in a pool, and to sit where the birks are bonniest and sweetest-scented, and where the larches are hanging out their green tassels like ladies' favors!"

Adam Home uttered the last words with a kind of rapture, and Glenmorrison gazed at him in dumb astonishment, which, however, slowly merged into an eye-twinkling kind of humor. But he did not speak.

"Good-day, Glen," cried the young man, waving his hand; "I'm off to pack my hat-box. Make my adieus and obeisances to the Prince, will you, if ever he asks for me? I will not interrupt him now."

Glenmorrison watched him go, with a careless grace of carriage that had something almost dainty and womanish about it. Then the smile broadened on his face.

"Ohoo, Aidam, lad!" he murmured; "ye are sick to hear the whaup birlin' at his wild sang doon the wind, are ye? And every grouse cock that chunners in a heather bush is happier than ye! An' it's the springtime on Millwharchar Muir, is it? And the Walkinshaw, doon there" (he pointed with his hand), "is a pair lass that has paid her price, and your heart is sore vexed for her. Aye, aye, Aidam! Ow, aye, Aidam!"

And Glenmorrison, sitting with his elbows on his knees, leaned forward till his broad, smooth-shaven chin rested on the ebony handle of his cane, and watched the young man till he lost sight of the tall, slender figure in the press of the country folk on mules and donkeys, all coming out of the city laden with their purchases or rattling the empty baskets of their ingoing merchandise.

"Aye, aye," he communed with himself, well pleased at his own penetration, "I ken. I thocht it wad come. And it will tak' him the sairer noo when it has. There never was a Kilpatrick that could stand against a petticoat. And this yin has been lang in catchin' the fever. It will gang the harder wi' him for that! And a bit slip o' a country lass, too—after haein' escapit a' the brawest dames o' King Louis' Court!"

He arose afterwhile, stretched himself carefully, and with a stiff halt in his gait began to descend.

"Aweel," he mused as he went, "it's nae manner o' use speakin' to the lad. He doesna ken what is the trouble wi' him. And faith, Guid forgie me, Glenmorrison, ye are ower fond o' a bonny bit craitur yourse'f to bar the richt to flyte him!"

"Aye," he added, chuckling, "and feed, too, o' the whaup willy-whaain' doon to his nest in the gloamin'!" He chuckled again.

Tenth Chapter

IT WAS a June morning. Mistress Bell MacLurg was out fitting the peats on the Millwharchar Muir. This is how she did it. It was yet early. The dew was pearled

Editor's Note—The fourth and last part of The Fitting of the Peats will appear in the next number.

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on the grass, and Bell walked slowly from the little heather-girt farmsteading and down the birch-tree glade. Then still more slowly she passed along the side of the burn that gurgled half hid in the bent grass till she reached the black hags on the edge of the muir.

At this place, having looked at the peats her father had cast, and shaken her head over the delicate problem of where she was to begin, Bell sat down on a knoll of dry heather and gave herself up to the consideration of that and of other problems more or less remotely connected therewith.

"Here," she said, "was the very spot where I had been kneeling when——

"No," she added, correcting herself, finger on lip, "it was there!" But it was neither. For more of the peat-face had been cast, and the spot where the sacred and unutterable event thus vaguely alluded to had happened was lying all about her in narrow black oblongs, of the shape and size of two bricks fastened together by their ends.

He had promised—but—it simply could not be! The laws against straggling rebels were more strictly administered than ever, the red soldiers more frequent visitors in the glen. She was glad, therefore, that there was no chance of her being interrupted at her work—so glad that as she looked downward toward the Black Craig of Dee, along the line by which he had come last year (was it only a year ago?), the landscape appeared curiously enough to dissolve, running edgewise in both directions, and a dry lump which had been hardening in her throat broke with a sound like a sob.

This was that same Bell MacLurg who had made a jest and a mocking of the rows of young men along the west wall of the kirk on Sabbaths, and even turned on her heel when the young Laird of Duchrae told her that he had seen no girl so pretty in the Assembly Rooms of Edinburgh, asking him if by chance he thought *that* was any news to her.

Yet it was this very girl who thus saw the landscape waver and melt into a gray blur, like a sum on a boy's slate at close of school.

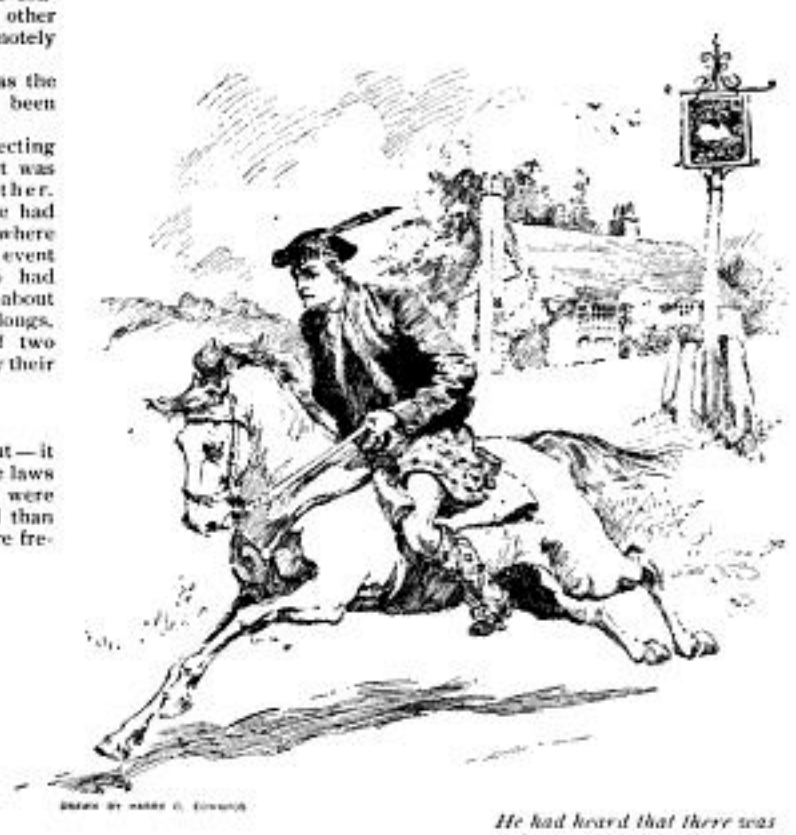
What—it was raining! Thunder-rain, too, for the drops splashing down flat and large were more than lukewarm. Bell glanced up at the sky. The sunlit blue ran every way, though still a little blurred and dim. The drops must come from somewhere else. It did not occur to her that she had been crying till a shadow fell across the yellow bent and dulled the ruby-hearted heather. She started to her feet; her heart drummed in her ears, and the tears were raining down undisguisedly now. A figure, tall and darkly masculine, was striding swiftly over the peat hags within a score of feet of her. She could not see his face. So silly it was! She darted up her apron, a pretty one with flowers speckled on it which she had put on (one never knows!), and dashed the water out of her eyes.

Some one had hold of her hands. Some one was whispering words in her ear. Will Begbie? No—not Will Begbie—by no manner of means Will Begbie.

"Love—little love," he was saying (Will Begbie forsooth!) "I have come back to you—a thousand miles back for my lesson. Have you forgot that you promised to teach me how to fit the peats?"

But in spite of his cheering words Bell could only sob and sob and hold down her face. She had not really wanted him to come. She had hoped that he would stay away. She was very angry with him for coming. She would tell him so and send him away. Besides, it was very wrong. What would her father say? And at any rate, he could never mean it, but only to make sport of her. He was a great man. She would tell him now to go away and leave her. So she set her hands against his breast, for he was drawing her dangerously near to him and saying—well, things that her ears ached to hear and her heart bounded to listen to.

Then with a tremendous effort Bell lifted her face to speak. She was just opening her mouth to tell him that he must not—when—when something cataclysmic happened. The sky went around and around; the world spun like a top. The earth heaved under her feet. All the wide spaces seemed to grow full of honeysuckle and balm and sweet spices. Odors of the divine and human floated dizzying about her. She trod on the viewless air. Rosy clouds upbore her, and she found herself held very close to a blue silk vest underneath which a man's heart was beating very loud. Her hands, which she could have sworn that she had raised for the purpose of keeping him at a proper distance, were clasped about his neck. It was no use to pretend any more. Also, it was much nicer.



He had heard that there was to be a troop of horse that day

Eleventh Chapter

"BUT you should not have come at all. You know you should not. I did not mean you to come. And you are in danger. You must go away at once, or else I shall not love you!"

The young man, whose face now wore a very different expression from that which we had seen upon it under the olive tree over against the Bridge of Avignon, felt himself held tighter as the tender voice murmured reproachfully, "You must go away again!"

Once on a time, and not so long ago, either, Adam Home had thought that his life was over. With a kind of relief he had felt (as he believed) his pulses beat slower and steadier. He had looked cold and unmoved upon the fascinations of the easy beauties of two Courts. So he was sure that his youth had indeed passed away. But now, held in the light of Bell MacLurg's eyes, exultation took hold of him to find that his heart had never played so rare a tune for any woman, and that this Bonnet Laird's daughter had taught him that there was a sweeter cup to set to his lips than he had ever dreamed of draining on his life's journey.

"You knew you were in danger, yet you have come back to me."

To Bell there was something acutely, even painfully, exquisite in the thought. Fire as well as blood ran in the girl's veins.

"Oh, but you should not—you ought not!" she cried; "you must go back at once! If any one should see you, what should I do? Go! Go!"

But, nevertheless, Adam Home felt himself held tighter, for the face that looked up at him was at once radiant with a maid's love and fierce with a mother's anxiety.

Smiles ran rippling across the girl's lips as often as they were disengaged—while each time she held him at a distance in order to search his face (to see if he really meant it), tears welled in her eyes till they grew large and deep and suffused, being filled with a kind of glorified mist.

And then Adam Home told his tale at length. To do it he made her sit down beside him on a tussock of "ling" in the lee of a great face of peat. Before she did so Bell cast her eye around the horizon and her mind over the possibilities. Her father was at Cairn Edward. He would likely go on to Dumfries. It was market day there, and he might be long detained—might, indeed, not return that night.

Will Begbie—well, it did not much matter where Will was. She held Will in the hollow of her hand. So she thought as she settled herself down on the great tussock of dry, purple heather. There were no King's soldiers in the neighborhood ever since Ligonier's Horse had been called abroad, and with them had marched that young ensign who had come "once-errand," as the country folk say, from Dumfries, just to see whether Bell's eyes were as gloriously blue as had been reported to them. He went back declaring that the half had not been told him—but adding that her heart was as flinty as her eyes were blue.

And there and thus Adam Home told his tale and settled the aching of his heart, feasting his eyes on their desire till the sun rose to the zenith and began to sink again, and still on the wide Millwharchar Muir not a peat was fitted.

Moreover, Bell began to grow hungry. As for Adam, he did not care whether or no he ever tasted food again. Indeed, the very thought jarred upon him. But not so Bell. For, rising at last after many attempts out of the encircling fortress, she extracted from under the lip of a moss-hag a white-wrapped bundle and a brown jug. With these she spread before him her frugal midday meal—scones of flour and farles of cake, in quantity scanty enough for one and a laughing-stock for two—yet very bread of the gods when administered in finger-lengths with spices and condiments, thus:

"Open your mouth, sir—no, you don't! There, now eat that! Did you ever get anything so nice in France? You know you never did. You know it in your heart, sir. I suppose you have been drinking such rare and expensive wines that you turn up your nose at honest buttermilk. But I will teach you, sir, to play your whimsies off on me! Another bite? Ah, would you! One thing at a time, if you please, Master Adam Charles Francis Home! Oho, sir, I have not forgotten your name, you see! Not that I believe a syllable of the Charles Francis, any more than I do of all the other nonsense you have been talking this morning!"

All at once she clasped her hands with a pathetic little gesture of dramatic despair.

"Adam," she cried, "we have forgotten to fit a single peat! What will my father say to me when he comes home? (Thank Heaven, he is at Dumfries by now!)"

Adam Home indicated that he cared not even an infinitesimal coin of the realm what her father said, and that he had not come a thousand miles and a thousand to the back of that only to fit peats all day.

At this Bell's mouth dropped, and she glanced up at him with shocked reproach.

"But you told me when you first arrived that you had come for your lesson, and if that is not true how can I believe anything else you have told me since?"

Adam Home hastened to supply her with an additional and confirmatory evidence.

"Well, if that be true," said Bell, daintying herself after eating, "you must help me with my peats. I must have something to show, you know, or John and Alec will wonder."

"Let them wonder," said Adam Home. "Bell, will you come away with me? I want you to leave all this. Can you take a landless and moneyless man, one without country or kin? Would you leave your people to wander the earth with him?"

Bell put out her hand.

Her eyes were downcast and smiling, yet she did not answer for a while. Then she glanced up quickly at him.

"What do you think yourself?" she said, daring him with her eyes.

He did not heed her light mood, but went on more earnestly and boldly, "Will you, Bell? Take time before you answer, for it means all to me."

"Aye, truly," said Bell, suddenly growing as pale as himself; "I *will* go with you the world over! You know well that you have made me love you!"

"And I," said Adam Home, taking her hand, "will faithfully serve you, will give my life to keep you safe, my love, my wife! I will joy to do your bidding——"

Bell glanced up with a sudden light in her demure eye and a rush of red back to her pale cheek. "I would far rather that you made *me* do your bidding."

"I may have to do that, too, madam," said Adam Home, with an answering spark of fire in his eye. "And faith, Mistress Bell, I had better begin now. I have found a safe way out of the country. A French ship sails a week hence from Loch Ryan. She calls at Isle Rathan, whence a boat may be put out to her under cloud of night. My friend, Patrick Heron, though a great King George's man, has there a good Jacobite clergyman in hiding with him—a man, like myself, somewhat tainted in the recent troubles. He will marry us—that is, if between times you do not change your mind. Patrick's wife will welcome you for my sake, for she, too, wears the white rose in her heart. And as for Pat, he will welcome you for your own. For, having wedded one of them himself, he naturally loves all pretty, scornful lasses. Bell, what say you to my plan? Will you come?"

"I cannot even if I would. I shall not have any wedding dress!" she objected, feeling that he was taking things rather too much for granted.

Her pretty lips pouted and her foot kicked at a tuft of grass. "And I had thought it all out during the winter. It was to be white silk with gold broidering—long in the waist, short in the skirt—so pretty over a quilted petticoat of blue, with black stockings and buckled shoes. Bess Kerr told me of one she saw in Edinburgh at the Assembly Rooms, but I knew I could better it. And now I cannot. I won't be married in my old taffeta. It is a shame. But men do not care. I suppose you would be glad if I had only my apron."

"I would, indeed, be well content," said Adam gravely. "I want only you, you see. I did not come from France to marry a 'grande costume.'"

"But I shall not look at all pretty. You will be ashamed of me. In France you will go out with your great ladies and leave me. Are you sure you never will? Tell me—tell me at once!"

Adam told her several times, being held tightly by the lapels of his coat while he did so.

"No, do not bend your head; hold it up—so. I want to see by your eyes if you are speaking the truth. You really love me in this old gown better than all the fine ladies of the Court? And you will always love me just as much, and never, never, never grow tired of me?"

Twelfth Chapter

WHILE Adam was engrossed in the long-continued business of satisfying these and other reasonable inquiries and doubts of his sweetheart, it was natural enough that both of them should be wholly absorbed in their own affairs.

Had either of them turned their heads, all the rest of this story might have run differently. But neither moved, so they did not notice that behind them a man was crouched on the top of the peat bank looking directly down upon them. He could hear the low murmur of their voices. He could see Bell's face turned tenderly and smilingly up, with that look upon it which means happiness to but one man—for it is the unmistakable look of a woman's glad surrender and resignation. He could see, and after that he turned away, Adam Home's face bowed down to silence with a long kiss a pair of appealing and petitionary lips.

Will Begbie went down Millwharchar Muir like a man stricken with a deadly wound, who yet can just stagger home to die. He

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had come up to the hill with purpose to see Bell MacLurg, and, it might be, help her with her peat-fitting. He had watched her that day as he had done every day since the man whose life he had saved had gone to France. And though for a little while after the lugger sailed from the Water of Fleet with the red-capped sailor on board Bell had seemed pensive, of late all had changed, and her voice was once more heard gay—caroling in the morn, like the mavis in little bursts of song, as she swung her milking-pail or tripped up the loaning to summon home the pasturing kine with the old melodious call:

"Hurley, Hurley, hie away hame!"

Will Begbie had loved Bell a long time—indeed, ever since he could remember her, a little, dainty, dotting thing of two or three whom he used to carry afield to gather gowans on the knowes while he mowed the rushy hollows, or to lose herself in the cornfield where the tall poppies waved scarlet like a thousand soldiers' coats.

For years he had counted her as surely his, watching her as she grew up, rejoicing in her beauty, glad when the suitors came flocking, and chuckling to himself with a quiet smile as he saw them betake themselves out of the glen, riding sullenly on their steeds, yet, nevertheless, turning in their saddles to take a last look at Bell as she stood in the doorway waving them off into the great world again.

He had never spoken of love to Bell. But he had depended upon her knowing. And he had liked her to count upon him in all things. It was, "Will, do this," and Will had done it already. "Will, come here," and Will came like a dog. At kirk and market, if there happened to be nobody newer or better, Will was at hand to escort Bell home, never intrusive nor in the way, ready to recognize the interests of sport and keep discreetly in the background so long as he was not wanted, but all the same there—ready and happy to be whistled up on occasion, like his own faithful Bawty.

In short, the relation into which Bell and Will had dropped was precisely that most unlikely to be favorable to the intentions of either.

For Will never doubted but that Bell, when she had tired of novelty and the exercise of her power, would turn to him. Bell, on herself, when she thought of the matter at all, had an idea of making good old Will, faithful Will, happy—by loving him as a sister. This appeared to her an ambition so new, so untried, so laudable, and, moreover, one so likely to meet Will's own views (when properly explained to him), that she never doubted but that all was for the best between them. So she took Will Begbie's arm with a sister's freedom, and patted him on the head as he sat by the fire watching her with adoring eyes, like a big dog. Once at Hallowe'en she had even let him kiss her when the nuts were cracking merrily on the hearth and kissing was in the very air. Will thought of that every night. He was too proud of it ever to try for another. But to marry Will Begbie! Why, Bell never thought of such a thing!

But Will did, and now as he stumbled blindly down the hill, his heart clay-cold and dead within his breast, the whole bright summer landscape running in glorious red and green and purple from verge to horizon verge, gay with flowers underfoot, white-winged with clouds above—all suddenly went ashen gray and lifeless about him.

He looked angrily up at the muir fowl, the clamorous peesweeps, the whinnying snipe, the wailing curlew. They vexed him. He wished he could twist their necks and silence them forever. Bell had been taken from him. Now she could never be his. He had seen it. He had never before surprised that look on a woman's face. Now he never would see it for himself. But he knew its meaning on Bell's all too well.

So he stumbled dully into the stable. It seemed the safest refuge. He would escape from the clamor and the brightness there.

Blossom, Pet Blossom, the little gray mare he had been keeping as a surprise for Bell, turned and whinnied to him. He was used to bring her a piece of sugar in his pocket, concealing it from his housekeeper, who did not approve of luxuries. Now Pet Blossom vexed him, and as she nuzzled against his coat he thrust her fiercely from him, as if she had been responsible for the faithless, cruel girl who should have been her mistress. Then, his heart relenting, he bent his head on Blossom's mane and did what many a man has done before and since, though that which none will ever own to.

Slowly he came to himself, an angry and desperate bitterness rising in his heart. This man, he knew, was a great lord—an exile truly, but still, in spite of that, a great lord. He could mean no good to Bell. He was deceiving her. It might soon be too late. This man had used his hospitality to win away his sweetheart from him. But at this point, with a quick revulsion, his heart refused to give up all hope. Even now it might be possible. All was not yet lost. He might still save Bell.

Even as he thought these things in his heart he was saddling Blossom. That mettlesome little lady threw up her head and moved her feet rejoicingly and expectantly on the hard, earthen floor of the stable.

He had suddenly remembered that Ninian MacLurg would be at market that day. He would warn him of the traitor within his gates. But in the background of Will Begbie's heart there was another and less worthy thought. He told himself that he was a good King's man, with a duty to his country—even if there was an extra loft above the barn at the old farmsteading.

He had heard that there was to be a troop of horse that day in Cairn Edward, under young Ensign Pelham. His herd Jock had seen them riding two by two yestere'en along the military road from the shire. They could not yet have gone. He could make up his mind on the way what he would do if he found them.

So Will Begbie mounted at the stable door, and the next moment, with a glad clatter of hoofs and a ring of bridle-iron, Blossom was flying down the glen toward Cairn Edward.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LETTER WRITER

By Tudor Jenks

AS THE rose has its thorn, so has the received letter its required answer. Only a Napoleon could leave his mail unopened for the fortnight during which most of the letters would answer themselves. Lesser mortals must expect the joy of reading to be followed by the black care of answering, and exclaim with the wise man of old, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" rather than a letter.

The cold world of business and the gilded world of aristocracy and wealth may dictate to a stenographer or delegate to a secretary; but we of the people must snatch a hurried moment from the already overburdened hours, and force the mind into tune with the correspondent. Then from the warmed-over emotions comes the insincere reply that tolls the knell of friendship.

In the old days there were a dozen possible styles of epistolary composition. Aminadab could describe the state of the weather, the condition of the crops; he could rehearse the argument wherein, to believe himself, he overcame the judge, the squire or the rector; he could outline the plot of that rare bird, a new book. And in return Prudence, if a country lass, could intrust to him a commission; she could tell of the charms of the new schoolmaster, knowing well the direful effect of her apparent unconsciousness.

But to-day neither of the lovers has any resource from direct personality. All must be either I, I, I, or you, you, you—the first rank egotism, the second sheer affectation.

Practical-minded folks wholly abandon any but the telegrammatic style. It is: "Baby is well, Maria's toothache better, and mama leaves for the Philippines on Wednesday." None but poets and young girls green with the sweet illusions of adolescence consider letter-writing other than a duty.

It is time that some system was introduced into this interchange of intelligence. The ordinary domestic letter, if analyzed, would fall readily into a simple formula. There would be such a percentage of Endearing Address; such a proportion of Reassurance; a part comprising Conventional Affection; a trace of Actual News; a remnant for Graceful Retreat, and an exaggerated mass of Concluding Phrases. This mixture of ingredients, finished with Signature and Address (in full), furnishes forth quite a respectable Family Epistle, and is received in Plenary Absolution for the sin of an unanswered letter.

An example will do no harm:

"NEW YORK, ——, 1900.

"Dearest Aunt Jane:

"You never forget that your nephew, far from home, treasures the rare letters that come to him as bits of the *old* home itself. [*Endearing Address concluded.*] I am quite well and so far have escaped all the ills feared for me by the over-anxious ones at the old homestead. Yes, your letter came safely, and I cannot plead illness as an excuse for not replying sooner, but I am so busy that I can hardly find time to write other than the business letters which I must send promptly. I hear from Cousin Harry that all is well with him, except a slight cold from which he is now nearly recovered. [*End of Reassurance Clauses.*] I am glad to have even one familiar face within a hundred miles, for you may be sure I often recall the dear ones at home, and would be perhaps homesick if I were not so absorbed in business details. Remember me with love to the family. [*Conventional Affection Exhausted.*]

"There is nothing much to tell you, except that business is improving and the outlook for the next few months is fairly bright. I met your old friend, Clara Mackenzie—she was Clara Richardson, you know. She is looking well, and asks to be remembered. [*Actual News.*]

"It is late, and though I should like to write you a good long letter, I fear I ought not to sit up longer, as I must be up early in the morning at this season. [*Graceful retreat accomplished.*] So good-by, dearest Aunt Jane, and write again soon to your nephew, who will never forget your kindness, and who will try next time to send you a really good letter full of all the interesting things one sees in this new world. [*Concluding Phrases used up.*]

"With love and warmest remembrances to all the loved ones, I am your most sincerely affectionate nephew,

"JOHN PETER BARLEYCORN.
[Signature with flourishings.]

"MISS JANE PETTIGREW BARLOW,
"18 South Oxford Road,
"Rare Meadows, Lushington,
"Manchester, England." [Address.]

Such is the dutiful family letter.

Now all this should be avoided by a few brief formulæ. There should be printed forms which, by means of gummed edges, might be fastened one below another to any desired length, and these forms could be made to cover all of the ingredients except that falling under the head of Actual News, for which a short slip of blank paper might be made to serve.

Better yet, however, would be a set of conventional abbreviations standing for the different portions of the discourse, missing words and phrases being "understood" as in that delight of boyhood, the Latin Grammar. So treated, the above letter might be thus expressed:

I.	Endearing address:	D—dearest, etc., etc.
II.	Reassurance:	O. K.—everything all right.
III.	Conventional affection:	D. D.—engaged as before.
IV.	Actual news:	C—met, or saw,
V.	Graceful retreat:	Ta-Ta—au revoir.
VI.	Concluding phrases:	D. etc.—well, good-by.

As received, the letter to Aunt Jane would then take the following form:

"D. Jane. O. K., D. D., met Clara Mackenzie, née Richardson, O. K., D. D. Ta-Ta. D. etc. JOHN BARLEYCORN."

The address being added, it will be found easy to translate the above into all the actual intelligence contained in the original epistle.

The same idea might be extended, and needs only "Eli Perkins'" suggestion of using numbers instead of adjectives and other expressions of quality to be almost a complete code. Melville D. Landon in his book Saratoga in 1901 (which seemed absurdly far in the future in those days), suggested that if your friend said it was "a fine day," you might reply, "80 per cent." A pretty girl might be 98½ per cent. Of course a mere acquiescence would be expressed by 50 per cent., scorn by 10 per cent., and complete disagreement might go to the length of negative quantities, such as — 25 per cent.

Combining the two systems, a love letter might begin: D. 250 per cent.; while a mere formal phrase would be D. 20 per cent.; to a brother, D. 90 per cent. would seem about right, D. 100 per cent. being for a parent.

THOMAS N. HART
Mayor of Boston

FEW men stand higher in the business circles of Boston than Thomas N. Hart, Mayor of the City and President of the Mount Vernon National Bank. Mayor Hart retired from commercial pursuits twenty years ago, and was at that time senior member of a firm of hatters. But an active man such as he must have something to occupy his mind. The habits of application, alert attention and constant, regular employment, generated in fifty years of active life, becomes too fixed and hardened to be snapped off at a moment's notice; the man's pleasure is in his work. A brief experience of idleness soon proves to him where his true recreation lies. Such a disposition as his will not permit itself to rust out, and so on his retirement from business he accepted the Presidency of the Mount Vernon National Bank, the affairs of which he has directed ever since.

Mr. Hart is seventy years old, but time has dealt leniently with him.

Mr. Hart is essentially a self-made man. At the age of thirteen he left his farm home in Reading, Massachusetts, and came to Boston to seek employment. He soon secured a situation with a dry-goods firm, but after two years' service there entered the employ of Philip A. Locke & Co., hatters. In 1851 Mr. Hart became a member of the firm, and some years later, when Mr. Locke retired from business, Mr. Hart succeeded him and established a new firm in which he acquired his handsome competency.

When Mr. Hart retired from commercial pursuits he began to take a livelier interest in politics than had been his custom.

He was elected to the Common Council and the Board of Aldermen of the city government of Boston, and in 1888 as the Republican Mayor of a normally Democratic city Mr. Hart gave the people of that city a clean, businesslike administration.

Last year, when the Republicans were casting about for a Mayoralty candidate, Mr. Hart was again nominated and triumphantly elected.

Now hear what Mr. Hart says: "Whatever success I have attained I attribute to strict attention to business. The young man who starts out in life with the serious intention of making a reputation and a fortune for himself has a hard and difficult task before him. His path will not be strewn with roses. He will meet with many disappointments. Ideals will be shattered before his eyes, and often the clouds will hang heavily over him.

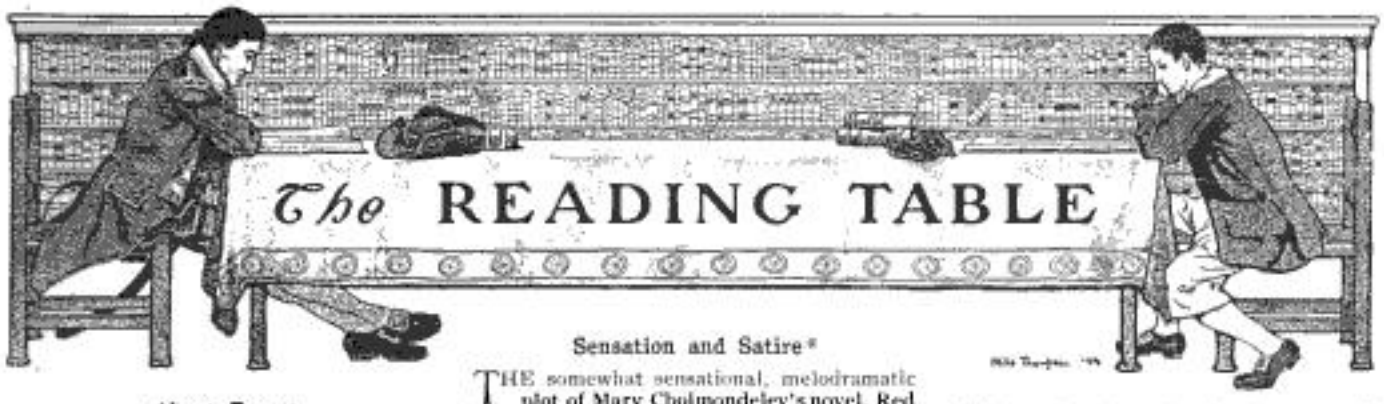
"The young man who is waiting and watching for the shutters to go up, and is ever anxious to leave on the dot of closing time, who never does any more than is expected of him, will be of little use to himself or his employers. He might as well give up the idea of ever amounting to anything. In my own case, if I may be permitted to make the observation, I worked hard, early and late. I always seemed to anticipate the wants of my employers. I had generally attended to things before they themselves had thought of them. I had always their interests in mind, and thus made myself valuable—so valuable, in fact, that they thought they could not get along without me, and so, one day, made me a member of the firm.

"If there be any such thing as luck I think it consists in being on hand at the right time, and the young man who attends strictly to business is always on hand. That boy is sure to be pushed ahead when a vacancy occurs. Success in life is purchased only at the price of personal sacrifice. My own first appreciable success in life was when I was made a member of the firm of my employers. I did not make a great deal of money in that position, but during those six years the foundation for the business of Hart, Taylor & Co. was laid deep and firm. After that it was smoother sailing.

"When I stop and consider my early struggles for a foothold in commercial Boston I wonder how I ever succeeded, but I attribute it all to hard work, faithfulness to self and employers, honesty in dealing with all, strict attention to business, sobriety, frugality, and living within my means.

"Young men or women who will do this will greatly enhance their chances for making a success in life."

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About Boys*

READERS of Eden Phillpotts' striking and sombre romance, Children of the Mist, have a surprise in store for them when they make the acquaintance of the author's newer fiction, The Human Boy. Anything more unlike can hardly be imagined, and the difference marks Mr. Phillpotts' versatility. The volume contains a series of eleven short stories of English schoolboy life, for the material of which the writer has evidently drawn upon his personal memories. The various tales are told by as many lads who attend Doctor Dunston's establishment at Merivale, and these narrators are of ages running from ten to fifteen years, the style and orthography being skillfully adapted to the degree of maturity. And very genuine boy-talk it is, full of slang and queer grammar; full, too, of boyish prejudices, likes and limitations, along with such sturdy ideals as pluck, honor and a sort of kindliness—rough and ready, but recognizable, nevertheless—the ideals which make the British the dominant race it is on the face of the earth.

These sketches are delightfully fresh, racy and natural; one learns of studies and sports, the mischief-makings and punishments of the schoolboys; sees the cock of the school in all his glory, the fag at his slaving, the head master judged by those stern mentors, his pupils—and the pretty daughters of the Doctor, too, who draw the boys from the cricket field and give them their first initiation into the mysteries of the human heart.

Sketches like Freckles and Frenchy, Concerning Corkey Minimus, and Gideon's Front Tooth are packed full of human nature, and all of the scenes have a "go" and unction which will make many an old boy, as he reads, feel himself to be whittling the old desk again. The book is a good example of the best kind of art—the art that conceals itself.

The Study of a Striking Personality†

IT IS rather dangerous business to introduce real people, more or less veiled, into fiction. Yet very able novelists—one thinks of Disraeli and DuMaurier, for instance—have done it with no damaging results. Mr. Morley Roberts has tried the experiment in his The Colossus, and few will deny that he has written an extremely strong, clever book.

Under the name of Loder, Cecil Rhodes is the central figure, and the study of this king of affairs is keen and telling. Loder is placed in Egypt, where he has one of his big schemes on to get a railway concession which shall expedite his power both in that land and in South Africa. He is opposed by wily Orientals, and he and his trusty henchmen, of whom several are vividly portrayed, find themselves temporarily blocked. He is helped out of his dilemma by a young woman who loves him as an embodiment of masterfulness, and whom he is mortally afraid of. Loder's attitude toward the fair sex is humorously touched off by the author, and the dialogue sparkles with epigrams, while the action is brisk and the complications well managed.

The Colossus is a bundle of inconsistencies, but uniting them all are the imperial will and the Napoleonic grasp of things which make him a great man of his kind.

Not only the sketch of him, but that of the girl and of the group of English folk directly about Loder-Rhodes, is capitally drawn. One wishes for space to show by quotation the wit and wisdom compressed at times into small compass by Mr. Roberts.

*The Human Boy. By Eden Phillpotts. *Harper & Brothers.*

†The Colossus. By Morley Roberts. *Harper & Brothers.*

Sensation and Satire*

THE somewhat sensational, melodramatic plot of Mary Cholmondeley's novel, Red Pottage, reminds the reader that she once wrote that successful mystery tale, The Danvers Jewels. Very likely the majority will be most drawn to this later book by a dramatic central theme full of excitement: The husband of the woman, who has been wronged by another man, forces that man to draw lots as to which one of them shall commit suicide within five months—and thence many complications arise. But to our mind the most valuable part of the story, and that which evokes genuine admiration for the author, is the delicate yet very pungent satire in the social studies of English country and town life; the strong character drawings, especially of the two girl friends, Rachel and Hester, and the really delicious humor which plays on the surface of an underlying seriousness in viewing life, like foam on a mid-sea wave.

The novel is thus at once thoughtful and brilliant and ethically sound, at the same time that its plot will attract those who care for that element alone. It is not surprising to hear that the book is selling well and is already being dramatized for stage purposes. Here again one marks passage after passage as quotable; the writer is never commonplace or obvious. When she wishes to convey the idea that a certain woman has gained in flesh to a point where quiet colors are advisable, she puts it in this way: "Mrs. Pratt had reached the size when it is prudent to concentrate a love of bright colors in one's parasol."

—*Richard Burton.*

*Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. *Harper & Brothers.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

An Author in an Unexpected Place.—Of Miss Gordon-Cumming, the traveler and author, a story comes from London illustrating how closely the world is bound together nowadays. While visiting the Fusan temple, a famous Buddhist resort in the Province of Fokien, China, she engaged in conversation with a plainly dressed Chinaman, whom she thought to be one of the ecclesiastics. He spoke excellent English, though with a very faulty accent, and told her many interesting stories and legends about the place. At the end of fifteen minutes the distinguished author produced her note-book and pencil.

"Pardon me," she said, "but what you have told me is so interesting that I desire to take memoranda so that I can use it hereafter."

"With pleasure," replied the Chinaman; "but I can save you that trouble by giving you copies of the North China News in which my articles have appeared."

Mr. Lloyd's Remedy.—Henry Demarest Lloyd, of Chicago, author of Wealth and Commonwealth, is busy on a book describing his experiences and studies in Australia, where he made an extensive lecture tour. Like Henry George and other American reformers who have been to the Land of the Kangaroo, he received a warm welcome. He found in the Antipodes the same questions and the same schools of thought as mark our own country. Though Mr. Lloyd is a strong advocate of State socialism, he is a conservative in regard to plans and methods, believing that the only way to secure genuine reform is by movements along the lines indicated by natural law. This makes him somewhat of an enigma to those reformers who would revolutionize everything to-morrow. One of this type met Lloyd once and said:

"You admit our social and industrial systems are corrupt and evil?"

"Yes, to a certain extent they are."

"Then why not abolish them at once and give the people a chance?"

"Because," replied Mr. Lloyd, "the people themselves are just as corrupt and evil."

"Then there is no hope for betterment?"

"Yes, there is. You can never have good government without good citizens, nor good citizens without good government. The real problem is how to make them both better."

Mr. Wells' Criticism of His Critics.—H. G. Wells, the novelist, has been greatly mystified by the difference in treatment accorded by English and American critics to his latest work, When the Sleeper Wakes. "This book was written with a double purpose," said the author to an American friend in London recently; "it tried to picture what science would do for society in the next one hundred years, and also what society might do for itself in that period if some of its present tendencies are not modified."

The English critics only saw the first side and referred to the "coming kingdom of machinery" and "the future horrors of science," whereas the American critics went almost to the opposite extremes, alluding to the story as a companion-piece to Bellamy's Looking Backward, an "indirect plea for State socialism" and "a savage thrust at plutocracy." Between the two millstones the author appears to be fairly well ground. Mr. Wells' health has been much better of late, the change being ascribed to his removal to Heatherlea, Worcester Park, and thence to Sandgate, Kent.

A Murderous Game.—Professor Charles Oman, of Oxford, the English historian and military critic, enjoys playing the German martial game known as "kriegspiel." The game involves the use of a regular map with counters, representing infantry, cavalry and artillery, and is supposed to have great educational value in the learning of tactics and strategy. The Doctor played with great regularity, sometimes alone and sometimes with friends. In both cases he would use sanguinary terms commenting upon the various movements. It seems he was overheard by a housemaid, who, after listening a number of times, went in fear and trembling to the doorkeeper.

"Lor', ma'am," she said, "the gentleman is mad with too many books, and is contemplating murder or suicide. He sits at the table all day long sticking blackheaded pins into a sheet of paper, saying to himself in a cold-blooded way, 'Here I'll have to kill a hundred and there I'll drown fifty. I'll do some shooting there, and I'll cut them all to pieces with horses over yonder.' I think it is your duty, ma'am, to send for a straight-jacket or the police."

Mrs. Burnett's Romantic Find.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is conscientious, and even painstaking, in her literary work. Her latest novel deals with the De Willoughby claim and is singularly accurate from a legal and historic point of view. To obtain the information employed in the book, the author while living in Washington spent much time in the record-rooms of the Government departments which have jurisdiction in such matters. Here, she says, she absorbed large quantities of information and book dust. On one occasion she asked a custodian:

"Do any of these old claims contain romantic features?"

"Bless my heart, no," answered the astonished official. "Not a bit; they are simply matters of fact and law."

She started to read one as a matter of duty, feeling that it would be exceedingly uninteresting. To her surprise it was so full of startling incidents as to be almost melodramatic, and when she closed the case she found that several hours had elapsed. To the ancient custodian who stood near she observed, "I found that record quite romantic."

"Indeed!" was the answer. "I have read it several times, but I never thought it was as crooked as all that."

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Tales of Men of Many Trades

Nicholas Richmond's Pulmonary Pills

By Charles Battell Loomis

MILLER & BLAKE'S was as dingy a store as you could find in lower New York. It stood on John Street, not far from William, and at its uncompromising front with four rows of dirty windows were a grim hoistway and a gloomy doorway, covered with dangling signs of Leverett's Hair Rejuvenator, Baird's Bloom of Health, and Ritter's Carbolic Face Powder. Its dark and gloomy interior was filled with littered desks and cases of patent medicines and a pervading odor of carbolic acid, reinforced on certain days by the sickening fragrance of pepsin in the making—it was not the sort of place to promote the building of air castles.

And yet when Nicholas Richmond, fresh from school, and fresh besides with an innocence and gayety that endeared him to women and made men more than tolerate him, came there as clerk, he supposed that in course of a weary time he would become a partner in the concern; and then he would retire with alacrity and live on the profits that would everlastingly flow in. All business was lamentable, he thought; but unless a man could make a fortune as well as a name in letters, trade was a less bitter dose.

Nicholas' father had been "Harry Rockdale," famous in the days of the Knickerbocker Magazine and Pfaff's, when Poe was yet alive. But although Mr. Richmond had made a good deal of money, his day had passed when Nicholas came on the scene, and the boy did not remember the time when his mother had not had to skimp and manage in order to run the house. Both parents died within a few months of each other. Nicholas put away his ambition to go to college and become a writer, and determined to go into business. Although the genial Henry Richmond had always affected a contempt for business, Nicholas' mother had said that five dollars a week sure was better than a hundred dollars a month that you never got. Mrs. Richmond had a way of putting things that might have been valuable if she, like her gifted husband, had held the pen of a ready writer.

How carefully Nicholas had expressed himself in his reply to the advertisement of Miller & Blake for an office boy! He made four attempts before he felt satisfied:

> "In this morning's Tribune I noticed an advertisement to the effect that you were in need of a strong, willing boy in your business. I am he. Hoping to get the situation, as I need the salary, I am, Yours truly,
> "NICHOLAS RICHMOND."

Miller, who was short and stout and jolly, tossed the letter over to his partner, Blake, who was tall and lean, and whose face wore an expression of perpetual surprise, owing to the distance between his eyes and his eyebrows.

"I'll give this lad a chance," said Miller. "A boy with a sense of humor gets along better than a dull boy."

"If he ain't too funny," growled Blake. "That boy's too fresh."

"Well, he won't be fresh long if he comes here," said Miller, with his silent chuckle. And of a truth, the patent medicine business is a great dispeller of freshness.

Some one, probably Tupper, has said that our inability to read each other's thoughts causes many misapprehensions. To Miller & Blake, and to most of the force of clerks in the establishment, Richmond was simply an office boy, who was paid two dollars a week and who probably didn't earn it. That he was the son of "Harry Rockdale" no one knew; indeed, it is not likely that any of the patent medicine crowd had ever heard of "Harry Rockdale" and his Tales of Old New York.

On the other hand, Nicholas felt that he was conferring a favor upon the house in coming. To speak in a paradox, he looked down on the tall Blake and the dumpy Miller from the bottom of his heart.

There was bald-headed Peter Mallon, who had made a fortune out of Mallon's Hair Restorer but had been too busy to restore his own thatch; there was grizzled Doctor Onderdonk, who dealt in some abominable pill; there was—and he was not so bad—red-headed and uproarious Captain Simpson, of the Hypatia, who came in to see Miller at the end of each trip. Human beings all, thought Nicholas, but not a gentleman in the lot.

After one month in the dull store, Richmond knew that all he had imagined business to be was more than true, and he determined to mitigate the drudgery as much as possible. When he came to the store in the morning it was his duty to sweep the aisles so that the place might take on the appearance of respectability, but he was more interested in current politics and in the morning papers than in sweeping. There was so much to be said in favor of Blaine and the need of an honest count in the South, and Schmitt, the other office boy, needed so much to learn that it was only by protection to American industries that the United States could thrive, that it is small wonder if the arrival of one or both of the partners found the aisles still littered with the débris of the previous day.

Imperturbable in the face of reproof, and unaffectedly good-natured and willing in all that did not appertain to the business in hand, Nicholas made a personal success while he was making a failure as an office boy. His grasp of political knowledge was really far in advance of his years, and he converted to Republicanism Dick Slattery, the shipping-clerk, by noontide arguments, which, while they gave edification to the group of loungers that made the shipping department their rendezvous, did not further the interests of the patent medicine business.

"Where would Blaine have been to-day if he had put as little heart into politics as you do into this business?" asked John McMillan, one of the Western drummers, who was preparing for his fall trip, and who had taken a fancy to Nicholas and often rallied him on his lack of diligence.

"Is Blaine, the newspaper editor, remembered nowadays?" was Nicholas' answer. "His heart was in politics, and he got where his heart was. I haven't made up my mind where my heart is, but it isn't in John Street."

"'Tis not always where a man's hairt is that his money is," said John Dempsey, the truckman. "Me father loved horses an' he sunk all his money in 'em—at the races."

"Well, if Nicholas here ever makes a fortune it will be on account of luck—not by his own efforts," said McMillan.

"I guess you're right," said Nicholas, as if McMillan were referring to some one else. "By-bye—I've got to go to Canal Street, and if I sprint I'll save my carfare." And he was out like a flash.

"Pity a boy as quick as him wouldn't settle down," said Dempsey, stroking the red fringe under his chin. "'Tis a nice lad."

"He'll never settle down to this," said Schmitt with a sneer. "He thinks he's above it."

"Thin he'll soon be behind it," said Dempsey sententiously.

Nicholas was not likely to win out on account of his faithfulness or his aptitude for business. Luck must step in. And his father had inadvertently provided for it years before. The boy had been named Nicholas because on the day he was born "Harry Rockdale" was reading Nicholas Nickleby (for the third time). No Richmond in the field, so far as his father knew, had ever been called Nicholas, and his mother would have preferred that the child be named Henry, but Nicholas it was—to suit the author's whim.

That had happened sixteen years before, and now there was another of the name, a physician, who, coming to New York from Albany quite unknown, had become one of the leading specialists in pulmonary complaints by sheer force of brilliancy. Probably his Nicholas was a souvenir of Dutch ancestors: be that as it may, there was no medical man in New York who enjoyed quite the vogue of Dr. Nicholas Richmond.



DRAWN BY F. W. GRUGER

"DID YOU SEND THEM THAT BILL?" SAID BLAKE, HIS EYES BLAZING

Young Richmond was addressing circulars to the different retail druggists throughout the country when Miller came up to him and said, "Isn't your first name Nicholas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you related to Dr. Richmond?"

"Not that I know of," said Nicholas.

"All the better. Do you want to sign a paper and get some money for it?"

"After I've read it," said Richmond with admirable caution.

Miller laughed. "You ain't afraid I'd stick you?"

"My grandfather signed away a fortune," was Nicholas' noncommittal answer.

"Well," said Miller, "our chemist has invented a new lung medicine that is going



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Senor Carlos R. Santos, Government Delegate from Paraguay, declared: "Mate tea is recommended for the English invalid, as it is invigorating properties by a gentle, lasting and natural action, so that it cannot injure the digestive organs, which often suffer from the use of other teas and coffees."

Dr. W. P. Wilson, Founder and Director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, an institution which is in the highest degree the confidence of the government and citizens of the entire world, gave orders for a complete display of the Museum laboratories, of Yerba Maté Tea. The display, which confirms those previously made in South America and Europe, will be published in these pages next month.

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to be the thing if it has a catchy name and is properly pushed. Now 'Nicholas Richmond's Pulmonary Pills' will catch doctors all over the country. I'll pay you ten dollars for your signature and we'll use it as a trade-mark. You write a pretty good hand."

Nicholas looked thoughtful. That very morning he had spent a few happy minutes studying the file of the Daily Graphic in Park Place. News was always more tempting than nostrums, and he whiled away many an agreeable hour reading that illustrated paper. He had read that Charles Hoyt sold his first play for a lump sum instead of on royalty, and it was the buyer who had made a fortune with it. Hoyt had learned his royalty lesson for all time.

"I can't do it on those terms, Mr. Miller," said Nicholas in his most persuasive tones. "Give me a share in the profits if my name is worth something to you and I'll do it."

Miller gave one of his silent chuckles that shook his fat little frame. "I wish you showed as much keenness for us as you do for your own interests. Well, I'll see Blake, and if he's willing I'll give you a share in the first year's profits. Only, I expect you to appreciate it."

Nicholas Richmond's Pulmonary Pills were a success from the start, and although Doctor Richmond soon enjoined them from using the Nicholas, the publicity given to that fact by the newspapers advertised the nostrum still further, and as a result the patent medicine dealers rented a house on Gold Street for the manufacture of the pills, the John Street house being already too crowded with carbolic preparations.

Blake did not like the idea of letting Nicholas in for even an infinitesimal share of the profits—said it was ridiculous—unbusinesslike—unprecedented—but jolly little Miller carried his point. Only, from that time on Blake was not at all friendly to Richmond.

For nearly a month Nicholas felt the obligation imposed upon him—which was doing well for one of his volatile disposition—and although he was no longer a sweeper of aisles, he saw to it that his successor in that line kept them clean. As for himself, he gave politics a rest for a time and showed in a number of ways that it was in him to be a capable clerk, and Miller congratulated himself upon his knowledge of human nature.

But the genius for everlasting application was not in the young man, and he gradually lapsed into the three ins—inertia, inattentiveness and indolence.

One day at noon he was booming Blaine to a knot of clerks and teamsters who were eating their lunches in the shipping-room.

"You ought to be a politician, Doc.," said Dempsey. He had been dubbed "Doc." in honor of the pills, and the name stuck to him to his great annoyance. What would his father have thought if he had known that his son was sponsor to a miserable pill?

"How's your pills sellin', Doc.?" asked an errand boy who had come in for a dozen of Canfield's Carbolated Capcine Capsules.

"I don't know and I don't care, and I want you to stop calling me Doc. My name is Richmond."

"Of course," said the other, "Doc. Richmond. It's on all the boxes."

"Say, dry up," said Nicholas coloring.

The errand boy grinned and passed out into the street. But his words rankled in Richmond's mind. Why had he allowed himself to sell his good name—and for nothing, at that—for he did not believe that there would be any royalty coming to him.

He felt so disgruntled that on being sent over to the west side of town he stopped in at the Graphic office and looked over old files until knowledge of time left him.

When he returned to the office he was confronted by Blake, whose eyes nearly met his eyebrows, they were so big with anger.

"Richmond, you're seven kinds of a fool. Look at that letter and that bill."

The letter ran as follows:

"NEW HAVEN, January 28.

"MESS. MILLER & BLAKE:

"*Gentlemen:* We are pleased to have been allowed to look at the terms you allow Mess. Carter & Co., of St. Louis, and take it as meaning that hereafter you will give us the same quotations on Haslitt's Kidney Cure and Hogg's Pepsine Pills. Our thanks are due the clerk who inclosed the bill.

"Yours truly,

"CARTER & CO., of New Haven."

"Did you send them that bill?" said Blake, his eyes blazing.

"I did," said Richmond blithely. "You see, I'm used to writing Carter & Co., New Haven, and so I addressed the envelope to them instead of to Carter & Co., St. Louis."

"What do we keep you for?" asked Blake explosively.

"I don't know, sir," answered Nicholas frankly.

Miller would have burst into a laugh at the boy's puzzled look, and that would have ended the matter, but Blake was of a different calibre.

"You go back to Mr. Sutcliff and tell him to pay you up to-morrow and then you git—to-day; *now!* I wouldn't have had Carter, of New Haven, know that I gave his brother better prices on those staples for all the good-for-nothing clerks in the country."

Richmond said nothing. He was never insolent. He slowly walked back down the length of the store to the cashier's office. On his way there it occurred to him that maybe there was something coming to him on the pills, and that Blake might hold it up unless he got it at once. He heard the tall partner go out and slam the door after him. He went calmly down to Mr. Sutcliff, the cashier, and said casually, "Please figure my royalty. It was payable on the first, I think."

Just then Miller, self-satisfied and smiling, waddled into the office.

"Shall I pay Nicholas his royalty, Mr. Miller?"

Miller was feeling good. He had been dining with Captain Simpson at Gerrish's chop-house.

"Yes, pay him, pay him. It's all he'll ever get out of his pills." And with his characteristic chuckle he went into his office.

"Sign that receipt," said Mr. Sutcliff, after a few minutes that seemed long to Richmond, who expected Blake to return any moment.

Nicholas took it and read it. It was a receipt for $567.32! His heart gave one sharp leap and he choked. He signed his name while phlegmatic Mr. Sutcliff took the check into the inner room for Miller's signature.

He heard a whistle, and then the little man hustled out with twinkling eyes and said warmly, "I congratulate you, my boy; but I tell you frankly you never earned it. How much are you getting a week?"

"Four dollars," said Nicholas briskly. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. Miller. I thank you very much for this, and I want to say that business is all right for those that like it, but I can't make myself think I like a thing I know I don't like. I want to resign and go to college."

It was astonishing, and it really hurt Nicholas to see how pleased the little Miller was at the idea.

"Go, my boy, and good luck to you. You're no fool, but you'll never set John Street afire."

As Nicholas left the office with a little package of his personal effects and his wages and royalty in his inside pocket he saw Blake turning the corner from William Street. Richmond quickened his pace and disappeared down Gold Street, wondering which he should choose—Yale or Columbia.

A Candid Publisher

IN THE recent death of J. Schabelitz, the famous Zurich publisher and author, the world of art and letters has lost one of its extraordinary characters. He was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skilful writer, and probably the most savage publisher who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the postal card, with the acceptance, the proviso: "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you didn't inclose enough postage. If you will send it, with the price of this card, I will send it to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For Heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at."

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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CONTRIBUTES a striking mystery story that hinges upon the disappearance of a famous gem and an exciting chase for the thief.

The Brunswick Diamond

Chas. G. D. Roberts

THE Canadian poet, author of The Forge in the Forest, tells a pretty, old-time love tale of the Land of Evangeline.

An Acadian Coquette

Jerome K. Jerome

TELLS of the further adventures of his three heroes on their pleasuring through Germany on safety and tandem.

Three Men on Four Wheels

H. L. Fitz Patrick

THIS popular writer on amateur sport contributes a timely article upon poultry shows and fanciers.

Feathered Stars and Amateur Fanciers

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AMONG the poetry in next week's POST will be found two exquisite little Japanese lyrics by Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the distinguished poet and critic, in title:

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The Rise of Amateur Athletics in the Middle West

By Professor OLIVER J. THATCHER
of the
ATHLETIC BOARD
of
the University of Chicago

THE development in college athletics in the Middle West during the last few years has been so rapid and along such wholesome lines that their condition to-day is, on the whole, satisfactory, and the outlook exceedingly promising. From the first, the greatest dangers here have been connected with the financial management of the teams. A few years ago this was wholly in the hands of students, generally of a small body of them, who were united in some form of athletic organization. Since the highest end which such an organization had in view was the winning of games, its efforts, as well as its treasury, were exhausted in securing the best players who were to be had for the money. Many members of teams were in residence only during the season of play, others were only nominally in residence, and it occasionally happened that a man was not even matriculated in the institution which he represented on the athletic field. Even the playing of hired coachers was no uncommon thing. There were absolutely no restrictions or qualifications imposed by the faculty; athletics were left to take care of themselves. From the point of view of amateur athletics it is evident that a worse state of affairs could hardly have existed.

The University of Chicago took the first step in the much-needed reform by putting not only the financial management, but even the athletics themselves, entirely in the hands of the faculty. For the first three or four years the students were dissatisfied with this arrangement. There was a loud demand for winning teams, and all defeats were charged up by the students to the defects of the system. The stock arguments in favor of student control were used, and the athletic successes of the teams of other institutions under student management were pointed to. But faculty control was eventually justified by winning teams, and was adopted, either wholly or in part, in all the universities of the Middle West. With the athletic treasurer and manager accountable to the faculty for every expenditure, it became well-nigh impossible to hire athletes without the knowledge and connivance of at least some members of the faculty.

THE FIRST STEP TOWARD CLEAN SPORT

To improve the general athletic situation and to promote the same standards and qualifications, seven of the larger institutions—namely, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, North Western, Chicago, Illinois and Purdue—agreed to form a kind of Intercollegiate Athletic Board, consisting of one member from the faculty of each institution. This year Iowa and Indiana have been admitted to membership on this board. From the first it was agreed that reform should be brought about gradually. The first important step was the requirement that all members of teams should be *bona fide* students in actual residence. To have received money for athletic services was, for the present, not to be regarded as a disqualification. This was, indeed, a small beginning. But this board has held one or more meetings every year, and has by successive steps developed a set of excellent rules governing all intercollegiate contests. These rules are as wise, detailed and stringent, I believe, as those of any institution in the country, and are intended to secure absolute purity in college athletics according to the highest amateur standards. They practically give the faculty in each institution the control of its athletic interests.

It has been found easy to enforce the residence qualifications in the case of members of the baseball and track teams, their season coming, as it does, at the end of the scholastic year. But in regard to the football team greater difficulties have been encountered, since the faculty can have only the word of the student that he will remain in school after the close of the football season—it has not yet been possible to secure any final guarantee that all athletic representatives of the university will round out a full year of residence. Within the last two years both Michigan and Chicago have had most mortifying experiences in the withdrawal of some member of the football team as soon as the season ended. For the present it would seem that all that can be demanded is that due precautionary measures be taken, waiting for perfection in this until the time when college sentiment will make such conduct impossible because of the disgrace attaching to it. It must be admitted, however, that that time has not yet fully come, since the students of the two universities concerned do not, as a unit, condemn the conduct of the offenders, their brilliant achievements in hard-fought games being still related with pride by their student admirers.

A scholarship qualification was next adopted, and it was required that all members of athletic teams should at least reach the ordinary standards of scholarship required of other students. All the large institutions which entered into this agreement have shown evidences of their good faith by removing from their teams at critical times one or more of their best players. At first such action was bitterly criticised by the majority of students, but now the sentiment has changed, and the rule is being rigidly enforced without opposition and without exception.

THE SUPPRESSION OF PROFESSIONALISM

The next step forward was to prohibit the playing of all who had been guilty of professionalism. The seven universities agreed to play only those who by the strictest tests were found to be amateurs. Here the most widespread and bitter opposition was met with. Throughout the whole Middle West athletic skill and ability were regarded as a part of a student's stock in trade, and were to be disposed of in such a way as to bring their possessor the most substantial returns. In explanation of this view it may be said that there were scores of young men in these universities who were without means, but possessed with the desire to obtain an education and endowed with a good degree of athletic skill. Take a clever baseball player, for instance. The numerous State and city leagues were always ready to pay him well for his services. In the summer months he could earn enough money to pay a large part of his expenses during the following academic year. Would it not be folly to neglect such an opportunity? Why should a foolish sentiment restrain him? Would not a student, who was indigent but a good runner, be foolish if he refused to compete for a purse and a share of the gate receipts if he could thereby win enough to enable him to pursue, with some degree of comfort, his education at college the next year? These sentiments were so thoroughly ingrained in the mind of the student body as well as of the general public that, at first, reform seemed hopeless. In the face of this sentiment the work of rooting out professionalism was begun. Students refused to testify against their fellows, and even aided them in covering up their transgressions against the rules of amateur sport. Believing that the distinctions between amateurship and professionalism were of no consequence and unnecessary, some did not exert themselves to find out the truth about their athletes; and even when the truth became known they hesitated to put the stigma of professionalism on their mates and remove them from their teams. For instance, Michigan withdrew from the Western Intercollegiate Association and refused to compete because a member of her track team was disqualified for having coached a football team for money. Wisconsin persisted in playing on her baseball teams men who had been members of other teams which were notoriously professional. North Western followed the same policy. Chicago was represented on both the diamond and gridiron by men of whose professionalism proofs could have been obtained.

From this slough of professionalism our institutions have rescued themselves only by the most strenuous efforts. Is it strange that we did not reach perfection at a single bound? The campaign of education begun some years ago is not yet over. But I believe that the nine institutions named above are earnestly and honestly trying to live up to their high ideals as set forth in their body of rules.

THE BANE OF LOCAL RIVALRY

We still meet with a peculiar difficulty in this region. There often exists among neighboring villages, towns, small cities and counties an intense athletic rivalry. Taking advantage of this, the managers of county fairs and similar public gatherings increase the attractions of such meetings by offering purses for foot-races, for the best local baseball team, and the like. As a consequence, many boys still in the schools are persuaded to engage in such contests and thereby become professionals. After a while such a boy takes it into his head to go to college. Desirous of taking part in college sports, and feeling that in spirit he is an amateur and that his boyish offense should not be counted against him, he says nothing about it, but declares that he is an amateur. The facts in some such cases probably never come to light, but occasionally, after becoming a sure-point winner, he is protested by a rival institution and reproach is thereby brought on the university whose colors he has borne. We are still paying the penalty for the rank conditions which prevailed a short time ago. There is still need of a great deal of work. The distinctions between amateurship and professionalism are now being taught to the boys in the secondary schools, and they are constantly warned that their sins in this respect will find them out and that they will not be permitted to take part in college athletics. We can report great progress in this direction also.

A great deal might be said by way of comparison of ours with Eastern teams, but there is danger that it would be nearly profitless. An adequate idea of our standards can be acquired only by a perusal of the rules now governing the nine universities named above. These rules will also measure the progress we have made in the last seven years. They are as follows:

THE NEW STANDARDS OF THE WEST

1. No one shall participate in any intercollegiate game or athletic sport unless he be a *bona fide* student doing full work in a regular or special course as defined in the curriculum of his college, and no person who has participated as a college student in any intercollegiate game as a member of any college team shall be permitted to participate in any game as a member of any other college team until he has been a matriculate in such college under the above condition for a period of one year, or has obtained a college academic degree; and in the institutions represented in this conference preparatory students shall not be eligible to membership on the college teams.

2. No person shall be admitted to any intercollegiate contest who receives any gift, remuneration or pay for his services on the college team.

3. No student shall participate in a particular sport upon the team of any college or

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colleges for more than four years in the aggregate, and any member of a college who plays during any part of an intercollegiate football (or baseball) game does thereby participate in that sport for the year.

4. No student shall participate in any intercollegiate contest who has ever used or is using his knowledge of athletics or his athletic skill for gain. No person who receives any compensation from the university for service rendered by way of regular instruction shall be allowed to play on any team.

5. No student shall play in any game under an assumed name.

6. No student shall be permitted to participate in any intercollegiate contest who is found by the faculty to be delinquent in his studies.

7. All intercollegiate games shall be played on grounds either owned by or under immediate control of one or both of the colleges participating in the contest, and all intercollegiate games shall be played under student or college management, and not under the control of any corporation or association or private individual.

8. The election of managers and captains in each college shall be subject to the approval of its committee on athletics.

9. College football teams shall play only with teams representing educational institutions.

10. Before every intercollegiate contest the respective chairmen of the athletic committees of the institutions concerned shall submit to each other a certified list of the players eligible, under the rules adopted, to participate in said contest. It shall be the duty of the captains of the respective teams to exclude all players from the contest except those so certified.

11. Athletic committees shall require each candidate for a team to represent the university in intercollegiate contests to subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of the rules adopted.

12. No person having been a member of any college athletic team during any year, and having been in attendance less than one college half-year, shall be permitted to play in any intercollegiate contest thereafter until he shall have been in attendance six consecutive calendar months.

THE FINAL OUTLOOK

To reinforce and strengthen these there are other stringent rules in force in each of the nine universities, the purpose of which is to guard against the possibility of some peculiar local abuse or danger.

These rules will, I believe, be found amply adequate to the demands of perfect amateurship. The only question, therefore, is one of enforcement. Do the universities concerned live up to them? In spite of some mistakes, I believe they are all honestly and earnestly striving to do so. The men who have charge of their athletics are honorable and worthy of confidence. Of this they have given abundant proofs. Their teams are to-day clear of known professionalism, and, I repeat it, the condition of college athletics in the Middle West is, on the whole, satisfactory and the outlook exceedingly promising.



SAMUEL W. ALLERTON

AND HOW HE WON SUCCESS

SAMUEL W. ALLERTON is the founder of the live-stock trade in Chicago. He has been associated with every important civic enterprise of that city for forty years, and in 1893 was the Republican candidate for Mayor. He is a millionaire many times over.

"How did I get my start in life?" repeated Mr. Allerton when the question was put to him. "That is easily answered. I got my start by following the advice of my oldest brother, who was a cripple. The way of it was this: I was the tenth child born in my father's family. The other nine were given good educations, and were well taken care of by my father, who was in the manufacturing business in New York State. But in 1833, when I was four years old, the tariff was taken off the products of his factory, and not long afterward he failed in business. He went to Iowa to get a new start, but when I was twelve years old his health failed and he had to return to New York. I was obliged to go to work to earn a living, and at fourteen I rented a farm on my own hook in Gates County, New York. That farm I worked until I was nineteen years old, and during those five years I saved enough money to buy a farm for my father. I had left, after doing this, about six hundred dollars' worth of horses and tools.

HUNDREDS GROW TO THOUSANDS

"I then rented another farm, and in three years saved three thousand two hundred dollars and, besides that, built up something that was far more valuable to me—a character and a business credit. At twenty-two I could easily have borrowed five thousand dollars on my note, and that was a larger sum then than now.

"I debated somewhat whether I should continue as a farmer or embark in the cattle business, in which several of my forefathers had engaged, and finally decided upon the latter course. When it became necessary for me to leave home for the West, my brother gave me the advice which has guided my course through life. He said to me:

"'When you go out into the world you will meet many sharp, tricky, crooked men, but you will find that they always die poor. If you can form a character and establish your credit there can be no question about your ultimate success. Most failures in life are due to deficiency in character and a consequent lack of credit.'

"This bit of counsel is the key to whatever success I have achieved, and I believe it is the secret of all success, for a man can establish a credit in other things than business.

THE SECRET OF IT ALL

"Well, I settled near Bloomington, Illinois, and began buying, grazing and feeding cattle. I soon began to prosper, and built up a lucrative trade, shipping cattle to Chicago. But the panic of 1856 swept away pretty nearly all my capital, and I made up my mind to come to Chicago, where the world turned around once every twenty-four hours. There was then no packing done here, and no stock market, except for about three months in the year. I began by buying right through the whole year, and this was the making of the stock market in Chicago. Although nearly half a century has elapsed since I listened to my crippled brother's advice, I still think it broad enough to apply to the life of every man and woman."

OLD VALENTINES

By Carolyn Wells

HOW rapidly Time shifts the scene!
Again it is St. Cupid's day,
And I must send to my Rosine
A gorgeous valentine bouquet.
Last year I sent the same to May—
Heigh-ho! I've led a blithe career—
They'd make a rather long array,
My valentines of yester-year.

In years beginning with 18—
I was unfettered, free and gay;
Each maiden seemed to me a queen,
And to each one my court I'd pay.
Now I'm engaged. Ah, well-away!
Rosina *is* a perfect dear,
But I would better not display
My valentines of yester-year.

No memories shall come between
My love and me. And I'll essay
To keep her life calm and serene,
And love her when she's old and gray:
Her lightest wish I will obey,
But still—I hope she'll never hear
Those verses that I wrote in play,
My valentines of yester-year.

L'Envoi

Cupid, my secrets ne'er betray,
Let me not realize my fear;
And may they be destroyed, I pray,
My valentines of yester-year.

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A Charming Ride

By Madeline S. Bridges

SHE (*radiantly*): Such a delightful evening for a drive! (*mentally*) and I am sure the dear fellow only asked me so that he might have an opportunity to ask me something else. (*To him.*) I am so fond of driving. I've often wished to have a——

HE: Whoa, there! Steady! steady!

SHE: They're a tiny bit wild, aren't they? The lovely things!

HE: So-o-o, Dan. Are you nervous?

SHE: Nervous? I could drive to the end of the world.

HE: He'd like to take you to the end of the world.

SHE (*archly*): *Who* would like to take me to the end of the world?

HE (*innocently*): Dan would. Once he gets going, you know——

SHE: This twilight landscape reminds me of the sweetest poem. It is called The Lovers' Ride.

HE: Quiet, Fanny! She's a regular bundle of nerves. There, little lady! there!

SHE: The lovers were riding at night——

HE: You see, she's not used to going in team like this. Beg pardon!

SHE: I was speaking of a poem——

HE: One moment. I think the check has —— No; it's all right. Hold up, you rascal! He'd pass everything in sight if I'd let him.

SHE: By the way, Mr. Chatman told me you were talking to him about *me* the other night. Would you dare to tell me exactly what you said?

HE: Why, of course. Let me think. I said—— Confound that girl! She deserves to have her neck broken. Did you see how she ran her wheel under the horses' very feet? More bicycle fiends! But we'll soon be on the river road, that's one comfort.

SHE: And it's so lovely and quiet there; (*softly*) and then you must let *me* drive.

HE (*promptly*): You? I wouldn't let you take hold of these reins for a fortune. But, I'll tell you what. We'll give them a regular spin, if you don't mind? They'll go so you won't hear yourself think.

SHE (*disappointed*): Oh, then we can't talk.

HE (*contentedly*): No—can't talk—when you ride, you ride. Now, now, sweetheart! What's the little matter with her? So-o-o, beauty!

SHE (*mentally and disquietedly*): There seems to be no trouble about talking to the horses! (*To him.*) I was sorry not to meet you at Mrs. Hoppup's the other night.

HE: Yes? Here, old fellow, this is the corner *you* like to turn. He just loves the river road. Shall we let them make time? We can go the stretch in twenty minutes.

SHE (*with wild sarcasm*): Oh, how very delightful! Then we can be at home so much the sooner?

HE: Yes. And they'll enjoy it.

SHE (*as before*): I am so charmed to know that they really will!

HE: Is your hat fast? Now, Dan, get up and go! Now, little beauty! Hay—o-o-oh! Is that a pace? Can they go, or can't they?

SHE: Wonderful! But don't talk to me. Give your attention to the horses. (*He does.*)



IN THE DARK WITH THE DREAM

By FRANK L. STANTON

I AM here in the dark with your face, Manette—
Here in the dark with your face;
I see o'er the dear brow the ringlets of jet
(Do you think of the kiss that I left on them yet?)
And the cheek where the rose-dimples race.

I am here in the dark with your face, Manette:
I have said, "It has faded away;
It passed with the spring suns that sorrowing set,
Where the joy and the moan and the melody met,
In the beautiful gardens of May.

"It passed like the mystical light
Of a star—like a wandering beam,
Revealing the darkness that dwells with the night—
The darkness the kiss of God's morning makes white—
Like a spirit that moves in a dream!"

But, lo! it is here, and I stand
And stare at the darkness alone.
Am I longing to-night for the touch of your hand,
As memory leads to Love's beautiful land
Where the roses are ever Love's own?

I know not. This only I know:
The grief and the glory are past;
And if it be roses, or if it be snow
In the vales where Love blossomed and sang to me so,
I shall rest in that Love's smile at last!

It is over—the peace and the pain:
Life's winter is white on the sod;
Perchance I shall dream all the dear dreams again
Under the sunlight, the rose and the rain—
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 35 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 24, 1900 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady



The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, GENERAL AGENTS

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

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The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

AUTHOR OF FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY, FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA, ETC.

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First Chapter

THE wind is freshening; we gain upon her easily, I think, sir."

"Decidedly. This is our best point of sailing, and our best wind, too. We can't be going less than ten knots," said the Captain, looking critically over the bows at the water racing alongside.

"I can almost make out the name on her stern now," replied the other, staring hard ahead through the drift and spray.

"Have you a glass there, Mr. O'Neill?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, sir; here it is," answered that gentleman, handing him a long, old-fashioned, cumbrous brass telescope, which he at once focused on the ship they were chasing.

"Ah!" exclaimed the elder of the two speakers, a small, slender man, standing with the careless confidence of a veteran seaman, lightly poised on the topgallant forecastle, as he examined the chase through the glass which the taller and young er officer handed him; "I can read it quite plainly with this. The M-a-i-d—Maidstone; a trader, evidently, as I see no gunports nor anything that betokens an armament." He ran the tubes of the glass into each other and handed it back, remarking, "At this rate we shall have her in a short time."

"She is a fast one, though," replied the other; "it's no small task for anything afloat to show us her heels for so long a time. Let me see—it was six bells in the morning watch when we raised her, was it not, sir?"

"Yes, 'tis rather remarkable going for a merchant vessel, but we have the heels of her, and will get her soon unless she goes to the bottom on those reefs around the Land's End, yonder. It's a nasty place to be tearing through in that wild way," he added thoughtfully.

"Shall I give her a shot, sir, from the starboard bow-chaser?"

"Not just yet; it would be useless, as we are not quite within range, and she would pay no heed. Besides, we shall have her without it, and 'tis hardly worth while wasting a shot upon her at present."

This brief conversation took place forward on the forecastle of the American Continental ship Ranger, between her Captain, John Paul Jones, and her First Lieutenant, one Barry O'Neill, Marquis de Richemont, sometime an officer in the navy of His Most Christian Majesty, the King of France.

O'Neill was the son of a Marshal of France, an Irish gentleman of high birth and position, who had gone out as a mere lad with the young Stuart in the '45. His property had been confiscated, and he himself had been attainted and sentenced to death for high treason. Fortunately he had escaped to the Continent, and had entered the service of the King of France, where, through his extraordinary ability and courage, coupled with several brilliant opportunities he had made and improved, he had risen to exalted station and great wealth. He had always continued more or less of a conspirator in the cause of the Royal Stuarts, however, and his son, following in his footsteps, had been mixed up in every treasonable Jacobite enterprise which had been undertaken, and was under the same ban of the British throne as himself.

When Paul Jones, in the historic ship Ranger, came to France, O'Neill, moved by a spirit of adventure and his ever-present desire to strike a blow at King George, with several other French officers received permission to enter the American service temporarily. The Ranger was already some days out on her successful cruise when, early on a morning in April, in the year 1778, they had sighted a ship trying to beat around the Land's End. Sail had at once been made in chase, and the stranger was now almost within the reach of her American pursuers.

"It seems to me, sir," said O'Neill to the Captain, "that unless she goes about presently she won't weather that long reef over beyond her, where those breakers are."

"Aye," answered Jones; "and if she goes about she's ours, and——" He paused significantly.

"If not, sir?"

"She's God's!" added the Captain solemnly.

The wind was blowing at a furious rate. The Ranger had a single reef in her topsails, with her topgallantsails set above them. The masts were straining and buckling like bound giants, and the ship quivered and trembled as she pitched and plunged in the heavy seas. The wind roaring through the iron-taut rigging and the wild spray dashing over the sides rendered conversation almost impossible. The motley crew of the Ranger were gathered forward, clustering on the rail and lower shrouds, keeping, of course, at a respectful distance from their Captain and his First Lieutenant and some of the other officers grouped near them.

"She must tack now," said Jones at last, "or she's lost! I know these waters; I have sailed them many times when I was a boy, and I doubt if they can weather that reef even—— By Heavens! There's a woman on board of her, too!" he exclaimed, as his keen eye detected the flutter of drapery and a dash of color among the little group of men on the deck of the Maidstone.

"See everything in readiness for quick work here. Gentlemen," continued the Captain, "to your stations all. Mr. O'Neill, remain with me." The men hastened to their places at once, and there was a moment's silence.

"You may give her a shot now, Mr. O'Neill," said Jones at last; "it may bring them to tacking and save them from wreck. Pitch it alongside of her; we don't want to hurt the woman, and it's not necessary to touch the ship."

"Clear away that starboard bow-chaser," called the Lieutenant, and the men, scarcely waiting for his word of command, cast loose the gun. "Aft, there, stand by to give her a touch of the helm!" he cried with raised voice.

"Aye, aye, sir," came the prompt reply.

"Price," continued O'Neill to the captain of the piece, "you need not hit her; just throw a shot alongside of her. Are you ready?"

"All ready, sir," answered the old seaman, carefully shifting his quid and squinting his eye along the gun.

"Luff!" shouted O'Neill. The Quartermaster put the wheel over a few spokes, and the Ranger shot up into the wind a little and hung quivering a moment with checked way.

"Give her a touch with the right-hand spike, lads," said old Price. "Steady; shove in that quoin a little; easy there; overhaul those tackles. All ready, sir."

"Now!" cried O'Neill.

A booming roar and a cloud of smoke broke out forward. The ball ricochetted along the water and sank just under the quarter of the chase.

"Let her go off again," called O'Neill to the Quartermaster; and a moment later, as the sails filled and she heeled once more to the wind: "Very well dyce; enough off," he cried.

"A very good shot, Master Price, and a glass of grog for you presently in reward," said Jones quietly. "Ah! we shall have some answer, at any rate."

At this moment a small red flag broke out from the gaff of the English vessel.

"Show your colors aft, there," cried the Captain, "though they can scarcely see them. He's a plucky one. What's he doing now? 'Fore Gad! he's got a gun over the quarter—a stern-chaser. Must have arms."

The Ranger was rushing through the water again at a rapidly increasing rate, almost burying her lee cathead in the foaming sea under the freshening breeze. She was now very near the Maidstone, which at this moment discharged the small stern-chaser which had been dragged astern. The bullet passed harmlessly through the bellying foresail above their heads.

"Give her another, Price," said O'Neill at a nod from Jones.

"Into her this time, sir?"

"Aye; anywhere you like."

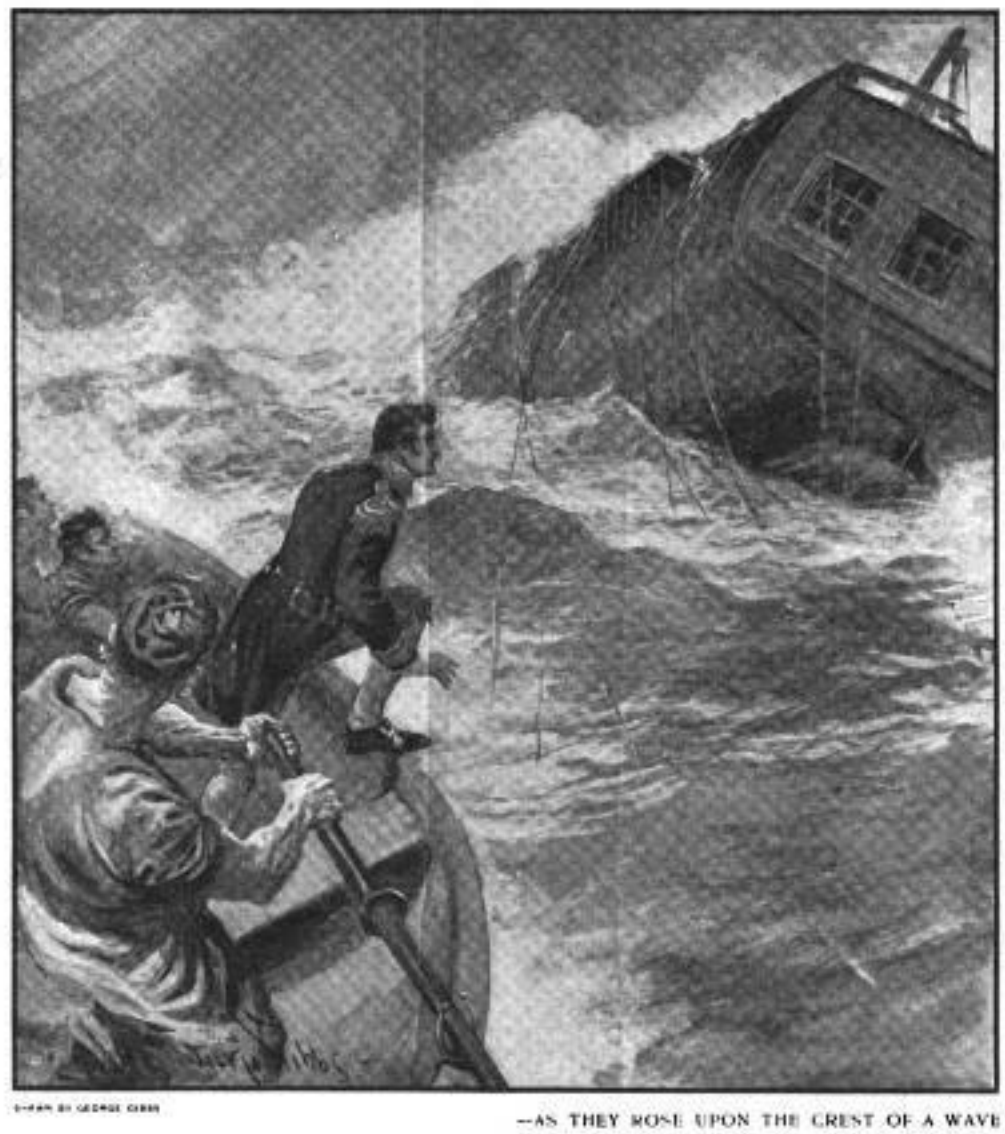
The Ranger luffed again, losing a little distance as she did so, but weathering appreciably on the stranger, and this time the flying splinters from the stern of the chase showed that the missile had met its mark. There was a sudden scattering of the men upon her quarter, and most of them disappeared, but the young girl could be seen holding on to the weather spanker-vang and apparently looking defiantly at them. O'Neill took up the glass.

"Faith, sir, she looks as pretty as she is brave. See for yourself, sir," he added, as he handed the telescope to the Captain, who took a careful look through the glass.

"You have a good eye for the beautiful," he replied, smiling, "even at a long range. Secure the bow-chaser, sir; we are within musket range of her."

While this was being done, the Ranger had crept up on the stranger till her bow began to lap the weather quarter of the other vessel. As they held on recklessly together the speed of the chase diminished suddenly. Her helm was put down, and with sails swaying she swung up into the wind.

"We have her now," cried Jones, springing on the rail and leaning over forward. "Nay, it's too late. Missed



—AS THEY ROSE UPON THE CREST OF A WAVE HE SPRANG OUT INTO THE WATER

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stays! By Heavens, she's in irons! She's doomed! Aft, there; steady with the helm! Give her a good full."

In the next instant, with a crash heard above the roar of the storm, the ill-fated Maidstone drove upon the reef, broadside on. The shock of meeting was tremendous; her masts were snapped short off, and the howling gale jerked them over the sides, where they thundered and beat upon the ship with tremendous force. The girl disappeared.

"Breakers ahead!" on the instant screamed out a half-dozen voices in the forecastle.

"Breakers on the starboard bow!" came the cry from all sides.

"Down with the helm—hard down!" shouted O'Neill with a sailor's ready instinct, and without waiting for the Captain. There was a moment of confusion on the deck.

"Steady with the helm; steady, sir!" cried Jones in his powerful voice. "Silence fore and aft the decks! Every man to his station. Keep her a good full, Quartermaster. Keep that helm as you have it. Look yonder, sir," he added, pointing to larboard to another danger. "Ready about; stations for stays! Aft with you, Mr. O'Neill, and see that the helm is shifted exactly as I direct. Make no mistakes. Lively, men, for your lives!"

The eager crew sprang to their stations. There was another moment or two of confusion, and as they settled down the silence was broken only by the wind and the waves. The water was seething and whirling under the forefoot of the Ranger. The reefs upon which the Maidstone had crashed were dangerously near. But the keen eye of the Captain had seen on the other side a slender needle of rock over which the waves broke in seething fury as it thrust itself menacingly out of the angry ocean. They were right among the reefs, and only the most complete knowledge and consummate seamanship could save them. It was there.

To tack ship now and come up in the wind would throw them on the rocky needle; to go off would bring them down upon the other reefs. Jones, entirely master of the situation, perfectly cool in appearance, though his eyes snapped and sparkled with fire, leaned out above the knightheads and keenly scanned the sea before him. There was just room for the Ranger to pass between the two reefs. A hair's breadth on either side would mean destruction. As the Captain watched the boiling water he seemed to detect through a slight change in the course a tremor in the hand on the wheel.

"Aft, there!" he shouted promptly; "what are you about? Steady with that helm. No higher—nothing off."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied O'Neill, standing watchfully at the con. "I will mind it myself."

The crash of the breakers as they writhed their white-crested heads around the ship's bows and on either side was distinctly audible to every one. They were right in them now—passing through them. The rocky needle on the port hand slipped by and drew astern. The wreck of the Maidstone was lost sight of in the flooding waves and driving spray of a rising gale. The ship was rushing through the seas at a terrific rate. The strain upon everything was tremendous; a broken spar, a parted rope meant a lost ship.

"Very well dyce," said the Captain, casting a glance aloft at the weather leach of the topsails shivering in the fierce wind, the quivering masts and groaning yardarms, the lee shrouds hanging slack, the lee braces and head bowline taut as strung wires, the tacks and sheets and the weather shrouds as rigid as iron bars, the new canvas like sheets of marble. The ship heeled over until the lee channels were almost awash, the spray coming in in bucketsful over the lee cathead. She was ready if ever she would be; their fate was at the touch. "Now!" shouted Jones in a voice of thunder, "down with the helm! Over with it. Hard over!"

The old experienced seamen put the wheel over spoke by spoke, slowly at first, then faster until they finally hauled it down hard and clung to it with all the strength of their mighty arms.

"Helm's a-lee, hard a-lee," cried O'Neill at this moment.

"Rise tacks and sheets," roared the Captain.

The ship shot up into the wind, straightened herself as its pressure was removed from the sails, lost headway, the jibs swinging and tugging in the gale as she began to swing to larboard away from the reef on the starboard side. She worked around slowly until the wind began to come in over the starboard bow.

"Haul taut!" shouted the watching Captain. "Mainsail haul!"

The great yards, with their vast expanse of slatting, roaring, threshing canvas, whirled rapidly around as the nimble crew ran aft with the sheets and braces. The Ranger fell off quickly and drifted down toward the needle, the after sails aback.

"Board that maintack, there! Man the head braces; jump men! Lively! Let go and haul!"

There was a frightful moment. Would she make it? She stopped—then gathered way again, slowly, then faster.

"Right the helm. Meet her—so. Steady! Get that main tack down, now; tail on to it, all of you; sway away! Get a pull on the lee braces, Mr. O'Neill, and haul the bowlines. Ah! That's well done!"

They were rushing through it again; the white water and the breakers were left behind. A sigh of relief broke from the reckless men, and even the iron Captain seemed satisfied with his achievement as he walked aft to the quarter-deck.

"Get a good offing, Mr. O'Neill," said the Captain, "and then heave to. First send the hands aloft to take in the topgallantsails, and then you may get a boat ready. We must see if there are any poor creatures left on that ship yonder."

"Very good, sir," replied the Lieutenant, giving the necessary orders, when presently the ship, easier under the reduced canvas, was hove to in the beating sea.

"Shall I take the weather whaleboat, sir?"

"Yes," returned the Captain; "I think you would better try to board under her lee, if it be possible to do anything among that wreckage. I doubt if there be anybody left alive on her, but we can't afford to risk the possibility, especially in the case of that woman whom you found so beautiful," he added with a smile.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the Lieutenant, blushing beneath his bronze in spite of himself as he directed the boatswain to call away the whaleboat. Manned by six stout oarsmen, with himself at the tiller, it was soon cast into the heaving sea. Meanwhile the Ranger filled away again and beat to and fro off the coast, taking care to preserve the necessary offing, or distance from shore.



—"Good mister pirate, don't hang us, sir!"

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

Second Chapter

IT WAS a long, hard pull, and only the great skill of the officer prevented their capsizing before the whaleboat finally drew near the Maidstone. The ship had hit the reef hard at flood tide, and the waves had driven her farther on. Every mast and spar was gone, wrenched away by the storm and the waves. It was manifestly impossible to approach upon the weather side without staving the boat, so O'Neill cautiously rounded the stern of the wreck and briefly considered the situation.

He did not dare bring the boat near enough to enable him to leap upon the deck through some of the gaping openings in the sides made by the tremendous battering of the massive spars, and he finally concluded that the only practicable access to the Maidstone was by means of some of the gearing trailing over the side and writhing about in the water. Intrusting the tiller of the whaleboat to old Price, the veteran gunner, he directed that it be brought alongside as close as consistent with safety, and at exactly the right moment, as they rose upon the crest of a wave, he sprang out into the water and clutched desperately at a rope hanging over the side of the wreck.

The men swung the boat away from the ship instantly, and he found himself clinging to a small rope and wildly tossing about in the tumultuous sea. He was dashed to and fro, and the waves repeatedly broke over his head. The life was almost buffeted out of him, but he held on grimly. Fortunately the other end of the rope was fast inboard.

With careful skill, and husbanding his strength as much as possible, he pulled himself along the rope through the water until he drew near the side of the ship. Then, though the operation was hazardous in the extreme, he began to pull himself up hand over hand on the rope along the side. In his already exhausted state, and with the added weight of his wet, sodden clothing, the effort was almost beyond his strength.

He endeavored by thrusting with his foot to keep himself from being beaten against the side by the waves, but without success; for when he had almost reached the rail an unusually large breaker struck him fairly in the back and dashed his head against a piece of jagged timber, cutting a great gash in his forehead. Blood filled his eyes; his head swam; a sick, faint feeling filled his breast; he hesitated and nearly lost his grasp of the rope. The men in the tossing boat, a little distance away, held their breath in terrified apprehension. Summoning all his resolution to his aid, he made a last desperate effort, breasted the rail, and fell fainting upon the deck of the ship.

A few moments in the cold water which was flooding over it revived him somewhat, and he arose unsteadily to his feet and looked about him in bewilderment. The change from the tossing boat to the motionless rigidity of the vice-held wreck was startling. There was not a sign of life on the ship. She was breaking up fast; rails were stove in, boats were gone, three jagged stumps showed where the masts had been, and only the fact that she had been driven so high on the reefs prevented her from foundering at once. There was a dead body jammed under the starboard fife-rail forward, but no other sign of humanity. In front of him was a hatchway, giving entrance to a small cuddy, or cabin, the roof of which rose a few feet above the level of the deck.

As he stood there striving to compose himself, in a brief lull in the storm, he thought he heard a faint voice; it seemed to come from beneath him. He at once turned and with uncertain steps descended the hatchway. Reaching the deck below, he stood in the way a moment brushing the blood from his eyes. Gradually he made out the details of the cabin, dimly illuminated by a skylight above, and saw a woman on her knees praying. She had her face buried in her hands, and did not see him until he spoke to apprise her of his presence.

"Madam," he began thickly.

The woman raised her head with startled quickness and gave him one terrified glance. The glass had told him truly: she was beautiful, and young as well, scarcely more than a girl. Even the dim gray light could not hide these things. As for him—he was wet, hatless, his clothing torn, a great red wound in his forehead intensifying his pallor. He had a heavy pistol in his belt and a cutlass swinging at his side.

She stared at him in frightened silence and finally arose to her feet, and he saw that she was above the medium height. At the same moment from an obscure corner there rang out shriek after shriek, and another woman rushed forward, threw herself on the deck at his feet and fairly groveled before him.

"Oh, sir, for Heaven's sake, sir," she cried frantically, "good mister pirate, don't hang us, sir! We never hurt nobody. Oh, sir, take us away; we'll do anything; we——"

"Silence, you coward!" commanded the other imperiously. "Get up! Prayers are of no avail with such as——"

"Nor are they necessary, madam," replied O'Neill. "We are not pirates, and I am come to save you, and will do it. Will you please come on deck?"

"I would rather have gone down on the ship," answered the girl defiantly, evidently disbelieving him; "but you are here, and you are master. Give your orders, sir."

"Very well," said the Lieutenant, calmly accepting the situation; "you will go up on deck at once." The girl motioned him forward.

"After you, madam," he returned, bowing courteously, and she stepped haughtily up the companionway, followed next by her terrified maid, and lastly by O'Neill.

"Are there any others left alive on the ship, think you, madam?" he asked.

"No one," answered the girl. "Many were thrown overboard or killed when we struck on these rocks here, and the rest abandoned us—the cowards!"

"Do you wait here for a moment while I take a look forward to assure myself," said O'Neill, stepping rapidly across the raffle of rope about the decks and making a hasty inspection to make sure that no unfortunate was left. Having satisfied himself that they were alone, he returned to the quarter-deck where the two women stood. He looked at them in some perplexity. It would be a matter of great difficulty to get them in the boat, but he promptly determined upon his course of action—they would not like it, but that would be no matter.

Signing to the coxswain, old Price, the boat, which had been riding to a long rope from the ship, was skillfully brought alongside as near as was safe. One end of a long piece of louse gear was thrown over to the boat, where it was made fast. A bight of the rope, properly stoppered to

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prevent undue constriction, was passed around the waist of the maid, at which all her terrors were resumed.

"Oh, for the love of Heaven, as you have a mother or wife, do not hang us here. If we must die, let us drown on the ship like good Christian people. Oh, please, good mister pirate——"

But O'Neill was in no mood to pay attention to such trifling, and fastening the bight around her waist, without more ado he lifted her upon the rail and bade her jump. She clung to him with the tenacity of despair, crying and shrieking in the most frantic manner, until finally her overwrought nerves gave way and she fainted. That was just what he wanted. Singing out to old Price to haul in on the line, and having taken a turn around a belaying pin with his end of it, he promptly threw the girl into the water. Of course she was dragged under at once, but in a moment she was lifted safely into the whaleboat, where she was shortly revived by the ducking she had received.

"Now, madam, you see you need fear nothing," said O'Neill peremptorily to the other woman; "I trust I shall not be compelled to throw you in, too?"

"Not at all, sir," she replied, trembling violently, but striving to preserve her self-control. "I presume you reserve me for a worse fate."

The young Lieutenant's face clouded at her suspicion.

"I—— No matter; I came to save you," he said, as he stepped toward her to assist her to make the leap.

"Please do not touch me," she answered. "I am no fainting fool. Give me the rope. What is it you wish me to do?"

"Pass it around your waist. Allow me. Now stand there, madam, and when I say the word, jump."

"Very well," she said, stepping upon the rail, where perforce he was compelled to hold her to keep her from falling.

"Now!" he said, as the boat rose toward them. Without a moment's hesitation she leaped into the air, and after a swift passage through the water she was hauled into the boat by the rough but kindly hands of the old sailor. Making the end of the rope fast around his own waist, O'Neill, watching his opportunity, sprang after; but he seemed fated to misfortune that day, for a bit of timber torn that moment from the wreck struck him in the head as he touched water, and it was a senseless man Price hauled into the boat. The old seaman laid his officer down in the stern-sheets, where the young girl was sitting with her maid crouching at her feet. Necessarily he lay in a constrained position; there was nothing to support his head but a boat stretcher.

She gazed upon his pallid face with its disfiguring wounds; he was a murderous pirate, no doubt, and deserved it all; still, he had saved her life, for the Maidstone was breaking up; he was so handsome, too, and he looked like a gentleman. She was a woman, well—she finally moved her position and lifted the head of the unconscious sailor to her knee. Taking a handkerchief from her neck, she dipped it in the salt water and bathed his head; and then she poured between his lips a few drops from the flask of rum that Price handed her after the old man had insisted that she take a draught of the fiery liquid herself.

Under these pleasant ministrations O'Neill opened his eyes for a moment, gazed up into her face with a smiling glance, and, closing his eyes immediately lest she should release him, lay quite still while the men pulled away toward the Ranger. And in that manner they reached her side. His heart was beating madly—that look had been enough. She was his prisoner—but her captor was captured!

Third Chapter

EAGER eyes on the ship had noted the every movement of the whaleboat as she drew near the Ranger. Old Price saw that a whip and a boatswain's chair had been rigged on the main-yard-arm to swing his passengers on board. The sight of the dangling rope awakened a fresh fit of apprehension on the part of the timorous maid, and it was with great difficulty that the amused seamen persuaded her that she was not to be hanged outright. Entirely unconvinced, but resigning herself to her fate, she finally sat down on the small board and was swung to the gangway.

Her mistress gently laid the head of the prostrate officer against one of the thwarts and, leaving the handkerchief as a rest for it, followed the maid. Then the old coxswain secured the Lieutenant to the chair, and when he had reached the deck, where he opened his eyes and recovered consciousness with incredible promptness, the boat was dropped astern, the falls hooked on, and she was smartly run up to her place at the davits and the Ranger filled away. O'Neill was assisted to his cabin, where his wounds were attended to by the surgeon.

When the young woman joined her maid on the deck she saw a curious scene. In front of her, hat in hand, bowing low, stood a small, dapper, swarthy, black-haired man, in the blue uniform of a naval officer. He had the face of a scholar and a student, with the bold, brilliant, black eyes of a fighter. Surrounding him were other officers and several young boys similarly dressed. Scattered about in various parts of the ship were a number of desperate-looking men in nondescript apparel. None of the navies of the world at that date, except in rare instances, uniformed its men. On either side of the deck black guns protruded through the ports, and here and there a marine in uniform of white and green paced a solitary watch.

"I bid you welcome to my ship, madam; so fair a face on a war-vessel is as grateful a sight as the sun after a squall," said the officer, bowing elaborately.

"Sir," began the young woman, trembling slightly, "I am a person of some consideration at home. My guardian will cheerfully pay you any ransom if you spare me. I am a woman and alone; I beg you, sir, to use me kindly," and she clasped her hands in beseeching entreaty.

At this signal the fears of the maid broke out afresh, and she plumped down on her knees and grasped the Captain around the legs, bawling vociferously.

"Oh, sir, for the love of Heaven, sir, don't make us walk the plank!"

The seamen near enough to hear and see grinned largely at this exhibition, and the Captain with a deep flush and a black frown on his face struggled to release himself.

"Silence, woman!" he cried fiercely at last. "Get up from your knees, or by Heaven I will have you thrown overboard; and you, madam, for what do you take me?"

"Are you not a—a pirate, sir?" she answered hesitatingly. "They told me on the ship that you——"

"No pirate am I," interrupted the man proudly, laying his hand on his sword; "I am an officer and, with these gentlemen, am in the service of the United States of America, the new Republic. This is the American Continental ship Ranger. You are as safe with us as you would be in your own parlor at home. Safer, in fact; there you would be surrounded by servants; here are men who would die to prevent harm coming to you. Is it not so, gentlemen?"

A deep chorus of "Aye, ayes" rang through the air. The Captain continued, with sudden heat:

"'Fore God, madam, I don't understand how you could insult me with an offer of money!"



DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD "Now!"

"Oh, sir," answered the girl, visibly relieved, "they told me that you were a pirate, and would murder us all. Are you not——"

"Captain John Paul Jones, at your service, madam," interrupted the officer, thrusting his hand in his bosom with another bow.

"Yes," said the young woman, "they said it would be you. Why, every newsletter in the land describes you as—as——"

"Pirate, madam. Say it. You have not hesitated to speak the word heretofore. A rebel—a traitor—a pirate," he returned, throwing up his head proudly; "'tis a penalty one pays for fighting for freedom; but you, at least, shall be able to speak unequivocally as to our character, for I pledge you my word you shall take no harm from us, though I doubt not my young gentlemen here will be raked fore and aft by the batteries of your bright eyes. Now will you vouchsafe me your name and some of your story, that I may know with whom I have to do?"

"My name is Howard, sir; Elizabeth Howard," replied the girl, brightening as her fears diminished. "I am the ward of Admiral Lord Westbrooke, the Governor of Scarborough Castle. I have no father nor mother."

"Another claim upon our consideration, ma'am."

"Sir, I thank you. I was going to visit friends in Liverpool when that unfortunate ship there was wrecked. Oh, what will become of me now!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears.

"Liverpool lies in our way, Mistress Howard, and 'twill give me great pleasure to land you upon some convenient point on the coast in a few days if the wind hold and no mischance arise. And now may I present my officers to you, since we are to be fellow-passengers all?"

Upon receiving the desired permission from the grateful girl, in whose pale cheek the color began to come again, the Captain, who was a great stickler for etiquette, brought forward the little group of officers and introduced them one by one. There was much bowing and curtsying on the quarter-deck, which even the seamen seemed to enjoy.

"This is all, I believe," said the Captain, having stopped with the smallest midshipman, who, in comical imitation of his elders, announced himself in his boyish treble as "Vastly honored, ma'am."

"The gentleman who brought me here?" questioned the girl, blushing faintly; "I trust he is not seriously injured?"

"Ah!" replied Jones, "my First Lieutenant, Mr. Barry O'Neill, a volunteer with us, and an officer in the service of His Most Christian Majesty, my friend, the King of France."

On the ship O'Neill had elected to sink his Marquisate.

"He is not much hurt, Mistress Howard; only battered about a bit and pulled down by the nervous shock and efforts he underwent," said the Doctor. "Why, here he is now! Did I not warn you, sir, to stay below?" continued the Doctor, shaking his finger as O'Neill, pale and languid, came slowly up the companionway.

"Oh, I am all right, Doctor," returned the Lieutenant rather weakly, but smiling with the audacity and gallantry of his race as he spied the girl. "The thought of the presence of this lady above him would lift a crusader from his tomb."

"Allow me to present you in due form to Mistress Howard, Mr. O'Neill," said the Captain severely, evidently desirous of observing the proprieties.

"Sir," said the young girl, looking gratefully at the Irishman out of her violet eyes, "I have to thank you for a most gallant rescue, made doubly hard by my perversity and foolish apprehension."

"'Twas a pleasure to serve you, madam; may I continue to enjoy it. We would sink another ship for such another chance," said the Irishman lightly.

"Now I propose to give up one of my cabins to Mistress Howard and her maid," said the Captain, "and I presume that she will need to rest, after the exciting incidents of the day, until supper is served. If you are able, Mr. O'Neill, I should like to have you join us there, with Mistress Howard's permission, of course, since the ship is hers." He smiled toward her, and when he smiled he was irresistible.

"I am honored, sir," replied the girl graciously. "And I thank you, Captain; I shall be delighted," she added, laying her hand in his own as he led her aft to the cabin door in the break of the poop. Before she entered she turned and made a graceful curtsy; her glance swept toward the young Lieutenant. From that moment O'Neill was no longer a captive—he was a slave.

"Gentlemen, good afternoon," she said, comprehending them in one brilliant look, and smiling again. It was enough; that glance had given O'Neill any number of rivals.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

An Appeal from a Soldier's Widow

ONE of the most touching letters ever received by Major-General Oliver O. Howard, U. S. A., retired, while he commanded the Department of the Atlantic with headquarters on Governor's Island, was from a woman whose son was in trouble. It read as follows:

> "*My Dear General:* I want to call your attention again to my son. I know you have been kind to him, but cannot you do more? He is my only boy. The other died while he was fighting with you during the war. I know he did not mean to do wrong when he deserted. He is such a good boy when he is sober. I did not know he had deserted until he was arrested, and I do not know what I am to do if he is kept in prison. Do what you can for him and a soldier's widow will remember you in her prayers."

Since his retirement from the regular service the General does not get so many of these letters, but it is said—and it is to his credit—that there never was such an appeal made that did not meet with a quick response. Though the General was a disciplinarian, he was one of the most merciful of officers.

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Queen Anne Cottages

A Comedietta *in* ONE ACT

By M. E. M. Davis



REMEMBER, JOSEPH, THERE ARE NINE PARCELS

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

CHARACTERS:

MRS. THOMAS JEFFERSON DILLINGHAM.
MISS ANNE WESTWORTHY.
MISS SUSAN MARSH.
SARAH.
MR. HENRY HARRINGTON.
MR. ROBERT BARTON.
MR. CHARLES MARSH.
JOSEPH.
YOUNG LADIES and GENTLEMEN.
SCENE: *At Pass Christian.*
TIME: *June; morning.*

SCENE I

A cottage on the Bay shore. A wide hall, front, furnished with rattan chairs, tables, etc.; a hat-rack on one side. Veranda in rear with vine-wreathed pillars. Bay in distance.

(*Enter from veranda,* ANNE *and* SUSAN. *They wear white duck dresses with sailor hats. White gloves. Each carries a small leather bag and an umbrella.*)

ANNE (*putting bag on a chair*): Well, this is too lovely!

SUSAN (*putting bag and umbrella on chair*): Isn't it! But (*laughing*) I would like to see your respected Aunt Polly Westworthy's face when she gets your note informing her that you have eloped—with me!

ANNE (*laughing*): Instead of staying for her dinner-party! So would I. Fancy the dear old match-maker giving a dinner-party in town, in July! For the purpose of presenting her impecunious niece to a new eligible! Poor Aunt Polly! (*Drawing off gloves.*) She has married me off so many times already—in her roseate dreams! And I have endured with Christian patience all the other eligibles she has raked and scraped for me. But when it comes to Mr. Henry Harrington I draw the line. I've never seen him, and I never will if I can help it. Conceited idiot!

SUSAN: I do not blame you, Anne, dear, for running away. But really, I do not think he can be so bad as that! Brother Charles traveled over Europe with him last year. *He* says he is a trump.

ANNE (*impatiently*): I beg your brother Charles' pardon, Susan, but I know Mr. Henry Harrington is *horrid*, though I hear that he is simply dying to meet *me*.

SUSAN (*drawing off gloves*): That, at least, is to his credit. Well, he will not have the pleasure to-night, at any rate.

ANNE: No, thank goodness! But I can tell you, Susan, I was at my wits' end yesterday when Aunt Polly's note came commanding me—you know her style—to dine with her to-night, in my best bib and tucker, at eight o'clock, in company with Mr. Henry Harrington, "a charming young man (*quoting and mincing*), just returned after a prolonged stay abroad." And mama, of course, begged me with tears in her eyes not to offend Aunt Polly by refusing. It made me ill—positively ill! (*Walks about, fuming.*) But do you believe in fate, Susan Marsh? (*Laying her hand impressively on* SUSAN'S *arm.*) I do, for in the afternoon's mail here comes dear Mrs. Hartley's letter from New York. She offers me her Queen Anne cottage at the Pass for a week, for a month, for the whole summer! I am to fill it with guests, if I like. I am to do exactly as I please within its wistaria-hung walls. She calls it "Wistaria Cottage."

SUSAN (*interrupting*): But that is not wistaria, Anne. (*Walks to veranda and inspects vine.*) It is honeysuckle.

ANNE: It doesn't matter *what* the old vine is!

ANNE (*continuing*): So I read Mrs. Hartley's letter. Then I fly around to see you. We arrange our plans. This morning I send a note of regrets to Madam Polly. We steal unnoticed to the train, and here we are—for a couple of days, at least. (*Tosses up gloves.*) Hurrah!

SUSAN: Hurrah for the Hartley-Harrington-Aunt-Polly combination! (*Blows imaginary kisses.*)

ANNE: Now—let—me—see. Mrs. Hartley wrote that I should find the room on the right of the hall in perfect order. Mrs. Hartley has the most exquisite taste.

SUSAN: I thought she said the room on the left.

ANNE: Perhaps she did. We will try them both. You explore the left, while I investigate the right. (*Goes into room on right;* SUSAN *into left.*)

ANNE (*coming out, calling*): This is it, Susan. It is not what one would call dainty, however. Looks massive and majestic. I never imagined Mrs. Hartley had such severe ideas. It proves how little we realize the inner feelings of our friends! But it is comfortable. Come and see.

(SUSAN *emerges from room on left. She carries her own hat in her hand, and has a tall, antiquated beaver perched on her head.*)

SUSAN: I suppose Mr. Hartley inhabits the apartment on the left when he is at home. *He* must have exquisite taste also, judging from his headgear!

(*Both girls laugh gayly.* SUSAN *puts the hat on a chair. They carry their bags into room on right, and immediately reappear minus hats.*)

ANNE: And now for breakfast. (*Touches bell on hall table.*) The walk from the station has made me ravenously hungry. Aren't you famished? Mrs. Hartley says in her letter—oh, here it is! (*Produces letter from pocket and reads*): "The old woman in charge—the caretaker—is stupid. But she is staid and respectable, and will serve at need both as a cook and a protector. Her name is Jane."

SUSAN: Here she comes. (*Enter* SARAH *from rear. Young and pert-looking in maid's dress.*)

SARAH: Good mornin'. I seen you comin' up from the dee-po, an' I says to myself

ANNE (*aside to* SUSAN): I would not call her staid.

SUSAN: Nor as old as Methuselah, nor as respectable as your Aunt Polly Westworthy!

ANNE (*to* SARAH): Well, Jane——

SARAH (*with curtsy*): Sarah, miss.

ANNE (*aside to* SUSAN): Mrs. Hartley certainly said her name was Jane!

SUSAN (*aside flippantly*): Perhaps she has been changed in the cradle!

ANNE (*aloud*): No matter, Sarah. Your mistress has loaned me her house——

SARAH: You don't *say* so! I took youse two for book-agents.

ANNE (*giving her some money*): We shall be here for a couple of days. And now, Jane——

SARAH: Sarah, miss.

ANNE: Sarah, you will give us some breakfast.

SARAH: I ain't the cook, miss, but she's not in, miss, and I'll do the best I kin for youse.

ANNE: And Sarah——

SARAH: Yes, miss.

ANNE: Lay the table here. (*Stepping near veranda to right.*) In the shadow of this wistaria vine.

SARAH: All right, miss. (*Exit.*)

SUSAN: All the same, it is honeysuckle. Well, never mind! Oh, Anne! (*Seizes* ANNE'S *arm excitedly.*)

ANNE: What is it, Susan? Oh, *what* is it?

SUSAN: I've just remembered. Brother Charles is coming over from Bay St. Louis this morning with a crabbing party! (*Looks at watch.*) They are due here in half an hour. Lets——

ANNE (*joyously*): Oh, yes! Come right along. Let's leave a note at the station for them so they will come right here. We'll go crabbing with them after breakfast. What fun! Hurry, Susan! Hurry! (*They dash into room right, and rush out putting on their hats. Exit from veranda.*)

SCENE II (*Same*)

(*Enter* HENRY HARRINGTON *and* ROBERT BARTON. *They wear white flannel suits. Each carries a large leather bag, an umbrella and a bundle of fishing-tackle.*)

HARRINGTON (*depositing bag, etc.*): Welcome, old boy, to Jessamine Lodge!

BARTON (*depositing impedimenta*): Thanks, awfully, old man. But where is your jessamine?

HAR. (*with a comprehensive sweep of his arms toward veranda*): Behold, blind and skeptical mortal, behold!

BAR. (*critically*): That? That is honeysuckle.

HAR.: No matter. (*Dramatically.*) It affords a secluded and secure retreat; a sure shelter from pursuing virgins; an impenetrable asylum from match-making aunts! I knew the city would be hot and dull at this season of the year, so I sent my agent here in advance to look up some quarters where I could camp and fish for the summer. He found Jessamine Lodge for sale completely furnished. I got his letter informing me of the purchase yesterday.

BAR.: I say, Hal, I thought from a word or two you let drop as we walked up that there was a woman in the case?

HAR. (*laughing*): There is. There was! At least, a woman tried to get into the case. A Miss Westworthy——

BAR.: What!

HAR.: Do you know her?

BAR.: No. Never saw her in my life. But I hear she's a stunner. Half the men in town are dangling after her.

HAR. (*shortly*): I'm not, and I do not intend to dangle after her. I have never seen her myself, and do not wish to (*hooking his arm confidentially in* BARTON'S *and walking forward*). Well, you know, Bob, I am unfortunate enough to have inherited a few hundred thousand dollars—— And—I say it modestly, Bob——

BAR.: Go on, old man; don't mind me!

HAR.: But there are fortune-hunters and match-makers abroad in the land! I do not mean to say that Miss Anne Westworthy——

BAR.: I should think not, confound your impudence! Do you know that she is a reigning belle?

HAR. (*continuing*): But her aunt, Mrs. Polly Westworthy, whom I know quite well, has a sharp and shrewd eye to the main chance. I had hardly dropped into a hotel, by Jove, when that wily old man-hunter was after me. Gets up a dinner-party for to-night and invites me to meet Miss Anne Westworthy. I did not wish to meet her, though I understand that she is most anxious to meet me. And so——

BAR.: You bolted.

HAR.: So I bolted. Well, Jessamine Lodge, as the agent had written me, was ready, even to one servant, a good, reliable old woman who answers to the name of—(*takes letter from breast pocket*)—answers to name of Martha. Room on left of hall, he says, is ready for occupancy. Let us have a handwash, Bob, and order breakfast.

(*They go into room on left, carrying bags, etc., and reappear.*)

HAR.: The previous owner seems to have been of a sombre turn of mind, eh, Bob? Did you ever see such a lugubrious-looking retreat? "Gay and cheerful appointments," the agent assured me.

(BARTON *sits down on the beaver hat. Jumps up.*)

BAR. (*holding out beaver*): Ha! Ha! The late owner's style in dress evidently corresponded with the funereal furniture! (*He touches bell on table. Enter* SARAH.)

HAR.: Martha——

SARAH (*with curtsy*): Sarah, sir.

HAR.: Eh? I thought he said Martha. Sarah, I have bought this house——

SARAH: Lor', sir, I took youse two for book-agents!

HAR. (*giving her money*): And you have been highly recommended to me. If you give satisfaction I shall be glad to retain you in my service.

SARAH (*coquettishly*): Lor', sir, I'll give satisfaction, sir.

HAR.: You will see that we have something to eat at once.

SARAH: I ain't the cook, sir, but I'll do the best I kin.

HAR.: And Sarah——

SARAH: Yes, sir.

HAR.: Place the table here. (*Indicating spot on left near veranda.*) In the shade of the jessamine vine.

SARAH: All right, sir. (*Exit.*)

BAR.: I'd swear that it is honeysuckle!

HAR.: Have your way, old fellow. Only, in that case, why *Jessamine* Lodge? (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III (*Same*)

(*Enter* SARAH, *carrying a small wicker table with dishes, etc. She puts it down in centre of hall.*)

SARAH (*hands on hips*): I never see such a mix-up! But 'tain't my business to dispoot orders, s'long 's I'm all right *here*. (*Slaps money in apron pocket.*) Now, where-*ever* am I goin' to put this here table? The young man have give me the most money. But the young lady looks the born missus. Well (*briskly*), I reckon I'll let 'em fight it out among 'em! (*Places table on left and exits. Enter* ANNE *and* SUSAN.)

ANNE: That was a happy thought of yours, Susan. I suppose by the time we have breakfasted they will be here. Why, dear me (*observing table*), I told Jane distinctly to put that table over there where we get the finest view of the Bay. (*Rings. Enter* SARAH.) Jane——

SARAH (*curtsy*): Sarah, miss.

ANNE: Sarah, you have put the table on the wrong side.

SARAH (*cheerfully*): To be sure, miss. I disremembered! (*Moves table and exits.*)

ANNE: Come, Susan, let us get off our hats.

(*They go in room on right. Enter* HARRINGTON *and* BARTON.)

HAR.: Hello! The table is in the wrong place. I distinctly told Martha to put it here (*indicating spot on left*), where we get the breeze. (*Rings. Enter* SARAH.)

HAR.: Martha——

SARAH (*curtsy*): Sarah, sir.

HAR.: Eh? Oh, Sarah. You will put the breakfast-table here. (*Shows place on left.*)

SARAH (*cheerfully*): To be sure! I disremembered! (*Moves table and exit.* HARRINGTON *and* BARTON *retire into room on left.*)

ANNE (*looking out of door on right with hand-mirror and brush in hand*): Is that you, Jane? Well, really, this is too much! (*Observing table.*) Jane! (*Rings violently. Enter* SARAH *carrying a saucepan.*)

ANNE: Jane!

SARAH: Sarah, miss.

ANNE: What possessed you to change that table again! Put it back at once!

SARAH (*sullenly putting saucepan on chair*): Yes, miss. (ANNE *reenters bedroom.*)

SARAH: Plague take 'em all. (*Grabs up table, strides to middle of stage and sets it down with a jerk. Enter*

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simultaneously from rooms right and left, ANNE, SUSAN, HARRINGTON *and* BARTON. *Exclamations.*)

HAR. (*to* SARAH, *not seeing girls*): Martha!

SARAH: Sarah, sir.

HAR.: Oh, confound your name. Put that table where I ordered you to put it, will you?

SARAH (*frightened*): Y-yes, s-sir. I dis-re-rem-mem-bered. (*Starts to left with table.*)

ANNE (*imperiously*): Jane!

SARAH (*trembling, mechanically with curtsy*): Sa-Sa-Sarah, miss!

ANNE: Sarah, put that table where I ordered you to put it!

(HARRINGTON *is overcome at sight of girls.*)

SARAH (*hysterically*): Y-y-y-es, m-m-mum. I dis-re-m-membered. (*Starts to right with table.*)

HAR. (*aside to* BARTON): By Jove! Friends of the late owner, I suppose. Say, he had better taste than his furniture would indicate, eh? (*Aloud.*) Ladies, I beg pardon for my apparent rudeness. (*Bows. To* SARAH): Do as the young lady bids you.

ANNE (*recovering herself, aside to* SUSAN): Friends of Mrs. Hartley's, of course. (*Aloud to* SARAH): Never mind about the table, Jane. Leave it where it is.

SARAH (*sobbing*): Y-y-yes, miss, s-sir. (*Exit.*)

ANNE (*graciously*): We are about breakfasting. If you gentlemen——

HAR. (*eagerly*): Oh, certainly! Thanks, Miss——

ANNE: Thompson. My name is Thompson. And this is my friend, Miss—Miss Harris, Mr.——

HARRINGTON: Harris—er—ah. My name is Harris and this is my friend, Mr. Thompson, Miss—er—ah—Thompson. (*Aside to* BARTON): Gad, I haven't a spark of sense left. I couldn't think of any other names!

(ANNE *and* SUSAN *bow with great solemnity.*)

SUSAN (*gushingly*): What a charming coincidence! Quite like a story book, isn't it?

BAR. (*gravely*): It certainly is.

(*They all bring table to centre and front of stage.*)

ANNE (*ringing*): I must beg you to excuse shortcomings. We arrived only an hour ago from the city.

(*Enter* SARAH *with tray, coffee-pot, cups, etc. They all sit at table.* HARRINGTON *sits down unconsciously on beaver hat.* BARTON *on saucepan. Much confusion.*)

HAR. (*passing the bread*): Is this your first visit to Jessamine Lodge, Miss Thompson?

ANNE: To Wistaria Cottage, you mean, of course, Mr. Harris. Yes, my first visit. Do you take sugar, Mr. Thompson? (*Pours coffee.*)

VOICE (*on veranda without*): Bring in the bundles, Joseph. Remember, Joseph, there are nine parcels. The large valise, the small valise, two handboxes, the shawl-strap, the rubber pillow, the lunch-basket, the parrot and the flower-pot, Joseph.

VOICE (*outside*): Yes, mum.

SARAH (*dropping the tray*): Lor' a massy! The shore-enough missus! Now youse'll catch it. An' me, too!

(*Enter* MRS. THOMAS JEFFERSON DILLINGHAM, *a severe-looking elderly lady in duster and exaggerated bonnet. She is followed by* JOSEPH, *a man-servant, who staggers under the bundles.*)

MRS. DILLINGHAM (*glaring around*): What is the meaning of this unseemly invasion of Honeysuckle Villa?

BAR. and SUSAN (*triumphantly, to nobody in particular*): Honeysuckle! I knew it! I said so!

MRS. D: Who are these disgraceful rioters, Sarah?

SARAH (*sniffling*): Lor', mum. *I* don't know.

MRS. D. (*as she suddenly catches sight of the mashed beaver hat, shrieks and seizes it*): What sacrilege! The sole remaining memento of my idolized Thomas Jefferson Dillingham! Thieves! Robbers! Leave my house instantly.

JOSEPH (*starting toward veranda*): Yes, mum.

VOICES (*without*): Cr-a-a-bs! Fe-esh! Sh-w-i-mp! Fre-sh fe-e-esh!

(*Enter bevy of young women and young men, all clad in white duck and white flannel, with fishing-poles, crabnets, etc., over their shoulders.*)

ONE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN: Oh, you darling, darling Anne! So *this* is your own-own-owny house. How nice of you to send for us! (*She snatches up the saucepan, another young man takes parrot cage, etc. All dance about crying, Cr-a-bs! Sh-w-imp! Fresh F-e-e-e-sh! Fe-e-sh!*)

MRS. D. (*furious*): Robbers! Thieves! Police!

HAR. (*who has been vainly trying to make himself heard*): Madam, you are laboring under a delusion. Permit me to explain. This house belongs to me.

ANNE (*rushing forward and standing by his side*): How *noble* and generous of you, dear Mr. Harris, to seek thus to shield me from the wrath of this madwoman. (HARRINGTON *looks bewildered.*) But I cannot accept such a sacrifice. Madam, these are *my* friends, especially Mr. Thompson and er—ah—Mr. Harris. And I am in lawful possession of Mrs. Hartley's home, Wistaria Cottage. She has loaned it to me for the summer. Here is her letter——

MRS. D. (*interrupting and suddenly good-humored*): Ah, I see! Never mind the police, Joseph. Young man (*to* HARRINGTON), if you have bought Jessamine Lodge, your property, a Queen Anne cottage, exactly corresponding in style to this, is just on the right. Wistaria Cottage, my dear young lady, which belongs to my friend, Mrs. Hartley, is the Queen Anne cottage of the same pattern on the left.

(*Enter* CHARLES MARSH, *running, a bucket on his arm.*)

CHARLES: Hurrah! Hurrah! I've got the bait, Miss Westworthy! (*Stops and stares at* HARRINGTON.) Why, hello, Harrington, where did you drop from? Glad to see you, old fellow! (*Shakes hands heartily.*)

HAR. (*aside*): I have dropped *up* into the seventh heaven. (*Aloud to* ANNE): "Anne?" "Miss Westworthy?" Then—then—you are *not* Thompson?

ANNE (*smiling*): And you, it seems, are *not* Harris? But how about Aunt Polly Westworthy's dinner-party?

HAR. (*coolly*): Oh, I heard you had come to the Pass, and I——

ANNE (*archly*): Escaped Aunt Polly, eh?

(*Enter* JOSEPH *with telegram.*)

JOSEPH: A telegram for Miss H. Anne Westworthy. (ANNE *tears it open and reads aloud*):

"My dinner-party will take place at the Live Oak Hotel at the Pass to-night at eight o'clock. Have notified Harrington. Signed, POLLY WESTWORTHY."

ANNE and HAR.: Oh, how delightful! How charming!

SUSAN (*to* ANNE): Do you believe in fate, Anne?"

(ANNE *and* SUSAN *converse apart with* MRS. D. *and crabbing party.*)

HAR. (*solemnly*): Bob, I have been a most confounded ass! She is ravishing! (*Looks at* ANNE.) And I will make her Queen Anne of *my* cottage or perish in the attempt.

ANNE (*aside to* SUSAN, *looking at* HARRINGTON): Aunt Polly certainly has fine judgment!

(BARTON *and* HARRINGTON *join them.*)

BAR. (*to* SUSAN, *confidingly*): My name is not Thompson. It is Barton.

SUSAN (*delighted*): Not *Bob* Barton? Really? Why, Bob, *how* you've grown! I'm Susan Marsh. By the way, I haven't seen you since——

BAR. (*joyously*): Since you were my baby sweetheart, Miss Susan! How awfully jolly!

(*They walk to extreme left of stage.* HARRINGTON *and* ANNE *are on extreme right.* MRS. D. *in centre. Others in groups.*)

HAR. (*to* MRS. D., *gallantly*): Madam, I trust you have already pardoned *our* intrusion. And now will you and all these ladies and gentlemen honor me by adjourning to Jessamine Lodge for breakfast?

ANNE: On no account! You will all breakfast with me at Wistaria Cottage.

MRS. D. (*majestically*): Stuff and nonsense. You will do nothing of the kind, young people. You will breakfast with *me*, right here in Honeysuckle Villa. Joseph, assist Sarah to prepare the morning meal.

(CURTAIN)



A Cluster of CHRYSANTHEMUMS

By Richard Henry Stoddard

I

I CANNOT find his grave,
Though I seek it far and nigh;
But I seem to hear from the cedars
A voice like the wild dove's cry.

It may be the fitful wind
In the branches overhead,
Or the sigh of the last leaf falling
On the water I pour for the dead!

I pray, and yearn, and watch,
And something flutters by:
Is it a sign from his spirit,
Or only a butterfly?

II

The poor last flowers of the plum-tree
By my desolate eaves,
Perceiving, lamenting her absence,
Are closing their leaves!

They worship her; she was their goddess,
The soul whence they drew
The life of their freshness and fragrance—
Their sunshine and dew!

Earth never knew such another,
So fair and so sweet;
The flowers that she trod upon loved her,
And kissed her white feet!



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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife



THESE COMMITTEE-ROOMS ON THE HOUSE SIDE ARE DINGY-LOOKING PLACES

WASHINGTON, January, 1900.

THERE never was anything more true than that Congressmen and Congressmen's wives are "chosen of the people, for the people, and by the people." This has been borne in upon me by the Tuesday receptions which I am holding. I have never been so surprised in my life as by the people who have come to my house on these days. I am thankful, however, that even when the most impossible women in the most impossible clothes have filed in through my doors I have been able to keep the fact uppermost in my mind that these people are all more or less constituents, and that they may mean votes from husbands, fathers and brothers at home, and therefore must be treated with all graciousness and consideration.

I will confess that it was a sore test of courage and good-humor on my part last Tuesday when one awful woman claimed my attention just as I was welcoming Page's two swell diplomatic friends, who were making their first call upon me, and whom I am to dine shortly. This terrible little woman was of the sort who would be likely to hang over her own back fence to talk to a back-door neighbor. She pitched her voice so high that everybody could hear her, and her theme was her husband's brother's store out in Spruce City, and every tone was a nasal reminder that she and her husband's brother's vote were not to be slighted lest there should come a day of reckoning for Robert John Slocum. The grave, respectful way in which Mr. Morelos and Mr. de Courcelles listened to her horrible remarks was a lesson in good manners. I do not know how I bore it, but I know that I had a strained smile on my face, and that I finally got rid of her by asking her to have a cup of tea. I heard her say at the top of her lungs, as Page, followed by Mr. de Courcelles, led the way to the tea-table, that she never had any hankering for tea, but she would take a "stoo" if we had one.



MR. BEVERIDGE, THE BRILLIANT YOUNG SENATOR FROM INDIANA

This woman, awful as she was, was not the only visitor who caused me uneasiness. There was a beautiful unknown young woman who came sailing in. I do not know how it happened that her name was not announced. She came in with all the assurance and familiarity of an old friend. She was well bred, and was perfectly groomed and perfectly gowned in the very latest fashion. She talked of people whom I knew. She was posted in current political happenings. No one seemed to know her, though for some unknown reason everybody who came in or went out stared at her. She stood about, first in one room, then in another. She inspected everything, listened to every word that was spoken, and sampled everything on the tea-table, and after asking for the names of Page's two diplomatic friends she suddenly vanished. I asked the footman what name she gave him. "None, madam," he replied. I asked for her card, but she had left none. She had not asked for a "stoo," as the other horrible woman had, but she gave me a feeling of mysterious uneasiness which stayed by me throughout the rest of the day. However, I have had the proud satisfaction of knowing that there have been some very desirable people among my visitors on these Tuesdays. Various of the high officials, with their wives and daughters, have come, and some few of the old residents of the town have returned my visits with gracious promptness, and those of the débutantes whom I have entertained have brought their mamas to see me. As to men, there have been a score or more of them, all more or less young and nondescript, and wearing an air which some one has styled "pigeon-toed grandeur." This manner would be altogether laughable to me if it were not regarded so seriously by other people. One among these men, who perhaps is the most pronounced type of "pigeon-toed grandeur," goes by the euphonious name of "Pinky." Fancy it!

I have wondered down in the depths of my heart why so many of these young men have come flocking to my doors. At first I thought that it was Page who was the attraction, as she is so universally popular. Then for a brief moment I fancied that it might be my own mature charms, enhanced as they are by the best art of the modiste and the milliner; but now I am convinced that it is "Jules" who brings them to my house.

Jules is my chef, and for the sum of $5000 a year he has engaged to give us dinners, luncheons and breakfasts fit for the gods. It is true that I have had to eat more queer, outlandish things with unpronounceable names than I ever dreamed could be concocted; and Robert has growled openly at what he characterizes as "messes," but I am determined that Robert shall not make war upon Jules, for I should not like to have repeated the experience which a recent Administration had with their White House chef, who was found taking all his meals at Chamberlin's, and when asked why he did so said with a shrug:

"Monsieur, ze President he haf no taste for my art; he prefer ze corn beef an' ze cabbage, an' for me, I cannot eat ze corn beef an' ze cabbage, so——"

With this story in my ears, and with the similarity of accent and country of Jules, I am wondering if he might not have been one and the same man with the White House chef. But Jules stoutly denies ever having lived at the Executive Mansion. Anyway, it is evident that Jules' reputation as a cook and mine as a dinner-giver have gone forth, which is something of a triumph in this town of perpetual dinner-giving, where the menus may be simple or elaborate, long or short, but they must be perfect, one requisite of them being that at least one course of lion must be served with each dinner. This lion may be statesman, admiral, diplomat or scientist, but he must be tracked to his lair, dragged forth, and served up with the rest of the bill-of-fare.

The first time that Jules was to serve a formal meal to us was on the occasion of a luncheon to some of the débutantes, and I told him what I wanted. He said, in broken English:

"Ah, for ze demoiselles; then madame must haf it as airy as ze wings of ze butterfly."

That luncheon was a dream! Later, I asked him to serve again, at a dinner, some of those same dishes. He said gravely:

"It depends, madame, on ze age an' ze character of ze company."

I told him they were all to be officials.

"No wing of ze butterfly, madame, will do for ze high in position. We must haf ze saddle of ze Southdown an' ze terrapin. Ah, I haf it all." And he served a dinner that would have tempted an anchorite. It is his cooking, I am convinced, that brings these men here, and that has put me on the list of invitations to those carefully select Bachelors' Germans, to go to which is, to the aspirant for social recognition, as potent as a patent of nobility; and this reminds me that through the medium of Jules I am doing my first bit of lobbying.

Robert told me some days ago that he was anxious to get Senator P—— to vote for the confirmation of a certain postmaster out in our district, and for some reason Senator P—— is holding up the nomination on the plea of Senatorial courtesy. As soon as Robert explained the situation I told him that I thought I could help him.

In matters of diplomacy and *finesse* Robert is about as subtle as a sheep, but in this instance he did faintly surmise my purpose. He asked, "Ah, you'll begin on his women folks?"

Robert always will call the women of a family "women-folks."

"No, I won't," I said. "In the first place, I should not bother with women anyway, and in the second place, Senator P—— has left all the women of his family at home and is here *en garçon*. I have already met the Senator, and we will give him a dinner. Now, Robert, you will take me to the Senate to-morrow, and after sitting a while in the private gallery I will send my card in to the Senator with a message. He will come up to the gallery, and I can have a chance to arrange a dinner in an offhand way."

Sure enough, the next day Robert escorted me to the Senate gallery, but we had both forgotten that it was the day for the maiden effort of the brilliant young Senator from Indiana, who was to speak on the Philippine question, and of course there was a tremendous throng; but I was given a good position in the gallery, and I prepared to bide my time.



OVER IN THE SENATE THE COMMITTEE-ROOMS ARE QUITE REGAL

It seemed to me that not a Senator was missing from his seat, barring the sensational Mr. Pettigrew, who had incontinently fled the Senate chamber as though knowing what was coming. Half the members of the House were scattered around like a fringe outside the railing. As soon as the President *pro tem.* recognized the Indianian he arose, with every eye on the floor and in the gallery focused upon him.

Mr. Beveridge has a thick mane of hair which he parts in the middle, and the face beneath the hair is quite all that it should be: pale, thin, intelligent, and the face of the orator. It was known before he began to speak that he would champion the Administration, but it was not known that he would prove so powerful and so convincing. He spoke with a passionate fervor and a dramatic force which held everybody captive. I became so absorbed and enthusiastic that I forgot what had brought me to the Senate, and sat in fascinated quiet, watching the uplifted hand which would sweep the crescent locks of hair out of his eyes as his strong words fell from his lips, and then I would glance at the uneasy shifting about of Mr. Hoar, who sat only a few paces away from the speaker, and who was becoming worked up to a high pitch of excitement under the torrent of eloquence.

When Mr. Beveridge had closed a powerful peroration and Mr. Hoar had risen to reply, he was so choked with indignation that he was almost inaudible. I was recalled to my own affairs by seeing that Senator P—— was glancing up at the gallery where I sat, and that very shortly he sauntered out of the Senate chamber. In less than five minutes he was leaning over the back of the gallery seat and was saying in his deep, resonant voice:

"What can I do to serve you, Mrs. Slocum?"

"First, Mr. Senator, what do you think of this speech of Mr. Beveridge's?"

"It was a rattling good speech, Mrs. Slocum. I'd no idea he had so much in him, and the Administration is to be congratulated on this new champion. You see, there is to be an organized attack on the Administration, and these young men like Beveridge can often carry more influence than we old ones, who have been so long in the business that the public is tired of us. The Administration likes and needs new blood, and no wonder, for the Cabinet is almost destitute of practical politicians. Long has had perhaps the most experience, but he has no real liking for politics. Gage knows absolutely nothing of the game, and is under fire himself. Smith knows only what any onlooker would. Wilson has a certain political shrewdness. Root is strong enough, but he's *all* lawyer. As for Hitchcock and Hay, they're good men, but—well, I think Beveridge will perhaps be added to the council that advises the President."



ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL HEATH, WHO IS SKILLED IN POLITICAL MOVES

"Who compose this council? I never heard of it before."

I was much interested, and wanted to hear what Senator P—— thought of the situation.

"Oh, well, the President has, of course, many advisers in both the Senate and the House. He sends for any of us who can in any way help him, but there are two or three men from the departments who are simply invaluable to him. There is Heath, the Assistant Postmaster-General, who is skilled in political moves and in the manipulation of men. There is Dawes, the Comptroller of the Currency, who is wonderfully resourceful in suggesting ways and means of getting out of awkward situations and avoiding hurtful criticism; and Austin, of the Bureau of Statistics, who furnishes

Editor's Note—The series, of which this is the third paper, began in the Post of February 3. Each article is complete in itself.

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the arguments that may be found in figures to vindicate the record of the Administration, and figures do not lie. These men all possess a thorough knowledge of how the machine ought to be run. But I did not mean to talk shop; I was in hopes there was something I could do for you?"

"Go on, Mr. Senator, and tell me what you think of the outlook."

"No, no, Mrs. Slocum; I am not going to say another word about politics. I want to be asked to do something for you."

"Well, there is something. I want you to promise to dine with us day after to-morrow."

He did not reply at once, but seemed to be listening to Mr. Hoar's retaliating words spoken in thin, high, excited tones which floated up from the floor below. At last he said:

"Mrs. Slocum, I rarely go to large dinners. I am rather out of my element. I——"

"Oh, but it is not to be a large dinner. I never have many people at one time. I have lately been reading Tacitus, and I was so struck with what he said of those wise old Romans who limited the guests at their banquets to the number of the Muses that I have adopted the idea myself."

Senator P—— looked down upon me from over the high back of the bench in a surprised way. This mention of Tacitus was only a bit of a pose on my part, but it served. He said slowly:

"You read Tacitus, do you? Then perhaps you can tell me who it was that said that society has only two classes—those who have more dinners than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinners? I'm afraid I belong to the former, but I will come to your dinner. You could not be persuaded to change the Muses to the Graces, could you, Mrs. Slocum?"

"Why not, Mr. Senator? The Graces it shall be!" I said gayly, though I was much tickled inwardly at the idea of dear, ponderous old Robert and this long-headed, gray-bearded Senator posing as Graces. The Senator said reflectively:

"Let me see; it is your chef who is so wonderful, I am told. I know of only one way in which to do justice to him, and that will be to follow the example of the gormand Pithylus, who always wrapped up his tongue when not using it so that he might keep his powers of taste intact."

We both laughed at this odd conceit, and I was beginning to find the Senator delightful. I had had no idea that he would be so responsive and approachable. I had heard that he was an uncompromising man of whom most people stood in awe, but I was entirely at my ease with him, and determined to be very tactful and adroit in the matter of getting his vote for our postmaster.

I did not remain long in the Senate after that, and Senator P—— escorted me all the way across the Capitol to the House side, where I was to meet Robert at his committee-room, and he talked brilliantly all the way thither. I was actually sorry to have him bow himself away, especially as I had to wait an unconscionable time.

These committee-rooms on the House side are dingy-looking places, with smoky old ceilings, dim frescoes and dilapidated desks, though they have regilded the mirrors lately, which is some improvement. Over in the Senate the committee-rooms are quite regal. They think nothing over there of spending several thousand dollars for soft-cushioned, luxurious chairs, rich rugs and silver inkstands.

It seems that the bulk of real legislative work is done in committee, and that there are more than sixty committees in the House alone. The work is very heavy and arduous in the important committees, though I am told that there are some committees that never have a bill or a resolution come before them; some of them never even organize. Robert has been assigned to the Committee on Military Affairs, and the Chairman has put him on the sub-committee on desertions, with the instruction that no leniency is to be tolerated.

When the committees are not in session the rooms become quite a rendezvous for members who want to discuss the political situation, or they are a refuge to the much-badgered member from the ever-persistent office-seeker, and as often as not they shelter a whist party, or a luncheon, so that along with the hard work there is a good deal of fun behind those closed doors.

I became tired of waiting outside this particular closed door, and as Robert did not appear I finally left the Capitol. I had a busy afternoon before me. What with visits and teas, and that night the first of the Bachelors' Germans was to occur, at which I was to chaperon Page, who was going to dance with Mr. de Courcelles. Mr. de Courcelles had invited himself to my house that afternoon, ostensibly to drink five-o'clock tea; in reality he hoped to lead me into talking about Page, for this poor young Frenchman is hopelessly in love and is frankly miserable. I foresee my part in this international love affair: mediator, go-between, friend and general adviser. The strange thing about it is that I already have a leaning toward this young sprig of a foreigner.



COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY DAWES, WHO IS WONDERFULLY RESOURCEFUL



MR. AUSTIN, OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, WHO FURNISHES THE ARGUMENTS THAT MAY BE FOUND IN FIGURES

The Brunswick Diamond

By W. A. Fraser

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WHEN Viscount Mordaunt was murdered there was queer work over some family jewels. Circumstantial evidence, the trump card of Fate, had been played heavily against his nephew, but there was another, Jules Vaughn, mixed up in it. There was no direct evidence against him beyond that he was much with the Viscount, and was as plausible a gentleman as ever stole a gem or slit a throat. Also, friends of the nephew asserted that he had been with the Viscount the night of the murder, and knew all about it, even if he himself weren't guilty. My mission was to obtain his confidence and fasten the guilt on the right man.

I had an ambiguous photo of Vaughn, sufficiently indefinite to do duty for every third man in the Empire; but Jules had lost the first joint of the index finger of the right hand, and carried a scar in the palm of it which could not fail to identify him; that was something.

Presently Vaughn disappeared. That is why I went to Calcutta.

I may say that my registered address was John Mara, Scotland Yard. A detective's trade is to become acquainted with everybody and known to nobody. In Calcutta there was only one man who knew me. My cousin, William Mara, was City Editor of the Englishman; it was only six months since he had gone out to that appointment.

At the tiffin-table in my Calcutta hotel each day I sat next a pleasant gentleman named Rainsford. This little intimacy, which ripened somewhat during the few days I spent in Calcutta looking for traces of Vaughn, led to an invitation to spend an evening at his quarters to see a wonderful Hindu juggler who had come down from the North. Mr. Rainsford was the resident partner in the great jewelry firm of Hammond & Co. The firm occupied an immense isolated white building on the main street. Mr. Rainsford had for his quarters the whole upper flat of this building, the first floor being given over to the jewelry showrooms and the workshops.

I had read much of the power of these native jugglers, but that night the realization was something that I hesitate to write. If it were not that it had much bearing on the fate of the Brunswick Diamond I should pass it over. In the East there are things which cannot be explained, and until seen are open to disbelief.

A dozen guests had been invited by Rainsford to see the wonder-working of Ramatha, the Hindu Juggler. These wonders were performed in our host's large drawing-room, and I noticed that the juggler wore only a loin-cloth tightly bound across his hips. Ramatha was tall and gaunt, and intensely black. His teeth were even and brilliantly white; his features classically cut, and of delicate contour. It was said that he had been bred in the shadow of the great black temple at Pooree, though he had perfected his art with a hermit in the Himalayas.

After some minor tricks, Ramatha took a little earth from his basket, made a mound the size of a bowl on the hard floor, poured a little water on it from a brass lota, placed a cloth the size of a large silk handkerchief over it, and for the space of a minute made weird, soft music on a reed pipe. With a graceful sweep of his long, sinewy arm he flicked the cloth to one side, and the sprout of a mango leaf was disclosed peeping through the earth mound. A dozen times he repeated this, and at each removal of the cloth the mango tree had grown a few inches, until finally it was three feet high.

I remembered explanations of this trick in which hypnotism had played a part; but Ramatha plucked his tree by the roots and, coming among the guests, distributed leaves and bits of branches, and I knew that there was no hypnotism about that. What it was I do not know; simply that I remembered these wondrous things when the mystery of the loss of the Brunswick Diamond was given me to solve.

Next the Hindu brought forth a ball of twine and, having placed the loose end under his toe, threw the ball up against the ceiling.

There it remained. He clapped his hands twice, and through the purdah of Rainsford's bedroom a small, dark Hindu lad glided up to the juggler, went up the string hand-over-hand, and disappeared through the ceiling. I rubbed my eyes and waited. A second before I had seen him, and now he was gone.

Ramatha pretended to be dumbfounded also. "The rascal is hiding," he said; "he must be in the other room." He slipped into the bedroom, pretending to look for the boy. We sat silent, waiting. In a minute or two he came back—there was no boy. "The Destroyer has taken him," he said with dramatic sincerity.

That may have been hypnotism—I do not know; I tell only what I saw. There was no corporal evidence that the boy had been there. Ramatha did not offer us a finger or a toe to convince us, as he had distributed the leaves of the mango tree.

Rainsford declared that no boy had come with the juggler. While Ramatha rested a little, Rainsford sent for the *dwrwan* (doorkeeper) and questioned him. No boy had come in, neither had one gone out; there were eight of his *jat* (caste), four on the front door and four on the back, sitting and sleeping—always some of them on guard, and no boy had passed.

Then somebody asked for another trick—only they didn't seem to be quite like tricks—and Ramatha begged, in the profuse politeness of his Oriental speech, that the Sahibs might arrange themselves in a semicircle. He had something in his hand; Rainsford, whose business was of jewels, said it was a jadestone figure. I could see that the Thing had evil red eyes like a *karait's*. The host said they were ruby eyes.

Ramatha came down the circle, placing his hands upon the wrists of each guest. I felt the tips of his fingers scorch like the fire end of a cheroot.

Suddenly he stopped, with his hands on the wrists of one of the party. His black body quivered; with a quick motion he drew the man forward and placed his hand, palm downward, upon the white Penang matting which covered the floor.

Then he released the wrist and stepped back. There was a red print on the floor like a bear track.

Everybody crowded near in intense eagerness and looked at this extraordinary thing; it was blood.

I saw that the first joint of the index finger was not marked. I looked at the man whose face I had not observed before; I felt certain it was Vaughn.

That was the last thing Ramatha did.

Rainsford tried by bright chatter, and starting up a song at the piano, to dispel the eerie feeling that had settled down over the guests because of that thing on the floor; but everybody wanted to get away. I asked Rainsford carelessly who the gentleman was. He answered that his name was Burroughs; he had met him casually a few times in Calcutta and had taken a fancy to him. He was stopping at the Punjaub Club in Chowringhee; he would introduce me—so stupid of him not to have done so before; he was awfully sorry.

The next day Burroughs had disappeared; he had gone away from the club—to Bombay, they thought. But it is the simplest thing in the world to trace a white man in or out of Calcutta, and I discovered that he had gone to Rangoon. There was not another steamer for three days; therefore for three days of waiting and three more of passage to Rangoon I must defer the developing of that acquaintanceship so auspiciously begun. It was tantalizing; but now that I was on his track, and the scent was hot, it would be only a question of time and delicate manipulation until I had mastered his secret.

As had been my daily habit, I went to the office of my cousin, Editor Mara, to have a chat over old times. He was out, but would be in presently, a clerk assured me; so I took a seat in his editorial chair to wait. Taking off my hat, I picked up a pencil and was jotting down a few figures when I heard a step at the door. Looking up I saw Rainsford.

"By Jove! Mr. Mara," he exclaimed, "I'm deuced glad to see you."

I returned the compliment and asked him to be seated. I felt justified in this, because I was considerably at home in my cousin's office.

"You know," he said, drawing his chair close up to mine, "something serious has happened—something very serious, and I wanted to speak to you about it; in fact, I want your assistance in the matter. It's very fortunate we're acquainted, really."

I assented. He bent his head over, and said, speaking in a low, intense voice: "The Brunswick Diamond has been stolen."

"The Brunswick Diamond?" I repeated questioningly in my astonishment.

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"Ah! I see you haven't heard about it yet. That's good. This jewel was stolen from my place last night, and I want you to keep this fact out of your paper. You're sure to hear about it."

I saw in an instant that he had blundered. Finding me there, he had mistaken me for Mara, the editor. Evidently he was not personally acquainted with my cousin. He was proceeding with his narrative, when I interrupted him. "Excuse me," I said; "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm not the editor. He will be here in a minute."

He stared at me in astonishment.

"You're not—what?"

"The editor," I answered. "His name is Mara also; he's a cousin of mine."

"I understand," he said. "It's my fault—you will not——"

"No," I said; "I'll say nothing about it if you wish."

At that moment the editor came in and I introduced Mr. Rainsford.

"You see," he said, "the Brunswick Diamond is a well-known stone. It was in the Empress Eugénie's collection. It is a peerless, rose-colored gem of the purest water. It is worth at least twenty thousand pounds, and was sent out to us on commission sale; if its loss becomes known, that fact will cause me great inconvenience, and perhaps prevent its recovery. Of course I had to make some inquiries, and was afraid the fact might get into your columns."

My cousin promised to suppress all reference to the theft. Rainsford was profuse in his thanks as he prepared to depart.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'll walk with you as far as your office. I should like to talk over this matter."

We went up to his rooms.

"Look here," I began, "I've an idea that Fate, who is always meddling in the affairs of men, placed me in that seat to-day to await your arrival."

He questioned me with his eyes.

"You were kind enough to intrust me with your secret."

"I really didn't mean to," he laughed.

"Well, I'll return the compliment. That will even up things, won't it?"

"Ye—s," he replied dubiously, politeness struggling with his apparent lack of interest in my proposed confidence.

"I'm a detective," I continued, speaking with abrupt sharpness.

"You're——"

"Yes—Scotland Yard."

He took out his handkerchief, mopped his forehead, and exclaimed: "By Jove! What luck! I shouldn't have thought it, though. Are you out here on business?"

"Yes," I answered. "I've come out to make the acquaintance of an interesting gentleman."

He smiled. "I know," he said, nodding his head; "wanted at home, eh? Do you find him?"

"No; my friend that is to be has gone to Rangoon for change of air. The next steamer does not leave for three days. If I can be of any assistance to you——"

"You certainly can," he interrupted eagerly. "But you leave in three days," he added regretfully. "That's too bad; but," and he brightened up, "I'm not sure but that you'll be going in the very direction. Let me explain.

"The thief will have great difficulty in disposing of the Brunswick Diamond. He will not attempt to sell it here. It is likely he will go to Delhi; that place throngs with native jewel merchants whose scruples are—well, Oriental. Or he may go to Mandalay. King Theebaw is a great buyer of gems, and *his* scruples—well, he has none. Do you see the point?"

"I understand. Whom do you think stole the diamond?" I queried.

"Ramatha," he answered without a moment's hesitation.

"The juggler?"

"Yes; nobody but he could have taken it. The reward for its recovery will be five thousand pounds."

"A goodly sum," I exclaimed; "I hope I may be able to claim it."

"So do I," he rejoined. "You leave for Rangoon in three days?" he asked.

I nodded my head. "In the meantime——"

"Yes; in the meantime what had we better do?" he demanded.

"Find Ramatha."

"That's it!" he ejaculated. "I'll give you my bearer to help; he knows every Hindu corner in Calcutta. I'm afraid Ramatha will have gone to Delhi, though," he added despondently.

To insure his complete confidence, I showed him my credentials from Scotland Yard. "Not necessary—not necessary," he demurred.

I asked him to describe the missing jewel.

"There's a model of it in the museum here," he said. "The Brunswick Diamond is twenty-two karats, but the great value lies in its unrivaled beauty of color and its exquisite facets. It is of the most delicate rose tint, and so evenly cut that it will cling to the underside of a sheet of glass by its flat surface. You can't make any mistake in the Brunswick Diamond," he added fondly; "it's peerless. I'll show you where it was taken from."

I followed him. We passed from the drawing-room into his sleeping apartment, through the door from which had come Ramatha's boy.

In one corner of the room was a strong steel safe, set with a combination lock. "I keep a few rare gems and some papers here close to my hand," he said; "the *bndwash* took it out of that. What do you think of it—clever, eh?"

"Was the safe locked?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Did anybody know the combination?"

"No; not a soul."

"You think Ramatha——"

"Yes; one of his devil tricks; like the red hand, or the boy. He must be in league with Old Nick to have done those things—don't you think so?"

"That's the easiest solution," I affirmed. "But how do you account for his getting the diamond out of the safe?"



THERE WAS A RED PRINT ON THE FLOOR LIKE A BEAR TRACK

"I don't account for it, any more than I attempt to account for the things we saw last night. We saw them, and now the diamond is gone; and that's all there is about it—only to get it back, of course, if we can."

I examined the room. Another door led from it to a hall. At the farther end of the hall was a stairway leading down to a cookhouse and servants' quarters.

"It's possible," I suggested, "for some one to come up this way to your room; probably Ramatha's boy did so."

"No, the back door is locked at night immediately after dinner. The *durwans* spread their *charpoys* (beds) across the outer passage, and sleep there. Besides, the safe was locked. Nobody but a man like the juggler, who can do supernatural things, could have opened it."

"Are you sure the stone was in the safe last night?" I asked.

"Yes; I showed it to the Maharaja of Darwaza, who was here late in the afternoon. I put it back in the safe and set the combination while he was still present."

"Did anybody else see it? Was anybody here with the Maharaja?"

"His secretary, of course, and—by the way, Burroughs and Tremayne, whom you met last night—they were here when Darwaza called."

"Could either of——"

"Impossible!" he interjected; "there was no chance, even if they had been so disposed. I set the combination, and nobody knows it."

I sat for a moment pondering over the problem, while Rainsford rolled a cigarette, lighted it at a fire ball on the centre table and puffed in nervous silence. Either Ramatha or the gentleman I was after, Vaughn, had taken the stone, I felt sure. Eliminating the essence of jugglery, it seemed more likely that Vaughn had stolen it. His English education had been somewhat along these lines. According to Rainsford, neither one knew the combination. Without this knowledge Vaughn could not open it. Judging from what I had seen of Ramatha there was no limit to his powers.

"It looks like Ramatha," I said at last.

"Yes, it does," assented Rainsford emphatically, driving the cigarette smoke out with a decisive whiff.

"At any rate," I said, "we must try and catch him with the jewel in his possession."

"That's the idea," he concurred. "I'll send the bearer, Tez Singh, along; you can trust him."

For two days I toiled hopelessly. There was no evidence that Ramatha had ever existed. The utter absence of information as to his whereabouts was in itself suspicious.

"They don't know," said Tez Singh; "also they will not tell. If the Sahib asks for Ramatha, and Ramatha is not here to answer, then also they think that perhaps Ramatha has offended the Sirdar, and of a surety they will not tell."

On the evening of the second day, as we were driving back in a gharry past the burning ghats north of the Hugli bridge, Tez Singh suddenly clutched me by the arm, and pointing to a carriage just ahead of us, exclaimed: "There is Ramatha! That gharry within is he, because I have seen his head, which was shortly looking at the outside."

His figurative statement caused me joy.

"Tell the driver to follow close," I ordered.

I kept my eye upon the oval tag on the back of the gharry Tez Singh had pointed out. No. 1117 was printed in black figures on its yellow surface. In and out among jute-laden bullock carts and black foot passengers that were numerous as flies we wound at a dog trot.

To the right over the Hugli bridge No. 1117 turned. We followed. Over the long, floating bridge, to the left on the other side, and up into the Howrah railway station jogged the watched gharry. Close behind our driver slashed and coaxed and swore at his knock-kneed ponies; and as No. 1117 emptied itself of Ramatha, and pulled out of the way, our gharry took its place at the steps. I saw the Hindu pass into the station.

"If he has taken the stone he will have it about his neck," said Tez Singh. "The gods who are good to the Sahibs, because they are the fathers of the poor, have so arranged it that Ramatha will have the star-lighted stone with him. He will have it about his neck, Sahib. He is going to Delhi of a surety."

"Remain here," I commanded.

It was certainly a glorious chance. Ramatha would have all his possessions with him.

He was squatted on his heels on the platform beside a small, brass-bound, camphor-wood box. I went in and spoke to the station master. "I want the use of a small room in which to search a native who is accused of stealing a valuable gem," I said.

"You may use my private office," he answered.

I reasoned that even if I arrested Ramatha and did not search him at once he would probably make away with the jewel. I lost no time over it. The station master placed one of the railway police at my services, and together we explained to Ramatha what was wanted.

He was indignant; but it was too serious a matter to allow routine scruples to stand in the way. He was escorted into the office, being watched carefully, and his box brought in also.

The policeman ordered him to strip standing in the centre of the bare floor. His thin muslin *coptu* was carefully shaken out; his *pagri* taken off his head and examined; his long black hair let down; the box opened and minutely searched; but there was no Brunswick Diamond—nothing but his juggling paraphernalia and a change of muslin cloth.

I was beaten. If he had taken the diamond it had been sent on to Delhi by some one else; possibly the boy we had seen as in a dream that night had gone ahead with it.

Ramatha had been watching me with a curious expression in his wild black eyes.

"The diamond is not here, at any rate," I said angrily, for I was disappointed; "but I arrest you, Ramatha, on suspicion of having taken it."

I looked at him narrowly as I said this. His face fell. If he had sent the stone away, the possession of the juggler might lead to the finding of it.

He dressed. We placed the box on my gharry, the owner inside, and started back. We drove straight to Rainsford's quarters. I took Ramatha with me up to the rooms and explained matters to my friend.

"We must certainly hold him," the latter agreed.

"Sahibs," said my prisoner suddenly, "Ramatha did not take the jewel. The Sahib with the hand that had been dipped in blood took it."

We looked at each other, and there was a minute's intense stillness.

"What!" exclaimed Rainsford; "Burroughs Sahib stole the diamond, you say? Bosh! that's a game to hide your own guilt."

"No, Huzoor," answered Ramatha impressively; "the Sahib with the hand that was red stole the diamond."

Rainsford was about to speak again, but I stopped him. "Wait," I said. Then I spoke to the juggler. "How do you know this, Ramatha? Did you steal it together?"

"No, Huzoor; Ramatha knows the Sahib took it, even as he knew that there was blood on his hand."

"How can you prove that?" I asked. "Prove it, and help us get the stone back, and you shall have half the reward—half the five thousand pounds."

"By Jove! if that's so we must arrest Burroughs at once," exclaimed Rainsford.

"You can't do that," I answered; "he's gone to Rangoon."

Rainsford looked at me questioningly. "He's——"

I nodded. My friend understood.

"You see Ramatha may be right," I whispered, taking him to one side; "at any rate, it's worth trying, because I'll never let this one out of my sight until I get the jewel."

"Will you get it back for us then?" I asked Ramatha.

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"If the Sahibs will protect me from this evil Sahib afterward, I will," answered the Hindu.

"Why did you not tell of it before, if you knew?" queried Rainsford.

"It is not good to make an enemy of a Sahib who has blood on his hands," answered Ramatha. That was why he had not spoken—he was afraid that Burroughs would kill him.

"Had we better wire to Rangoon and have Burroughs arrested?" asked Rainsford.

"Huzoor," said Ramatha, "you will then properly not get the stone."

"How shall we recover it?" I asked.

"The ways of my people are, that if there is one false witness, of a surety the other side will get two. Also, if a thing is stolen they will hire a *chor* (thief) to steal it back."

"We must steal it from him?"

He nodded.

"Who will play the *chor?*" I questioned.

"Ramatha, Huzoor."

"You are certain you can get it back?"

He salaamed gravely.

"By Jove!" said Rainsford, "I like it."

"So do I," I rejoined, "for it's in my territory, as it were. Besides, if I wire now and arrest Burroughs the other—the pleasant friendship is off, you know."

"I understand," said Rainsford. "Is it something about—the hand——"

I assented with a nod.

"Horrible!" he said. "And I entertained this man."

"You must remain with me all the time as evidence of good faith," I told the juggler. He agreed to this.

The next day we took the Karagola to Rangoon. In three days we arrived.

To my joy, Burroughs was still in Rangoon at Evershed's hotel. I also became a patient sufferer at that wondrously managed place. Ramatha took up his quarters with the servants and foregathered at the cookhouse.

The cook-house in the East is like a telegraph receiving station. From each Sahib's estate runs a direct line of wireless telegraphy conveying all the news, and all the inner things of his life. Each Sahib has a private servant, therefore the telegraph is always in operation. The juggler would know all that Burroughs did, or thought, or said, even as though he were domiciled under his bed.

"Do not take a servant," he advised; "it is well that your affairs be not known."

We had a distinct advantage over Burroughs evidently.

I asked Ramatha when he meant to try for the jewel. "Not now, Huzoor," he said; "have patience. When the Sahib moves he will carry the star-kissed rose with him, then Ramatha will acquire it."

By the purest accident my place at the *table d'hôte* was next Burroughs; by the purest accident I spilled a glass of water over his plate; and by these chances we became acquainted. The first joint of his right index finger was missing, likewise in the centre of his palm was the scar beyond cavil. That link was forged solid. Now if I could recover the diamond—for I felt convinced he must have it.

How he had taken it Ramatha either did not know or would not tell. Of course if he had stolen it he had managed somehow to get hold of the combination and had seized an opportunity to open the safe.

All this time I was watching Ramatha carefully—he might be playing a deep game. Of course he could not get away from me in Rangoon; that was impossible.

Each day I made a little progress in Burroughs' friendship. I was prepared to spend three months over the English part of it, so I went very gently.

On the fourth evening from our arrival the Hindu assured me that Burroughs was going to Mandalay by that night's train. "And to-night, Sahib," he added, "Ramatha will get the rose-stone as the Sahib sleeps; he will sleep a big sleep, Huzoor," he explained with emphasis.

"You won't do anything serious, Ramatha?" I asked.

He shook his head and showed his white, even teeth.

"No, Protector of the Poor, the Sahib will wake in the morning; but he'll sleep sound. Also you must give Ramatha five rupees as *backshish* for the guard, so that we can have the compartment alone. The Sahib will travel second class with Ramatha. Is that good?"

I nodded.

The train from Prome left at nine o'clock. The Hindu and I drove to the station in separate gharries. If possible, I wished Burroughs not to see me. I remained in my gharry while the juggler investigated. He also secured the tickets.

Presently he came to me in the dusk and said in a low voice: "Come now quickly, Sahib; it is all arranged."

I followed him. He led the way to a second-class compartment. The carriages were small, and divided in the centre into two compartments by washrooms. The door was at the end, opening on to a platform. A seat ran the length of the compartment on either side, forming a bed. Above were two more which could be let down.

We hastily passed in to our carriage, closed the door, and pulled down the blinds. Burroughs had not seen me.

There was a single light in the ceiling of the carriage. Ramatha pulled the green baize cover over the lamp, and our compartment became quite dim.

"The Sahib is in there," said Ramatha, pointing in the direction of the carriage next ours. It was a first-class, and the door was immediately opposite, across the two platforms.

Presently the guard came, looked at our tickets, closed the door, and the train started. The five rupees had evidently worked; we were alone.

"Sleep, Huzoor," said Ramatha; "I will wake Your Honor when it is time to see."

After a little I fell asleep. I was awakened by somebody tapping me gently on the arm. It was the Hindu. I rose, held my watch up by the bleary, smoking lamp in the car ceiling, and looked at the time—it was half-past two. The train was swaying drunkenly as it rushed over the curved track. The whistle of the engine shrieked back a warning that we were coming to some village; the next minute the loose, silly clack of a switch told that we had passed it. Then my companion took something from the folds of his loin-cloth, rubbed it violently into the palms of his hands, nodded knowingly at me, and, as the compartment became filled with a drowsy odor, opened the door cautiously and passed out. I noticed that his black body was stripped except for the cloth bound tightly about his loins and hips. I raised the blind of the corner window a little and watched, wondering how he would get in the door; Burroughs would surely have locked it.

The Hindu passed over to the other platform and down the steps; my eyes followed him. I noticed that a footboard ran along the side of the carriage. He stood on this, and I could see that he was working at the window. I examined the one I was looking through; it was a drop window. By lifting it a trifle it could be lowered.

For fully five minutes he stood there; then he came back up the steps, crossed over the platform like a black shadow, and down the other side. Either the window had been impossible or Burroughs was sleeping on the other seat.

I could just see a part of Ramatha's body as he stood on the footboard. Once he drew back quickly and crouched on the end of the platform. Had he failed? Had he wakened Burroughs? I was trembling with excitement. The diamond was surely at stake—if he alarmed Burroughs we would never get another chance, I felt sure.

It seemed an age that he crouched there, but it was really only a few minutes. Then he went down on the footboard again; the train swayed and rocked; the carriages jostled and bumped, and the shrill screech of the engine came back every few minutes like a devil-call.

Presently I rubbed my eyes. I could not see the Hindu; my breath had made a moisture on the glass. I rubbed it off and looked. Ramatha had disappeared. Had he fallen off? I waited, with my eyes riveted on the footboard. We might soon run into some station and the whole thing be upset.

Presently a black leg outlined itself against the faintly moon-lighted sky; then more of Ramatha's anatomy crossed my line of sight and silently, swiftly came up the steps, across the platform, and into my compartment.

I looked at him. "There, Sahib," he said in a low voice, "there is the rose-stone," and placed it in my hand.

I pulled the green cloth a little to one side, so that the light fell upon the jewel. It glinted and sparkled in the palm of my hand, shooting back rays of warm wine-light. There could be no doubt about it; it was the missing gem.

As Ramatha moved his hands there was a heavy odor which made me drowsy. "The Sahib is sleeping," he said, nodding his head backward toward the other coach as he passed into the washroom to cleanse the drug from his hands. "He had the stone in a little box hung about his neck. There was another Sahib, and Ramatha had to put them both to sleep."

"That's rich," I thought. "Burroughs will blame his companion, and perhaps there'll be a fine shindy."

I determined to go back to Rangoon from Prome, to dispatch the jewel by parcel post to Calcutta. It was a tremendous risk to have it in one's possession for even a day. I persuaded Ramatha to go on to Mandalay to keep in touch with Burroughs for me until I could take up the broken-off thread of the other matter.

At Prome I remained in the compartment until Burroughs went to the river steamer for Mandalay. That night I returned to Rangoon, and the next day sent the diamond to Calcutta, with a letter to Rainsford, asking that Ramatha's part of the reward be remitted to Rangoon. This was the juggler's request.

Then I made my way to Mandalay.

The retrospect was pleasant. I had marked down my man, and would never leave him till I had fathomed his secret. Incidentally, by the rarest good fortune, I had recovered a valuable jewel, and there was as good as to my credit over this a matter of two thousand five hundred pounds. I liked India. Thinking about these things, I landed in Mandalay.

A Portuguese half-caste, Gomez, kept a house that, unfearful of the wrath of the gods, he was pleased to call a hotel. The hopeless desolation of the place chilled my soul. I expected to find Burroughs here.

I asked casually, as though it were not of much moment, if a Mr. Burroughs had come to the hotel.

"The Sahib was here yesterday," said Gomez, "but they have buried him that side to-day."

"Buried him!" I exclaimed.

The fat Portuguese bobbed his head solemnly, and tried to look unutterably sad. His verbose recital, condensed, read: Burroughs had been brought in wounded to death the night before. It was something about a diamond, according to Gomez, as big as his fist. A Hindu juggler, or *dacoits*, or somebody, had driven a knife through the gentleman. The diamond had, or had not, been sold at the palace—Gomez was equally positive on both points.

Nobody else would give any information. Theebaw's men slit the throats of people who talked too much, therefore much silence was in the market. Ramatha had disappeared completely; perhaps he also had been slain.

But Burroughs before he died had got in a *vakil* (lawyer) and written a confession that he had killed the Viscount. It was witnessed by Gomez, and was in proper shape.

Of course I didn't believe the diamond story at all, for I had sent the jewel off to Calcutta; but Burroughs and Ramatha might have fought over the stealing of it if Burroughs knew.

I got the confession from the *vakil* and returned to Rangoon.

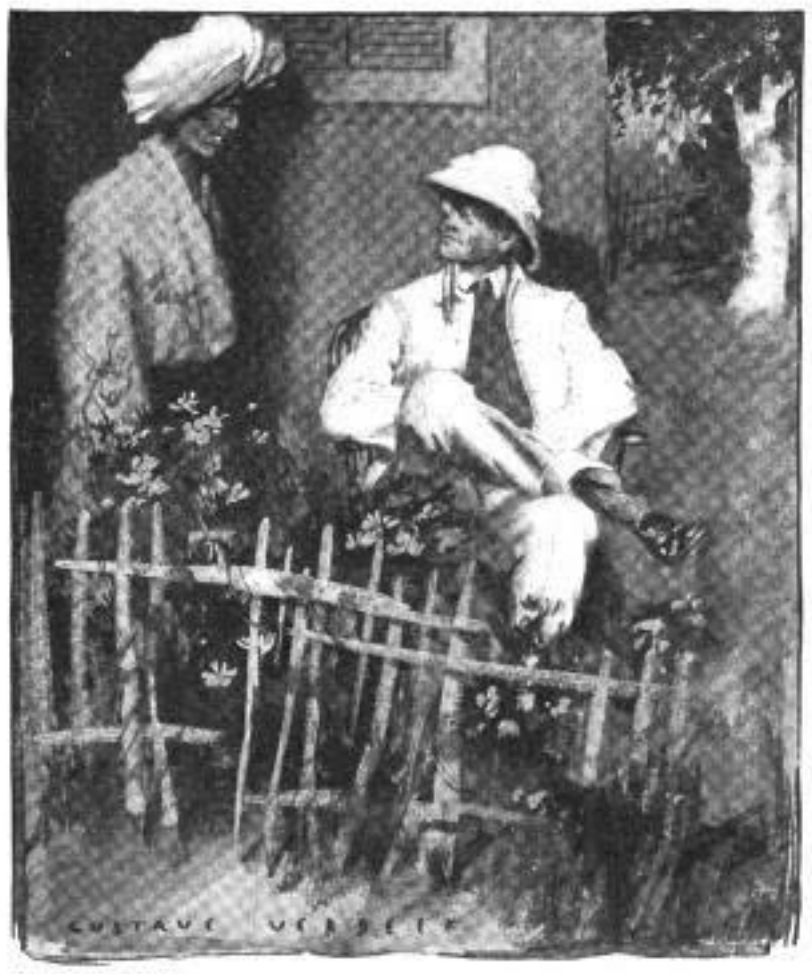
There was a letter for me from Rainsford. This is what it said:

> "I regret to say that evidently you have been deceived. The thing you have sent is not the Brunswick Diamond at all—it is a rather poor paste imitation.
>
> "I read your letter of its recovery, and either Ramatha himself was the original thief, and having the paste copy for emergencies, pretended to steal it from Burroughs; or Burroughs, being the thief, had the paste duplicate in his possession to guard against the original being stolen, and Ramatha found that. Or, another possibility, Burroughs may have been the thief, and had the original only in his possession; Ramatha got this duplicate made, and when he stole the real stone from Burroughs passed the false one over to you, and retained the true gem.
>
> "You had better look into this at once, for one of these two men has the real gem."

This was a crushing blow. Look into it! Burroughs was dead; Ramatha had disappeared—possibly dead also; and, according to report, the jewel was in Theebaw's possession. It was hopeless.

I wrote Rainsford to that effect, and sailed straight back to England from Rangoon with the papers which made my other undertaking completely successful.

To this day it is not known who stole the Brunswick Diamond, neither has it been recovered.



"YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING SERIOUS, RAMATHA?" I ASKED

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MEN & WOMEN

A Medical Lesson for Doctor Mitchell

A well-known physician of Philadelphia recently told the following story: "Some eighteen or twenty years ago, when I first began the practice of medicine, I had an experience which I am not likely to forget. I was at that time on hospital duty at the Blank Hospital in Philadelphia. I had but recently graduated from a medical college and felt that what I did not know about medicine was really not worth the bother of looking up. One day a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman came to visit the hospital, and to me fell the task of showing him through the wards. At that time I felt especially gratified that he was a quiet man, because it gave me an opportunity to impress on him my own importance and the vastness of my own knowledge. I took him from cot to cot and from ward to ward, explaining as I went, and he apparently drank in everything I said. Finally we reached a private room occupied by a paralytic patient. The unfortunate man had already been a victim of two strokes, and at that time it was believed that the third stroke of paralysis was inevitably fatal. Paralysis was my special hobby. I had a case of it before me, and a man willing to listen. The result was that I held forth for about fifteen minutes on the causes and effects of paralysis, the dire fatality of the third stroke, and so on, overwhelming my visitor with technical names, with involved and elaborate descriptions, and impressing upon him the profoundness of my learning.

"Shortly afterward he left the hospital, and at supper that night the resident physician asked me if I had enjoyed the visit of the distinguished guest. Not knowing whom he meant, I asked, and he replied, 'Why, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the gentleman whom you took through the wards this afternoon.'

"When I heard that all my appetite vanished, and I have never seen the name of Doctor Mitchell without wondering if he ever remembers the callow, pedantic youth who tried to enlighten him on the subject of paralysis."

Mrs. Semple's Old Age

From the peace and quiet of the Louise Home in Washington, Mrs. Semple, the daughter of President John Tyler, is passing the closing days of an eventful life. For many years past Mrs. Semple has lived in the National Capital, and since the completion of the Louise Home has been an inmate of that institution. Though Mrs. Semple's mind retains its vigor, her eyesight has been dimmed by age.

Among the most interesting of Mrs. Semple's recollections are those connected with Daniel Webster, Secretary of State in her father's Cabinet. She knew the great Senator intimately, and describes with great vivacity his appearance in the White House on the occasion of her sister's wedding. He wore his customary blue coat with brass buttons, and gray trousers, and, although neither the best dressed nor the most striking man present in appearance, he was easily the centre of attention. He was not easily moved to talk, but after a few glasses of wine, when inspired by sympathetic listeners, he became an entertainer of magical brilliancy and eloquence.

Within view of the Louise Home stands the Webster monument, which, owing to her blindness, Mrs. Semple has never seen.

A Mutual Desire

The only marital difficulty that Victor Herbert, the composer and director, and Mrs. Herbert ever had occurred, according to Mrs. Herbert, during their honeymoon, while crossing the Atlantic. It was brought about by seasickness. The composer was sick, and Mrs. Herbert was also ill. Their illness took the form of intense irritability and morbid sensitiveness. Each movement of the ship produced a groan from them, and each noise on board the vessel an indignant protest. They tried to sympathize with each other, but their voices lacked sincerity.

At the end of the third day the composer, after recovering from a lurch of the vessel, said:

"Dear, I have one favor to ask. Don't speak to me again on board this ship until we reach shore, or I shall throw myself overboard."

"My dear," answered Mrs. Herbert, with her first sigh of relief since embarking, "thank you; I've been wanting to ask you that same favor myself all day."

Why the Referee was Biased

Two travelers in a parlor car between Boston and New York were discussing a magazine article by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge relating to the Revolutionary War. One of the men had the current number of the magazine and had run across a statement concerning the British occupation of Boston that did not agree with his previous information on the subject, and seemed contrary to the popular idea of the situation.

He explained the discrepancy to his companion and concluded with the remark: "These modern historians are turning things topsyturvy. I wonder where they get hold of all their 'latest information'?"

The person addressed took the magazine and read carefully the offending paragraph, and then returned the book saying: "Well, I'm sure you've got me. According to my remembrance of the matter as told in school histories years ago, your point is well taken."

A gentleman near by was reading the same magazine, and evidently Senator Lodge's article. To him the first traveler appealed for confirmation on the disputed point.

"Well," said the stranger, "I am inclined to side with the author." Then seeing the look of disappointment on the face of his questioner he added: "But perhaps I am a little biased in my opinion."

It happened that a member of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts was in the car and overheard the conversation. At the first opportunity he asked the first traveler: "Do you know why the gentleman is biased on that question?"

"No."

"He wrote the article. That is Senator Lodge."

Artemus Ward's First Lecture

"I told a story several years ago in my house, when I was living in Philadelphia," said Robert C. Ogden, the famous New York merchant, the other day, "about a traveler on a New England railroad. When I ended it I added, 'So Artemus Ward once said.'

"'Yes,' spoke up John Sears, a Philadelphia journalist of wide fame and broad attainments. 'Yes,' he repeated, 'that is just what Artemus Ward did say.'

"'How do you know?' I asked. Now I had known Mr. Sears for many years and I had never heard him mention Ward before. 'Tell us all about it.'

"'I heard him say it. I was there,' said Mr. Sears. 'In 1859 or 1860 Browne, who had made a great reputation by his humorous work in the West and in New York under the name of Artemus Ward, worked for one of the metropolitan papers. I was employed by another one and we had two friends who were working in other offices. We used to dine together every night. We advised Ward to become a lecturer. We told him that he could make much more money lecturing than writing. But Ward demurred. He was afraid to venture it. One day, however, he went to a lecture bureau and gave his name. He chose for the title of his lecture The Children in the Wood. That night he told us all about it. Within a few days he received an offer to lecture for the benefit of the Mechanics' Library, in Brooklyn, and he told us of that, too.

"'I'm afraid I shall fail utterly,' he said. 'I know I can't face an audience.'

"'But you'll have your manuscript,' some one said.

"'I know it,' he replied, 'but I'll be too flustered to manage even that.'

"'In that case,' I said, 'you can tell stories. Just as you tell them to us, and that will carry you through all right.'

"The night of the lecture we three men went with Ward to Brooklyn and it was just as he had feared. He forgot his lines, and he was so frightened that he even forgot his manuscript. He faced his audience with a blank look of despair that most of the people took to be assumed. But I knew it was real. Then he started off with a story that had no more to do with The Children in the Wood than with the tariff question, and when he ended it he observed, 'That is what I should have told you if I were not lecturing upon The Children in the Wood.' From that he went on in his own inimitable fashion, story following story, until he had his audience convulsed with laughter, and the lecture was a brilliant success. That was Artemus Ward's first appearance on the platform. 'Now, Mr. Ogden,' asked Mr. Sears, 'what do you know about it?'

"'I arranged that lecture,' I replied. 'That is all. I was living in Brooklyn and was interested in the library. We wanted a lecture. I went to the bureau and, seeing the name of Artemus Ward, I engaged him.'"

Russell Sage's Lucky Suit of Clothes

"Whenever I buy anything," said Mr. Sage in telling the story, "I make it a rule to talk with the salesman. I am a member of a great many different boards of directors in a great many lines of investment and I often find this information of great service. Some time ago I went into a large clothing store to buy a suit of clothes at a low price that I had seen advertised. I bought the clothes for fourteen dollars, I think, and in talking with the clerk I found the lot had been sent to his store from a big manufacturing concern to be sold on commission. I got them for less than cost. Now, I have kept a general store and understand that business, and there is no money in that sort of thing.

"A few weeks afterward this manufacturing concern applied to one of the banks I am connected with for a large loan. Their credit was apparently all right, but on the strength of what I had learned I held up that loan and a short time later the concern failed."

Beginning the McKinley Boom

During the sessions of Congress Senator Mark Hanna lives, of course, in Washington. Between sessions he lives in his palatial home, Lakeside, in East Cleveland, Ohio. It was there that the McKinley boom was started.

Here is a bit of hitherto unwritten history: It is told that a year and a half before the nomination Mr. Hanna met in Cleveland twenty or more of the most influential men in the Union. In his house these gentlemen decided to work for

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OF THE HOUR

the nomination of the present President. This done, Mr. Hanna, it is said, sent out 12,000 personal letters to a like number of politicians in various parts of the country. This was a labor of months, but when it was finished the foundations for the overwhelming triumph of Mr. McKinley at St. Louis were substantially laid. A large number of the delegates were secured before the public knew it.

A Texas Ranger as a Reporter

N. A. Jennings, author of The Texas Ranger, was for many years a newspaper reporter in New York, and he showed quite as much courage in this pursuit as he did in fighting the outlaws of the Mexican border. Once, while he was employed by the Evening Sun, he was assigned by Congressman Amos J. Cummings, then the editor of that paper, to report a great public function in New York at which President Cleveland and his Cabinet were to review the National Guard from Madison Square.

"You needn't bother about the details," said Mr. Cummings; "give us a good introduction and have a confidential chat with the President. It ought to make good reading."

Now, of all assignments in New York for an ordinary reporter, next to interviewing Bishop Potter, getting a confidential talk with Mr. Cleveland is the hardest to "cover." But Jennings was not an ordinary reporter. He hurried at once to the Madison Square reviewing stand where the doorkeeper and ushers were preparing to begin work. As luck had it, Jennings wore a silk hat and a frock coat that day. He brushed by the doorkeeper, and spying the head usher at the top of the stairs, he called to him authoritatively:

"Say, there! Everything ready?"

The doorkeeper's protest died unspoken, and the usher, who mistook the reporter for one of the twoscore of meddling committeemen, politely said everything was all right. Then Jennings stepped inside the Presidential box, whence he issued orders at intervals to allay suspicion, and waited for the party to come. Meanwhile some real committeemen arrived and Jennings was soon their bosom friend, or at least they thought he was. One envious reporter from the press seats loudly denounced Jennings as an Evening Sun man, and was ordered by the head usher to "make less noise or chase himself around the Square."

Jennings sat right behind Mr. Cleveland during the parade, and when the President stepped into his carriage with Secretary Whitney and a distinguished Southern Senator Mr. Jennings took the vacant seat on behalf of the committee and the horses started before a change could be made. During the long, slow ride downtown Jennings talked with the statesmen and the statesmen talked with Jennings until the post-office was reached. It was then only an hour before press time and he had to go. Making some excuse, he had the carriage stopped, and after some polite regrets on both sides he raised his hat. Just as he was turning away Mr. Whitney, who knew reporters of old, especially the metropolitan breed, beckoned to Jennings. The reporter went to his side. "Say, young man," he whispered, "what paper are you on?"

But the parade had started again before Jennings could answer. The Evening Sun had the "beat" of the day.

"Uncle Booker" and His People

The latest photographs of Booker T. Washington reveal more plainly than ever the characteristics which have endeared Mr. Washington to the men and women of his race. Throughout a great part of the South the rank and file of the colored people, the farmers, many of whom have never even seen Mr. Washington, speak of him among themselves as "Booker," the expression being not one of disrespect, but rather of affection. One of these men, grizzled with age, was heard soliloquizing about Mr. Washington after this fashion:

"Well, now, what is Booker? He's an educator. Yes, Booker's a great educator, but he's more than that. He's a leader. Yes, Booker's a great leader, but he's more than that; he's the redeemer of his people."

An old colored woman, twice as old as Mr. Washington, was asked to come to the negro conference at Tuskegee.

"An' if Ah come," said she, "will Ah see Uncle Booker?"

"Yes; you'll see Mr. Washington, and hear him make a speech."

"Ah don' keer nuffin' 'bout no speech," she said. "All Ah wants is jes' ter set 'way where Ah kin peep 'roun' some corner an' jes' look at Uncle Booker."

Success Guaranteed

Hudson Maxim is a talented inventor and scientist, like his famous kinsman, Hiram Maxim. One of his wonderful devices is a steel tubular cannon which throws a mountain of guncotton or other high explosive eight or ten miles.

"It would destroy every man on a warship or in a fort, Mr. Maxim?" asked a visitor.

"Yes, sir," answered the inventor. "They would never know what happened."

"Well, supposing the gun went off prematurely?"

"But it could not," replied Mr. Maxim.

"But supposing it did right here?"

Mr. Maxim smiled and answered: "We would not know what happened, either."

The Czarina's Expenses Reformed

Some time ago the Czarina, who is a very philanthropic and religious woman, made up her mind that the lavish use of tobacco in Russia was doing harm. She thereupon prohibited the use of the weed, and especially of cigarettes, in the Court.

The courtiers, with proverbial wisdom, said nothing in regard to the new rule, but the dealers were greatly excited. They waited upon one of the members of the Cabinet, who heard their story and said:

"The matter shall receive full consideration."

A few days after this one of the chief ladies in the Court astonished the Czarina by complimenting her upon her courage, self-sacrifice and generosity. The Czarina was a little bit puzzled, but supposing that nothing was intended beyond a mere compliment, made no comment.

A few days passed and Her Imperial Majesty needed some money. It did not come, even after she had sent a confidential servant to the treasury. At last, in place of money came a white-bearded old man from that institution, with pleasant voice and attractive address.

"There must be a mistake, Your Imperial Majesty. Two weeks ago you prohibited the use of tobacco in the Court, and so great is your influence and so deep the love for you among the people that the sales of the weed dropped down to a fraction of what formerly was the case, and the internal revenue receipts became less than the expenses. The Government appreciated your high munificence, because under the law of the land your income is charged against the tobacco tax of this district, and it was supposed that you had concluded to give up your wealth in order to carry out your views upon reform."

The following week, so the story goes, the rule was relaxed, and the Czarina's sudden poverty vanished as if by magic.

Cutting Down a Tolstoi Novel

Count Leon Tolstoi once unknowingly gave to a New York newspaper man the hardest day's work of his life.

A syndicate dealing in fiction offered to a newspaper a 60,000-word novel by Tolstoi, translated into English by Miss Hapgood. The price was satisfactory and the bargain was soon made. The novel in its entirety would take forty columns of the paper, and only six could be devoted to that purpose, so it was arranged that the editor could use as much or as little of it as he pleased, provided he paid the price.

On Wednesday noon the proofs of the novel, thirty in number, were turned over to the desk man to condense into six columns—9000 words in all—and have the matter ready for the composing-room at midnight. At the stroke of twelve by the office clock the "copy" was on its way up the pneumatic tube to the printers, and in due time it appeared. That ended the copy reader's troubles, but the editor had difficulty in satisfactorily explaining matters to a delegation of Russian subscribers, who had meanwhile got a copy of the complete novel in the original text and complained bitterly of the abridged translation.

"Of all novelists whose copy I have prepared for newspaper publication," recently explained the man who did the abridging, "Tolstoi is the easiest. This novel was really three stories in one. First came the general tale, which ran all through the book. Then came two separate stories, each more or less of a sermon, which dovetailed in with the general story. After reading the story over I found that I could cut out these parts and leave the main story untouched. That is what I did, and so well was the story adapted to cutting that after I had taken out 51,000 words of narrative I had to make less than a dozen changes in the text that remained."

Mrs. Atherton's New Home

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, excepting her occasional visits to the United States, seems to have permanently joined the colony of American writers who are making England their home. At first she tried London, but she soon tired of society and now has taken a cottage at Bushey, called Merryhill, near the metropolis. Here she does her work. It is essentially the home of a Californian, and bears many traces of its owner's varied tastes and singular experiences. Several years ago Mrs. Atherton settled in New York. She at once became a noted figure in literary circles, and before long she entered into a controversy with Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She called the Wisconsin poet a "mouse-colored woman." Before the affair ended honors were easy, however, and Mrs. Atherton then moved upon the National Capital.

Then came London and another conquest. Mrs. Atherton is a rapid writer, and turns out her work with remarkable rapidity while the mood is on her. Her chirography is small and the letters are pointed.

While in England several years ago she studied carefully the problem of international marriages. Her native State had just at that time supplied several heiresses to English lords, and in all cases the unions did not turn out happily. In discussing the subject one day with Dr. Robertson Nicoll, he suggested that she write a novel upon that topic. She took his advice, and the novel, American Wives and English Husbands, was the result. But with charming and characteristic perversity her story did not accord with the popular view of the subject. Her American wife was happy, in spite of her English husband, title, poverty and all.



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The Making of a Railroad Man

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER'S VIEWS

By William J. McQueen, Engineer New York Central and Hudson River Railroad

THIS is a particularly favorable time for entering the railroad service in this country. Most of the through and even the local lines have been handling an unusual amount of traffic and, as a result, work is plenty, pay is good, and the demand for experienced and reliable men has never been greater. Then, again, the rewards for persevering industry are increasing year by year as the number of employees grows and their duties become more onerous. Nowadays the railroad fireman and engineer are more than mere workmen. They are intelligent, studious operators in a vast and ever-growing field of industry. The engineer of the present is better educated, as a rule, than his predecessor, is possessed of far more technical knowledge, and is better paid accordingly.

The engineer of the future must make still farther advancement. New devices for saving labor and expense, and inventions for increasing speed are constantly coming into use. These require the services of firemen and engineers who are thoroughly up to date. To do this work, the future engineer must possess more technical knowledge than that of the engineer of the past. He must understand the principles of mechanical engineering to rise to the foremost rank in his calling. And it is for those who are ambitious to excel that this article is written. In addition to these improvements a possible change of motive power from steam to some other force may at any time revolutionize the business of the railroad world. When this change occurs, if ever, only the most studious, intelligent and proficient men will be able to hold their places.

HOW TO BECOME A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER

Any young man with a common school education, good health and habits, intelligence, industry and ambition may become a locomotive engineer, provided he is willing to faithfully serve his apprenticeship. An experienced man often earns as much as two thousand dollars a year and, as a rule, he works only half the week. This gives him an abundance of time for study, rest and social enjoyment. His income is decidedly larger than many professional men receive, his working hours are half as long and his place is his for life, unless he deliberately throws his chances away or is the victim of some unavoidable circumstance. Not only is his future secure in his own vocation, but the higher branches of the service are open to him, provided he fits himself to fill them. There are many engineers who have become master mechanics, division superintendents, superintendents of motive power, and some have gone even higher. Angus Sinclair, the author and editor, acquired the foundation of his ripe knowledge while working as fireman, engineer and master mechanic. There he received the practical training which, coupled with his theoretical knowledge, has made him a world-famed authority in his special lines. Promotion depends almost wholly upon the man. Study, thorough and constant care for the interest and welfare of the road and of its patrons, industry and intelligent self-reliance are the keynotes of success.

But how to begin? The usual way to become an engineer is to secure employment as a fireman. This is done by filling out an application blank furnished by the division superintendent of motive power. There are few shrewder judges of men than the officers who pass upon applicants for places in the operating branches of railroads. This is necessarily the case. The lives of hundreds of passengers and scores of train hands are at the mercy of the humblest employee of this service. Most of the men perform their tasks without direct supervision. Upon their fidelity, intelligence and experience the safety of the road depends. No stronger illustration can be given of the care with which beginners are chosen than the fact that less than ten per cent. of the men who enter the service as firemen fail to become engineers.

The chance of securing work rests largely upon the first impression made by the applicant. If a young man is clean in person and neat in dress, is physically sound, writes a plain hand, shows evidences of a fair education, and if his references are acceptable, he is generally put upon the waiting list. There have been times when a young man has had to wait for months and even a year after going on the waiting list before he has been put to work, but owing to the present activity in railroad circles, the successful applicant to-day seldom waits longer than three months, and oftentimes he is successful in obtaining employment within a few weeks.

HOW A GOOD FIREMAN SAVES HIS SALARY

The first work of a new fireman is usually on a switch engine. Sometimes he is so fortunate as to be taken at once into the through freight service. That was my experience. If he enters in the latter capacity he generally serves on the extra list, filling the places of men who are temporarily absent, until he is assigned to a regular engine. Now the young man has his chance. His advancement depends solely upon the use he will make of it. He serves directly under the tuition of the engineer. He learns to keep his engine clean and his fire in good condition. These apparently simple tasks are not to be learned in a month or a year. To perform them well requires a vast amount of patient industry. Then he must watch his coal. Fuel is one of the chief items of expense in the operating service. An economical fireman is often able to save his pay each month to the company. For instance, the New York Central System runs about 1600 engines a day. On the round trip to Albany from New York, about 300 miles, a passenger train averaging eight cars should use between seven and eight tons of coal, considering weather conditions. This consumption might easily be increased by careless firing.

A fireman's pay is better than that given to beginners in most walks of labor. Switch engine firemen average fifty-seven dollars the month, through freight firemen get seventy-five dollars, and in the passenger service the pay runs up to ninety dollars on the best roads.

Right here let me say a word to young men starting in as firemen. It is hard work at first, and only young men who have been accustomed to manual labor are fitted, as a rule, to take the places. To many of these beginners fifty dollars seems a fortune and the tendency to spend it the first, week is strong. Some new firemen, never having had so much money at one time before, live in luxury the first two weeks and run in debt the last two. At the beginning of a man's railroad career he should commence to save a part of his monthly wages. This rule should be followed all through the service. In no other way can he secure an independence or enjoy the comforts of home to their fullest extent.

Before taking up the engineer's side of the making of a railroad man, let me write a few lines regarding my own career. It may be of value to those who intend making railroad engineering their vocation. I was born in Cold Springs, New York, in 1855. My stepfather was one of the pioneer engineers on the old Albany and Schenectady Road and was with the road fifty-two years. Naturally I was ambitious to follow in his footsteps and by his advice I applied to the company for a place. I was made a fireman in the freight service when I was eighteen years of age. I believe the limit of age has now been fixed by law at twenty-one years. That was in 1873, therefore I have been in the employ of the New York Central Railroad for twenty-seven years. In all this period I have not been suspended one day and have only twice been forced to disconnect my engine because of a breakdown or failure of the machinery. When I was twenty-two years old I became a full-fledged engineer in the freight service. In 1888 I was promoted to the passenger service. I now run the Fast Mail and Eastern Express. Occasionally I take out the Empire State Express. I had charge of the engine that drew Admiral Dewey from New York to Shelburne, Vermont, on October 12 last. We made the run from Spuyten Duyvel Creek to Troy, 139 miles, in 139 minutes.



WILLIAM J. MCQUEEN

CAREFULNESS BETTER THAN DAMAGE SUITS

Before a fireman becomes an engineer he should be thoroughly grounded in the fundamental principles of his trade. He should know the engine from tender to pilot. He should be able to run the machine in case of an emergency quite as well as the engineer himself. Indeed he must be able to do this or he would not be fitted for promotion. If much depends on the care given by the fireman to his work, much more depends on the thoroughness of the engineer. A conscientious engineer is in the round-house long enough, before he starts out, to examine thoroughly every detail of his locomotive. He must do this himself and not trust to any one else. No detail should be too small to escape his attention. It takes me from an hour to an hour and a half to do this work every day that I take my engine out, and never, in the twenty-two years of my service, have I delegated it to an assistant.

Prevention is better than cure many times over. A large percentage of railroad accidents results from a failure to minutely inspect locomotives before the trip has begun. Every minute of the engineer's time is occupied when he is once on the road. He must see that the water in the boiler is at a proper height, that he has sufficient air to apply the brakes, that he has steam enough not only to run the engine but to keep the cars warm. He must watch every grade crossing and sound the whistle and he must be constantly on the alert for the block signals. On the Hudson River Division we have four hundred of these signals and they must be rigidly obeyed, for disobedience may mean disaster. When any part of the equipment fails to work repairs must be made with as little detention to the service as possible, and the engineer who thoroughly understands his work is the one who succeeds in this emergency. To prevent these failures, however, he should ever be alert to detect anything wrong with the machinery the instant it occurs.

PITCHING INTO THE HUDSON RIVER

I will give you an illustration from my own experience. In 1893 I ran the Eastern Express from Albany to New York. Coming down from Albany one October night, I had almost reached Hyde Park when I saw ahead of me a freight conductor signaling with his lantern. He was near a switch and I supposed he was communicating with his own crew. After he had swung the lantern three times and started with the fourth swing, it flashed across my mind that something was wrong and I instantly put on the brake, shut off steam, reversed, and sanded the track. We were running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, but before we reached the switch we had slowed down to thirty. Some cars had been derailed and tipped over on our track, and these we struck with such force that our engine, express and mail cars left the rails and plunged into the Hudson River. When we reached the bottom the water was five or six feet over my head. I tried to crawl out of the cab, but was wedged in so that I could not move. I was just giving myself up for lost when I heard something give way about the boiler and the engine partly turned over and released me. I shot up to the surface thoroughly exhausted, nearly unconscious, but otherwise uninjured. The fireman had come up as soon as the engine touched bottom.

I found that the freight train had been derailed near the switch an instant before we came into view. Indeed, the time was so short that the tower man had no opportunity to set the danger signal. The track therefore was apparently clear, and had I not sensed danger from the signaling of the freight conductor, the chances are that most of the cars would have left the track with the engine. As it was, no lives were lost and traffic on the road was only delayed a few hours.

THE SIXTH SENSE OF THE RAILROAD MAN

On another occasion I was bringing down the American Express train from Albany. It was so black and foggy that I could not see farther than the length of two cars ahead. When we had gone about a quarter of the trip we were stopped by signals, and I was informed that a freight train had broken in two, and that the first part had gone about fifteen miles ahead and was probably on a siding. From that point on, as you may imagine, I ran at reduced speed. We had gone a little more than fifteen miles without discovering the fugitive, when suddenly and without reason the thought came to me that it was time to stop.

"Elliot," said I to the fireman, "we've gone far enough without finding out where that freight train is."

I shut off steam and applied the brakes, and at that very instant the fireman shouted, "Great Heavens! What's that ahead of us?"

We had stopped within a car's length of the freight train. There was no light on the rear car, and in another second our train would have been wrecked. This kind of precaution does not come under any head that I know of. I do

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of practical papers on The Making of a Railroad Man. President Ripley, of the Santa Fe, will give the President's views in an early number.

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not know what you would call it, so I shall set it down as "intuition," but it is a pretty valuable quality for an engineer to have on such occasions.

Another time I was going north with the South Western Limited. As we rounded a sharp curve I saw a gang of trackmen carrying a rail across the track. Realizing instantly that it would be impossible for them to get over in time to clear the track unless I slowed down, I applied the brakes and whistled before shutting off steam. They heard the whistle, dropped the rail and saved themselves. The rail went under the pilot and slid along the track for fifty feet or more, but did no serious damage. If I had waited to shut off steam before applying the brakes and sounding the whistles, the men would have been killed and the engine probably derailed, as we were going at the rate of a mile a minute when we came upon them.

These three illustrations show the necessity for instantaneous action when emergency arises. There is no time for delay. On the engineer's judgment depends the safety of his passengers. At the rate of sixty miles an hour a train covers about ninety feet in a second — which is twenty feet more than the length of an ordinary passenger car. This will give the reader an idea of the necessity for action as rapid as thought itself when danger confronts the train.

SHOOTING THROUGH A SNOW DRIFT

The life of an engineer is not always a rosy one. Sometimes we are called out on some "old mill" whose flues are stopped up in bitter cold weather, with icicles hanging from the grate bars, and are required to make as good time as with an engine in first-class condition. Here comes into play all those fine points in locomotive handling that have been acquired during an engineer's earlier experience. A resourceful engineer, aided by a competent fireman, is often able to make the trip on schedule time, and if he does his work well he is not called "upon the carpet before the super" the next day to explain any failure to come up to the mark.

These weather conditions demand the patience of Job. They bring out all the qualities that have been formed during the long years of plodding, thorough industry of his apprenticeship. In extreme cold weather, on stormy days when the snow is piled mountain high over the tracks, as was the case in the blizzard of 1888, an engineer is called on often to do double work under circumstances that are almost appalling. At such times the engineer is face to face with emergencies from the round-house to the end of his trip, and the experienced man who has added theoretical knowledge to his practical training is often able to succeed where a less proficient man fails.

Take the blizzard of 1888 for an example. The road had been tied up for three days. I took the first train out of the Grand Central Depot. Superintendent Voorhees was in the cab with me. Only one track was open, if you can call a track open that was covered with snow, and at times we were completely buried beneath the drifts. At Kingsbridge there is a sharp curve and rock cut, where it is customary to slow down. As I started to shut off steam Mr. Voorhees called to me.

"Don't slow down," he said, "the track is buried in snow round the curve. I live here and know."

So I sent the engine ahead at full speed and we shot through a drift that was higher than the cab roof. Had we slowed down we might have been stalled. It took us nine hours to plow our way to Albany and I was wringing wet from the snow that poured into the cab window.

During this same blizzard many engines were stalled in the drift and the engineer and fireman were kept busy feeding the tank with snow, instead of water, to keep the engine alive and warm the cars. On occasions during the winter hours are sometimes doubled and even trebled, especially in the through freight service. I have known of men who have worked continuously on these trains for forty hours or longer. But these occasions, happily, are rare.

In spite of these hardships and of accidents railroad men as a rule live quite as long as other men. Most life insurance companies now readily accept firemen and engineers as risks at a slightly advanced premium. By careful train management and the improved roadbeds of the present day, loss of life has been reduced to a minimum.

HOURS AND PAY OF ENGINEERS

A railroad engineer is a good deal like a soldier. He is always working under orders. Nine-tenths of the employees of the transportation department are seldom under the direct supervision of their immediate superiors. From the moment I leave the round-house until I pull into it again at the end of the round trip I am constantly under orders that must be obeyed to the letter. Except in cases of emergency every action is laid down in the rules of the road. I always do certain things at certain points in the run, never before and never after that point is reached.

Such in outline are the duties of a locomotive engineer. The pay is fully as high, if not higher, than that paid to other classes of skilled labor. A switch engineer on the best roads gets about $100 the month; a freight engineer from $140 to $150, and a passenger engineer from $150 to $175.

Switch engineers work ten hours the day every day in the week, with one hour for dinner.

Freight engineers work ten hours the day, the week through.

Local passenger engineers average eight hours work the day, with three Sundays off each month.

Through passenger engineers average from fourteen to sixteen hours every other day. Their working time includes the lay-off at the end of the single trip at the other end of the run.

Upon the subject of education for engineers a volume might be written and not exhaust the subject. To begin with, no engineer can know too much, and the more knowledge a beginner has the better it is for him. A college education is better than a grammar-school training, and a theoretical education along technical lines is better than a collegiate education without that feature. Many of the best engineers in the country are making or have made up the deficiencies in their early training by taking special courses of instruction in mechanical branches after they were already far advanced in their calling. I am now completing a course in theoretical mechanics, and if I should see any signs of a prospective change in motive power from steam to electricity I would at once fit myself to be a practical electrical engineer. That is the trade I have set my son to learn. Of course a beginner who has an education in these branches is better fitted, everything else being equal, to succeed in the railroad business than one who has not. But this need not discourage a man, as there is always time for study, and no man is too old to learn. Theory, however, is not everything, as I have tried to show. It must be coupled with practical experience to accomplish the best results, and this experience can only be acquired as I have acquired it and as thousands of other men have acquired it—by years of hard and patient work on the deck of a locomotive.

WHAT EDUCATION DOES FOR RAILROAD MEN

There are other and immediate rewards offered to the conscientious and studious engineer than promotion in other departments. For instance, the railroad company shows particular favor to the best-informed engineers, and that in itself is as gratifying as an increase in pay would be. Suppose a superintendent of motive power contemplates making a test of the efficiency of certain kinds of coal, special grades of oil, recent inventions in tools or new devices in engine construction. He details an engineer on whom he can rely to conduct the experiment. Upon the result of this engineer's test the alteration may be adopted or rejected. When a railroad plans a new train service, the run is divided between the most reliable engineers on the line, and the schedule of time is fixed in accordance with the time they make on that trial trip. The management trusts its best men, and this confidence is a remuneration to be prized as much as a pecuniary reward.

There is another result of education which is far-reaching in its good not only to railroad men at large but to the country as well. Education quickens a man's intelligence and broadens his views. He can look on both sides of a question where formerly he could see only one. This broadness of vision is of inestimable value in time of labor troubles. It enables the men to consider the matter of a strike with calmness and fairness. Then, too, a railroad company trusts its men according as they have proved their trustworthiness, and when the settlement of a dispute rests between two parties, each having a certain measure of confidence in the other, a fair solution is more than probable.

The manifold advantages of education have been fully realized by most railroad managements throughout the country, and they have come to its aid in a manner both generous and practical. In almost every large city railroad clubs with reading-rooms, libraries and restaurants have been established for trainmen within the last few years. Most of them are under the direction of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and they offer benefits to the men that were not even dreamed of when I entered the service. In these clubs a man may spend his leisure time as comfortably and as profitably as in his own home. Indeed they offer advantages that few homes possess. The libraries are large and well selected. The reading-rooms contain the current periodicals, daily newspapers and the best class of railroad journals. It is in the pages of these trade publications that the richest field for technical study is found. The latest inventions and improvements are recorded there, and many an engineer has discovered in some article the practical solution of a problem that has long confronted him. Two hours in a club reading-room or library are equal to a lecture in a class-room, provided the desire to learn is in the man.

There is still another benefit in these institutions which should be emphasized. They minimize the temptation to dissipation that formerly met the railroad man at the farther end of his trip. There was a time when the round-house and the railroad depot were the only places where a man away from home could spend his lay-off time unless he went to a hotel or a liquor saloon. No engineer who hopes for success can afford to drink. Sobriety and study are two of the chief factors in his advancement, and to-day the incentives to this end are as nearly perfect as man can make them.



The Winter Nights at Home

By Joe Lincoln

A STRETCH of hill and valley swathed thick in robes of white,
The buildings blots of blackness, the windows gems of light,
A moon, now clear, now hidden, as in its headlong race
The north wind drags the cloud-wrack in tatters o'er its face;
Mailed twigs that click and clatter upon the tossing tree,
And, like a giant's chanting, the deep voice of the sea,
As 'mid the stranded ice-cakes the bursting breakers foam—
The old familiar picture, a winter night at home.

The old familiar picture—the firelight rich and red,
The lamplight soft and mellow, the shadowed beams o'erhead;
And father with his paper, and mother calm and sweet,
Mending the red yarn stockings stubbed through by careless feet;
The little attic bedroom, the window 'neath the eaves,
Decked by the Frost King's brushes with silvered sprays and leaves;
The rattling sash which gossips with idle gusts that roam
About the ice-fringed gables—the winter nights at home.

What would I give to climb them—those narrow stairs so steep—
And reach that little chamber, and sleep a boy's sweet sleep!
What would I give to view it—that old house by the sea—
Filled with the dear lost faces who made it home for me!
The sobbing wind sings softly the song of long ago,
And in that country churchyard the graves are draped in snow,
But there, beyond the arches of Heaven's star-jeweled dome,
Perhaps *they* know I'm dreaming of winter nights at home.

Playing Chess in Texas

A MAN who won a reputation for cool daring and almost eccentric fearlessness along a thousand miles of the southwestern border died in Texas a short time ago—died, too, in bed, like a Christian. This man was A. L. Parrott, formerly a sergeant in McNelly's company of Texas Rangers. In 1875, when McNelly and thirty of his men pursued a great band of raiding cattle thieves to the Rio Grande, only to find that the raiders had crossed into Mexico, it was Parrott who swam the river while the thieves were swarming on the other side, stole a boat from under their very noses, and rowed back, the Mexicans keeping up a merry fusilade at him.

One night about six months after Parrott left the State service he was sitting in a house in a little town in southwest Texas, playing chess with a friend. It was a warm night, and the chess-board was on a table close to an open window. Parrott had the white men. His queen was in a direct line with the black king, but a black knight was between the two pieces. It was Parrott's move. Suddenly there was a sharp report outside and a bullet whistled in through the window, hit the black knight and buried itself in the wall. Parrott had been bending over the board, and the bullet was evidently intended for his head. But for a few seconds he did not stir. He saw the black knight suddenly vanish. Then in his peculiar drawling, hesitating way he said: "Check!"

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Those Who Take Early and Hold Long

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY reports in his Apologie for Poetrie a fine saying from the mouth of one John Pietro Pugliano, an esquire at the court of an Emperor, who was giving him some lessons in horsemanship. Speaking of cavalry, he said that they were the noblest of soldiers, "speedy goers and strong abiders."

A certain pithy quality in those five words may easily suggest the very highest evidence of human efficiency. Men who go quickly to the point are admirable, and those who hold the ground when they capture it are considered successful; but the man whom all the world accepts as its permanent model of efficiency is the one who wins early and holds late—the speedy goers and strong abiders. We wonder at Keats, at Charles XII of Sweden, and other youthful prodigies of genius; but the sane and hale old heroes, like Tennyson, Gladstone, Goethe and Angelo, the mighty men with the aspect of hoary maturity, grip our highest admiration with a steadfast power that is godlike. They won a great place in the flower of youth and kept it serenely through a long life.

Sir Philip Sidney himself challenges but the warm, romantic side of our nature; he was never more than a beautiful and chivalrous boy; his character promised far more than it might have filled; we cannot be sure that at eighty he would have held the head of age loftily above the infirmities of common humanity. When Oliver Wendell Holmes spun the fine filaments of his humor in the heyday of octogenarian boyhood he somehow won a lap from his competitors in the race of life, and he went to his grave, as Bryant did, with the air of one who "lies down to pleasant sleep."

Perhaps it is due to an inherent strain of wisdom that a man discovers himself early and lays hold at once upon the safeguards which insure permanent success at the outset of his career and at the same time conserve his natural forces for a long and steady course. The dignity of a really great nature refuses itself to the insistent demands of all untempered ambitions; it makes haste slowly, like the influence of planets and suns; but you feel how it outstrips the flare of rocket and petty meteor. Ages do not try the placid and vast patience of the man who is to be a master.

If the young person were but truly teachable, if the wisdom of the elders, crystallized by the heat of that terrible friction which we call experience, could actually be turned to the account of youth in its full-blooded prime, what a change would soon come over the countenance of life! What if the boy of twenty could actually stand sure-footed on the lofty eminence of the successful but time-scarred man of sixty—expand the horizon of efficiency from the circle of the college campus to a full periphery of manly power; what if—— But let us not go off on such a tangent. It serves best our practical turn to keep pace only with possibilities.

We may, even if the process be almost invisibly slow, train the generations to be "speedy goers and strong abiders." The task is physical as much as spiritual. Nature has no use for soul without body in this life. The source of sane sentiment is in the core of a healthy and well-kept body. Not that the sick and puny physique cannot house a great spirit; but how much efficiency is lost when the blood runs with a watery pallor and the muscles hang in flabby folds. The man and his soul must be boon companions and lusty comrades in arms. The body must sturdily abet the spirit in all the brave aspirations of life. If we would be speedy goers and strong abiders we must look to the physical basis of efficiency while we are shaping the course of the mind. When Alfred Tennyson "crossed the bar" the voice of age sent down from the loftiest billow of the outward-rolling tide a strain as magically fresh and powerful as any ever flung from the rosy lips of youth.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

To awake cheerfully is to win half the day's battle.

People Who Save

IT IS frequently said that the working class, so called, is the first to suffer from a panic or other cause of business stagnation and the last to recover from such misfortune; it is further said that in good times this class spends as fast as it earns. If this be true, there must be something radically wrong in the reports of the savings banks of the several States, as collated and published by the Comptroller of the Currency.

From the Comptroller's statistics it appears that in 1892, the year before the last panic began, the savings banks had about four and three-quarter million depositors, with more than seventeen hundred million dollars to their credit. In 1893—the panic year—the number of depositors increased nearly sixty thousand, with a credit of almost seventy million dollars. In 1894, the hardest year of the period of depression, the number of depositors was reduced by less than five thousand, and the deposits decreased only thirty-seven million dollars. In 1895, while the depression still continued, the number of depositors exceeded that of any preceding year by about forty-five thousand, and the deposits became about twenty-five million dollars greater than in any year before. In 1896, business still being stagnant and a Presidential contest under way, about two hundred thousand additional depositors appeared, with nearly one hundred millions in money. In 1897 and 1898 there were large gains, while last year brought the savings banks about three hundred thousand new depositors, and the moneys on deposit increased by more than one hundred and sixty millions, the grand total for the year being more than five and one-half million depositors and twenty-two hundred and thirty million dollars.

In all the years named—the bad as well as the good—the average of the money on deposit exceeded three hundred and fifty dollars per individual. It has often been said that the working class in America is not so economical and prudent as the same class in Europe. On the other side of the Atlantic the number of savings bank depositors, in proportion to population, is greater than here; nevertheless, the entire sum on deposit in all European savings banks is not twice as great as that in the United States, the average per individual is not half so great as it is here, nor does the average of the most prosperous European states much exceed one-half of our own, although in these states the small farmers use the savings banks to an extent unknown in farming sections of the United States.

These figures prove beyond doubt that the working class in the United States does not squander its money, and that it is so successful at accumulating that even a long period of business depression cannot ruin it, for, as is shown above, the worst year of the recent "hard times" reduced the aggregate of savings bank depositors by only about two per cent., and this, too, at a time when in every State of the Union the bank balances of thousands of persons supposed to be well-to-do dwindled and disappeared. It is true that not all savings bank depositors belong to what is called the working class. It is also true that some working men drink their possible surplus instead of saving it, but after all possible exceptions and allowances are made, the savings bank statements indicate that as a rule the American workingman is well paid, industrious, provident, economical and thrifty; he is better off than the champions of his own class admit, and he has far more self-denial, self-command and character than are attributed to him by his critics.

—JOHN HABBERTON.

Every small speculator knows how to make millions. The pity is he never profits by his knowledge.

Telephones in the Country

A QUIET revolution is taking place in Western country life, which promises to accomplish results within a year more important and far-reaching than any since the advent of the transcontinental railroads. Already the pioneer life of the isolated farmer has disappeared and the tide of industrial and educational advance has swept over the Northwest. The national telephone system, which until recently extended its arms only to the large cities, has within a few months entered the houses of thousands of Western farmers and bound together city and country, producer and consumer, in bonds of actual contact and constant communication.

To the economist the results of this extension through the rich farm lands of the Northwest are of most profound interest, and must be the basis of an entire revision of the theories of the relations between producer and consumer. The immobility of the country is destroyed at a blow, and the farmer is raised from a passive agency to an aggressive economic force.

To the sociologist the results are no less important, as the telephone does away with the seclusion of rural life, binds together scattered communities, creates social interests, and destroys the barrier between city and country. Henceforth the country is but a vast suburb, in touch with the metropolis of its neighborhood, unified by the voice of one leader.

It is only within the past year that the farmer has opened his eyes to the possibilities of the telephone, but since he has recognized them there has been such a demand upon the telephone companies that it has been impossible to fill the orders, and local geniuses have built lines out of fence wire and china knobs. No farmer is considered up to date without his telephone. In the early morning the rattle of the bell arouses him to the day's work, and he hastens to care for his cattle. After breakfast he calls the post office several miles away, and inquires for his mail. There he is sure to hear the news of the town and to have a talk with some of the gossips of the place.

On the great ranches of the Southwest a use of the telephone more startling and really novel has been made. There, in the past few years, the vast free range of the early days has been checkered by the dreaded wire fence. Across the old trails of ante-railroad days, around the green-edged springs where wild herds used to water, and about the choicest pastures of the range, the wire fence—the enemy of cowboy and hunter, of wild beast and roving cattle—has drawn its magic circle. The ranchman of to-day has made this dreaded wire do him a noble service. He has made of it a line of communication across the barren hills from cattle round-up or sheep-dip to the ranch-house. He is a strange mingling of the old West and the new West, this rancher with the telephone.

All the forces of rural society are organized and controlled by the little wire which bobs over the hills and down the shady lanes. Through the telephone it seems inevitable that the farmer will assume a new economic position. Keeping in touch with the market, he is able to dispose of produce directly to the city dealer or to the consumer without the assistance of any middleman. Fluctuations in the market will be felt immediately by the producer, and he will be able to prevent any advantage being taken of him. He may talk to his town buyer and to his city broker the same hour and sell his produce at the top of the market.

This was recently shown in the broom-corn district of Illinois in a most graphic way. This district, which lies in the southern part of the State, was visited by buyers who offered sixty dollars per ton for broom-corn. This was the ruling price at the end of the previous season, and was generally accepted. The buyers had almost covered the district, buying the entire output, when an official of the telephone company, quick to see the possibilities of the corner, caused the farmers who had telephones to be notified that the price had risen and that they had better consult the market. These more enterprising farmers consulted the magnates of Troy, Ohio, the centre of the broom-corn market, and, as a result, sold their crop for four times the price paid to their neighbors, two hundred and forty dollars a ton. This lesson of progress has sunk deep into the broom-corn district, and, needless to say, every farmer in the county has been convinced of the practical value of the telephone.

—WILBUR WHITTLER BASSETT.

Getting married on love and faith is a [illegible] the husbands of faith, like faith itself, [illegible] be known by their works.

The Things that Really Happen

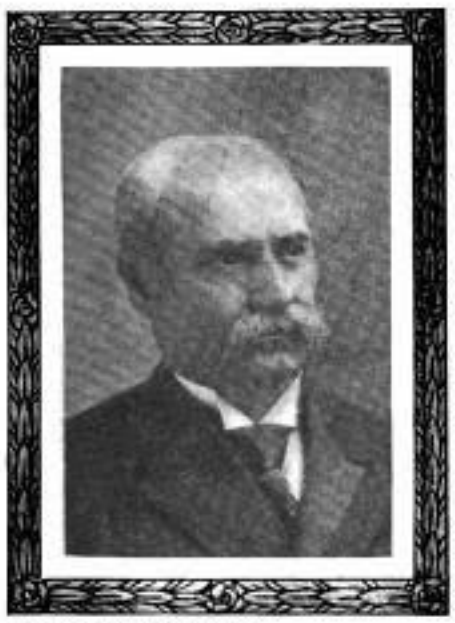
MANY of the great fighters and men of action, after perils on land and sea and heroic deeds that live in history, found commonplace ends. It seems curious that a General should go through dozens of battles unscathed and then choke to death on a peach stone. It seems wrong that a man should endure the dangers of an adventurous life and then become the victim of a folding bed. But all these things happen, and it was hardly necessary for the papers of the country to poke so much good-natured fun at Captain Sigsbee, who, after being blown up in the Maine and having a conspicuous part in a war with a foreign country, met his first mishap with a Brooklyn trolley car. Of course, we understand that the Brooklyn trolley car is a peculiarly aggressive and murderous specimen of its kind, but there is no reason why it should not have had more respect for such a hero as Captain Sigsbee. After all, the things that really happen are the things we never expect. The pert, freckled, snub-nosed girl, who never knew her lessons, in after years marries a millionaire, while the lovely, modest belle of the village, who stood well in her classes and sang in the choir, is drudging away, wondering at Fate. The good boy, who everybody in the neighborhood knew would be either a preacher or President of the United States, is still clerking in the dry-goods store, while the mischievous kid, who everybody expected would land in the penitentiary, is in Congress. So it goes. The girls marry other fellows and the boys marry the other girls. The things we expect people to do they do not do, and the things that we never look for simply come around to show how little we know about Fate.

"All that lies between the cradle and the grave is uncertain," said old Seneca, and this is what makes the world endurable. If a man knows that he is as liable to escape from an explosion as from a trolley car, or if he feels that big dangers are often less than the small ones, the very confidence in such a condition of things makes him a philosopher; and if there is anything calculated to produce content or happiness it is philosophy. When we can convince ourselves that the things that really happen, happen for the best, and that if they did not happen unexpectedly to us there would not be much interest in living, then we have reached a peace of mind and understanding which keeps the eyes bright and the soul young.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY



NELSON W. ALDRICH, OF RHODE ISLAND



GEORGE G. VEST, OF MISSOURI

Silver Once More Valuable than Gold

Bewildering aptly describes the result when the figures of the money question are thrown at the average audience. Gladstone achieved his first reputation when he made statistics interesting. He is dead, and he left no equal, but in a general way we can appreciate the stupendous totals that are used in the discussion of the financial facts of the world.

All the important European countries, save France, Italy and Spain, are on a gold basis. The United States is placed in the gold and silver column largely from the fact of her enormous holdings in silver. We have, for instance, between six and seven hundred millions of silver stock, or within seventy millions of our total of gold stock. The production of gold in this country annually amounts to more than the production of silver. Mexico, the principal country on a silver basis, has a ratio of 1 to 16½; Japan, which is both gold and silver, has a ratio of 1 to 16.18. Our own ratio is not 1 to 16, but 1 to 15.98. The other ratios of the world are 1 to 15½ except that of Turkey, which is 1 to 15⅓, India, which is 1 to 15, and the Netherlands, which is 1 to 15⅝.

There was a time in the history of the world when silver had more value than gold. It was the case in ancient Arabia, and also in ancient Germany. The first reported ratio after gold began to be considered more valuable was 1 to 2, and through the ages it has fluctuated, gradually rising, with few exceptions. In England during the twelfth century it was 1 to 9. In France during the fourteenth century gold and silver coins of like weight bore the same value. Portugal in the seventeenth century was able to govern the rate, and she fixed the value of gold as sixteen times that of silver. The nation which first raised the 16 to 1 arrangement over three centuries ago is now among those on a gold basis. It is somewhat curious that no two sets of tables as to the ratios of the different years exactly agree, but in round numbers the value of gold as compared to that of silver has increased since 1850 from about 1 to 15.70 to 1 to 36. The commercial value of the dollar of to-day is said by the mint authorities to be considerably less than fifty cents. From the gold standpoint this is called a case of metal finding its intrinsic level. According to the advocates of the compulsory ratio of 16 to 1, it is the result of legislation and manipulation.

In one case, at least, silver in this country outranks gold. The perfect silver dollar of 1804 is worth $1000—one was sold not long ago for $1200—while the rarest of the gold pieces, the half eagles of 1815 or 1822, would not bring much more than $300. Still there are only thirteen of the silver dollars of 1804 known to exist—which again forcibly illustrates the unpopularity of that unlucky number.

The New Development of an Old Issue

Recent events assure the ascendency of silver as one of the great issues of the Presidential contest. In his annual message President McKinley urgently recommended that the existing gold standard be supported and maintained, and he used these words: "The financial transactions of the Government are conducted upon a gold basis. We receive gold when we sell United States bonds, and use gold for their payments. We are maintaining the parity of the money issued or coined by the authority of the Government."

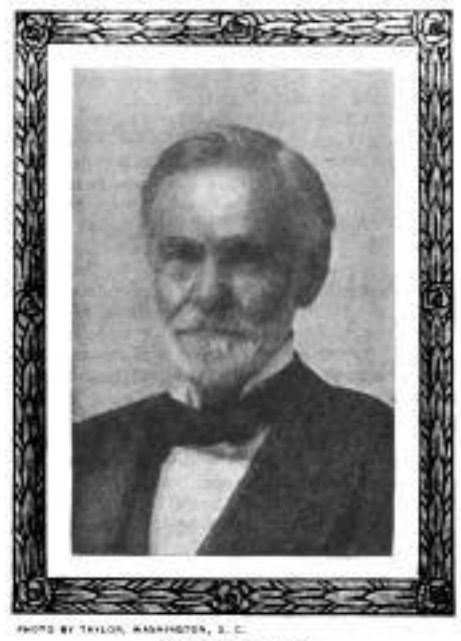
In order that this might be done more effectually, he recommended new legislation. Currency bills were introduced both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate early in the session. That in the House was entitled: "A bill to define and fix the standard of value, to maintain the parity of all moneys issued or coined by the United States, and for other purposes." This measure, which was in charge of Mr. Jesse Overstreet, aroused a spirited debate and came to a vote on the eighteenth of last December. The Republicans voted for it unanimously, thus placing themselves indisputably in favor of the gold standard. Eleven Democrats also voted for it.

It was striking proof of the change which has taken place in the Republican party, which formerly showed favor to gold, but denied that it intended to abandon silver. Indeed, one of the amusing features of the debate was the manner in which the silver orators quoted the leading Republicans against themselves. But the Republican decision is for gold absolutely and uncompromisingly, and the present status is an interesting case of political evolution.

The Senate bill was entitled: "A bill to affirm the existing standard of value, to maintain the parity in value of all forms of money, to refund the public debt, and for other purposes." Mr. Overstreet, the Republican manager of the House bill, is from Indiana. Mr. Aldrich, the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, is from Rhode Island. Mr. Bailey, one of the most eloquent of the silver leaders of the Democrats, is from Texas, and Mr. Vest, whose devotion to silver through many long years gives him a prominent place on the Finance Committee of the Senate, is from Missouri. Back of all this fight, of course, was the great contest in John Sherman's time, when, under his leadership, began the official appreciation of gold as the money standard of the nation, and when Bland, with powerful and exhaustless assiduity, worked his best for silver. In both the Republican measures the unit of value is the same: 25.8 of gold .9 fine. This means that, according to the existing valuations, it would take between thirty and forty units of silver to make one unit of gold.

Against this opposition the silver forces are still fighting. Over his own signature, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the last Democratic candidate for President, stated: "The sentiment in favor of the re-affirmation of the Chicago platform is so overwhelming that all opposition is likely to disappear before the convention is called to order." The plank in that platform referring to money was as follows:

"We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent or aid of any other nation. We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equal with gold, for all debts, public and private, and we favor such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal-tender money by private contract." There are other planks, but this is chief.



JOHN SHERMAN



THE LATE RICHARD P. BLAND

The Silver Shilling that Went from Home

The Director of the Mint at Washington has a table from 1687 to the present, giving each year the ratio of silver to gold. It never reached 16 before 1800, when it began the century with 15.68, and it did not reach 16 in the present century until 1874. Since then the figures have been steadily going up, or down, as one may choose to call it. In 1898 it was 35.03 and it has been in the neighborhood of those figures ever since. The day this article is written the bullion value of the silver dollar is $0.467, or, expressed in cents, 46.7, the ratio being equivalent to 34.23. In 1873 it was intrinsically worth more than 100 cents. In 1900 its bullion value is about 47 cents.

The other day in the change was a Canadian twenty-five-cent piece. Along the borders of the United States it would easily pass current, but in the Middle States it was uniformly returned. The experiences of the coin were related at the dinner-table when a young voice remarked, "Why, that is like The Silver Shilling in Andersen's Fairy Tales."

Of course the story is familiar. The shilling, fresh from the mint, rushed forth into the world with a desire to see all it could, but when it got far away from home it began to have trouble. People called it a fraud and a cheat, and it felt low to think that it should be the cause of distress. After many vicissitudes, a traveler from its own country came upon it and accepted it at its face value. "And at last I got home again," said the Shilling. "All my troubles were ended; joy came back to me, for I was of good silver and had the right stamp, and I had no more disagreeables to endure. One must wait for the end and one will be righted at last—that's my belief."

The gold people hold that each coin should be so valuable that it will pass current in any country. The silver people say that as long as the money is good for use at home it performs all the purposes of useful currency. Undoubtedly silver has been getting the worst of it in its wanderings over the earth; but perhaps it may repeat the philosophy of the shilling and say, "One must wait for the end and one will be righted at last."

JOSEPH W. BAILEY, OF TEXAS



JESSE OVERSTREET, OF INDIANA



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Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—Harris, George and the author—are on a bicycle tour through Germany. A tandem and a safety are the mounts.

The Regeneration of George

WE WERE on our way to Prague and were waiting in the great hall of the Dresden station until such time as the Powers-That-Be should admit us to the platform. George, who had wandered to the bookstall, returned to us with a wild look in his eyes. He said:

"I've seen it!"

I said: "Seen what?"

He was too excited to answer intelligently. He said:

"It's here. It's coming this way, both of them. If you wait you'll see it for yourselves. I'm not joking; it's the real thing."

As is usual about this period, some paragraphs more or less serious had been appearing in the papers concerning the sea serpent, and I thought for the moment he must be referring to this. A moment's reflection, however, told me that here in the middle of Europe, three hundred miles from the coast, such a thing was impossible. Before I could question him further he seized me by the arm.

"Look!" he said; "now am I exaggerating?"

I turned my head and saw what, I suppose, few living Englishmen have ever seen before—the traveling Britisher, according to the Continental idea, accompanied by his daughter. They were coming toward us in the flesh and blood, unless we were dreaming, alive and concrete; the English "Milor" and the English "Mees," as for generations they have been portrayed in the Continental comic press and upon the Continental stage. They were perfect in every detail. The man was tall and thin, with sandy hair, a huge nose, and long Dundreary whiskers. Over a pepper-and-salt suit he wore a light overcoat reaching almost to his heels.

His white helmet was ornamented with a green veil; a pair of opera-glasses hung at his side, and in his lavender-gloved hand he carried an alpenstock a little taller than himself.

His daughter was tall and angular. Her dress I cannot describe; my grandfather, poor gentleman, might have been able to do so; it would have been more familiar to him. I can only say that it appeared to me unnecessarily short, exhibiting a pair of ankles—if I may be permitted to refer to such points—that from an artistic point of view called rather for concealment. Her hat made me think of Mrs. Hemans, but why I cannot explain. She wore side-spring boots—"prunella," I believe, used to be the trade name—mittens, and a *pince nez*. She also carried an alpenstock (there is not a mountain within a hundred miles of Dresden), and a black bag strapped to her waist. Her teeth stuck out like a rabbit's, and her figure was that of a bolster on stilts.

Harris rushed for his camera, and of course could not find it; he never can when he wants it. Whenever we see Harris scuttling up and down, like a lost dog, shouting, "Where's my camera? What the dickens have I done with my camera? Don't either of you remember where I put my camera?"—then we know that for the first time that day he has come across something worth photographing. Later, he remembered it was in his bag; that is where it would be on an occasion like this.



I turned my head and saw what, I suppose, few living Englishmen have ever seen before—the traveling Britisher

They were not content with appearance; they acted the thing to the letter. They walked gaping around them at every step. The gentleman had an open Baedeker in his hand, and the lady carried a phrase-book. They talked French that nobody could understand, and German that they could not translate themselves. The man poked at officials with his alpenstock to attract their attention, and the lady, her eye catching sight of an advertisement of somebody's cocoa, said, "Shocking!" and turned the other way.

Really, there was some excuse for her. One notices even in England, the home of the proprieties, that the lady who drinks cocoa appears, according to the poster, to require very little else in this world; a yard or so of art muslin at the most. On the Continent she dispenses, so far as one can judge, with every other necessity of life. Not only is cocoa food and drink to her, but it should be clothes also, according to the idea of the cocoa manufacturer. But this by the way.

Of course they immediately became the centre of attraction. By being able to render them some slight assistance I gained the advantage of five minutes' conversation with them. They were very affable. The gentleman told me his name was Jones, and that he came from Manchester, but he did not seem to know what part of Manchester, or where Manchester was. I asked him where he was going, but he evidently did not know. He said it depended. I asked him if he did not find an alpenstock a clumsy thing to walk about with through a crowded town; he admitted that occasionally it did get in the way. I asked him if he did not find a veil interfered with his view of things; he explained that you only wore it when the flies became troublesome. I inquired of the lady if she did not find the wind blew cold; she said she had noticed it, especially at the corners. I did not ask these questions one after another as I have here put them down; I mixed them up with general conversation, and we parted on good terms.

I have pondered upon the apparition, and have come to a definite opinion. A man I met later at Frankfort, and to whom I described the pair, said he had seen them himself in Paris three weeks after the termination of the Fashoda incident; and a traveler for some English steel works whom we met in Strasburg remembered having seen them in Berlin during the excitement caused by the Transvaal question. My conclusion is that they were actors out of work, hired to do this thing in the interests of international peace. The French Foreign Office, wishful to allay the anger of the Parisian mob clamoring for war with England, secured this admirable couple and sent them around the town. You cannot be amused at a thing and at the same time want to kill it. The French nation saw the English citizen and citizeness—no caricature, but the living reality—and their indignation exploded in laughter. The success of the strategem prompted them later to offer their services to the German Government, with the beneficial results that we all know.

Our own Government might learn the lesson. It might be as well to keep near Downing Street a few small, fat Frenchmen, to be sent around the country when occasion called for it, shrugging their shoulders and eating frog sandwiches; or a file of untidy, lank-haired Germans might be retained to walk about, smoking long pipes, saying, "Soh?" The public would laugh and exclaim: "War with such? It would be too absurd." Failing the Government, I recommend the scheme to the Peace Society.

Our visit to Prague we were compelled to lengthen somewhat. Prague is one of the most interesting towns in Europe. Its stones are saturated with history and romance; its every suburb must have been a battle-field. It is the town that conceived the Reformation and hatched the Thirty-Years' War. But half Prague's troubles, one imagines, might have been saved to it had it possessed windows less large and temptingly convenient. The first of these mighty catastrophies it set rolling by throwing the Seven Councilors from the windows of its Rathhaus on to the pikes of the waiting Hussites below. Later it gave the signal for the second by again throwing the Imperial Councilors from the windows of the old burg in the Hradschin—Prague's second "*Fenster-sturz*." Since, other fateful questions have been decided in Prague. One assumes, from their having been concluded without violence, that such must have been discussed in cellars. The window as an argument, one feels, would always have proved too strong a temptation to any true-born Pragueer.



Our Guide

In the Teynkirche stands the worm-eaten pulpit from which preached John Huss. One may hear from the selfsame desk to-day the voice of a priest, while in far-off Constance a rude block of stone, half ivy hidden, marks the spot where Huss and Jerome died burning at the stake; history is fond of her little ironies. In this same Teynkirche lies buried Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, who made the common mistake of thinking the earth, with its eleven hundred creeds and one humanity, the centre of the universe, but was otherwise observed the stars clearly.

Through Prague's dirty, palace-bordered alleys must have pressed often in hot haste blind Ziska and open-mouthed Waldstein—they have dubbed him "The Hero" in Prague and the town is honestly proud of having owned him for a citizen; in his gloomy palace in the Waldstein-Platz they show as a sacred spot the cabinet where he prayed, and seem to have persuaded themselves he really had a soul. Its steep, winding ways must have been choked a dozen times, now by Sigismund's flying legions followed by fierce killing Taborites, and now by pale Protestants pursued by the victorious followers of Maximilian. Now Saxons, now Bavarians, and now French; now the saints of Gustavus Adolphus, and now the steel fighting-machines of Frederick the Great, have thundered at its gates and fought upon its bridges.

The Jews have always been an important feature of Prague. Occasionally they have assisted the Christians in their favorite occupation of slaughtering one another, and the great flag suspended from the vaulting of the Altneuschule testifies to the courage with which they helped Catholic Ferdinand to resist the Protestant Swedes. The Prague Ghetto was one of the first to be established in Europe, and in the tiny synagogue, still standing, the Jew of Prague has worshiped for eight hundred years, his women-folk devoutly listening without, at the ear-holes provided for them in the massive walls. The Jewish cemetery adjacent, "Bethchajim, or the House of Life," seems as though it were bursting with its dead. Within its narrow acre it was the law of centuries that here or nowhere must the bones of Israel rest. So the worn and broken tombstones lie piled in close confusion, as though tossed and tumbled by the stifled host beneath.

The Ghetto walls have long been leveled, but the living Jews of Prague still cling to their narrow lanes, though these are being rapidly replaced by fine new streets that promise to eventually transform this quarter into the handsomest part of the town.

At Dresden they advised us not to talk German in Prague. For years racial animosity between the German minority and the Czech majority has raged throughout Bohemia, and to be mistaken for a German in certain streets of Prague is inconvenient to a man whose staying powers in a race are not what once they were. However, we did talk German in

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Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

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Prague; it was a case of talking German or nothing. The Czech dialect is said to be of great antiquity and of highly scientific cultivation. Its alphabet contains forty-two letters, suggestive, to the stranger, of Chinese. It is not a language to be picked up in a hurry. We decided that on the whole there would be less risk to our constitutions in keeping to German, and, as a matter of fact, no harm came to us. The explanation I can only surmise. The Praguer is an exceedingly acute person; some subtle falsity of accent, some slight grammatical inaccuracy, may have crept into our German, revealing to him the fact that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, we were no true-born Deutscher. I do not assert this; I put it forward as a possibility.

To avoid unnecessary danger, however, we did our sight-seeing with the aid of a guide. No guide I have ever come across is perfect. This one had two distinct failings. His English was decidedly weak. Indeed, it was not English at all. I do not know what you would call it. It was not altogether his fault; he had learned English from a Scotch lady. I understand Scotch fairly well; to keep abreast of modern English literature this is necessary; but to understand broad Scotch, talked with a Slavonic accent, occasionally relieved by German modifications, taxes the intelligence. For the first hour it was difficult to rid one's self of the conviction that the man was choking. Every moment we expected him to die on our hands. In the course of the morning we grew accustomed to him, and rid ourselves of the instinct to throw him on his back every time he opened his mouth, and tear his clothes from him. Later we came to understand a part of what he said, and this led to the discovery of his second failing.

It would seem he had lately invented a hair restorer which he had persuaded a local chemist to take up and advertise. Half his time he had been pointing out to us not the beauties of Prague, but the benefits likely to accrue to the human race from the use of this concoction, and the conventional agreement with which, under the impression he was waxing eloquent concerning views and architecture, we had met his enthusiasm, he had attributed to sympathetic interest in this wretched hair-wash of his.

The result was that now there was no keeping him away from the subject. Ruined palaces and crumbling churches he dismissed with curt reference as mere frivolities, encouraging a morbid taste for the decadent. His duty, as he saw it, was not to lead us to dwell upon the ravages of time, but rather to direct our attention to the means of repairing them. What had we to do with broken-headed heroes or bald-headed saints? Our interest should be surely in the living world; in the maidens with their flowing tresses—or the flowing tresses they might have by judicious use of "Kophkeo"—in the young men with their fierce mustaches—as pictured on the label.

Unconsciously, in his own mind he had divided the world into two sections: The Past ("before use"), a sickly, disagreeable-looking, uninteresting world. The Future ("after use"), a fat, jolly, God-bless-everybody sort of world; and this unfitted him as a guide to scenes of mediæval history.

He sent us each a bottle of the stuff to our hotel. It appeared that in the early part of our converse with him we had, unwittingly, clamored for it. Personally, I can neither praise it nor condemn it. A long series of disappointments has disheartened me; added to which a permanent atmosphere of paraffin, however faint, is apt to cause remark, especially in the case of a married man. Now I never try even the sample.

I gave my bottle to George. He asked for it to send to a man he knew in Leeds. I learned later that Harris had given him his bottle also, to send to the same man.

A suggestion of onions has clung to this tour since we left Prague. George has noticed it himself. He has attributed it to the prevalence of garlic in European cooking.

It was in Prague that Harris and I did a kind and friendly thing to George. We had noticed for some time past that George was getting too fond of Pilsner beer. This German beer is an insidious drink, especially in hot weather; but it does not do to imbibe too freely of it. It does not get into your head; but after a time it spoils your waist. I always say to myself on entering Germany:

"Now, I shall drink no German beer. The white wine of the country with a little soda water; perhaps occasionally a glass of Ems or Potash. But beer, never—or at all events, hardly ever."

It is a good and useful resolution, which I recommend to all travelers. I only wish I could keep to it myself. George, although I urged him, refused to bind himself by any such hard and fast limit. He said that, in moderation, German beer was good.

"One glass in the morning," said George, "one in the evening, or even two. That can do no harm to any one."

Maybe he was right; it was his half-dozen glasses that troubled Harris and myself.

"We ought to do something to stop it," said Harris; "it is becoming serious."

"It's hereditary, so he has explained to me," I answered; "it seems his family have always been thirsty."

"There is mineral water," replied Harris, "which, I believe, with a little lemon squeezed into it, is practically harmless. What I am thinking about is his figure. He will lose all his natural elegance."



WE WALKED HIM AROUND THAT STATUE FOUR TIMES AND SHOWED IT TO HIM FROM EVERY POSSIBLE POINT OF VIEW

DRAWN BY HERMON HINES

We talked the matter over and, Providence aiding us, we fixed upon a plan. For the ornamentation of the town a new statue had just been cast. I forget of whom it was a statue. I only remember that in the essentials it was the usual sort of street statue, representing the usual sort of gentleman, with the usual stiff neck, riding the usual sort of horse—the horse that always walks on its hind legs, keeping its front paws for beating time; but in detail it possessed individuality. Instead of the usual sword or bâton, the man was holding, stretched out in his hand, his own plumed hat; and the horse, instead of the usual waterfall for a tail, possessed a somewhat attenuated appendage that somehow appeared out of keeping with his ostentatious behavior. One felt that a horse with a tail like that would not have pranced so much.

It stood in a small square not far from the farther end of the Karlsbrücke, but it stood there only temporarily. Before deciding where to fix it, the town authorities had resolved, very sensibly, to judge by practical test where it would look best. Accordingly they had had made three rough copies of the statue, which, viewed from a little distance, produced all the effect that was necessary. One of these they had set up at the approach to the Franz-Josefsbrücke, a second stood in the open space behind the theatre, and the third in the centre of the Wenzelsplatz.

"If George is not in the secret of this thing," said Harris—we were walking by ourselves for an hour, he having remained behind in the hotel to write a letter to his aunt—"if he has not observed these statues, then by their aid we will make a better and a thinner man of him, and that this very evening."

So during dinner we sounded him judiciously, and, finding him ignorant of the matter, we took him out and led him by side streets to the place where stood the real statue. George was for looking at it and passing on, as is his way with statues, but we insisted on his pulling up and viewing the thing conscientiously. We walked him around that statue four times and showed it to him from every possible point of view. I think, on the whole, we rather bored him with the thing, but our object was to impress it upon him. We told him the history of the man that rode upon the horse, the name of the artist who had made the statue, how much it weighed, how much it measured. We worked that statue into his system. By the time we had done with him he knew more about that statue, for the time being, than he knew about anything else. We soaked him in that statue, and only let him go at last on the condition that he would come again with us in the morning, when we could all see it better; and for such purpose we saw to it that he made a note in his pocketbook of the place where the statue stood.

Then we accompanied him to his favorite beer hall and sat beside him, telling him anecdotes of men who, accustomed to German beer and drinking too much of it, had gone mad and developed homicidal mania; of men who had died young through drinking German beer; of lovers that German beer had been the means of parting forever from beautiful girls.

At ten o'clock we started to walk back to the hotel. It was a stormy-looking night, with heavy clouds drifting over a light moon. Harris said:

"We won't go back the same way we came; we'll walk back by the river. It is lovely in the moonlight."

Harris told a sad history as we walked, about a man he once knew who is now in a home for harmless imbeciles. He said he recalled the story because it was on just such another night as this that he was walking with that man the very last time he ever saw the poor fellow. They were strolling down the Thames Embankment, Harris said, and the man frightened him then by persisting that he saw the statue of the Duke of Wellington at the corner of Westminster Bridge, when as everybody knows it stands in Piccadilly.

It was at this exact instant that we came in sight of the first of these wooden copies. It occupied the centre of a small railed-in square, a little above us on the opposite side of the way. George suddenly stood still and leaned against the wall of the quay.

"What's the matter?" I said; "feeling giddy?"

He said: "I do, a little. Let's rest here a moment."

He stood there with his eyes glued to the thing. He said, speaking huskily:

"Talking of statues, what always strikes me is how very much one statue is like another statue."

Harris said: "I cannot agree with you there; pictures, if you like. Some pictures are very like other pictures, but with a statue there is always something distinctive. Take that statue we saw early in the evening," continued Harris, "before we went into that concert hall. It represented a man sitting on a horse. In Prague you will see other statues of men on horses, but nothing at all like that one."

"Yes, they are," said George; "they are all alike. It's always the same horse, and it's always the same man. They are all exactly alike. It's idiotic nonsense to say they are not." He appeared to be angry with Harris.

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"What makes me think so?" retorted George, now turning upon me. "Why, look at that thing over there!"

I said: "What thing?"

"Why, that thing," said George; "look at it. There is the same horse with half a tail, standing on its hind legs; the same man without his hat; the same——"

Harris said: "You are talking now about the statue we saw in the Ringplatz."

"No, I'm not," replied George; "I'm talking about that statue over there."

"What statue?" said Harris.

George looked at Harris, but Harris is a man who might with care have been a fair amateur actor. His face merely expressed friendly sorrow, mingled with alarm. Next George turned his gaze on me. I endeavored, so far as lay

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within me, to copy Harris' expression, adding to it on my own account a touch of reproof.

"Will you have a cab?" I said as kindly as I could to George; "I'll run and get one."

"What the deuce do I want with a cab?" he answered ungraciously. "Can't you fellows understand a joke? It's like being out with a couple of confounded old women," saying which he started off across the bridge, leaving us to follow.

"I am so glad that was only a joke of yours," said Harris, on our overtaking him. "I knew a case of softening of the brain that began——"

"Oh, you're a silly ass!" said George, cutting him short; "you know everything." He was really most unpleasant in his manner.

We took him around by the river side of the theatre. We told him it was the shortest way, and, as a matter of fact, it was. In the open space behind the theatre stood the second of these wooden apparitions. George looked at it and again stood still.

"What's the matter?" said Harris kindly. "You are not ill, are you?"

"I don't believe this is the shortest way," said George.

"I assure you it is," persisted Harris.

"Well, I'm going the other," said George, and he turned and went, we, as before, following him.

Along the Ferdinand Strasse Harris and I talked about private lunatic asylums, which, Harris said, were not well managed in England. He said a friend of his, a patient in a lunatic asylum——

George said, interrupting:

"You appear to have a large number of friends in lunatic asylums." He said it in a most insulting tone, as though to imply that that is where one would look for the majority of Harris' friends. But Harris did not get angry; he merely replied quite mildly:

"Well, it really is extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, how many of them have gone that way sooner or later. I get quite nervous sometimes, now."

At the corner of the Wenzelsplatz, Harris, who was a few steps ahead of us, paused.

"It's a fine street, isn't it?" he said, sticking his hands in his pockets and gazing up it admiringly.

George and I followed suit. Five hundred yards away from us, in its very centre, was the third of these ghostly statues. I think it was the best of the three, the most like, the most deceptive. It stood boldly outlined against the wild sky; the horse on its hind legs, with its curiously attenuated tail; the man, bareheaded, pointing with his plumed hat to the now entirely visible moon.

"I think, if you don't mind," said George—he spoke with almost a pathetic ring in his voice; his aggressiveness had completely fallen from him—"that I will have that cab, if there's one handy."

"I thought you were looking queer," said Harris kindly; "it's your head, isn't it?"

"Perhaps it is," answered George.

"I have noticed it coming on," said Harris, "but I didn't like to say anything to you. You fancy you see things, don't you?"

"No, no, it isn't that," replied George rather quickly; "I don't know what it is."

"I do," said Harris solemnly, "and I'll tell you. It's this German beer that you are drinking. I have known a case where a man——"

"Don't tell me about him just now," said George. "I daresay it's true, but somehow I don't feel I want to hear about him."

"You are not used to it," said Harris.

"I shall give it up from to-night," said George. "I think you must be right; it doesn't seem to agree with me."

We took him home and saw him to bed. He was very gentle and quite grateful.

One evening later, after a long day's ride followed by a most satisfactory dinner, we started him on a big cigar and, removing things from his reach, told him of this stratagem that for his good we had planned.

"How many copies of that statue did you say we saw?" asked George, after we had finished.

"Three," replied Harris.

"Only three?" said George. "Are you sure?"

"Positive," replied Harris. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," answered George.

But I don't think he quite believed Harris.

How the Boy Won: General McArthur's First Victory

By Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.

ENLIST him, Captain. Sure there is the making of a second Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott in the lad."

Big Harry Dunn, of our company, who made the remark, was known for his wit and keen sarcasm, and as he spoke a dozen soldiers who had seen the pale-faced boy, long, lean and slim, as he walked by the side of the Captain, earnestly begging to go to the war in his company, laughed loudly at Private Dunn's outburst. I didn't laugh, probably because I had heard the boy's earnest appeal to the Captain, and also, probably, because I saw a tear on his cheek when the Captain said: "No, my boy; you are not old and strong enough for a soldier in my company."

"Then you will not take me?"

"No; you would not last a month."

It was at this point that Harry Dunn made his sarcastic remark.

The incident occurred when the Sixth—the blessed old Sixth—was making its last parade in Milwaukee before boarding the train for Washington, in July, 1861, the week after the disaster at Bull Run.

That schoolboy, a stripling under sixteen, undismayed by our Captain, slipped to the side of each company commander and besought him for a place in his ranks. The other nine replies were enough like the first to make the boy leave the station, crying. As he passed Company B, Captain Dill called to him with a word of encouragement, saying, among other things, "You would better be a scholar than a soldier, anyway."

"I propose to be both, sir," was the quick reply.

Other regiments that passed through the city that year imitated the Sixth in its lack of encouragement to the spindling schoolboy, and though he made many visits to the recruiting office, he was each time turned away as poor material for a soldier.

The great war had been in progress over a year when the boy and his father had a long talk about the lad's enlisting.

"My son," said the Judge, "you are too young, and not strong enough, for a soldier. Besides, I want you to get an education and adopt my profession, the law."

"Please do not refuse me," pleaded the boy. "I must go. I have wanted to go so badly ever since the war began that I have made a failure in school, and I cannot fix my mind on studies while others are going to fight for the country. Lots of my friends are going in the Twenty-fourth, and some of them are no older nor stronger than I am. I wish you knew how my heart is set on becoming a soldier. I simply can't give up the idea."

"But suppose I refuse to give my consent? Would you try to run away and enlist, as you did last year?"

"Don't make me run away, father. Let me join the Twenty-fourth."

"Wait two or three days."

"Then may I go?"

"Wait."

"He is determined to go and I shall surrender," said the Judge to himself.

The next morning the Judge left for Madison, returning that night. He went out to see the Governor.

"Certainly, Judge," said Governor Salomon. "By the way, how old is your son?"

"Not yet seventeen."

"Rather young, but so were Alexander Hamilton and Napoleon when they received their first commission."

At the breakfast table the following morning the Judge handed a large envelope to his son.

Seeing his father's name on the envelope and that he was addressed as Adjutant, the boy enthusiastically exclaimed: "Now I know you will let me go, for as Adjutant you can look after me."

"But I am not to be Adjutant of the Twenty-fourth, child; can't you see the 'Jr.' after the name?"

The boy's appetite was gone when it finally dawned upon him that his greatest desire was to be gratified—that he was to become a soldier. But his face soon sobered after reading the commission as First Lieutenant and Adjutant. He had only planned to be a private to begin with. He understood enough about military matters to know that the Adjutant of a regiment was an important officer.

"Well, I'll do my best; and if I fail, why, I can go in the ranks, and that is all I have wanted."

The next day he reported to the pompous Colonel as his Adjutant.

"You are too young, sir—far too young for so responsible a position. I shall ask the Governor to give me a *man* for Adjutant of this regiment—a qualified man, sir."

The pompous Colonel put a hot telegram over the wire an hour later, and in another hour the Governor returned his answer. It consisted of two words: "Try him."

Before night the boy took the oath and was a full-fledged Adjutant.

"Oh, yes, I'll try him," said the Colonel, as he directed an orderly to request the Adjutant to call at his tent.

When the youthful officer reported to his commander, the Colonel, with a frown and a voice harsher than usual, addressed him thus:

"Adjutant, this regiment will have a dress parade—its first—next Saturday evening. Get your uniform and be ready to officiate."

That was Tuesday—not much time in which to have a uniform made. But by much urging and an extra price the outfit was ready, and so were the sword and sash. In the meantime the boy Adjutant burned more than midnight oil in looking up and studying the duties of his office. By Saturday morning he was sure of his footing in all respects save one. His voice—well, it was like all boys' voices at a certain stage—a good mate for that of the young rooster at its first crowing.

The Twenty-fourth was formed for its initial dress parade. Fifteen thousand people were present to witness the event. At the proper time the Adjutant stepped to the front and faced to the left. His "Attention, Battalion!" was heard about three companies down the line, and "Shoulder, arms!" no greater distance, but the companies which could not hear did as those which heard and brought their pieces to a shoulder. "Prepare to open ranks, to the rear; open order, march!" was squeakier than the others, but the Twenty-fourth got around to execute the order in its own chosen time and way. When the command "Front!" was given, and the stripling, with long strides, his sword more on his shoulder than at his side, had forged to the centre, made a bad half circle to the right and advanced toward the Colonel until it was time to stop and about face—in doing which he nearly tripped by tangling his legs with his scabbard—the officers and men of the regiment who were not too mad to do so were laughing. After the First Sergeants had been called to the "Front and Centre," had reported and to their "Posts, marched," and the regiment was brought to a "Present," the poor fellow had to pass through another ordeal—to about face, salute the Colonel and report the parade formed, and then pass around that officer and take his place to his left and rear. While the Adjutant was making this movement the Colonel, with a contemptuous look, followed the boy, and was so noticeably disgusted that the whole regiment was aware of the fact.

That first dress parade was not by any means a success, and when it was dismissed the Colonel took pains to let his officers know that he was going to demand of the Governor the appointment of a grown man for Adjutant in place of that "white-faced, chicken-voiced boy."

The Adjutant's heart was well-nigh broken that night when he sought rest. Immediately after dress parade he had heard many of the officers make uncomplimentary remarks touching his chicken-voice and awkward appearance. As if that was not enough, he strolled through the company streets after dark. In nearly every tent he heard the men talking about the Adjutant, and in nearly every tent there was one or more who tried to imitate his dress-parade commands. From every street came such commands as these, in the most boyish voices possible: "First Sergeants to the front and

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centre, march!" "Present, arms!" followed by cat-calls and remarks like these: "Who's got a baby Adjutant?" "The Twenty-fourth Milwaukee." "Colonel Larrabee has bought a new milch cow." "What for?" "For the nurse who will have charge of our Adjutant."

Kindly old Captain B., who knew of the Adjutant's efforts to get into the service, and was full of sympathy for him, saw him wandering through the streets with head bowed and sighs that told of mental distress, approached him and told him not to mind what he had seen and heard, but to go right on doing the very best he could, and in time those who made fun of him would praise and applaud instead.

It is quite safe to say that no would-be soldier ever had a harder struggle to enlist than the little Adjutant. I have endeavored to make plain a few of the obstacles he encountered and how heroically he tried to overcome them. I particularly want the reader to keep in mind the young fellow's many struggles to enlist, for they will look well with what follows.

Twenty-fourth. No place of danger was too perilous for him to ride to. His bravery was so conspicuous that he attracted the attention of both brigade and division commander. After that battle every soldier in the Twenty-fourth was the boy Adjutant's sworn friend, admirer and defender.

At Missionary Ridge the color-bearer of the Twenty-fourth fell. The Adjutant was bending over him in an instant. Picking up the flag, he sprang to the front of the line and shouted: "Now for their line of works, boys!" With a yell the Twenty-fourth made a new rush, but they couldn't outsprint the Adjutant, who was the first man on the works, and as he waved Old Glory a mighty shout went up on the right and left. Both officers and men hugged the boy Adjutant after the battle, and I do not blame them.

A few weeks after that famous battle the Twenty-fourth was to have a new Major. The rank and file wanted their boy Adjutant, and so did many of the officers. Phil Sheridan, in whose division the Twenty-fourth had often fought, asked that the Adjutant be made Major, and it was done.



DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

Picking up the flag, he sprang to the front of the line and shouted: "Now for their line of works, boys!"

The Twenty-fourth had no more dress parades in Milwaukee. It was soon hurried to the front to assist in preventing General Braxton Bragg and his large army of Confederates from sweeping into Louisville and invading the North. Within two or three weeks the big regiment of poorly drilled men was marched headlong into the battle of Perryville, Kentucky. It was halted in a hollow. From the front came shell, shot and bullets which made terrible music for a new regiment. The officers could not tell how much of a force there was in their front, or how far away it was. The boy Adjutant heard the Colonel say he would give a horse to know just what was coming at his command. Without waiting for an order, the little fellow put spurs to his horse, and in a minute was on the brow of the hill, coolly taking in the situation and drawing a furious fire from the enemy he saw in large force rapidly advancing. Riding back to the Colonel, he reported and suggested that the Twenty-fourth quickly advance to the hill from whence he had come so as to have a chance to strike back, instead of remaining in that hollow to be cut to pieces, with little opportunity to harm the enemy. The suggestion was heeded, and the regiment had a prominent part in checking the Confederate advance. When the brigade commander thanked the Colonel that night for his command's good work, old Captain B. nudged the boy Adjutant and gently said: "I'll see that the General hears who it was that opened the way for the regiment to win praise. Keep on, my boy; you are on the up grade. The officers who sneered at you back in Wisconsin are already ashamed of themselves."

At Stone River, the last day of 1862 and the first day of 1863, the Adjutant proved to be a real hero, an inspiration to the men, and of great assistance to the officers of the

The gold leaves of a Major looked odd on the shoulders of the beardless boy, just turned eighteen, but they were not misplaced. During most of the following year the young Major commanded the Twenty-fourth, and none of Sherman's regiments did better work from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and surely none of General Thomas' regiments fought more heroically at Franklin and Nashville.

When the Twenty-fourth went back to Wisconsin, after the war, it was commanded by the youngest Colonel on either side of the great struggle.

Later, when the young Colonel, not yet a voter, was mustered out, he exchanged the eagles on his shoulders for the straps of a Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army, and not long after that was a Captain. When the new war came he was a Lieutenant-Colonel of the staff, but in June, 1898, he went to San Francisco with a silver star on each shoulder, to take command of a brigade on the way to the Philippines. It was his brigade that first scaled the walls of Manila the following August. The succeeding week I read the name of the boy Adjutant of the long ago in the list of newly appointed Major-Generals. Ever since then he has been conspicuous for his good service in subduing the insurgents. No one has done better.

Now please recall the sarcastic remark of Big Harry Dunn when the Sixth was marching through Milwaukee, in July, 1861.

If Big Harry Dunn will come a little closer I will whisper in his ear something like this: "You were right, Harry; there *was* the making of a second Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott in that lad; in a few months he will be a Brigadier-General in the Regular Army, and not so very long after that two Regular stars will shine on the shoulders of General Arthur McArthur.

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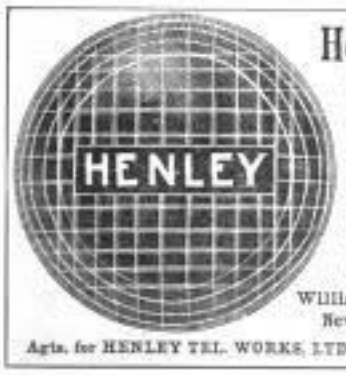
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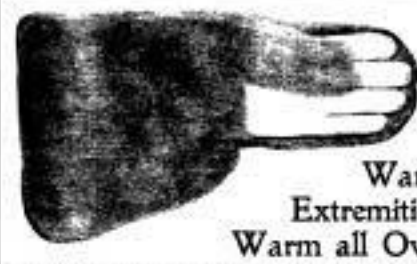
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An Acadian Coquette

By Charles G. D. Roberts

MADEMOISELLE DE LALANNE was in a gay mood that night. She was very happy, and might therefore have been expected to be kind. On the contrary, with a woman's title to the unexpected, she was filled for the moment with a kind of radiant malice. An impulse to be delicately cruel lurked behind the tender scarlet curve of her lips, and the wide innocence of her bewildering eyes hid very successfully a merciless desire to wound the two men who hung upon her words. From time to time, after a coquetry more audacious than usual, she would glance half-repentantly at the closed door, as if looking for yet another visitor. Her mother, Madame de Lalanne, an elderly gentlewoman of Quebec who had declined into a rustic dullness after years of life among the good country folk of Acadie, dozed over her knitting beside the ample hearth.

Mademoiselle was dressed in a shortish skirt of the pattern worn by the country girls. The material, however, was not the coarse wool of the district, but a heavy homespun linen, bleached to the tint of cream. The bodice was of the same stuff, with sleeves turned back at the elbows to show arms that were slim almost to thinness, but milk white and bewitchingly moulded. Over her shoulders was thrown carelessly a shawl of fine silk, black, but no blacker than the silken hair above it. On her small, slim feet, one of which kept restlessly tapping the floor, she wore shoes of fine scarlet leather. These little shoes every girl in Acadie had heard of, and discussed with jealous admiration; but few, indeed, even of the Grand Pré maids, had seen them, for the De Lalannes, mindful of their past seignioral pride, maintained much of their aloofness amid their changed fortunes.

Beautiful as was her face, broad-browed, finely chiseled, white with the warm whiteness of ivory, it was, above all, her eyes that made Marie de Lalanne the wonder of all Acadie. When she turned their dark radiance upon her two cavaliers, both felt their hearts jump painfully and each burned with a fierce impulse to pitch the other from the nearest window.



WITH INSTANT AND INSTINCTIVE OBEDIENCE BOTH MEN SPRANG BACK AND DROPPED THEIR POINTS; THEN, IN THE NEXT SECOND, BOTH TURNED INDIGNANTLY UPON THE INTRUDER

This tempting window, low and broad, looked out across a snowy slope that sparkled under the full moon. At the foot of the slope, visible from Mademoiselle's chair, a close hedge of young fir trees hid the channel of the Gaspereau River. A sullen, grinding roar from the flood tide a-chafe among the ice cakes was heard in the quiet room whenever the light talk flagged. It flagged often, as moments of absent-mindedness crowded Mademoiselle's whimsical mood; but it never flagged for long, seeing that it was her pleasure to be gay that night. The white moonlight, too, came in through the window, and mixed curiously with the leaping red firelight and the pale yellow of the two candles that stood on the brick chimney-piece, and added inextricable complications to the enigmatic lights that flamed softly from Mademoiselle's eyes.

The two young men upon whose passions she was playing so recklessly had come to Grand Pré village that same evening from opposite directions. Both had made all haste out over the hill to the old farmhouse by the Gaspereau. Captain Barras, journeying on snowshoes from the French fort at Chignecto, had arrived first, flushed with elation at finding Mademoiselle alone—for Madame de Lalanne was ever too sunk in old dreams to count as a personality. Scarcely had he bowed his *devoirs* over the little, restless white hand, which Mademoiselle was wont to use as mercilessly as her eyes, when there came from the hunting-fields behind La Hêve the spare, sombre-suited, silent figure of Jean Michel Landry de Latour, the proud and impoverished descendant of the De Latours of Port Royal and St. John.

Now, on the coming of Captain Barras, Mademoiselle had not been over-gracious. She had been merely *ennuyée*. It was when De Latour arrived that the caprice of gayety had seized upon her. What were these unencouraged suitors for, indeed, if not to furnish amusement through the hour of waiting before her? On the instant she was all graciousness.

"I trust your absence from Grand Pré has not seemed as long to you as it has to us, Monsieur!" she murmured as De Latour kissed her finger-tips and shot a glance of dark disdain at Barras.

The Captain's mouth grew dry suddenly as he perceived in this changed demeanor of his hostess an explanation of the chill civility which had greeted his own arrival. But in the next moment those resistless eyes flashed upon him something that thrilled like a caress; and straightway, remembering all that he was and his rival was not—rich, handsome, and in high favor with the Governor at Quebec—he returned the newcomer's challenging glance with interest.

When Mademoiselle presented the two, De Latour's curt formality was a veiled declaration of war, while the elaborate courtesy of Barras was an exquisite insolence. And Mademoiselle was sinfully delighted.

The demeanor of the two men contrasted sharply. Barras, not long from the revels and lightness of Quebec, hung boldly on Mademoiselle's glances, and his vanity was facile game to her. He could not take his eyes from her face except to dart an occasional look of supercilious impatience at the intruder, who, as he now felt convinced, alone stood in the way of his conquest. De Latour, on the other hand, while ever seeking the glances which enthralled him, seemed ever unable to endure their light. Whenever he encountered them he would drop his own eyes—and quietly fearless eyes they were in the little customary matters of battle and peril—from the too-dazzling brilliancy of her face to the daintiness of her scarlet shoes. He seldom troubled to look at his rival; but his reserve managed somehow to express quite unmeasured depths of contempt. He spoke little, even to Mademoiselle, but that little always had point. The burden of the conversation was borne by Barras, who had a flow of glittering compliment at command. Mademoiselle de Lalanne had but to direct the game, now with deft turn of phrase, now with a smile, now with a swift look; and with such wicked nicety of skill did she direct it that within the half-hour the air of that peaceful chamber seemed full of swords.

At this point, however, she kept things under curb, so that neither man dared in the least degree ruffle the shining surface of civility which she had spread between them. Madame de Lalanne sank so deep into her dreams that her knitting fell unheeded to the floor, and was seized upon by a gratified black kitten. One of the candles on the chimney-piece guttered spitefully and went out. The ghostly patch of moonlight moved across the floor till it touched and paled the scarlet of Mademoiselle's shoes. Then, on a sudden, just as she opened her lips for some sally more sweetly envenomed than any that had gone before, the faint sound of a footstep in another part of the house caught her ear. No one else heard it; but it was what she was waiting for. Her face softened and she sprang up.

"Excuse me, Messieurs," she said hastily. "I have forgotten something." And in a breath she was gone, closing the door behind her and leaving the two men to stand with blank faces staring after her.

So they stood for a moment, then turned to each other. De Latour spoke first.

"Your society is distasteful to me, Captain Barras!" said he coldly.

"I can quite imagine it, Monsieur!" replied Barras, with the most courteous intonation. "Different, I suppose, from that to which you are accustomed!"

De Latour smiled grimly. Mere verbal repartee seemed to him little worth while when the retort of the sword was in question.

"Nevertheless," said he, "I could tolerate it for a short time under other conditions. Behind yonder fir trees there is a level space by the side of the water, where the moon shines clearly. I could meet you there with pleasure, so it be at once, Monsieur!"

Barras' bold eyes flashed. This was just what he wanted. Yet for the mere insolence of it he affected to hesitate.

"Your appearance is against you, Monsieur," he drawled; "but—yes, you are received by Mademoiselle de Lalanne, and therefore I may without dishonor cross swords with you. His Excellency would understand."

He went out brusquely, leaving De Latour to follow. But the iron face of the woodranger (for such he was) was untroubled by the insult. He felt only compassion for the ignorance of a Canadian who knew not the precedence of the De Latours.

The two strode in silence, side by side, down the crisply glittering slope, their distorted, black shadows dancing grotesquely

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behind them. When they were within about a hundred paces of the fir grove, Mademoiselle de Lalanne reëntered the room which they had so hastily forsaken. Her face was now more softly radiant, and the laughing malice had died out of her eyes. Close at her skirts came a tall, fair-haired, ruddy-featured man, with "English" written large all over him. His eyes rested for a moment on Madame's slumbering form in her big chair, then swept the empty spaces quizzically.

"Your fine birds have flown, sweetheart!" he exclaimed with a boyish laugh.

Mademoiselle was at the window in time to note the direction of their flight. At a glance she understood the imminent results of her coquetry. Pale with sudden fear, she turned and clutched her companion's arm.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "they have gone away to fight. Quick! Quick! Stop them!"

The Englishman laughed again, but very softly so as not to wake Madame, and looked down into the girl's face. He was thinking of her eyes, of her lips, and he only half heard her words.

"Stop what?" he asked, stooping with a swift movement to kiss her. But she sprang back angry and frightened.

"Stop them, I say, Jack. They are going to fight, and perhaps they'll kill each other. And it's all my fault. I've been very wicked. Oh, I'll go myself!" And she darted out of the room.

At this he awoke. He caught her before she was out of the house and checked her firmly.

"It's an awkward thing, Sweet," said he, "to interfere between two indignant gentlemen who have a right to disagree in their own way. But if you say so, I'll do it. What shall I say to them? How is it your fault?"

"Oh, Stupid! Can't you see how wicked I've been? I've made them both think I cared for them; I've made them furiously jealous! I was so tired waiting for you to come! And now if they're killed I'll never speak to you again!"

Jack Moleby's face broke into a grin of delighted comprehension.

"Wretch!" he retorted, "I go!" And he made off down the snow with long strides. Throwing a hooded cloak about her, and thrusting her feet, red shoes and all, into a pair of white, fur-lined moccasins, Mademoiselle sped after him.

The winter air was crisp, clear, and with a fine, frosty sting in it. There was no wind whatever. There was no sound but the grinding of the tide among the ice cakes. The light was almost like full day in the little white glade where the two Frenchmen faced each other with swords at the salute. The next instant the sibilant whisper of the steel began, deadly in its soft reserve; and the easy superciliousness of the smile on Barras' lips changed to a look as stern as his adversary's as he felt the dangerous competence of the wrist opposed to him.

The two fought in their vests, their coats lying upon the snow near by. In skill they appeared to be well matched, and De Latour, who had never before met any one at all his equal in fence, began to conceive an unwilling respect for the coxcomb Captain. In fact, he had just by the merest hair's-breadth escaped a scratch when from the edge of the grove a voice of sharp authority rang out, "Halt!" and Captain Jack's tall figure appeared suddenly beside them.

With instant and instinctive obedience both men sprang back and dropped their points; then, in the next second, both turned indignantly upon the intruder.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded De Latour curtly. "And by what right, if I may ask, do you interfere in our pastime?" inquired Barras.

Captain Jack, who was more embarrassed than he would have cared to show, chose to answer the latter question.

"By no right, gentlemen," he replied heartily; "and I beg to apologize in the fullest manner. I know, too, I owe you satisfaction for my abruptness, and of course I am quite ready to afford it to you both if you demand it. But I beg you rather to accept my apology!"

"We can discuss that later on," said De Latour in tones of ice. "And meanwhile, Captain Barras, with your consent we will resume."

But before the blades could cross again the Englishman stepped forward sharply, his own sword half drawn.

"Really, gentlemen," he began in a voice of mastery, "I must insist that you stop fighting. No more of it, I say!" And his blood began to get hot. Then he remembered that he would certainly not be fulfilling Marie's wishes if he should himself kill one or perhaps both of these impetuous and infatuated Frenchmen; and the thought gave him pause. He considered the situation deuced awkward altogether.

Both men faced him.

"This is astonishing, truly," exclaimed Barras, with a biting sneer. "I think we had better have an immediate explanation before we go on with our own affair."

But now Jack Moleby had an inspiration. He would try diplomacy. Replacing his sword, and relapsing into his customary large good-humor, he smiled genially upon the scowling faces.

"You see, gentlemen, I hated to disturb you, but I had to do as I was commanded. Mademoiselle de Lalanne sent me with positive orders to stop the fight at any cost. In my stupidity I thought I might have to fight you both in order to obey her. But I should have known, as soon as I saw the courtly gentlemen you were, that my one effective weapon would be the expression of her wishes. She implores you, if her happiness is of any concern to you, that you will do each other no injury. She beseeches you to promise that you will put your quarrel, whatever it may be, forever by, without which promise she declares that she will live in ceaseless anxiety. I think, gentlemen, from my observation of her solicitude in this matter, that one or the other of you must be honored by a very distinguished place in her regard."

Each, on hearing these sagacious words, conceived himself to be the one so honored. Into De Latour's cold eyes came a gleam of elation.

"Mademoiselle de Lalanne's wishes are a command, Monsieur," said he, sheathing his sword. "I need no apology from you for having obeyed them. Rather should I wish to hold you to account had you failed to fulfill them to the letter!"

"I thank you, Monsieur, with all my heart," replied Captain Jack, bowing and biting back a smile. "And you, Monsieur," he went on, turning to Barras, "have I grace from you also for my somewhat blundering zeal?"

Barras' face, no longer that of the fearless and inexorable swordsman, wore now a simper of pleased vanity. The coxcomb was back. "Mademoiselle's wishes are my law," said he, bowing elaborately, "and he who carries them out is my ensample."

With another ceremony to De Latour he slipped his sword back into its place, as if to say, "Let there be peace between us."

At this moment Mademoiselle came tripping from the grove, the hood of her cloak half fallen back from her hair. She came up to the Englishman's side and laid her hand lightly on his arm. Upon the two swordsmen she turned a smile of subjugating sweetness.

"With all my heart I thank you, gentlemen," she said, "for your gracious courtesy in yielding to my wishes. Let us go back to the house and I will ask you to take a glass of wine with me to the long continuance of friendship between two such gallant gentlemen as I well know you to be."

Both men stood bowing, each with his hand over his heart, and each boiling inwardly at sight of those small fingers on the Englishman's sleeve. There was a brief pause, during which Mademoiselle flushed faintly and her eyelids fluttered down. Then she went on steadily:

"And let me present to you, Captain Barras, and to you, Monsieur de Latour, my dear friend, Captain Moleby, of the English garrison at Halifax. It is my prayer, gentlemen, that when your flag and his are again at war, as is like to be soon, he may not find such swords as yours opposed to him, for he is my betrothed. I commend him to your kind good will."

The two Frenchmen met each other's eyes with a glance of mutual comprehension, murmured some inarticulate compliments, and hid their discomfiture in the final bitterness of permitting Captain Jack to help them into their coats.

It was one of the triumphs of Captain Jack Moleby's career that he did not smile.

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How WE make Presidents

The Hayes and Garfield Campaigns

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE

Drawings by CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

THE Presidential contest of 1876 had many strange complications, most of which were not visible to the public. In my article on Blaine's Battle for the Presidency the details of the struggle at the Cincinnati convention that met June 15 are so fully given that they need not be again presented. It is enough to say that Blaine had a majority of the delegates in that body; that a majority of the whole convention voted for him at one time or another but never on the same ballot; and that his nomination was defeated by a very powerful and well-handled combination of power that had its centre in the Grant Administration. By shrewd management the Blaine vote was kept divided until a landslide was made to Governor Hayes, with whom William A. Wheeler, of New York, was nominated for Vice-President.

The Democratic National Convention of 1876 was the first to cross the Father of Waters. It was held in St. Louis on June 28, and resulted in the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, for President, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for Vice-President. Tilden was the ablest political manager in the Democratic party of that day. He was tireless, methodical and sagacious, and he made his nomination over Hancock and Hendricks by early and complete organization of his friends in all the debatable States. He had won national reputation by his courage in bringing Tweed to justice, and he was regarded by the country generally as well equipped for the high duties of Chief Magistrate. The friends of Hendricks made a desperate battle for him, but they were outclassed in leadership, and it was a Tilden convention when the body convened, with very able men to hold it in subjection.

A DUEL AVERTED BY A DINNER

The Tilden forces required little leadership in St. Louis, as his nomination had been thoroughly accomplished before the convention met. Tilden exhausted his wonderful powers of organization in getting control of the delegations of doubtful States, and looked minutely to the men who should be chosen as delegates, and when the convention met there was no boisterous jostling between the opposing forces, as the majority was complete in its organization and moved with directness to the accomplishment of its purpose. William L. Scott, of Erie, Pennsylvania, who was twice elected to Congress in an overwhelmingly Republican district, was the accepted leader of the Tilden people. He was personally popular, self-poised, sagacious and discreet, and all he had to do was to keep his solid lines unbroken.

The minority was dumbfounded at the development of the Tilden strength, but the Hendricks people, led by McDonald, of Indiana—afterward United States Senator—and most zealously and aggressively aided by the helpless Tammany minority in the New York delegation, fought heroically at every step; but with Scott to manage and Henry Watterson to inspire the Tilden people they maintained their mastery from start to finish and Tilden was declared the nominee. When the nomination was announced the convention presented a singular spectacle. The Tilden delegates were at once upon their feet cheering lustily and waving their handkerchiefs, and one after another of the minority delegations rose and joined in the huzzas for the declared candidate, but the Indiana delegates sat stubbornly in their seats. Later, when Hendricks was made the candidate for Vice-President, they were compelled to rise and join in united cheers for the ticket.

Much bitterness was developed during the struggle between the opposing clans, and a duel between General Morgan, a fighting Democratic soldier of Ohio, and Colonel Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was only averted, when the convention adjourned, by Colonel Watterson hurrying Breckinridge off to dinner, and compelling him to make concessions which satisfied the Ohio warrior.

TILDEN'S MAJORITY OVER HAYES

The campaign was one of unusual interest, and the popular tide was with Tilden because of his accepted integrity and ability, which were regarded in bold contrast to the Administration of Grant, that had brought a tempest of scandals upon the party and the Administration. On the popular vote Tilden received 250,961 majority over Hayes, and in the electoral college, as the popular vote was cast in the States, Tilden received 203 votes, to 156 for Hayes. On the morning after the election Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, who was Secretary of the National Committee of which Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was Chairman, announced that Hayes was elected, and declared that the States of Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina had honestly voted for Hayes, and that he would finally receive their electoral votes. With the whole machinery of the Government in the hands of the Republicans it was almost a hopeless battle for Tilden to fight for the disputed Southern States, but the Democratic people became violently aroused, and threats were freely made that the inauguration of Hayes would be prevented by mob violence if attempted. So grave did the situation become that Congress finally passed an act, supported by a number of Democrats, appointing an Electoral Commission consisting of Senators, Representatives and members of the Supreme Court.



A duel was only averted by Colonel Watterson hurrying Breckinridge off to dinner

Judge David Davis was assigned by the Supreme Court to act on the commission, but he declined, and Judge Strong, of Pennsylvania, took his place. Had Davis remained on the commission Tilden would doubtless have been elected, as he lost the disputed States at every trial of strength in the commission by a vote of eight to seven. I have explained in the article on Blaine, and later in the article on the contest of 1868, how and why Tilden lost the battle and the highest honor of the Republic.

MEETING FRAUD WITH FRAUD

The true history of the struggle for the control of the electoral votes of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana has never been written, and now never can be fully written. The ablest men of both sides attended the contest in those States to battle for or against the action of the returning boards. All three States had voted for Tilden, but the returning boards, which had been created by the carpet-bag rule of the South, set aside the returns on the plea of fraud and certified the electoral vote for Hayes. The strength of the claim of the Democrats was practically admitted after the inauguration of Hayes by the President aiding in the adjustments which gave the Democrats the Governors and the Legislatures of those States, and ousting the Republicans who had given the electoral vote to the President.

The chief factor in the bold and revolutionary action that returned the three States named for the Republican candidate for President was J. Donald Cameron, then Secretary of War under President Grant, and later United States Senator. He is nothing if not heroic when occasion demands it. I remember calling upon him at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, after the election, and inquiring of him whether he really meant to force the reversal of the vote in those States and have Hayes returned as elected. He answered with perfect frankness that he had started in to do it, that he meant to do it, and that it was right to do it, as the Republicans had not opportunity to vote in the South, and the only way to meet such frauds was by the strong power of the Government.

But for the assurance that the Army and Navy would sustain the returning boards of those States in whatever they did under color of law, the reversal of the popular vote never could have been accomplished. The State of Florida was manipulated by Robert W. Mackey, who was the most accomplished politician the Republicans have ever produced in Pennsylvania. He was apparently dying of consumption for ten years, and when it became necessary to send some competent man to handle Florida he was selected. He started on his mission, and his racking cough and general consumptive features gave plausibility to the statement that he was going South to nurse his health. Two Democratic visiting committeemen were on the same train, both unknown to Mackey, and he overheard them mature their plans to hold the State for Tilden. He telegraphed to C. D. Brigham, who had been a prominent editor and Republican politician in Pittsburg, but who then resided in Florida, to meet him at the station, and before the Democrats attempted to carry out their plans they were completely blocked by Mackey, who could summon all the Federal officials to his aid.

HOW TILDEN'S INDECISION LOST THE BATTLE

Governor Curtin and Senator Sherman met face to face at New Orleans in the struggle to win the electoral vote of Louisiana, and at one stage of the battle Tilden could have secured the vote by telegraphing a single word to Curtin, but Tilden seemed to have lost his cunning, and hesitation was exhibited by him at every stage of the conflict when the promptest action was indispensable. I visited him at his home in Grammercy Park when the contest was on at white heat, and was amazed to find his table covered with legal briefs, as though his election depended upon the law that would govern before a competent and impartial judicial tribunal. He permitted himself and his friends to become involved in a compromising way in the Oregon dispute for a single elector, and had the same

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Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in Colonel McClure's series, How We Make Presidents. The series began in the Post of January 6. Each article is complete in itself.



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method been adopted in Louisiana he would have won. Instead of discussing the situation as it was, he presented to me elaborate arguments to show how it should be, and I could not refrain from reminding him that he was not dealing with judicial tribunals, and that he must either meet his opponents on their own ground and with their own weapons or he must fall in the fight. He seemed to be utterly bewildered, and the man who had organized his nomination and election with consummate skill shriveled up into pitiable indecision and inaction when he had the power to cast the die for or against himself.



Governor Curtin and Senator Sherman met face to face at New Orleans

The severe strain upon the popular sentiment of the country that had given Tilden 250,000 majority for President was greatly tempered, especially in the South, by a very shrewd movement planned early in the after-election contest to conciliate the leading people of the South. They received positive assurances from men very close to Hayes, and who gave the assurance of Hayes' approval of the movement, that if Hayes should be inaugurated President without violence the State governments of Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina would be given to the Democrats. That Hayes approved of the plan is evidenced by the fact that after he became President he stood resolutely by the promise made by his friends to give the Democrats control of the governments of those States.

THE BATTLE IN FLORIDA AND LOUISIANA

There was no serious friction in Florida; the Democratic candidate for Governor was allowed to be inaugurated on a returned majority of 195 as given by the Supreme Court. In South Carolina the face of the returns gave Wade Hampton 1134 majority for Governor, with about a like majority for the Democratic Presidential electors, but the returning board threw out Democratic counties and returned Chamberlain, Republican, as elected Governor by a majority of 3433, and gave the Republican electors majorities ranging from 600 to 900.

Two Legislatures were organized and two claimants for the Governorship were qualified, but after a long siege, in which the friends of Hampton were with difficulty restrained from taking violent possession of the capitol, the Republicans gave up the contest, as they discovered that President Hayes would not support them, and Hampton and his associate Democratic candidates and a Democratic Legislature were accepted.

The great battle was made in Louisiana, where the returning board gave Hayes the State by a majority of 4807, and declared the Republican electors chosen by about the same majority. The face of the returns gave a majority of 7876 for Tilden and 8101 for Nichols, Democratic candidate for Governor. There, as in South Carolina, two Governors were qualified and two Legislatures organized, and Stephen B. Packard, who had been counted in as the Republican Governor, and had been largely instrumental in giving the electoral vote to Hayes, and hence in electing him, demanded that the President should sustain him, logically insisting that if Hayes was elected Packard was elected, and that if Packard must go out Hayes must go out with him.

The faith of the President and his friends were pledged to the people of property in Louisiana that they should have their own State government, but it was a most difficult obligation to discharge. Finally, the President appointed a committee, two of whom were Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, and ex-Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh, of Washington, to go to New Orleans and solve the problem in some way to give the State government to Nichols and the Democrats. The first necessity was to withdraw enough Senators and Representatives from the Packard Legislature to the Nichols Legislature to give the latter a quorum of undisputed legislators in both houses, as that would leave Packard without a Legislature and clothe Nichols' government with the ceremony of law.

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY BARGAIN

Many of the Packard legislators were negroes, and most of them commercial. The change could be effected only by purchase, in which the Hawley and MacVeagh committee had no part. There were enough and to spare of Packard legislators who were willing to sell out, but the Democrats were impoverished and could not raise money to buy them.

In this emergency the Louisiana Lottery Company came forward and proposed to furnish the citizens of New Orleans, who were managing the movement, all the money they needed on condition that when the Democrats came into power and amended the constitution they should give the Louisiana Lottery a twenty-five-year charter in the constitution. It was a hard bargain, but as they could do no better they accepted the proffer, and a very large sum of money was thus furnished and paid to the negroes and carpet-bag legislators, who were very glad to get under cover with cash in their pockets, knowing that the end of carpet-bag rule was near at hand. Packard finally found himself abandoned by a majority of the undisputed Senators and Representatives. His administration thus ended, and the promise of the friends of Hayes, which

(*Concluded on Page 784*)



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The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett

Author of The Stickit Minister, The Raiders, The Lilac Sunbonnet, The Grey Man, The Red Axe, etc., etc.

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Part IV—Thirteenth Chapter

IT WAS late afternoon upon Millwharchar Muir. The sun began to cast long, slanting shadows thwartwise across the ruddy purple and golden brown. The moss-hags acquired threatening eyebrows as their overhanging summits shut off the sunshine from their gloomy deeps.

Seven times had Bell remarked that it was time to be going homeward lest one of her brothers—or perhaps Will Begbie—might take it into his head to come that way.

Besides, the peats were fitted—as many as two rows of stooks—work for half an hour at least. But then, Bell had had to wait till the casting was dry enough. Other things also had interfered. At last, however, after an eighth declaration, she rose determinedly to her feet. This time there must be no dallying. She must be going. No, she would not sit down again and think it over. It was time, and high time, too. And he ought to know better than to ask her, considering the danger to them both; what would she do if anything happened to him?

Well, just a minute, then. There! Was he satisfied now?

So, in the quiet, peaceful-seeming evening these two walked slowly toward the little copse which erected its crest of birch and fir over the edge of the moor. They went hand in hand, and discussed the flight to Isle Rathan. Adam was to arrange through a faithful retainer that Gideon Lamb, outed clergyman and good Jacobite, was to be in readiness. Mistress Patrick Heron (erstwhile May Maxwell) was to be warned. Bell's heart throbbed at the thought of meeting her, reassured, however, by the news that she had been a farmer's daughter.

"Now, little love," said Adam, "we must say good-night. Good angels keep you—till to-morrow, love, till to-morrow! And then, on the third day—why, then there will begin to be no more to-morrows forever and ever!"

"Good-night, Adam!"

"Why do you not say Charles Francis?" he said, smiling.

"I like Adam now. You are my Adam."

"Good-night, little Eve!"

❧

"*In the King's name, stand!*"

The voice rang out like a trumpet, imperious and commanding, yet with a certain amount of the weakness of self-conscious youth in it.

Adam Home lifted his head and confronted a score of dismounted King's troopers. An officer was at their head, with his sword drawn in his hand. Their carbines were at the ready, and the black muzzles approached within a dozen yards of his breast.

Very haughtily Adam Home, another Adam Home from him who had spoken these last words to his love, looked at his captors, his head high and his eyes straight and unabashed. He did not take his arm from about his sweetheart's waist under the gaze of so many men, but rather, as it seemed, kept it there with a kind of ostentation.

❧

So they stood, the red tunics of the dragoons almost black against the sunset, the last rays glinting on sword blade and gun barrel and looking fair into the dark and angry face of Adam Home and the wild eyes of Bell, the plighted wife of the man whose life was forfeit.

Behind the troop stood Will Begbie, despair and remorse already tugging at his heart-strings. But it was too late.

"Kilpatrick—you!" cried the young officer of dragoons in sheer and unfeigned astonishment.

"Ah, Harry!" was all that Adam Home replied.



DRAWN BY HARRY C. EDWARDS

"IN THE KING'S NAME, STAND!"

There was a pause. The young ensign sheathed his sword with a sharp click, but his men remained fixed with their muskets pointed at the rebel.

"Cousin Adam," said the lad, his face coloring, "this is a deucedly awkward business for me. I declare I must take you prisoner!"

Adam Home smiled, and, removing his arm from his sweetheart's waist, took her hand instead. He could feel that her bosom was heaving tumultuously, the storm not far off. He resolved it should not break if he could help it.

"Certainly, lad," he cried cheerfully; "I am your prisoner. But I am this lady's prisoner first. I present you to my wife!"

"Your wife?" repeated the officer, obviously mystified.

"Yes, my wife, or almost," said Adam Home. "His Highness the Elector of Hanover permitting, we are to be married the day after to-morrow at the house of Mr. Patrick Heron, of Isle Rathan, Justice of the Peace in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright."

"That's worse still, Adam," said the lad, "for there's a warrant out for your arrest on a charge of high treason. And Uncle Harry is in Cairn Edward to meet with my Lord Galloway."

"Content, my boy," said Adam Home calmly; "it will be quite a family gathering! All I ask is that you march your men around by Millwharchar, which your guide (he looked at Will Begbie with a dry smile) doubtless pointed out to you in the valley as you came up. I would desire your leave to place in safety this lady who is so dear to me."

"Of course I will," cried the boy, brightening; "it is a shift most damnable that I am in. Pity me, Adam, and tell me what you would do if you were in my shoes."

❧

"Why," said Adam Home, "do what you must do—your duty. Besides, you are my uncle's favorite and next heir, and when they stick my head on Tower Hill it will all be for the best."

The poor boy's distress was evident, but in another direction Adam Home had gone too far. At the image which his light words called up but too easily in her heart Bell clasped his hands.

"Oh, Adam," cried she, "I have brought you to this! Wicked girl that I am—I am the cause of your death! You will hate me. You will curse the day you saw me. You must. I will not love you if you do not!"

She turned upon the officer.

"Oh, good sir, I know you are kind. Do, I pray you, release him. I beg you from my heart to let him go. Indeed he was not plotting nor doing any harm to the King. He only came to see me. All the way from France he came. And I love him. And I hate you, Will Begbie. Yes, I hate you; I could kill you—crush you like a serpent under my foot! I know why he has done this, gentlemen; it is because I would not marry him. Ugh—the wretch! I always knew what he was. It always made me feel as if a toad hopped into my hand every time he shook it. And now he has wickedly betrayed my love—my life. But you will let him go, good gentleman. Sir Captain, I will do anything you ask. I will be indebted to you all my life. Do take me to prison in his place. I alone am the guilty one, if there is any harm. He came all the way only to see me. Would not you have done the same?"

"Indeed that I would!" cried the boy eagerly.

Editor's Note—The Fitting of the Peats began in the Post of February 3.



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"If you had been my sweetheart, I mean."

"Whether or no!" cried the boy with enthusiasm. He had never seen so pretty a girl, he thought.

"Then you will let him go?"

The lad clasped his hands in despair as she smiled hopefully into his face. But Adam answered for him, tenderly caressing Bell's hand with his right, all the while keeping it firm in his left.

"He cannot, dearest heart," he said; "he has his duty to perform He is an officer of King George. I would do the same in his place. Indeed, he cannot let me go. My uncle could—but he will not." He added the last sentence in an undertone.

"But they will kill you. I am sure I shall never see you again. And—the day after to-morrow was so near!"

At the sound of her sobs the lad bowed his head in a burst of boyish sorrow.

"This is hard, Adam," he moaned. "Heavens and earth, I declare if you say the word you can run for it when my troop is at the farmhouse. I will not let them fire. They can only break me. They won't shoot me. My Uncle Henry would not let them do that, much as he hates you. *And I haven't got any sweetheart!*"

"My boy," said Adam Home gently, "I would not think of it for a moment. They will not hang me—at least, I do not think so. They are all for conciliation now. They say that the Prince has been in London, and that the Government knew of it."

"Do not be too sure. My uncle is very angry with you for rebelling. He never had any favor for you. And now he swears that you nearly loaded him with the King."

"And then, after all, he would have my estates if I were to hang, while the King would get them if they were only confiscated," said Adam in a whisper. "But cheer up, boy, and let us keep up this lady's spirits."

They were come by this time to the little green loaning which leads through an orchard of crabapple and gooseberries to the house of Millwharchar.

Bell had walked quietly the last part of the way, holding her lover's hand while he talked with his cousin. She dried her eyes and listened. There seemed to be some hope. His uncle, they said, was a great man in whose hand were the powers of life and death. Surely he would not order to the scaffold his own nephew—just for coming home to see one who loved him.

"Say 'good-by' to me here, little one," said Adam at the gate gently; "I will soon be back to you. And though the day after to-morrow cannot bring me all the happiness I had hoped, yet to-night I shall sleep happier than ever before, knowing that you love me. Be not afraid. We must put the other off a little—but, please God, only for a little. God bless you, Bell. Be mindful of me—a worthless fellow enough, but one who loves you."

"Good-night, then—and not 'good-by,' Adam," said Bell, brightly holding up her face to be kissed, unashamed before them all.

And so, with a wave of his hand and a look out of his eyes for her alone, Bell's lover marched off to prison smiling and debonair as ever—though the road he went might be even to the scaffold.

Bell stood on the doorstep and watched them go. Then, in a moment, her mood changed from resignation to alertness.

"John," she cried, "saddle me Brown Bess. And be quick. Don't ask why. You will know in good time. I will answer to my father when he comes home. Do as I bid."

And as John obediently departed stableward his imperious sister ran upstairs to her own little room to array herself in her daintiest dress, her whitest and fleeciest lace, her smartest shoes, and to don the pretty low-sitting hat over her sunny curls, which, when duly settled in its place, made her the most ravishing vision man could look upon. After that she stole into her brother's room, and, securing a rowel spur, fitted it carefully upon the heel of her shoe.

By the time she was finished and had dabbed her eyes free of all traces of tears, Brown Bess was at the door. And once more as Bell mounted John besought her to tell him whither she was going.

"To Cairn Edward," she cried, as she sent the rowels home with absolute disregard for Brown Bess' feelings, and started at a tearing gallop down the brae.

At the loaning foot, where she had looked her last upon the man she loved, the man who only loved her stood full in her path.

"Bell, listen to me: Bell!" he cried. "Do not go till I have had speech with you. I could not help it! He but played with you, while I have loved you all my life."

He spoke piteously, wildly, with a hoarse bark of despair in his voice. But he spoke in vain. Bell was of that nature which can forgive all things that do not touch the beloved. But the she-wolf guards not her young with fiercer tooth. She had found her love. Now she would fight for him. Rich or poor, peer of the realm or condemned traitor, Bell MacLurg cared no jot. He was hers. He was her all. What mattered a lifetime's devotion in any other?

"Out of my way, treacherous hound!" she cried, and as he tried in desperation to seize her bridle rein she pulled Brown Bess sharply around and sent in the spur a second time. Even then Will Begbie stood his ground, but the pretty vixen on horseback cut him sharply across the cheek with her whip.

"That is all I have for traitors!" she cried as she passed him. She meant one who was a traitor to her love—King George or King James she cared nothing for. Why should she? She had but one king, and even now they were taking him to his death.

Will Begbie fell back with a red line across his face and his heart broken, while Bell swept down the Cairn Edward road in a tumult of angry exultation.

"This for a lifetime's devotion!" he said, with his hand touching his stinging cheek.

"That for betraying my love to his enemies!" she said, and inconsistently bestowing a little of the same upon Brown Bess, who at least was wholly innocent.

For love is a fire that eats up all, and there is no fuel that it burns faster than bygone kindnesses which are awkward to remember.

A grave-faced man of middle age sat writing in the best parlor of Mistress Douglas' change-house in the town of Cairn Edward. He had laid aside his wig for greater ease, and now sat occasionally rubbing his cropped poll of badger gray with one hand, while he made the other to travel rapidly over the blue official sheets of foolscap which a secretary had placed on the table before him.

Occasionally he took snuff from a golden box with the royal arms on the lid, and then again he would look out of the low window before which a crowd of loafers was assembled. They were trying to get a glimpse of the man of quality within, who had come with so great a retinue to meet My Lord Galloway. It was even reported that he was one of the Royal Princes traveling in disguise.

Suddenly there was a noise in the passage. The clear, determined demand of a feminine voice predominated. Then came the lower tones of a man refusing some request. Both of these were iterated and reiterated, growing every moment more insistent, till with a gesture of annoyance the man at the table went to the door and flung it wide open.

"What is this unseemly brawl?" he cried in the tone of one accustomed to be obeyed.

At sight of him his secretary and the valet who had been barring the way fell back, and between them their master found himself gazing at one of the loveliest maidens it had ever been his lot to behold. She was dressed in a short-plaited kirtle, over which was a silken overskirt prettily draped to show a tiny foot and the turn of a handsome ankle.

The girl's color was vivid, her eyes at once brimful of tears and brilliant with indignation.

"A girl of spirit," thought Mr. Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury of King George II, and at present, in that august Monarch's absence abroad, Lord Justice of the Three Kingdoms as well.

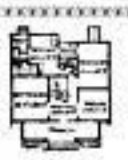
As soon as Bell saw her way plain before her she ran to Pelham and clasped his arms as if for protection.

"I knew I would see him. I knew he would listen to me!" she cried triumphantly. "My Lord, will you protect me from these—domestics? They would not let me see you! You will not permit them to drag me away. They would not dare, when you are by!"

"No, no," said My Lord Justice; "come in, madam, and tell me what it is you wish with me."

Mr. Henry Pelham was embarrassed at being taken without his wig, in which, like the locks of Samson, abode much of the formal dignity of his age.

"Place a chair for the young lady, Benson," he commanded, and as the valet obsequiously did so and Bell followed him,



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with her eyes on the floor, My Lord Justice endued himself swiftly with his wig, and then, standing in a dignified attitude by the mantelpiece, looked at the vision of loveliness which had so suddenly burst in upon his seclusion.

"You need not wait," said Mr. Pelham gravely to his servant, Benson. The door closed instantly, and he turned toward his visitor. She had arisen also to her feet, and after regarding him a moment with troubled countenance, all suddenly she took two or three swift steps and fell on her knees before him. At the same time her hat slipped over backward and hung upon her shoulders by its riband.

The First Lord of His Majesty's Treasury stood aghast. His very wig trembled with amazement in every hair.

"Oh, will you forgive your nephew?" she cried. "He has been a rebel, I know, and he should not have come from France—but I made him. I am a wicked, wicked girl (though you might not think it to look at me). But he loved me, and he had not seen me for so long! And so would you have returned if you had loved me as he did. You know you would. For you are just like him; your eyes are the same. So you won't hang him. I rode at a gallop all the way to tell you first before any one else—and, oh, you won't let them put him in prison, or kill him. Indeed, he only came to see me——"



This is what these three saw

Tears were running fast down her face by this time, and every sentence was punctuated with her sobs. She had taken possession of Mr. Pelham's hand, and now held it fast in both of hers.

"What—what," quoth My Lord Justice, stammering in sheer amazement, "what is this? I do not understand. What nephew of mine? My nephew Harry is an officer in the King's Army, and at this moment has gone out to capture a lurking rebel of Lord Dalmarnock's forces who has returned at the peril of his life to this countryside."

"That is he—that is he!" cried Bell, loosening her grasp and holding up her hands clasped before him in the attitude of the sweetest and most pathetic supplication. "The rebel he went to take was your nephew, Adam Home. And he found him on the moor—with me. I was teaching him to fit peats. And he never plotted any against King George, or anybody. He never so much as mentioned his name."

"Adam Home—my nephew? You mean Lord Kilpatrick. That is the only rebel nephew I have," said Mr. Pelham. "He is in France—in, let me see, Avignon, with the Young Pretender; that was the last news we had of him."

Bell passed this declaration of her lover's quality without a heart-beat. She was hard on the track of something else—his life.

"But it is the same," she said, repossessing herself of the great man's hand. "He came straight from Avignon to see me. And we were to be married on Thursday and then go away again. Do let us go, and we will never trouble you or the King again."

"Ha—ahem!" said My Lord Justice; "this is grave indeed. My nephew, Adam, a proscribed rebel and companion of the Young Pretender, in Scotland, and being brought here in custody!"

"Yes, but in your custody, and your kind nephew's. Nobody else will be the wiser. And he is so sorry for rebelling, and he would never do it any more. I will see to it myself that he does not!"

"Rise, my good girl!" said Mr. Henry Pelham, thinking how awkward it would be if My Lord Galloway should happen to come in at that moment. "Allow me to assist——"

"No! I will not rise from my knees till you have promised me his life. You will not let them hang him. Send him away anywhere—only let me go with him. He will get into no more mischief then, I warrant you!"

"There! There! We will see what can be done!" said Mr. Pelham, touching Bell's curls and finding pleasure in the task.

"But promise! I will kiss your foot if you will only promise!" Bell spoke vehemently now.

"That is not necessary. Indeed, not my foot on any account when you are about it. Your hand! No, they shall not hang Adam for a traitor. I promise you they shall not. Gad, I did not think that the dog had the spirit in him to make a girl like this so much in love with him."

Bell was now on her feet and stood before My Lord Pelham, looking down and twisting her slender fingers.

"I wish any one so pretty loved *me* half as much!" said My Lord Justice, taking snuff. He was rather pleased with himself now that he had passed his word.

"You are very like your nephew. The same figure of a man—only a little more mature!" said the sly minx, looking with a certain admiration at the portly figure of the First Lord.

"Ahem!" ejaculated Mr. Pelham, brushing down his lace ruffles daintily. "Gad, it is true. That young rascal's mother, my poor sister, always said so. Well, well, you shall have your lover, though I am not at all sure that he deserves you."

Then he looked again at her under his shaggy brows.

"But, pray, who may you be, young lady, who have thus captured and tamed so shy a bird as Adam Home?"

"I am called Bell MacLurg. My father is a laird in this county of Galloway. But I have no money of my own. So we shall be very poor, unless"—she went close up to him, and laid her hand on the sleeve of his coat, caressing it softly as if she had been accustomed to do it all her life—"unless you think there is any chance of Adam getting back some of his property. Do you think there is, uncle?"

The stern features of the First Lord relaxed into something approaching geniality. "You would make a fool of me between you. I warrant Adam put you up to all this."

"Oh, no, he did not," asserted Bell hurriedly; "he does not know I am here. He

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will be very angry. But I can soon make it up with *him*. Now, can he have his estates back, or some of them?"

She faltered a little, and showed symptoms of relapsing again into tears. My Lord, alarmed and thinking of My Lord Galloway, approached her side.

"Do not cry, like a good girl. And we shall see—we shall see. But," he hesitated, "the King had as good as promised them in reversion to me. And indeed, I do not see what I am to get out of all this if I give back the estates."

He took his petitioner by the soft, rounded chin and turned up her face. He saw two blue eyes looking into his through a mist of unshed tears.

"I am an old fool, I know," he growled, "to let myself be cozened by a brat like you out of something like ten thousand a year."

Bell clapped her hands joyously.

"Can he have them, then? Will you promise? If you do—I—I will give you a kiss. I never gave a man a kiss before."

"What! not Adam?"

"No, not Adam!"

She forgot to say that he had taken one or two.

"By Gad, it is tempting—I will! It makes a man young again! But it must be with all the forms. No dab on the nose for Harry Pelham!"

"Besides," said Bell, casting down her eyes and hesitating.

"Besides what, you baggage?" cried My Lord, looking admiringly at her.

Bell hesitated a moment, and then, warned by a noise on the street, said quickly, with a dangerous upward glance at the First Lord of the Treasury, "besides, you will like having me for a niece. Even at Court it is permitted to kiss one's *uncle!*"

The door of Mistress Douglas' best parlor was suddenly opened. Without were My Lord Galloway, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, with Ensign Henry Pelham, of His Majesty's Fifth Dragoons, and between them, a prisoner, stood Adam Charles Francis Home, eighth Lord Kilpatrick.

This is what these three saw:

Henry Pelham, Lord Justice and Prime Minister of the Realm, was bending from the heights of an austere dignity to lay on the smiling lips of beauty a chaste salute—nay, as it seemed, to repeat one that had already been offered upon the same altar.

"Ha!" cried My Lord of Galloway. "Ha, Pelham; fairly landed this time, Pelham, my boy!"

"Uncle!" said Ensign Pelham, aghast.

"Bell!" cried Adam Home, yet more aghast.

"Gad, Pelham, I must have a Garter at least for holding my tongue about this. It is too good to keep from the coffee-houses! Horace will crack fifty jests on this!" laughed jovial Galloway.

"I did not know that the old fellow went in for this!" murmured his nephew, who had been lectured about his behavior at the last Assembly Ball.

Adam Home said nothing more, but kept his eyes on Bell, who stood with her hands clasped demurely about his uncle's arm, looking down and blushing becomingly, yet with a pretty air of proprietorship very clearly marked indeed.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Pelham, at last recovering himself. "You mistake. You do not know this very remarkable young lady. Not even you, Adam, you rascal, can lay claim to knowing her. This is—what is your first name again, my dear?—this is my niece, the Lady Bell, eighth Viscountess Kilpatrick. And if any man of you has a word to say to it, or any quarrel with the innocent kinsmanly privilege of which you have been witness, damme, let him step out into Mistess Douglas' inn-yard, where Harry Pelham's sword is very much at his service!"

And the old gentleman stood patting the little hand of his companion, all the while frowning and browbeating his three interrupters, throwing out his chest and nodding with his head till his bushy eyebrows became as threatening as those of Majesty itself.

"And now, Adam, you dog, come here!" he cried. "This is the young lady who saved not only your life, but your lands. One was forfeit to the King's laws; the other to my breeches' pocket. I have given both into this young lady's hand. You must beg them from her. You do not deserve either. You have behaved abominably to the best of uncles, sir, and to the most paternal of Sovereigns. But we will say nothing more about that, if—ahem—if you gentlemen will give me your word of honor to say nothing about the—ah—little ceremony it was your good fortune to witness. Galloway will not, I warrant. I know a thing or two too many about him. Harry, by the Lord, I'll break you if you peach! And as for you, Adam Home, you will have job enough on your hands to keep this young lady out of mischief!"

"Mischief!" said Bell innocently, lifting her eyes for the first time from the floor.

"Yes, madam, mischief!" frowned Mr. Pelham; "I repeat it—mischief. Making a fool of men who ought to know better—men more than thrice your age! Adam, your rebelling days are over, my lad. Willy-nilly, you must join the Government. I hear that you are to be married on Thursday! Well, all I can say is—*God help you!*"

"Adam," said Bell, three days after, when all was over, "what a blessing it was not your aunt I had to deal with in the inn parlor at Cairn Edward. In that case you would have been hanged instead of wed!"

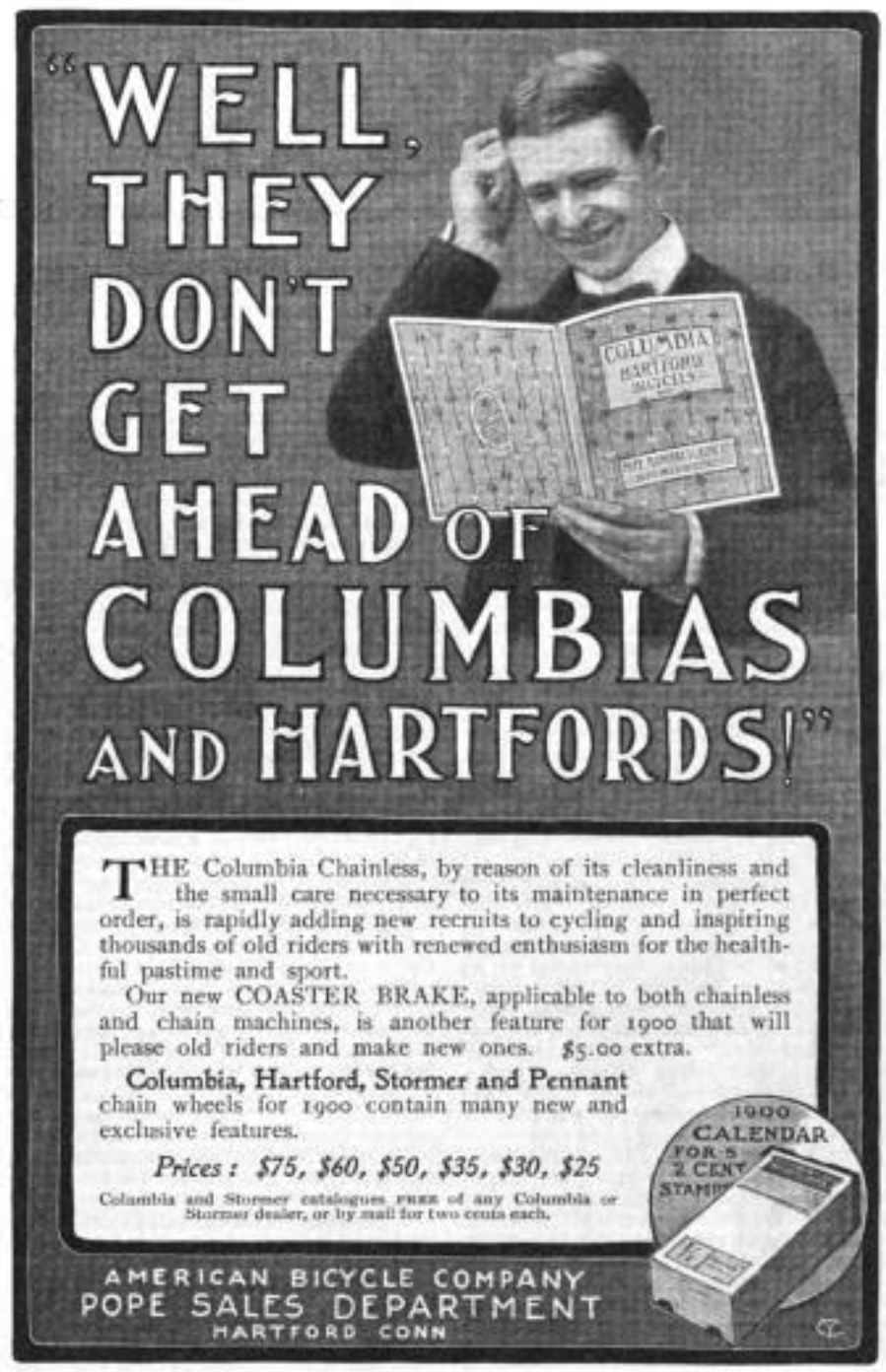
(THE END)

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT



By Madeline S. Bridges

The Doctor's Wife (*opening her eyes*):
What! Going out
again? It must
Be after one o'clock.
The Doctor (*struggling into his vest*):
Yes, just.
The Doctor's Wife:
How dreadful! Wear your heavy coat.
And, dear, please, will you mail my note,
There, on the mantel?
The Doctor: Yes; all right.
The Doctor's Wife:
And hurry, hurry back, for, oh,
When you're away, like this, at night,
I *never* sleep!
The Doctor: You don't?
The Doctor's Wife: Why, no!
What wife *could* calmly rest?
The Doctor: Ah, true!
The Doctor's Wife:
So come straight home.
The Doctor: That's what I'll do;
I won't stay out to view the sky.
But try to doze, dear, meanwhile.
The Doctor's Wife (*reproachfully*): *If*
(*Opening her eyes, after a silence*):
Do hurry and get off, for then
You'll be the sooner back again.
It is so lonely watching here!
The Doctor (*taking off his necktie*):
I've just been gone three hours,
my dear!



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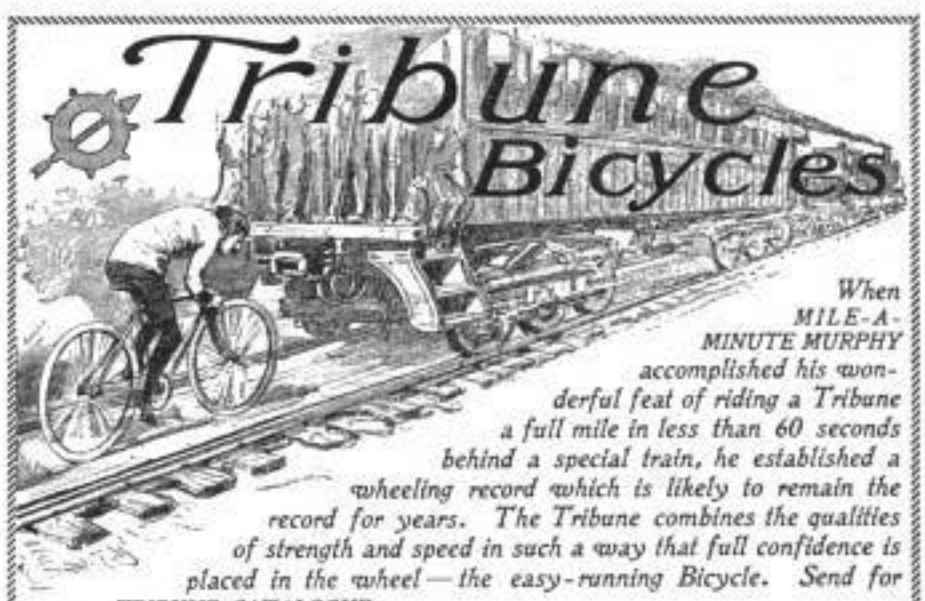
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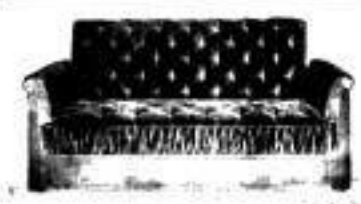
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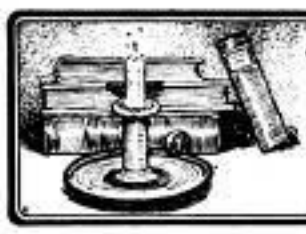


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WHAT to READ

Sienkiewicz's Half-Told Story *

IT SEEMS hardly worth while for the publishers of The Knights of the Cross to assure us in a line on the flyleaf that Mr. Curtin's translation is "unabridged." A book of four hundred and twelve closely printed pages which leaves us just in the middle of the story does not suggest abridgment. We in this hurried New World, which seldom has time for anything, envy more than we would like to admit these deliberate Poles and Russians who write as Richardson wrote two hundred years ago, and who never doubt a corresponding degree of leisure on their readers' part.

The novel has all the striking characteristics with which Sienkiewicz has made us so familiar in his earlier books. There is the same wonderful and almost painful accuracy of detail, an accuracy which—where details are so superabundant—must be the result of splendid and indefatigable labor. There is also but little attempt to construct a story out of this mass of material, the author contenting himself, as in Quo Vadis, by presenting scene after scene of exceptional power and beauty; while the men and women who play their parts in this magnificent setting are drawn on broad and simple lines, without touch of subtle characterization. Their emotions are as primitive as their drugs. A wounded man drinks a dozen pots of melted bear's fat to facilitate the removal of an arrow-head from his flesh. "When everything is oiled properly," he observes, "that dog-mother of an arrow point may slip out of me somewhere." A man in love reveals his passion with robust directness, and a man with an enemy sets himself at once the congenial task of hewing off that enemy's head.

All this is as it should be in a Mediæval romance. We cannot pierce the impenetrable veil which hangs between the twelfth century and the twentieth. We know nothing of Polish nobles or German soldiers in those dim old days, save that they were proud and brave, fierce, amorous and devout. A freedom from complex mental equipment, a corresponding vigor in action—these things made the history of the Middle Ages, and these things Henryk Sienkiewicz understands and delineates. Perhaps, as a Pole, he is systematically unjust to the Germans. Perhaps the exigencies of his tale compel him to be still more unjust to one of the great military and religious orders, whose misdeeds may have been many, but whose records gleam with superb heroism and devotion. Be this as it may, the interest of the story is so well sustained that when the reader wades through a sea of blood to the last chapter, and finds that—like a penny dreadful—it breaks off just as an appalling climax has been reached, his heart is sore and angry at the prospect of waiting he knows not how long for the conclusion. To leave poor little Danusia—that blue-eyed, bright-haired child—languishing in captivity; to leave her mighty father, Yurand, mutilated, perhaps dying, in a dungeon; to leave young Zbyshko eating out his heart for battle; and to remain in ignorance as to the ultimate triumph of innocence or guilt—this is, for the right-minded, a fiery trial. The interruption which might be borne so patiently, and even thankfully, when we are perusing a masterpiece of realism, is beyond human endurance when we are rushing through the pages of romance.

A Test of Mental Agility †

IT WOULD be a very great comfort to ordinary readers if novelists would consent to begin at the beginning of their stories, and work on steadily and methodically to the end. Jumping from London to Bombay and from Bombay to San Francisco after the characters of fiction is fatigue enough for most of us; but to skip backward and forward over intervening years involves a degree of mental activity which should be exacted of no one in moments of so-called relaxation.

A veteran story-writer, like Mr. Egerton Castle, knows the rules of his craft; and in The Light of Scarthey he starts pleasantly enough with a middle-aged recluse, Sir Adrian Landale, living in a partly ruined castle on the Lancaster coast. Yet by the time we have accustomed ourselves to this gentleman's gray hairs and forty years, we take a sudden plunge into the past, pick him up in his fiery youth, carry him through some stirring scenes in the French Revolution, and drown him—past consciousness at least—in one of the terrible *noyades* devised by the ingenuity of Carrier. This done, we return to the Isle of Scarthey, and enjoy a chapter or two of the middle-aged period, only to bound back when we least expect it, and see the unfortunate hero—again in youth—captured by a press-gang, and carried off for five long years of naval service. By the time we have finished with this episode, and settle down into the story proper, we are nearly as spiritless as poor Sir Adrian himself, who appears to have had all vivacity knocked out of him by the adventures of his early life.

What he lacks in this respect, however, is amply atoned for by the turbulence of his young wife, who at seventeen bedevils him into marrying her, and at eighteen discovers she doesn't love him any longer. Molly Savenaye is perhaps more interesting as a heroine than satisfactory as a yokemate, and between her wild vagaries and the plotting of his malicious and hypocritical younger brother, Sir Adrian has as comfortless a time at forty as at twenty-four. He bears his trials so beautifully the wonder is he ever escapes from them; but Rupert the Bad is happily murdered by an enterprising young smuggler, who gets hanged for his pains—more's the pity—though it requires a good deal of resolution on a novelist's part to hang an honest smuggler for making away with a villain.

After this, we are given to understand that the long-suffering Baronet wins back his wife's fluctuating affections, and starts in for a serene old age; but, from what we have seen of Molly, we cannot help cherishing doubts. There were probably times when Sir Adrian sighed for his hermitage at Scarthey, his faithful servants, his beloved books. By the way, can it be possible that any one—even a friend of his youth—ever called Wordsworth "dear Willie Wordsworth"? It has a most presumptuous sound.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

The Shirt-Waist in Fiction *

IF I CATCH Barbara Yechton's point of view, the shirt-waist, that triumphant emancipator of a sex, marks the division between riches and poverty, the happy and the miserable, and one may almost suppose, between virtue and vice. Most of the characters in A Young Savage are poor—proudly and defiantly so; but they are safely across that terrible dead-line on the wrong side of which is a slight, pale girl "in a shabby skirt and shirt-waist" and with a shy and embarrassed manner, whom it is proper to aid in a manner sure to be offensive to persons with conventional dresses. The sudden swooping down from the rampant West of an unsophisticated, loyal-hearted girl into the lap of an entirely correct but impoverished family in New York brings about a series of events not difficult to predict. It takes a great deal of exemplification, however, to show how distressing a thing is vulgarity; but priggishness and demonstrative invalidism are faults which might also have been dwelt upon with a reasonable insistence. The offset to the daring essays of this *belle sauvage* is another girl who rules a household with the combined severity of Justinian and Portia. The daughter in turn is reduced to a lowly mind at the bedside of the little mother, a sufferer from "heart trouble" unsuspected both by

* The Knights of the Cross. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. *Little, Brown & Co.*

† The Light of Scarthey. By Egerton Castle. *Frederick A. Stokes Company.*

* A Young Savage. By Barbara Yechton. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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herself and by the *rest* of her children. To keep the knowledge of this shadow from her mother and her brothers and sisters is the central purpose of the elder sister's life. A wise or even pagan contempt of death and a serenity to meet it whenever it might come would have delicately rebuked this undiscriminating sacrifice not only of self but of everybody else. I dislike to use the words "morbid" and "sentimental," they are so often unjustly applied, but if books were to be graded like groceries A Young Savage might fairly pass among "seconds!"

In a Moral Yellowstone Park*

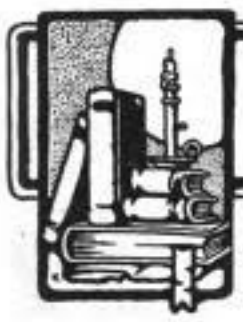
THE exhaustless theme of self-sacrifice to the point of self-obliteration is again met in Sarah Orne Jewett's The Queen's Twin, and Other Stories, but how differently treated! The great renunciation is never enjoined, but simply accepted as a discipline native to the rocky pastures, the barren shores, the contracted centres of life over which Miss Jewett has long brooded lovingly and faithfully. New England renders up still choice essences of character to those who distil its subtle romance. Hardly of American flesh and blood seem the two lovers in A Dunnet Shepherdess, who quietly and unconsciously keep apart for reasons sufficient to themselves, but are sustained none the less in solitude by a love beyond words.

It is perhaps well for this land of the hustler that there should be one fenced-off retreat wherein idealism and conscience may live unharassed by the perturbations of comfort and prosperity. A sort of moral Yellowstone Park is this New England, over which a few discriminating minds like Miss Jewett are trusty guides.

Thin is the blood and unsubstantial are the personalities of those who haunt these upland pastures of our national heritage, but they are worthy of our closest knowledge. Miss Jewett has in this volume tried her hand at another difficult task—the transplanted Irish character—and in one story, Where's Nora? has wrought successfully, but perhaps too enthusiastically.

—*Lindsay Swift.*

*The Queen's Twin, and Other Stories. By Sarah Orne Jewett. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*



NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

Mr. Burgin's Composite Model.—One of the characters in George B. Burgin's new book is a dissipated tom-cat. That it is well drawn is little wonder, because the author has a warm liking for the feline race, and is the proud possessor of what his friends call a "cattery," or "catterwaulery." The creation is not a portrait, but a composite of several Toms and Tabbies who started life well, but departed from grace.

Miss Reed's Early Beginning.—Miss Myrtle Reed, author of Love Letters of a Musician, wrote the book in six days on a typewriter; this is tolerably quick work even for an energetic young woman of twenty-three. In writing of her book, Miss Reed says that while it was written in six days, it is the result of more than twenty years of preparation. The basis for this claim probably rests in part upon the foresight of her father, who was a journalist. Mr. Reed destined his daughter for literature when she was in her cradle, and to smooth the way for her so far as lay in his power he gave her the name of Myrtle as an appropriate pen name. Miss Reed dates her preparation, therefore, from her christening. One of the singular results of her literary success is shown in her correspondence. She has received several offers to collaborate with lesser-known authors, and one enthusiastic admirer has begged her to write her own letters, which he is sure would be far more entertaining than those her book contains, however clever they may be.

Dusé's Favorite Tragedy.—Eleonora Dusé, the famous Italian tragedienne, enjoys considerable celebrity in her own country as a talented if not brilliant writer.

One of her works is a novel whose plot hinges on the stage. It was submitted to some friends, who read it eagerly, expecting to find a melodramatic or tragic tale. They complained to the author that they had been disappointed in this respect. She laughed and answered, "That's the comedy I like to play but dare not. All my available tragedy is used up on the boards."

When Mr. Robertson Was Put Out.—Last fall a New York literary periodical printed a sketch of Morgan Robertson's life with his likeness. A few days after it had appeared Mr. Robertson walked into the bookshop of the firm and carelessly looked over a table, partly in search of a book that he wanted, and partly to see how his own work fared. Now Mr. Robertson is broad, and tall, too, but so much broader than most men that he looks almost short, and the roll of the sea is still in his gait. His hands are brown and his face has a color that land winds never give. Mr. Robertson was smoking and searching, when down the aisle came one of the members of the firm whom he had met months before. He did not come straight toward him, but he made a circle around him, and the story-writer watched him out of the tail of his eye, thinking to himself thus pleasantly: "I know what he is going to do. He's going to say, 'Ah! Mr. Robertson, I'm glad to see you again. Glad to tell you that your book is selling well. I presume you have read the article about yourself that we printed.'"

That is what Mr. Robertson thought.

This is what the member of the firm said: "Will you kindly not smoke in this store?"

And then, making another circuit, he disappeared behind the railing in the rear of the store that separates the book-makers from the book-buyers.

"Was I hurt?" said Mr. Robertson. "Did you say hurt? Not in the least. Why should I have been? I simply faded out into Fifth Avenue, and I leaned up against the building and laughed long and loud, all to myself."

Mrs. Steel's Cook-Book.—"It is odd," said Mrs. Flora Anne Steel, the novelist, not long ago, "that one often achieves what one most wishes for in one's youth. I used to love to read Thackeray's Ballad of Bouillabaisse when I was a girl, and I often said that if ever I attained greatness I hoped it would be by writing a poem or a story upon some choice article of food that everybody liked. The years passed and I went to India and became a school inspector in the Punjab. Before this I had known very little of cooking, although I must confess I always liked good things to eat. But down in a remote district for three months I had to get my own food stuffs and do my own cooking. I studied the native languages and picked up their cooking and ways of housekeeping, and later it gave me so much pleasure to tell the incidents to my friends and gave them so much amusement to listen, that I put the experiences in a book. Although I have written novels and stories of my travels, none of my books has sold so well as my little Indian cook-book."

A New Scientific Writer.—The late Grant Allen and Dr. Weir Mitchell are not the only scientists who have distinguished themselves in fiction. One of the most popular writers of detective stories in England is Dr. Rodrigues Ottolingue, who, despite his Italian name, is an American. By profession he is a prosperous dentist with a strong leaning toward photography.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY THE COLUMBIAN PHOTO CO., N. Y.

A WANDERING WINNER—A LIGHT BRAHMA HEN

TO THE greater number of the exhibitors the poultry shows are merely a detail of their trade, and the cash value of a prize is of more consequence than its sentimental worth, the only subordinate consideration being that to win enhances the market price of a bird or strain. A more interesting point of view is that of the amateur fancier, who takes the keenest interest in the competitions as such, who values the blue ribbon more than the cash that comes with it, and who, aside from the pleasure of possession, is proud to devote his time and money to improvement of the poultry breeds for the benefit that will ensue. "*Pro bono publico*" is the motto of one millionaire who is spending thousands each year on his poultry yards, and who, though he has always a breeding pair or a setting to give away, never sells a bird nor an egg.

There are so many poultry and pigeon shows that a man, according to one in the "fancy," if he set his mind to it, could take in two a week all the year round. This does not include the poultry exhibits at the country fairs, which do not count as the "real thing" with the experts, but only those conducted in cities, towns and villages by regularly organized local associations. Through their State boards these associations are in affiliation with the national organization, the American Poultry Association, which regulates the poultry business in every part of the country and fixes the "Standard of Perfection." This is a book containing the description in brief of the recognized breeds and the scale of points under which they are judged. The judges do not fill out a card showing the way they size up a bird, but each does his best to be in accord with the ideal of the standard. The sectional parts, plumage and carriage of each fowl are considered.

NO MORE USE FOR THE CHINA EGG

The amateur fanciers, like the men in poultry breeding as a business, mainly rely on incubators and brooders to keep up their stock. The thoroughbred hen has practically been forced out of the hatching business. The time taken up in setting is a sheer waste according to the modern poultrymen, who regard the two-hundred-egg-a-year hen as the only perfect bird. The new order of things is vastly satisfactory to the non-setting breeds, like the Leghorns, but all have to make way for the incubator, even the Cochin Chinas, which, when they have the fever, would try to hatch out a doorknob. The brooders and incubators take up considerable space at every show. It is a curious sight to watch the tiny chicks pecking their way out of the shells and floundering about in the incubators until the time comes to change them to the brooders. It was the sight of an incubator in full blast at a recent show that moved a six-year-old child to say: "Look, mamma, the eggs in this little closet are blossoming into birdies!"

Amateur fanciers differ widely in the choice of poultry breeds and in their methods, for some keep but one sort at a time, while others keep a variety. Each of New York's millionaires, of the thirty who form the Farmers' Club, cultivates fine poultry at his model farm, while those who have large estates keep pheasants as well, the golden breeds to adorn their lawns, with the peacock and the English pheasants to stock the game preserves. To supplement the work of the amateurs in the latter field, the New York State laws make it illegal to shoot or snare a pheasant until 1903.

All breeds are hard to keep up to the standard of show-winners, but at the Metropolitan show the amateur fanciers win as many prizes, in the proportion of exhibits, as the men in the trade. To the gentleman fancier who is seeking an opening in the realm of feathered stars the exhibition Games might be commended in any of the varieties. They are not a farmyard breed, but are excellent layers, the perfection of table fowl, splendid sitters and mothers, and so uniform in breeding that it is comparatively easy to attain and retain winning form. They need runs in green fields, and, like the pheasant, are a rich man's breed. Their tall, commanding figures and gorgeous beauty of feather compel the admiration of all. It is the most costly breed; a cockerel, called a "stag," will bring $125 or $150.

A COSMOPOLITAN ASSEMBLAGE

Where the penned fowls quack or hiss is far from the least interesting spot at the shows. Although this is the greatest country on earth for wild ducks and geese, the show strains in these fowls are mostly of foreign origin. In what is believed to be the first of our chicken books, the American Poultry Book, by Micajah R. Cocks, published at New York in 1840, the only domesticated ducks mentioned are the common duck and the Muscovy, but the geese and kindred species mentioned include the "Gray Lag, or common goose, the wild goose, the China goose, the brant and the swan." Mention is also made of a new breed of geese "introduced into the United States from Bremen by Mr. James Sisson, of Rhode Island." They are described as being pure white, growing to a large size, and attaining the weight of eighteen or twenty pounds, the common gray goose averaging from eight to ten pounds. The Muscovy is still a favorite duck, and, with the Rouen, Cayuga, Aylesbury, Indian Runner and Pekin has its classes at our shows. The Pekin is nearly as heavy as the common geese were in 1840. It is nearly pure white, easy to raise, and finely flavored, the breed having improved since first brought from China twenty years ago. The Gray Toulouse, White Emden and Chinese geese are the only sorts penned which are extensively bred by dealers and amateurs.



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. HALLOCK, SPEONK, L. I.

FIRST PRIZE OLD DUCK, NEW YORK, 1899

The Indian Runner duck is the latest to be brought out in this country, the first seen in New York having been shown by A. J. Hallock, of Speonk, Long Island, in 1898, but the breed has been known for fifty years in Cumberland County, England. A drake and three ducks were originally brought from India by a sea captain and presented to friends who were farmers in West Cumberland. They have a peculiar carriage, much like the penguin, and, although lighter in weight than other domestic ducks, they are wonderful layers, the record claimed for the breed being from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and eighty eggs a year. They have been known to begin to lay at seventeen weeks old, and they thrive as well when without water to swim in as if near a stream or pond.



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE COLUMBIAN PHOTO CO., N. Y.

PRIZE SILVER DORKING

JUDGMENT ON THE WEIGHT OF A FEATHER

It is even harder to keep pigeons up to the standard than poultry, for in many breeds the placing is determined by a single feather. Although the amateur procures the best stock to begin with, he will meet with many heart-burning disappointments before the inner mysteries of breeding true to type are as an open book. In the moment of defeat the novice will be apt to say with Rob the Grinder, of Dombey & Son, that he thinks "a cove had better to do with lions than them little creeturs, for they're always flying back in your face when you least expect it."

The very difficulty of mastering the science of pigeon culture makes it so fascinating. Perhaps the most successful prize-winners, aside from the men who make pigeon raising a business, are men who have other occupations and who devote their leisure to the care of their birds—one of the most successful is a paper-hanger in Washington—but there are many amateurs of wealth who win a fair share of honors at the shows. The rich fanciers have an expert to manage their pigeon lofts, and they are usually in poultry as well; but what the "working" amateur lacks in traditional lore he often makes up in enthusiasm. After all, experience must be bought in one form or another. The rich are liberal buyers of breeding stock and of prize birds, but not more so than the "working" amateurs, any of whom will give from $50 to $100 for the bird they want.

FANTAILS, SWALLOWTAILS AND FRILLS

At the New York show there are about three hundred and twenty-five classes for pigeons, with some two thousand birds in competition. The breeds provided for are pouters, carriers, barbs, tumblers, Jacobins, magpies, owls, fantails, Oriental frills, turbits, dragoons, swallows, trumpeters, nuns, archangels, runts (an especially heavy breed) and homers, the latter having prizes for record-flying birds. The specialty clubs also offer a long list of cups, medals and money prizes. The regular prizes aggregate $2000.

Except in the exhibition pens, in which flocks of the different breeds make pretty pictures, the pigeons are caged in solitary state. The judges, each of whom makes a specialty of one or two breeds, wear long linen dust coats, the "duster" of the commercial traveler and the trotting-horse driver, and they gently prod the birds with canes to make them show off as they stand in front of the cage. The birds have been drilled at home to expect this treatment, and they put on all the airs imaginable. When the race is very close between two birds the judge handles them for a more minute inspection, but this is seldom done except to note the feathering when coloring counts more than everything else. The pouters, fantails and Jacobins, who must show a style, are judged in a walking pen in which they have a chance to strut around. The pouters are said to be the highest-priced pigeons caged. The prize-winning birds are worth from $25 to $100 each.

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displaying a kittenish eagerness to be spoken to and petted. When in the walking pen, to make a pouter show to the best advantage one has but to chuck it under the beak a few times in a jovial way, when the bird will flutter along in such great pride that it swells up like a balloon and the judge may readily note its markings and worth. The fantail also throws out the chest in showing off, but its breast is solid flesh, like an Indian game cock. With its unruffled fan uplifted like a peacock's spread, a fine bird will bend back until its head rests on the cushion at the base of the fan, yet as the fly feathers of the wing are kept under the tail this pigeon will strut around bravely in this seemingly impossible position. It is against a bird if he puts his head into the fan and disarranges it, and, too, if a bird has such short fly feathers that the wing will not hold under the tail as he bends backward, he cannot stand on an even keel, and a capsize results, which puts the bird out of the prizes.



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. WALLACE, SPEONK, L. I.

FIRST PRIZE YOUNG DUCK, N. Y., 1899

Pigeon culture and poultry breeding for show would seem to be an exceptionally congenial occupation for women, yet comparatively few are on the list of exhibitors. There are more in poultry than in pigeons, although the last would seem to offer an attractive field for the fair sex, particularly to those who would like to take up a recreation that would bring in some extra money. The beginner will learn by daily contact with the birds to know what they like and dislike, and the practical work, with observation at shows and the study of the many excellent works on the subjects, will soon blaze the road to success.

SOME SOCIETY WOMEN WHO ARE EXHIBITORS

A woman who is in the "fancy" for pleasure and who has been very successful is Miss Selma Wieners, of College Point, Long Island, who has made nearly a clean sweep of the blue ribbons at the last two or three New York shows in rose-combed black bantams. Now she finds that there is money in her poultry yard should she care to sell. Among the stockholders in the New York Poultry and Pigeon Association are a number of women prominent in metropolitan society: Mrs. Robert Colgate, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Mrs. Samuel T. Peters, Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, Mrs. G. P. Reynaud, Mrs. Lewis M. Rutherford, Mrs. Thomas H. Terry and Mrs. Francis T. Underhill. Though now only occasional exhibitors, nearly all retain their old interest, and have pheasants, poultry and pigeons at their country houses, and it is their appreciation of the thoroughbred in featherdom which impels them to keep in touch with the annual show.



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE COLUMBIAN PHOTO CO., N. Y.

PRIZE WHITE PLYMOUTH COCK

A FANCY OF ONE FARMER'S WIFE

It would be as idle to attempt to teach a grandmother to suck eggs, to use a bucolic adage, as to tell the farmer's wife that there is pin-money in a well-stocked poultry yard; but it may be suggested that there is more money in the thoroughbred, egg-producing breeds than in the usual motley barnyard crew. A view in harmony with this idea was expressed by Mrs. J. G. Osborn, who was at the New York show of 1898 with some choice White Minorcas.

"We are farming people up in this State," said Mrs. Osborn, "but while my husband and the men look after the stock and the farm, I devote my spare time to the poultry. I find both enjoyment and profit in keeping only birds up to show form. It has always been my luck to win at the State fairs near my home, and now I am flying at higher game here in the city. To my mind the countrywoman who bothers with coarse-bred fowl is simply wasting her time and losing lots of instructive entertainment. The poultry yard is a book that is never dull."

Let it be recorded to her pluck that Mrs. Osborn won a fair share of prizes at the big show. The Jersey Blues, a breed that traces back to Colonial days, is represented at New York yearly by a few specimens. But for the zeal of a young woman on Long Island, who makes the breed a specialty, it would probably have been lost sight of long ago.

Ignoring epicurean delights, the pigeon of true utility is the homer. There are classes both for breeding and record homers at the shows. In its strong, long, racy body and alert movements the homer looks the thoroughbred more than any other pigeon.

The Philadelphia show was unusually strong in the exhibits of birds with short and long distance records, for the lofts near by have long been leaders in pigeon flying, yet a fair number of record birds are seen at the other important shows. Homers with Federation records from one hundred to six hundred miles are often on view at the New York show. In 1898 for the first time, and again last year, there were exhibits of birds, mostly of Belgian stock, from the United States Navy Homer Service. Over the pens were placards, and often copies of the messages, showing the work the birds had done in conveying messages from the battleships to their home lofts.

Some of the metropolitan newspapers use the birds to carry messages from the yacht races. Liberated twenty or thirty miles out at sea, the birds make a bee line to their home lofts, and the messages they bring are then telephoned to the newspaper offices.

THE HOMER'S TRADE BY LAND AND SEA

To be available for use at sea the homers have to learn their business by careful training on land. The homing fanciers in the Federation clubs are mostly "working" amateurs. Our country gentlemen and other fanciers of wealth and leisure do not do much to aid in the development of the homing pigeon.

A contrast to their inaction is the example of the Prince of Wales and his son, the Duke of York, who both have lofts of homing birds at Sandringham. Their aim is to breed racers capable of flights at the medium distances under the sternest weather conditions. Yet the Royal lofts are represented in all the races.

"Quilling" is resorted to, that the birds may not fly away to their old homes. This means to strip the feather parts from the quills of the wing. Until the wings grow the birds are permitted to walk about the lawns at Sandringham, and by the time they are able to fly they are too well pleased with the beautiful grounds to leave them. Homers are now in use in the Transvaal.

There is a rare beauty in the fluffiness of hackles, the curve of sickle plumes, the sweep of half-poised wings, and a riot of colors in the velvety blues, violets and greens of the waterfowl, the scarlet and gold of pheasants and the metallic sheen of the bronze turkeys; if this wealth of feathers were more in fashion with the ladies there would be no call for laws against the slaughter of song-birds and the tern gull.



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HOW WE MAKE PRESIDENTS

(Continued from Page 775)

Hayes manfully sustained, was fully performed, and the property people of the South were given their right to govern their own States as the price of assenting to Hayes as President.

Faith was kept with the Louisiana Lottery Company, and the people of Louisiana have ever since been unjustly criticised as the only State in the Union that gave the highest possible charter to a lottery company, as they could not explain the inexorable conditions which compelled them to do it. This was the last act of the great political drama of 1876-7 that made Rutherford B. Hayes President.

GRANT'S CONTEST FOR A THIRD TERM

The greatest battle ever fought in a national convention was witnessed at Chicago where the Republican National Convention met on June 5, 1880. Grant had made his journey around the world, received the homage of the highest and lowest rulers of every clime, and returned to be greeted with a degree of popular enthusiasm that had never before been given to any citizen of the Republic. During Grant's absence his friends had made tireless efforts to organize his forces in all the States, and the friends of Blaine, who fought this battle royal with the friends of Grant, had been equally earnest and ceaseless to give Blaine the victory. It was indeed a battle of giants, and the auditorium in which the convention was held was the most impressive picture I have ever witnessed. There were not less than 10,000 spectators in addition to the full delegations and alternates from the States. Neither of the opposing chieftains ever had a majority in the body, but for a week they stood up face to face with unbroken lines and belligerent leaders in hand-to-hand conflict.

Among the delegates were Conkling, Garfield, Harrison, Logan, and many other conspicuous and able leaders of the opposing factions. Blaine's people, with the aid of the field, weakened Grant's lines by preventing the unit rule in any delegation, whereby Grant lost a considerable number of votes in New York, Pennsylvania and other States. That was a test of the distinctive Grant strength in the body. Conkling opened the nominations by presenting the name of Grant, and he did so in imperial grandeur and with a degree of eloquence that was most impressive. Next to the speech of Ingersoll, who nominated Blaine in 1876, Conkling's appeal for the nomination of Grant will stand as the ablest of all the many able deliverances in the history of American politics. I sat quite close to him on the platform when he delivered it, and he was a most interesting study. Had he been as discreet as he was eloquent it would have been a perfect exhibition of impressive oratory, but Conkling was inspired not only by his love of Grant, but more influenced than he confessed to himself by an intense hatred of Blaine that he cherished until his death.

He mortally offended every friend of Blaine, and thereby made it impossible even to win the hesitating men in the Blaine ranks, by his keen and pungent fling at the delegates who disregarded their instructions to vote as a unit for Grant, and by his aggressive assault upon Blaine when he referred to Grant as a candidate "without patronage, without emissaries, without committees, without bureaus, without telegraph wires running from his house to this convention or running from his house anywhere." Unlike the Ingersoll speech nominating Blaine in 1876, the speech of Conkling, able, eloquent and grand as it was, left Grant weaker instead of stronger.

GARFIELD'S NOMINATION OF SHERMAN

Very general interest centred in General Garfield, who was at the head of the Ohio delegation that was instructed for Senator Sherman for President. Garfield knew the situation; he knew that a third candidate must eventually be accepted, and he illy concealed his efforts to advance himself while ostensibly struggling for Sherman. His speech nominating Sherman was a plea for peace rather than an aggressive presentation of Sherman's claims, and it was well understood that his plea for peace was in fact a plea for himself. At various stages of the balloting tidal waves of enthusiasm would start for Garfield, and he narrowly escaped a spontaneous nomination. He was personally very popular, of imposing presence, a most accomplished speaker, and he was finally accepted by the friends of Blaine because he was not the partisan of either Blaine or Grant, and also because they could certainly win with him and thus defeat Grant.

GENERAL GARFIELD AS A DARK HORSE

The convention was finally weary of what was evidently an equal contest between the Grant and Blaine forces, and all who were not intensely enlisted in the factional fight were glad to end the bitter struggle by accepting Garfield. Grant's memorable 306 stood by him and never lowered their flag until they were defeated, and fell with their faces to the foe. Chester A. Arthur was a member of the convention, and was nominated for Vice President to appease the disappointment of the friends of Grant.

General Grant had become intensely interested in the contest for a third term, and he had every reason to believe that it would be accorded to him. Foreign travel and intelligent observation had greatly enlarged his narrow political ideas and tempered his political asperities, and he would undoubtedly have made a much better President than ever he did before. But the unwritten law of the nation confronted him, declaring that no man could fill the Presidential chair for a longer period than did George Washington. It was that sentiment that decided the contest against him.

He was at his home in Galena, not far from Chicago, during the sessions of the convention, but though he was advised of every happening from day to day he gave no directions. He had the ablest galaxy of leaders that ever appeared in a national convention in support of any one candidate, and he trusted them implicitly. On the morning after the convention adjourned he came to Chicago, and I met him at the Palmer House, where he had come to confer with his discomfited friends. His face gave no sign of the disappointment he had suffered. He met his friends in even a more genial way than was his custom. He expressed himself as entirely content with the decision of the convention and greatly appreciated the support that had been given him. He never looked better in his life, and though I could not congratulate him, I could truthfully express my gratification at seeing him the picture of health and comfort.

He was then in entire accord with his leading friends in their purpose to prevent the election of Garfield, but after Conkling's conference with Garfield in Ohio Grant's friends gave a most zealous support to Garfield's election, and barely saved him by the aid of Tammany's betrayal of Hancock.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY'S MOST FAMOUS SPEECH

The Democratic National Convention met in Cincinnati on June 23. The leading names discussed for the Presidency were those of Samuel J. Tilden, General Hancock and Congressman Randall. It was on this occasion that the late Daniel Dougherty made the most eloquent speech of his life, presenting the name of Hancock to the convention. He was not a member of the delegation, but was called into it for the purpose on the morning of the day that the nomination was to be made. He hurried around to my room at the St. Nicholas, as he hesitated about accepting the duty assigned him. He always prepared his important speeches and memorized them. I earnestly urged him to go at once to his room and write a short speech and be prepared to deliver it. He finally decided to do so, and in a speech of not over twenty minutes he delivered the greatest oration of his life. Tilden's name was withdrawn before a vote was taken, and General Hancock was nominated on the first ballot. He had not a majority when the ballot closed, but changes were made before the vote was announced to give him the requisite two-thirds vote. With him was nominated William H. English, of Indiana, for Vice-President.

The Presidential contest of 1880 was remarkable for the absence of bitterness or vituperation. Garfield and Hancock were both highly respected, and I cannot recall a struggle for the Presidency that exhibited less of the asperities which are usually displayed in the struggle for the political control of the nation. Hancock was beaten on the popular vote by a majority of but little over 5000, and he lost his election by Tammany failing to give him a cordial support in New York. Garfield received 214 electoral votes, to 155 for Hancock.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLORED COVER BY GEORGE GIBBS

Stories

		PAGE
The Grip of Honor Illustrated by George Gibbs and Will Crawford	Cyrus Townsend Brady	753
The Brunswick Diamond Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek	W. A. Fraser	759
Three Men on Four Wheels Illustrated by Harrison Fisher	Jerome K. Jerome	768
An Acadian Coquette Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy	Charles G. D. Roberts	772
The Fitting of the Peats Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards	S. R. Crockett	776

General Articles

Queen Anne Cottages (A Comedietta) Illustrated by Henry Hutt	M. E. M. Davis	756
The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife Illustrated by Snapshot Photographs		758
The Making of a Railroad Man Illustrated by Photograph of the Author	William J. McQueen	764
How the Boy Won: General McArthur's First Victory Illustrated by Will Crawford	Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.	770
How We Make Presidents: The Hayes and Garfield Campaigns Illustrated by Carl Rittenschnitt	Colonel A. K. McClure	774
Feathered Stars and Amateur Fanciers Illustrated by Photographs	H. L. Fitz Patrick	782

Poems

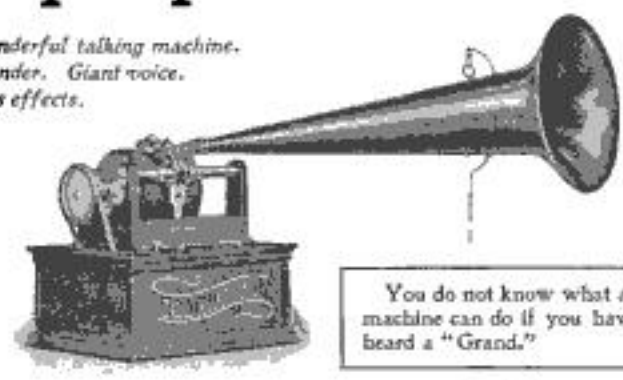
A Cluster of Chrysanthemums Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek	Richard Henry Stoddard	757
The Winter Nights at Home Illustrated by Charlotte Harding	Joe Lincoln	765
A Watch in the Night Illustrated by F. R. Gruger	Madeline S. Bridges	779

Departments

Editorials		766
Men and Women of the Hour Illustrated by Photographs		762
"Publick Occurrences" that are Making History Illustrated by Photographs		767
Books		780
Sienkiewicz's Half-Told Story	Agnes Repplier	
A Test of Mental Agility	Agnes Repplier	
The Shirt-Waist in Fiction	Lindsay Swift	
In a Moral Yellowstone Park	Lindsay Swift	

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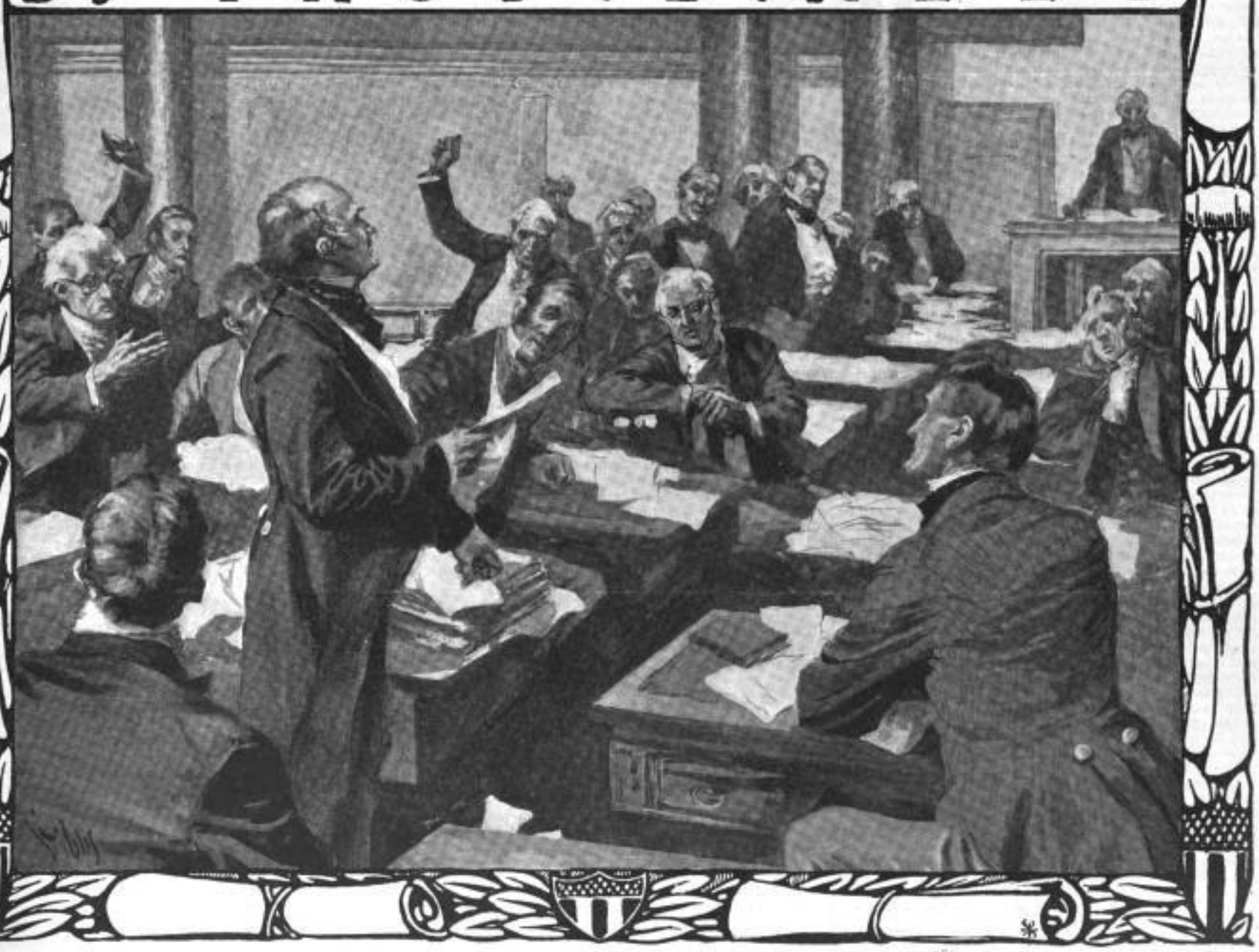
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A CRISIS IN CONGRESS

An Attempt *to* Expel *an* Ex-President *from the* HOUSE

By THOS. B. REED



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A Crisis in Congress

By Thomas B. Reed

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THE most exciting episode in the history of the House of Representatives happened in the last years of the reign of Andrew Jackson. It is worth rehearsing, not only for its own sake, but for some lessons suitable for consideration in our own times.

Democracy in its practical workings exhibits, from time to time, very strange incidents which are little to be anticipated by any foreknowledge we may have. One would have supposed, had we not had other experience, that the doctrines of liberty as carried out by a free people would lead to larger individual independence, to wider range of toleration and more freedom of action; but in our history the result has been otherwise, and the disposition to be intolerant has in many ways increased. Reliance upon numbers rather than upon strength of argument has grown with our growth. It is much to be hoped that this is only a temporary result, and that the dream of full and free expression of dissent from temporary popular opinions may become a working reality.

Our government is based in theory upon the control of all by the judgment of the majority. Rightly comprehended, this is a sound basis. Indeed it is the only basis possible in this world under any form of government. There is a voice of the people which is the voice of God, but not all voices are His, as the history of the world too often testifies. The deliberate judgment of the people, though it may not be sound for eternity, will, at least, do for the time. The sudden, unreflecting judgment, however, of the noisiest who are first heard is quite as often a voice from the under world, the voice of him who cometh "from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." Hence it is that every form of government is, and should be, a stronghold of conservatism, giving time for the people to reason, and opportunity to save themselves from being carried away by sudden clamor. No nation ought ever to be left to rush into war without counting, and being forced to count, the cost. There is no more pitiable thing that can be said by a great people at any time than the saying so often heard of in the life of many nations, "It was a foolish and wrong thing to be in, but we are in it and must go through." We have had in our own recent history examples not a few of the value of time for reflection, and we have been in that way saved from disasters almost too great to be borne.



Mr. Waddy Thompson presented this resolve

At the commencement of the great contest which ended in 1878 in the final defeat of "fiat money," the opinion of our people was very much in favor of the unlimited issue of greenbacks, and had there been a chance for the immediate expression of that opinion we should have been overwhelmed in the struggle, and might to-day be still wrestling with the problem of a debased currency. But thanks to the steadfastness of John Sherman and President Hayes, we passed the days of doubt and difficulty and had an opportunity for full discussion. The final judgment of the people turned out to be wise and good.

In like manner, after full discussion of the free coinage of silver, the time for which we largely owe to Cleveland, the people, contrary to their first inclinations, took different views and will soon embody them clearly in their statutes.

FOREBODING OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STRUGGLE

The year 1837 found slavery apparently most firmly entrenched. Public opinion was only just bestirring itself in a vague way among Quakers and wild and unreasoning persons. The people as a whole wanted quiet, and a chance to do business undisturbed. Wars of conquest in the interests of slavery went on. The area of the institution was extended, and slavery seemed and was prosperous; and then we paid the penalty, the mere echo of which still costs us $150,000,000 a year. Nevertheless, though the doomed institution waxed and grew great for a dozen years more, the year 1837 was the year when it was revealed to the discerning that the conflict between the doctrines on which this nation was founded—and which were recited in broad and glowing language in the Declaration of Independence—and that other doctrine that national growth in wealth and extent must be held to be superior to the right of self-government which belonged to man as man, was to force itself to the front as one of those questions that have no pity on the peace of nations or of mankind.

THE CHIEF ACTORS IN A FAMOUS SCENE

John Quincy Adams had been Minister to Russia and to England, Secretary of State and President of the United States, and had returned to public life, having accepted the place of member of Congress in the House of Representatives. Of his long and most remarkable career there is certainly no occasion to speak to the generation which has almost all passed from the stage, and the new generations have probably not forgotten the Old Man Eloquent. Almost all, if not all



the actors in the scene have so utterly passed away that they have to be described in order to give even half lights to the picture, and the materials for that are rapidly passing away.

The worst buffeted man in the arena in this debate was Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, thirty-nine years old, citizen of a proud State, foremost on the side which was finally to fail. Thompson was a man of sense, and on subjects other than slavery was well grounded in the principles of liberty. To-day the citizens of his State can read good lessons of sound doctrine applicable to our days in Thompson's Recollections of Mexico, for he was afterward Minister to that country, and used his time to acquire knowledge and some wisdom.

Dixon H. Lewis, who went into action first, is hardly remembered now, except as a disorganizer of all ordinary weighing machines by the tremendous avoirdupois of 480 pounds. But notwithstanding this multitudinous envelopment of his soul, he was a gallant gentleman, ready once in a shipwreck to continue the peril of his life rather than risk the lives of others to save his own.

THE ATTITUDE OF SOUTHERN MEMBERS

Haynes, of Georgia, was in his third term in the House, and has no other distinguishing history. George C. Dromgoole was from Virginia, and was thought to be the brightest and shrewdest spirit on the slavery side, but his unfortunate phrase, "color to an idea," roused for a moment at least, under Adams' outpouring, the laughter of mankind.

First among the defenders of Adams was Caleb Cushing, whose career was as remarkable for its disappointments as for its honors. Diplomatist, lawyer, soldier, writer and orator, distinguished always, but seldom successful, he illustrated in his career the great rule, not often broken, that the highest talents are but failure when they are not coupled with steadfastness of purpose and a due fear of the Almighty.

Henry Clay said of George Evans, of Maine, that he knew more about the tariff than any other man in the country. Evans was then in the prime of life, the only man who ever attacked John Quincy Adams with impunity. He did it and went unscathed. Although the records of his participation in this debate are very imperfect, it is evident that he made many of the points which Adams afterward used so handsomely. Naturally, however, what was said draped itself about Adams, who had the right all through to be the central figure.

Adams had for many years contended for the right of petition, and there had been innumerable conflicts over the presentation of those petitions which related to slavery. There was much wild talk of the kind which usually surrounds a dangerous subject. According to the friends of slavery, the institution was never so commendable nor the slaves ever so happy. Wisdom was fully justified of her children. The case was clear; everybody was content. The huge pile of snow on the mountain side was so firmly fastened to its place that it could not fall. In fact, there was no snow there. Nevertheless, there was to be no whispering, not because it might bring down the avalanche, but because it was offensive to the slaveholder. The Southerners took the tone of gentlemen who had really, you know, reached the furthest verge of toleration. They would contend no longer. They would go home to their people. The responsibility was on the Northern Apologists, and even they, unless they bestirred themselves, would be treated with only distant politeness. This was "civil but visible impatience."

THE RIGHT OF PETITION DENIED

But Mr. Adams was not to be deterred. For two years he had hardly failed any day to present from one to a hundred petitions. Just a year before the scene to be described, a Committee of the House had been raised to consider this evil of petition, for if an institution could not exist, if talked about, there must be some way to stop the talk if the institution was to be maintained.

This committee reported, and the report was unanimous, that slavery could not be assailed in the United States, ought not to be assailed in the District of Columbia, and therefore, "finally" to arrest agitation, all memorials and petitions about slavery should



Mr. Cushing replied

An Attempt to Expel an Ex-President from the House

be laid on the table unprinted, unreferred, and there things should end. How strange that word "finally" looks now under the light of history! The report was adopted against the protest of Mr. Adams, who declared the last resolution to be a violation of the Constitution, the rules of the House and the rights of his constituents. Nevertheless, amid storms of reproaches, Adams daily presented his petitions.

On February 6, 1837, Mr. Adams, after going through with a number of petitions, hesitated and seemed about to resume his seat, but, instead, turned to the Speaker with a paper in his hand and said: "Mr. Speaker, I hold in my hand a paper on which, before it is presented, I desire to have the decision of the Speaker. It is a petition from twenty-two persons declaring themselves to be slaves. I wish to know whether the Speaker considers such a petition as coming within the order of the House. . . . I wish to do nothing except in submission to the rules of the House. . . . "

A SPARK IN THE PARLIAMENTARY TINDER

The Speaker was embarrassed, declared the proposition a novelty, and left it to the House to decide.

The visible excitement of the Speaker attracted the attention of Dixon H. Lewis, who demanded to know the nature of the petition, and when told, burst into language involving at least one of the specifications of the great Saxon oath. Other gentlemen joined the cry and proclaimed treason, shouted "put him out," "old scoundrel," and the like. Mr. Haynes, of Georgia, took the floor and expressed his astonishment. It was a grave and dignified astonishment which grew on him as he spoke. Mr. Alford, of Georgia, proposed to burn the petition, and expected everybody to help him.

Thereupon Mr. Waddy Thompson, leaving out of sight, as did all the rest of them, the question really before the House—which was what the Speaker should do with the petition proposed to be offered—presented this resolve:

> "That the Hon. John Quincy Adams, by the attempt just made by him to introduce a petition purporting on its face to be from slaves, has been guilty of a gross disrespect to the House, and that he be instantly brought to the bar to receive the severe censure of the Speaker."



Dixon H. Lewis, who went into action

In order to make quite clear the wild and senseless rage that filled the multitude which Mr. Thompson tried to represent, he proceeded to threaten Mr. Adams in addition with condign punishment by the juries and grand juries of the District of Columbia for words spoken in debate in the House of Representatives.

When Mr. Thompson had said his say, Mr. Haynes, of Georgia, who had been almost the first to have his feelings stirred, proposed as a substitute:

> "That John Quincy Adams, a Representative from the State of Massachusetts, has rendered himself liable to the severest censure of the House, and is censured accordingly, for having attempted to present to the House the petition of slaves."

This was met by cries of "No! No!" "Let him be brought to the bar," and was not accepted.

ANOTHER RESOLUTION OF CENSURE

Then Mr. Dixon H. Lewis appeared again upon the scene, and offered as a change, which Mr. Thompson accepted:

> "Resolved, that John Quincy Adams, by his attempt to introduce into this House a petition from slaves for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, committed an outrage on the rights and feelings of a large portion of the people of this Union, a flagrant contempt on the dignity of this House; and by extending to slaves a privilege only belonging to freemen, directly invites the slave population to insurrection, and that the said member be forthwith called to the bar of the House, and be censured by the Speaker."

After Mr. Lewis had declined to argue, and threatened that if this kind of thing were not suppressed he and the Southerners would go home, Mr. Adams arose and suggested that even if they proposed to censure him, it would be worth while to amend the resolution by striking out all the statements of fact, since he had not presented the petition at all: that the petition was not for the abolition, but for the continuance of slavery.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth paper in a series of articles by Thomas B. Reed. Other papers by Mr. Reed will appear in early issues of The Saturday Evening Post.

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Then arose Mr. Mann, of New York, and gave Mr. Adams a discourse of the regretful sort, in which he wished to "pause and contemplate" how it was possible that a good man should behave so badly, grieving thus from day to day the judicious who desired peace and quiet only. Then he advised calmness; but Mr. Waddy Thompson declined to be calm. He thought Mr. Adams' conduct savored of levity, which only heightened the offense, and refused to be comforted except by new resolutions which read this way:

"1. Resolved, that the Hon. John Q. Adams, by an effort to present a petition from slaves, has committed a gross contempt of this House.

"2. Resolved, that the member from Massachusetts above named, by creating the impression and leaving the House under such impression, that the said petition was for the abolition of slavery when he knew it was not, has trifled with the House.

"3. Resolved, that the Hon. John Q. Adams receive the censure of the House for his conduct referred to in the preceding resolutions."

The House then adjourned, and, both bodies of the Congress being engaged in counting the Presidential votes, two days were had for reflection.

DROMGOOLE'S UNFORTUNATE PHRASE

Thus far the battle had not been on the side of the strongest battalions, so the reserves were ordered up, and after Mr. Adams had been asked to restate his view of the case, which he did in much the same fashion as before, Mr. George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, thought to be the most skillful man in the House for that purpose, offered still another set of resolutions, declaring, however, that he preferred action on a question of this kind rather than debate. Mr. Thompson accepted the new resolution:

"That the Hon. John Quincy Adams, a member of this House, by stating in his place that he had in his possession a paper purporting to be a petition from slaves, and inquiring if it came within the meaning of a resolution heretofore adopted (as preliminary to its presentation), has given color to the idea that slaves have the right of petition and of his readiness to be their organ; and that for the same he deserves the censure of this House.

"Resolved, that the aforesaid John Q. Adams receive a censure from the Speaker in the presence of the House of Representatives."

Mr. Elmore, of South Carolina, trusted there was no intention of arguing this subject, but a united South would suppress all differences.

But there was really too much sense left in the South and differences began to appear, opening gaps too wide apart to be bridged over. Mr. Lawler, of Alabama, appealed to Mr. Adams to retract his action, his explanation not being satisfactory, and Mr. Robertson, of Virginia, after alluding to the exciting and stormy debate and characterizing the conduct of the gentleman from Massachusetts as extraordinary, declared himself opposed to the resolution because it was against the freedom of action due to a member of a legislative body. Then Mr. Alford, of Georgia, closed his line of discourse by declaring that the Southern men, so far from going home, would never "desert Washington until this fair city is a field of Waterloo, and this beautiful Potomac a river of blood."



—Mr. Patton proposed three resolutions

To this Mr. Cushing replied in a speech well remembered in our schoolboy days as one of the favorite declamations during the period when liberty seemed a blessing worth more than commerce and greater than empire. He rejoiced that he was descended from a race of king-killing Roundheads, and declared that if opinions on the side of liberty were maintained, it was because they were elemental, lying at the very bottom of the political institutions of the country, and if it were charged that they were more strongly held in New England than elsewhere, he would not deny it. "Deny it," he exclaimed, "I glory in the fact." Had Cushing lived his whole life on the level of that speech, he would have a loftier place than he won as diplomatist or lawyer.

THE OPPOSITION BEGINS TO WAVER

Cushing's declaration that the right of petition was elemental and above all laws and all constitutions was answered by French, of Kentucky, who announced his determination to vote against Adams, despite his respect for his achievements and character. To French, George Evans replied, and showed how vague all the proposed resolutions were, how little foundation they seemed to have as charges of violation either of rules or law; that if anti-slavery petitions did sometimes overstep the limits of brotherly tenderness, they had precedents, for the language had been borrowed from Virginia. Here Mr. Patton, as Evans proposed to cite proof, appealed to the chair to confine the debate, and Mr. Evans declined to continue, though the House voted that he might go on. Nobody quite dared to be responsible for a discussion of slavery itself.

The next time the matter came up, the Dromgoole resolution being still to the front, another effort was made to get the censure into some sort of shape, and Bynam, of North Carolina, tried his hand, offering as a substitute:

"Resolved, that the attempt to present any petition or memorial from any slave or slaves or free negro from any part of the Union is a contempt of the House and calculated to embroil it in a strife and confusion incompatible with the dignity of the body, and that any member guilty of the same justly subjects himself to the censure of the House.

"Resolved, that a committee be appointed to inquire into the fact whether any such attempt has been made by any member of this House, and report the same to the House as soon as practicable."

This was a frightful confession of defeat, and Adams must have hailed that flinching on the part of his enemies who so short a time ago proclaimed their certainty of two-thirds wherewith to expel him, if need be, with the grim satisfaction such a warrior has when he sees in a wavering enemy the assurance of victory.

PATTON'S ATTEMPT AT GRACEFUL RETREAT

Then Patton, of Virginia, afterward a judge of high repute, offered still another resolution, to enable his people now to get thoroughly away from the whole matter and yet leave themselves some faint self-respect. But it was of no manner of use. When Ursa Major has you in his full embrace, especially after he has been baited a few days, prayer or ribs of steel is the only hope.

But it seemed a chance, and Mr. Patton proposed these resolutions, three in number:

"Resolved, that the right of petition does not belong to the slaves of this Union; that no petition from them can be presented to this House without derogating from the rights of the slaveholding States and endangering the integrity of the Union.

"Resolved, that every member who shall hereafter present any such petition to this House ought to be considered as regardless of the feelings of this House, the rights of the South and an enemy to the Union.

"Resolved, that the Hon. John Q. Adams having solemnly disclaimed a design of doing anything disrespectful to the House, in the inquiry he made of the Speaker as to the petition purporting to be from slaves, and having avowed his intention not to present the petition if the House were of the opinion that it ought not to be presented, therefore all further proceedings as to his conduct shall now cease."

Even this did not suit Mr. Patton himself, and so he abandoned the first resolution, and changed the second. Then the enemy broke and tried to flee, but even that poor grace was denied them; for when somebody moved to lay the whole matter on the table, Mr. Adams protested that they must hear him first. Then the previous question was moved, but Mr. Adams reminded the members that they had not yet heard him. Though this was the last thing on earth that they wanted to do, they could not, in the face of all the world, after badgering an old man of his high antecedents for three days, refuse him the privilege of reply. You can fancy the scene. It must have been a most uneasy crowd. No mere words could paint the faces of the actors as they each in his turn awaited their due punishment.

MR. ADAMS ON THE RIGHT OF PETITION

"The proposition," said Mr. Adams, "which I will ever maintain is that the sacred right of petition, of begging for mercy, as it does not depend upon condition, so also does it not depend upon character. It is a right which cannot be denied to the poorest, the humblest and the most wretched; and, moreover, it is a right which cannot be refused to the most vile, the most abandoned or the most infamous."

When he uttered those words there was not one man in that audience who did not know that he had spoken the fundamental, elemental truth which cements together the whole human race.

Then he depicted the mob of resolutions that had rained upon him from all quarters of the sky. "The object of all these varied resolutions," he said, "is to pass censure, either direct or implied, upon myself, for having asked a simple question of the Speaker. All these remind me of what Dame Quickly says: 'By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words.' Yes, sir, they all contained bitter words against me."

Then he took Dromgoole on his horns. "The object of the resolution of the gentleman from Virginia was, I believe, to charge me with 'giving color to an idea.' 'Color to an idea,'" he repeated, as if communing with himself. Thereupon the House burst into wild laughter, glad of the relief from the fury of the other attacks, and the resolution of Dromgoole went the way of all the earth, and was seen no more except as Mr. Adams would from time to time repeat the words "color to an idea."

From this he passed to Waddy Thompson's threat of the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia, and in order to make the outburst which followed more impressive, he read to Mr. Thompson his own astonishing remarks from the National Intelligencer, and asked him if he had been correctly reported and still held those views. From Mr. Thompson's reply it is hard to understand whether he realized what he had been saying, for, after some vague mitigations of his words, he proclaimed that such was the law of South Carolina. Then Mr. Adams exclaimed: "Yes, sir, he would make a member of this House amenable to a grand jury! Such being the case, I would beg to invite that gentleman when he goes home to study a little the first principles of civil liberty." Those principles Mr. Adams then pointed out, and showed what would be the condition of the Legislature dominated by the appointees of the Executive in the District.



Dromgoole, of Virginia, declaring that he preferred action

MR. ADAMS' SPLENDID SPEECH

Then Henry A. Wise, afterward the famous Governor of Virginia, interrupted him to declare his entire acquiescence, and his disgust at the possibility of having not only the House and the Senate under Jackson's dictation, but every individual member of both houses also; for the Executive would appoint the marshal and the marshal would select the juries.

When he finished, Adams resumed, and returned to Waddy Thompson. "If a member of the Legislature of South Carolina is made amenable for words spoken in debate, not only to the Legislature, but also to the grand and petit jury—if that, sir, is the law of South Carolina, then I thank God I am not a citizen of South Carolina!" And there was then "great agitation;" for in those days a "State" was to be mentioned with fear and reverence. Before Adams got through, everybody was explaining and got about as much satisfaction as did Mr. Waddy Thompson himself.

For the better part of an hour Mr. Adams discussed the right of members to complete independence of action, owing nothing to anybody but the House itself, having no master but the body to which they belonged. He illustrated by scenes from English history how different a free parliament was from what it would have been under the surveillance of the juries of Westminster.

A BAD QUARTER HOUR FOR THE RESOLUTIONISTS

That must have been a lonesome hour for Mr. Thompson and his friends.

When Mr. Adams had finished with individuals, he began on the resolutions which had survived the shock. The first was not to be thought of, because, instead of enabling him to get an answer to his question still pending, it took up an imaginary Congressman and proceeded to censure him before his time, thus interfering for all time with the liberties of the member and the rights of the House, keeping men under the tension of threatened rebuke, to the great injury of their courage and devotion to duty.

As to the remaining resolution, he asked the House "as a right" not to pass it, for it put him in the position which he had never assumed, the position of having done something wrong and of having saved himself by timely disclaimer; that he had done nothing which required forgiveness, and declined to be forgiven.

"While I totally disclaim any intention of trifling with the House; while I totally disclaim any purpose of offending or provoking any of the members of this House, sir, at the same time, I disclaim not any particle of what I have done, not a single word of what I have said do I unsay; nay, I am ready to do and to say the same again to-morrow."

Then, to finish the debate and his assailants also, he reminded the House that he had his question still unanswered, and it was for asking that question that he was to be punished, yet if he was guilty of offense the Speaker must be much more guilty.

THE END OF THE THREE DAYS' BATTLE

"If I am to be indicted before the Grand Jury as a felon and an incendiary, the Speaker must be indicted along with me, for asking the advice of the House on the question, which he put to it. I only put the question to the Speaker, but the Speaker put the question to the House."



—he reminded the House that he had his question still unanswered

Then the resolutions were voted on. Both of them were defeated and the House went to other business.

I need not say that no attempt has been made, or could be thought of, to condense Mr. Adams' speech. Only a few extracts have been given, more to excite a desire to read the whole than to try to portray what he said.

Just look for a moment at the preposterousness of the three days' battle. A member of the House asks the Speaker if he can, under the rules, present a paper. The Speaker says he does not know, but will consult the House, whereupon that body bursts into oratory and resolutions for three days and never once seems to know what it is doing. Of course, the cause of the agitation, the underlying trouble which nobody quite dared to allude to, was the question of slavery. On that subject, everybody was trying to hush everybody else, and make believe that peace was assured, if only everybody could be kept quiet. But such a peace can never be assured. Whenever in a republic free discussion is refused, whether suppressed by law or by public terrorism, you may be sure that some wrong exists which must be destroyed or will destroy the republic.

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In the Order of Providence

By Joel Chandler Harris

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IT IS impossible for the present generation to realize the nature and extent of the wound inflicted on the Southern people of that day by the surrender of Lee's Army in 1865; and assuredly it is beyond description. No historian will ever be able to explain it or make its characteristics manifest to the modern mind. It is fortunate, perhaps, that this is so. A population can go through such an experience but once in its history. No disaster that might overtake us now could match that which marked the defeat and dissolution of the Confederate Army. And the reason lies on the surface: it is an experience that makes provision against itself. On the tender hand unused to labor a blister is succeeded by a callous, and so it is with the heart. Sensibilities cruelly wounded and torn can never again respond as sharply and as keenly to the pangs of misfortune and disappointment. One journey through the furnace of despair gives a long vacation to those qualities that are as rare and as fine as the rainbow sheen on a piece of silk—as restless and as vivid. And there is something grievous and uncomfortable in the consolation that time offers, for qualities thus consumed will hardly be missed save by those who have been witnesses to the beauty and perfection of their play, and who know their import.

The miracle of dissolution happened. The earthquake arose, shook itself, yawned and fell back into its abyss, carrying with it the whole structure and fabric of a newly formed government and the dearest hopes of those who had contributed to its upbuilding. Hundreds of men and women never recovered from the shock. Some of them pined away and died; others lived on, as it were, in a dream; while still others, cast in an adventurous mould, betook themselves into self-imposed exile.

Among these exiles was Colonel Fontaine Flournoy, who had risked his life on many fields and in divers ways in behalf of the Confederacy. Some of the undertakings in which he engaged were such as most men shrank from, but he, as his name implied, came from a family given over to valorous deeds and romantic adventures; for this name comes down from the days of chivalry, when the Knight of the Black Flower (*Fleur Noire*) made his *nom de guerre* so famous that it usurped the place of the family surname.

Taking all these things into consideration, it is small wonder that Colonel Flournoy considered himself an exile and a wanderer—a man without a country—from the moment that Lee surrendered his army. He was an officer in the Confederate Army on detached service. Two weeks before the surrender he was in New York City; a week afterward he was piloting the remnants of the Confederate Government southward, and lending active assistance in guarding the treasure which was carried along with it.

At Washington, in Wilkes County, Georgia, this treasure was divided, and an amount sufficiently large fell to Colonel Flournoy's share to enable him to carry out his purposes. He pushed on to Middle Georgia, where his home was, made provision for the wants of his wife and son, a lad of sixteen, bade them good-by, and, with General Toombs for a companion, made his way to the Florida coast. Here the two Confederates parted company. Toombs went to Europe, while Flournoy went to Cuba, and from that island found his way to South America.

His adventures in those queer Republics, seething with revolutions, rebellions and riots, were numerous enough to fill a book of romance; but it is sufficient to say that in the course of five years he returned home with a fortune considerably larger than the one which war had taken from him. He returned bent on enjoying a life of elegant ease after his turbulent career. But the best part of his vigor was spent. To sustain himself in the Civil War, and in the South American troubles, where he had seated and unseated more than one government, he had been compelled to employ the store of energy that should have been reserved for old age to draw upon. He had enjoyed the companionship of his family and his friends not more than a year when he fell a victim to a disease the seeds of which he had brought with him from the tropical swamps and jungles where his later campaigns had carried him.

It need not be said that the death of Colonel Flournoy occasioned deep grief to all who knew him. Where his personal friendship had not an opportunity to go his gentle courtesy went, and even those who had been made the object of one of his casual salutations regarded him thereafter as something more than an acquaintance. His obsequies were very imposing by reason of the multitude of people that gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the most notable private citizen of Middle Georgia.

So far as Colonel Flournoy's immediate neighbors were concerned, there was one disclosure following hard upon the heels of the funeral discourse (delivered with such genuine feeling and simple eloquence by Rev. Sampson White) that for a time stopped the mouth of friendly reminiscence and put curiosity on tiptoe. It had been the Colonel's wish that, after all had been said over his remains that grief could suggest or friendship devise, his last will and testament should be opened and read in the presence of his neighbors before they had dispersed. It was a whim, perhaps, but it was of a piece with the openness and candor of the man.

The duty of reading the will devolved on Judge Vardeman, a close friend of the family, and his sonorous voice rang out even more effectively than had the soft and persuasive tones of Rev. Sampson White, so much so that Mrs. Betsey Nicklin contended as long as she lived that it would have been better and more helpful in every way if the Judge had preached the sermon, leaving the preacher to read the legal document. Colonel Flournoy was very rich, and it was known beforehand that he intended to add to the endowments of various charitable institutions, and to leave legacies to a number of his friends, but the bequest which gave a fillip to curiosity and left a large field in which gossip and inquisitiveness might play was as follows:

"And remembering with constant and increasing affection the services rendered to me personally and to the sacred cause in which the Southern people had embarked by my dear friend, Lawrence McCarthy, who, from May 1, 1862, to April 30, 1865, acted as head waiter of the New York Hotel in New York City, I do hereby will, devise and bequeath to him, his heirs and assigns forever, the house and lot known as the Pearson Place and the plantation lying contiguous thereto, the said lot and contiguous plantation being fully described in the deeds marked F and G; and in addition to this bequest and devisement I do hereby make it the duty of my executors hereinafter named to pay into the hands of the aforesaid Lawrence McCarthy, or his surviving heirs if he have any, the sum of ten thousand ($10,000) dollars in cash, the same to be paid on the eve of the Christmas next ensuing after my death. And I hereby make it the duty of my son, Francis Flournoy, to seek out the aforesaid Lawrence McCarthy, or his heirs if he be dead, and I lay it upon him as a solemn charge to be diligent and zealous in all ways in carrying out the terms of this clause of my last will and testament; all incurred expenses to be paid equally out of each share of my estate save that which is herein set apart for the benefit and behoof of the said Lawrence McCarthy, his heirs and assigns."

Now, assuredly here was matter for gossip to busy itself about, for the Pearson Place was marked by one of the most elaborate and best-preserved specimens of Colonial architecture to be found "south of the Jeems River," as the saying is. The site was commanding, and, rising two and a half stories, the old structure seemed to take a certain grandeur from its surroundings. The plantation attached to it and made part of the bequest comprised not less than four hundred acres of the richest land in a county noted for the fertility of its soil.

And this historic old house and this splendid plantation were to fall into the hands of a total stranger—a man whom Rockville had never heard of, and a Yankee at that; not only a Yankee, but a hotel waiter!

Mrs. Betsey Nicklin, who was the mouthpiece of a great many people less outspoken than she, could make neither head nor tail to the devisement. She said as much to her husband when the two had returned home from the funeral.

"I've been knowin' Fountain Flournoy more'n forty year," she said, "and if anybody had 'a' up and told me that he'd wind up his business wi' sech doin's as that I'd 'a' felt like knockin' 'em down. But I'm not a bit surprised—not a bit. There never was a better man, I'll say that much; but Fountain was a man, and there never was a man that didn't have a screw loose some'rs. Some are too lazy to show it, and some die before they git a chance; but if they ain't shiftless and live long enough, they'll show a weak spot."

"Some on 'em show it when they git married," said Mr. Nicklin.

"You'd 'a' show'd it if I'd 'a' let you," responded Mrs. Betsey. "You know as well as I do, Wesley, that if it hadn't 'a' been for me you'd 'a' married old Moll Coy, and what would you 'a' looked like now?"

"Well, I ain't so mighty certain, Betsey, that I look one whit better than Martin Coy. I met 'im t'other night roamin' about in the moonlight, and whilst he wouldn't speak when spoken to, I don't know but what he looked every bit and grain as good as arry other man in the county. He had on his Sunday duds, for one thing."

"You didn't tell me about it, Wesley," Mrs. Nicklin declared with some asperity.

"You didn't ax me to," her spouse responded.

She gave him what she called a "look"; it was one of her methods of crushing her opponents. Mr. Nicklin didn't wither as he might have been expected to do. One reason was that he was a man past middle age; another reason was that he was at that moment engaged in grinding some dry tobacco cuttings between the hard palms of his strong hands to fit them for service in his pipe.

"Where did you see him, Wesley?" Mrs. Nicklin inquired. Her tone was imperative, as it always was when she desired to attract her husband's undivided attention.

"See who, Betsey? Oh—Martin Coy; why, I seed 'im comin' out'n Colonel Flournoy's front gate. 'Twas the night the Colonel died."

"You reckon he killed him? He's none too good to do it," declared Mrs. Nicklin.

Her husband turned upon her with amazement in his face.

"Why, Betsey!" he declared, "you'll let your tongue run on till you have a lie-bill took out again' you; and when that's done don't you run to me for to bail you out. No; I'll let the law take its course."

"Tipsy, topsy, toddle; dolly broke its noddle!" cried Mrs. Nicklin sarcastically. "When did I ever run to you to get me out of trouble?"

"Why, when you sent me word that you had set your cap for me," replied Mr. Nicklin promptly.



DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

—WHO WERE SOCIALLY INCLINED, MET AT THE PEARSON PLACE

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Whereupon his wife indulged in a fit of hearty laughter, remarking: "If there ever was a goose in this world, I got him when I got you."

"You've tried hard to be the gander, Betsy," said Mr. Nicklin, as he lit his pipe and began to smoke with an air of supreme contentment.

This couple seemed to be engaged in a chronic quarrel from year's end to year's end, and yet they had never had a serious misunderstanding, and were happy in each other's company.

"Well," said Mrs. Nicklin, trying hard to snap thumb and finger, "I wouldn't give *that* for old Martin Coy and all the lie-bills he could fetch in again' me betwixt Christmas and Christmas; but I'd give a purty to know how come Fountain Flournoy to have sech a mortal weakness for a Yankee, and a hotel waiter at that. That's what pesters me."

To tell the truth, it pestered a good many people in Middle Georgia when they heard of it; but when young Francis Flournoy, carrying out the duty laid upon him by his father's will, had found Lawrence McCarthy in Brooklyn, where he was living with his daughter Nora in very modest circumstances, and had installed this interesting family in their new home, the public mind of the neighborhood was no longer pestered about it.

The first to call was Judge Vardeman. The Judge's driver said afterward that "Marse Walton seed de yuther man walkin' 'bout un' de trees an' he went whar he wuz, an' den he fotch a yell, an' dey bofe grab one anudder 'roun' de neck, an' dar dey had it. Right at fust I 'low'd dey wuz fightin', an' I come mighty nigh hollerin' fer somebody ter run an' part um; but I soon seed dey wuz howdyin'. An' sech howdyin'! Man, suh! 'twuz ez de meetin' er two sisters arter so long a time."

And, in fact, the two men had been comrades and messmates in the earliest campaigns in the West. In following Forrest out of Fort Donelson on the night of February 15, 1862, they became separated, and never met again until Judge Vardeman, moved more by curiosity than by neighborly feelings, called to pay his respects to the new owner of the Pearson Place.

"Why, Larry!" he cried, still keeping his hand on his old comrade's shoulder, "it's all over the county that you're a hotel waiter, and I came over to see how a waiter would look as a landed proprietor. My dear friend, if you only knew how glad I am to see you after all these years!"

"There's no need to say it, Walton; I judge your feelings by my own. For my part, I can truly say that God is merciful as well as bountiful. Yonder is Nora, my little girl; she'll be glad to see her father's old friend."

He called, and Nora came running; and, whether he was influenced by his surroundings or whether his eyes told him the simple truth, Judge Vardeman thought he had never seen so charming a girl as Nora McCarthy. Her hair was glossy black, her eyes were gray or blue, as the light fell on them, and the rose tints flowed faintly or radiantly in response to her emotions. The play of her features was wonderful to see, and each movement of her body, every gesture of her white hands, rhymed to the artless grace and innocence of youth. In repose her countenance gave out those inscrutable, indescribable suggestions of old songs and old romances that are to be found in the ideal portraits painted by the great masters. Having a mind sensitive to impressions of this sort, the grave Judge caught himself sighing even as he smiled. He felt irresistibly drawn to this beautiful girl, who, although she had reached the years of young womanhood, was still a girl, in whom a dash of waywardness seemed nothing more than sprightliness. Happy are those whose light faults flutter toward beauty and graciousness!

Well, Captain Lawrence McCarthy being duly installed in his possessions, it was not long before all his neighbors had an inkling of his somewhat romantic career, of the risks he had run, and the devotion he had shown to the Confederate cause. He thoroughly enjoyed his new life, and he began at once to apply to the management of his plantation the methodical skill and unerring judgment which enabled him to manipulate men and create opportunities as the manager of the secret service of the Confederacy in New York. In short, he was conspicuously successful as a farmer because he knew how to manage men, because he had the art of inspiring them with his own tireless energy.

As he was a man who loved company and knew how to entertain his guests, his home soon became a social centre. Whatever training as a hostess his daughter Nora lacked was more than compensated for by her sweetness and simplicity. She knew how to be natural, and it is a great gift in man or woman. She had a fine voice, and performed on the harp. Hardly an evening passed that Judge Vardeman was not to be found at the Pearson Place, and his example was soon followed by the choicer spirits of the village.

At least once, and sometimes twice, a week all the men and women, as well as the boys and girls, who were socially inclined, met at the Pearson Place, and at such times the youngsters usually had a frolic. So that it happened that in all that region Captain McCarthy's house was the only one in which old-fashioned hospitality was revived and put to its finer uses. The young people had the spacious parlor and the wide dining-room in which to dance and play the innocent games that lead to love-making, while their elders had the library, or, in fine weather, the wide veranda. For amusement there was whist or cribbage, but those who once got a taste of Captain McCarthy's reminiscences, or heard one of Judge Vardeman's stories, preferred to sit where these two were conversing, or to linger within earshot.

On one occasion, Nora touched young Flournoy's coat-sleeve, remarking: "Do you want to hear something about your father?" All the young people followed the two and listened to the story that has already been told—the story of Why the Confederacy Failed.



"I RECKON YOU'RE A NEW MAN IN THESE PARTS"

"I still have the gold piece he sent me," said Nora proudly, shaking her bracelet under Flournoy's eyes. The young man thought that the arm on which the bracelet glistened was the fairest and most beautiful to be found in the world.

"I think you left out one of the portents," remarked Judge Vardeman.

"For instance?" inquired the Captain.

"Fort Donelson," said the Judge. "We were both there."

"Upon my word, you are correct, Walton. Never before did an army, measurably victorious, surrender so tamely. You remember the rage of Forrest?"

"I do," replied Judge Vardeman laughing. "A part of it fell on me. I had been his courier during the day, and he came roaring to his headquarters like a wounded lion. He cried out to those who could hear him: 'Do you, and you, and you'—calling their names—'go and wake up every man in my command! And you, too, sir,' he yelled at me; 'and if you ain't quick about it I'll break me a hickory and flail the life out of you!' But there was no need to hurry. The enemy was camping out of hearing, expecting to be attacked. Forrest's whole command, and many others who had no stomach for prison life, marched out of the fort, and not a Federal was to be seen."

"I heard of the proposed surrender about daylight," said Captain McCarthy, "and with half a dozen others made my way out. I was not three-quarters of a mile away when I heard Buckner's bugler sounding a truce. Yes, my friend, you are right. Fort Donelson belongs high up in the list of portents. But for that surrender, Grant would never have been heard of again. His enemies at Washington were preparing to make the final move that would have swept him into obscurity. But when Providence arranges a program it is not for mortals to disturb it."

"That is so true," remarked Judge Vardeman gravely, "that mere words fall short of describing it."

"Yes," responded McCarthy, "it is true of the most trivial events, but it is only when the issues are large that we can put our fingers on the connecting links in this vast chain." He paused and looked forth across the fields of night in which the stars were blooming, sighed, and continued:

"I remember the occasion when but for a most trifling accident—we call such things accidents, though we have no right to—a life of inestimable value to the whole country might have been saved."

Captain McCarthy arose from his chair, walked to the farther end of the veranda, and then came slowly back, his head bent and his hands behind him. He did not resume his seat, but moved about in a small space in front of the older men in the company, while the young people were grouped in the door of the wide hallway, or sat upon the low railing that ran around the veranda.

"You never met John Omahundro?" remarked the Captain to Judge Vardeman.

"I never did, but I heard General Dabney Maury giving Forrest an account of him. Forrest's comment was that if he thought he could get Omahundro he'd take a week off and go after him."

"Well, John Omahundro has gone on the stage since the war, and now calls himself 'Texas Jack,'" said Captain McCarthy, whereat there was considerable excitement among the young folks, for some of them had seen "Texas Jack" and "Buffalo Bill" when they performed in their lurid melodrama of the Wild West in Macon. Some of the young ladies, especially, remembered "Texas Jack" as perhaps the handsomest and most dashing hero they had ever seen on the stage. They remembered, too, that he had long black hair that fell in curls about his shoulders, and the loveliest mustache possible to man; and he was tall—as tall as a grenadier.

Captain McCarthy listened to this enumeration of Omahundro's attractions with a smile, and then continued:

"Well, he was a very handsome lad when I knew him. But his hair was too short to curl, and he had no mustache. In fact, the first time I saw him he was about as droll a specimen of the country cracker as I ever laid eyes on. He wore brogans of undressed leather, his copperas-colored breeches were short enough to show his woolen socks, and, as the day was warm, he carried his jeans coat on his arm—which enabled all who glanced at the droll figure to see that he had but one suspender, and that made of twine. His wool hat had seen service so long that it was as limber as a dish-rag. He was driving a rugged-looking mule to a small cart which contained fresh vegetables, a basket of eggs, and a few chickens. He was chewing a straw, and his face wore a most woebegone expression. He walked with a slight limp, and this circumstance, simple as it was, preserved the figure from exaggeration. You knew at once that here was a droll specimen of the poor white common to all parts of our common country, as familiar to Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania as it is to Georgia and Florida, or to Maine or Vermont."

"You saw him, then," suggested Judge Vardeman, "in his native surroundings before circumstances had combined to develop——"

"No," replied Captain McCarthy; "my first glimpse of him was in Washington City, within ten minutes' walk of the White House."

"Oh! I remember the very day!" cried Nora.

"When my duty carried me North on an errand that I knew would detain me there for many weary months, I carried my family with me—my wife and daughter—and for the time being I made my headquarters in Washington, renting a very modest house there until such moment as the plans of my superiors could be developed. Well," the Captain went on, laughing, "they never were developed, and I had to take matters into my own hands and organize a sort of secret service of my own, which I never could have done but for Omahundro.

"He offered his wares before many doors, but when he saw me he stopped his cart close to the pavement, searched in it till he found three chickens tied together by the feet. These he brought to the door, remarking, 'I reckon you're a new man in these parts. I've been tradin' an' traffickin' 'roun' here fer some time, but I ain't never saw *you* before. What mought your name be?' He looked at me and grinned like an imbecile.

"'My name might be almost anything, but it happens to be McCarthy,' I replied.

"'You're right certain it ain't McKarritt, ner McKinsie, ner no other kind of Mac?' he insisted; 'bekase I seen a lady down the road a piece, an' she says, says she, "Jacky," says she, "ef you see Cap'n Larry McCarthy, jest up an' leave three of your best chickens at his door."' As he said this the cracker nudged me with his thumb, made a queer noise with his mouth, and then fell into a fit of laughter.

"'What on earth do you mean?' I asked.

"'Well, I don't mean no harm; not a bit in the world,' he replied. 'I says to the lady, says I: "Is the Cap'n a

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married man?" an' she says, "I dunner whe'r he is or no, an' I don't keer; you just give 'im the chickens." She did that-a-way! She said them very words. I got a gal myself,' he remarked by way of reassuring me, 'an' she's a thumper.' He laughed in the silliest manner.

"Now I had, when first taking the cottage, left my address at a country shanty some miles out of the city, in accordance with instructions received at Richmond; but the gift of the chickens conveyed no information to me; it seemed more like a trap laid for me. But the cracker left the fowls, and as he went toward his wagon he paused long enough to say: 'I want you ter save the biggest string, Cap. I'll come back arter it some day.'

"Now, this was a cue. The big string turned out to be about a yard and a half of thrums—small threads loosely twisted together—and in this piece of thrums was wrapped a strip of tissue paper containing a message from one of General Stuart's couriers, an old friend of mine, saying that no satisfactory instructions could be got from Richmond, and advising me to act as I thought best. The bearer of the dispatch, the writer said, was John Omahundro, the brightest, bravest, and most trustworthy scout in the army. The statement made me laugh. I no more believed that the person who delivered me the message was John Omahundro, of whom I had heard a great deal, than I believed that I, myself, was Secretary Stanton."

"I never have believed it," remarked Nora emphatically.

"I was nothing but a greenhorn in the business then," the Captain continued, smiling at Nora, who tossed her head in affected anger, "and I thought that all such practices smelt of the cheap novel and melodrama. I had not changed my own name, and never did, and I thought at that time that my contempt for all disguises and underhand methods would never permit me to employ them; but when I had seen one or two young fellows, gallant but foolhardy, snatched out of my hands, as you may say, and sacrificed to Mr. Stanton's implacable temper, I soon lost my contempt for measures intended to insure my safety."

"That fellow Stanton was a grand rascal," remarked one of the Captain's audience.

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried Captain McCarthy deprecatingly. "You never were more mistaken in your life. I despised him heartily for many a long day, but he was honest and true. He was simply implacable; he spent and was spent in performing his duties; he was restless and violent, riding over everything and everybody that stood in his way. He knew neither friends nor foes when it came to his duties, and in like circumstances he would have hanged or imprisoned his dearest friend as promptly as he hanged an anonymous spy.

"Well, the day after I had received the message from my friend in Virginia I became aware of the fact that two men were following me. How long they had been engaged in this business before I discovered it it was impossible to say. At first I simply suspected it, and then I made assurance doubly sure by walking aimlessly about. But no matter where I went I found them not far away. They made no effort to intrude themselves upon me; they were not obnoxious, as you may say. They followed me at their ease and seemed to be in high good humor. Sometimes they would pause, as if trying to settle some disputed point, or one would seem to tell a good story at which both laughed heartily. Finally, having walked around and about for an hour, I determined to take a street car and go home.

"I had been walking in the direction of the Capitol, but the car was moving in the direction of the White House. The men who were following me waited patiently for the car, and then, as I expected they would, followed my example, and seated themselves opposite me. One was a young man of very frail appearance. His face was somewhat emaciated, and his eyes were sunken. His hair was a dirty yellow. His companion presented a striking contrast. His face was full and rosy, his hair glossy black, and his eyes brilliant with health and strength. He was six feet high, but seemed to be shorter by reason of his perfect proportions.

"I watched them narrowly, but they never once looked directly at me. I was not angry, but I was irritated. I knew my position, and it was by no means pleasant to be followed about by strangers. They soon began to converse, and I felt that every word they said was directed at me.

The yellow-haired man rolled his catlike eyes as he talked, and sometimes held them closed for a dozen seconds together, giving a terrible emphasis to his words.

"'You see, it's this way,' he said, speaking in a guarded, confidential tone: 'we know that a message came from the Rebels yesterday. We caught one of the messengers, but we didn't catch the other; we know that it had to do with three chickens; and we know it was delivered; but how? I wouldn't give a dime for the message itself, but I'd give a thousand dollars to know who brought it, and I'm going to find out.'

"'I reckon we won't have much trouble about that,' replied the other lightly.

"They kept up this sort of conversation for several minutes, and I assure you I was surprised at my self-control. In fact, I had no need to exercise any. I felt as placid and as complacent as if I had been sitting at home listening to Nora playing jigs and reels on the mouth-harp. I seemed to be taken completely out of myself. You'll hardly believe it, but the situation seemed to have a humorous aspect, and I laughed as I left the car.

"I walked straight home, closed the door after me, and called Nora. 'Nora, darling,' says I, 'two men will knock at the door presently. Show them into the parlor, and ask them to have seats; then go into the kitchen and stay with mother. Should you hear any unusual noise, pay no attention to it.' I made haste to move every chair from the parlor (we had few), leaving only a small sofa. This I placed opposite the door.

"Well, sure enough, there soon came a knock on the door. I went into my bedroom, secured my navy revolvers—a very fine pair, by the way—and as soon as Nora came back and described the men I motioned for her to go to the kitchen."



"Gentlemen, your little game of sneak-and-tag is played out"

"I sat in there," said Nora, laughing, "with my fingers in my ears for fully half an hour."

"I knew," Captain McCarthy continued, "that a desperate situation needed a desperate remedy, so I walked to the parlor door, covered the two men, and said:

"'Gentlemen, your little game of sneak-and-tag is played out. The first one that raises his hand or moves from his position will be the first to die.'

"To my surprise, they displayed no alarm; they showed no signs of apprehension. The reason was, to make a long story short, that the rosy youth was John Omahundro, while the other was Frank Tidwell, the quaintest wag I ever saw.

"You may be very sure I didn't take these gentlemen at their word until Omahundro had rehearsed the scene with the chickens almost word for word. This I had to depend on, for the rosy youngster before me bore not the slightest resemblance to the cracker who brought me the chickens.

"'Why should you play a practical joke on me?' I asked.

"'Well,' replied Tidwell, 'you had to be broke in, you know. I didn't know whether you was a stump-sucker or a thoroughbred. We can't take no chances here. If you'd 'a' flickered on that car you'd never laid eyes on us any more.' Whereupon, after searching himself, he produced an order on a Halifax bank for five hundred dollars in gold. This, as a guarantee of good faith, was appreciated."

"You were talking a while ago of a trivial accident or incident that turned out to have important relations to a larger event," suggested Judge Vardeman as the speaker paused.

"Yes, I was coming to that," responded Captain McCarthy; "I am simply trying to recall the impressions and details of a history-disturbing event. However, these impressions are merely personal.

"You have all heard of that unfortunate young man, John Wilkes Booth. Well, wherever there was a spark of sympathy for the South, there this young man was to be found. Omahundro knew him well, and it was natural that I should fall in with him. He was a very attractive man in every way. He had in him all the elements of genius, but seemed powerless to focus them.

"To say that this young man was mad would be to dispose of the problem he presents in a very unsatisfactory way. He was as mad as Hamlet was; no more, no less. In all his views and beliefs, in his designs and his hopes, he was as much a creature of fiction as any you find in books. He was so infected and unbalanced by his profession—he was an actor—that the world seemed to him to be a stage on which men and women were acting, not living, their parts. There was nothing real to him but that which is most unreal, the theatrical and the romantic. He had a great variety of charming qualities, and his mind would have been brilliant but for the characteristics which warped it.

"I soon discovered that this young man of unbalanced judgment and unbridled tongue was a person to be avoided by those who had work to do. Omahundro had already made the same discovery for himself, and he predicted that Booth would commit some act that would drag the innocent to death. For my part, I went at once to Canada, then returned to New York, and had very few opportunities after that of seeing this unfortunate young man.

"But I was in Washington on the eleventh of April, 1865, three days after the surrender of Lee, and though I was in no enviable frame of mind I had the greatest confidence in the wisdom, justice and humanity of President Lincoln. I felt, as did all who knew him, that he would do the right thing, in the right way, at the right time. Omahundro, I remember, had somewhat gloomier forebodings. He had a real love for the President, who knew the lad only as a country cracker, and relished his drolleries, which, in the main, consisted of narratives and anecdotes after Mr. Lincoln's own heart. In addition to these drolleries, Omahundro had a pretty good head for politics, as all our Southern young men have, and he thought that Mr. Lincoln would be carried away by the radical wing of his party, which Stanton, assisted by Morton and Stevens, had already nursed into life.

"Now I had some knowledge of men, and it struck me that Mr. Lincoln's excessive patience and forbearance were really the entrenchments behind which his purposes lay. I thought, I say, that while he seemed to be deferring to the judgment of others, he was engaged all the time in carrying out his own firm resolutions and unalterable plans as fast as events would justify them."

"That is the simple truth," exclaimed Judge Vardeman.

"That is the way it struck me," Captain McCarthy went on, "and I really felt better after the surrender than for some time previously. For one thing, the suspense was ended; the inevitable had come to pass. Still, I was gloomy enough.

"Well, I had arrived in Washington on Tuesday. The next Friday was Good Friday. As I was coming from morning devotions I met Omahundro, who had been waiting for me. He was nervous and excited.

"'I'll tell you what,' he declared, drawing me aside, 'we are going to have trouble, sure; that fellow Booth is getting ready to do something desperate. I tell you he's crazy. I've been talking to him, and he's wild on the subject of ridding the country of tyrants and oppressors.'

"'Pooh!' said I, 'such talk comes natural to him.'

"As it happened, we had not gone far before we met the unfortunate young man. He paused long enough to pass the time of day, and quite long enough for me to see that he was laboring under a great mental strain. His eyes shone with an unnatural lustre, and his gestures were uncertain.

"'I'll come to your room this afternoon, my friend,' he said to Omahundro, 'and take a nap. For the work that is before me I need the preparation of slumber. Aye,' he cried, with a wild gesture, 'and others will sleep! Envy not their dreams—envy not their dreams, my friend!'

"'I'll meet you there,' said Omahundro.

"Now, for three long years it had been my business to foresee possible troubles and entanglements and to provide against them, and so when I heard this young man's remark and noted his excitement I began to think of some possible difficulty into which we might be dragged. Therefore I said to Omahundro:

"'Do go to your room, lock the door, and let it be understood that you'll not be back until late to-night.'

"'Why, Cap, I want to collar that fellow and keep him there till he gets over the tantrums. It won't be hard to straighten him out. I believe he's got the jimmies.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'you can only restrain him for a few hours. His mania will renew itself, and if he sleeps in your room this afternoon you will be identified with whatever he does, especially if he commits some serious crime.'

"'I reckon that's about so,' said Omahundro.

"Nevertheless, and in spite of all this," Captain McCarthy continued, speaking gravely and with emphasis, "John Omahundro did go back to his room, and permitted this unfortunate young man to sleep there that afternoon. When Booth was sound asleep, Omahundro slipped out, locked the door, and carried the key away with him. When he returned he found that the young man had escaped by the transom.

"In the course of a few hours we were overwhelmed with the news of the President's assassination. It was a terrible blow to the South, but for some good purpose Providence permitted the event to occur. Omahundro was deeply affected by it. He felt that if he had remained in the room with the unfortunate young man, and had restrained his movements until the next day, his bloodthirstiness would have been dissipated.

"But in my opinion no earthly power could have kept the assassin in that room. He would have found some means of escape. The awful event, provided for in the mysterious order of Providence, would have come off on the moment."

At that moment Joe-Bob Griffin drew his bow across his fiddle in the dining-room, and the young people went flocking in, laughing and chattering as young people will.

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, February, 1900.

I AM beginning to find out that this many-sided Capital City is one that teems with rumors, and that gossip, nay, even babble, is coin in free circulation. More than this, I find that I am prone to give credulous ear to rumor, and that unconsciously I am impelled to augment that rumor, which I suppose may be laid upon the back of the ever-patient scapegoat, human nature. But with rumors fast flying, I ask in all seriousness how the newcomer is to discern between truth and truth-likeness? I am met wherever I go with rumor and babble and gossip, and in turn I carry them with me wherever I go, and as the prayer-book saith, "There is no health in us." I was detailing some gossip to Robert the other day and he met my babbling remarks very reprovingly.

"Have you never heard, my dear, that 'fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler?" Almost in the same breath he added:

"That reminds me, there is a rumor about town that there is a split in the Cabinet."

And then he wondered what I was smiling about.

Why, Robert comes home with a new rumor every day: rumors about politicians, about political deals and political disaffections, and it seems to me that politicians and statesmen are as bad as a village sewing society which daily uses up yards of cotton cloth and all the reputations in the community. I asked Robert where he picks up these rumors. He said that they originate for the most part over the blazing fires in the cloak-rooms; that whenever a day's session happens to be short members gather around these fires and discuss all manner of things.

They are smiling broadly over a contest involving an item in the estimates for the Congressional Library. It seems that Librarian Putnam, than whom there is no one more sturdy and independent, has asked for an automobile at a cost of eighteen hundred dollars. Now, it is a curious fact, Robert says, that any one asking for an appropriation of a million dollars is more likely to get it unquestioned than one who asks for a trifle of eighteen hundred, and this item is not likely to go unchallenged, notwithstanding that the Librarian has taken care to explain that the object of this automobile is not his own personal comfort in locomotion, but the speedy delivery of books and pamphlets called for daily and hourly by members and Senators. This item was jocosely called to the attention of Mr. Cannon, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, when a lot of members were lounging before the cloak-room fire. "Uncle Joe," as he is familiarly called, was asked what he thought of it. He shut his eye reflectively and said dryly, he thought that "perhaps a bicycle would do just as well."



LIBRARIAN PUTNAM, THAN WHOM THERE IS NO ONE MORE STURDY AND INDEPENDENT

Mr. Beveridge, who has lately sprung into the arena a full-fledged orator, is deepening the good impression that his first speech made. He was one of the speakers at the big bankers' banquet in New York the other night, and Robert, who was there, said that he made a great hit.

There are now four recognized orators in the Senate on the Republican side. These are Mr. Lodge, Mr. Wolcott, Dr. Depew and Mr. Beveridge, and the rivalry among them ought to be good-natured, especially as they stand together on all the issues save silver.

There was a time when the Senate numbered among its most brilliant orators several on the Democratic side of the chamber. But those days are gone. There seems now to be but a single figure left, that of Mr. Daniel, of Virginia, the State that has given us so many of our great orators. He is the peer of any speaker on the floor. Of the four orators on the majority side it would be difficult to decide upon their merits, although it is said that Senator Chandler is actually selected as a referee to decide to which of them shall be awarded the palm. The idea of grave, gray-headed Mr. Chandler enacting the rôle of Paris, as it were, is inexpressibly funny, and I am afraid that the judgment of Paris could not have awakened more feeling than will this judgment of his when it is rendered. Robert says that Senator Lodge is the most quiet and dignified of the four, with a finished, clear, logical style. Senator Wolcott is more ornate, more witty and far less restrained. Senator Depew is perhaps the most polished and musical, and Mr. Beveridge, with his impetuous vocabulary, is more fiery and impassioned, and has more of the natural orator in him than any of the others. But surely there is room on the Senate floor for all these four men, for any one of them upon opening his mouth can instantly have a following as numerous and as enthusiastic as had the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Among all this talk there is one persistent rumor that crops up again and again; it is to the effect that two members of the Cabinet are on such terms of enmity that the atmosphere of the White House on Cabinet days is extremely frigid, and that the President's diplomacy is being taxed to the utmost in trying to keep the peace. I asked Robert what this Kilkenny state of affairs was all about, but he looked inscrutable and was silent, so I suppose that another State secret is trembling in the balance. That it will finally topple over is certain, since it is on the lips of the cloak-room.

However, if the White House atmosphere is frigid on Cabinet days it was far from frigid on the occasion of the State dinner the other night, to which Robert and I were bidden along with diplomats, statesmen, generals and admirals. I was afraid that perhaps I might be overawed by the occasion, but thanks to the training I have had of late in the official world, and thanks to Jules, this dinner seemed only a glorified edition of an every-day affair. True, the magnificent bed of purple orchids which extended down the middle of the table and the equally magnificent court dresses of the Ambassadors could not be duplicated in private houses, but the dinner could have been duplicated, nay, quadrupled in point of excellence. It seems that at the last minute two of the honored guests did not arrive—Admiral and Mrs. Dewey; so a whole table full was cheated out of the satisfaction of knowing which would have taken precedence, the Admiral of the Navy or the General of the Army.

On the occasions of these State dinners the long red corridor is used as a dining-room, the old State dining-room, with its table top pieced together out of pine boards, having long ago grown inadequate for these banquets; for nowadays the President dines from seventy-five to eighty guests as against twenty-five or thirty in former times; and as these State dinners come out of the private purse of the President, there being, I am told, absolutely no fund for the White House save for repairs, they must be a heavy item of expenditure.

As I looked up and down the table, made brilliant and beautiful in every way that modern decoration can suggest, and surrounded by the highest and best in our land and by the pick of other lands, with Lord Pauncefote at the top, and, according to social gradation, with the Koreans at the bottom (they won't mind this statement, for, poor things, they would not understand it if it were shouted to them in every known language), I will confess that my Spruce City heart swelled with so much pride that the food offered me became of secondary importance.

I could not help thinking of the letter of advice which George Washington sent to John Adams concerning the etiquette that should be the rule in the President's family. After advising the utmost reserve and aloofness toward others, Washington wound up by saying: "In order to remove the appearance of too immense an inequality, the President might invite a few high officials to dinner now and then, but on such occasions the President should not remain with them long at table."

General Washington did not dream of long course dinners through which the President must remain from caviare to coffee, and all to the accompaniment of a Marine Band.

Impressed as I was by my first State dinner I was glad that I did not have to undergo it often, and, on reflection, I was more than ever pleased with Jules and my own little dinners. The dinner which he served to Senator P——, when the Senator, Robert and I personated the Graces, was perfect. It was the simplest and shortest dinner we have given. Of course I told Jules that our only guest was to be a Senator. He asked:

"Will Madame haf ze goodness to tell me ze name of Monsieur ze Senator?"

When I gave it he nodded.

"Oh, yes, I know ze taste of Monsieur; leave all to me, Madame." And I did.



"UNCLE JOE" CANNON, AS HE IS FAMILIARLY CALLED

During dinner, Senator P—— said to me:

"Do you know, Mrs. Slocum, that you have happened to serve my favorite things to-night? It is an odd coincidence."

Whether it was because of this, or because he is more gracious than he has been credited with being, or because he had had his own way so signally in the Senate that day in tabling an adversary's resolution, I do not know, but he was delightful. Never in all my life had I seen Robert come out of his shell as he did under the influence of the Senator's spell. He talked really brilliantly, and I saw for the first time a seat in the Senate taking shape before my mental vision. Their theme, principally, was the late war, and the clamor in Congress against the Administration.

"Yet," said Robert, "much has been made out of Washington's political utterances by these peace-at-any-price men, but not one of them had the courage or honesty to use one extract from one of his speeches which is this: 'The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness.'"

"Ah!" said the Senator, deeply interested, "that would seem momentous to-day. Where did you find that, Slocum?"

"It is to be found in Irving's Washington, in the last volume, and, as you say, is momentous. We are confronted by a condition, and these words fit this precise condition."

"Why don't you address the House, Slocum, and embody this?"

"I shall, when the occasion offers," said Robert quietly, and there was a fire in his eyes I had never seen there before.

"It is a curious thing," said the Senator musingly, "that the fate of men who oppose a war in progress, or oppose their government in the management of it, are nearly always overcome by oblivion. There was brilliant John Randolph, who never recovered from his opposition to the War of 1812."

MR. DANIEL, OF VIRGINIA, THE PEER OF ANY SPEAKER ON THE FLOOR



Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

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Just here the footman brought me a card bearing Mr. de Courcelles' name, and I was compelled to leave Senator P—— and Robert to their cigars and their politics; and not a word or hint had been given about the postmastership.

Mr. de Courcelles is, as foreigners go, a good-looking man. He is blond, and is of athletic build, and he speaks English with almost no accent, but he looks absurdly young, almost a boy in fact, in spite of his length of limb. He did not seem backward about speaking plainly of his devotion to Page, after which he surprised me by adding that he had secured leave from his Government to return to France. I spoke out impulsively:

"Ah! You are running away?"

"No, Madame, not that. Heaven forbid!"

"She has perhaps refused you, then?" said I, with a feeling of sudden relief.

"No, I have not spoken. I must not, though Mademoiselle knows full well how it is with me."

"Ah! I think I begin to understand." I spoke impatiently, for I thought I knew why he must not speak. "You do not speak, Mr. de Courcelles, because of the drawback of there being no 'dowry' in the case of Mademoiselle?"

He flushed, but looked straight at me, and said quietly:

"No, that is not the reason. Mademoiselle has no *dot*, it is true, and as Madame knows that is one of the requirements in my country; but there being no *dot* would not stand, with me, in the way, nor yet would the new rule which was promulgated by my Government after the marriage of the former Ambassador. Madame knows that in consequence of that marriage a rule was made practically forbidding marriages of diplomats with foreigners except when special permission is obtained from the Government, and——"

"Oh! Your diplomatic career would come to an end?" I said, thinking that I had the reason for it all at last.

"Practically so, Madame, but not even that would deter me. I must conform, in order that my marriage should be in accord with the regulations of my country, to various formalities which happily in your country do not affect your marriages. I must have, above all, parental consent."

"But you have no father as I understand, and surely a mother's consent could not legally affect a——"

"Ah! Madame, you do not understand all our intricacies, nor could I explain. It is true that I am the head of my house, but even with that I am powerless without the consent of my mother, and it is for her consent that I am about to go to France and leave Mademoiselle without speaking any word of pledge."

"Why does your mother withhold consent?" I persisted.

The red blood mounted to his face. He dropped his monocle suddenly with a genuine gesture of distress, but he made no response, and I spoke out with curling lip:

"I understand. It is because Page has no dowry, and is a little unknown American girl, and you and your——"

"No! no! Madame, I beg of you do not say it; you in your country are so generous in your institutions I beg of you to be generous to mine, which I would have otherwise if I could. I pledge you my word that whatever prejudices and objections my mother may have, not one of them shall stand in my way for long, but I must obtain her consent or else wait a long time, and I must, of course, go to her; then I shall return and declare myself to Mademoiselle——"

"And expect that Mademoiselle will fall into your arms without further delay?"

I was unreasonable, and ungenerous and angry too, for I felt that I was fighting for my own. The effect of my words was instantaneous. He rose to his feet and his face was very white.

"I beg your pardon, Madame, if I have made a mistake in burdening you with my affairs. I have no means of knowing how Mademoiselle regards me, but I wished that some explanation should be forthcoming as to why I am leaving your country so suddenly."

There was a dignity about him that appealed to me at once. I held out my hand to him and said, half-indulgently:

"Forgive my impatience, but I love Page."

"Ah! and I love her, too," he interrupted; then he raised my hand to his lips and, looking at me coaxingly, said:

"Madame, you will be my friend; I know it, I feel it; you will take care of Mademoiselle for me until I get back. You will even say one, two, three kind little words about me to her?" And of course, womanlike, I promised.

"How long will you be absent?" I asked.

"Six weeks, and they will be as six years to me."

With a few more words he was gone, and I was left with an uncomfortable impression that there was some obstacle over and above his mother's lack of consent. I turned the whole interview over in my mind and suddenly two things flashed upon me which speedily shaped themselves into resolves. One was that I would, on the morrow, send to the State Department and ask the august powers which preside there for a copy of a recent report made by our Ambassador, Mr. Porter, concerning the status of American wives before the French law. The other resolve was that I would talk to Robert about this whole affair. Robert was almost as devoted to Page as I, for in lieu of a daughter of our own we had practically adopted Page, and, if Mr. de Courcelles should prove to be all right and Page should have set her heart on marrying him, I determined she should not go to him unprovided with a *dot*.

Booming the Big Show

By W. C. Coup

Edited by FORREST CRISSEY

IT MAY not be generally known to the public, but it is a fact, that nearly one-half of the entire expenditure of a circus is incurred in the work of the advance brigades. The advertising material, its distribution, express, freight and cartage, together with the salaries, transportation and living expenses of seventy-five to one hundred men, amount to vast sums of money. The largest number of men I ever used in advance of my show was seventy-five, and for this people called me crazy.

Though, of course, there is a limit to possible receipts, there is no doubt that the business secured is in proportion to the sum used in advertising, and it is almost impossible to draw the line at which judicious advertising should stop. This is demonstrated by the fact that the dressing-room tents of the present day are larger than were the entire old-time circus canvases, when the advertising was done by one man on horseback and all the paper used was carried in his saddle-bags, and the salary of any star advertiser now is as much as was required to run the entire show of years ago.



SENATOR LODGE IS THE MOST QUIET AND DIGNIFIED OF THE FOUR

I early learned, by experience, that big receipts at the ticket wagon followed big advertising expenditures. In 1880, in order to boom the "Newly United Monster Shows," I arranged some very peculiar and novel advertising features in the way of three cars especially fitted out for the use of my advance agents. The first brigade was accompanied by an enormous organ, for which a car was built, the latter being drawn through the streets by an elephant. This organ was a masterpiece of mechanism and was specially built by Professor Jukes. Its tones resembled the music of a brass band and could be heard at a great distance. This, of course, attracted the people, and the brigade would then advertise the show by a lavish distribution of handbills.

Unfortunately the elephant and the music combined to frighten many horses and I soon found myself defendant in numerous damage suits. Indeed, that single elephant seemed to frighten more horses than did the entire herd with the show.

At one place temporary quarters for the elephant were secured in a stable which could be reached only through a private alley. When we came to take possession of the barn, the owner of the alley, with several policemen, stood on guard and undertook to stop the progress of the huge animal. Their efforts, however, met with no success, for, with the most sublime indifference, the beast moved quietly forward. For this I was sued for "trespass" and "injured feelings." As the elephant was the offender, my lawyer proposed to bring him into court as the principal witness, a proposition which caused considerable amusement. As no damage had been done, the "laugh" was decidedly on the owner of the alley.

My second advertising car was fitted up with another enormous organ of far-reaching power, and attracted much attention, while my third and last advertising brigade rejoiced in the possession of an engine to which was attached a steam whistle of such power and discordant tone that it could be heard for miles. This the men would blow while going through the country. Professor Jukes had christened this diabolical invention the "Devil's Whistle," and so well did its sound fit the name that the people must have frequently thought His Satanic Majesty was near by.

As that car with its whistle would steam into a town, the inhabitants would flock as one man to see what it was that had so disturbed their peace, and thus were we enabled to advertise more thoroughly than any show before or since. I have often thought that I really deserved punishment for thus outraging the public ear.

Between these three advertising brigades I had smaller companies, accompanied by a colored brass band, which discoursed pleasant music while my bill-posters decorated the dead walls and boards. The band also gave concerts at night upon the public square and, between pieces, a good speaker would draw attention to the excellences of the coming show.

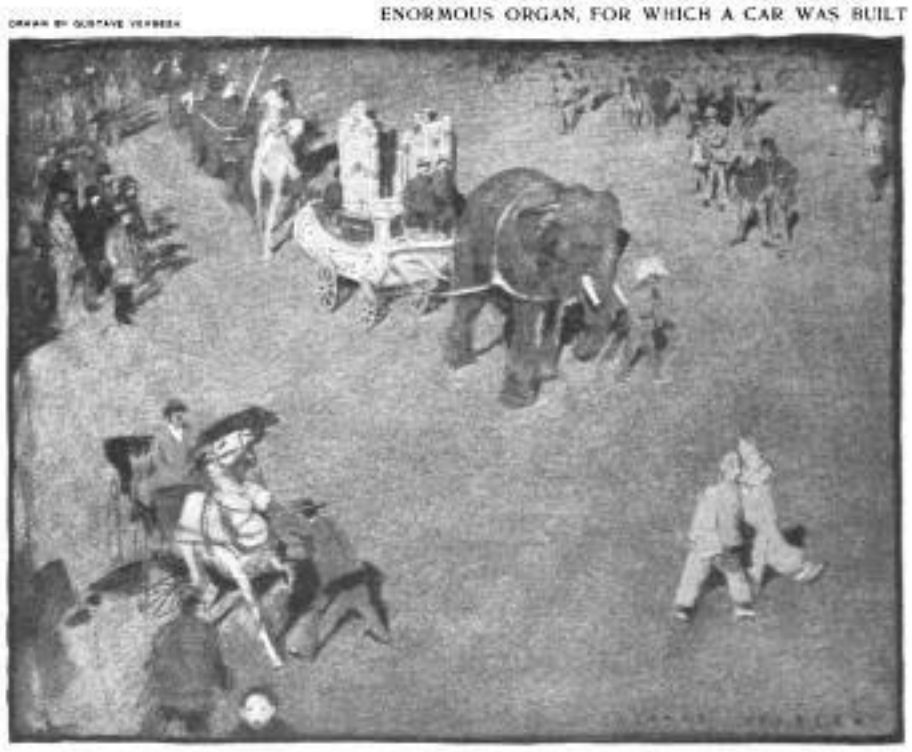
A uniformed brigade of trumpeters was also sent through the country on horseback, and a band of Jubilee Singers marched through the streets singing the praises of the "Newly United Shows." Added to these attractions were two stereopticons that pictured, from some house-top or window, the main features of the show. This, together with perhaps the most liberal newspaper advertising that ever had been done, made the whole advance work as near absolute perfection in show advertising as possible.

One of the picturesque features with the advance show was Gilmore's "Jubilee Anvil Chorus." The anvils were made of wood with a piece of toned steel fastened at the top in a manner which secured a volume and resonance of tone that could be heard much farther than that of an ordinary anvil. At intervals, to strengthen the chorus, cannon were fired off. This, though a great novelty, caused some dissatisfaction, especially amid crowded surroundings. My excuse was that the chorus was a free feature furnished by my friend Gilmore, and that, as it cost the public nothing, the latter should be satisfied. Never before nor since was a country so startled and excited over the coming of a show.

A great circus uses large quantities of advertising paper—so much, in fact, that it is difficult to keep track of it. True, the superintendent of the advertising car gives each man so many "sheets" in the morning and the man at night hands in a statement which is supposed to show where and how he has placed the paper. These brigades are followed by "watchers," or, as the railroad men term them, "spotters," who look carefully over the ground. But the impossibility of detecting all crooked work may be readily understood when I say that from eight to twelve wagons containing bill-posters and paper start out on country routes in as many different directions, so the "spotter," not being ubiquitous, cannot follow every trail. One of my "spotters," however, did once ascertain that a party of my men had driven into the country and dozed comfortably in the shade all day, had not put up any paper and had not fed the hired horses, although they did not forget to charge for the "feeds." The horses were thus made to suffer and the men pocketed the money which should have gone for oats. Of course my superintendent discharged the entire brigade, although, when the season is well under way, it is very difficult to obtain skilled bill-posters, for it is quite a difficult craft and experts are in good demand.

The reader, however, can easily see what a great loss such doings entail on a show, considering the cost of the paper at the printer's, the freight or expressage, the cartage, and the money paid the men for putting up the sheets. The printing bills of a first-class show are enormous. My lithograph bill alone, the last successful season of my show, amounted to

THE FIRST BRIGADE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY AN ENORMOUS ORGAN, FOR WHICH A CAR WAS BUILT



Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in the series, The Memories of an Old Showman, from the notes of the late W. C. Coup. The first appeared in the issue of November 18. Each paper is complete in itself.

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$40,000, and this was before the days of extensive lithographing. I believe I ordered the first three-sheet lithograph ever made, and also the first ten-sheet lithograph. This was considered a piece of foolishness; but when I ordered a hundred-sheet bill and first used it in Brooklyn it was considered such a curiosity that show people visited the City of Churches for the express purpose of looking at this advertising marvel. How things have changed! The Barnum and one or two other shows now use nothing but lithographs and many of their bills are beautiful works of art, some of them being copies of really great pictures.

I can remember when one-sheet lithographs cost one dollar each, and for several years later they could not be bought for less than fifty to seventy-five cents apiece. They can be had now in large quantities for about five cents or less the sheet. As shows nowadays frequently use hundreds of sheets in a day, imagine what would be their cost at the price paid in the pioneer show period.

The circus of the present day is judged by the quality of its paper. One season I arranged with a publisher to use a folded quarter sheet, three sides of which advertised our show and the fourth side contained the first chapter of a story about to be published in his magazine. These were furnished to us in enormous quantities and our agents distributed them. In Boston we had four four-horse wagons full and these followed our parade. The men tossed the folders high in the air and the wind carried them in all directions. While this style of advertising surprised the people, it was soon stopped, and properly, too, by city ordinance. I think circus people would be better off if ordinances were passed wholly prohibiting bill posting; but unfortunately such a movement would go far toward breaking up a profitable industry, since many of the bill posters are rich men, some making as much as $25,000 a year and a few fully $50,000. I believe Mr. Seth B. Howes, the veteran circus manager, was the first one to order a billboard made or paste paper on the outside. Previous to this all bills were hung or fastened up with tacks.

There was always a sharp rivalry between the advance brigades of opposition shows, and many are the tricks which they play upon each other. Perhaps the most serious and daring trick played on me was when the agent of an opposition show actually went to the railroad office and ordered a carload of my paper, which was on the sidetrack there waiting for our man, to be shipped to California. Believing him to be representing me, the freight agent did as requested, and my advance brigade was delayed until a fresh carload could be sent on from New York, which could be done in less time than it would have taken to have brought the original carload back from San Francisco. After accomplishing this contemptible trick the fellow escaped and, although I had Pinkerton men closely on his trail, I was never able to get service on him. Of course the scamp's employers were legally responsible; but in those days we never thought of bringing suit in cases of that kind, although I was strongly tempted to do so in one place, where an opposition show had covered my dates with their own and had greatly damaged us by misleading the people.

Of the many other sharp tricks played on me by opposition shows, one of the best, or worst, was that of equipping genteel-appearing men with sample cases, and sending them in advance of my show in the rôle of commercial salesmen. These men would step into prominent stores and, after a short business chat, incidentally mention my name and then impart the information that my show had disbanded and gone to pieces. This, of course, would set the whole town talking and the news would soon spread over the entire county, thus doing me irreparable harm.

The general public has very little idea of the extent to which opposition tactics are carried by the representatives of circuses and menageries. The rivalry between two shows often costs thousands of dollars and is sometimes kept up by the agents long after the proprietors have become reconciled. Once we became involved in one of these contests and the opposition, in order to harass us, actually had four of our men arrested in different States on a charge of libel. The Indiana libel laws were very severe, and in each instance we were compelled to give a heavy bond for the release of our man.

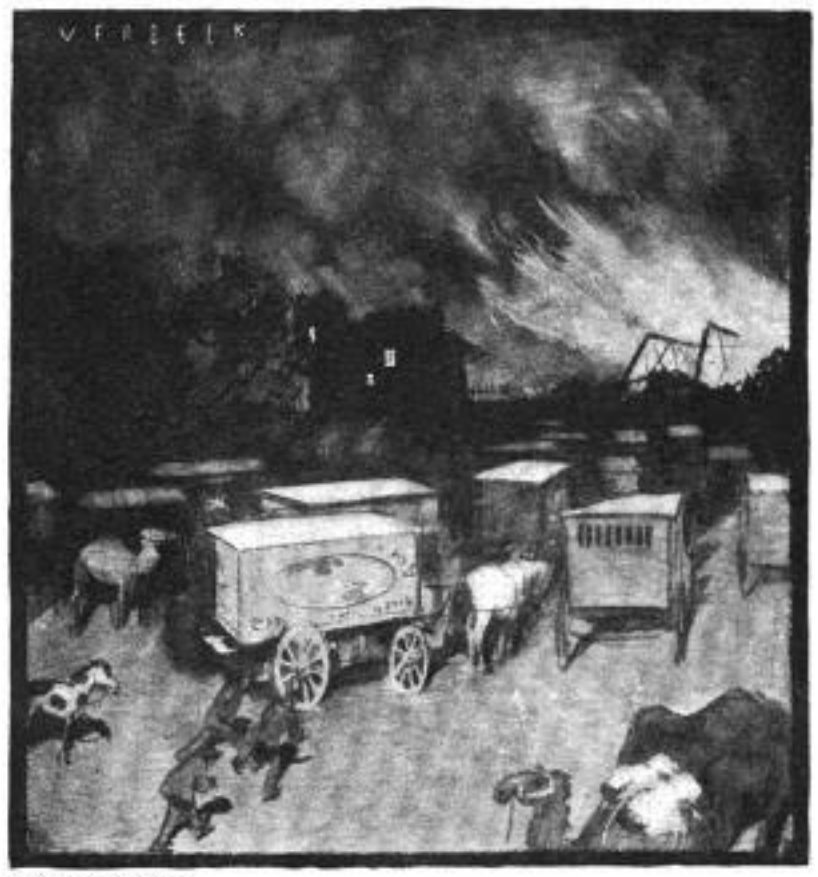
That year the train of a rival outfit ran off the track, and one of the proprietors, in the course of time, became my agent. One day, in a confidential chat, he alluded to the mishap, and told me that at the time it occurred he fully intended accusing us of having had the switches turned, thus causing the disaster. To that end he had even gone to the length of swearing out warrants for our arrest. They knew that we were perfectly innocent, but their object was to gain notoriety and sympathy. At the last moment, it is to be presumed, their better natures asserted themselves; at all events, they weakened.

Another party in opposition warfare copied our money orders. Orders of this kind were given by our agents and paid by our treasurer on arrival of the show. They were given for services rendered or goods bought, and covered the expenses of livery teams, distributing bills, flour, feed, advance brigade supplies, newspaper advertising, etc. They were made out something after this style:

> "On presentation of this order and ten issues of —— Newspaper, containing advertisements of the Coup Show to exhibit at —— on the —— day of —— pay Mr. —— $—— amount due him.
>
> "(Signed) —— ——
>
> "Agent."

These orders were extensively used by the opposition for some time before we discovered it. Its object, of course, was to make the newspaper proprietors and the public think they were advertising the Coup show, while of course their own dates would be inserted instead of ours.

At a certain place in Ohio a bridge was burned in advance of us and entailed the loss of our next "stand," or date. We could not safely accuse any of our competitors of this contemptible and incendiary trick; but we knew they were driven to desperation and were capable of resorting to any such outrage.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

AT A CERTAIN PLACE IN OHIO A BRIDGE WAS BURNED IN ADVANCE OF US AND ENTAILED THE LOSS OF OUR NEXT "STAND," OR DATE

There were agents so utterly unscrupulous as to receive pay from opposition shows for disclosing to them information that should have been jealously guarded, even betraying the advance route. I knew one agent who was an expert telegraph operator and able to take messages by sound. He would scrape acquaintance with the regular operator and pass his spare time in the telegraph office secretly taking our messages as the latter were being sent over the wire, the local operator being ignorant of the loafer's telegraphic skill.

These opposition fights greatly benefited the local bill posters and were frequently urged on by them. Sometimes a show would send a brigade over the country at night, placing its own dates on the paper of its rival, thus getting all the advantages of the first show's paper. Sometimes the indolence and laziness of my own men have annoyed me greatly. I am reminded that, while my advance brigade was billing Texas, one of my agents became utterly disgusted with the sleepiness of his men. They were mainly of corpulent build and their captain actually sent me this message:

> "Waco, Texas, July, 1881.
>
> "W. C. Coup:
>
> "Sturtevant House, New York City.
>
> "There is one more shade tree in Texas; send another fat man to sit under it."

On numerous occasions I have had to pay dearly as a result of the sharp practices of unscrupulous people, and it is a well-known fact that a circus man has to deal with a great many of this class. Our advance agent always engaged the lots on which we were to exhibit, and he did so at Austin, Texas, renting the necessary ground at a most exorbitant figure. As usual, he gave an order on the company which was to be paid immediately on our arrival. But the owner, or pretended owner, inserted a clause in the agreement that the lots were to be used if still in possession of the signer. Immediately on our arrival the bill was presented, and as promptly paid. Imagine my surprise when, as the show opened at night, another bill was presented for $150. It seems that this sharper had made a fraudulent sale of one of the centre lots on purpose to swindle me. Of course I paid it, under protest, in order to enable the performance to proceed, as, anticipating a refusal on my part, they had illegally attached some valuable ring stock.

Some years ago when George Peck was struggling with Peck's Sun, long before it had been recognized as a "leading comic paper," I visited Milwaukee with my show. My invariable instructions to my agents were to advertise in every paper, but especially to place an extra advertisement in all young papers struggling for recognition, provided, of course, that they had merit. For some reason, or through oversight, George Peck's Sun had been entirely forgotten. Nevertheless, I found on reaching Milwaukee that Peck had, on several occasions, good-humoredly alluded in his columns to my coming, and had not "roasted" me, as many other editors so slighted would have done. Accordingly I sent him a check which would have more than paid for the advertisement he should have had but did not get. To my surprise he returned the check, saying I owed him nothing. I declined to receive it and once more sent it to him, telling him not to come any of his "funny business over me," and to reserve his jokes for his paper. This brought him around to my hotel, and I was delighted to become acquainted with one of the cleverest men I have ever met. Later he became Governor of his State.

As an example of the courteous treatment I have invariably received at the hands of the newspaper editors I cannot refrain from giving the following incident which occurred when the show was in North Carolina. In a town in that State one paper, through an oversight, had been skipped altogether in the distribution of the advertising. When the second brigade of the advertising army arrived in town, it found that the issue of this paper had already been mailed to its subscribers. Nothing daunted, however, this agent arranged with the publishers for a special issue which, teeming with praises of the Coup show, was issued and mailed to all subscribers. As a result, excellent houses greeted us when we exhibited in the place.

The rivalry between the great shows extended to the newspaper advertising as well as bill-posting department. I remember that once, at Pittsburg, the opposition was very strong, and I had as press agent a brother of the man who held the same position in the employ of my rival. They were both excellent newspaper men and thoroughly understood their business. We would take whole columns in the newspapers, and my men with the show would telegraph to the papers at Pittsburg after this manner:

> "Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.
>
> "The W. C. Coup show did a tremendous business here to-day; the largest and best show ever seen here."

These telegrams would be used to head our other notices in the Pittsburg papers, and whole columns would follow, setting forth the merits of the show. With more solid indorsements these telegrams so worried my agent's brother that he was at a loss to know how to overcome them. He finally hit upon a novel and dashing plan. After our columns had been set up in the various papers, he would then engage the adjoining columns. In this space, in display type, he denounced our telegrams as bogus, stating that he had seen his own brother write them at the hotel. This announcement completely took the wind out of our sails.

Many amusing things of this sort occurred in the war of opposition, but others of a more serious nature would, of course, come up. Although August is not considered a good show month of the year in New England, we once did a tremendous business there in dog days. Business was especially large in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the home of the "greatest showman on earth." At this town the standard and respectable newspapers united in giving great praise to the show; but one obscure little sheet did me the honor to differ from the entire American press on this score. Mr. Barnum did not visit the show. In the heat of opposition, some of my agents devised a punning lithograph which represented a chicken coop and depicted me sitting complacently thereon, smoking a cigar, while Mr. Barnum and some other showmen were represented as confined in the coop beneath me. This cartoon was, I considered, too severe, and I ordered it to be suppressed and all copies burned. Some man, however, got hold of a quantity of them and thought it a good joke to distribute a lot of them in Bridgeport. Although I had tried to prevent this violence to the feelings of the great showman, the joke worked well and thousands attended the show from which Mr. Barnum absented himself.

To illustrate the rapid and extensive growth of the circus business I will relate the following: A very few years ago there was an old gentleman living at Delavan, Wisconsin, at the age of ninety-four. In his youth he was a daring trapeze performer and at one time owned, in partnership with a man named Sam Stickney, a circus as large as were most circuses of that day. This old gentleman, Mr. Buckley, visited my show and, in course of conversation, asked what my expenses were. I told him about $3000 a day; at this he smiled and related how, on one occasion, he had been buying some horses for his show, when his partner, Stickney, came to him and said: "Look here, Buckley, we've got to quit buying horses, or the first thing we know our expenses will be fifty dollars a day, and you know we can't afford that."

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY



PHOTO BY M. M. STALEE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

COL. H. CLAY EVANS



PHOTO BY GRAY, BATAVIA, N. Y.

COL. ALBERT D. SHAW

The Big Pension Building in Washington

Just about one year hence the largest hall in Washington will be occupied by an army of decorators. They will twine its noble columns with thousands of yards of bunting, and thousands of flags will be hung on wall and ceiling. Myriads of electric lights will turn the vast space into a scene of indescribable brilliancy.

During the day of the Fourth of March a President will be inaugurated, and that night the society, diplomacy and citizenship of the world will gaze upon a scene that has few equals in public functions. There will be the new heroes of the latest war—men wearing more medals and larger titles because of our difficulties with a foreign nation. All this will take place in the great Pension Building, which outwardly looks like an enormous barn built of brick.

For several days prior to all this festivity workmen will be removing thousands of cases containing records that tell of suffering and sacrifice, of wives made widows, of mothers bereft of children, of young men crippled for life, and all of those innumerable tragedies which attend war. It is a contrast which comes home to us every four years, and in some respects it is like holding a great dance upon the graves of heroes. But this age is nothing if not practical, and the Pension Building is the only structure in Washington which can come within the reasonable requirements of an inaugural ball, to which admission may be gained by any one of respectable character who has the money to pay for the ticket.

The Size of the Nation's Pension Bill

The people of the United States are now paying more money for pensions than any other single item in the total of Government expenses. The amount is almost $140,000,000 every year. After the close of the war the entire sum was less than $21,000,000. In the thirty-odd years it has increased nearly sevenfold, and as these lines are being written the information comes from Washington that applications for pensions from the war with Spain will exceed fifty per cent. of the entire forces engaged in that comparatively safe conflict. Nothing touches the people so quickly as taxation, and thus the pension question has a direct bearing upon every citizen. There are bitter words on both sides, but it may be well to remember that each party to the controversy has its rights.

The first view of the pension question is pitiful in the extreme. There are at present upon the pension rolls of the Government about 990,000 names. They are distributed all over the world. Even on St. Helena there is a man who draws $144 a year from the treasury of the United States. In Ireland there are 415 veterans who annually get over $60,000 from this country. In far away Siam there are two others. In every continent are American pensioners.

Among the States Ohio naturally leads, receiving a total of over $15,000,000 a year, distributed among 105,000 pensioners, Pennsylvania coming next, New York third, Indiana fourth, and so on down the list. Among all these the total of nearly $140,000,000 is distributed. In order that it may be done with the best facility, there are eighteen agencies extending all the way from Augusta, Maine, to San Francisco. Go to any of these places and see the men and women who draw Government bounty, and though there will be many exceptions, the people who form the mass of the crowd are maimed of limb, are bent by disease, or have some sign to show that they have suffered. It is a spectacle that moves one profoundly, and it is repeated as regularly as pay day comes around.

This country has seldom been niggardly in any of its dealings, and it is particularly liberal in its treatment of those who serve it. It pays the highest salaries of any nation in the world, and when its soldiers fall or suffer while working in its behalf it is glad to support them in their misfortunes. Public sentiment all over the land wants the real soldier to be generously aided. But in cases of this kind there are numerous scoundrels who will take advantage of a people's liberality, and there have probably been more attempts at fraud, more rascality, and more unblushing effrontery in connection with pensions than in any other experience of our Government.

For instance: Congressmen will introduce bills providing that every man who served in the army should have a pension, and that every slave who was liberated should receive money from the United States Treasury. Such vicious action simply provides opportunities for thieves. The bill to pension ex-slaves led to one of the widest schemes of petty larceny this country has ever known. The rascals formed associations, sent agents through the South to organize local clubs or societies, collecting initiation fees and dues. "These impostors," says the Commissioner of Pensions, "have reaped a rich harvest from those who can least afford the loss, and while they are unquestionably guilty of obtaining money under false pretences, there is no Federal law under which a stop can be put to it."

Eighteen Thousand Pension Attorneys in the United States

During the last fiscal year 24,662 pension attorneys were disqualified, the great majority of these being taken off the list by the revision of the roster, but it is interesting to notice that the causes which led to disbarment and suspension numbered twenty-eight, including making false certificates, collecting illegal fees, collusion, bribery, false affidavits, conspiracy and blackmail. After the removal of this large number there still remained over 18,000 pension attorneys in the United States. Many of these are estimable men who serve their clients conscientiously and whose services are valuable to the Government as well as to the pensioners, but there are hundreds who will do anything in order to get a fee. It is not necessary to go into the question of the interesting frauds on the pension lists, but it is admitted that the Government loses literally millions of dollars every year—money that does no good, because it goes to those who do not deserve it and who use it badly. This is a double crime, because it robs the deserving who are in the majority on the pension list.

The Official Figures of Pension Growth

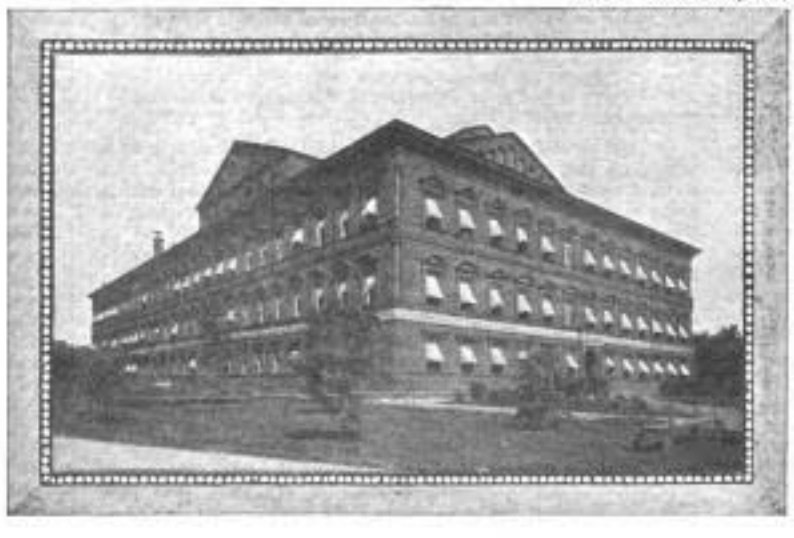
The following figures are supplied by the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington. They show the amount of money that has been paid annually to pensioners of the Army and Navy since the close of the Civil War, and the number of pensioners each year:

Year	Army	Navy	Pensioners
1866	$15,158,398.64	$891,951.24	126,722
1867	20,552,028.47	231,841.22	155,474
1868	22,811,183.75	290,325.61	169,643
1869	28,168,323.34	344,923.93	187,963
1870	29,043,237.00	308,251.78	198,686
1871	28,081,542.42	437,250.22	207,495
1872	29,276,921.02	475,825.79	232,189
1873	26,502,528.96	479,534.93	238,411
1874	29,503,159.24	603,619.75	236,241
1875	28,747,204.76	543,300.00	234,821
1876	27,411,309.53	524,900.00	232,237
1877	27,569,461.72	523,360.00	232,104
1878	26,251,725.91	534,283.53	223,998
1879	33,109,339.92	555,089.00	242,755
1880	55,901,670.42	787,558.66	250,802
1881	49,419,905.35	1,163,500.00	268,830
1882	51,328,192.05	984,980.00	285,697
1883	59,468,600.70	968,963.11	303,658
1884	56,945,115.85	967,272.22	322,756
1885	64,322,375.54	949,661.78	345,125
1886	63,034,643.90	1,056,500.00	365,783
1887	72,464,236.69	1,488,760.39	406,007
1888	77,712,789.27	1,737,712.40	452,557
1889	86,996,502.35	1,846,218.43	489,725
1890	103,809,250.39	2,285,000.00	537,944
1891	114,744,750.83	2,567,939.67	676,160
1892	135,964,611.76	3,479,535.35	876,068
1893	153,045,460.94	3,861,177.00	966,012
1894	136,495,065.61	3,490,370.96	969,544
1895	136,156,808.35	3,650,980.43	970,524
1896	134,632,375.88	3,582,999.10	970,678
1897	139,313,914.64	3,615,802.71	976,014
1898	140,934,348.71	3,727,531.09	993,714
1899	134,631,258.68	3,663,794.27	991,519
.....	$2,338,559,870.58	$51,351,104.16	.....

To the amount paid out for pensions, as shown in the table, should be added the pension expenses. Since 1866 the Government has paid over $15,000,000 for fees of examining surgeons; over $12,000,000 for maintaining pension agencies and general disbursement expenses, and over $52,000,000 for salaries and the maintenance of the Pension Bureau. The total of the pension bill since 1866 to the close of the last fiscal year was almost $2,470,000,000.

PENSION BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PHOTO BY WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILA.



Shall the Laws be Made Easier

The present questions that concern the Pension Bureau are whether the laws shall be made more strict or easier. The Grand Army of the Republic, of which Colonel Albert D. Shaw is Commander-in-Chief, gave serious attention to the matter at its last encampment. It was very generally published that the veterans would adopt bitter resolutions against the Commissioner of Pensions, H. Clay Evans, on the ground that he was interpreting laws too rigidly and was hindering the granting of pensions. The fight was made largely in the executive session, but part of it took place in the open meeting and the pension attorneys attacked the Commissioner with considerable vigor. The result of the work was a series of resolutions which asked for a return to the old rule under which 400,000 names were added to the pension roll; also that the present rule against allowing a pension to a widow with an income of $96 a year be changed so that the limitation might be increased to $250 a year. President McKinley favors this. Committees were appointed and the matter reached Congress. There have been hearings from all sides of the controversy, and the present attention seems to be in the direction of a revision of all the pension laws. The laws are so mixed up now that the pension question is largely a matter of interpretation. It may be that the present Congress will place it all in the hands of a committee, in which event the present laws will be gone over and harmonized, and newer and more intelligible statutes will be recommended to Congress at its next session.

An entertaining proof of the liberality of interpretation in the Pension Office is found in a recent report of the Commissioner of Pensions, who, in commenting upon the act of June 27, 1890, in which the basis of ratings is incapacity to labor joined with incapacity to earn a support, says:

"The Department's interpretation of the law has been that under said act pension is provided only in cases when incapacity to labor joins with incapacity to earn a support. I am free to say that the practice has never been to inquire into the capacity of the claimant to earn a support. The prosperous have been pensioned alike, on application, with the less fortunate, plainly on showing disabilities or disease, without any reference to the claimant's wealth or capacity to earn a support."

Not Much Prospect of a Decrease

There have been many interesting estimates as to when our Pension Bill would begin to decrease. Garfield announced that the high-water mark had been reached twenty years ago, when the total was about forty per cent. of the present figures. Since that time there have been annual announcements that the maximum was in sight. But the trouble is that the laws and interpretations are constantly changing the bases for estimates. For instance: For the fiscal year 1899, though there were 2195 fewer pensioners than in 1898, the amount of money paid out was $649,496 more, for the simple reason that there had been an average annual increase in the value of all the pensions. In the table the total for 1898 is larger, because it contained nearly $7,000,000 of pensions belonging to 1897.

There are to-day on the pension list several widows and daughters of Revolutionary soldiers, nearly 2000 widows of the soldiers of the War of 1812, between 5000 and 6000 survivors and widows of the Indian wars, and over 17,000 survivors and widows of the Mexican War.

But the fact which has a peculiarly interesting and important bearing upon any calculation we might make about the future of the pension laws is that the average annual value of the pensions granted under the war with Spain is higher than that for any war in the history of the country. With this liberality to the survivors of the war in which few were killed, there must, of course, be a larger generosity toward the veterans of the Civil War, who will be able to wield a powerful political pressure in their demands.

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR



PHOTO BY GEBBFORD & VAN BRUNT, N. Y.

MISS OTIE CHEW

Why Miss Chew's Father Protested

A new star in the American musical world is Miss Otie Chew, a young and pretty English girl who enjoys a high position in Europe as a violin virtuoso. Miss Chew tells a pleasant story about her early training. Her father was a musical enthusiast, and to stimulate ambition promised her one day sixpence for every new tune or piece she would master.

Though but six years old, she had a keen business sense and immediately devoted herself to very short compositions, chiefly popular songs and dances. At the end of a month her father protested:

"I take it all back," he said; "I must either compromise or become bankrupt. Hereafter instead of sixpence apiece I will allow you sixpence a day."

The Congressman's Misplaced Compliment

Dr. James Walker, a well-known physician of San Francisco, in discussing the necessity of tact in political life, tells the following incident:

"We had a candidate, one year, for reelection, a Congressman. It was a very close fight and everything depended upon holding all our voters together. The campaign was to end with a mass meeting, where the candidate was to be the chief speaker. The committee had discovered that the enemy had made a slight inroad upon some of our Irish voters, and warned the speakers to be extremely careful in all of their references to the Emerald Isle and its people. The Congressman, when spoken to, drew himself up proudly and said:

"'Leave it to my discretion, gentlemen. I will not offend them. I will charm them.'

"And he did.

"On the closing night he said, almost at the beginning of his oration: 'I am glad to see so many here to-night who come from the little green island beyond the sea, the land of Tom Moore and Father Prouty, of romance and of verse. Americans can never be too grateful to the Irish race for what it has performed in the New World. The names of Patrick Henry and Generals Montgomery and Sheridan will go ringing down through the corridors of time. And America has tried often to express her gratitude. When the great famine threatened death to Ireland, she sent provisions by the shipload across the sea, and here in this, our city, where American ingenuity has invented the street sweeper which does the work of fifty Irishmen, who formerly performed this task, we have kindly and appropriately called it the steam paddy.'

"There was a shout, a yell, a crash, and the meeting was broken up forever. I believe that the infuriated Milesians chased the candidate a mile."

Mrs. Dewey's Ready Wit

The wife of the Admiral of the Navy is noted for her brightness at repartee. At the time of her engagement to the hero of Manila Bay she was much annoyed at the publicity given to her every movement, and very sensitive to criticism. An editor of one of the Washington papers called to her over the telephone one day in regard to a photograph that had been sent to him to use in a descriptive article.

"It is so poor," explained the editor, who was an old friend of Mrs. Dewey's, "that I dislike to use it. Are you sure you know which one I refer to?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Dewey, "that's all right."

"But I don't think it is all right," said the editor. "Don't you want justice done you?"

"No," replied Mrs. Dewey, "I only hope for mercy."

Professor Brown, the New Government Astronomer

Professor Simon J. Brown, the new Astronomical Director of the Naval Observatory, defines luck as the faculty of being prepared to embrace every opportunity that presents itself. He has no patience with scientific men who are constantly invoking political influence. No temptations have ever induced him to resort to this aid, and he has risen to his high office entirely through merit, confidence in himself and fearlessness of those high in authority.

Professor Brown's career has been most successful. He grew up in the little town of Hammondsport, New York, at a time when the martial element dominated the country. A sword and General's epaulets represented, at that period, the *Ultima Thule* of his ambitions, and, unknown to his family, he applied to the member of Congress from his district for a cadetship at West Point.

"I have some one already in view for the place, a personal friend," responded the Congressman sharply to the ambitious lad.

"But you have no right," argued Brown, "you have no right to bestow this appointment upon a personal friend. It is a public trust. You owe it to the people to give it to the most competent person you can find, a boy who will make the most out of the position, who will best serve his country."

The Congressman listened attentively to the boy's earnest argument and finally promised that he would give the cadetship to the most successful candidate in a competitive examination. The promise was not kept, but the politician redeemed himself by naming young Brown to a cadetship at Annapolis on the completion of his first year at Cornell, whither he had gone to study civil engineering. A naval career did not appeal to his tastes, however, and a few years after his examination Midshipman Brown applied for a professorship of mathematics in the Navy.

"But you have no political indorsements," said the Secretary of the Navy, when Mr. Brown presented his papers.

"No," responded the young officer, "I have none. I had a few letters of that character but have withdrawn them. They were perfunctory, the people who wrote them did not know me, and their praise amounts to nothing. If I cannot get the appointment upon my own merits and upon my record I do not want it."

The Secretary argued, but the young man was obdurate. No amount of persuasion would induce him to change his mind, and he was ultimately appointed through no influence except that of his own excellent work at the Naval Academy, at Cornell, and in the Coast and Geodetic Survey, where he held an important commission for a while.

Like most men of his profession Professor Brown is not given to joking, but occasionally he indulges in a bit of humor. On one occasion a colleague came into his office and, finding the Professor standing, said:

"Is it possible you work that way? I cannot stand standing."

"That's peculiar," replied Professor Brown quickly; "now, do you know, I cannot stand sitting!"

How a Physician Helped Mansfield to Fame

On the morning of January 10, 1883, Richard Mansfield, the actor, woke up in New York probably a trifle nervous, because he was to appear in a new part that night, and certainly unknown so far as the public was concerned. The next morning he awoke to find himself famous. As Baron Chevrial in A Parisian Romance, produced by Mr. A. M. Palmer at the Union Square Theatre, he had taken to himself the chief honors of the production, and had made a comparatively unimportant rôle the principal part in the play. The morning newspapers gave full columns to the review, and Mr. Mansfield's name was starred in the headlines, as it has been almost ever since in his own playbills.

"Mr. Mansfield," said Mr. Palmer the other day, "had been playing the part of the Chancellor in Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, Iolanthe, and met with an accident in Baltimore which caused him to leave the road. He returned to New York and I engaged him for the Union Square Stock Company. When I accepted A Parisian Romance, I cast Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who played old-man parts, for the rôle. But he declined it, and I asked Mr. Mansfield if he thought he could play it.

"'I'll try,' he said, and he set to work at once. One day at a rehearsal I noticed a stranger in the front of the house. I asked Mr. Mansfield who he was. He said that he was his physician, who had been helping him study the part. The Baron, you know, is stricken with paralysis on the stage, which deadens one side of his body. The night of the first performance Mr. Mansfield made the greatest hit of the play, and his success and that of the play was at once assured."

RICHARD MANSFIELD AND HIS SON PHOTO BY PACH BROS., N. Y.





PHOTO BY GEBBFORD & VAN BRUNT, N. Y.

MISS LEONORA JACKSON

Miss Jackson's Left-Handed Compliment

The career of a successful musician is full of happy incidents and adventures. Miss Leonora Jackson, the American violin virtuoso, is no exception to the rule. She was a favorite pupil under Joachim, who predicted for her the triumphs she has had.

In England she was, to use English Court language, commanded to appear before the Queen. She was overjoyed at the invitation, but knowing of the Monarch's thorough knowledge of the great performers of the world, went in fear and trembling. She had herself properly instructed in Court etiquette, but even when pronounced perfect by her teacher, she was nevertheless certain that she would commit some breach of Court rules. To her surprise, nothing of the sort occurred. She was applauded by every one, from the Queen down, and when she left took with her a jewel set in rubies, diamonds and sapphires as a compliment to her nationality and herself.

Her favorite reminiscence concerns the great New England poet-humorist, Oliver Wendell Holmes. There was quite an attachment between the two, he admiring her musical genius, and she his intellectuality and achievements. Whenever she could she visited the doctor and played to him his favorite pieces or her own compositions. On one occasion he told her that at one time he had a yearning to be a violinist himself, and that he had devoted many hours to master the difficult instrument, but he added:

"While I had the requisite talent, my dear, I had overlooked the fact that all my fingers were thumbs, which, as you know, is very good for writing, but the worst possible thing for fiddling."

Among her treasures is a copy of Over the Teacups, which he gave her at the time. On the flyleaf is the simple inscription:

"To Miss Leonora Jackson.—With the kind regards and best wishes of her listening and admiring friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, January 4, 1894."

Miss Jackson is quick at repartee. At a crowded reception given in the dressing-room of a well-known public hall where she was to play, in honor of her return from Europe, one of her admirers waxed eloquent, thus:

"You have done more for the Stars and Stripes abroad than our arms did in the war with Spain."

"I am very much obliged to you," was the quick response, "but I really did not know my execution was as deadly as all that."

A Story of Oom Paul's Postmaster

When Isaac Van Alphen, the Postmaster-General of the Transvaal and a warm friend of "Oom Paul," was in this country in attendance on the Postal Congress, he had an amusing experience which he still likes to refer to. Walking arm in arm with a friend near the Pennsylvania station in Baltimore one day, the distinguished foreigner was approached by a policeman, who announced that Van Alphen had been ordered to appear before the coroner to act as a juror.

"By what authority do you ask this?"

"By the authority of the State of Maryland."

"I acknowledge no such authority," said Van Alphen, the humor of the situation breaking upon him.

"You acknowledge no such authority?" repeated the policeman with amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Well," announced Mr. Van Alphen nonchalantly, "I am a resident of Pretoria in the South African Republic, and I don't acknowledge the authority of the State of Maryland in this instance."

"Pretoria, South African Republic!" echoed the policeman, puzzled for a moment, but finally he begged Mr. Van Alphen's pardon and walked away saying, audibly, "Well, you're about the whitest 'coon' I ever saw."

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Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—Harris, George and the author—are on a bicycle tour through Germany. A tandem and a safety are the mounts.

In the Toils of German Law

ALL three of us, by some means or another, managed between Nuremburg and the Black Forest to get into trouble. Harris led off at Stuttgart by insulting an official. Stuttgart is a charming town, clean and bright; a smaller Dresden. It has the additional attraction of containing little that one need go out of one's way to see: a medium-sized picture gallery, a small museum of antiquities, and half a palace, and you are through with the entire thing and can enjoy yourself. Harris did not know it was an official he was insulting. He took it for a fireman (it looked like a fireman), and he called it a "dummer Esel."

In Germany you are not permitted to call an official a "silly ass," but undoubtedly this particular man was one. What had happened was this: Harris in the Stadtgarten, anxious to get out, and seeing a gate open before him, had stepped over a wire into the street. Harris maintains he never saw it, but undoubtedly there was hanging to the wire a notice, "Durchgang Verboten!" The man, who was standing just outside the gate, stopped Harris and pointed out to him this notice. Harris thanked him and passed on. The man came after him and explained that treatment of the matter in such offhand way could not be allowed; what was necessary to put the business right was that Harris should step back over the wire into the garden. Harris pointed out to the man that the notice said "going through forbidden," and that, therefore, by reentering the garden that way he would be infringing the law a second time. The man saw this for himself, and suggested that to get over the difficulty Harris should go back into the garden by the proper entrance, which was around the corner, and come out again by the same gate. Then it was that Harris called the man a silly ass. That delayed us a day and cost Harris forty marks.

I followed suit at Carlsruhe by stealing a bicycle. I did not mean to steal the bicycle; I was merely trying to be useful. The train was on the point of starting when I noticed, as I thought, Harris' bicycle still in the goods van. No one was about to help me. I jumped into the van and hauled it out only just in time. Wheeling it down the platform in triumph, I came across Harris' bicycle standing against a wall behind some milk cans. The bicycle I had secured was not Harris', but some other man's.

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It was an awkward situation. In England I should have gone to the station master and explained my mistake. But in Germany they are not content with your explaining a little matter of this sort to one man; they take you around and get you to explain it to about half a dozen, and if any one of the half-dozen happens not to be handy, or not to have time just then to listen to you, they have a habit of leaving you over for the night to finish your explanation the next morning. I thought I would just put the thing out of sight, and then, without making any fuss or show, take a short walk. I found a woodshed which seemed just the very place, and was wheeling the bicycle into it when, unfortunately, a red-hatted railway official, with the airs of a retired Field Marshal, caught sight of me and came up. He said:

"What are you doing with that bicycle?"

I said: "I am going to put it in this woodshed out of the way." I tried to convey by my tone that I was performing a kind and thoughtful action for which the railway officials ought to thank me; but he was unresponsive.

"Is it your bicycle?" he said.

"Well, not exactly," I replied.

"Whose is it?" he asked quite sharply.

"I can't tell you," I answered. "I don't know whose bicycle it is."

"Where did you get it from?" was his next question. There was a suspiciousness about his tone that was almost insulting.

"I got it," I answered with as much calm dignity as at the moment I could assume, "out of the train. The fact is," I continued frankly, "I have made a mistake."

He did not allow me time to finish. He merely said he thought so, too, and blew a whistle.

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Recollection of the subsequent proceedings is not, so far as I am concerned, amusing. By a miracle of good luck—they say Providence watches over certain of us—the incident happened in Carlsruhe, where I possess a German friend, an official of some importance. Upon what would have been my fate had the station not been Carlsruhe, or had my friend been from home, I do not care to dwell; as it was, I got off, as the saying is, by the skin of my teeth. I should like to add that I left Carlsruhe without a stain upon my character, but that would not be the truth. My going scot free is regarded in police circles there to this day as a grave miscarriage of justice.

But all lesser sin sinks into insignificance beside the lawlessness of George. The bicycle incident had thrown us all into confusion, with the result that we lost George altogether. It transpired subsequently that he was waiting for us outside the police court; but this at the time we did not know. We thought maybe he had gone on to Baden by himself and, anxious to get away from Carlsruhe, and not perhaps thinking out things too clearly, we jumped into the next train that came up and proceeded thither. When George, tired of waiting, returned to the station he found us gone, and he found his luggage gone. Harris had his ticket, I was acting as banker to the party, so that he had in his pocket only some small change. Excusing himself upon these grounds, he thereupon commenced deliberately a career of crime that, reading it later as set forth baldly in the official summons, made the hair of Harris and myself almost to stand on end.

German traveling, it may be explained, is somewhat complicated. You buy a ticket at the station you start from for the place you want to go to. You might think this would enable you to get there, but it does not. When your train comes up you attempt to swarm into it, but the guard magnificently waves you away. Where are your credentials? You show him your ticket. He explains to you that by itself that is of no service whatever; you have only taken the first step toward traveling; you must go back to the booking office and get in addition what is called a "schnellzug" ticket. With this you return, thinking your troubles over. You are allowed to get in; so far so good. But you must not sit down anywhere, and you must not stand still, and you must not wander about. You must take another ticket, this time what is called a "platz" ticket, which entitles you to a place for a certain distance.



The man stopped Harris

What a man could do who persisted in taking nothing but the one ticket I have often wondered. Would he be entitled to run behind the train on the six-foot way? Or could he stick a label on himself and get into the goods van? Again, what would be done with the man who, having taken his schnellzug ticket, obstinately refused or had not the money to take a platz ticket; would they let him lie in the umbrella rack, or allow him to hang himself out of window?

To return to George, he had just sufficient money to take a third-class, slow-train ticket to Baden, and that was all. To avoid the inquisitiveness of the guard, he waited till the train was moving and then jumped in.

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That was his first sin: (*a*) Entering a train in motion; (*b*) after being warned not to do so by an official.

Second sin: (*a*) Traveling in train of superior class to that for which ticket was held. (*b*) Refusing to pay difference when demanded by an official. (George says he did not "refuse"; he simply told the man he had not got it.)

Third sin: (*a*) Traveling in carriage of superior class to that for which ticket was held. (*b*) Refusing to pay difference when demanded by an official. (Again George disputes the accuracy of the report. He turned his pockets out, and offered the man all he had, which was about eightpence in German money. He offered to go into a third class, but there was no third class. He offered to go into the goods van, but they would not hear of it.)



Opening the window, he bombarded the spot

Fourth sin: (*a*) Occupying seat and not paying for same. (*b*) Loitering about corridor. (As they would not let him sit down without paying, and as he could not pay, it was difficult to see what else he could do.)

But explanations are held as no excuse in Germany; and his journey from Carlsruhe to Baden was one of the most expensive perhaps on record.

Reflecting upon the ease and frequency with which one gets into trouble here in Germany, one is led to the conclusion that this country would come as a boon and a blessing to the average young Englishman. To the medical student, to the eater of dinners at the Temple, to the subaltern on leave, life in London is a wearisome proceeding. The healthy Briton takes his pleasure lawlessly or it is no pleasure to him. Nothing that he may do affords him any genuine satisfaction. To be in trouble of some sort is his only idea of bliss. Now, England affords him small opportunity in this respect; to get himself into a scrape requires a good deal of persistence on the part of the young Englishman.

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I spoke on this subject one day with our senior churchwarden. It was the morning of the tenth of November, and we were both of us glancing somewhat anxiously through the police reports. The usual batch of young men had been summoned for creating the usual disturbance the night before at the Criterion. My friend, the churchwarden, has boys of his own, and a nephew of mine, upon whom I am keeping a fatherly eye, is by a fond mother supposed to be in London for the sole purpose of studying engineering. No name we knew happened, by fortunate chance, to be in the list of those detained in custody, and, relieved, we fell to moralizing upon the folly and depravity of youth.

"It is very remarkable," said my friend, the churchwarden, "how the Criterion retains its position in this respect. It was just so when I was young; the evening always wound up with a row at the Criterion."

"So meaningless," I remarked.

"So monotonous," he replied. "You have no idea," he continued, a dreamy expression stealing over his furrowed face, "how unutterably tired one can become of the walk from Piccadilly Circus to the Vine Street Police Court. Yet, what else was there for us to do? Simply nothing. Sometimes we would put out a street lamp and a man would come around and light it again. If one insulted a policeman he simply took no notice. He did not even know he was being insulted; or if he did he seemed not to care. You could fight a Covent Garden porter if you fancied yourself at that sort of thing. Generally speaking, the porter got the best of it; and when he did it cost you five shillings, and when he did not the price was half a sovereign. I could never see much excitement in that particular sport. I tried driving a hansom cab once; that has always been regarded as the acme of modern Tom-and-Jerryism. I stole it late one night from outside a public-house in Dean Street, and the first thing that happened to me was that I was hailed in Golden Square by an old lady surrounded by three children.

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

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two of them crying and the third one asleep. Before I could get away she had shot the children into the cab, taken my number, paid me, so she said, a shilling over the legal fare, and directed me to an address beyond what she called North Kensington. As a matter of fact, the place turned out to be the other side of Willesden. The horse was tired, and the journey took us well over two hours. It was the slowest lark I ever remember being concerned in. I tried once or twice to persuade the children to let me take them back to the old lady; but every time I opened the trap door to speak to them, the youngest one, the boy, started screaming, and when I offered other drivers to transfer the job to them, most of them replied in the words of a song popular about that period: 'Oh, George, Don't You Think You're Going Just a Bit Too Far?' One man offered to take home to my wife any last message I might be thinking of, while another promised to organize a party to come and dig me out in the spring.

"When I had mounted the dickey I had imagined myself driving a peppery old Colonel to some lonesome and cabless region, half a dozen miles from where he wanted to go, and there leaving him upon the curbstone to swear. About that there might have been good sport, or there might not, according to the circumstances, and the Colonel. The idea of a trip to an outlying suburb in charge of a nursery full of helpless infants had never occurred to me."

"No," concluded my friend, the churchwarden, with a sigh, "London affords but limited opportunity to the lover of the illegal."

Now, in Germany, on the other hand, trouble is to be had for the asking. There are many things in Germany that you must not do that are quite easy to do. To any young Englishman yearning to get himself into a scrape, and finding himself hampered in his own country, I should advise a single ticket to Germany; a return, lasting as it does only two months, might prove a waste.

In the Police Guide of the Fatherland he will find set forth a list of the things the doing of which will bring to him interest and excitement. In Germany you must not hang your bed out of window. He might begin with that. By waving his bed out of window he could get into trouble before he had had his breakfast. At home he might hang himself out of window and nobody would mind much, provided he did not obstruct anybody's ancient lights or break away and injure any passer underneath.

In Germany you must not wear fancy dress in the streets. A Highlander of my acquaintance, who came to pass the winter in Dresden, spent the first week of his residence there in arguing this question with the Saxon Government. They asked him what he was doing in those clothes. He was not an amiable man. He answered he was wearing them. They asked him why he was wearing them. He replied to keep himself warm. They told him frankly that they did not believe him, and sent him back to his lodgings in a closed landau. The personal testimony of the English Minister was necessary to assure the authorities that the Highland garb was the customary dress of many respectable, law-abiding British subjects. They accepted the statement, as diplomatically bound, but retain their private opinion to this day. The English tourist they have grown accustomed to. But a Leicestershire gentleman, invited to hunt with some German officers, on appearing outside his hotel was promptly marched off, horse and all, to explain his frivolity at the police court.

Another thing you must not do in the streets of German towns is to feed horses, mules or donkeys, whether your own or those belonging to other people. If a passion seizes you to feed somebody else's horse, you must make an appointment with the animal, and the meal must take place in some properly authorized place. You must not break glass or china in the street, nor, in fact, in any public resort whatever, and if you do you must pick up all the pieces. What you are to do with the pieces when you have gathered them together I cannot say. The only thing I know for certain is that you are not permitted to throw them anywhere, to leave them anywhere, or apparently to part with them in any way whatever. Presumably you are expected to carry them about with you until you die, and then be buried with them. Or, maybe, you are allowed to swallow them.

In German streets you must not shoot with a cross-bow. The German law-maker does not content himself with the misdeeds of the average man: the crimes one feels one wants to do, but must not; he worries himself imagining all the things a wandering maniac might do. In Germany there is no law against a man standing on his head in the middle of the road; the idea has not occurred to them. One of these days a German statesman, visiting a circus and seeing acrobats, will reflect upon this omission. Then he will straightway set to work and frame a clause forbidding people from standing on their heads in the middle of the road, and fixing a fine. This is the charm of German law: misdemeanor in Germany has its fixed price. You are not kept awake all night, as in England, wondering whether you will get off with a caution, be fined forty shillings or, catching the magistrate in an unhappy moment for yourself, get seven days. You know exactly what your fun is going to cost you. You can spread out your money on the table, open your Police Guide, and plan out your evening to a fifty-pfennig piece. For a really cheap evening I would recommend walking on the wrong side of the pavement after being cautioned not to do so. I calculate that by choosing your district and keeping to the quiet side-streets you could walk for a whole evening on the wrong side of the pavement at a cost of little over three marks.

In German towns you must not ramble about after dark "in droves." I am not quite sure how many constitute a "drove," and no official to whom I have spoken on this subject has felt himself competent to fix the exact number. I once put it to a German friend who was starting to the theatre with his wife, his mother-in-law, five children of his own, his sister and her fiancé, and two nieces, if he did not think he was running a risk. He did not take my suggestion as a joke. He cast an eye over the group.

"Oh, I don't think so," he said; "you see, we are all one family."

"The paragraph says nothing about its being a family drove or not," I replied. "It simply says 'drove.' I do not mean it in any uncomplimentary sense; but, speaking etymologically, I am inclined personally to regard your collection as a 'drove.' Whether the police will take the same view or not remains to be seen. I am merely warning you."

My friend was inclined to pooh-pooh my fears, but, his wife thinking it better not to run any risk of having the party broken up at the very beginning of the evening, they divided, arranging to meet again in the theatre lobby.



DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

"WHERE DID YOU GET IT FROM?"

Another passion you must restrain in Germany is that prompting you to throw things out of window. Cats are no excuse. During the first week of my residence in Germany I was awakened incessantly by cats. One night I got mad. I collected a small arsenal: two or three pieces of coal, a few hard pears, a couple of candle ends, an odd egg I found on the kitchen-table, an empty soda-water bottle and a few articles of that sort, and, opening the window, bombarded the spot from where the noise appeared to come. I do not suppose I hit anything; I never knew a man who did hit a cat, even when he could see it, except, maybe, by accident when aiming at something else. I have known crack shots, winners of Queen's prizes—that sort of men—shoot with shot-guns at cats fifty yards away and never hit a hair. I have often thought that instead of bull's-eyes, running deer and that rubbish, the really superior marksman would be he who could boast that he had shot the cat.

But, anyhow, they moved off; maybe the egg annoyed them. I had noticed when I picked it up that it did not look like a good egg, and I went back to bed again, thinking the incident closed. Ten minutes afterward there came a violent ringing. Putting on my dressing-gown, I went down to the gate. A policeman was standing there. He had all the things I had been throwing out of the window in a little heap in front of him, all except the egg; he had evidently been collecting them. He said:

"Are these things yours?"

I said: "They were mine, but personally I have done with them. Anybody can have them—*you* can have them."

He ignored my offer. He said:

"You threw these things out of window?"

"You are right," I admitted; "I did."

"Why did you throw them out of window?" he asked. A German policeman has his code of questions arranged for him; he never varies them, and he never omits one.

"I threw them out of the window at some cats," I answered.

"What cats?" he asked.

It was the sort of question a German policeman would ask. I replied with as much sarcasm as I could put into my accent that I was ashamed to say I could not tell him what cats. I explained that personally they were strangers to me; but I offered, if the police would call all the cats in his district together, to come around and see if I could recognize them by their yawl.

The German policeman does not understand a joke, which is, perhaps, on the whole, just as well, for I believe there is a heavy fine for joking with any German uniform; they call it "treating an official with contumely." He merely replied that it was not the duty of the police to help me recognize the cats; their duty was merely to fine me for throwing things out of window.

I asked what a man was supposed to do in Germany when wakened night after night by cats, and he explained that I could lodge an information against the owner of the cat, when the police would proceed to caution him, and, if necessary, order the cat to be destroyed; who was going to destroy the cat, and what the cat would be doing during the process, he did not explain.

I asked him how he proposed I should discover the owner of the cat. He thought for a while and then suggested that I might follow it home. I did not feel inclined to argue with him any more after that; I should only have said things that would have made the matter worse. As it was, that night's sport cost me twelve marks, and not a single one of the six German officials who interviewed me on the subject could see anything ridiculous in the proceedings from beginning to end.

But in Germany most human faults and follies sink into insignificance beside the enormity of walking on the grass. Nowhere, and under no circumstances, may you at any time in Germany walk upon the grass. Grass in Germany is quite a fetich. To put your foot on German grass would be as great a sacrilege as to dance a hornpipe on a Mohammedan's praying-mat. The very dogs respect the German grass; no German dog would dream of putting a paw upon it. If you see a dog scampering across the grass in Germany you may know for certain that it is the dog of some unholy foreigner. In England, when we want to keep dogs out of places we put up wire netting, six feet high, supported by buttresses, and defended on the top by spikes. In Germany they put a notice-board in the middle of the place: "Hunds verboten," and a dog that has German blood in its veins looks at that notice-board and walks away. In a German park I have seen a gardener step gingerly with felt boots on to a grass plot, and removing therefrom a beetle, place it gravely but firmly on the gravel, which done he stood sternly watching that beetle to see that it did not try to get back on to the grass; and the beetle, looking utterly ashamed of itself, walked hurriedly down the gutter and turned up the first path marked "Way out."

In German parks separate roads are devoted to the different orders of the community, and no one person, at peril of his liberty and fortune, may go upon another person's road. There are special paths for "wheel-riders," and special paths for "foot-goers," avenues for "horse-riders," roads for people in light vehicles, and roads for people in heavy vehicles; ways for children and for "alone ladies." That no particular route has yet been set aside for bald-headed men or "new women" has always struck me as an omission.

In the Grosse Garten, in Dresden, I once came across an old lady standing helpless and bewildered in the centre of seven tracks. Each was guarded by a threatening notice warning everybody off it but the person for whom it was intended.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said the old lady, on learning I could speak English and read German, "but would you mind telling me what I am and where I have to go?"

I inspected her carefully. I came to the conclusion that she was a "grown-up" and a "foot-goer," and pointed out her path. She looked at it and seemed disappointed.

"But I don't want to go down there," she said; "mayn't I go this way?"

"Great Heavens, no, madam!" I replied. "That path is reserved for children."

"But I wouldn't do them any harm," said the old lady with a smile. She did not look the sort of old lady who would have done them any harm.

"Madam," I replied, "if it rested with me I would trust you down that path, though my own first-born were at the other end; but I can only inform you of the laws of this country. For you, a full-grown woman, to venture down that path is to go to certain fine, if not imprisonment. There is your path marked plainly, 'Nur für Fussgänger,' and if you will follow my advice you will hasten down it; you are not allowed to stand here and hesitate."

"It doesn't lead a bit in the direction I want to go," said the old lady.

"It leads in the direction you *ought* to want to go," I replied, and we parted.

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The British Darius and His War

MOST of us feel that in the end England will thrash the Boers because her resources are incomparably greater than theirs. Nevertheless, history records some remarkable cases in which victory was not to the strong. There is an extremely curious and suggestive parallel between the present situation and what was going on in the world exactly twenty-four hundred years ago. At that time Persia was the Great Britain of the world. She had made a royal province out of India. She had "civilized" Egypt with Persian government and she had undertaken the "White Man's Burden" with respect to Scythia and the wild countries north of European Greece. Besides, she governed all Asia Minor, which was then the centre of civilization.

About 500 B. C. a great man was in charge of the Persian Empire. His name was Darius. He was as ambitious and energetic as the young Emperor William, and he had as much ability as Bismarck. He was probably more able than any statesman in England to-day, abler even than Joseph Chamberlain.

At this time there were several little pocket governments in the Greek peninsula which annoyed Darius. One of them was Attica and another was Sparta. The whole of them would have been lost in one of Darius' colonies. He doubtless thought of them as England thought of the Boers twenty years ago; that is, he gave them no particular thought at all. But these little republics began to annoy him by blocking his policy of annexing the Greek states, which Darius regarded as their manifest and happy destiny.

Deciding to put an end to this kind of thing, he sent a large force of men and of ships to "benevolently assimilate" Greece. There was a hitch in the proceedings, however, at Marathon and all the Persians who could went back to Persia, but a great many needed the services of Greek undertakers. In a general way this episode might be called Darius' "Majuba Hill." It should have been a warning to him.

Then an outbreak in Egypt occupied his attention for a time.

The Kitchener whom he sent to straighten out the Soudan at this time was Achæmenes. There was likewise a disturbance in Babylon, but that was promptly settled, and then Darius began to arrange for completing the "liberation" of Greece. It seems odd to us, but he really thought he was conferring a blessing on the Greeks by undertaking the management of their affairs. He died in 485 B. C., before his preparations were finished, but his son Xerxes held the same liberal views as did his parent and as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain holds.

Xerxes, however, differed from Mr. Chamberlain in having a better idea of what he was "up against." Instead of sending a hundred thousand men to Greece, as did England to South Africa, he sent a million, and he sent besides twelve hundred ships of war. His troops and his ships were not armed with rapid-fire guns, but neither were the Greeks. Relatively the Persians were as well armed and equipped as the English are to-day, perhaps better, for Darius had been the head of the Persian War Office himself, and he knew more about such things than Lord Wolseley.

Everybody in Persia said, "We shall finish the job this time and then we shall own the whole world." No one thought of the Greeks winning. There were more fighting men in the Persian army than there were men, women and children in the two Greek states which bore the brunt of the Persian attack. Attica had less than a half million of inhabitants at this time and only about one in five were Athenians. The rest were slaves and "metics," which was the Greek name for "outlanders." The outlanders in Attica were worse off than those in the Transvaal. They had no civil rights at all, and could never get any except by special act of the legislature. Under Persian rule, of course, they would be liberated and put upon the same plane as the Athenians. Twenty thousand fighting men was an outside figure for the force which Athens could muster, and Sparta was in about the same position. These figures are curiously similar to the estimates of the Boer strength before the recent war began.

After preparing for nearly ten years Persia began her expedition. Xerxes, instead of being the Honorary Colonel of yeomanry regiments and staying at home like Albert Edward, went along with his army, wherein he probably was not so helpful to his country as the Prince of Wales has been.

With his million men he reached a place called Thermopylæ in the spring of 480 B. C. Here he won a sort of "Modder River" victory. There was a pass in the hills and behind a breastwork were three hundred Spartans and some allies. Think of it! Xerxes could kill three hundred soldiers every day for five years, including Sundays, and still have nearly half a million left.

Well, Xerxes got up on a hill to see his men cut up the first sample of Greeks who were foolish enough not to run away, and he waited there all day. In the end the "position was taken," but Xerxes' best troops lay in piles all around the wall. Still, he was confident of his resources.

The next event of importance was a sea fight. A thousand of Xerxes' ships fought with three hundred and sixty-six Greek ships at Salamis. Xerxes watched that battle, too, and saw two hundred of his vessels destroyed and the rest "fall back" as fast as possible. He went home then and left his Lord Roberts, whose name was Mardonius, with three hundred thousand men, all he had left, to finish the job. At Platæa, Mardonius met an allied Greek force one-third the size of his army, and was routed. Xerxes then gave up the benevolent assimilation of Greece and the liberation of the outlanders at Athens.

Whatever may have been the reasons for the failure of the Persians, it is a fact that their resources were greater as compared with the resources of the Greeks than are the resources of the English as compared with the Boers. They had just completed an empire as Great Britain has done, only it was a bigger and richer empire. It would seem to follow that resources are not everything in cases where small but determined states protest against the spread of civilization as conducted by statesmen of the school of Darius and Joseph Chamberlain.

—DAVID GRAY.

Possibly it was 1900 the English meant when they said that they would eat their Christmas dinner in Pretoria.

The Patriot at the Polls

THE report of the legislative committee appointed to investigate the administration of the municipal affairs of the city of Greater New York mentions the evils it has found, laments their existence, and says that there is no legislative remedy for them—that the remedy is in the hands of the people who elect the administrative officials.

Taking up the report with this conclusion, that a government whose legislation is perfect may be rendered defective by maladministration, the student of political science will seek to determine the limiting point in our approach toward a perfect administration, the final limitation to good government. In the end he will find that the approach toward perfect government corresponds to the approach toward perfection in human nature.

Human nature is weak and to that extent is government defective. The voter will continue, for ages to come, to be influenced by personality. He will continue to vote for the demagogue who shakes his hand, sends him a turkey at Thanksgiving and attends the funerals of his relatives, in preference to the reformer who stands aloof and says, "Vote for me because I am honest." Then, too, the voter will continue to be a creature of habit, tending to vote as he voted last year and the year before. He will tend to vote in this way in spite of the fact that reform literature tells him he is being robbed by the officials he is helping to elect.

Then, too, human weakness will continue down through the ages to play pranks with the men elected to administer the affairs of government. A man may be elected with the best of intentions and still fall far short of giving a good administration. A man does not know himself till he is tried. A situation that seemed perfectly plain before election suddenly becomes complicated when the official faces it with power to act. Now he sees two sides to every question where before he had seen but one. Then, too, temptation comes in so subtle a manner that it does not seem temptation.

It is in no sense true that every man has his price, if we define price as money. But the statement will be much less questionable if we let price mean all sorts of influences, financial and other. One official will sell out for a certain number of banknotes. Another, who would resent with a blow the offer of a million dollars, will be bound hard and fast by a little kindness, such as an invitation to sail in a private yacht or the offer of a political job to a poor relative.

So our conclusions will in the end be that the limitations of good government correspond to the limitations of human nature. Where human nature is weak, government is weak. We may cry for more legislation; we may exhort our fellows to go to the polls—it is our duty to do so, for we can thus improve the government—but if we expect perfection to be attained we shall be disappointed. If ever attained it will be ages hence when humanity has evolved into perfection and the millennium is at hand. Meanwhile the weaknesses in government will continue to be just as great as those in human nature.

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

Some men who will not buy office try to get what they want by contributing to campaign funds.

The Curse of Wings

ONE of the things which were beyond the understanding of the old Hebrew writer, a bird's way in the air, is still somewhat too complex, or possibly too subtly simple, for the explanatory capacity of modern science. Even the tireless inventive genius so long applied to the dream of making a practical flying machine has been expended in vain upon the problem which every day is solved by the hawk. But what if some master should filch the avian secret and so confer upon man the boon of flight? Would it be a blessing?

Let us not say "Yes" all at once. Better think the question down to bed-rock before we base future civilization upon the tricksy ways of wind and wings. Unquestionably the sensation of flying free and far is a delightful one; we have all experienced it in a dream, when rising airily we floated away at will. Aerial paths are supremely inviting; they seem to lead so far, and into almost unimaginable mysteries beyond horizons and horizons succeeding one another in blue remoteness and astral splendors. But let us take the poet's vision of flight as true beyond discussion, and then turn and soberly look into the pessimistic end of the subject; for wings have propelled dragons, as well as angels.

With the ability to fly as high, as far and as fast as the birds, men could commit crimes of every description without fear of detection or capture. What would a burglar have to trouble him if at nightfall he could rise and wing away a hundred miles to the safe he meant to crack, do his work, pocket his wad of bills, and then fly five hundred miles or more in another direction, keeping far aloft all the while, to alight where he pleased? I imagine the midnight murderer, with wings as swift as a wild pigeon's on his shoulders. He slays his victim in cold blood, and when the sun rises he is washing the awful stain from his hands in some lonely mountain stream three or four hundred miles away. Of course the detectives and police would also have wings, but of what avail when the culprit would leave no track?

And the armies of nations would soar aloft to swarm hither and yonder in the blue sky above the countries marked for destruction. Down from heaven they would swoop to ravage and plunder, to burn cities and to bear away the prizes of war. The anarchist with his poke of dynamite bombs would hover over the centres of law and government, letting fall his explosive arguments against the roofs of political temples, and then fan himself away among the stars, quite cheerful in absolute freedom from all danger, dread or restraint, a broad-pinioned arch-vulture, the tireless enemy of mankind, doing his will to a surfeit.

You may go on and fill out the dismal picture, and when it is finished hang it over against the poet's sketch of winged bliss. Look from one canvas to the other, and then pray fervently that not until men have become angels shall they be given the wings of a bird.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Love can find a way, but it would rather have an automobile.

Machine-Made Charity

NO SYMPATHY, no benevolence is practical or does much good unless it is real, personal and unaffected. Most of the good that is done to the poor, the outcast and the criminal is done by personal contact.

The real good which reaches and blesses the unfortunate comes from Christly and neighborly ministration. If one has not the power of putting himself in sympathy with such classes, he had, as a rule, better let them alone. Not every man, nor every society of men, that essays to provide for the poor, to instruct the ignorant, and to help the helpless understands the business. The tonic power of heartfelt sympathy, like many a balsam of the mountain and many an herb of the valley, is unknown in the market-places of philanthropy. The Samaritan attends to the wounds of his patient before he leaves him at the inn; but most charitable organizations think that they have discharged their full duty in footing the bills, and forget that there are certain rare spiritual tonics that refresh and strengthen the heartsick.

The age is machine-loving. Everything is done by rule and contrivance. There are all sorts of cunning machines for the simplest processes. So in the department of ethics, there are religious and social machines without number. "Has any man, or any society of men," says Carlyle, "a piece of spiritual work to do, they can in nowise proceed at once, and with the mere natural organs, but must first call a public meeting, appoint committees, issue prospectuses, eat a public dinner; in a word, construct or borrow machinery wherewith to do it." The rugged old Scotchman rightly intimates that such methods are unnatural. And for us, the question is serious and pertinent, whether in our love for the mechanical we are not losing sight of the personal element.

The Master entered into natural and personal relations with every human being that made a claim on His sympathy. His heart overflowed with the "enthusiasm of humanity." Only as something of that enthusiasm takes possession of us, and a new force is generated in our lives, can we make a lasting impression on the problem.

—H. C. KEGLEY.

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Americans *in* Paris

THE Princes, Archdukes and Royalties who come up to Paris for the Exposition will be the guests of the city—of Philadelphia.

The way this came about is not uninteresting. France, in these republican days, has no State palaces for the accommodation of guests. The Louvre is tenanted only by pictures, statues and ghosts. In the old Luxembourg the old Senators drowse, and President Loubet and his official family more than fill the Élysée. And so it is necessary to rent a private mansion for the princely visitors of 1900. It was not easy to find just what was wanted—a palace completely isolated and in a good situation, well arranged, large, and capable of being made sumptuous. At last the Government decided upon the house that formerly belonged to Dr. Thomas Evans, the American dentist who died about three years ago. Doctor Evans hammered a huge fortune out of the teeth of the rich Parisians and of the Royalties of Europe. He left his money to various institutions. One of his heirs was the City of Philadelphia, and it will collect the rental for the "Hotel des Princes." It would please the good dentist, I am sure, could he know to what good uses his mansion will be put. He was a bit of a Royalist himself, as befits one who pulled the august teeth of Kings. He it was who arranged for the Empress Eugénie's escape from Paris when the Second Empire went down under its load of imperial crime and folly. Old and rich, the dentist built this palace in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, lived there a number of years, and died.

CROWN-FILLINGS AND CROWNED HEADS

THE "Hotel Evans," as it is called, does not, of course, rival the palace which Anna Gould, the Countess of Castellane, has erected near by, and the other marble extravagances of the day; still, it would hold its own even in Fifth Avenue. It stands in the centre of a wooded garden—almost a park. The vestibule is very handsome, with its arcades and columns. The salons and halls are large, and there are numerous chambers. The woodwork, the carvings and decorations are all in good taste, luxurious, but simple. The furniture will be supplied by the State. In the garden there are two pavilions. In one of these the house-officers and outdoor servants will be lodged; the other will be the headquarters of the guard-of-honor.

If Mayor Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, comes to Paris this year I am quite sure the guard will turn out—in his honor and that of the once famous dentist.

Doctor Evans, by the way, was a very fine example of the sort of an American who makes his way in the world. He came to Europe when the dentist was still under suspicion of being a charlatan, before the craft was disassociated from the traveling band-wagon, the juggler and the barber. He not only revolutionized the business—and opened the way for the thousands of American dentists that have since come to Europe—but he forced the rather amazed Kings and courtiers to take him at his own value. He went to their palaces to fill their teeth, and they, in return, came to his palace to eat his dinners. When they lost their crown-fillings they sent for him. When they lost their crowns—and were afraid of losing their heads—they sent for him again. And in each case he was the man for the emergency.

"I am a good American," he told Alphonse Daudet once, "a democrat on principle, but I have a little of the monarchic temperament."

He would have enjoyed the notion of Philadelphia housing Princes in his mansion—but what a *fin de siècle* comedy it is!

AN ARGUMENT FOR VEGETARIAN DIET

THE new year has unleashed a pack of fiscal reports, statistics and all that. For example:

Last year American women bought hats and artificial flowers in Paris to the amount of $7,200,000. That is a very pretty figure. The English women bought only $4,000,000 worth, and Germany scarce $600,000 worth. The same official report discloses the melancholy fact that most of the false hair sold in France is for the American market.

Here is another report—a sort of whirligig that brings in its revenges: Last year 14,840 horses, 257 asses and forty mules were eaten in Paris. The Americans here go about looking at each other furtively, a dreadful suspicion in every heart; for there have been many breakfasts and dinners—and queer dishes—and then, one never knows. Of course it is not so much the horses; one may be a hippophagist on principle; but those other beasts——

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A PERIWINKLE

AN INGENIOUS American, I believe, discovered the subtle pleasure there is in "shooting the chutes." A modification, or rather a development of his idea, is one of the attractions of the "midway" of the Exposition. It was Laurence Sterne (was it not?) who remarked that they do some things better in France. Now the Palace of the Sea is to the antique chute what the latest hippomobile is to the ox-carts of the Philistines. In the first place, you are inclosed in a diving-bell—a frail glass bulb fastened to a steel cable—and you descend not only through tumbling foam, but down a long chute of green water, where all sorts of queer sea things flutter at you. And, that the eurythm of Nature may not be disturbed, along the walls of the chute M. Marcel Moisson has painted grewsome submarine plants, and swimming monsters with eyes that look like—and perhaps are—electric lights. It is very thrilling, and you can't quite make up your mind whether the journey is too short or too long. While you are debating the question you are shot out into a sunlit lake—extracted from the glass bulb like a periwinkle from its shell—deposited at a café table and asked what you wish to order.

A SUGGESTION FROM THE JAVANESE CENSUS

IT WAS the same afternoon that the Baron Van Asbek asked me to visit the exhibit of the Dutch Indies. I shall not tell you about the Tjandi Sari, that most famous and most ancient temple of Java, which has been put up here by the Seine—still it is a marvelous piece of architecture, covered with sculpture that recalls the laughing beauties of the Renaissance. And marvelous, too, are the frescoes on the wall of the terrace, which tell the life of Buddha from birth to death. Nine centuries old, these paintings! When they were made we of the Western world were still barbarians. But I am not going to talk art or antiquity; have no fear. I bring you (from Sumatra) a new idea, which should reform our cities one and all. Around the temple has been built a native village modeled on those of the plateau of Padang. The houses are gay and barbarous, and very picturesque. The main point is that no two are alike. They are symbols, these houses, speaking a language plainer than Javanese. Here is one which announces, by its high *mansarde*, that it belongs to the oldest son of a noble family; the square door of another is the sign that a merchant lives there; the little house with a balcony and flowers is the home of a dancing-girl or player. Delightfully simple, is it not?

A MODEST BREAKFAST—CHEAP, BUT CLEAN

MR. JULIAN RALPH, in the account he has written of his adventures, journalistic and quotidian, in France, omitted one little incident that did much to condemn him to public admiration. Mr. Ralph does not like Paris very much, for although every one talks French here, no one talks it quite as he does, and that is annoying. He was strolling along the Boulevard in rather a lonely mood when two of the newspaper correspondents came up; by a sort of premeditated hazard they came at the luncheon hour. Mr. Ralph greeted them like brothers. "You don't know how much good it does me to get a chance to talk English," he said. "Why, do you know what I did to-day?" They didn't know. "I got shaved three times this morning at the barber-shop in the Grand Hotel—because the barber could say, 'Yizzir; thankee, zir.'"

They were strolling down the Boulevard des Italiens.

"Come and have a chop with me," said Mr. Ralph in his usual cheery way. "I noticed a little restaurant near here—quiet, modest, cheap-looking little place—but by the looks of it I am pretty sure we can get things clean, anyway. And of course we don't want much."

Mr. Ralph led the way into the "cheap little place, but clean." His friends raised their eyebrows, but they were too polite to say anything. They had their chops, with preface of oysters, fish and other good things, and a codicil of salad, cheese and fruit.

"Now, I suppose thousands of people walk past this place every day," said Mr. Ralph, "and never dream of coming in; they'd rather go to some gaudy restaurant and waste money on mere style. I like things plain and simple and homelike. *Garsong*, the bill, *si vous plait!*"

When the bill came it was Mr. Ralph who raised his eyebrows; it was—but never mind; Mr. Ralph's clean little place was the Café Anglais, the most expensive restaurant in Paris. I dare say that now, while he is eating camp fodder in the Transvaal, he'd like to face that luncheon again—bill and all.

ONE SPARKLE FROM THE COMET'S TAIL

SENATOR DEPEW left a trail of anecdotes behind him when last he went away from Paris. I have not heard many of them because I do not go to houses where people repeat Senator Depew's anecdotes. However, the following remark is passed about as authentic; indeed, you may see for yourself that the Senator's name, trade-mark and address are blown into the bottle. He said: "The Parisians are full of pretense. They are always trying to pull the wool over your eyes. Why, I know a man here who spends hundreds of thousands a year trying to make people believe he has a fortune."

—VANCE THOMPSON.



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The articles containing the reasons for the successes and failures of young men, written by eminent men and containing much valuable information and direction, have elements in common which cause a tone of sameness—they are written from the same point of view—that is, by men who have succeeded; also, the writers, almost without exception, have risen from the ranks or below.

Aside from the difference in individuality—which, after all, is the man—from the time of his birth to the day when the world discovers him, and by virtue of that discovery makes of him what it calls the successful man, every person is affected more or less, according to the strength of his individuality, by his environment, which is not always of his own choosing.

In all the causes of failure which have been enumerated, there is one, the influence of one's surroundings and responsibilities, which has not appeared. Speaking from personal observation, three-fourths of all the failures of those whose inclination is toward the right instead of toward the wrong is attributable directly to this cause.

One who is born of lowly parents, whose family demands nothing from him, who has no place to sustain from the time he first begins to apprehend his surroundings, with all his disadvantages has at least the privilege of creating his own responsibilities. The other has his responsibilities largely made for him and thrust upon him much as is his name—without his consent or the right of choice.

The man who is honorable and upright under all circumstances—has the will power, in spite of temptations, to refrain from gambling, dissipation, loose and irregular habits, time-serving and idleness, to say nothing of actual dishonesty—should receive the full measure of credit which is his due. On the other hand, however, many a man who finally failed has withstood more temptation before failure came than many another has met with throughout a long and successful career.

The world demands from those who are in it that they sustain the position to which they have been born and bred. Not to sustain it means dropping out of one's environment. When this occurs the individual may continue to *exist;* he ceases to *live*. If he has sufficient courage he may give up his environment and try by years of effort to win it back. This requires a greater degree of moral heroism than most possess, and the average man will go down trying to sustain his position rather than face this situation. To try to sustain himself, even against almost impossible odds, is his plan and desire; the alternative means years of hardship, if not actual want and suffering, to those dependent upon him; and who can say how many have wrested success from seeming certain failure under these circumstances. It is the failures one hears of, not the patient, daily plodder who is the kind and loving husband and father, the grandest *success* that thousands of years of civilization have produced, the class who are the backbone and sinew of every civilized country to-day, and still the one whom we never hear spoken of in the same breath with success.

ANDREW COLVIN.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Being a young man, and having failed as often as one person could between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years, I consider myself to be something of an authority on the subject, and one whose experience should not be lightly disregarded.

In the first place, what is failure? To a laborer it might seem that his son was successful if he became an accountant, though he were a poor one; while a merchant prince would think his son had failed when he proved himself unable to conduct business affairs successfully, though he might be an expert accountant. No doubt the reason that the authors of the very excellent papers which have appeared in the POST have dwelt principally upon failure to reach and keep positions of great importance is because they occupy such places. However, he who earns a good living, keeps a good conscience and enjoys good health has not failed, be his station in life what it may; and if we consider this to be success, we have established an ideal which is not only attainable by most people, but which will inspire greater effort as well. Certainly no one could expect the mass of the people to engage in a strenuous competition to attain greatness. There is room for comparatively few great men, and even if it were possible to cause every individual to make it a life aim to become one of them, such effort would in most cases be useless, not to say foolish.

The ideal for young men ought not to be that he who does not do the best of any fails, but that he who does not do the best he can. In justice to the young men of to-day be it said that the latter is more often taken as a guiding principle than the former.

CHESTER L. CHAMBERS.

Table Rock, Nebraska.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In Mr. Woollen's communication anent the Why Young Men Fail articles he says: "Young men are not devoted to their work because they are not in love with it."

This is very obvious, of course. A person cannot relish a noxious dish. Some at our ten-cent "museums" swallow soap and masticate bits of glass, dance upon pointed nails, etc., but they are well paid for their feats, which serve to draw the glittering shekels into the coffers of their employers.

Now it is worth reflection that an employer rewards his subordinates in cold, hard cash and is entitled to his "money's worth," as the vulgar phrase has it. When he believes he is not getting an amount of work to balance his pecuniary outlay, away goes the servant.

It is scarcely the employer's business to lead the young man to devotion to his duties: the day of sympathetic employers is long past. Yet again the young man craves a decent compensation for his work. If he thinks he is underpaid he strikes for a "raise." The employer's demands often seem inordinate to him, and it frequently happens that they are. Of course, this may have very little to do with the question at issue, the reason for so many failures and so few successes.

Perth Amboy, New Jersey. P. H. CHRISTENSEN.

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The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

AUTHOR OF FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY, FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA, ETC.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Captain Paul Jones, of the U. S. S. Ranger, while cruising off the English coast, overtook the British trading vessel Maidstone, which foundered in her attempt to escape him. Elizabeth Howard, a young Englishwoman, the ward of Admiral Westbrooke, and her maid, the only survivors of the wreck, were rescued by Lieutenant Barry O'Neill, of the Ranger.

Fourth Chapter

THREE days later the Ranger, under all plain sail, was slowly ploughing along off the English coast near the mouth of the Mersey. The whaleboat, manned by six of the smartest seamen, armed with cutlass and pistol, and dressed in their best clothes, old Price being coxswain again, was just being made ready. The ship was presently hove to, and a side ladder was dropped overboard at the gangway, where Miss Elizabeth Howard and her maid were standing waiting for the lowering of the whaleboat. Around it the officers of the deck speedily congregated.

They were a sorrowful lot of men, these impressionable sailors, for O'Neill was not alone in his captivity. True to his promise, Captain Jones had shifted his course and was about to land his fair passenger. He had chosen to put her ashore upon a rocky beach four or five miles from a fort at Birkenhead which guarded the mouth of the river. It was a risky performance at best, but he trusted to the known speed of the Ranger and his own seamanship to effect his escape in case the ship should be discovered and pursued in force.

Once on shore it would not be a difficult matter for the lady and her maid to procure a conveyance to take them to the city a little farther inland. The melancholy duty of landing the two women had been allotted by special request to the First Lieutenant, much to the disgust of the various midshipmen, who conceived that the matter of taking charge of boats appertained more properly to one of their number.

The ship had been hove to, the accommodation ladder shipped, the whaleboat was lying at the gangway, and the three passengers at once took their places in the stern.

"See Miss Howard safely landed, Mr. O'Neill," called the solicitous Captain over the rail, "and assure yourself as far as possible of her ability to reach the town without harm, and then return at once. In any event, do not leave the beach. We will watch you, sir."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered O'Neill. "Shove off; out oars; give way!" and the little boat at once shot away from the side and, under the impetus given by the skillful men, darted toward the not distant shore.

Miss Howard should have been radiantly happy at leaving the Ranger, and in her proximity to Liverpool, where she was about to meet not only her friends, but one who was destined to be something more—Major Edward Coventry, a gallant and distinguished young officer, the son and heir of her guardian, Lord Westbrooke, to whom for many years—from infancy, in fact—she had been betrothed. But an unaccountable tinge of sadness hovered over her lovely face, though she strove to conceal it under an affectation of lightness and gayety.

As for O'Neill, he made no effort whatever to hide his misery. The impressionable young Irishman had fallen deeply in love with Elizabeth Howard. He had fallen in love a thousand times before, but not in this way, and the heart which had withstood the successful assaults of the beauties of the Court of France had succumbed at the first sight of this beautiful English girl. In that hour in the boat when he lay with his head upon her knee, when he had looked up at her, Heaven had opened before his gaze, and to his disordered fancy she had seemed an angel.

With the daring of his race he had not hesitated to tell the girl of his passion, though it was stale news to her, for there is nothing a woman discovers more quickly and more certainly than the feelings of a man who loves her. That she had laughed at his ardor had not in the least deterred him from persisting in his attentions, which she had not found unwelcome.

It was not a long row to the land, and as they approached the rugged coast the young Lieutenant eagerly scanned the shore for a landing-place. Steering around a little promontory which hid them from the Ranger, he discovered a stretch of sandy beach under its lee, and the boat was sent in its direction until her keel grated on the soft sand. It was a lonely spot, a little stretch of sand ending inland and, on one side, in precipitous rocks over which a wandering pathway straggled to the heights above. The other end of the beach gave entrance, through a little pass in the rocks, to a country road which wandered about inland, losing itself among the trees a mile or so away. On the rocky promontory back of and at one end of the beach there was a small lighthouse, and several miles from the beach in the other direction, at the end of the road, probably, was a castle or fort. The flag floating lazily from the staff indicated that it was garrisoned.

Springing lightly from the boat, O'Neill stepped recklessly into the water alongside. Miss Howard arose to her feet and looked anxiously about her.

"Allow me," said O'Neill, and then, without waiting for permission, he lifted her gently in his arms and carried her to the shore. "Would that all the earth were water, and that I might carry you forever," he whispered as he put her down.

"You would not like Heaven, then?" she replied, jesting.

"I find my present experience of it delightful, madam; but why do you ask that?" he questioned anxiously.

"Because there, we are told, will be 'no more sea'!" she answered.

Price now stepped up to him for his orders, necessarily interrupting the conversation.

"Price," he said to that intrepid old sailor, "you may go back to the boat and shove off, and keep her under the lee of that little point until I call you. Keep a sharp lookout, too."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old seaman, turning to fulfill the command.

"Now I suppose the time has come for me to say good-by to Lieutenant O'Neill," resumed Elizabeth.

"Oh, not yet, Miss Howard; I cannot leave you here alone until I know that you are safe."

"As you will, sir," she replied; "but as I happen to see several horsemen coming down the road yonder, I imagine you will not be detained from your ship a very long time. Let us go forward to meet them; perhaps they can give us some assistance."

The horsemen, evidently an officer and two orderlies, who were galloping toward the beach, at this moment noticed the boat party, and probably the Ranger itself. They reined in their horses at once, and the officer apparently gave some directions to one of the others, for he saluted, turned his horse about in the road and galloped rapidly back in the direction of the castle. The officer then trotted hastily forward, followed by the remaining man. Reaching the vicinity of the little group, he dismounted, and handing the bridle to the soldier, he came forward fearlessly, with one hand on his sword, the other holding a pistol. He was a young and handsome man in a new and brilliant scarlet uniform.



"Would that all the earth were water, and that I might carry you forever," he whispered

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

Fifth Chapter

"LADY ELIZABETH! you here!" he exclaimed, stopping short in great surprise when he was near enough to recognize them. "What is the meaning of this?" He stood a moment and then came nearer. "Who is this person?" he demanded. Elizabeth started violently.

"Major Coventry!" she cried.

"Are you a 'Lady,' madam?" asked O'Neill in equal surprise, addressing the astonished girl.

"For what else do you take her, sir?" interrupted the officer, bristling with indignation

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.



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"Faith, sir, I would take her 'for better or worse,' an' I could," replied the Irishman, smiling.

"Unfortunately for you, that is a privilege I propose to exercise myself," returned the Englishman sternly.

"The world will doubtless share my regret, sir," said the Irishman audaciously, a great pang in his heart at this unlooked-for news.

"Now I wish to know who you are and how you come here and what you are doing —an explanation, sir," asked the officer.

"I am not accustomed to give explanations save to those who have the right to demand them," replied O'Neill.

"I almost wish I could," she replied sharply, gathering courage; "you remind me of it too constantly for it to be pleasant, and at no time so inopportunely as at the present."

The Englishman, in great astonishment and perturbation, opened his mouth to speak, but he was interrupted by the quicker Irishman.

"Why so, Mistress Howard?"

"Lady Elizabeth, if you please, sir," corrected Coventry.

"Lady Elizabeth, then; I thank you, sir, for the reminder," answered O'Neill suavely. "Your friends on the Ranger are all interested in your welfare, and I am sure they are

"Stop!" cried O'Neill, stepping forward with his hand upon his sword. "You shall neither swear before a lady, nor shall you in this scandalous manner disparage the ship of which I have the honor to be the First Lieutenant, nor asperse the character of her Captain. Withdraw your words or you shall answer to me with that which hangs by your side."

"And if I refuse?"

"I will strike them down your throat with my hand."

"S'death, sir! How dare you, a beggarly adventurer, talk thus to me—an officer, a Major in the army of His Gracious Majesty —a Coventry, a Westbrooke!"

"If you were an angel from Heaven it would make no difference to me, for I would have you know, sir, that I am of as good a house as—aye, a better than—your own, a descendant of Kings——"

"An Irishman, I infer?" said Coventry, sneering.

"You are correct, sir, and my people have been chieftains for thirty generations."

"Ah, in Ireland?"



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

TWO SWORDS FLASHED IN THE AIR SIMULTANEOUSLY, AND RANG AGAINST EACH OTHER WITH DEADLY PURPOSE A MOMENT AFTER

"I have two rights, sir," said the officer.

"They are?"

"First, I am betrothed to this young lady," said the soldier. "Second, this," laying his hand upon his sword.

"This gentleman," answered the girl faintly, turning to O'Neill and pointing to the British officer, "is Major Edward Coventry, the son of my guardian."

"And your betrothed, Elizabeth; you forget that," added Coventry.

glad in my person to meet with and congratulate the fortunate gentleman who aspires to your hand."

"Will you tell me or not, Lady Elizabeth, who this person is, and how you came here?" said Coventry impatiently.

"This is a Lieutenant of the American Continental ship Ranger, Captain John Paul Jones——"

"The —— murdering pirate!" exclaimed Coventry hotly.

"We have you, or rather he has," responded the Irishman.

"Withdraw, I beg of you, Elizabeth. This matter must be settled," said Coventry.

"I will not, I tell you," persisted the girl resolutely. "If you fight you will fight through me."

"We are doing that now," said O'Neill savagely. "Will you withdraw, madam?"

"I repeat it, I will not; and I wish to remind you that I do not like your tone.

"If you were an angel from Heaven it would make no difference to me, for I would have you know, sir, that I am of as good a house as—aye, a better than—your own, a descendant of Kings——"

"An Irishman, I infer?" said Coventry, sneering.

"You are correct, sir, and my people have been chieftains for thirty generations."

"Ah, in Ireland?"

The manner of the question made it another insult, but O'Neill restrained himself under the provocation and said:

"Where else, sir, and where better? As for me, I am temporarily an officer of yonder ship, the Ranger, flying the flag of the American Republic; but I am a Lieutenant in the Navy of His Maiesty, Louis XVI. My father is a Marshal of France. Will you draw now?" he cried, stepping forward impetuously.

"A brilliant array of title, surely; pity it lacks other confirmation than your word. I scarcely comprehend the catalogue," replied Coventry coldly.

"I shall endeavor to enlighten you as to my credibility with this," said O'Neill, drawing his sword. "Now will you fight or not?"

"And if I persist in my refusal?" asked Coventry, who was playing for time.

"In that juncture I shall be under the painful necessity of killing you in the presence of your betrothed; so draw, my dear sir, if not for honor, for life!"

"Stop!" cried Elizabeth, springing between their swords; "he saved my life at the risk of his own and treated me with the most distinguished courtesy."

"I wish that he had exhibited some of it here," interrupted Coventry.

"I have but followed your own example," retorted O'Neill.

"Will you hear me, Edward? They are not pirates——"

"I call them so," said Coventry stubbornly.

"Enough, Lady Elizabeth," said O'Neill, taking his share in the conversation again; "two lovers are sometimes an embarrassment of riches. This seems to be one of the times. If you will stand aside I trust that a few moments will rid you of one or the other of them."

"I will not go," said the girl defiantly; "you shall not fight; you have nothing to quarrel about."

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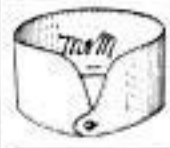
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You are not on the deck of your ship now, sir."

"Oh, am I not? Boat ahoy, there! Price!" cried O'Neill, waving his hand. A few strokes brought the whaleboat to the shore again. The crew were eager to take a hand in the fray. "Coxswain, come here," ordered the officer.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the sailor, and while the other two stood wondering, the veteran seaman rolled up to them and saluted his Lieutenant with a sea scrape. "Want us to take a hand in this yere little scrimmage, yer honor?"

"No. Take this lady and her maid to that clump of rocks yonder."

"You monster!" cried Elizabeth, stamping her foot on the sand; "you are a pirate, after all."

"As you say, madam. Stop, sir!" said O'Neill to Coventry, who made a move to approach the sailor; "my man will do no harm to Her Ladyship, and you have other matters to attend to, unless you wish to shelter yourself behind a woman's petticoats."

Coventry had been playing for more time, but this was more than he could stand. "I think you have said enough, sir, and if you are ready," he said, "we will talk in another fashion."

"At your service," returned the Irishman composedly. Two swords flashed in the air simultaneously, and rang against each other with deadly purpose a moment after. Both men were masters of the weapon.

Finally, after one especially vicious thrust by Coventry, whose foot slipped a little, a clever parry, followed by a dashing *riposte en quarte*, which was met and returned with less skill than usual, O'Neill, with a graceful turn of the wrist, whirled the Englishman's sword from his hand. It flew up into the air and fell clanging on the rocks some distance away.

"Strike, sir!" cried Coventry, with one quick glance toward Lady Elizabeth, who stood perfectly motionless, looking on in terror. She would have run forward had it not been for old Price.

"Sir Englishman, pick up your sword," said O'Neill, lowering his point.

"Sir Irishman," answered the other, bowing, "men may call you pirates——"

"Not with impunity, sir."

"That I grant you. I was about to add, that whatever they call you, you fight like a gentleman. Will you permit me, though I do not know your name, to call you friend?"

"I shall esteem myself honored, sir. My name is O'Neill—Barry O'Neill, First Lieutenant of the United States ship Ranger."

"I shall remember it. You have not only saved the life of Lady Elizabeth Howard, but now you have given me my own. Now, sir, if you would be advised by me, withdraw while you may do so."



DRAWN BY ALL CRAWFORD

At this moment a number of red-coated soldiers clambered down the path in the rocks

Sixth Chapter

AT THIS moment a number of red-coated soldiers clambered down the path in the rocks, while a squad of cavalry came galloping upon the beach by the road at the other end and, at once dismounting, advanced up the strand. The seamen in the boat, in obedience to a wave of O'Neill's hand, swept her into the shore, jumped out and moved toward him, drawing their cutlasses and handling their pistols threateningly. Though they were greatly outnumbered they would not give up without a struggle. Now it was Coventry's opportunity.

"I shall not be able to indulge your desire for the loss of your life," he said, stepping back and picking up his sword, "but I fear that duty compels me to deprive you of your liberty. You are, by your own statements, a rebel against His Majesty. It is my duty as Commander of this post and a loyal servant of the King to apprehend you."

"I am twice captured, then, it seems," said the Lieutenant, looking at Elizabeth, who had come forward as soon as old Price, who had left her, had sprung to his officer's side. As the girl drew near to him and Major Coventry turned away his head a second, to give an order, the Irishman said to her:

"Why did you not call out to save your lover a moment since?"

"It was not necessary," she answered, looking at him with tearful eyes. "I knew what you would do."

"Thank you," he whispered gratefully; "this word, and you, I shall remember."

"And I shall never forget——"

"Come, sir," said Coventry dryly, turning at this moment, having finished his dispositions, "I think you overstep the privileges of a parole, and if you will have your men lay down their arms we will go up to the castle. I have sent for a carriage for you, Elizabeth, and it will be here shortly."

"Do you know," said O'Neill, "that I have a mind to say to you that I might as well die right here as at any place else, and I do not think I shall go to that castle after all? There are seven of us here——"

"Close in there!" sharply shouted Coventry to his soldiers. "Make ready!"

"Handle your pistols, men!" cried the other, whipping out his own, but again Elizabeth interfered in the fray. She ran between the American seamen and the English soldiers with outstretched hands.

"Stop!" she cried, "there must be no further fighting here. This gentleman came here to set me free. My life is his——"

"I give it back to you," cried O'Neill.

"And yours, Major Coventry, was his also," she added reproachfully. "This must go no further——"

"And it shall not, madam," cried a deep, clear voice.

And one of the cutters of the Ranger, filled to the gunwales with heavily armed men, and with a swivel in the bow and a man standing over it with a lighted match in his hand, came sweeping around the headland and dashed in toward the shore. It was under the command of Jones himself.

"I am sorry to interrupt a tête-à-tête, gentlemen," he cried.

"You are beaten again, Major Coventry; the odds are in our favor now," said O'Neill calmly. "Throw down your arms instantly, you dogs!" he shouted to the English soldiers. "Back! Out of the way, Miss Howard."

He sprang to her side and lifted her out of the line of fire.

The jealous Coventry noticed two things—he did not release her, nor did she struggle to get away.

"Stand by!" shouted Jones to the marines in his boat and to the gunners forward.

"Stop! for Heaven's sake, stop, Captain Jones!" cried Elizabeth. "Withhold your fire. They will retire. There must be no bloodshed. You promised to set me free and in safety ashore, and leave me there. Go, I entreat you!"

"Steady, lads, steady!" cried Jones, stepping out of the boat. "And you, sir," to the English officer, "will you withdraw quietly—taking your lady with you, of course—if we engage to do the same? You are outnumbered, and we can cut you to pieces. Take the word of an older fighter; your honor will be safe, sir."

"You are right, sir; 'tis best, I suppose," assented Coventry, resigning himself the more gracefully to the inevitable as he could then receive his love again. "Come, Lady Elizabeth."

"Now, why didn't you protest when I was captured?" said O'Neill, releasing her waist but still holding her hand.

"Could it be because I wanted you to be with me?" she whispered.

"God bless you for that, and good-by," he said, bowing over her hand; "a year, give me a year——" And he turned and walked away.

"Sir," said Coventry, laying aside his sword and walking down to where Jones stood upon the sand, "we have been misinformed concerning you. Whatever your political or personal affiliations may be, I am glad to recognize in you gentlemen of merit and distinction. I trust to be able to repay the obligation you have laid upon me and my betrothed on some future occasion. We are friends?"

"Sir," replied Jones, "I love a gallant foe. I shall remember you. I thank you for your courtesy."

"And I as well," added O'Neill.

"Elizabeth," said Coventry magnanimously, "can you not bid your friends good-by?"

"I shall ever remember Captain John Paul Jones," began Lady Elizabeth, stepping forward and giving the little Captain her hand to kiss; "and I shall never forget Lieutenant O'Neill."

"Will you wait one year for him?" he whispered, as he bowed low over her hand.

"Come and see," she answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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The BITER Bitten

By John Arthur Barry

"THAT'S the Jeanne d'Arc," remarked the Captain to me as the ensign fluttered for the third time down the signal halyards in salute to a big white steamer with a yellow funnel, and showing the French tricolor, that was passing us about half a mile away. "She made her number," he continued, "but there was no necessity. I'd know her as far as I could see her. In fact, for a very short time I commanded her."

"Why," I replied, "I thought you disliked steam and would never have anything to do with it?"

"Hate the whole business," said the skipper, "but I had to take charge of the Jeanne. Nor was she, so to speak, a steamer when I found her. You see, she's brig-rigged, and shows quite a decent lot of canvas. I was only second then, and if the Lord hadn't put it into my head to do what I did I expect I'd be second still, or even before the stick again, instead of a master at four-and-twenty." And Captain Hammond glanced with evident pride at his fine clipper, the Carisbrook Castle, as she tore along before the strong northeast trades.

"Few things would please me better than to hear that yarn," I said presently, "and the more so because the steamer's name seems curiously familiar to me. Wasn't she seized and sold by the British Government for smuggling, or something of the kind—I forget now?"

"Not quite that," replied the Captain smiling; "it was worse than smuggling.

"Appropriately enough," he went on, drawing a deck chair alongside mine, "we're not far off the spot where the affair happened. I was second of a fine lump of a ship called the Princess Royal at the time. We'd caught the trades light—hardly enough of 'em, in fact, to keep the sails full and the ship with steerage way on her. The night was black as a dog's mouth, and when I turned out to take the middle watch I had to feel each step like a blind man—not a thing could I see, alow or aloft. The old man had turned in; apparently we had all the black world of sea to ourselves. Four bells had just struck. The wind had died completely away, and the sails were knocking and banging sixpences out of the owner's pocket as the ship rolled to the heavy swell. 'Lay aft, here, the watch!' I shouted, glad of something to do, 'and clew up the crowjack and mainsail!' Then, groping about, I found the mizzenstaysail halyards and let them go. I could hear the men all around me swearing softly as they fumbled at the rail amongst the gear. Suddenly, as I felt for the sheet to cast it off the bitts, an awful shock sent me flying across the poop. There was a cruel noise of crashing and rending and tearing, mingled with loud shouts and cries, filling the darkness full of terror and dismay, whilst the Princess reeled and went over nearly on to her beam ends.

"'Lord help us! Mr. Hammond, what's this?' I heard the Captain shout as I rose bewildered to my feet. The next moment he and all of us were answered with a completeness that turned us into staring statues as a blue light burst out for'ard and showed us a great white-painted steamer with her jibboom broken short off and hanging over a pair of tall, sharp clipper bows that stuck half way through the unfortunate Princess just abaft the break of the forecastle. She was brig-rigged but with no sail set. A single lofty funnel rose straight out of her amidships, and the faces of her men looked ghastly in the flare as with frantic gestures they shrieked and chattered at us in a very babel of discord. Then all at once the flare was extinguished, leaving the darkness blacker than ever.

"'Ready with the boats, there!' shouted our Captain; 'she'll stand by us as soon as she gets clear. Mr. Hammond, lower away the port lifeboat at once, whilst the mate and myself see to provisioning the others. Hail the steamer, somebody, and ask if they're much damaged. Confound them, I don't believe they've got a light showing anywhere!' To our hail no answer was returned. There was a silence broken only by the thumping of her screw going full speed astern, and a loud rushing noise for'ard as of water falling over a rock.

"By this time lights were flashing about our decks, and a couple of boats—the lifeboat and a large thirty-foot whaler off the skids—were over the side. Not till then did we pause to draw breath. During our work we had felt the steamer go free of us. But now, as we stared around, we could see no sign of her. Not a voice was to be heard, no glimmer of light caught our straining gaze. All was silent.

"'Surely the brute hasn't left us!' exclaimed the Captain.

"'The bloody Dago's cleared safe enough, sir,' replied a seaman standing near the skipper. 'I heard the thump o' her screw far away to port yonder,' and he spat in disgust as he swung his lamp over the black water swirling and foaming into the ship's belly. Already she was down by the head to such a degree as made a steeply inclined plane from for'ard aft, and it was very evident that at any moment the partition—only a thin one of two-inch planking—might succumb to the enormous pressure and flood the body of the hold. Indeed, it was probably only the fact of the cargo being stowed against it that had kept it in its place so long and given us a chance to save our lives. There were thirty-five of us all told when the roll was called for the last time. And one man, an ordinary seaman named Barlow, was missing—not to be found anywhere. The mate took one of the lifeboats with ten, the skipper another with the same number, and I took the whaler with fifteen. It was about eight bells (four o'clock) in the morning watch, and darker than ever as we got into the boats and lay off from the ship, on a rounding, smooth-backed



He proved to be the Captain

swell that looked mighty big to us now. And we amused ourselves by firing rockets in case the steamer might still be hanging about. Of course, as a few argued, she possibly was desperately hurt herself, or even sunk. But the general idea favored deliberate desertion.

"At last came the dawn, showing us our ship bows under to the foot of the foremast. As yet the bulkhead was holding. Not a sign of the destroying steamer was to be seen anywhere around the horizon.

"'She may live for hours yet,' remarked the skipper. 'Some of us had better get on board and send over more provisions. We can carry them easily.'

"Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the Princess pointed her already lofty stern still higher, until, indeed, it was almost up and down, hung there for about ten minutes, and then disappeared head first.

"'May the Lord send the same luck to the Dago afore he's time to get his boats out!' exclaimed a sailor. And that was the requiem of the poor Princess Royal.

"The Cape Verdes being the nearest land, it was determined to make for them, keeping the while in company, if possible. But that night it came up thick and squally, and the other two boats, being both faster and lighter than mine, were out of sight when morning broke, with the squalls settled into a stormy northwest gale. Finding it impossible to make way against this, I decided to run for the South American coast. But our whaler soon let us know about that; her sails were rods too small for her heavy body, and repeatedly the waves overtook and swamped us. So, seeing nothing else for it, I presently hove her to with a sea-anchor made out of gratings and oars. And to this she rode fairly well. But most of our provisions were soaked, and one keg of water was spoiled.

Most of my crowd were British, I'm happy to say, and amongst them were two little nippers of apprentices, who ought to have been in their beds at school that night instead of in a howling gale in the North Atlantic. They were perhaps about thirteen, certainly no older, but plucky! Why, those kids—brothers, they were—were worth millions to me all through that bad time. There were some Germans amongst the crowd who, after a while, lost their backbones and for very little would have chucked up the sponge, but the nippers simply wouldn't let 'em, for they got amongst 'em and chaffed and joked, ay, and once or twice swore at 'em, till for very shame's sake the chaps stiffened up.

"However, in these latitudes weather like that doesn't last, as a rule, and by midday we were flopping about on a big, greasy swell in a hot sun and without wind enough to fill a silk glove. And a curious lot we looked, I'll swear—salt-encrusted, blear-eyed, haggard and stiff-jointed. Some of the men were in a heap, fast asleep like the youngsters, who, dead beat at last, and no wonder, had snugged into each other's arms and lay against my legs where I sat in the stern sheets. Putting a coat over the poor little beggars, I got up and with the help of those yet awake hauled in our anchor, finding, to our great delight, that our mainsail had caught against it. This we set to a bit of a breeze springing up late in the afternoon.

"Still——"

At this moment the wind all at once took one of those strengthenings so common at sea, squealing viciously through the upper rigging and sending the Castle over till her lee rail showed like a black streak through the roaring foam, whilst over the weather one bucketfuls of water splashed, making great wet blotches here and there along the length of the white main-deck as it ran down into the gurgling scuppers.

"I think, Mr. Cargill," remarked the Captain to the very youthful second officer, who for some minutes I had noticed staring doubtfully aloft, "that we'll take those skysails off her. The wind seems to be breezing up a bit.

"Well," continued the Captain as we lingered over our coffee, "that evening we saw a steamer coming straight for us, and you may judge that the sight was a pleasant one, and with what joyous feelings we watched the gray trail of smoke pouring away

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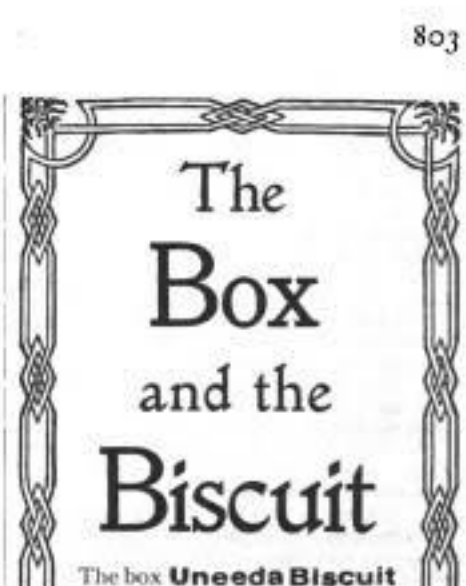
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from her funnel. As she drew nearer we made her out a white-painted, brig-rigged boat, with a great, tall, yellow stack amidships. She had only her fore and aft canvas set, and was making about ten knots.

"All at once one of the nippers squeaked, 'Mr. Hammond, sir, isn't that the steamer that ran us down?'

"'If it ain't,' growled a seaman, staring hard, 'it's 'er bloomin' double!'

"'Looks to me, too,' said another, 'as if that there jibboom o' hers wasn't never the spar as was meant to fit that bowsprit. An' see, she's got a bran' new stick of a fore-t'gallan' mast. Oh, it's 'er as sure as the Lord made little happles!'

"'If I cud only get a glimp o' 'er bows I'd be certainter,' remarked yet another, 'for I seen her name for a second.'

"'What was it, my man?' I asked.

"'Jeanne, sir,' replied he; 'only I fancy there was somethin' more arter it as I didn't get time to catch afore the light was dowsed.'

"Another quarter of an hour and the steamer was abreast of where we lay tumbling about with our sail down, and the small ensign with which each of the Princess' boats was provided fluttering from the halyards, union reversed—a signal of distress and appeal to men that use the sea in every one of their languages. Also, though it seemed unnecessary, we stood up and shouted strongly and all together. But she hoisted no colors—took not the least notice, although now only three hundred yards away and with a crowd of men staring over the rail at us. From the lofty bridge came a glitter of gold-laced uniforms. A bell was ringing somewhere about her—probably for dinner. Suddenly one of my men sat down heavily and laughed and swore in a breath. 'What did I tell yer?' said he, pointing. 'Twig the murderin' cow's bow!'

"And as we stared we saw, sure enough, that a piece of canvas had been spread over the spot where her name should have been; whilst presently, as she stolidly thumped ahead, giving no sign whatever, we perceived a similar curtain hanging over her stern. Evidently it was no use making any further appeals—just as well to save our breath. All the same, it was bitter to watch her going off like that.

"For a time the miserable business took the stiffening out of all of us, and we did nothing but stare incredulously after the brute as she made off, half expecting to see her suddenly back her engines and round on her heel toward us.

"But when thoroughly satisfied that there was no hope, the men recovered themselves and swore viciously, cursing all foreigners under the general names of Dutchmen and Dagoes. Some maintained she was French, others that she was German. The man who said her name was Jeanne with more to follow got into trouble by giving an opinion that after all she might be English.

"'I suppose now, my lad,' I said, 'you couldn't remember how it was spelled?'

"'The fust letter was J,' says he, thinking hard, 'the second was a He, an' then comes an A, an' then a Hen, an' then a He or a Hen again—I ain't sure. Big brass uns, they was, a foot long a'most, but I only caught 'em like in the corner o' my heye. And there was a He to bend hup with. An' if that don't spell Jeanne, I'd like to know what does?' he concluded triumphantly.

"That night it fell calm, and, being very tired, I had dropped off to sleep, when one of the nippers awoke me. 'There's a funny noise out there, Mr. Hammond,' says he, pointing into the darkness.

"Listening intently, I heard the sounds, too—curious knocking noises as if there was an iron ship in drydock somewhere in the ocean with a lot of riveters busy about her.

"Presently some of the men also noticed it, and I could hear them muttering to each other. Others were certain they caught a glimpse of lights now and again.

"Getting four oars out, we pulled slowly in the direction, until after a couple of hours we were encouraged by both lights and noises becoming quite distinct and plain to sight and hearing. A ship, without a doubt! Strangely enough, no one of us shouted. There seemed something uncanny in the business. Then all at once a voice muttered, 'It's a steamer! See them lights up on the bridge! An' I can make out her smoke-stack now.'

"'It's *the* steamer, by Heaven!' exclaimed another, voicing the possibility that had already occurred to me as soon as I'd made out the rig, along with a wild scheme that at the same moment flashed through my brain. 'Steady, lads, steady,' I whispered. 'It's her, all right. Some of the machinery's gone wrong and they're trying to mend it. What d'ye say, all of you? Are you game to try and seize her? She'll never take us on board. Suppose we take *her* and sail her to England, and let an English jury judge between us?'

"At this there ran through the boat a sort of stifled hum there was no mistaking the meaning of.

"Well," continued Hammond, laughing a little, "it was a mad scheme, of course. But after you've been four days and nights in an open boat, burnt and salted, half-starved, and, into the bargain, horribly riled, you're apt to take risks that otherwise you wouldn't give a second thought to. There were no plans. We were to stick together as much as possible, the men arming themselves with belaying-pins and I putting my revolver much in evidence. But what we chiefly trusted to was the hope of being able to catch most of the hands below and keep them there, for by this time I knew enough to be sure that she'd lost her propeller, and that her people, having a spare one on board, were busy shifting cargo from aft for'ard so as to raise the stern sufficiently to get it fitted. Indeed, already she was down by the head like a pig, and as we swung noiselessly under her bows the martingale gear was within easy reach.

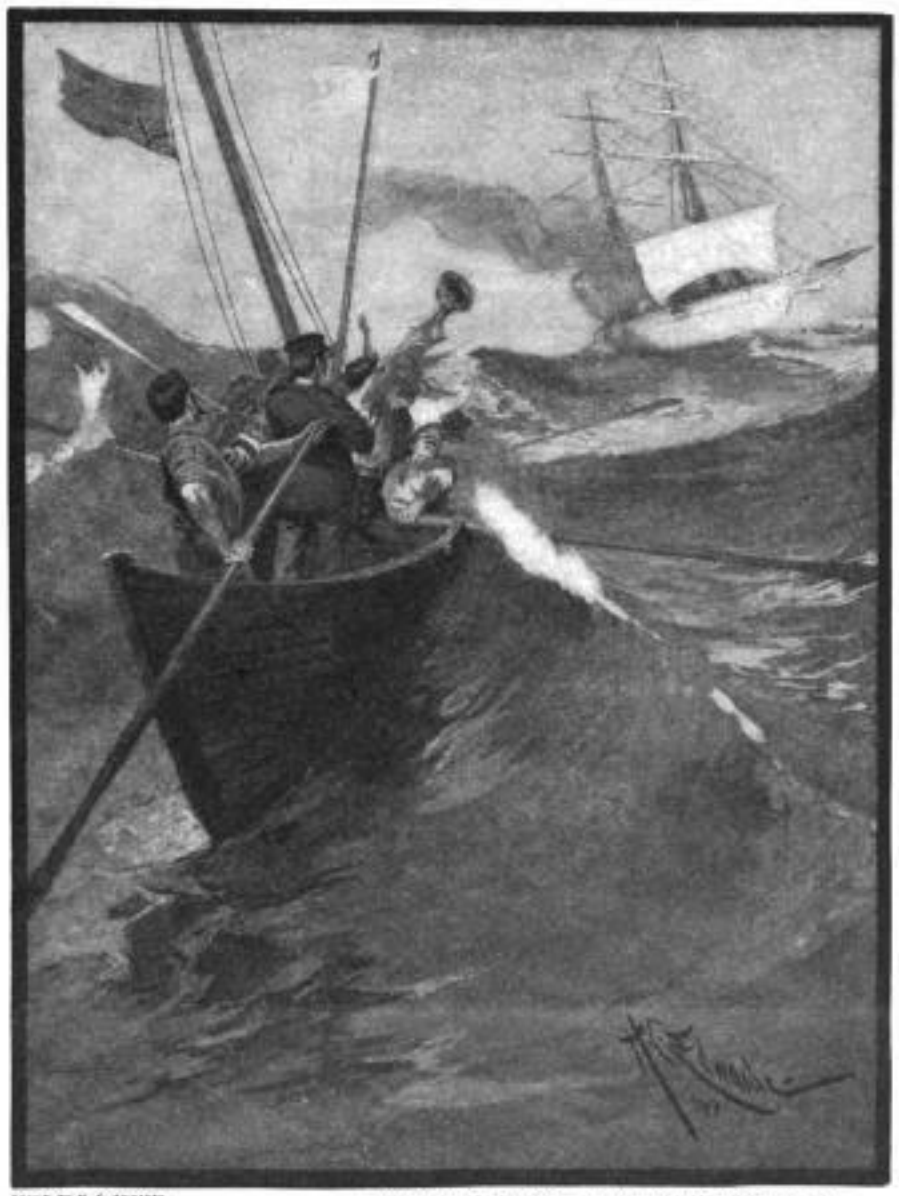
"'Let me go first, sir,' whispered one of the blessed youngsters—that's the chap walking the poop now; his brother is second of the Compton Castle—' and I'll sneak around and see how matters are and come back and tell you.' And almost without waiting for an answer the little imp had swung himself up and disappeared in the darkness. Presently we felt a rope's end drop into the boat, and we knew he must have, at any rate, found the fo'c's'le head clear. But it seemed weeks before he slipped into the midst of us as suddenly as he'd gone. 'Splendid, sir,' he gasped; 'I wasn't on the bridge, but there's not a soul on deck—all busy below. They're French, I know, because I learned it at school, and they're talking and gabbling like anything. There's two alleyways, one on each side of the engine-room. The fore and main hatches are off, and they're dragging cargo for'ard. I peeped into the fo'c's'le, but it's empty. So was the side where the firemen live.'

"'Good boy!' I said; 'if this lark doesn't turn out a linnet you've done yourself a fine turn.'

"Ten minutes afterward the whole lot of us stood on the fo'c's'le. And to show the lads that business was meant, I asked the last one as he came up for his knife, and cutting the rope we had used for a painter I threw it overboard and told them what I had done.

"Four to each hatchway and the rest to the engine-room were the only orders. Quite sufficient; for by this time the men knew exactly what they had to do—knew, too, that there was no backing out.

"Dropping some at each hatch, I took my gang noiselessly into the alleyway. There I gave a long, shrill note on my whistle—the signal agreed upon. Then, in a trice, we had the engine-room skylights down and bolted, and the doors secured with handspikes we had taken from a rackful close by on the quarter-deck. But below they never heeded, hammering and talking away with a great noise of tongues and iron.



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"'Fore and main hatches on, sir,' reported one of the kids, dancing along the alleyway. 'Bars fast and a man at each! The Frenchies are singing out blue murder down below, sir. Oh, Mr. Hammond, look out!'

"Turning as the youngster shrieked sharp and clear, I saw a stout, middle-aged man in gold-braided coat and cap covering me with a pistol. He was well within the light from the engine-room, and I noticed how pale his fat, round cheeks were, and how the gray imperial on his chin kept wagging time to his shaking hand. In a second I whipped out my revolver and, pointing it at him, roared fiercely:

"'Puttez up *votre* mangs or *vous êtes* dead man!' And at that, without more ado, he threw his arms out straight and held them there till the youngster, now choking with laughter, took his pistol from him and found it empty. He proved to be the Captain.

"All along the alleyways were small cabins, and from one of these for some time I had noticed a persistent knocking and thumping. Finding it locked, one of the fellows mounted a box and looked over the grating and hailed the occupant.

"'By the Lord, sir!' he exclaimed presently, 'if it ain't Jimmy Barlow!' (the missing ordinary seaman). Well, we'd no sooner got him out and heard his story of how he had made a jump into the Frenchman's rigging from the fo'c's'le head of the Princess, where he had been on the lookout, than another surprise was sprung on us. 'Some boats not very far off hailing of us, sir,' a man reported, 'an' blessed if I don't believe as it's the skipper an' mate's lot!' he added jubilantly.

"The dawn was just breaking as I ran for'ard and stared away to port toward the dim shapes just discernible on the nearly calm sea. 'Ship ahoy! a-h-o-o-y!' they shouted as their oars took the water frantically, and presently with heartfelt delight I was welcoming my astonished shipmates on board the French cargo boat Jeanne d'Arc, of Marseilles, homeward bound from Colombo and Bahia, to the sound of a British cheer.



And then we stood by whilst the Frenchmen swarmed up through the fore hatchway

"Like ourselves, they had had a bad time in the boats and were only too glad to get out of them. Still we were in a predicament. Below, the Frenchmen were thundering with might and main at hatches and skylights. We didn't want to smother them, unfeeling brutes though they'd proved themselves. Then, again, if we let them up they'd be almost certain to try and get their ship back.

"'Hanged if I know what to do,' exclaimed my old skipper, half laughing and cocking his eye at the bridge, where the French Captain stood staring at us very sulkily. 'Cook, forage about meanwhile and find us something to eat. Masthead those yards again, boys, and get the boats inboard, and as I can talk the lingo a bit I'll go up yonder and have a yarn with the President of this noisy Republic and give him my opinion of him and his ship.'

"I don't know what passed between the pair, but after a while they came down together, the Frenchman very silent and subdued and our skipper looking pleased and determined. 'Search the ship for arms, Hammond,' said the latter as he passed me, 'and then off hatches and let the beggars up. There's a couple of rifles and some revolvers in this fellow's cabin. There may be more.'

"We found enough to arm half a dozen of our chaps. And then we stood by whilst the Frenchmen swarmed up through the fore hatchway, an exhausted, perspiring, dirty, astonished crowd that we drove into the fo'c's'le and locked there, with a sentry at the door. The engineers and deck officers were shut up in a sort of big messroom aft. Idlers—cooks, stewards and boys—we kept to their duties. Then, turning to, we worked like niggers at trimming cargo to get her on an even keel again. They'd got their spare propeller out, but we had no use for that kind of thing. She was square and lofty, and although we knew nothing about steam, we did about canvas. And presently, catching a strong southerly, we made the Jeanne snort after a fashion that caused Johnny France to turn up the whites of his eyes.

"Mind you, though, it was an anxious time all round. We didn't quite know how the law would look at the business; and then we had to watch our prisoners closely.

"Barlow was our sheet-anchor, though. He could swear that when he boarded the Jeanne she hadn't a solitary light showing; could swear, also, to the way in which, directly she got clear, she steamed off at full speed. Then, when the Frenchmen, having to stop shortly afterward for twenty-four hours because of heated bearings—which delay accounted for our meeting her so strangely when she should have been miles away—sighted our boat they hustled him below into a spare berth, but not before he had recognized us and seen them placing the canvas blinds over her name. You may imagine what care we took of Jimmy till we dropped anchor and ran up the police flag.

"Then the fun began in earnest. I've heard since that we were nearly being the cause of war between Great Britain and France. But I hardly believe that. Luckily for us, perhaps, ours was a very rich firm, and they backed us for all they were worth in the battle between French and English Lloyds, their respective Governments and the insurance offices. And at last we won. And it took the Jeanne's cargo—3000 tons of tea, cinchona, cocoanut oil, cinnamon and plumbago—to pay the piper. A year afterward I got my ship and a present of £500 from the firm.

"That's the yarn.

"Mr. Cargill, I think you may as well take the fore and mizzen royals off her. It's looking a bit black to wind'ard."

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The Greatest Needs of American Golf

BETTER GROUNDS, SAYS JOHN REID, JR.

TO WRITE on the Greatest Need of Golf in America requires that a man should pronounce at once what is this need. Now there are many needs, not all great, but some of them are of so much importance that I am not going to choose between them. I am convinced that two great needs of our game of golf are: first, economy in the game—relating to the expense of club houses and their accessories; second, good golf courses, where a good player has a merited advantage over a player not quite his equal.



PHOTO BY PACH BROS., N. Y.

JOHN REID, JR.

OUR CLUBS ARE TOO EXPENSIVE

We need to have the game played on a much cheaper basis as far as club houses and so forth are concerned. Twenty-five dollars should cover a member's annual dues in order not to restrict the game to the moneyed class, which does not of necessity embrace the best players. A comparison of some English clubs with our representative clubs will bring this point out.

I happened to be at the Royal St. George Golf Club, at Sandwich, last summer. This course is one of the very best in Great Britain, and is where the championship was held in 1896. I was especially struck with the comfort and homeliness of the club house, which is a very plain but well-arranged house. There were two servants in the house, a man, who was the janitor, and his wife, who did the cooking. The man acted as waiter during meals, and looked after things generally at other times. At lunch time the table is set with several different cold meats and one hot dish. Knives and forks are found at the end of the table, also plates; every one helps himself—without any rush or scramble—and talks with his neighbor over the game, or arranges a match to follow the after-luncheon smoke. If any drinks are wanted a slight call will bring them in a moment. These same conditions will be found at all the best courses in Great Britain, except that one more man may be found on busy days.



B. S. HORNE

The average lunch time in any of our representative clubs is characterized by a rush of French and German waiters—an element totally foreign to golf—and a menu written in some foreign tongue. There is a constant fault-finding because you are not waited upon at once. The foods are too rich, and the whole meal resembles too much our model restaurants to be comfortable and homelike.

The English luncheon costs about 36 cents, while ours costs from 75 cents to $1.50. In this country we have large social clubs to support, and consequently large retinues of servants. These expenses necessitate an annual subscription of from $50 to $175 the year from each member. This amount is expected from a member of a club in America as representative as Prestwick, St. Andrew's, Sandwich and Muirfield are of Great Britain.

PENALIZE BAD PLAY AND MINIMIZE LUCK

We have no real golf "links" in this country as yet, but we have some very good golfing ground. Now, if we cannot have good golf links, we can at least lay out our courses so that they will be *good* golf courses and not toys. In my opinion, a hole should be one, two, three or four good shots from the tee, and the bunkers should be placed to catch poor shots from the tee, second shot or approach. No one should be able to make a foozle and then stand an almost even chance of winning the hole. Take, for example, a hole of 220 yards. This is a most unfair hole, because a good player cannot reach it on his drive, but can get there easily in two—in fact, gets so near it in one that he feels as though his approach were almost thrown away. A poor player, playing this same hole, may miss his drive and still have a very good chance at the hole with a good or even indifferent iron shot. Holes of this sort are heart-breaking to a good player, and they give his opponent too much of a chance to "make up." Were this hole 175 yards or 300 yards, then there would be no chance for a lucky second on the part of the poor player. In the first instance, the good player would reach the green, and in the second instance he would have to make two nice shots to be there. Clearly, then, there should not be many of these "drive-and-a-mashy" holes.

The bunkers should be very carefully placed so as to punish poor shots. Too many of our bunkers are placed in very questionable places—some so near the hole that a long shot carrying over will not stay on the green, and some so far from the tee that a good drive gets in them. A shot of 150 yards straight on from the tee should never be penalized.

These seem to me to be the most urgent needs of the game just now; but there are many others which I hope will straighten themselves out as we begin to play the game more in the spirit of the rules than by the letter. JOHN REID, JR.,

Captain St. Andrew's Golf Club, Yonkers, New York.

REV. S. H. DAVIS SAYS THE PUBLIC SHOULD LEARN THE HEALTHFUL VALUE OF GOLF

One of the greatest needs of golf in America is that our professional and business men shall come to recognize its value as the most healthful of outdoor exercises.

Busy men say they have not the leisure for the sport. The fact is, that they confine themselves too closely to business, and are like the mechanic who will not take time to oil his machinery. Presently the machinery will break down or become worn out and much valuable time will be lost for repairs. Let the business or professional man recognize the value of golf as a promoter of good health, sound sleep, stronger muscles, steadier nerves and clearer brain, and the success and permanency of the game in this country is assured.

S. H. DAVIS,

President of the Weekapaug Golf Club, of Weekapaug, Rhode Island.

President of the Riverside Golf Club, of Westerly, Rhode Island.

B. S. HORNE WANTS THE BUNKERS BETTER PLACED

The first step that should be made toward the betterment of golf in America is the proper laying out of the course. A great many courses are necessarily short, but even this great fault is not so glaring if proper care and thought is given to the placing of bunkers to punish poor play and to reward good play. On a long course this is not so evident, as the result of poor play there means loss of distance, with practically the loss of a stroke, but on a short course a miss from the tee means only a long iron shot or brassy to be equal to the player having made two perfect strokes, unless the greens are protected by sand pits or cops. This would eliminate, on short courses, much of the so-called luck which now prevails in what promises to be the greatest of all American games. B. S. HORNE.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.



PHOTO BY PACH BROS., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

JAMES G. AVERELL

JAMES G. AVERELL WOULD ENCOURAGE A MORE SPORTSMANLIKE SPIRIT

In America I think we are apt to care too much about winning in our sports, and this seems especially true in golf. Tournaments are often spoiled by disputes which lead to misunderstanding and ill feeling.

Of course there have been many meetings in which there has been none of this, but most of us, I think, have seen it at times.

Till we can play more for the sake of the game and less for the sake of winning I am sure golf will not take the place that it should in American sports. JAMES G. AVERELL.

Claverly Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

MR. CARNEGIE TAKES A DRIVE AT THE DUFFERS

My opinion of the Greatest Need of Golf in America is to punish our poor shots more severely. M. C. CARNEGIE.

Fernandina, Florida.

WALTER J. TRAVERS WANTS TIME TO GROW TRADITIONS AND GOOD GRASS

What is the Greatest Need of Golf in America? Time, I should say—time to allow the courses to mature and the players to grow up with them. Incidentally, a more genial climate might also be desired. There is little doubt that great extremes of heat and cold are not conducive to the fine, natural links which are to be met with in such numbers in Great Britain. In respect to soil constituents we have a few *links* in this country, but for one such there are a hundred *courses*—and the elements are not over kind to either.

To maintain these in good condition involves a heavy expense in cutting the grass and watering the greens. The latter means that each green has to be piped and watered freely during the summer months.

The progress which has been made in developing our principal courses has been very marked since the inception of the game. It is said that it takes a generation to make a lawn. This being the case, there is certainly a very encouraging prospect for those courses which have only been laid out within the last five years—many, in fact, within the past two or three years.



M. C. CARNEGIE

While we can hardly hope to rival the best British links, yet much may be done to bring our courses up to a high state of excellence. Time and careful, intelligent attention will work wonders. The putting greens should first claim the most loving care. The going through the green may not be all that could be desired, but this will be largely overlooked if the greens are in good shape, into which they can be brought with proper handling.

Much, of course, depends upon the character of the soil and the location of the greens in their treatment. As a general thing, a mistake is made by employing the same methods as for a lawn, particularly in the use of fertilizers. A putting green is, or should be, something wholly different. What is wanted is a thick mat of fine, short grass. Where on a lawn there are, say, a hundred blades of grass to a square foot, on a green there should

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be at least three times the same number of blades in the same space. You want a lot of little blades instead of a comparatively few big blades. The soil enrichers will certainly furnish the latter; sand will help to produce the former.

HOW TO GET GOOD GREENS

Examine closely some of the very best greens we have—for instance, those at Meadow Brook and Garden City, and the eighth at Westchester—and it will be found that they are all of the same family and owe their fine quality entirely to an underlying stratum of sand with a comparatively thin coating of an alluvial loam. The rich, succulent grass is lacking—the soil could not support it, but the great desideratum is present in the shape of a beautiful web of a fine silklike yet very strong and durable character of grass that makes the ideal green. This kind of grass—generally Rhode Island Bent, Red Top or Creasted Dog's Tail—makes a splendid root bed, and the blades differ from those usually met with on inland courses in that they seem to be deficient in moisture, being very much smaller and finer and more tenacious, consequently standing wear better.



PHOTO BY ROBERTS, N. Y.

CHESTER GRISWOLD, JR.

It will be found that greens of this nature closely resemble the best on the other side, and the lesson to be derived is to approximate as closely as possible the soil conditions existent. This may be arrived at by covering the greens in winter of nine-tenths of ordinary inland courses with fine, white sea sand. The snows and rains of winter will leave very little trace, the sand being washed into and incorporated with the soil. During the early spring and fall a thin coating may also be applied, but this is not advisable in summer.

This sand treatment, with a liberal supply of some of the seeds mentioned, or others, will in time effect a wonderful transformation to coarse greens that may look beyond redemption, and will materially improve those which are now good, especially if accompanied by nightly watering during the summer. The application of sand, moreover, has a marked tendency to make it untenable for those nuisances—earth worms. Good greens go hand in hand with good golf.

WALTER J. TRAVIS.
Flushing, Long Island.

BETTER LAID-OUT COURSES, SAYS CHESTER GRISWOLD, JR.

The two following points could well stand improvement:

First: Better kept and better laid-out courses.

Second: An almost entire doing away with the too handsome prizes that are from time to time offered by the majority of our leading clubs.

Comparison of the British methods with ours will, I think, explain why the game has a higher standing there than here. One need only compare British links, beautifully kept by competent and civil greens-keepers and professionals, with the generally poor turf and the all too lax discipline maintained on nearly all of our own courses.

The first of my "needs" will thus prove itself, although it might be well to give an instance: At one prominent club the professional makes a practice of wearing knickerbockers and of addressing the club members as if in the performance of his duties he were bestowing a favor. On the other side of the Atlantic such conduct would cause his instant discharge as detrimental to the best interests of the club.

PRIZES SHOULD BE INEXPENSIVE

The second "need" requires but a word of explanation. Every one knows that when any sport reaches a point (I do not mean to say that we have reached such a point in golf, and I trust we never shall) when it is necessary to give prizes that are valuable in a money sense in order to induce a decent-sized field to enter, then that particular sport has degenerated into a mere "mug-hunters'" circuit and had better die out.

In order to obviate the slight tendency in this direction, as shown by the fact that there are a few men who never enter except for expensive prizes, I should like to see a number of our leading clubs agree to give only suitable medals of but slight money value as prizes. By this means the leaning toward a downhill path would be promptly checked, and golf would be maintained in its proper sphere as a gentleman's game, where it is not what you win but how you win that counts.

CHESTER GRISWOLD, JR.,
President Intercollegiate Golf Association.
New York City.

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR THINKS MANY COURSES PUNISH GOOD PLAYING

The greatest need of golf in America at the present time is for better golf courses. I do not think there are more than four or five first-class courses in the United States—that is, courses that are up to championship form.

A great many courses would be vastly improved by a change in the length of holes and a rearrangement of the bunkers. Holes should be of three kinds, viz.: those where the green can be reached by a drive or iron shot; second, those where the green can be reached by drive and iron shot; third, those requiring a drive and brassy and an iron shot. Many courses in this country have many holes ranging in length from 200 to 250 yards. This length of hole seems to me wrong—that is, it is too long to reach the green with a drive, and yet if the drive is missed the green can be reached on the second shot without punishment. I have also seen courses where the bunkers were so badly placed as to reward poor playing and punish good playing.



PHOTO BY STEFFENS, CHICAGO

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

I think the game has developed so far in this country that courses should be laid out for first-class players alone, and not for second and third class players.

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.
Chicago, Illinois.



The American Soldier in the Philippines

A notable article—at once an appreciation and a vivid, stirring picture of our boys in the field—has been written exclusively for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, by

Senator Albert J. Beveridge

Senator Beveridge writes as forcefully and as brilliantly as he speaks. He has the rare faculty of striking through externals and grasping the thing of vital and human interest.

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WHAT to READ



A Sheaf of Recent Verse *

IN ECHOES OF GREEK IDYLS Mr. Lloyd Mifflin gives us further proof of his ability to handle the sonnet as can very few contemporary verse-writers—an accomplishment fully shown in his two previous volumes. He also furnishes the large class made up of those who wish their classic literature filtered through the medium of the mother tongue some exceedingly graceful, happy renderings of three representative Greek idyllic singers—Bion, Moschus and the less known Bacchylides, the contemporary rival of Pindar in the ode, whose work only survives in fragments.

Mr. Mifflin, in pouring his translations of these old-world poets into the sonnet mould, does a somewhat unconventional, even daring, thing—for we are most familiar with versions which use more varied measures, this being true in especial of the ode, whose enthusiastic, rapid movement seems hardly caught within the placid confines of the Italian form. Indeed, a charge of monotony may, I think, be fairly brought against this too exclusive use of the sonnet for the purposes of translation. But certainly the result, looking to particular poems, is delightful. Take the favorite Moschus elegy, The Lament for Bion, for example: for plaintive melody and successful picture-making it is beautiful, and the work as a whole is sure to gain attention for its art, its ideality, and the interest it awakens as a new experiment in form.

Mrs. Moulton's Lyrics †

MRS. MOULTON'S pleasant lyric touch has become familiar in several volumes of verse, and another, embodying her more recent poems, will be welcomed. For the present book At the Wind's Will is the felicitous title, suggested by a line from Rossetti, whose influence, as well as that of the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, is perceptible in the Boston singer's work. To the latter, especially, she has stood in close relations of devoted friendship, and has edited his song for American readers.

The contents are made up of lyrics, sonnets and translations. The former deal for the most part with the bitter-sweet of love or the quieter harmonies of friendships. Nature, too, is charmingly reflected and often used allegorically, rich summer and bleak midwinter expressing the heyday and wane of humanity's master passion. Many of the poems are in sonnet form—in the manipulation of which Mrs. Moulton has long been skilled—and some of the very best things are found in this division. The renderings of French Rondels and Rondeaux are well done and enjoyable, this being particularly true of that exquisite bit, La Vie, which will be recalled by readers of Trilby.

Mrs. Moulton's note is sweet with a certain sadness which, delicate and unobtrusive, rather adds to the effect. Though there is neither strong individuality of expression nor great thought range, yet the quality of her verse is genuine, since it has tunefulness and sincerity.

A Poet's Holiday *

THE good of a holiday, not only for the one enjoying it, but (in the case of a poet) for the world as well, is illustrated in Mr. Bliss Carman's latest volume of verse, A Winter's Holiday—a tiny book which stands for "infinite riches in a little room." Mr. Carman has made the Bahaman trip of late, and of the seven poems making up the collection, five directly reflect this warm, many-colored experience. The two other pieces, December in Scituate and Winter at Tortoise Shell, depict in sharp contrast yet with equal charm New England winter scenes indoors and out. They show that this poet's remarkable gift for nature-description is as much in evidence when dealing with winter's monochromes as when moved by all the vibrancy and bloom of the full summer tide. The human element, too, the quiet touch of fun, are in these Northern pieces to vitalize the picture.

But perhaps the full Carman quality comes out best in the poems chanting his mid-sea life, his joy of the Bahaman approach; his joy again in White Nassau, with its quaint, clean streets, its picturesque peddlers and gay-plumaged birds. He fairly revels in this world of color, light, fragrance and song: and all through the descriptions is that subtle imagination and lure of music which, at their best, stamp Carman as to the manner born and set him quite apart from hissong-fellows. There is an unextinguishable idealism in all his work; the loveliness of it is not coarsely appealing; there is no blatant drawing of attention. But the elements of high poetry are always there. As an example of the way external objects are used imaginatively, take the stanza beginning

"Never yet was painter, poet
Born content with things that are,"

and read on for two pages. The beautiful dreams that make men more than brutes have seldom been expressed with more truth and tenderness. Take the wonderfully poetic sketching of the flying fishes,

"Fragile people of the sea
Whom their heart's great aspiration for a moment had set free,"

for another representative passage. And read In Bay Street to see how Mr. Carman characteristically lifts a homely human theme by the idealistic touch.

Small as the book is, it contains some of the maturest and best work Mr. Carman has printed. No lovelier, truer, more distinctive verse is being written in our day than that embodied in the successive volumes of this Canadian singer. —*Richard Burton.*

A Warm Day in Winter

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

"SUNSHINE on de medders,
Greenness on de way;
Dat's de blessed reason
I sing all de day."
Look hyeah! whut you axin'?
Whut meks me so merry?
'Spect to see me sighin'
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary?

'Long de stake an' rider
Seen a robin set;
W'y hit 'mence a-thawin',
Groun' is monst'ous wet.
Den you stan' dah wond'rin',
Lookin' skeert an' stary;
I's a right to caper
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary.

Missis goes a-drivin',
Mastah gone to shoot;
Ev'ry da'ky lazin'
In de sun to boot.
Qua'tahs moughty pleasant,
Hangin' 'roun' my Mary;
Con'tin' boun' to prospah
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary.

Cidah look so pu'ty
Po'in' f'om de jug—
Don' you see it's happy?
Hyeah its laffin'—glug?
Now's de time fu' people
Fu' to try an' bury
All dey grief an' sorrer,
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary.

* Echoes of Greek Idyls. By Lloyd Mifflin. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

† At the Wind's Will: Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louise Chandler Moulton. *Little, Brown & Co.*

* A Winter's Holiday. By Bliss Carman. *Small, Maynard & Co.* Illustrated.

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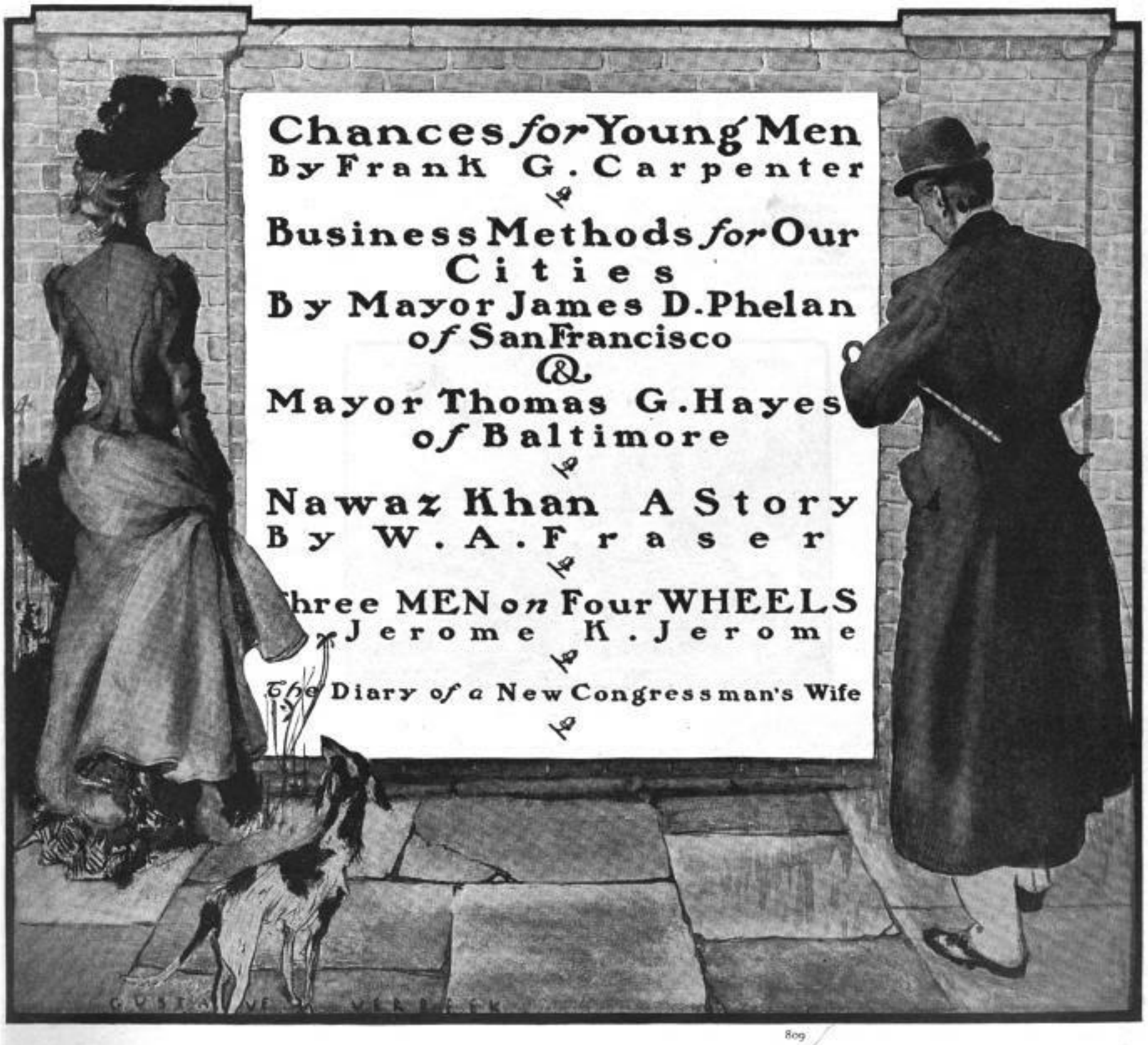
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HONOLULU HARBOR

Chances for Young Men
1. In the Hawaiian Islands
By Frank G. Carpenter

THE Hawaiian Islands are of their own kind. They are not like the Philippines, Puerto Rico, or any other colonial or territorial part of the United States. Their social, financial and material conditions are peculiar to themselves, and they can be appreciated only by one upon the ground.

They are among the richest islands of the globe and have already more rich men to the number of their Anglo-Saxon population than any part of the United States; but they are not a Klondike where gold can be picked up in the streams and the gullies. They have the most fertile of soils, but the supply of land is limited, and that still belonging to the Government is subject to many restrictions. They have a business which last year showed exports amounting to more than $15,000,000—almost double the value of the imports—but the business is of its own kind, so that the investor should study its character before he attempts to venture to compete with the capitalists who now have it well in hand. With all this, there are opportunities here well worth consideration, opportunities in which a limited number of our young men may realize the El Dorado of their hopes.

A BIRD'S-EYE GLANCE AT THE WHOLE HAWAIIAN GROUP

First, let us take a look at the country. It is not a large one. All told, the islands have not as much land as the State of Massachusetts, although the larger and only inhabited ones are scattered over the ocean for a distance as wide as that between Boston and Washington. The whole group, east and west, is wider than from New York to the Mississippi River, but the most of the western islands are barren rocks, some of which are mere dots on the surface of the Pacific. Some have not been prospected and others are said to contain valuable guano and phosphate deposits. Upon one, for instance, millions of sea birds roost every night, laying so many eggs that the Japanese laborers who are kept there gather them in wheel-barrows and carts, just as our farmers load potatoes and apples.

The Hawaiian Islands that we know, however, consist of the eight larger islands at the eastern end of the group. These are situated just about as far from San Francisco as Chicago is east of that city, and farther away from any Australian or Asiatic port than the distance from New York to London. The inhabited islands are not close to one another, some of them being a hundred miles and more away from Honolulu, with tempestuous seas between and only weekly passenger service of small steamers.

The inhabited islands range in size from Hawaii, which is almost as large as the State of Connecticut, to Kahoolawe, which is only about half as large as the District of Columbia. Oahu, the island on which Honolulu is situated, contains 600 square miles, while Kauai, the Garden Island of the group, has only 500 square miles, being 22 miles wide and 25 miles long.

The general character of all the islands is the same: they are wildly rugged, each being made up of one or more mountains, seamed with valleys and gorges, some of which are more than a thousand feet deep. Between the mountains lie rolling plains, and in many places at their feet there is a narrow plain sloping out to the sea. The plains, valleys and lower parts of the mountain sides contain the only lands suited to cultivation. They are covered with decomposed lava, often to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, furnishing a soil which produces rich crops of sugar, coffee, and all sorts of vegetables and tropical fruits. Some parts of the islands, on the other hand, are rocky and barren; still other portions are extremely ragged, being composed of extinct craters, while some are so high that upon them nothing can grow. In coming from San Francisco to Honolulu you are struck with the barren look of the islands. That part of Oahu which you first see is as bare as the Death Valley of California. It is composed of ragged craters long since burnt out, the sides of which are seamed and gullied by the lava flows of days gone by.

THE METROPOLITAN ADVANTAGES OF HONOLULU

As you go farther on you see other hills covered with a fuzz of emerald green and, rounding Diamond Head, come to low mountains covered with green. Palm trees with quivering branches wave you a welcome, and the houses of Honolulu look out at you through a forest of palms and other tropical trees as you come to anchor. Farther down the coast with your glass you can see the pale green of rich sugar plantations, and as you land and walk through the wide streets you find yourself in a very botanical garden of tropical plants and trees and beautiful flowers.

You may have expected to find a new country and may look for the ragged features of a frontier town in the city of Honolulu. If so, you will be disappointed. Honolulu has only 30,000 people, but in wealth and business it compares favorably with any town of five times the population in the United States. Its residences in many cases have large grounds about them, with lawns as velvety as those of England, beautiful trees and well-cared-for walks and drives. The town, in fact, has many rich men, and it is one of long-established businesses and families. It was in existence before San Francisco had a place upon the map.

The Honolulu of to-day has all the aspects of a modern American city. The signs over the best stores are in English and their proprietors have English names. The stores are of all kinds, with large stocks of goods and fine plate-glass show windows. Telephone wires run through all the streets, and you learn that more than a thousand telephones are in use. The streets and houses are lighted at night by electricity, and there is a system of waterworks and other modern improvements. The city has excellent public schools. Attendance is so vigorously compelled in city limits and throughout the islands that it is said it would almost require a search warrant to find a native Hawaiian or a white who cannot read and write. There are colleges of various kinds, numerous churches, a theatre which will seat more than a thousand people, a Young Men's Christian Association which has a well-equipped gymnasium and school, twenty miles of macadamized streets, an excellent public bicycle track, a half dozen or more large banks, three of which are savings banks, a stock exchange, a safe deposit company, and, in fact, every kind of modern business institution.

PASSAGE MONEY AND LIVING RATES FOR THE ISLANDS

At present everything that goes from and comes to the islands must pass through Honolulu, and it will always be one of the chief cities, if not the chief city, of the region. The only place that can ever hope to compete with it is the town of Hilo on the Island of Hawaii, but this has now a population of only 5000 and will need some millions of dollars expended on its harbor before it can be a landing place for the larger steamers. Honolulu will always be the seat of government and probably always the business and financial centre of the islands. It has, however, but a small harbor, which is taxed to its utmost with the shipping which calls here on its way to and from Australia, China and Japan, and the United States.



CUTTING THE SUGAR CANE

The young man who comes to the Sandwich Islands will first land at Honolulu. His passage from San Francisco to that point will cost him seventy-five dollars first cabin, or twenty-five dollars steerage, but the latter quarters on the ships are chiefly taken up with Chinese passengers and the accommodations are not at all comfortable. He will probably stop at Honolulu until he can look about him and get some idea of the chances. He will find that he is in a high-priced town and that his board will cost him as much, or more, than it did at home. If he goes to a hotel he will pay from two to five dollars the day, or if he rents a room he will be charged from six to twenty dollars the month, and his meals will cost him from four to six dollars the week. If he has a family and attempts to keep house his rent will be high, and he will find provisions more expensive than in the United States. His butter will cost him from forty to fifty cents the pound; eggs from thirty to fifty cents the dozen; flour two dollars and a half the hundred; beef about fifteen cents the pound, and other things in proportion. Even fruits and vegetables will be about one-third higher than at home, and the general extravagance of the people about him will be such that he will be tempted to spend more freely than at home. The average living expenses are, it is estimated, about one-third higher in Honolulu than they are in the United States.

If the young man is without capital he will have to rely on the labor market for his chances of a start; if he has a little money he may perhaps be able to engage in cooperative sugar planting; or if he has five thousand dollars or more there are opportunities for him to buy or lease Government lands and engage in raising coffee. The chief industry of the islands is sugar, but this, as I shall show further on, is one requiring large capital and expensive machinery. The best of the Americans here do not advise men to come to the islands unless they have at least five or ten thousand dollars, but others tell me there are opportunities for young men who are willing to work in almost every line.

WHAT YOU CAN EARN WITH YOUR HANDS, AND HOW

Let us first look at the labor market. It seems to me to be fairly well supplied. The sugar plantations are operated with Chinese and Japanese labor, there being 21,000 Asiatics on the sugar estates alone. In other branches of common labor there are from 20,000 to 30,000 more Chinese and Japanese and about 15,000 Portuguese, making a total of more than 60,000 of these classes of laborers in a population which is, all told, not more than 110,000. Taking out the natives, who in round numbers are about 40,000, there are 10,000 left, of whom perhaps 4000 are Americans. In Honolulu itself there are, I am told, not more than 4000 whites.

The young man from the States will come hoping to get a job in Honolulu or on one of the plantations as overseer or bookkeeper or engineer; he can hardly hope to take the places of the Chinese or Japanese. The demand for overseers is of course limited, and the man should not expect to get a position much more readily than he would at home. He will find, however, that wages are higher, both in Honolulu and in the country, than in the United States. The following are the sums paid for the different classes of work named: overseers and foremen on the plantations receive from $100 to $250 the month; sugar boilers and engineers from $100 to $175 the month; locomotive engineers from $40 to $75 the month, and plantation carpenters and blacksmiths from $50 to $100 the month. All of the higher-priced men on the plantations, including the above, have their houses and firewood furnished. White teamsters get from $30 to $40 the month, and the Chinese and Japanese common laborers about $15 the month.

In Honolulu mechanics are now in demand. There is considerable building going on and masons and carpenters are needed. The wages of carpenters and painters are from three to five dollars for the day's work of nine hours. Bricklayers receive five dollars and machinists from three to five dollars the day. There are at present about 2000 mechanics on the islands, of whom about 500 are Chinese and Japanese. There are about 300 American mechanics and perhaps 250 Portuguese. The drivers of the carts and wagons are principally natives, and the handling of freight at the wharves is done by the same class. I am told that they are preferred to the whites by the shippers. Outside of skilled mechanics, I should not advise any of our young men who have nothing but their muscle as capital to come to Honolulu.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN WITH YOUR HEAD

As to clerks and bookkeepers the situation is much similar. There are frequent opportunities to get positions, but not more so than in the United States. There are already here about 1400 clerks and salesmen who get wages of from $50 to $125 the month and upward. Some are employed in the stores, on the plantations, and others in the smaller towns, but the most are here in Honolulu. Every large establishment must have a variety of clerks large enough to cover all the languages in general use in the islands—that is, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Hawaiian and English. If a clerk can speak German and English, or both English and Portuguese, he is considered the more valuable on that account. There are some large German firms in Honolulu who will not employ a clerk who cannot speak and write German.

In the line of commercial traveling there is little done in the Hawaiian Islands, and the commercial man from the United States, who expects to visit the islands to work up trade, upon landing at Honolulu will be asked to pay $500 for the privilege of selling goods or taking orders on the Island of Oahu. He will have to pay $250 for the same privilege on the larger of the other islands, and, if he should make this his residence and engage in business, he will find that the city charges from fifty dollars the year upward for a license. In all small businesses he will have the competition of the Chinese and Japanese who now have the petty

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Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles on Chances for Young Men in the far East. Each article is complete in itself.

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retail trade of the islands, running the restaurants, the fruit stands and small grocery stores. They are good traders and are satisfied with small profits.

The professions are also fairly well supplied, there being about ninety doctors and one hundred and one lawyers. Under the Republic there were four circuit courts, a supreme court and about thirty district courts, but these may be changed under the new government inaugurated by the United States. Among the doctors are four American women and twenty-seven Japanese and Chinese practitioners. The Board of Health employs thirty physicians in the hospitals and dispensaries throughout the country, but these positions are filled. Doctors and dentists must take out a license, which is granted only upon the applicant showing a diploma from some reputable college or upon passing an examination. The children of rich or well-to-do Honolulu residents are graduating from the American colleges and universities every year and coming back here to practice in their chosen professions. They, of course, have the advantage over the newcomers in their local acquaintance and business connections.

THE OPENINGS IN THE GREAT SUGAR BUSINESS

The best chances and, in fact, almost the only chances for fortune-making in the Hawaiian Islands are from agriculture. The islands have neither mines nor manufactures, but they have a soil which will raise more sugar to the acre than any other land upon earth. On some plantations as many as ten tons of sugar to the acre are annually raised, a product from five to eight times as great as the average product of the sugar plantations of Louisiana.

The most of the money now made in the islands is from sugar. There are sixty large plantations, comprising altogether about 80,000 acres and yielding a product which annually sells for more than $15,000,000. These plantations are managed after the most modern methods. They are chiefly owned by corporations, the capital stocks of which range from half a million to four millions of dollars. The stock in the various companies is regularly bought and sold in the Honolulu stock exchange and nearly all of the companies pay big dividends. There is, all told, about $30,000,000 invested in the industry, of which about $22,500,000 belongs to Americans. The chief officers and overseers of the plantations are Americans, but the laborers are chiefly Chinese and Japanese who have been brought here under contract for this work. At present one-fourth of the whole population and fully one-half of the Asiatic population are employed on the sugar estates.

The chief opportunities for young men in connection with sugar raising are in what is here called coöperative farming—that is, in buying or leasing a small tract of land from one of the large companies and raising cane to be sold at the great factories. This is comparatively a new plan and quite a number of men are doing it at a profit. There is little opportunity to buy wild land which will raise sugar, and there are practically no sugar lands left in the hands of the Government. The profits from such land are so large that the best of it was bought or taken up on long leases from the Government years ago.

A BRIGHT FUTURE FOR MARKET GARDENERS

Outside of sugar there are many opportunities for the young man to succeed here in the different kinds of intensive farming which can be profitably undertaken on the islands. There is so little land, that the opportunities for doing things on the bonanza scale have long since gone by. In the raising of fruits and vegetables, in producing grain and meat for home consumption and in coffee plantations there would seem to be many openings. The soil here will produce almost any kind of tropical fruit. It will produce the choicest of pineapples and bananas and every kind of vegetable, including potatoes. Nevertheless, fruits are exceedingly high in the Honolulu markets and most of the potatoes used come from California. The same can be said of the wheat, notwithstanding the fact that during the first days of the gold excitement in California the bulk of the wheat and potatoes used there was raised in the Hawaiian Islands.

This is a land of oranges, but the fruit sells in Honolulu at twenty-five cents the dozen; strawberries can be easily grown, but they bring twenty-five cents the pound; grapes thrive, but if you buy them at the fruit stands you pay fifteen cents the pound for them, and it is so with similar fruits. As to bananas and pineapples, it is claimed the islands could produce enough of them to supply all the markets east of the Mississippi River. The taking off the tariff and the reduction of freight rates, which will probably follow the annexation to the United States, will make this country the tropical fruit garden of our Western States.

So far there has been so much money in sugar raising that everything else has had to give way to it, the planters lazily



PACKING PINEAPPLES AT PEARL CITY, OAHU

preferring to buy their supplies from the outside, just as the cotton planters of the Southern States did when they received such high prices for that crop. Now that the sugar lands are all taken up, other possible crops are receiving consideration.

THE BEST CHANCE FOR THE SMALL CAPITALIST

The chief of the new industries is the raising of coffee, and this is perhaps the best opening for the young man of small means. The coffee lands lie high up above the sugar plantations, which are chiefly found close to the sea. The coffee tree will bear as high up as half a mile above sea level, or as low as five hundred feet above that point. Coffee raising is comparatively a new industry, bringing a new class of land into use; hundreds of small capitalists have gone into it within the past few years.

The Hawaiian coffee is far superior to that raised in Brazil. It ranks with the best Mocha and Java in the markets of the Pacific slope, selling at retail there for thirty-five and forty cents the pound. It brings from fifteen to eighteen cents the pound at wholesale in the markets of San Francisco, where Rio sells for six or seven cents. At these rates the planters of Hawaii can figure on a clear profit of about ten cents the pound, and as a good plantation in bearing will annually produce about 1500 pounds to the acre, the profits are very large. One plantation on the Island of Hawaii produced last year 3400 pounds to the acre, or a net profit of $340 the acre, so that it will be seen that even a small coffee plantation might bring in a considerable income.



UNHULLED COFFEE BERRIES

To raise coffee, however, requires some capital, and no young man should come to the islands for that purpose unless he has a capital of from three to five thousand dollars. The latter amount is considered by some low and by others ample for a start. For this sum he could take up a hundred acres of Government land on the Island of Hawaii, about the only island on which there is any land left. He would secure it on what is known as the purchase-lease system, agreeing to pay for it at its appraised value, say at from seven to ten dollars the acre, at any time within twenty-one years, provided he pay the Government eight per cent. interest on the value of the appraisement until the purchase money be paid. He would also agree to make certain improvements, and to live on the land, the understanding being that he could complete the purchase at any time after two years.

THE PROCESS OF BUILDING UP A PLANTATION

The coffee raiser first clears the land of forest and jungle. This will cost him perhaps thirty dollars the acre; but he can clear a little at a time, putting in, say, ten acres more every year, until at last he has the whole clear and in coffee. He buys his coffee trees of a nursery for two or three cents apiece and sets them out. They are cultivated from year to year, and at the third year begin to produce. They should be in full bearing the fifth year, at which time they will have cost him from $150 to $200 the acre. From that time on for twenty years or more they should annually pay him $100 the acre—a generous profit on his investment.

The process of building up such a plantation can be graduated by the amount of capital in the hands of the farmer, the larger plantations requiring, of course, more money and labor. A hundred-acre plantation with fifty acres only in coffee should produce an income of $6000 a year after the fifth year. This is, estimating the yield to be one pound to the tree, at a profit of ten cents the pound. Not counting the labor of the planter, the net cost of making and stocking such a plantation would be $12,000. The man with $5000 would start with less cultivated land, do his own work at least as far as management is concerned, and perhaps add to his income by raising bananas and vegetables.

The young man in this case will probably realize considerable off of the rise in the value of his land. There is but little good Government land left. The amount, all told, is less than two million acres. Of this, much is sterile, a great part inaccessible, and other parts are covered with lava. There are perhaps 500,000 acres that are of some value, and half of this amount is excellent land. The best coffee lands are on the Island of Hawaii, and about 60,000 acres of this character will be opened to settlement by the Kohala and Hilo Railway, which is now being surveyed.

THE CONDITIONS ON WHICH LAND CAN BE HELD

The Government is anxious that this land should be taken up by small planters, and, according to law, land can only be sold or leased in lots not to exceed one hundred acres, and only to persons who will agree to keep one-fourth of the land in cultivation for a period of years, and who will agree to live upon it. To such persons the land is sold at a low appraisement, often at one-fourth and less than the value of private lands in the same vicinity and of the same character. If all the good Government land as above estimated, 250,000 acres, were so divided, it would only accommodate 2500 families, so it will be seen that the supply is limited and the value of such lands must eventually increase.

At present the islands are divided up into great baronial estates owned or leased by rich men or corporations. Oahu has no public land available to settlers; Kauai, the Garden Island, is practically controlled by six corporations, and the Bishop Estate owns 600,000 acres outright. The Parkers control 700,000 acres on the Island of Hawaii, including 250,000 acres under irrigation, and the small island of Niihau has 25,000 sheep all owned by one family. The chances of the young investor are almost exclusively limited to the Government lands, and these are comparatively so few that they will, in a short time, be exhausted.

How They Treat Cub Reporters in Ohio

HARRY D JONES, a well-known New York editor, tells a story illustrating the trials of one cub reporter:

"It was in Cleveland, Ohio, some years ago, when I was engaged in daily newspaper work in that city. A young man had just joined the reportorial staff of a rival paper. He came from an out-of-the-way town, and had never before lived in a large city. He was elated over this position, and assumed so much dignity and even haughtiness that the other reporters determined to teach him a lesson. He had been sent to the lake front to get an exclusive story concerning the ship-building industry, and he announced that fact to several other reporters, one of whom looked at him in mock amazement and remarked solemnly:

"'By Jove, old man, that's work they give to the oldest reporters on the staff! You see, these millionaire shipbuilders won't talk to the ordinary reporter. If you have influence you can get a great beat from Keelson's yard. Everybody has been trying to get in there for two weeks.'

"The new reporter said that he had all the influence he needed and went post-haste to the yard. Here he was received by the second conspirator, who had taken on the guise of a member of the firm, and filled up with a technical story in which keels and main trucks, rudder posts and cutwaters, rolling chocks and deadeyes, were hopelessly and absurdly mingled. He closed the interview by presenting the reporter with a photograph of what he called the newest idea in naval architecture, but which was, in fact, a snapshot picture of a factory taken at an unusual angle, with the factory chimney seeming to spring from the deck of a small boat lying in front of the building.

"The next day this remarkable picture appeared in print. Early in the afternoon the reporter was called up on the telephone by the third conspirator, who said angrily:

"'I am the agent of the ship-building company whose boat you libeled to-day, and you have described it so incorrectly that I shall sue you for damages unless you print a retraction and make the proper corrections. The chimney as you have printed it looks as if it were on my boat. It does not belong to my boat at all, but is part of a factory near by.'

"And this statement appeared in the paper the next morning just as it had been sent over the telephone. That same afternoon the new reporter started on one of the longest vacations on record in Ohio journalism. It is not ended yet."

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Nawaz Khan: The Gift of Allah

By W. A. Fraser

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NAWAZ KHAN was the fighting ram of the Marris. This is a chronicle of the result of his dabbling in the affairs of the British Empire.

The Marris tribesmen were a joyous set of looting blackguards—proper Pathans. They were a small tribe; to them had come down a heritage of border feud, which, though it developed the fighting qualities of the survivals, kept the census within bounds.

Their land was fifty miles northeast of a sin-stricken *teikil* (station) named Sibi, on the Afghan border. Any tribe that lives within fifty miles of that station is sure to be had clean through. Sibi was known as "the white man's grave"; that was flattery—it was worse.

In September, when I passed through the land of the Marris they despoiled me with cheerful abandon; they looted my commissariat camel with platonic freedom, and one night a lover of fine raiment came as I slept and cut the side from my tent to make a toga for his broad shoulders. Allah! that was clever.

Six footsore brigands made sandals from my leather guncase, and then came and hobnobbed with me over a pot of tea. They were proud of their new footwear; the oak-tanned soles peeped at me joyously from beneath the square, rugged toes of the unabashed Pathans. I said nothing about this little matter—controversy might have ended with a slit in my neck; they have such a summary way of ending unpleasant arguments.

My guide, who was a first cousin to these outlaws in deviltry, was the best-natured blackguard I ever traveled with; he gave me politic pointers, for he had the wisdom of the serpent.

"These dwellers in caves," he said, "are the unregenerate offspring of depraved camels—also of evil swine; therefore take no notice, and we will get through pleasantly enough—without trouble."

His policy was sound; so the Marris and I remained on the very best of terms; they even showed me Nawaz Khan, the fighting ram that had bucked into oblivion every other ram from Dera Ghazi to Peshawur. And because of that they had been exalted among the ram-fighting, man-fighting, any-sort-of-fighting nations of that *kush*.

At the guide's suggestion I gave the owner, Rahat Shah, five rupees to make silver knobs for the points of the Khan's horns. Surely I had become a blood-brother to the cut-throat Marris. That was what the guide said; also was I safe in the sight of Allah, he assured me.

When I returned in December, Nawaz Khan, "the Gift of Allah," was gone. He had been looted, or had tumbled over a cliff. The tribe had searched at the bottom of every precipice without result. That he had been stolen was as difficult of belief as the statement that some one had made away with Buddha's tooth from the temple at Kandy.

But Nawaz Khan was gone, of a certainty. And now there was only the memory of his many battles, and the promise of much murder for the thieves who held him.

When I reached Sibi almost the first sight I saw was a ram, joyous in much fat, taking a rise out of a tall Punjabi orderly in front of his Colonel's tent. The ram had caught him fair in the middle, on the south side, and if the soldier had been brittle he would have broken in two. As it was, he covered much territory before lighting on his head in the white sand of the Sibi plain.

The orderly was vexed at the importunate attention from the hard-headed ram. He picked himself up with Sikh dignity and reached for his gun which stood with three inches of its iron muzzle buried in the soft earth.

Now a ram, when he tries for a knock-out blow and fails, usually backs up and plays a little harder next time, but the orderly's assailant seemed to think he had carried the joke far enough—wisely, perhaps—and walked sedately over to the Colonel's dog-cart and started peeling the yellow paint from its spokes.

Something about the cut of this pugnacious sheep appeared familiar to me. I manœuvred up to him strategically, keeping my line of retreat well open. A critical reconnaissance convinced me that it was the fighting ram of my freebooting friends who lived in the foothills of the Suleimans: there were the silver knobs of which I was the donor.

Great Scott! what was he doing here at the Colonel's tent? The whole Marris country would be in a blaze if they knew of it.

But they had looted me; therefore let them look to Allah for the return of their tribe's glory.

I asked Teniers, who was a Lieutenant in the regiment, where they had *pakarao'd* the sheep.

"Such a lark!" he answered. "You know, the Colonel is a queer fish; studies his book on tactics—form D. B. Z. in his pocket all the time. Good enough chap, you know, the old fellow is—wouldn't know enough to step inside if it were raining bullets, and nothing to be gained by getting shot; but all the same, he's like one of those greaseless country carts with his squeaky voice—puts the fellows all on edge, you know.

"We don't mind fighting—like it, of course; but hang it all! when there's no fighting to be got—when all these hill fellows are like a bally lot of shepherds, plodding around with their sheep and goats, and no raiding on, why, we want a bit of fun or else we'll go flabby.

"Now, 'Old Squeaks'—that's what the chaps call him—thinks fun, polo, and all the rest of it, you know, is all skittles; he talks about the officers blowin' their oof, and tommy-rot of that sort."

I let Teniers talk, and busied myself with his cheroot case, hunting for a decent Trichi; for I knew there was something needing a lot of explaining away, and that my young friend was leading up to it diplomatically enough. So I waited, and smoked patiently as he rattled on with his picturesque narrative.

"Well, it seemed hopeless enough; we sat in the worst sort of luck. There was some fighting up Chitral way with Shir Afzul, Umra Khan, and that lot, but we never got 'the route.' The camp was simply dying of stagnation. If cholera had come down from the Bolan, as it did last year, it would have played the deuce with us—we were that stalled for want of fighting or something.

"There were always five or six of our fellows in hospital, and not a broken bone or a 'concussion' in the whole bally lot—nothing but flabby heart. That was what was bowling them over—*thinking*. We didn't come out here to think, did we, Braem?"

"I should say not," I replied with an emphatic laugh.

Teniers looked at me quizzically. "Don't be a sarcastic goat," he said testily. "We can think right enough when it's needed; but fighting, or polo, or racing's the thing to keep a man fit. Good Heavens! the Surgeon actually hinted that some of the fellows were malingering. It would have ended in mutiny right enough; but just then we got hold of Yusuf——"

Before my friend had time to finish the sentence there was a rushing noise like the cutting loose of a junior cyclone, and over we went, tent and all. Jove! but it was a mix-up. The cot, a stool, a suit-case, young Teniers with a sword spitted between his legs, and myself, rolled up in several yards of canvas.

I felt some great body go crashing over me, and heard, rather indistinctly, the Lieutenant's voice, muffled in the folds of the tent, saying: "It's that ——— ram, I bet a guinea! What in the name of Allah is he after now?"

It was the Khan, right enough. When a sergeant and two privates had sorted us from among the débris, we discovered that a small, brick-laden donkey had excited the ram's curiosity, and he had attempted to sample the stability of the groggy little legs that looked so hopelessly inadequate.

The donkey flipped about just in time to miss the rush, and Nawaz Khan's charge had carried him through our tent. When the soldiers had pitched the wrecked tent, Teniers continued the interrupted history of the advent of the ram.

"Does he do that often?" I asked.

"That's the first time he's pipped my castle," said the Lieutenant, working the sand out of his hair with a brush. "His favorite mark is a Tommy curled up on a *charpoy* asleep. Sometimes he bunts the water barrels over, too; and once he tipped the Old Man up backing to charge something that seemed a happy mark. Squeaks was heels on, and didn't see him coming. We hid the ram for two days—the Colonel would have shot him."

"Who owns him—did one of the men *chor* him?" I asked cautiously, for the Khan's deeds made my friend a bit irrelevant to the point at issue.

"No; got him from Yusuf—you know Yusuf Khan, the camel man?"

I assented. I remembered him well. Once upon a time he had sold me a mad Bokharan as a riding camel, and the blatant thing had run away with me for twenty miles. At the end I was seasick, and for a week had amateur rheumatism. "Yes, I remember him," I said reminiscently; "he's a bad lot, even for a Pathan."

"Well, Yusuf wanted the contract for supplying transport camels, and came to me about it. Wanted to know what *backshish* he could give the Colonel to win his heart. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Fancy his trying to work Squeaks that way. They do it among themselves, you know; everybody's got to have his *dustoor*—so he thought it was only a question of finding out the Colonel's fancy.

"Lutyens, who came up with the regiment, was with me, and we pulled old Yusuf's leg no end of a time, quizzing him as to what he had to give the Colonel. At last he mentioned that he had a fighting ram, the best between Sibi and Cabul.

"By Jove! you should have seen Lutyens jump at that. He swore the Colonel was just dying to have a fighting ram; that he was a great sportsman, and reveled in that sort of thing—lived on it. I must say that I backed the Major up—I had to.

"'You'll get anything you want,' Lutyens told Yusuf, 'only bring the ram in.'

"Fancy Squeaks fighting rams—it's unholy. His aunt, or somebody, wouldn't like it.

"We put the other fellows on to the 'good thing,' and in the end Yusuf was coached properly. Also we worked the Colonel—stuffed him. It was as good as a ballet, or a brush up in the hills. The fellows came out of hospital to play the new game that was on.

"The Colonel, you know, had been down in Burma, or China, or some other heathen country, with his regiment, and when they were sent up here to relieve the Tenth, neither he nor any of the others knew a word of this Pathan *kuhr*—Pushtu is like dummy talk to them. Of course he had passed in the thing at home, the lingo we all went through—Urdu, they call it, I think; but here it seems to be Pushtu, sheep-talk, and Persian mixed. When Squeaks thinks he's telling them to clear out they come and sit in his lap.

"We squared his *kruni* (interpreter). He's a Bengali Baboo, and is afraid of everything but rupees. Lutyens frightened him to death—swore he'd ride Shahzada over him by accident if he didn't make proper talk when Yusuf brought in the lambkin.

"One day Yusuf and three other brawny Afghans turned up, with the dirt of twoscore years thick upon the lot of them. Cracky! but they were fierce-looking: *jezails*, jade-handled knives the length of your arm, and all the rest of their cut-throat tools. With them came the ram, of course. He was short-clipped, and gorgeous in many colors—painted up for the occasion.

"'Diplomacy is the racket,' said Lutyens; 'play Squeaks on that.'

"You see, the Colonel has a hobby that if we can humor these natives we sha'n't have to fight them. It'll be a beastly hole to live in if that ever comes about; we'd soon die off if there was no fighting to be had.

"The Old Man held a regular durbar; for the Baboo explained that Yusuf was one of the Khan of Kelat's small chiefs, and that he wanted to make friendship with the English for his tribe. His people lived somewhere up in the Bolans near Kirta.

"They ate salt together, and touched palms with a rupee, and things went on swimmingly.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

—AND WITH THEM WAS A GIGANTIC RAM, CLOSE-CLIPPED, AND WITH ALL THE GLORY OF WAR PAINT ON HIS STRONG-RIBBED SIDES AND MUSCULAR QUARTERS

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"Yusuf couldn't understand a word the Colonel said, and the Afghan's *bakt* was all Greek to Squeaks. Lutyens had his eye on the *kranî*, who was interpreting after a fashion—you know Lutyens' eye; it's like a cocked pistol—so we were on velvet.

"The game was, that Yusuf had brought in the ram as a peace offering; it was the thing his people prized most on earth—a sort of sacred gift. And so long as the Colonel kept the ram in the regiment, Yusuf's people would look upon us as blood-brothers. It was all Lutyens' doings, I swear.

"At first when the Colonel understood that he was to take the sheep, he bucked at the idea. He hates everything but a cavalry horse, you know, and only likes them because they're useful.

"The funny part of the business was that Yusuf really got the contract for the camels; not on account of the sheep, but because the Colonel thought it a good thing to win over this head man.

"That's how we got the ram," said Teniers. "He simply won't leave the Colonel—hangs around his tent all the time, bunting the orderly. One day he chewed the tops off Squeaks' new boots. He's really kept us alive. And what's odd, the Colonel's got fond of him—we all know that; he's never bunted the Old Man once, only the time he upset him by mistake. He just does as he likes in the regiment; they look upon him as a mascot.

"He's a proper *budmash* (scoundrel); but what can you expect from a ram that's been brought up among these sons of Belial when he gets into decent society?

"The Sergeants' mess clubbed in and put that silver ring on his horn. They're a scum lot—they looted all the refreshment-rooms coming up from Karachi; but they'd fight for the lamb until they were wiped out, I believe. That's because he's so properly bad; they like it."

I said never a word about the original owners of the ram—it would be a pity to spoil sport. If Yusuf had looted him from the Marris he deserved that camel contract. I even forgave him my ride on the mad Bokharan.

Then we had a week of Sibi dullness; nothing happened, absolutely nothing—only the heat. It was terrific.

The Beluchis in the plain about Sibi went out and tilled their fields, and tended their flocks, and never a hillman swooped down on them. It looked as though the little round towers of defense dotted all over the plain like huge churns might as well be leveled to the ground. The fellows squabbled among themselves, and prayed for strong-hearted infidels to come down and fight them. It was the heat—it took the life out of everything. Even the Khan lay asleep most of the time—he was getting fat.

All week the Colonel had labored most seriously over a letter to the Civil and Military Gazette on the necessity for higher diplomatic knowledge among military officers in command in border districts. He made a strong point of the assertion that "diplomacy was the higher form of applied patience." He always wrote with a tight grip on the pen, and his mouth twisted to one side. That's a proper military man's attitude—it's like sword play.

Incidentally, the ram mixed up with the Colonel's epic. Tuesday while he was sweating over an intricate paragraph that wouldn't go right anyhow, the Khan stalked Lutyens' fox-terrier, and shikarried him into the Colonel's tent. The table was upset, and three pages of the manuscript floated in ink. The profanity was awful. It frightened even the Khan, and he didn't show up for a day.

When the Old Man finished the article Thursday he had writers' cramp and a stiff neck. Friday the ram nibbled the letter out of his tunic pocket, as it lay on a chair, and ate it. The orderly saw him just finishing the "Yours truly, Diplomat."

Now patience was a good thing to write about in an article on diplomacy; but when it came to having a week's work chewed up by a bilious ram it was a little too much for human nature, and the Colonel's language was terrific; also he battered the ram.

All Saturday we laughed over this, for it leaked out. That night Nawaz Khan chevied a bowl of lettuce that was on Major Lutyens' dinner-table; and the four of us who were to have dined with him had to go and borrow a scrap meal from different sections of the camp. It cost Lutyens twenty-five rupees for new dishes; to say nothing of two wasted bottles of Simpkin opened on the ram's horns.

Monday joy reigned in the regiment. "The route" was out for a detachment of two companies. Where they were going nobody knew, only the Colonel. Something was on up in the hills. It couldn't be a fight, with only two companies called; it must be political. However, it was a move; and Lutyens and Teniers, who were going, were full of it.

By daylight Tuesday morning the men were on the march; and by noon the broad, flat surface of the Sibi *Pat* (desert) had swallowed them up; there was only a glinting mirage where they had gone off toward the northeast. They were heading straight for the Marris hills.

A feeling of misgiving came over me when I realized that they were going toward the Marris Pass, for the ram had gone with them.

At sunrise, Thursday, bright, glinting flashes struck our camp, thrown from the hills to the east. It was a heliograph signal. It read:

> "Surrounded by tribesmen fifteen miles up the Pass. Hard pressed. Send reënforcements."

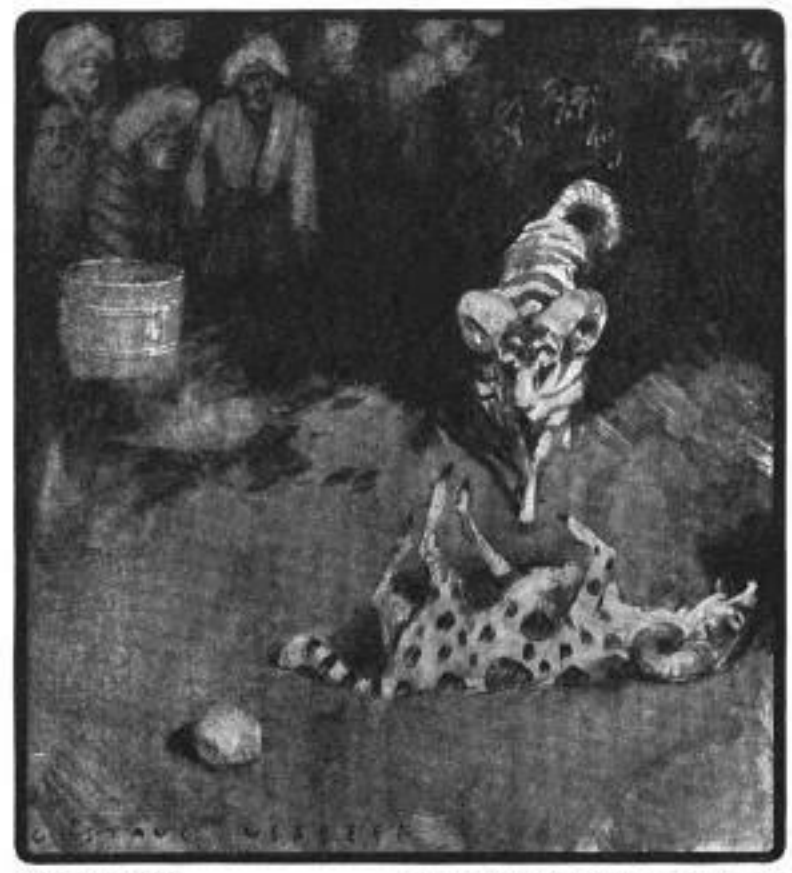
An answer was flashed back that we'd leave immediately, and soon the remainder of the regiment was streaming across the *Pat*, with two seven-pounders and a Gatling.

This is what had happened in the meantime.

After they had gone about five miles, the Colonel suddenly discovered that Nawaz Khan was complacently marching with the transport. The Old Man swore like a trooper. "Curse the brute!" he exclaimed, "am I never going to get away from that ram!" But the fellows fancied he was really pleased that the Khan had stuck to them. It was too late to turn him back, so he and the orderly plodded along together.

When they got among the hills, the natives came into the camp friendly enough. At first there were a few of them. They talked to the Colonel through the *kranî*, and though the latter was a little mixed on their *bakt*, he understood just enough to exchange the courtesies.

But the minute they got their eye on the ram, things changed. They soon slipped away; but our fellows didn't know that it had anything to do with the Khan—they didn't know he had been looted from the Marris.



—FINALLY THE KHAN WAS SMASHED TO THE EARTH BY A GLANCING BLOW

At the next halt, farther up in the hills, quite a large body of tribesmen came in and had a palaver. Our fellows had seen them hovering about on the line of march. The Baboo couldn't explain four annas of what they said; but it was easy to see they were demanding the ram.

Then the Old Man's liking for the beast cropped up. "It was infernal cheek," he called it. "The ram was the regiment's mascot—it would be like giving up the colors. Never! he'd fight them first. If it were a sort of toll they were levying he'd pay something for the sake of peace rather than have a *tamasha*."

He ordered the Baboo to give the chief, Afzul ul Mulk, fifty rupees. The latter tucked the bag of silver in his belt, and sat on his haunches sullenly.

"What is he waiting for?" asked the Colonel.

"He wants the ram, sir."

This brought the Colonel to the end of his diplomatic tether—his choler got up, and he ordered the Marris to clear out. They went, and the troops lost sight of them.

Toward noon, as the detachment marched along the track which led over a dry watercourse up to a narrow slit in the hills, they were suddenly fired upon from in front. The hills on either side of the Pass were thronged with white-turbaned tribesmen who were sniping at the troops with long rifles.

The Colonel's men returned the fire, but most of the bullets only spatted against the rock-cover the hillmen crouched behind. "Phut! phut!" went the guns on the hillside; "p-ing-g! spit! spat!" came the leaden pills from every side, for the Pathans were closing up in the rear also. The men were in a trap.

"We've got to get out of this, and make a stand on higher ground, sir," said Lutyens.

Then the men charged up one side of the valley, and drove the Marris from the top of a hill at the point of the bayonet. It was hot work. Lutyens got a bullet in his arm, and half a dozen men dropped in the valley. There was no time to get them; they lay there under the cross-fire, as well as eight or ten of the Pathans.

It looked like bad business, and the hills all around simply swarmed with tribesmen who kept up a dropping fire. It didn't do much harm, the range was too great; but the troops were surrounded, and it would be hot work getting out. The Marris saw they had our fellows trapped, and played a waiting game. There were hundreds of them; the hills were alive. Teniers and Sergeant Flynn volunteered to slip through the enemy that night and bring up reënforcements.

They took a heliograph with them because they could signal from the foothills in the morning, saving a twenty-mile tramp, and get word to the regiment quicker. They stole out in the darkness, and the men waited, not knowing whether they got through or not.

All night the tribesmen kept up a spitting fire—just enough to make rest impossible. That was their game—to keep the small troop hemmed in, and worry them to death.

Our fellows knew what it meant—water. The hill was like an ash heap—as dry. The water bottles wouldn't fight the heat for twenty-four hours; another twenty-four and they would parch up and choke. The men of Allah on the hills knew that, too.

Of course, if Teniers didn't get through, and the balance of the regiment didn't turn up, the detachment would have to fight its way out. It would be at terrible cost—probably not a man would get through alive. They hadn't a field gun with them—nothing but their rifles; so they couldn't shell the enemy from their path. This was a serious mistake; but the Colonel had evidently started out on a political mission, and considered guns an impediment to rapid travel. So they prayed hard that Teniers or the sergeant might get through.

They expected the natives to rush them just before daylight, but there was no attack—nothing but the wearing fire, the dribbling in of bullets, to keep them on edge.

The wounded and dead lay between the two forces. Once our men tried to slip down to bring in their wounded, but were driven back; twice the tribesmen crept down, but were repulsed with a stiff volley—their mission was throat-cutting.

In the morning it was seen that the Marris had been at work during the night. Two stone *sangars* had been thrown up within fair range of our men; but Lutyens had also constructed a barricade, so honors were even.

About nine o'clock half-a-dozen Marris came down with a white flag—they wanted to pick up the wounded. Our fellows were glad of the chance of a truce, and the poor chaps who had lain out all night were brought in.

While this was going on, another party of eight or ten came in with a white flag also; and with them was a gigantic ram, close-clipped, and with all the glory of war paint on his strong-ribbed sides and muscular quarters. The Baboo unearthed from their muddy vocabulary that they wanted to fight the Khan.

"They're a rum lot," said Lutyens, with his arm in a sling; "while they've got us hemmed in here, and hope to starve us out, they want to put in the time pleasantly by holding sports. But it will delay matters anyway, and give Teniers a chance. If he'd been captured we'd have heard about it, I think—he must have got through.

"We'll fight them with the ram, won't we, sir?" he said to the Colonel. "It'll keep things back. We'll mark time as long as we can—I'll swear the ram has just been fed, and hold the fight off for a couple of hours till he's in good condition. He's too fat to fight anyway—the other fellow'll do him up; their brute's as fit as a fiddle."

So with the aid of the Baboo the thing was explained, in a fashion, and the fight held off until after dinner; the visitors, who were probably selecting the individual throats they meant to slit when they had persuaded our men to surrender their rifles later on, were fed with profuse hospitality.

It was a fine diplomatic play all round. Afzul Mulk reasoned that they were helping to eat up the provisions the troops had to subsist upon, therefore they would be starved into surrender the sooner. The Colonel and his officers hoped that Teniers had escaped, and if they could delay matters with the aid of the ram long enough, the relieving force would pop in on the flank of the enemy with a machine gun or two, and save the situation.

The hillmen were receiving reënforcements all the time. They were a fine lot of blackguards, these Marris; they ate cheerily with our fellows, and viewed critically the commissariat they hoped to be placed in command of by the help of Allah and much thirst.

Lutyens, who had taken charge of the fighting arrangements, delayed bringing out the Khan as long as he dared. At last, about two o'clock, he concluded he had reached the limit; the visitors were muttering impatiently.

A sharp lookout was kept to prevent a surprise, and the *tamasha* started. The Khan was full of it. Fighting in the camp at Sibi had been stupid play; nothing fought back—here was the sport of his lambhood. The Marris ram was keen as a fox-terrier, too.

When they came together in the first round it was like the

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bursting of a shrapnel; but it was only a feeler evidently. They backed off a little farther next time, and with short, jerky pig-jumps banged into each other. The flint horns cracked sharp and clear in the still mountain air.

As the sound went echoing up the cañons of the hills the tribesmen cheered with joy—it was a fight after their own hearts. The whole camp warmed to the fun; the Colonel was the most excited man in the detachment.

Lutyens was new to the game, and didn't handle his ram right. One of the tribesmen, who had been watching the Khan with loving eye, jumped up and begged, with much pantomime, to be given charge of the detachment ram.

"Let him handle him!" cried the Colonel; "we've got to win, or they'll take it as an omen that they're going to beat us."

The Pathan almost cried for joy when he put his strong fingers in the Khan's whiskers. He laid his swarthy face against the ram's Roman nose, and the sheep knew him. It was Rahat Shah, the Khan's rightful owner; but our chaps didn't know that. They backed the rams amongst themselves. Afzul, the head man of the Marris, drew forth the Colonel's fifty rupees he had tucked in his belt, and gave Squeaks to understand he wanted to gamble on the fight. Jove! if the Colonel didn't take him up! Nobody had ever seen him make a bet in his life before.

The Khan's new handler played fair—played to win. Lutyens watched him close; but he didn't need that. He was a proper sportsman—they're all that. He gave the Khan a chance to get his wind; delayed each round as long as he could. That was what our fellows wanted.

The Khan was a bit the stronger, an' at first got a lead over the other chap; but the hawk-eyes of the natives had sized up the situation pretty well. They knew that our ram was fat, inside and out, and would tire after a bit. Their ram was as hard as nails; everything in their country is, men and all. He was like a fighting boar—gaunt and rough; all muscle and pluck, with horns of steel.

The Khan's charges became perceptibly less fierce; he wavered a little as they came together like rocks in an avalanche. His hind quarters drooped after each crash.

"This comes of you juniors always stuffing the beast with sugar or some cursed thing!" squeaked the Colonel. "You've spoiled one of the best fights ever was."

What with preliminaries, and rests between rounds, and hard fighting, the battle lasted over an hour, when finally the Khan was smashed to the earth by a glancing blow that slipped from his horns and tore along his thick neck. He'd had enough—he knew that. Not for his old master even, not for anything, would he face the music again. The tribesmen had won.

The visitors sprang to their feet and cheered the wild battle-cry of the Pathan. Up, up the hills it went, caught up and echoed from throat to throat—hundreds of them—until the whole range rang with the pean of victory. It was impressive. Our men were awed. It was like a foreboding of disaster.

The Colonel quietly handed over the rupees to Afzul. The Marris squatted on their haunches again; and Lutyens, to show that there was no ill-will, ordered hot coffee served to them.

Rahat Shah, who had handled the Khan, got him on his feet, and started to lead him over to the little group of squatted tribesmen.

The Colonel interfered. "Take the ram away from that chap," he ordered. "I believe they're trying to walk him off."

The orderly took the Khan from the Marris and put him over with our men. Rahat Shah was astonished—indignant. He hustled the orderly a little, and there was a bit of a scuffle at first; but the ram was taken away from the persistent tribesmen.

The sitting Marris muttered among themselves and commenced to move about restlessly. Afzul was energetically trying to explain something to the Baboo.

"What's the matter?" asked the Colonel. "What does he say?"

"Not understanding his talk, sir," replied the Baboo. "His talk not of my country, therefore not understanding proper. He wanting the sheep, sir, I think."

"That's rich," retorted the Colonel; "dash his eyes! I suppose they think because the ram's beaten we won't keep him. Tell them, if you can, with my salaams, that if they want him real bad, they can come and take him in their usual *zabardasti* way—there'll be a few dead Mussulmans before they get him, though. But don't hurry it, Baboo—keep them as long as you can. I'd like to hear the music of a Gatling on their flank over there."

Now the Baboo loved to talk—all Baboos do; but the Marris didn't want talk; it was the ram they were after. Besides, they hated a Baboo worse than they did the cursed Feringees, the British.

When they saw they were getting more Baboo talk than ram, they exchanged a few fierce, hot words among themselves, standing defiantly erect, then turned away, anger flipping from every fold of their loose dress, and marched sullenly down the hill, across the valley, and up where crouched their fellows.

"Gad! they're mad," said the Colonel. "Wonder what it's all about. We'll get pepper now; get ready for them, Major."

Below, the valley was silent. The dead had been turned under the rubble of earth and broken stone, and the wounded brought into the lines. The sun was almost dipping behind the peaks in the west.

With set faces the men waited for the bloodthirsty rush that would come surely: either that, or the hiss of a shrapnel coming up the valley from the relief. Which would come first? It was time for the reinforcement, if Teniers had escaped.

They could see the tribesmen creeping closer down from the surrounding hills—drawing the death circle nearer.

"Reserve your fire," said the Colonel sternly. "Give it to them when you can smell them. We'll make as good a fight as the ram did, anyway."

"By Jove! they're mad clean through," said Lutyens, as he watched the Pathans through his field glass; "they won't even wait for the dark; and to starve us out is too slow, evidently. There they go—sniping again," as little white puffs of smoke darted out from the hillside like hot breath on a frosty morning, and the "p-s-ing-g" of the singing lead struck on his ears.

Then he swept the valley to the south with the powerful glass. Nothing moved in that direction but the white of a fluttering Marris coat, or the brown of a sheepskin vest.

Lower and lower moved the white circle of the creeping tribesmen. It was like watching the foam-wash of the incoming tide.

"Fix bayonets!" commanded Lutyens; and the shining steel was clicked into place with grim earnestness.

"They don't relish the steel," said Lutyens; "we can give them points at that game anyway." It was a grim joke, for he knew well that numbers would tell in the end; and though they might be driven back once, twice, a dozen times, the Pathan wolves would come again, and again, until every throat was cut.

The foe was down in the valley now, not three hundred yards, and slipping from rock to rock—stalking their white prey.

"When they mass for the rush," said the Major to the men, "we'll give them a volley, and another before they reach us; then it'll be the bayonet against their big knives. Gad! I almost thought—no, it couldn't be. I fancied I heard a bugle; but it's one of their cursed sheep-calls, I suppose."

The Marris were armed with smooth-worn Sniders ("gas pipes") and the long-barreled *jezail*. More than half of them had nothing but the strong hungry knives that would rip and slash when they had broken the ranks.

Suddenly Afzul was seen to jump on a rock and wave a green and yellow banner. That was the signal for the onslaught. Pandemonium broke loose. Every rock and every hill echoed with a hundred tongues the fanatic Moslem cry.

"They're a noisy lot of beggars," said the Colonel; "just like the Burmese; but they'll fight better, I fancy."

Like a pack of hungry wolves giving cry they started up the ascent.

"Present! steady, men—aim low! fire!" came the commands sharp and clear from the Major.

A red circle of hot, belching fire darted from the black barrels of the Martinis; and the wailing hail swept down the hillside, and the white, rushing line swayed, staggered, trembled for an instant, and then swept on again, closing up the gaps that had been bitten into it by the eager teeth. The Sniders and the *jezails* vomited back an answer; but the stone barricade grabbed at the bullets, and only three men swayed drunkenly from the wall.

Half-way up the hill the Martinis coughed again; and the second volley plowed deeper and more terribly into the Moslem foe.

Again the line wavered; there was a lull; Afzul's voice could be heard bellowing like a mountain leopard at his hesitating men.

A low moaning shriek came up the valley; there was a crash as a shrapnel burst, and an acre of bullets hissed and screeched as they cut through the air on the charging enemy's flank. "Boo-o-m-m," ponderously came the voice of the screw-gun that had thrown the shell.

"Hurrah! the relief!" cheered Lutyens, his bared sword gleaming. "Give the hounds another volley!"

Down in the valley an English bugle was sounding the charge. "Pb-u-t-t, pb-u-t-t-pb-u-t-t!" a Gatling was chirruping, and "Boo-o-m-m!" a seven-pounder was chorusing. The advancing troops were volley firing, and the white mass of turbaned tribesmen was being rolled back like a war map.

Afzul's men had come too late—the stone wall stared at them stolidly; they broke; and fold on fold the Pathan mass was pushed back, and up through the pass they had come down from.

"Just in time, eh?" panted Teniers, as he galloped up to the detachment.

The relief was complete. It was useless to follow the Marris among the hills without cavalry.

I had gone up with the regiment, and Teniers told me all about the trouble. There was a ton of guilt on my soul; for if I had spoken, had told of the ownership of the ram, all this might have been averted. How was I to break it to the Colonel? I must tell him.

That night at dinner Lutyens suddenly broke in with, "Well, we had two ripping fights to-day."

"Was this the second attack?" queried Teniers.

"No, Nawaz Khan fought the first battle. We had a truce, and the fellows came down with a sheep built like a 'blue bull,' and he did up the Khan in fine shape."

"Why the thunder did they attack you this time, then, if they got the ram?" I asked.

"They didn't get him," said the Colonel simply in his squeaky voice. "We wouldn't give him up."

"Great Scott! sir," I exclaimed; "you've forever blasted the name of the British as true sportsmen. The fundamental principle, sir, governing all ram fights, from Calcutta to Cabul, is that the victor takes the beaten ram."

The Colonel's face turned ashy pale. That he had killed a score or more tribesmen was not the cause, for that had been a fair fight; but that he had done this thing was a disgrace—he saw that.

"More than that," I exclaimed, excited by what had been said, and seizing the opportunity, "the ram belonged to them in the first place. He was the pride of their tribe. Somebody looted him, probably the man who brought him into the regiment—Yusuf."

"How do you know that, sir?" gasped the Colonel.

I explained.

"What shall we do—what shall we do?" moaned the Colonel helplessly.

"Jove!" exclaimed Lutyens, "we must put this right. We can't have these beggars taking us for a lot of welchers. They fought game enough—and they were in the right, too."

As atonement I offered to find Afzul the next day and explain matters.

I did. Taking Teniers and a white flag, I followed up the tribesmen, and found Afzul. I explained it all.

We had trounced them, we were in force, and he realized that what I said must be true. No white man could have stolen the Khan—it must have been Yusuf.

He accompanied me back to the camp. The Khan was turned over to him, and a good indemnity paid for the dead tribesmen, for we were undoubtedly in the wrong.

"You may go through my country," said Afzul. "The fight was a good one."

WHEN THE REGIMENTS MARCH AWAY

By Frank L. Stanton

WHAT do the war-drums say
When the regiments march away
Under the old red, white and blue,
Whose blown stripes ripple "Farewell" to you—
To the tear-dimmed eyes and the hearts so true;
What do the war-drums say?

"Over the world away,
To the wrath and red o' the fray,
Go bayonets and blades
Of the gallant brigades,
From patriot-mothers and loved, fair maids;
Away! away! to the crimson fray;
And the boys will be back some day!"

What do the war-drums say
When the regiments march away
Where the trampled fields of the world are red
With the life-rain over the green turf shed,
And the drooped, torn flags enfold the dead—
What do the war-drums say?

"Under the crimson bars,
Under the storm-swept stars,
Far from the mothers and maids that weep
O'er the reddened harvest their hearts must reap,
In the love of their country they sleep—they sleep!
And away! away! to the crimson fray;
And the boys will be back some day!"

So do the war-drums say
Where the swords are keen to slay.
But what of the life-blood that falls like dew?
"It has crimsoned the stripes of the flag for you,
And given the stars to its heaven of blue!"
So do the war-drums say.



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Business Methods *for* Our Cities

MAYOR THOMAS GORDON HAYES, of Baltimore, and Mayor James Duval Phelan, of San Francisco, are attracting more interest from the students and friends of good municipal government than the executives of any other cities in the United States. It is not only due to the fact that they are both men of unusual force and capacity, but that they are inaugurating new city charters which contain many of the reforms for which good citizens have been fighting these many years. In each case the charter seeks to divorce absolutely the municipal affairs from all other politics. The municipal elections are on different dates from all other elections. There are other points of similarity between the two instruments.

The Baltimore Mayor has a four-year term at $6000 the year; the Second Branch of the City Council confirms the Mayor's appointments, and the president of this branch, who receives $3000 the year, fills the office of Mayor in case of absence or sickness of the Mayor. It requires a three-fourths vote to override the Mayor's veto. The business of the city is rigidly systematized, and all appropriations have to be passed upon by the Board of Estimates, which is composed of the heads of the main departments. The annual budget, when sent to the City Council, may be decreased, but it cannot be increased under the law. In every board or commission, minority representation is mandatory.

Mr. Hayes, the present Mayor, is between fifty and sixty years of age, and is one of the most distinguished lawyers of Maryland. He has served in the Legislature, where his vigorous independence won him reputation. He was a soldier in the Confederate war, and then a college professor, afterward studying law. His campaign last May was fought on reform lines, and he got a large share of the independent Republican vote.

The new San Francisco charter is one of the most radical ever adopted by an American city. It provides for civil service reform and economical government. The legislative body has power to raise money by taxation, but no authority to spend it, that power being reposed almost entirely in the boards appointed by the Mayor. The feature of the law, as in other recent charters, is in concentrating responsibilities in the Mayor, who has absolute powers of appointment and removal. One new feature is that on the petition of fifteen per cent. of the qualified electors any question may be submitted to the people.

Mayor Phelan is a capitalist, and is about thirty-nine years of age. He was a commissioner of the World's Fair, and was once president of the famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco. He is now serving his third term as Mayor.



PHOTO BY SACHRACH BROS., BALTIMORE, MD.

MAYOR THOMAS G. HAYES, OF BALTIMORE



PHOTO BY THOS, SAN FRANCISCO

MAYOR JAMES D. PHELAN, OF SAN FRANCISCO

PUTTING A CITY ON A BUSINESS BASIS

By Thomas G. Hayes, Mayor of Baltimore

I HAVE been Mayor of Baltimore about three months. I was elected on the regular Democratic ticket over the regular nominee of the Republican party by a majority of about 9000 votes. Baltimore had been, for the four years preceding, under the administration of two Republican Mayors. In the speeches on the hustings before my election and in the inaugural address I promised to the people of Baltimore a business administration. I have tried thus far to keep, and I think I have succeeded in keeping, my promises.

After entering upon the duties of Mayor I made a careful examination of the list of municipal employees and found a number of unnecessary office-holders; I also discovered that the salaries of a number of the necessary employees was much more than was paid for similar service in private employment. With the coöperation of a most excellent City Council, I have succeeded in abolishing all the unnecessary offices, and reducing the salaries to the standard of pay for similar service in private employment.

I also promised to put the fire department of the city under the civil service system, so that every one employed in this department should in future be taken from an eligible list, prepared by an examining board, and that the terms and tenures of all these employees should be for life, efficiency and good behavior. Every man in this department was to know that the retention of his position was solely dependent upon good and faithful service, and that neither politics nor political service had anything whatever to do with his appointment or his retention in the public service. An ordinance has been framed since I became Mayor, and approved, placing the fire department, as above explained, on the merit system, and out of the reach of politics or politicians.

When I became Mayor the appropriation for the year 1900 was pending before the City Council, but not passed. The ordinance of estimates, as it is called, was critically examined by a committee of the City Council and myself, and we succeeded in reducing the annual budget for expenditures for this year nearly one-half million dollars. This reduction did not cripple the public service, but simply reduced, in the different municipal departments, unnecessary expenditures. This recital is given simply to show what a body of courageous and firm city officials may accomplish when they are determined to give a business administration to municipal affairs.

Politics can be eliminated from municipal government, as it should be, by firm and faithful executive and legislative municipal officials. If anybody denies this, I give the above accomplished facts in Baltimore's history to refute the denial. This is but the beginning in Baltimore toward a business administration. One result already accomplished is a reduction of taxes; we hope to reduce the taxes from two dollars in the hundred dollars to one dollar and seventy-five cents in the hundred.

It may be interesting to learn how these reforms have been accomplished. In my efforts I had to contend with the combined political influence of both parties, which were united in their opposition. This opposition tried to work under cover. I fortunately knew from my experience in public life the mode and manner of the workings of the professional politicians, and thereby was prepared to know and resist their attack. My vulnerable point was the City Council. To guard this body against the attempts and attacks of these enemies of the public welfare I personally took charge of, and made myself the sentry over, the legislative department of our city government, and to their credit the members of the City Council met the assault like true and brave men, and came off victorious.

There was another great advantage we had. My administration of Baltimore was the first under the new charter passed by the Legislature in 1898. This organic act, I may be permitted to say, although as a member of the Charter Commission I helped to write it, greatly aided us. It is the best legal enactment that ever emanated from a legislature for the government of large cities. We were enabled to get so admirable a City Council because this new charter took municipal elections away from National and State elections. This provision divorced, in a measure, politics from municipal elections, and both parties, in order to get the votes of the voters who vote for the best men, were forced to nominate their very best men.

Our municipal election in May, 1899, was fought on the issue of good municipal government, and the Democratic nominees got votes of Republicans and Independents because they thought their nominees were the best men. If the election had been held in November, party issues involved in the other candidates running for National or State offices would have been involved, and, irrespective of the fitness of the nominees, the party whip would have been used.

This party coercion was tried in our municipal election in May, but to no effect. If the good people of our large cities want their municipal government taken out of politics and run on business principles, they should divorce municipal elections from National and State elections, and send for a copy of the new charter of Baltimore and get their Legislature to pass its duplicate for the government of their own cities. I shall be glad to send a copy to any one.

I am determined, as Mayor, to continue my efforts in behalf of better methods in municipal government. I shall appoint the very best men to office, men who are truly in accord with my policy. They will be both Democrats and Republicans. No politics shall enter a single department if I can prevent it. The responsibility, by our new charter, is on me as Mayor, and I propose to exert my best efforts to wisely meet the responsibility and give to the people of my city a good municipal government.

I shall be always rigorously opposed by the professional politicians of both parties, but I have the hearty support of the best thinking people of my city. I feel confident I shall accomplish something toward improving municipal government. In pursuing this policy I am none the less a Democrat. I am attached to the principles of government as enunciated by the founders of my party, and I feel that I cannot serve my party better than by striving to give to the people a non-partisan business municipal government.

MAKING CORPORATIONS PAY TAXES

By James D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco

THE street railway, electric light, gas and water companies for a long time escaped their just burden of taxation. They paid only on their tangible property, and hence was the anomalous condition of their stocks and bonds selling in the market for ten times as much as the sworn value of their property as returned by the assessor. When they desired rates fixed upon the valuation of their investment, they would insist upon the high valuation being accepted as the basis, and when they were called upon to make their statement to the assessor, they would challenge him to find any more property than was represented in plant and roadway.

Then our cities bethought themselves of franchise taxation, because the value of the franchise was manifestly the difference between the value of the plant and the selling price of the stocks and bonds on the market. A country assessor adopted this rule of determining values and the Supreme Court upheld it in the case of the City Gas Company vs. January (California Reports). The rule is that the value of the franchise for the purposes of taxation is the difference between the assessed value of the tangible property and the market price of the stocks and bonds of the corporation. Under this rule San Francisco added over $20,000,000 to its assessment roll last year.

The franchise to use the streets, in the matter of street railways, is practically an exclusive one. Without such a franchise the plant would be of no value whatever. Therefore the franchise becomes the essential and valuable asset of the company. By assessing the franchise according to this flexible rule there is nothing arbitrary in the valuation put upon it, because the stock market, with its fluctuations caused by competition or by increased earnings, fixes the value. If competition drives the company hard, its shares go down in price, and its assessment is correspondingly diminished; if the city grows, and the traffic on the road increases, the shares appreciate, and the company adds to the city's revenues. If the city regulates the car-fares, reducing them, or travel diminishes, the shares will go down, and the city loses in its revenues derived from franchise taxation, and gains by giving cheaper service to the people. The same is true of gas, electric light, water and telephone companies.

In California no exclusive franchise can be granted to a water or artificial lighting company—that is to say, any one filing a bond for the restoration of the street has a right granted by the Constitution of laying pipes and mains and conduits. We call this a Constitutional franchise. If there be no competition it is worth more, and if there be competition it is worth less, and the market determines its value from time to time. In California, and especially in San Francisco, the great corporations in the past have not paid their fair share of taxation, but now they are being put upon the same level with other property owners, and within a few years there will be a complete equalization of assessments.

The corporations have until recent years dominated every branch of the city government, but they have been overthrown in this city in several popular elections, and an endeavor will be made to overthrow their supremacy in the State. The State Board of Equalization, consisting of three members elected by districts, and the State Controller, assess the value of all railways operating in more than one county, and apportion to each county its share, according to the track mileage. This board is controlled by the railway corporations, and with increased mileage they have actually reduced assessed values, which are altogether out of proportion to the value of the stocks and bonds of the railway corporations. The people must control the Board of Equalization in order to apply the rule which I have described, and which is in vogue largely in cities and towns.

Another excellent effect of this rule is at once apparent: that it discourages the fictitious issuance of stocks and bonds, and prevents inflation. It has a tendency to preserve real values, which is a safeguard to the investing public as well as to patrons and consumers, and prevents jobbery and fraud in public utilities.

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Three Hundred Thousand Miles with Henry Ward Beecher

By Major J. B. Pond

IN MANY a group of ministers in nearly every large city in this country have I seen Mr. Beecher standing as a father, giving and receiving blessings. When he left churches and halls where he had been preaching and lecturing, crowds always surged around him, accosting him in grateful words, asking to shake hands with him, and cheering him loudly as he drove away.

Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, Jews and Catholics, all mixed in the crowds and seemed equally anxious to do him honor.

In his private conversation his speech was as perfect in quality of thought, in richness of illustration, and in precision of statement as were his public utterances. This is true of only one other man that I have ever known, and that man, Wendell Phillips, was the least like him of all orators of his day. One could spend a day in converse with either of these men, then listen to the lecture or sermon, and feel that the conversation was fully equal, if not superior, to the speech. I am bound to say from our long and intimate acquaintance that I believe Mr. Beecher's best things have been said in private.

PUBLIC SPIRIT IN THE PULPIT

Perhaps nothing more significant of his sympathy with society at large can be shown than the promptness with which he accepted an offer of Chaplaincy by the Thirteenth Regiment of the National Guard, through its commander, Colonel Austen. In January, 1878, the tender was made and accepted.

As usual, Mr. Beecher's action was canvassed and criticised in Plymouth Church, whereupon at a Friday evening prayer-meeting he said: "I did not accept, as you may readily suppose, because I had nothing to do, and because I wanted to fill up vacant time. It was not because I had any special military gifts, or that any special military proclivities led me to delight in such position. I was as much surprised as any one could be when the request was made by Colonel Austen, and I was informed that it was the unanimous wish of the officers of the regiment that I should accept the place. The first impulse I felt on receiving the invitation was to say No, but the second impulse was in the nature of a query, whether there was not some duty there. The question was not exactly, 'Should you accept the place?' but rather, 'Why should you not accept it?'"

Mr. Beecher's presence was always the occasion of a warm reception along the entire line of march when the regiment paraded.

A PAGE FROM MR. BEECHER'S FARM DIARY

His Peekskill home was his earthly paradise, and every laborer upon it, every animal, almost every insect, had its place in his heart; for that was the wonder of his greatness, that the smallest and the least shared his love and sympathy.

His delight in Nature was deep, continuous, and sometimes rapturous.

He kept a farm diary, which was picked up from among the rubbish after the family had moved away. It contained entries at different periods each summer, from the time he went to Peekskill until the autumn before his death. There were two books, bound in calf, full of entries in his own hand. It was a complete directory of the farm. Here are a few of the many hundred entries:

"June 12, 1867. Some pale maple leaves are already letting go. A few descended before my window this morning. One of them stuck into the grass stem first, and quivered in a way that would make you think it was a bird. This is the very beginning of summer, and before trees have fairly got on their summer robes they begin contribution to death.

"July 5. Bobolink sang to-day. Bluebirds, none. Robins, larks, wren, yet songful. Woodrobin, some.

"July 18, 1867. Woodthrush still vocal last night; heard it when on compound road; also in Killendgrass Wood. First new potatoes yesterday.

"July 26. Woodrobin still sings. Second brood on corner robins coming off. Rain thus far abundant.

"August 3. Vireo, song-sparrow, meadow-lark, house-wren. For two days robin song ceased. Woodthrush have not heard for two days. On twenty-ninth of July the last cut hay come again.

"August 6, 1867. Heard to-day the first yellow-hammer of the season, and also half a song of the robins, and only in snatches. Sparrow still sings. Wren silent. Sparrow yet quite vocal, and bluebirds flying in air give their soft and tender song.

"October 3, 1867. Yesterday was particularly full of birds that seem to be traveling through on their way south. Bluebirds lisped their gentle and most ladylike notes, robins flew in threes and fives, high in the air. Heard a yellow-hammer and meadow-lark sing. To-night no sound but the melodious cricket, whose gurgle is far more agreeable than the hard and grating sounds of katydid and locust.

"August 2, 1872. Robin silent for a week. Occasional note yet from woodthrush. Finches, sparrows and linnets vocal. Young brood of thrushes hatched and now flying near hickory trees. The robin is the most powerful of all singers; his voice leads all, and constitutes four-fifths of the sound in summer mornings.

"1881. After a faithful service of twenty-three years Thomas James Turner departed this life Wednesday, January 5, 1881, and was buried from my house, with service also in the Episcopal Church in Peekskill, where he had long been a communicant, and with Masonic honors, Saturday, January 8, 1881. He was, according to the measure of his gifts, an upright, faithful and trustworthy man, who served not for lucre. I should be glad to have his name associated with this place, upon which he lived from about the time I bought it, and who has had a hand in every step in improvements which made it what it is this day."

Editor's Note—This is the second and last of Major Pond's papers on Henry Ward Beecher. The first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of February 17.



DRAWN BY F. L. FITZGERALD

—as he stood almost alone on the forecastle deck, leaning on the rail, his well-known form attracted attention

OUR UNOFFICIAL AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND

In 1863 Mr. Beecher made a single speech in Great Britain—as Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote—but it was delivered in piecemeal in different places. Its exordium was on the ninth of October, in Manchester; its peroration was pronounced on the twentieth of the same month in Exeter Hall, London. The public is more or less familiar with the result of that mission.

After a few months' absence he returned to America, having finished a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic at the Court of Versailles. He had no official existence; but through the heart of the people he reached nobles, ministers, courtiers, and the throne itself. He whom the Times attacked, he whom Punch caricatured, was a power in the land. The change of the ruling classes in England, who were strong for the South, was at once manifest. As Mr. Scott, who introduced him in Exeter Hall, told me years later: "You should have been here to witness the effect of that speech as he swayed his enthusiastic audience hither and thither by his convincing arguments and appeal."

I was a soldier at that time, commanding a battalion of cavalry on the frontier of Southwestern Missouri, Kansas and the Indian country, but I read with eagerness of the great achievements of Mr. Beecher in England. We soldiers looked upon Beecher at home as Beecher in the field. He sharpened the swords, ran the bullets, and forged the cannon. His speeches read by the soldiers made Spartans out of the most timid. He inspired, encouraged and electrified as no one else could.

During all our travels and associations together in this country my anxiety and determination to have Mr. Beecher heard again in England became more and more intense. I never could get much encouragement until the spring of 1886, when, after much deliberation and urging by friends, he told me to go ahead. I immediately engaged passage from New York on Saturday morning, June 19. That eventful Friday evening prayer-meeting, the evening before Mr. and Mrs. Beecher sailed, both the lecture-room and auditorium were crowded. When the great overflow asked Mr. Beecher if they could not go into the auditorium, he replied: "No; this is our prayer-meeting room, where we have met on Friday evenings for forty years, and I do not feel like making this evening an exception." The overflow filled the main auditorium with members and friends waiting to say good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher.

HOW PLYMOUTH CHURCH SAW ITS PASTOR OFF

The ship left the wharf at six o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth, her decks crowded with passengers not yet aware of Mr. Beecher's presence; but as he stood almost alone on the forecastle deck, leaning on the rail, his well-known form attracted attention of people on the ferry-boats, and simultaneously the whistles of tugboats and other neighboring craft were sounded in salute.

Over a thousand Plymouth Church people had risen before the sun to pay a farewell tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher by an excursion down the harbor on the steamer Grand Republic.

Before we reached Liberty Island and slowed down, the Grand Republic came alongside, her throng of passengers crowded to the nearer guards, and sent up cheer after cheer.

We passed Sandy Hook at 10:30, and were soon out at sea, bound for England. We found on board baskets, bouquets and banks of flowers. Many friends had sent letters of farewell, and one had provided a basket of homing pigeons with instructions how to send the messages, what birds to fly first, and what others at two and three o'clock. Mr. Beecher wrote messages to his sons and to his friends in various parts of the country, fastened them to the birds according to directions, took the birds in his hands, playfully gave them a parting instruction, and let them fly. They reached their destination in due time.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE SECOND TRIP TO ENGLAND

On the next Saturday morning at daybreak we awoke off the Irish coast. There was a heavy fog. The fog-whistle was making a horrible din. We could hear voices in the distance, noises of life and commerce. Soon the fog lifted and we saw land. At six o'clock we reached Queenstown. Here many of our passengers disembarked, and here, with the Dublin morning papers, we got letters and telegrams, and countless invitations for Mr. Beecher to dine and to speak and lecture. We saw Gladstone announced to speak in Liverpool the following Monday and decided to remain and hear him. We received letters from Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Parker, Dr. Henry Allon, and a host of others of Mr. Beecher's clerical friends, inviting him to preach, and scores of applications from all parts of the Kingdom for lectures.

We landed in Liverpool at 7:30 in the evening, and were met by delegations from Bradford, Leeds, York, Carnarvon, Manchester, Edinburgh, Belfast, Dublin and other cities. Reporters from the London papers were also in waiting. My fondest dream was realized. And I want to tell something of that experience, because, under some strange journalistic influence, the American newspaper accounts of the trip rather left it to be inferred that there was some lack of success. But let us see.

We spent Sunday, the twenty-seventh, in Liverpool. Mr. Beecher had several invitations to preach, but was obliged to decline all since he had not regained his vigor lost in seasickness. He found his way to some church alone, and sat in a large congregation unrecognized for the first time since he was ordained a minister. In the afternoon many clergymen and many men active in politics called to pay their respects.

The first lecture in England took place in Exeter Hall, London, July 19. It was in the same hall that Mr. Beecher had spoken when last in England, during our American Civil War. I believe there was scarcely a clergyman or minister in the city of London who would have declined the honor to introduce Mr. Beecher on this occasion, but Mr. Beecher said to me on the morning of the lecture: "Pond, when I spoke here in 1863, having hard work to find some one to preside, Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the City

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of London, volunteered his services. See if you can find him; I want him to take the chair to-night."

I did find him, still Chamberlain of the city. He very modestly referred me to others who he said would gladly preside, and would lend more honor to the occasion than he could. That would not do. I told him that he was Mr. Beecher's choice. He seemed highly complimented, and kindly consented to serve for the second time. The great hall was packed, and when Mr. Scott appeared, the memory of his earlier action still green, the burst of applause which greeted him grew as it continued, the audience finally rising, waving handkerchiefs and cheering.

Mr. Scott referred to the meeting in the hall twenty-three years before. He had never regretted occupying the position filled on that occasion. Now Mr. Beecher had honored him by asking him to be present again.

MR. BEECHER ON ANGLO-SAXON UNION

Mr. Scott sat down, and Mr. Beecher arose and was greeted with deafening applause. He stood silent and impassive, his face seemingly untouched by emotion, as he looked around upon the vast audience. As the applause died away he began to speak, but before he could make himself heard the applause was again repeated, with additional emphasis, if possible, and Mr. Beecher was obliged to wait for it to cease. Then, in a strong voice that reverberated around the hall, he recalled the previous meeting. "A long lapse of time in a man's life," he said, "and such lapses give solidity to a man's opinion; they also give sagacity."

He was not surprised at the view some people took of America; they did not know the facts. "America is the younger tree, but the acorn from which it sprang fell from the English oak. Americans are of English lineage and blood. If England is not proud of America, why, then the latter will make her so"—a remark which aroused much applause. The lecture—that one on the Reign of the Common People, which so many thousands of Americans have heard with pleasure (and no two audiences ever heard alike)—occupied nearly two hours in delivery, and was frequently interrupted by applause and cheers.

THE WELCOME OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Mr. Beecher preached his first sermon in London on Sunday, July 4, 1886, in City Temple, whose pastor was the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker. The congregation were admitted by ticket—church members first, then the public, to the capacity of the auditorium. Hundreds, and I may say thousands, came who had to be turned away. That week the religious and secular press teemed with praise for the great American preacher. Every daily paper in London had some kindly notice of him. It is not usual in England for the secular press to notice religious doings, especially those of dissenters, so called. Every denomination has its well-supported organ.

More generous criticism could not have been written than Mr. Beecher received at the hands of the secular and religious press. His sermon was published verbatim, with extended editorial comment.

Sunday, July 11, was an interesting day. Mr. Beecher preached in Union Chapel, Islington, London, for his old friend, the Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, the scholarly representative of the highest class of cultivated, well-educated Congregationalists. There was as great a congregation of intelligent people as I have ever seen. The usual system of first admitting members of the society by ticket was adopted exclusively up to a certain hour. Then the doors were thrown open to the public, and the large auditorium was immediately packed to its utmost capacity. As great a throng outside was unable to get in.

THE VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

After service, and dinner with Doctor and Mrs. Allon, Mr. Beecher and I, by invitation of Dean Bradley, visited Westminster Abbey, where a number of clergymen of the Church of England were gathered to meet him in the parlors of the Deanery. Tea was served, and the Dean invited Mr. Beecher through the various historical private rooms about the Abbey. Dean Stanley's library and desk were just as when he died. Incidents and anecdotes of their late friend were exchanged between the Dean and Mr. Beecher. The clergymen listened to the dialogue as though fearing to lose a word. As Mr. Beecher entered the Jerusalem Chamber he said:

"I am struck with awe. No room has greater interest to me, unless it be the 'Upper Room.'"

He recalled with remarkable rapidity and correctness the many religious events that had taken place there—the Westminster Assembly and Confession of Faith, the two revisions of the Bible, etc.—and the eminent and scholarly men brought up within the very gates of that sanctuary listened with intense interest to his eloquent exposition of what must have seemed their own peculiar province of history.

The affection and respect with which Mr. Beecher was greeted by English clergymen—those of the Establishment as well as Non-Conformists—was very marked.

The Dean of Canterbury said to Mr. Beecher himself:

"There is one thing, Mr. Beecher, for which we must all thank you, and that is for what you have taught us of the Fatherhood of God."

When Mr. Beecher went (in 1886) through England and Scotland he was hailed on every side by ministers who bore the most grateful testimony to the happy influence which his ministry had exercised upon their spiritual lives. Many of these men, too, had seen and heard him in America.

Doctor Howson, the Dean of Chester, and joint author with Conybeare of the scholarly and famous Life of St. Paul, came to Plymouth Church to see the man and hear the voice whose printed words had been so much to him. I accompanied him to Plymouth Church. We went home with Mr. Beecher, and they had a delightful time together; and on his return to England he sent one of his books in return for one Mr. Beecher had given him, inscribed, "For gold I give thee brass."

I must make a special allusion to the meeting with the theological students in City Temple on Friday morning, October 15. There were about 600 of the students to whom Mr. Beecher was to talk. The remaining seats in the Temple were set aside for ministers and clergymen of all denominations, college professors and visitors, who were admitted on presentation of their personal cards. These were taken up at the door at my request, and I now have the cards of 618 ministers, who, in addition to the students and professors, thronged the meeting, notwithstanding that the rain descended in torrents.

It was estimated by the pastor, Doctor Parker, that nearly 3000 people were present.

Never was Mr. Beecher more elevated in thought, more eloquent in expression, more tender in feeling; and never did I witness a multitude of earnest men more thoroughly filled with Christian joy than on this occasion.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten morning. The address was one of great power—suggestive, reminiscent, witty, full of wisdom and experience; but the great intellectual display came afterward, when he said he would try to answer any question put to him.

A TILT AT ARMS IN THE FIELD OF THEOLOGY

I imagine that of all people to ask uncomfortable and insoluble questions, the young theological student, freshly familiar with all the dogmatic niceties and doubts of the books, is the most troublesome, and Mr. Beecher, who always freely laid himself open by great breadth of statement, was an ideal target for their ingenuity. The first question keyed him up to the keenest enjoyment of the situation. For over half an hour he stood there, alert, excited, but never a more complete master of all his powers, and replied to the questions thrust at him from every side in rapid succession—questions of every conceivable sort, in theory, practice and speculation. His replies were invariably brief, and they came as quickly as a flash of lightning. It seemed as if you could see his mind flash. He was witty, sarcastic, subtle and humorous. His replies, commonly the very essence of common-sense, went to the mark like a bullet. Here is one question from the balcony that turned the laugh on the interlocutor very suddenly: "Mr. Beecher, I am a clergyman. May I beg to ask one question? I have simply to say how very grateful we should be if, as many of us are unable to hear you on Sunday morning, you could preach anywhere within our reach on Sunday evening."

Mr. Beecher, quick as a flash: "I shall be perfectly willing to preach in St. Paul's, or at Westminster, any hour."

"I mean in any chapel in London."

Mr. Beecher: "I am afraid I shall have to carry out my original purpose in that regard. I have been preaching in the chapels in London some time, and should like to try some of the larger buildings."

The last lecture of the tour had been delivered in Dublin. There was much handshaking; the people had got as thoroughly warmed as they dared. Mr. Beecher was jolly and happy as he extended his hand to the hesitating people gathered around him, seemingly wishing and hoping, but scarcely venturing, to approach him. "Come right along," he said; "this is my good-by shake. I am glad to see you."

We rode back to our hotel. To-morrow we would be on our way to America. Mrs. Beecher had supper waiting, and we had our small jokes and enjoyed ourselves. Never were three people more happy. Mr. Beecher reminded me that this was not the first time we had knocked off, a day at a time, a long lecture tour.

Between the fourth of July and the twenty-first of October, fifteen and a half weeks, Mr. Beecher had preached seventeen times, delivered nine public addresses and fifty-eight lectures. For the fifty-eight lectures he cleared the sum of $11,600 net of all expenses for himself and Mrs. Beecher from the day they sailed from New York, June 19, to the day they arrived at their home in Brooklyn, October 31. This was his summer vacation.



DRAWN BY F. L. FITHIAN

One had provided a basket of homing pigeons, with instructions how to send messages

Miss Terry's Matinée to the Blind

EVERY one knows that, as a class, the actors are a most kind-hearted folk. One of the latest incidents of this kind occurred during Miss Terry's recent engagement in Washington.

Like all other visitors who go to the National Capital, Miss Terry was taken to see the Congressional Library. While going through it she was shown into the Pavilion of the Blind. She was greatly interested at once; she went through the beautiful room, examining carefully the books which are printed in the raised characters, the typewriters which are made to write in the same manner, and the cards and games, and all the time questioning Miss Giffin as to what had been done and was doing for the blind. Miss Giffin, who has been the efficient superintendent of the department ever since it was established, explained in detail the plan of the department, and told her of the readings that are given there five afternoons each week, and at which some of the most distinguished people in Washington, resident and visiting, come to read to the blind; of the musicales which are given in the pavilion every Wednesday, and of the generosity of the street-car lines in providing free tickets.

"And I am in hopes," added Miss Giffin in conclusion, "that in time we may secure free sittings for them in the theatres, as is done for them now on the continent, where they can hear and enjoy the standard plays."

"But would they enjoy it?" asked Miss Terry, "when they could not see the acting?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Miss Giffin. "Perhaps you do not know it, but the loss of sight of the eyes is largely made up to those who are thus afflicted in the marvelous sight of the mind. Their imaginative powers are wonderful, and their keen minds picture all that they hear so vividly that I sometimes think they realize more fully what is going on about them than they would if they saw it with natural eyes."

"Well, then," said Miss Terry, "let us, you and I, inaugurate in this country the custom of sending the blind to the theatres. I will send you the tickets for as many as you think would care to go to hear me in The Amber Heart, Saturday afternoon, and then you can bring them."

On the next Friday the tickets were sent, according to the promise, and a happier party was never seen than were the twenty blind persons Miss Giffin took with her to the theatre the following day. Excellent seats had been reserved for them, and all during the play they listened with rapt attention. So acute were their ears that several times during the afternoon when Miss Terry turned her face toward them in speaking they would whisper excitedly to one another, "See! She is looking at us; she is saying that just to us!" When the play was over, at her invitation they gathered in one of the boxes and she came down to meet them. She sat down amongst them while each one lightly passed their skillful fingers over her face and called her their "Beautiful, beautiful Ellaline," and poured out their gratitude to her for what they declared was the happiest afternoon of their lives.

She was very much touched by the incident, and as she left them she assured them that they had been an inspiration to her and that she should never forget them. That she did not forget them was evident. She went from Washington to Baltimore, and two of the blind girls wrote her a letter, further expressing the gratitude which they felt to her. In a few days the following answer came to them in her own handwriting:

> "My Dears: I am so much gratified to hear that you liked The Amber Heart. Next time you must hear Sir Henry.
>
> "Miss Giffin did come to me here—and we had a lovely time together. Remember me to her affectionately, and also to Mr. Hutcheson and Mr. Washington Coleman. With love to you all, Yours always the same, ELLEN TERRY."

Below it she had written in point her name, which she underscored twice and added an exclamatory "There!"

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MEN & WOMEN
Close-Range Studies



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HERBERT PUTNAM

The Diplomacy of Herbert Putnam

In his brief but successful career as a public librarian, Herbert Putnam, the new Congressional Librarian, has faced three varied problems, of which he has mastered two and holds the solution of the third in his grasp. He established a public library in Minneapolis, popularized another one in Boston, and now in Washington he has begun to make the National Library as comprehensive and powerful an institution, so far as this country is concerned, as the British Museum is in Great Britain. One of the chief factors in Mr. Putnam's success is his tact. He has the rare ability of saying "no" without giving offense. In his intercourse with his employees as well as with the public he is the personification of placidity.

As an illustration of his tact the following story was told the other day by an intimate friend in New York:

When Mr. Putnam was the head of the Public Library in Boston a ward leader of that city called on him to recommend a henchman for a place in the library.

There was no reason why the librarian should not have refused at once and peremptorily to appoint him, but he chose to follow another course.

After a few minutes' talk with the politician, Mr. Putnam asked him whether he had ever been through all the departments of the institution.

"I never have, but I'd like to see it," replied the politician.

"It will give me much pleasure to go with you," said Mr. Putnam.

Mr. Putnam took him behind the counters and through the building from top to bottom, explaining the character and the magnitude of the work in detail. He further pointed out, without seeming to do so, the varied duties of the employees and the attainments they must possess to do the work. When the tour was ended, Mr. Putnam said:

"I'm pleased to have had a chance to show the library to you, and if your friend will fill out an application blank and send it, and if he passes the necessary examination, I think there will be no difficulty in placing his name on the waiting list."

The politician, however, had seen enough of library work to convince him that his constituent could find no place on the staff, and the blank was never filled out. But, to the day he left Boston, Mr. Putnam had no warmer admirer in that city than this same ward leader.

Mr. Putnam is still under thirty-nine. He is a native of New York and a graduate of Harvard. He is a member of the bar and he practiced law three years in Boston.

MRS. GRACE GALLATIN THOMPSON

PHOTO BY DESBOROUGH & VAN BRUNT, NEW YORK



Doctor Jenkins and Some of His Jokes

Dr. William T. Jenkins has been in public office in New York so many years that only the very oldest newspaper reporters remember the time he was not a deputy coroner or something higher on the official roll. The doctor is a brother-in-law of Richard Croker. In appearance he is rather short, florid, somewhat stout and mild-mannered, and more than almost any other official in Gotham he answers to the misused term, "genial." For many years, with few interruptions, the doctor has been Health Officer of the Port, and in that capacity has made himself the friend of every ship news reporter in the city—except one.

He lost this man's friendship through his fondness for practical jokes. The doctor is an inveterate wag. This reporter, who is now an influential editor, was, like all other beginners when he served his apprenticeship, down at Quarantine Station, on Staten Island. He was honest, simple-minded, credulous and industrious, and the other reporters had rare sport with him. At length the doctor took a hand. The tyro had already been led into writing such improbable items as "The California day boat has been driven ashore on Mosquito bar by a Jersey sand storm. No lives lost," and "The Peruvian bark Calisaya is four days overdue," and had been properly admonished by his city editor for his gullibility, but when the health officer one night told him gravely that he had "fumigated twelve thousand crates of molasses," he believed it, and wrote it, and was transferred on account of it.

It was years before the reporter had his turn, but it came, as all things do to him who waits. A Sunday newspaper hired him to furnish a column of personal gossip, and he led it off one day with a pleasant little item to the effect that "Doctor Jenkins was trying to buy a match for a three months' old black and white kitten, and was willing to pay five dollars for a perfect duplicate of his pet." The result can better be imagined than described. The reporter had paid back the debt with compound interest. And a month after this had appeared and Quarantine Station had quieted down, albeit there were many times more kittens there than ever before, the vengeful reporter wrote the following connection:

"The item about Doctor Jenkins and his kitten was an error. The genial doctor does not care for a kitten. It is a black and white puppy-dog that he wants, and he will pay ten dollars for any pup that suits him. Free ferriage to and from the Island for all persons having pups to sell."

Ernest Seton Thompson's Literary Partner

Mrs. Grace Gallatin Thompson, wife of Ernest Seton Thompson, the naturalist, painter, lecturer and author, has spent her winters, since her marriage, four years ago, in New York on the top floor of an old Fifth Avenue mansion, the lower floors of which are given over to piano warerooms and business offices. Here she has fitted up a studio and living rooms that are, in spite of their location, as dainty and secluded as if they were miles away. Every summer Mrs. Thompson spends several months with her husband in the Rockies. When they were married, Mrs. Thompson exacted a promise that every fourth summer should be spent in Europe, but so potent is the influence of the camp that they will return next summer in August to spend the rest of the season in the far West.

It is hard to say which is Mrs. Thompson's busiest time. In the summer she rides, studies and hunts with her husband. It should be explained that "hunting" does not refer to killing. No game is killed in the Thompson camp except for food. They do hunt, however, for rare specimens of furred and feathered forest dwellers, and they are remarkably successful in their quests.

In the winter Mrs. Thompson writes, draws and makes her husband's books. She directs the matter of letterpress display and the illustrations. When Mr. Thompson's first book was brought out, Mrs. Thompson's revolutionary ideas caused a conflict between her and the publishers over every page. She won each battle, however, and since that time she has had her own way, undisputed, for it is undeniably attractive and has been of great aid to her husband's success.

Early in their married career the story got abroad that Mrs. Thompson was a vegetarian, because of her husband's well-known antipathy to taking animal life needlessly, and once when they were the star guests at a fashionable Western hotel she had some difficulty in being served with meat. She got it after a while, as she has got most things she wanted, but she lost a part of the glamour that fame had built up around her.



PHOTO BY DESBOROUGH & VAN BRUNT, NEW YORK

EARLE H. EATON

Mr. Eaton's Subterranean Adventure

"The most exciting morning I ever spent," said Earle H. Eaton, Editor of the American Press Association, the other day, "was with a well-shooter. Few people know what a well-shooter is, so I don't mind saying that he is a professional who handles dynamite and other high explosives in wells and deep mines. The name, I am told, came from Pennsylvania, in the old oil days when trained operators renewed the life of wells by exploding heavy charges of dynamite or nitroglycerin at the bottom of the shaft.

"When I was invited to descend a deep salt mine at Piffard, New York, in the Warsaw salt district, in company with a well-shooter, I gladly accepted. Despite his dangerous vocation, he was a genial and even merry soul. We went down in a steel cage. It looked very nice on the outside, but the moment it started its plunge downward into darkness I found myself on my knees holding on to a convenient steel cross-bar. We descended one thousand feet, more or less, and then came to the salt formation where the rock salt is fifty or sixty feet thick. It is drilled by means of compressed air. The holes are charged with dynamite cartridges. These are connected by wires from a battery, and when the place is cleared the touch of a button brings forth an explosion which throws down carloads of salt. Upon my arrival the preparations for a blast were nearly complete, and Mr. Gallagher, the foreman, politely inquired, 'Do you prefer to go up out of the mine or stay here and stand a blow?'

"The question was so startling that I asked, 'Is it possible to stand the blow?'

"He answered nonchalantly, 'Yes, if you stand away from it thirty feet, get on your tiptoes, and keep your mouth wide open. If you don't it will break the drums of your ears and possibly start your nose to bleed.'

"Impelled by some mysterious curiosity, I made up my mind to stand the blow. The foreman placed me in a corner where I could not be hit by flying fragments. I stood on my toe tips and opened my mouth until I thought my jaws were dislocated.

"'I'll count three,' said the foreman, 'and then I'll touch her off. One—Keep your mouth open. Two—Keep your mouth open. Three.'

"Then came the queerest sensation I ever had. It was a roar alongside of which a cannonade is silence. It seemed as if the solid mine had suddenly come together and crushed me flat as a sheet of paper. Then the walls expanded and my body with them. The foreman said afterward that it was the air inside of me contracting and expanding, and I fancy he knew what he was talking about. It was a novel experience, but a very satisfying one, and never since then have I been inclined to accept an invitation to stand a blow in a salt mine."

Anna Gould's Professor of Feudal Law

Professor Isaac Franklin Russell, dean of the woman's law class of the University of New York, is a wit as well as a jurist and scholar. On one occasion a young woman in one of his classes said:

"The old common law seems to be full of contradictions."

"It is," replied the Professor. "For example, fee-tail has no end, and a fee-male cannot have any possible relation to a woman."

On another occasion a student asked: "In the old days the law favored the eldest son; nowadays, which of the family does the law favor?"

The Dean replied: "Why, the survivor, of course."

Professor Russell was one of the counsel who drew up the marriage settlements of Anna Gould and the Count de Castellane. By an odd coincidence, a year before, the bride was a student in his class, and was one of the best informed of the women upon feudal law and the legal status of Royalty and nobility. Probably no French noblewoman is better acquainted with her own legal rights, duties and liabilities than the millionaire American Countess.

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OF THE HOUR
of Contemporaries

Treed by the Wrong Dog

This is a story concerning Dr. F. S. Newcomer, of Indianapolis, a relative by marriage of General Harrison; of Alfred Freemont Potts, a well-known lawyer, of the Hoosier Capital; and of a newspaper reporter now living in New York. It is a true story.

Once upon a time Doctor Newcomer bought a prize English bulldog, fierce, ugly, forbidding, and disagreeable even to his closest friends. At night the Doctor turned him loose to keep tramps and burglars from his yard. The arrival of this brute was a matter of public interest, and the reporter wrote stories about him, exploiting his ferocity and his pedigree, and even printed a picture of him. The reporter lived across the street from the Doctor, on a shady, quiet cross street lined with young trees protected by tree-boxes from vandal horses.

One night, late, the reporter, coming home from his office, heard a deep, hoarse growl and a hurried scratching of gravel from across the street. Without waiting to interrogate, he climbed up a tree-box, and the same moment a dog hurled himself in the darkness against the foot of the same and gave utterance to a grewsome and blood-curdling bark.

"Good doggie," observed the reporter in conciliatory tones from his perch; "good doggie, nice doggie. That's a good old dog."

Then he made a step downward, at which the good old dog charged again on the tree-box and renewed his growl. This was repeated a number of times. At length the reporter tried a new tack. He appealed to the dog's sense of gratitude, and he spoke with the eloquence of despair.

"Do you think this is a fair deal?" he asked plaintively. "I've written you up. I've printed your picture. I have given you a name among Indianapolis dogs. I don't expect you to send me a check, but do you think it is right to keep me up in this tree-box from three o'clock until daylight?"

The dog answered with a deeper, hoarser and fiercer growl than before. There was no pity in his soul, and the man in the tree shivered and waited with all the patience he could muster. After an hour of captivity and argument the captor indiscreetly strolled over to the gas lamp in front of the reporter's house. Whereupon the reporter came down and, walking up to the dog, kicked him until he ran yelping and whining across the street. It was not Newcomer's dog at all, but an undersized, woolly mongrel belonging to Mr. Potts—a toothless family retainer that had acquired his hoarseness from a bad cold.

Sheriff Dunn's Palace in Ireland

Last fall's election in New York made an ex-Sheriff of Thomas Dunn, a millionaire contractor and one of the most popular office-holders in Gotham. Mr. Dunn is a self-made man. He came to New York from Ireland when he was young, and knew, from infancy, all there is to know about the practical side of poverty. He amassed his fortune in business before he went into politics. Among other things, the ex-Sheriff is enthusiastically patriotic, and this trait almost led him into perpetrating a bull that probably would have become historic. When New York was preparing to welcome Admiral Dewey, Mr. Dunn arranged for a mammoth decoration many feet wide and many more yards long, flaming in color and bearing the inscription:

"Welcome Home to Dewey."

This flaring sign he proposed displaying on the Sheriff's official residence, which happens to be the Ludlow Street jail. But wise counsel prevented, and the sign was shown elsewhere.

During the campaign when Mr. Dunn was elected he was invited by some friends to dine with Judge P. Henry Dugro, the millionaire owner of the Savoy Hotel, where the Infanta Eulalie was entertained during her visit to New York. The Judge, who is something of a wag, and having in mind the early poverty of Mr. Dunn, thought with his friends to dazzle him with the splendor of this dining-room, which is really a very gorgeous affair and is used only on state occasions. So the apartment was specially decorated and made more than ordinarily brilliant. After the party had assembled, the host led Mr. Dunn around the room, pointing out the rare pictures and the onyx mantels. He did this rather patronizingly, as had been agreed between himself and the other guests, and therefore he was not surprised when Mr. Dunn sighed deeply.

"What's the matter, Tom?" he asked; "anything wrong?"

"No," replied the politician sadly; "only this sort of thing makes me lonesome."

"Lonesome?" echoed the conspirators.

"Yes. It reminds me so much of my mother's place in ould Ireland."



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SARA ANDERSON

Miss Anderson's First Song

Sara Anderson, the oratorio singer who achieved lasting fame at the great Worcester festival of 1898, contemplates giving up the concert for the operatic stage and will probably make the change after the close of her concert season in London next summer. Miss Anderson comes of a musical family. Her mother is Mrs. Sara Barron Anderson, once the famous contralto of Doctor Paxton's church. Her father and her sister are also proficient musicians, and their home in New York is a favorite resort for local and visiting singers and composers.

A close friend of the family is authority for the following story of the manner in which Miss Anderson began her musical career: When she was less than twelve years old she heard her mother sing a lullaby in her parlor at an entertainment. The next day she surprised her family by singing the song precisely as she had heard it, although it was a difficult composition. So true was her memory that she did not make a mistake in a single note.

The next week she began music lessons, and so carefully was she trained and so little publicity attended her efforts, that when she appeared at Worcester she was wholly unknown to the metropolitan critics. Since then her advancement has been remarkably rapid. She was the leading star at the Cincinnati festival last summer.

A Filipino Tartar

Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Sargeant, U. S. A., before the late conflict with Spain won literary laurels by two scholarly volumes on the campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte. During that war he had but little opportunity to take part in battle, his duties being to organize and drill the volunteers at the mobilization camps and, after August, to look after engineering and sanitary matters at Santiago de Cuba. Early last year he was sent to the Philippines, where he has had his full share of the hardest campaigning. He was under the immediate command of Lawton at the battle of San Mateo and was being praised by General Lawton for his gallantry when that officer fell, pierced by a hostile bullet.

Colonel Sargeant tells many enjoyable war stories. Once when instructing some men, he asked, "When you are on the skirmish line, and suddenly encounter the enemy, what would you do?"

"Fall flat." "And what next?" "Stay there."

On another occasion he was questioning a man respecting his absence for six hours.

"I was chasing a Filipino an hour, sir."

"How about the other five hours?"

"The Filipino and his friends were chasing me, sir."

Buffalo Bill's Clever Daughter

Mrs. H. S. Boal, one of the best-known women of Wyoming, enjoys the double distinction of being the daughter of Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," and of residing in a community whose legal title is "B. X. —— Ranch, Slack, Wyoming." No one can tell more interesting stories of her distinguished father, and not even her father has been more pestered with questions by foolish or inquisitive people. Among some of the startling queries which have been put to her are these:

"I suppose you have a very large collection of Indian scalps?"

"Have you ever been scalped yourself?"

"Do you keep buffaloes as domestic pets?"

Once, on the ranch while she was entertaining a foreign stranger, her father rode by and she said, "There's Colonel Cody now."

The man looked at the horseman long and anxiously.

"Are you sure about it?"

"Certainly: I know him very well, indeed."

"Well, I declare, I was never so surprised in my life. Why that man is a gentleman, and not an Indian at all."



PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GRIGGS

The Attorney-General as a Prophet

Attorney-General Griggs is credited with making a reputation for sound advice and clear thought quicker than almost any other man connected with the present Administration. It was as the friend of the late Vice-President that Governor Griggs, of New Jersey, entered into national life. His selection was not generally discussed in advance and his appointment quickly followed his choice. He came into the Cabinet as the Spanish war clouds were preparing to break. At this crisis he was one of the most trustworthy of President McKinley's advisers.

A New York newspaper man, high in the President's councils, tells the following hitherto unwritten story of the Attorney-General's early foresight as to the results of the war. It was at a small dinner given by Senator Hanna in his private rooms at the Arlington. The guests were Secretaries Bliss and Alger, Mr. Griggs and the newspaper man. The Maine had been blown up and the report of the Investigating Board was nearly completed, and the newspapers were full of excitement.

"We are certain to have war," remarked one of the party sententiously.

This statement was not disputed and the diners proceeded to discuss the merits of the controversy with Spain unreservedly. All agreed that war was not only inevitable, but that this country was fully justified in any action it might take.

There was no doubt either as to the result of the conflict, although no one prophesied the speedy victory for American arms that ensued.

While the statesmen were outlining with more or less enthusiasm the plan of action which was so soon to be realized, Mr. Griggs remained silent.

"What do you think, General?" asked one of the Secretaries.

"There is no doubt that we will win if ever we enter into a war with Spain," replied the Attorney-General. "I agree with what has been said in that matter, but our chief troubles will not begin until after peace is declared. After Spain has been defeated, then the responsibilities of the United States will begin and they will not be so easily disposed of." These words made a deep impression.

At that time the present complication in the Philippines was not thought of. Cuba and Puerto Rico were the only Spanish colonies discussed. But fewer prophecies of late years have been fulfilled more completely and in shorter time than that of the new Attorney-General.

MRS. H. S. BOAL

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Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—Harris, George and the author—are touring Germany awheel, a tandem and a safety being their mounts. After many vicissitudes, and adventures with policemen, shopkeepers and street sprinklers, they reach Baden in good order.

The Ways of the German Dog

FROM Baden, about which it need only be said that it is a pleasure resort singularly like other pleasure resorts of the same description, we started bicycling in earnest. We planned a ten-days' tour which, while completing the Black Forest, should include a spin down the Donau-Thal, which, for the twenty miles from Tuttlingen to Sigmaringen, is, perhaps, the finest valley in all Germany. The Danube stream here winds its narrow way past old-world, unspoiled villages; past ancient monasteries, nestling in green pastures, where still the barefooted and bareheaded friar, his rope girdle tight about his loins, shepherds, with crook in hand, his sheep upon the hillsides; through rocky woods; between sheer walls of cliff, whose every towering crag stands crowned with ruined fortress, church or castle; together with a *blick* at the Vosges Mountains, where half the population is bitterly pained if you speak to them in French, the other half being insulted when you address them in German, and the whole indignantly contemptuous at the first sound of English—a state of things that renders conversation with the stranger somewhat nervous work.

We did not succeed in carrying out our program in its entirety, for the reason that human performance lags ever behind human intention. It is easy to say and believe at three o'clock in the afternoon that "We will rise at five, breakfast lightly at half-past, and start away at six."

"Then we shall be well on our way before the heat of the day sets in," remarks one.

"This time of the year, the early morning is really the best part of the day. Don't you think so?" adds another.

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"So cool and fresh."

"And the half lights are so exquisite."

The first morning one maintains one's vows. The party assembles at half-past five. It is very silent; individually, somewhat snappy; inclined to grumble with its food; also with most other things; the atmosphere charged with compressed irritability, seeking its vent. In the evening the Tempter's voice is heard:

"I think if we got off by half-past six, sharp, that would be time enough."

The voice of Virtue protests faintly: "It will be breaking our resolution."

Then Tempter replies: "Resolutions were made for man, not man for resolutions. Besides, it is disturbing the whole hotel; think of the poor servants."

The voice of Virtue continues, but even feebler: "But everybody gets up early in these parts."

"They would not if they were not obliged to, poor things. Say breakfast at half-past six, punctual; that will be disturbing nobody."

Thus Sin masquerades under the guise of Good, and one sleeps till six, explaining to one's conscience, who, however, doesn't believe it, that one does this because of unselfish consideration for others. I have known such consideration to extend until seven of the clock.

Likewise distance measured with a pair of compasses is not precisely the same as when measured by the leg.

"Ten miles an hour for seven hours, seventy miles. A nice, easy day's work."

"There are some stiff hills to climb."

"The other side to come down. Say eight miles an hour, and call it sixty miles. If we can't average eight miles an hour we had better go in bath-chairs." It does seem somewhat impossible to do less, on paper.

But at four o'clock in the afternoon the voice of Duty rings less trumpet-toned.

"Well, I suppose we ought to be getting on."

"Oh, there's no hurry; don't fuss. Lovely view from here, isn't it?"

"Very. Don't forget that we are twenty-five miles from St. Blasien."

"How far?"

"Twenty-five miles; a little over, if anything."

"Do you mean we have only come thirty-five miles?"

"That's all."

"Nonsense. I don't believe that map of yours."

"It is impossible, you know. We have been riding steadily ever since the first thing this morning."

"No, we haven't. We didn't get away till eight, to begin with."

"Quarter to eight."

"Well, quarter to eight; and every half-dozen miles we have stopped."

"We have only stopped to look at the view. It's no good coming to see a country and then not seeing it."

"And we have had to pull up some stiff hills."

"Besides, it has been an exceptionally hot day."

"Well, don't forget St. Blasien is twenty-five miles off, that's all."

"Any more hills?"

"Yes, two; up and down."

"I thought you said it was down hill into St. Blasien?"

"So it is for the last ten miles. We are twenty-five miles from St. Blasien here."

"Isn't there anywhere between here and St. Blasien? What's that little place there on the lake?"

"It isn't St. Blasien, or anywhere near it. There's a danger in beginning that sort of thing."

"There's a danger in overworking one's self. One should study moderation in all things. Pretty little place, that Titisee, according to the map; looks as if there would be good air there."

"All right, I'm agreeable. It was you fellows suggested our making for St. Blasien."

"Oh, I'm not so keen on St. Blasien—poky little place, down in a valley. This Titisee, I should say, was ever so much nicer."

"Quite near, isn't it?"

"Five miles."

General chorus: "We'll stop at Titisee."

George made discovery of this difference between theory and practice on the very first day of our ride.

"I thought," said George—he was riding the single, Harris and I being a little ahead on the tandem—"that the idea was to train up the hills, and ride down them."

"So it is," answered Harris, "as a general rule. But the trains don't go up *every* hill in the Black Forest."

"Somehow I felt a suspicion that they wouldn't," growled George; and for a while silence reigned.

"Besides," remarked Harris, who had evidently been ruminating the subject, "you would not wish to have nothing but down-hill, surely. It would not be playing the game. One must take a little rough with one's smooth."

Again there returned silence, broken this time by George.

"Don't you two fellows overexert yourselves merely on my account," said George.

"How so?" asked Harris.



"I was looking at one on a boarding in Sloane Street only a day or two before we started"

"I mean," answered George, "that where a train does happen to be going up these hills, don't you put aside the idea of taking it for fear of outraging my finer feelings. Personally, I am prepared to go up all these hills in a railway train, even if it's not playing the game. I'll square the thing with my conscience; I've been up at seven every day for a week now, and I calculate it owes me a bit. Don't you consider me in the matter at all."

We promised to bear this in mind, and again the ride continued in dogged dumbness, until it was again broken by George.

"What bicycle did you say this was of yours?" asked George.

Harris told him. I forget of what particular manufacture it happened to be; it is immaterial.

"Are you sure?" persisted George.

"Of course I'm sure," answered Harris. "Why, what's the matter with it?"

"Well, it doesn't come up to the poster," said George, "that's all."

"What poster?" asked Harris.

"The poster advertising this particular brand of cycle," explained George. "I was looking at one on a boarding in Sloane Street only a day or two before we started. A man was riding this make of machine—a man with a banner in his hand; he wasn't doing any work, that was as clear as daylight; he was just sitting on the thing and drinking in the air. The bicycle was going of its own accord, and going well. This thing of yours leaves all the work to me. It is a lazy brute of a machine; if you don't shove, it simply does nothing. I should complain about it if I were you."

When one comes to think of it, few bicycles do realize the poster. On only one poster that I can recollect have I seen the rider represented as doing any work. But then, this man was being pursued by a bull. In ordinary cases the object of the artist is to convince the hesitating neophyte that the sport of bicycling consists in sitting on a luxurious saddle and being moved rapidly in the direction you wish to go by unseen Heavenly powers.

Generally speaking, the rider is a lady, and then one feels that, for perfect bodily rest combined with entire freedom from mental anxiety, slumber upon a water-bed cannot compare with bicycle riding upon a hilly road. No fairy traveling on a summer cloud could take things more easily than does the bicycle girl, according to the poster. Her costume for cycling in hot weather is ideal. Old-fashioned landladies might refuse her lunch, it is true; and a narrow-minded police force might desire to secure her and wrap her in a rug preliminary to summoning her. But such she heeds not. Up hill and down hill, through traffic that might tax the ingenuity of a cat, over road surfaces calculated to break the average steam-roller she passes, a vision of idle loveliness; her fair hair streaming to the wind, her sylphlike form poised airily, one foot upon the saddle, the other resting lightly upon the lamp. Sometimes she condescends to sit down on the saddle; then she puts her feet upon the rests, lights a cigarette, and waves above her head a Chinese lantern.

Less often, it is a mere male thing that rides the machine. He is not so accomplished an acrobat as is the lady; but simple tricks, such as standing on the saddle and waving flags, drinking beer or beef tea while riding, he can and does

"DON'T YOU TWO FELLOWS OVEREXERT YOURSELVES MERELY ON MY ACCOUNT," SAID GEORGE



Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

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perform; something, one supposes, he must do to occupy his mind. Sitting still hour after hour on this machine, having no work to do, nothing to think about, must pall upon any man of active temperament. Thus it is that we see him rising on his pedals, as he nears the top of some high hill, to apostrophize the sun or address poetry to the surrounding scenery.

Occasionally the poster pictures a pair of cyclists; and then one grasps the fact how much superior for purposes of flirtation is the modern bicycle to the old-fashioned parlor or the played-out garden gate. He and she mount their bicycles, being careful, of course, that they are of the right make. After that they have nothing to think about but the old sweet tale. Down shady lanes, through busy towns on market days, merrily roll the wheels of the "Bermondsey Company's Bottom Bracket Britain's Best," or of the "Camberwell Company's Jointless Eureka." They need no pedaling; they require no guiding. Give them their heads, and tell them what time you want to get home, and that is all they ask. While Edwin leans from his saddle to whisper the dear old nothings in Angelina's ear, while Angelina's face, to hide its blushes, is turned toward the horizon at the back, the magic bicycles pursue their even course.

And the sun is always shining, and the roads are always dry. No stern parent rides behind, no interfering aunt beside, no demon small-boy brother is peeping around the corner; there never comes a skid. Ah, me! Why were there no "Britain's Best" nor "Camberwell Eurekas" to be hired when we were young?

Or, maybe, the "Britain's Best" or the "Camberwell Eureka" stands leaning against a gate; maybe it is tired. It has worked hard all the afternoon, carrying these young people. Mercifully minded, they have dismounted, to give the machine a rest. They sit upon the grass beneath the shade of graceful boughs; it is long and dry grass. A stream flows by their feet. All is idleness and peace.

That is ever the idea the cycle poster artist sets himself to convey—idleness and peace.

But I am wrong in saying that no cyclist, according to the poster, ever works. Now I come to reflect, I have seen posters representing gentlemen on cycles working very hard—overworking themselves, one might almost say. They are thin and haggard with the toil, the perspiration stands upon their brow in beads; you feel that if there is another hill beyond the poster they must either get off or die. But this is the result of their own folly. This happens because they will persist in riding a machine of an inferior make. Were they riding a "Putney Popular" or "Battersea Bounder," such as the sensible young man in the centre of the poster rides, then all this unnecessary labor would be saved to them. Then all required of them would be, as in gratitude bound, to look happy; perhaps occasionally to back-pedal a little when the machine in its youthful buoyancy loses its head for a moment and dashes on too swiftly.

You tired young men, sitting dejectedly on milestones, too spent to heed the steady rain that soaks you through; you weary maidens, with the straight, damp hair, anxious about the time, longing to swear, not knowing how; you stout, bald men, vanishing visibly as you pant and grunt along the endless road; you purple, dejected matrons, plying with pain the slow, unwilling wheel—why did you not see to it that you bought a "Britain's Best" or a "Camberwell Eureka"? Why are these bicycles of inferior make so prevalent throughout the land?

Or is it with bicycling as with all other things?—does life at no point realize the poster?

The one thing in Germany that never fails to charm and fascinate me is the German dog. In England one grows tired of the old breeds, one knows them all so well: the mastiff, the plum-pudding dog, the terrier (black, white or rough-haired, as the case may be, but always quarrelsome), the collie, the bulldog; never anything new. Now, in Germany you get variety. You come across dogs the like of which you have never seen before; that until you hear them bark you do not know are dogs. It is all so fresh, so interesting. George stopped a dog in Sigmaringen, and drew our attention to it. It suggested a cross between a codfish and a poodle. I would not like to be positive it was *not* a cross between a codfish and a poodle. Harris tried to photograph it, but it ran up a fence and disappeared through some bushes.

I do not know what the German breeder's idea is; at present he retains his secret. George suggests he is aiming at a griffin. There is much to bear out this theory; and indeed, in one or two cases I have come across, success on these lines would seem to have been almost achieved. Yet I cannot bring myself to believe that such are anything more than mere accidents. The German mind is practical, and I fail to see the object of a griffin. If mere quaintness of design be desired, is there not already the dachshund? What more is needed? Besides, about a house, a griffin would be so inconvenient; people would be continually treading on its tail. My idea is that the Germans are trying for a mermaid, which they will then train to catch fish.

For your German does not encourage laziness in any living thing. He likes to see his dogs work, and the German dog loves work; of that there can be no doubt. The life of the English dog must be a misery to him. Imagine a strong, active and intelligent being, of exceptionally energetic temperament, condemned to spend twenty-four hours a day in absolute idleness! How would you like it yourself? No wonder he feels misunderstood, yearns for the unattainable, and gets himself into trouble generally.

Now the German dog, on the other hand, has plenty to occupy his mind. He is busy and important. Watch him as he walks along harnessed to his milk cart. No churchwarden at collection time could feel or look more pleased with himself. He does not do any real work; the human being does the pushing, he does the barking; that is his idea of division of labor. What he says to himself is:

"The old man can't bark, but he can shove. Very well."

The interest and the pride he takes in the business are quite beautiful to see. Another dog passing by makes, maybe, some jeering remark, casting discredit upon the creaminess of the milk. He stops suddenly, quite regardless of the traffic.

"I beg your pardon, what was that you said about our milk?"

"I said nothing about your milk," retorts the other dog, in a tone of gentle innocence; "I merely said it was a fine day, and asked the price of chalk."

"Oh, you asked the price of chalk, did you? Would you like to know?"

"Yes, thanks; somehow I thought you could tell me."

"You are quite right; I can. It's worth——"

"Oh, do come along," says the old lady, who is tired and hot, and anxious to finish her round.

"Yes, but hang it all, did you hear what he hinted about our milk?"

"Oh, never mind him. There's a tram coming around the corner; we shall all get run over."

"Yes, but I do mind him; one has one's proper pride. He asked the price of chalk,



—and, standing one each side of the poor beast, they both abused it

and he's going to know it! It's worth just twenty times as much——"

"You'll have the whole thing over, I know you will," cries the old lady pathetically, struggling with all her feeble strength to haul him back. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! I do wish I had left you at home."

The tram is bearing down upon them; a cab driver is shouting at them; another huge brute, hoping to be in time to take a hand, is dragging a bread cart, followed by a screaming child, across the road from the opposite side; a small crowd is collecting; and a policeman is hastening to the scene.

"It's worth," says the milk dog, "just twenty times as much as you'll be worth before I've done with you."

"Oh, you think so, do you?"

"Yes, I do, you grandson of a French spaniel, you fried fish-eating——"

"There! I knew you'd have it over," says the poor milkwoman. "I told him he'd have it over."

But he is busy and heeds her not. Five minutes later, when the traffic is renewed, when the bread girl has collected her muddy rolls, and the policeman has gone off with the name and address of everybody in the street, he consents to look behind him.

"It *is* a bit of an upset," he admits; then, shaking himself free of care, he adds cheerfully: "But I guess I taught him the price of chalk. He won't interfere with us again, I'm thinking."

"I'm sure I hope not," says the old lady, regarding dejectedly the milky road.

But his favorite sport is to wait at the top of the hill for another dog, and then race down. On these occasions the chief occupation of the other fellow is to run about behind, picking up the scattered articles, loaves, cabbages or shirts, as they are jerked out. At the bottom of the hill he stops and waits for his friend.

"Good race, wasn't it?" he remarks, panting, as the Human comes up, laden to the chin. "I believe I'd have won it, too, if it hadn't been for that fool of a small boy. He was right in my way just as I turned the corner. *You noticed him?* Wish *I* had, beastly brat! What's he yelling like that for? *Because I knocked him down and ran over him?* Well, why didn't he get out of the way? It's disgraceful, the way people leave their children about for other *creatures* to tumble over. Halloo! did all those things come out? You couldn't have packed them very carefully; you should see to a thing like that. *You did not dream of my tearing down the hill, twenty miles an hour?* Surely you know me better than to expect I'd let that old Schneider's dog pass me without an effort. But there, you never think. You're sure you've got them all? *You believe so?* I shouldn't 'believe,' if I were you; I should run back up the hill again and make sure. *You feel too tired?* Oh, all right; don't blame me if anything is missing, that's all."

He is so self-willed. He is cock-sure that the correct turning is the second on the right, and nothing will persuade him that it is the third. He is positive he can get across the road in time, and will not be convinced until he sees the cart smashed up. Then he is very apologetic, it is true. But of what use is that? As he is usually the size and strength of a young bull, and his human companion is generally a weak-kneed old man or woman, or a small child, he has his way. The greatest punishment his proprietor can inflict upon him is to leave him at home, and take the cart out alone. But your German is too kind-hearted to do this often.

That he is harnessed to the cart for anybody's pleasure but his own it is impossible to believe; and I am confident that the German peasant plans the tiny harness and fashions the little cart purely with the hope of gratifying his dog. In other countries—in Belgium, Holland and France—I have seen these draught dogs ill treated and overworked; but in Germany, never. Germans abuse animals shockingly. I have seen a German stand in front of his horse and call it every name he could lay his tongue to. But the horse, like the husband of King Alfred's hostess, was evidently used to it, and did not mind. I have seen a German, weary with abusing his horse, call to his wife to come out and assist him. When she came he told her what the horse had done. Maybe, carried away by his passion, he exaggerated, making the animal out worse than it really was. Be this as it may, the recital roused the woman's temper to almost equal heat with his own; and, standing one each side of the poor beast, they both abused it. They abused its dead mother, they insulted its father; they made cutting remarks about its personal appearance, its intelligence, its moral sense, its general ability as a horse. The animal bore the torrent with exemplary patience for a while; then it did the best thing possible to do under the circumstances. Without losing its own temper, without replying a word, it moved quietly away. The lady returned to her washing, and the man followed the horse up the street, still abusing it.

A kinder-hearted people than the Germans there is no need for. Cruelty to animal or child is a thing almost unknown in the land. The whip with them is a musical instrument; its crack is heard from morning to night, but a coachman that in the streets of Dresden I once saw use one was very nearly lynched by the indignant crowd. Germany is the only country in Europe where the traveler can settle himself comfortably in his hired carriage, confident that his gentle, willing friend between the shafts will be neither overworked nor cruelly treated.

Shanks and the Civil War Censors

OF THE great journalists of the Civil War period, one of the few survivors is William F. G. Shanks, who for many years was an editor of the New York Tribune. During the conflict he won high distinction by the ingenious method whereby he outwitted some of the Generals in command. An order had been issued which practically prohibited the sending home of any news, excepting what met the approval of some young officers who had been appointed censors.

Every paper suffered immediately with the exception of the Tribune. Day after day it published the news in full to the surprise and wrath of the Generals. They made an investigation, but without results. Shanks' letters were studied and examined to see if he used invisible ink or verbal cryptograms. All were alike in containing few facts and many remarks about remittances, accounts, cashier's mistakes and other private monetary matters.

Yet every letter contained the news and it was conveyed in the sentences which spoke about the correspondent's finances. He had foreseen the emergency and made a code which covered nearly every possible military movement.

"Last week's pay received" meant "the army will move forward;" "send me fifty dollars," "the enemy are being reenforced," and so forth. So skillfully was it done that a sympathetic censor offered to lend the correspondent enough money for his wants until a remittance arrived.

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American Crudity

GIVE the American an inch, if you would see him begin at once the conquest of the yardstick. We are an enterprising people, a successful people, enormously acquisitive and ruthlessly sincere; but it is not accurate to call us ungenerous; nor are we crude.

To be sure, a certain class of Americans, taking the cue from alien critics, keep themselves busy telling us how refined Europe is, and how boorish America is; but what criterion do they apply in making up their estimate of our standing? Measured by the European standard, we may be lacking; it would be strange were our civilization of the same structure, substance and dimensions as that of the Old World. It does not follow, however, that because society in New York or Kalamazoo is different from society in Paris or Florence, it is necessarily crude. Why not measure Europe by the American tape-line? By doing this we could at least preserve our self-respect. Europe has age and experience on its side of the line; but age and experience do not always conserve grace, symmetry, strength, the three elements of excellence in form; nor does it, as a rule, happen that years and the wear and tear of exertion leave in the spiritual countenance the fine debonair expression of a triumphant and intelligent youth. Montaigne observed that age "fixed more furrows in the soul than in the face."

By what standard of excellence is France, for example, found superior to America? We need not be ill-tempered and suggest the Dreyfus incident as prohibiting comparison; but certainly those who are constantly decrying our social and political status out of one corner of their mouths, while out of the other they blow endless praise of foreign culture, refinement and *savoir faire*, will acknowledge the impossibility of a Dreyfus horror in an American court. A rope is no stronger than its weakest point, and the administration of justice ought not to be the weak point in a high civilization.

We have our lynchings; but it would be a weak judge of American life who could conclude that the unlawful hanging of a felon by a rural mob is as significant here as is the fact in France of a citizen's fortifying his house and for weeks defying the whole government. The meaning lies much deeper than mere political organization can reach. It belongs to breeding, to generations of men and women educated by unsound example, by insincere moral, domestic, religious and political teaching, and informed by influences generated in decaying public honor and private virtue.

What the phrase "high culture" ought to mean exists in America more generally and evenly distributed than in any other country in the world. Some of us may not pay due attention to the silk tile; we may sometimes even wear a swallow-tailed coat in broad daylight; but a polygamist cannot sit with us in Congress, and we know the difference between lying and diplomacy. Moreover, we are not vulgarly revengeful. The Paris Exposition will not suffer on account of the bitter things said of us by Frenchmen and French journals during our war with Spain. *Noblesse oblige*; we wish our friends of the Old World great success; especially do we wish long life and great reforms to the Republic of France.

High culture is sound culture, and may exist without much knowledge of, or particular respect for, mere conventional superficialities. The culture which has counted for most in American life is the practical education of the masses in moral government. It begins in the home, where domestic purity flourishes; it goes on through school; it passes into the place of business, it governs at the ballot-box and holds fast in official life. There is corruption, there are bad citizens, depraved homes and dishonored offices; but as a people we are sound to the core. Our culture may not be of the swallow-tail variety, but it is serving us a better turn than could be commanded by all the conventional superiority of Europe.

Nor must self-abasing American critics lose sight of the impression we have recently been making on the Old World, despite its self-pride and almost idolatrous regard for tradition. Diplomacy is said to be the test of national equipoise; but we have reformed diplomacy by changing it to plain, respectful and perfectly frank talk. Our culture says what it means. We are not afraid to be sincere, and do not hesitate to demand sincerity. The fact is, we are no longer a nation of pioneers and backwoodsmen; we rank with the best, and the time has come for us to dismiss the critics who still harp on the worn-out theory that we are a very respectable people, but ridiculously crude.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

♦ ♦

First opportunities fly low, among the little things, just over the desk.

♦ ♦

Men Who "Can't Afford It"

MANY people who have the time and inclination to be curious about the affairs of others are greatly puzzled by the dissimilar surroundings and possessions of acquaintances who are greatly alike in taste, intelligence and income. One man succeeds in sending his children to college; another, no poorer, does not, and insists that he cannot. There are men in very modest circumstances who have books and pictures and ornaments which make their homes admired by all beholders, whereas the houses of some other men of the vicinity—their owners no whit less prosperous—have bare walls and a barnlike effect; their occupants may read much, but the books are borrowed. One man subscribes to all the high-class magazines and periodicals; his next-door neighbor has only the cheapest. Smith's wife and daughters dress well; Brown, whose income equals Smith's, and whose family is no larger, is called mean by the gentler sex because the women of his family wear only gowns that are old or shabby or common. Of two city men whose incomes are alike and whose families do not differ in size, one sends his wife and children to the country for the summer, while the other gives his family a short outing or none.

It would seem that there is no truth in the common theory that with equality of incomes and responsibilities all families would be alike prosperous and well-supplied, for the men who lack the comforts and luxuries enjoyed by their neighbors declare that they cannot afford them, nor can they understand how others succeed in getting them, unless by lucky speculations, or credit-stretching, or downright theft.

It may be that the lacking ones have secret yet noble uses for money in ways that their neighbors and critics know not of. They may be helping the poor, or contributing largely to religious associations, or saving money with which to endow college professorships, or they may be patriotically reducing the national debt by occasionally burning some greenbacks and destroying the ashes. They declare that they do not speculate, neither do they gamble, and their neighbors believe them. But if they do none of these things, and if "figures don't lie," how is it that they cannot afford the many things which they desire and which their no-richer acquaintances enjoy?

Among the articles largely desired and consumed by civilized beings of all classes are two of which men seldom deprive themselves solely on the ground that they can't afford them; these are liquors and cigars. It is certain that many well-meaning and reputable people who never were charged with excess consume so much of one or the other, or both, that the annual cost thereof must be quite large. Some persons—and, strangely enough, all of them non-users of these creature comforts—have taken the pains to compute the outlay on the moderate drinker's potations and the moderate smoker's cigars. The figures—which may not be entirely accurate—may be had by any one who is curious on the subject, and they may be manipulated so as to show that a week's supply of cigars, no matter how cheap, costs as much as a good book, a box of cigars as much as a framed picture or a sightly bit of bric-à-brac; and that the drinks of the man who never takes too much amount in a month to the price of a silk dress or a parlor rug, and that a boy could be kept at college a year with the money required for liquor and cigars by the man who uses both in moderation.

Is it possible that such figures explain the trouble of some respectable men who complain that they "can't afford it"?

—JOHN HARBERTON.

♦ ♦

Dollars brought together in a savings bank conspire for wealth.

♦ ♦

The Opening of a New Era

HISTORY shows that it is difficult—if not, indeed, quite impossible—for any age to discern the true purport of its own activities. Old ideals control public thought and new ideals emerge from the efforts made to reconcile new conditions with the old ideals, but the process is so gradual that it generally escapes contemporary observation. It requires but little reflection to discover that this fact introduces a valuable principle of conservatism in social progress, so that great transformations can take place without any breach of social continuity. The difference between the United States of to-day and the United States of Washington's time is as great as the difference between the acorn and the oak, but the Republic is still that which the Fathers planted.

Nevertheless, though it is impossible to foretell what the future may bring forth, there are some events so significant that it is plain that they are turning points of destiny. Such an event was the Declaration of Independence, the importance of which was apparent to contemporary observers, although they were quite unable to measure that importance. Such an event was the war with Spain, which unquestionably marks the beginning of a new era in our national history, although its nature is yet to be developed and will hardly be disclosed until our posterity, with accomplished results before them, are in a position to appreciate what we are now doing.

One fact which has already made its way to the front of our politics is that the assumption of responsibilities for the government of distant countries and peoples produces vital reactions upon our domestic affairs. Questions of this order are now confronting Congress, and their political importance is becoming sharply manifest. But how great their importance we can hardly realize, although history warns us how vast the possibilities may be.

It is, however, no reproach to our politics that such vast issues are being dealt with in a spirit of opportunism, and that party positions are being taken rather with regard to present considerations of political expediency than upon a broad view of ultimate results. This is really the only safe process, for it keeps on the safe ground of practical experience and coördinates political development with social conditions. The impulse of expansion and the fear of imperialism are reciprocal forces in the working out of national destiny under the new conditions which have presented themselves, and the vigor of contention as to the true course of national policy is a far more hopeful augury of the future than would be a wave of enthusiasm for new ideals and new principles, sweeping the nation from its old habits of thought and action.

—HENRY JONES FORD.

♦ ♦

Good for the new Congress! It is proving that oratory is not a lost art.

♦ ♦

Making the Machine Work for Good

A POLITICAL reformer, prominent in a certain Western State, not long ago worked hard to control a campaign. He succeeded in getting control of the balance of power by sending out workers who secured pledges from voters to oppose the candidates blacklisted by a certain committee. When the list of tabooed ones appeared it was found to hold the names of certain candidates who had been looked upon as clean, honest men.

When asked why those men had been blacklisted, the reformer replied that they were members of a "combination," that a "combination" was a political "machine," and that his organization was radically opposed to all political "machinery." Then he launched his votes and won a victory. The organization he had perfected was a political "combination" and a political "machine." Yet the reformer did not realize that he had been inconsistent.

This condemnation of the political "machine" by the reformer is part of a general tendency of the mind to mistake the particular for the general, to condemn the general system because specific instances are worthy of condemnation.

Yet if much-desired reforms in politics are ever to be brought about, the usefulness of the "machine" method must be recognized by reformers. Let us suppose a certain element controls the politics of a great State. This element is known as the "machine." Reformers denounce it as corrupt. They are determined to throttle it and purify the State administration. They believe they can do this at the polls, and set to work. They find that speakers must be sent to enlighten the people. To do this money must be furnished for expenses, since not even reformers can often pay hotel bills out of their own pockets. So a committee is appointed to look after funds. Now it is seen that there must be some one to look after the press notices, some one else to organize a house-to-house canvass, a force to "get out the vote," and a score of other committees and individuals to do various necessary parts of the campaign work. These wants are met as they arise. Some one is assigned to each detail, and the organization becomes thorough and effective. But this organization is a "machine." Tell the reformers so and they will probably shake their heads at first. Then they will say:

"Perhaps it is a machine, but it is a GOOD MACHINE. It is not like the one we are working to destroy."

Now they are getting at the point. It was not "machines" they were fighting, but bad machines. To overthrow one bad "machine," which they had in mind, they organized a good one. They tell you they found it absolutely necessary to do so. They have done one of the things they complained about in the old machine; they have to a certain extent given up their individuality, for all organization entails a sacrifice of individuality. But they are likely to accomplish their purpose and they bless their "machine."

Luther complained that the devil had all the good tunes. So may good people complain that the demagogues and political villains have at least more than their share of the good political methods. It has been a mistake for the good people to allow this. It will be well for us if we stop talking against political organization and political "machines." Let us be specific, and cry out against bad machines. If we recognize the value of "machinery" in doing good and bringing about reform, and if we make use of it, we will hasten the millennium.

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY



PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE

The Live Interest of Solemn Documents

The longer we live the more we appreciate how little direct personal interest there is for the great majority of people in mere documents. If you were asked about your college diploma, there are 999 chances out of a thousand that you could not recall what it said, and certainly equal chances that you could not read it after you hunted it up. Take a more vital illustration, your marriage certificate—that is, if you are married—and the marriage license, if you contemplate that important and essential introduction to content and happiness. You do not recall what it says, nor are you particularly interested in the phraseology. You are satisfied simply because it represents the fact itself. You know you were graduated and you know that you were married or are going to be married, and the papers in the case do not bother you. It seems utterly illogical, but, at the same time, it shows human nature.

Thus in the treaties between nations, in the documents that represent the higher interests of civilization and politics, we find a lack of interest that would be incomprehensible did we not appreciate the attitude of the average citizen who knows that certain agreements have been reached, or are being reached, and is satisfied with the fact, and willing to leave the technical expression of it to the experts.

This apathy, however, cannot continue, for, as the world grows older, it is absolutely certain that treaties will be the great stepping-stones in its upward march. They not only summarize the progress that has gone before, but give the sure footings for forward movement. Indeed there are signs that the people are awakening to the value of these instruments. A fine illustration of this quickness of thought and understanding was shown when the new convention to supersede the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was made public. Within twenty-four hours there were editorial comments and interviews exhibiting a wonderfully wide and correct grasp of history and modern conditions, so that the complex question was brought to such a simplicity that it could be discussed at the dinner-table.

The Hard Lines of Modern Treaties

For nearly six hundred years treaties have been made, and each following the other has marked a change in the world's relations. For hundreds of years they were between sovereign states; the legislative body had nothing to do with it. To this day that is a fact in many countries, even in Great Britain. With us the treaty must have a two-thirds vote in the United States Senate, so that it is obliged to pass under the most critical and the most aggressive ordeal. It is the same way in France, and the time will undoubtedly come when no treaty will be made except with the consent of at least one branch of the legislative body of any nation. This has its advantages and disadvantages. Of course it delays action. There are many people in this country who believe that if the Senate had not been so long in confirming the treaty with Spain we should not have had the war with the Filipinos.

SENATOR MORGAN, OF ALABAMA

PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Diplomatists are notoriously suspicious of legislatures, but the legislature is as suspicious of diplomacy as diplomacy is distrustful of legislation. It is not pleasant for a State Department to bend its energies to a great achievement and then to have the whole thing attacked and possibly changed by newspapers and Senators. But in this age of publicity the delicate sensibilities of kid-gloved statesmanship must take knocks and shocks as part of the game.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of Eighteen-Fifty

The original Clayton-Bulwer treaty was ratified in 1850. The rush of population to the Pacific Coast had shown the certainty of a canal across the isthmus. In 1849 this country entered into a treaty with Nicaragua for such a canal by way of Lake Nicaragua, but one end of it, Greytown, was occupied by British settlers, and Great Britain claimed a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, who were supposed to own some territory in that neighborhood. The feeling ran high, and Mr. Clayton, who was Secretary of State, asked, through Sir H. L. Bulwer, the British Minister at Washington, that Great Britain withdraw her claims to the coast so as to permit the canal to be built under the joint control of the United States and Nicaragua. The British Government declined, but agreed to enter into a treaty for a joint protectorate over the canal. This was negotiated by Mr. Clayton and Sir H. L. Bulwer, and was signed at Washington April 19, 1850. Each nation declared that it would not obtain an exclusive control over the said ship canal, nor erect fortifications commanding the same, nor exercise any authority over any part of Central America.

This treaty never gave satisfaction, and six years ago Mr. Frelinghuysen, our Secretary of State, said in an official dispatch that the treaty was void. These were his words: "First, that the consideration of the treaty having failed, its object never having been accomplished, the United States did not receive that for which they covenanted; and second, that Great Britain has persistently violated her agreement not to colonize the Central American coast." Mr. Morgan in the Senate and Mr. Hepburn in the House introduced measures looking to absolute control of the canal by the United States.

The New Treaty for the Nicaragua Canal

On February 5, 1900, John Hay, the Secretary of State, and Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, signed a new treaty to supersede the Clayton-Bulwer convention. This agreed:

1. That "the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the Government of the United States."

2. That "the canal shall be free and open in time of war as in time of peace to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of equity, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

3. "No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the water adjacent. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness or disorder.

4. "The canal shall never be blockaded, and vessels of war of the belligerents shall not take stores in it except so far as it may be strictly necessary."

Of course, the formal document comprises numerous articles and many sections, but the points enumerated above contain the gist of the convention. The opposition was mainly upon the prohibition of fortifications. To the British contention that it was placing the canal on the same basis as the Suez Canal, it was pointed out that Great Britain commands all the approaches to the Suez Canal, and has provided well for its use if war should occur. It was further stated that Great Britain, in her West India possessions, possessed the nearest base to the Nicaragua Canal. In addition to all that, it was claimed that Great Britain had already nullified the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and that this new negotiation was in no sense necessary.

Thus the contest began and continued in the newspapers and in Congress. According to the agreement made between Messrs. Hay and Pauncefote, the ratification shall be exchanged at Washington or at London within six months from the date of signature, which fixes the limit of time at July 5.

The Two Great Republics Getting Closer Together

The Dingley Tariff Act gave to diplomacy the making of certain commercial conventions that would place the products of the United States on a better footing. Five treaties were made with Great Britain, all relating to the British West India Islands. The sixth and the most important was with France. This was in line with the declaration of Section IV of the tariff law, giving the President power to renew reciprocity treaties, so that American products might be placed on the same equality with those of the most favored nations.

The negotiations between the United States and France lasted nearly two years. This country secured concessions on 644 heads, the rates being on an average of about twenty per cent. below those of the general tariff of France. France secured from this country important concessions on over one hundred of her chief products, the reductions ranging from five to twenty per cent. A long fight was made to secure lower rates on French wines, but this failed.

Without going into technical details, it may be said that the new treaty placed the products of the United States on the same basis in France as the products of Great Britain and Germany, while heretofore our products have had to pay the maximum rates. An idea of the change is seen in respect to petroleum and mineral oils. By this treaty the saving in duties will each year reach five millions of dollars.

A great many business questions are involved in the treaty, and it may have a hard time both at Washington and at Paris. It represents a vast amount of work and negotiation, however, and the men who made it will do all they can to save it, even though it be amended.



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SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR

A Great Treaty that Got Through Safely

One important treaty, the greatest of its kind the world has ever known, has succeeded in getting through without the usual difficulties. It is the famous peace and arbitration treaty made at The Hague last year. This treaty is a convention among the nations of the earth, and the fact that nearly all of them have signed it gives it a unique place in the annals of mankind. The usual methods of ratification had to be modified in order to meet the peculiar conditions. In the case of the United States the acceptance of it by a two-thirds vote in the Senate and by the President's signature is followed by the deposit of the document at The Hague by the United States Minister. The usual exchange that attends treaties could not be carried out very well in this case, and The Hague authorities will simply notify each Power who is party to the treaty of the fact of ratification.

One point in this new treaty is of vast importance to this country. It is a special amendment stipulating that the United States shall not be required by the treaty to depart from the policy of not interfering with the political affairs of foreign states, and further saying, "Nor shall anything contained in the said convention be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions." In other words, in signing The Hague treaty our Government did not sign away the Monroe Doctrine.

Another interesting point is that this new treaty provides a few pleasant offices for distinguished statesmen. Within the next few months the President will name four persons, of known competency in questions of international law, to serve as the representatives of the United States on the permanent board created by the treaty. The term of service is six years, and of course the compensation—no definite salary is mentioned—will be very liberal. The expenses of the International Bureau will be shared by the different nations.

Leading Questions Still to Be Settled

There are other great treaties that will be concluded within the next few years. Although the United States, by a happy stroke of diplomacy, secured in China the open door for the world, and now possesses the promises of the Powers to that effect in writing, there will be a treaty or a series of treaties summarizing and perfecting the work.

The matter that promises the greatest difficulty for us is the Alaskan boundary line. The question at issue has not been settled, in spite of the work of able commissioners.

There is a *modus vivendi* which does not give Canada the seaport that she wants, and it is quite certain that she will insist upon her great ambition, and that the English Government will do all it can to help her. It is quite likely, however, that this matter will be held in abeyance until England is not so busy in other parts of the world. It has been freely stated that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty has some bearing on the Alaskan situation, and this had much to do with opposition to it. England's friendship is not doubted, but nobody is sure when making treaties or trading horses.

REPRESENTATIVE HEPBURN, OF IOWA

PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.



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The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

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"That'll be the Serapis, I'm thinkin'"

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

Seventh Chapter

THERE are only two men-of-war in the whole lot."

"Right, Yer Honor; that 'un near the shore thereaway looks like a big frigate. That'll be the Serapis, I'm thinkin'."

"Yes, and that one farther out the Scarborough."

"Aye, aye, sir; an' all the rest of 'em is merchantmen. There ain't a gun on board any of 'em. Nice pickin's them'll be fur us poor sailormen arter we dispose of them war-vessels. Dash my wig, jist think of them fat traders, an' we a-rummagin' among 'em——"

"That will do, Price. Just moderate your transports a little," said the officer, stepping forward to the brow of the hill and taking another long look at the harbor.

"I ain't no transport," muttered the garrulous old man under his breath; "I won't carry no soldiers nowhere. I'm a man-o'-war, I am"; but he took good care that his superior should not hear these somewhat insubordinate remarks.

"Well," said the latter, turning about after his close scrutiny, "I think we have ascertained about all we have come for. They are the Baltic convoy, without doubt, and you would better make a straight course for the ship at once and report."

"An' you, sir?" asked the old man respectfully. "Won't you come along, sir? I hate to cut cable an' leave you here adrift alone, Yer Honor."

"No," answered the officer after a reflective pause, "I think I shall go up to that castle on the bluff beyond and find out a little more definitely as to the situation, if possible. Meanwhile, do you get on your horse and ride back to Bridlington Bay. Go aboard the Alert; tell Mr. Lunt from me to join the Richard to the southward at once, and notify Captain Jones of what we have seen. Tell him I think it will be perfectly safe for him to come on, for there is a great fleet of merchant ships here with only two ships of war. I will find some means to join him at the rendezvous before the rest of the ships can assemble and they can get under way. Now, bear a hand; don't let the grass grow under your keel."

"Oh, Yer Honor, have I got to git on board that 'ere four-legged craft ag'in?" said old Price ruefully.

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

"That's what you have to do, my lad," remarked the officer cheerfully.

"Seems like somethin's wrong with him," said the old sailor. "A animal wot steers by the head is contrary like to Natur'. Now, if I could only git him to go about on t'other tack, or wear him, by shiftin' his tail, I'd understand him perfectly, but this 'ere tiller-rope business over his bows is wot gits me; an', sir, I can't make out with them 'ere stirrups, nuther; it's like hangin' on to the yardarm in a tossin' sea without no footropes. Howsomever, if I must, I must, I guess."

"Oh, you won't mind it," replied the officer, laughing at the old man's rueful face; "besides, the wind's fair, and you'll be going free most of the way. Just give him a touch of your weather heel and you'll soon make the harbor."

"I never thought about the wind," said the veteran gunner thoughtfully, his face brightening as he turned and listened for it. "Yer Honor's right. 'Twill be plain sailin'. Well, sir, anchors a-weigh and here goes."

The old seaman, giving great evidence of his disinclination, in spite of the favoring breeze, at last climbed upon the back of his staid old horse, and, resisting the temptation to give him his direction by a pull of the tail, got under way and lurched rapidly down the road. Left to himself, the Lieutenant mounted his own horse—surprising to state, for a sailor, he was an excellent horseman—and rode down toward the sleeping town nestled around Scarborough harbor, where a large fleet of merchant ships, convoyed by two men-of-war, rode quietly at their anchors.

Opposite the acclivity on which the two men had stood, and to the north of the town, rose a bold headland, or scar, almost an island, to the height of about three hundred feet. The rugged crest was crowned by a picturesque old castle. The headland jutted out boldly into the sea, and the wild waters dashed upon its walls from every side. Access to the castle was by means of a causeway and bridge springing over a rocky and otherwise impassable connection between the cliff and the mainland, which was sometimes flooded at high tide.

Portions of the castle were in bad repair, or had been dismantled in the several wars in which it had played a memorable part since its erection in 1136 by a follower of William the Conqueror; but a large part of it was still habitable, and had been provided with a sufficient garrison. A heavy water battery, which had been placed in position during the rebellion in 1745, had been strengthened and reënforced recently.

Captain Jones, in the Bon Homme Richard, had been cruising around the coasts of the British Islands for some time. He had heard of the expected arrival of the Baltic fleet in these waters, and had presumed that they would make Scarborough harbor. Word had been received from a small trader he had overhauled that a large number of ships had assembled in that harbor, and in order to ascertain whether he might safely attack them with his small nondescript squadron he had accepted the voluntary services of Lieutenant O'Neill, seconded by Gunner Price, of the Bon Homme Richard.

They had gone on ahead of the squadron in the cutter Alert, and had landed below Flamborough headland, and had ridden thence to Scarborough to ascertain the facts. The Alert was to carry the news back to Jones, who was on the Richard, farther down the coast, and the vessels of his squadron were all to assemble a day or two later in Bridlington Bay, a small and unimportant town with a good harbor, within easy reach of the expected prey. Should the report of the scouts be favorable, the squadron would proceed at once to attack the convoy.

On their journey to Scarborough O'Neill had ascertained from a passing countryman that Lord Westbrooke was still Governor of the castle, and he at once surmised that Lady Elizabeth Howard would probably be there with her guardian. More than twice the year he had asked for from her had elapsed, and many untoward circumstances had prevented him from carrying out his plan of seeking her; but she had ever been in his heart, and time and separation had but intensified his love. The mercurial Irishman had been deeply smitten by the English beauty, and the constancy of his devotion evidenced the depth of the impression made.

When Jones had returned with the Ranger from his first successful cruise, he and his officers had been feted and made much of by the French Court. The gallant adventures in which he had participated lent a new charm to the fascinating personality of the son of the old Marshal, whose social position was already everything that could be desired, and his heart accordingly had been a target for repeated attacks upon the part of the bright-eyed and fascinating dames of France—but to no avail.

Something of the story of his devotion had been allowed to leak out, however, to account for his obduracy, and they finally understood why he was so unusually insensible to their charms. This romance only added a piquancy to the feminine pursuit of which he was the object, although the ladies' sportive love chase proved in the end unavailing. He had resolved, O'Neill said, to show the world that unusual spectacle, a constant Irishman! That was to attempt the impossible, had been the quick reply, but nevertheless he had accomplished it.

Our Celtic mariner continued in the American service—not that he cared particularly for America, for democratic doctrines could never be acceptable to a follower of the young Stuart and the intimate associate of the young nobles of France; but first because he saw in it renewed opportunities to annoy and humiliate the stout Hanoverian whom he and his people hated, and from whom they had received much harm; and second, because he was so much attracted by the strong personality of Paul Jones. So great had become his regard for this wonderful man that he had even waived considerations of rank in favor of an American, the gallant Richard Dale, and had consented to serve as Second Lieutenant, instead of First, on the Richard, when that famous ship and her ill-assorted consorts started forth upon the memorable cruise.

The tacticians of the French Navy, unfortunately, were not given to consider downright hard fighting as the end and aim of naval enterprise. Their manœuvres were calculated to annoy and harass the enemy, but their first thought was not to destroy his ships, but to protect their own—a fatal mistake in policy from which they have ever suffered. This was not John Paul Jones' way. Whatever else he was, he was a fighter from the beginning to the end, and O'Neill found in him a congenial spirit.

The lovelorn Irishman had tried several times to communicate with Lady Elizabeth by letter and messenger, but without success, for he received no reply to his letters, and his messengers had never returned. Therefore, when he found himself in such close proximity to her as on this occasion, Tuesday evening, the twenty-first of September, 1779, he was utterly unable to resist the temptation at least to try to see her again. Jones and the ships were not due at the rendezvous until Thursday morning. There would be ample time to rejoin them on Wednesday.

O'Neill imagined himself perfectly safe; he had worn no disguise except the uniform of a French naval officer, and as France and England were nominally at peace he persuaded himself that he was in no danger. This failure to return promptly to his ship was a breach of naval propriety, he admitted, of course, but nothing more, and for that he was willing to suffer.

With the delightful casuistry of lovers he persuaded himself against his better judgment and failed to see his action in its true military significance. Trusting to audacity, mother wit, and Dan Cupid for protection, he went bravely on. In fact, he was taking his life in his hand. Meanwhile, with a beating heart—beating not from fear, but with anticipation—he rode slowly down the hill and into the town, where he left his horse at an inn and made his way on foot, and supperless, such was his eagerness, toward the castle.

He had no definite plan. There did not seem to be room for any. He had one consuming desire—to see, to speak to, to come in touch again with the beautiful girl who had been the object of his every thought, the end of his every desire, the spirit of his every dream since they had met. He had a thought—a hope—that she was still Elizabeth Howard. There was that in her promise, in her look, in her word when she had said, "Come and see," on the strand, which gave him the hope that she would wait until he did come, be it one year or two; and with the sanguine spirit of his race he could not prepare himself for a disappointment.

The moon had risen when he walked quietly through the town and began to mount the hill. He did not know how to gain admittance to the castle when he approached it, and, as ill luck would have it, as he was standing on the causeway looking toward the gate he was approached by a squad of soldiers under the command of a Sergeant, who were returning from an errand in the town. His meditations, as he stood gazing at the lights shining from the different windows, wondering behind which wall was ensconced the idol of his heart, were rudely interrupted by the grasp of a rough hand upon his shoulder and a harsh voice in his ear saying:

"Well, sir, wot are you a-doin' 'ere at this hour of the night? Entrance to the castle is forbid to every one except members of the garrison, or them which has passes. No one is allowed on the causeway after sunset, even. There is so many tales of raidin's on the coast by that bloody, ravagin' pirate, Jones, an' his bleedin' gang, that we're a'most in a state of siege. Give an account of yourself."

"My friend," began O'Neill calmly, glancing rapidly about him and giving up at once any idea of resistance, for he was surrounded by at least a dozen men, "my friend," he said, speaking in broken English, with a well-simulated French accent, "I am an officer of the King of France, traveling for pleasure through your great country. I hear of the old castle—I wish to see it—hence I come here. I have done nothing—you will let me go free?"

"A Frenchman?"

"Yes, monsieur, I have that honor."

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"Well, that settles it. You've got to come along with us now. A frog-eatin' Frenchman's our natural-born enemy."

"But monsieur, there is no war between my master and your King."

"Don't monshur me. I don't take no palaverin', an' I don't know whether there is war or not," retorted the Sergeant brusquely; "but we always did hate the bloody Frenchies, an' we always will, an' whenever we ketch one of 'em around here he's got to give an account of hisself. But if you come along peaceable like, all right—we won't hurt you. If you don't, we'll just pick you up an' carry you. You can take your chice," he added indifferently.

A horseman galloping in from the town at this moment drew rein in front of the little group.

"Ah! Sergeant, what is that? Whom have you there?" he queried sharply.

"'Tis a Frenchman, sir. We found him a-prowlin' round here. He's a spy, I takes it," answered the Sergeant, saluting, but still retaining his grasp.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said O'Neill; "I am no spy. I am a gentleman of France, as I explained to this man. I travel—come here to see the castle——"

"Well, sir, I can assist you to attain your end," interrupted the Lieutenant on the horse; "and since you desire to see the castle, perhaps you would not object to a look at it from the inside."

"As a prisoner, monsieur?"

"Well, I am sorry you put it that way, but I shall be compelled to turn you over to the Governor."

"But I protest, monsieur!"

"You can protest to the Admiral if you wish—the Governor, I mean—for you will have to come along now under the circumstances. We hear that Scots buccaneer, Paul Jones, is off the coast, and we don't know when he might strike or whom he might send on shore. We can't be too careful."

"Very well, monsieur; I come," said O'Neill, shrugging his shoulders and resigning himself to the inevitable.

"That's good," answered the young officer. "Bring him along, Sergeant."

"Yes, Leftenant. Now, you Johnnie, right about face, march!"

It was in this unexpected and undignified manner that O'Neill gained entrance to the castle. As they walked beneath the great gates of the gloomy fortress, his heart, in spite of the serious nature of his position, gave a bound of elation. This reckless young man had as yet no other thought than that by every step he had been brought a little nearer to his divinity. If other thoughts had come it is doubtful if he would have allowed them to stop him now. As the party halted in the courtyard, while the Lieutenant dismounted and hastened to apprise the Governor of the capture, he even ventured most imprudently to ask the Sergeant if Lady Elizabeth Howard was in the castle.

"She is," replied that astonished functionary. "Wot's that to you, I'd like to know?"

Eighth Chapter

BEFORE he could answer an order came for the prisoner to be brought forward. After ascending a flight of worn stone steps and going through a long, dark passage, a great door was thrown open and he was confronted by a blaze of light which dazzled him at first, until, his eyes becoming accustomed to the illumination, he realized that he stood on the threshold of a splendid hall in the old keep which had possibly once been the banqueting hall of the castle. Long lancet windows upon one side, their leaded frames filled with rich painted glass, looked out upon the sea beating ceaselessly upon the bluff below and filling the room with a subdued murmur.

The room was massively and splendidly furnished with heavy antique furniture. The stone walls were covered with hangings of rich old tapestry from the famous looms of Arras. Here and there were portraits of distinguished members of the Westbrooke family—women renowned for their beauty, or men who, holding the castle at different times, had made their names famous by their bravery and skill. The prisoner's feet sank into a thick, soft, luxurious carpet stretched upon the stone flags of the old floor.

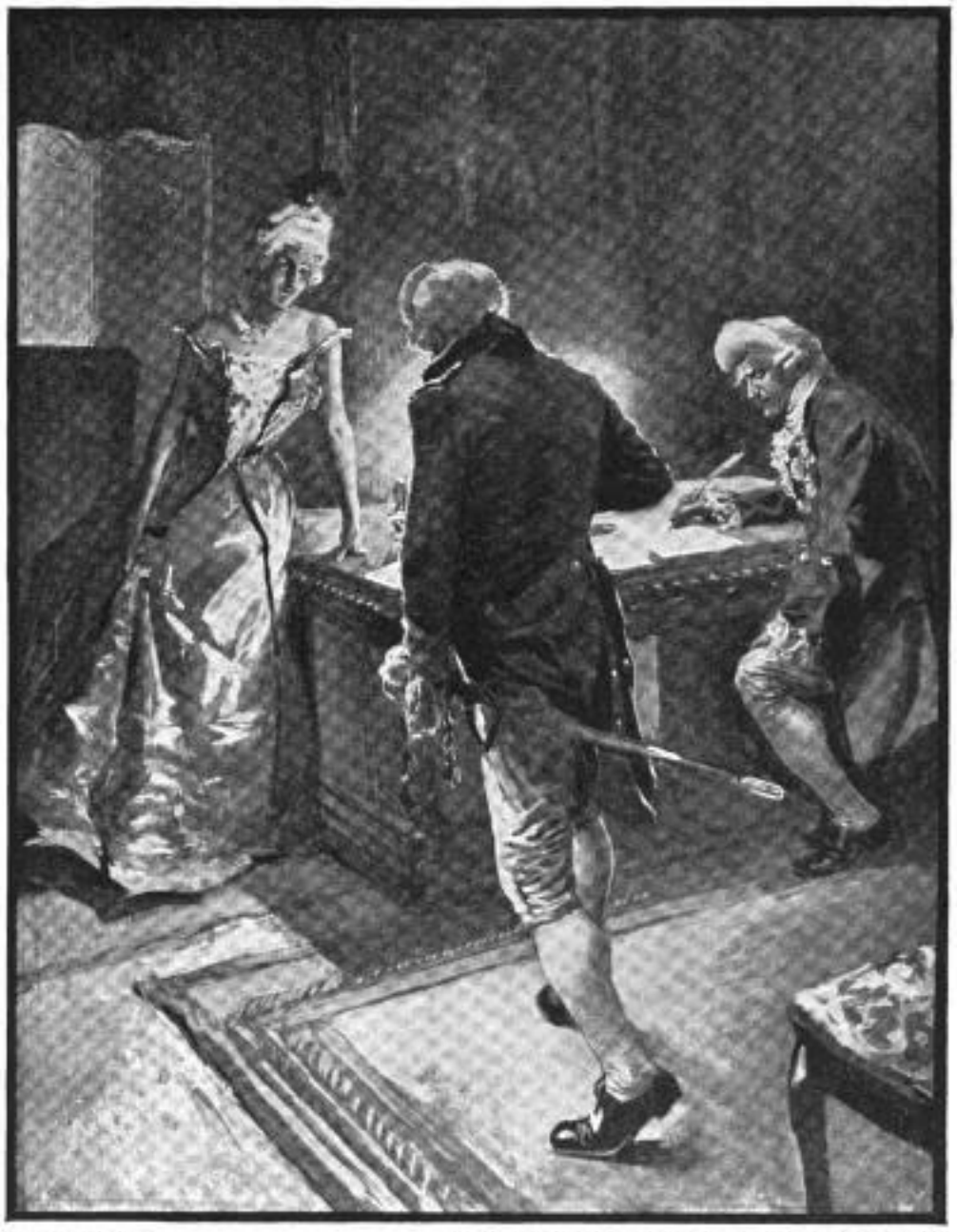
Writing at a large table standing near the centre of the room and covered with candelabra sat a bewigged old man of commanding presence, dressed in a naval uniform covered with orders and stars bespeaking high rank. Farther away, with her back turned to the light and to the door by which O'Neill had entered, a young woman sat apparently reading intently. One glance at the graceful curve of her neck and the exquisite poise of her head told him it was she. Forgetful of everything else, he would have stepped forward had it not been for the restraining hand of the Sergeant.

"The prisoner, M'Lud!" said the latter, saluting.

The Admiral continued his writing a moment, and then looking up fixed his eyes keenly upon the young man. His first glance told him that he had to deal with no ordinary prisoner. He arose at once and bowed with the courtesy of a finished gentleman.

"Have the goodness to step forward, sir, and be seated," he said, pointing to a chair. "Sergeant, remain on guard where you are."

With an equally low bow to the older man, O'Neill took a few steps in his direction, and sat down on the chair in front of the Admiral, facing him and the woman beyond, who, still intent upon her book, had not yet noticed his entrance.



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"THE MARQUIS DE RICHEMONT, AT YOUR SERVICE, MADAM," O'NEILL INTERRUPTED QUICKLY

Prisoners being every-day occurrences at the castle in these troublous times, they had ceased to interest her; but the unusual complaisance of the old man, as expressed by his voice and manner, attracted her attention, and she looked up from the book, though without turning her head, and listened.

"I am sorry to subject you to any annoyance, sir," continued the Admiral, "but the rules are very strict, and I must abide by my own regulations. We apprehend a descent upon our coast by the notorious pirate, John Paul Jones"—O'Neill started and bit his lip, but said nothing—"and it is my duty to take unusual precautions. I must ask your name, your station, and business here."

"I am the——" began O'Neill quietly, but with his glance fixed on the powdered head showing over the chair-back opposite him.

There was a revolution at the other side of the table. Lady Elizabeth sprang to her feet with a hurried exclamation, dropped her book to the floor, turned quickly and stepped toward the other two. O'Neill rose also.

How beautiful she looked, *en grande tenue*, her hair rolled high and powdered, jewels sparkling about her snowy throat, the soft, white neck which rose from the pale blue silk of her corsage, the——

"It is——" she cried.

"The Marquis de Richemont, at your service, madam," O'Neill interrupted quickly, bowing low before her lest in her surprise she should betray him.

"What is the meaning of this, Elizabeth? Do you know this man?" asked the Admiral in great astonishment.

"Every traveler," smilingly interrupted O'Neill—striving to give Elizabeth time to collect herself—with the appearance of the greatest *sang-froid* himself, though his heart was beating so rapidly he could scarce maintain his composure, "on these islands has heard of the beauty of Lady Elizabeth Howard. Her reputation as a woman of charms has been extended to the Continent, whence I come. It was in the hope of seeing her that I walked up toward the castle this evening. I have not the honor of her acquaintance, monsieur."

"Do you know this gentleman, Elizabeth?" persisted the Admiral sternly, his suspicions aroused by her actions.

There was evidently some mystery about his coming, and the girl was quick to see that to proclaim O'Neill's name and occupation would probably place him in an embarrassing position, to say the least. She recovered herself by a great effort and, turning away languidly, remarked with well-assumed carelessness:

"I? Certainly not, sir; I have never heard of the Marquis de Richemont before in my life." The last statement was absolutely correct, the Irishman's rank having been kept strictly in abeyance. O'Neill shrugged his shoulders and extended his hands in confirmation of her words.

"Why that scream, then, and that surprise, madam?" questioned the still unconvinced Admiral.

"I know not, sir; I must have been dreaming, and the sound of a strange voice startled me."

"Beg pardon, M'Lud," said the Sergeant, saluting; "Yer Worship, he axed if Lady Elizabeth Howard lived 'ere w'en he was down in the courtyard."

"Silence, sirrah!" thundered the old Admiral, who allowed no one to entertain doubts of his ward but himself. "Do you mean to imply that Lady Elizabeth has knowledge of this gentleman?"

"Oh, Sergeant!" said the girl, clasping her hands and looking at the old veteran with all the fascination of which she was capable.

"No, Yer Ludship; no, sir. Of course not; certainly not, Yer Honor," returned the man in great confusion. "I spoke by way of showin' that's wot he come for."

"It was in pursuance of my desire to see so great a beauty that I asked the question, monsieur."

"Sir, your admiration does me too much honor," said Elizabeth, curtsying.

"I make up for the fact that your reputation does Your Ladyship too little, then, mademoiselle," he answered.

"Enough of this!" said the Admiral impatiently; "the girl is well enough, but you didn't come here to look at her, did you?"

"On my honor as a gentleman, monsieur, for no other purpose."

"Well, give some account of yourself otherwise, and perhaps if it be satisfactory, as you have accomplished that purpose, I may send you on your way rejoicing," said the Admiral, amused at the extravagance of the young man.

"No man could leave the presence of Lady Elizabeth Howard rejoicing, sir."

"Confound you, sir," cried the Governor testily, "are you going to stand there and bandy compliments all day, like a French dancing-master?"

"I have nothing further to urge for my words, My Lord, when my excuse stands in your very presence."

The Governor looked at the two young people in great perplexity.

"I fear, my dear Marquis de Richemont," said he ironically, "unless you can give some more coherent account of yourself I shall be under the painful necessity of having you locked up, in which case the only divinity you will be allowed to gaze upon will be the lovely face and figure of yonder Sergeant."

"Yes, Yer Ludship——" remarked the Sergeant grimacing.

"Silence, sirrah!" thundered the Admiral again.

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"My Lord," answered O'Neill, smiling, "it is very simple. I am an officer in the Navy of the King of France, making a tour of England for pleasure. I came here to this town this evening. I hear of the great Admiral, Lord Westbrooke, in his great castle, and the beauty of his ward, Lady Elizabeth Howard. I am a lover of the beautiful. I stand on the causeway gazing at the castle. Your soldiers arrest me and bring me here. I rejoice to find the Lady Elizabeth even more beautiful than I have dreamed. Two years have only intensified her charms——"

"Two years! Dreams, sir! What mean you by that, pray? What have the years to do with the matter? Did you see her two years ago?" cried the Admiral suspiciously again.

O'Neill started; it was a fatal slip, but he hastened to repair it as best he could.

"I have seen her picture, sir."

"And where, pray, have you seen her picture?"

"In the possession of an English officer, a friend of mine whom I met at Liverpool two years ago," answered O'Neill audaciously.

"And who was this English officer, pray, who displayed my picture?" interrupted Elizabeth with an appearance of great agitation.

"Major Edward Coventry, mademoiselle."

"Oh! Edward! Why, God bless me!" said the Admiral genially, "he is my son. Do you mean to tell me you are a friend of his? Why didn't you say so before?"

"I had the honor of his acquaintance," said O'Neil, bowing gravely, "on one very interesting and memorable occasion, indeed, when he was on duty at the Château Birkenhead, I believe."

"Yes, that would be about two years ago. Sir, in that case you are very welcome to this castle," said the Admiral; "and now I beg leave to present you in due and proper form to my ward. Lady Elizabeth Howard, permit me to introduce to you the Marquis de Richemont."

"I am charmed to have the pleasure of meeting the Marquis," responded the girl, smiling and curtsying deeply.

"The pleasure and honor are mine, mademoiselle," remarked O'Neill, fully entering into the comedy.

"And," continued the Admiral, "as my son, Major Edward Coventry, has sent me word he will be here shortly, you can renew your acquaintance with him."

It was as if he had exploded a bombshell in the room.

"What! Edward coming here?" cried Elizabeth, her voice filled with terror, which she vainly endeavored to conceal. "What for? Why did you not tell me?"

"He desired to surprise you, my dear," answered the Admiral, wondering at her agitation. "You know your wedding takes place next week."

"Ah, a wedding!" said O'Neill, starting and looking at Elizabeth. "Mademoiselle is then to marry?"

"Yes, your friend, Major Coventry," replied the old man. "An old engagement."

"I refused to marry him for a year, and for six months more. I waited all that time. There was no word," she said slowly to O'Neill, as if each word were wrung from her by his intent look, her pale cheeks flooding with color.

"Have you taken leave of your senses, Elizabeth?" continued the Admiral in great surprise; "of what interest to a stranger is your—er—maidenly hesitation?"

"Anything which concerns so fair a lady is of deep interest to your humble servant," answered O'Neill ironically and bitterly. The comedy had gone, tragedy, as ever, following hard upon.

A door at the rear of the room was opened softly at this moment, and a young man in the brilliant scarlet uniform of a British officer entered and stepped lightly toward them. His glance fell first upon the speaker.

"Barry O'Neill, by Heavens!" he exclaimed, springing eagerly forward with outstretched hand. "How came you here?" For a moment the young soldier was oblivious to the presence of his father and his betrothed. His untimely entrance filled the room with apprehension and dismay.

Ninth Chapter

"O'NEILL!" said the Admiral in much bewilderment. "Edward, this is your friend, the Marquis de Richemont."



DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

"It had to come, an' it's too late to be mended now," said the Sergeant philosophically

"Edward, do not speak!" cried Lady Elizabeth distractedly.

"Ah, Elizabeth, my love and duty to you; but not speak? About what, pray? What mean you?"

"Is this gentleman, the Marquis de Richemont, your friend or not, sir? Cease this by-play, Elizabeth. I will have an explanation," demanded the now thoroughly aroused Admiral.

"My friend; quite so," returned Major Coventry smiling. "Though I was ignorant that he was a Marquis, he is none the less welcome. I am exceedingly glad to see him again. You, too, I presume, Elizabeth?"

"Glad even as you are," she replied deliberately, now seeing that further concealment was useless.

"But you called him O'Neill," continued the Admiral.

"That is my name, sir," said O'Neill calmly, recognizing the uselessness of further evasion. "I am one of the Irish O'Neills, formerly of County Clare, now in the service of the King of France." He could not have said it more proudly had he been the King himself.

"The last time I saw you you were on the Ranger, that American Continental ship," continued Coventry.

"As a prisoner?" cried the Admiral.

"As an officer, My Lord," answered the Irishman.

"What, sir! And now you are——"

"Second Lieutenant of the American Continental ship, Bon Homme Richard, Captain John Paul Jones, at your service," was the dauntless reply.

"Good gad!" said the Admiral; "is it possible? And you, Elizabeth, you have deceived me also; you knew this man?"

"Yes, sir; but not as the Marquis de Richemont."

"You have met this gentleman before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where, may I ask, and when?"

"About a year and a half ago, sir. You remember when the Maidstone was wrecked? He saved me from death then, and after Captain Jones put me ashore, you know——"

"He spared my life, too, as well, sir, at that time," said Coventry.

"You seem to be a good hand at saving lives, Lieutenant O'Neill, Marquis de Richemont; perhaps you can think of some way of saving your own," retorted the Admiral sarcastically.

"'Tis useless to me now, My Lord, and not worth the saving," answered the young man calmly; "but I would not have you mar the approaching nuptials of your son and ward by an execution. Let me at least live until after the wedding. I shall be more willing to die then," he added softly.

"You came here for what purpose?" continued the Admiral, disregarding the latter words of the young man as utterly irrelevant.

"To find out the number and force and disposition of the ships in the harbor."

"At the instance of——"

"Captain Jones, sir."

"The murdering pirate!"

"I have resented such language and proved its falsity upon the person of your son, sir," O'Neill burst out, stepping forward with hand on sword; "shall I impose the same lesson on the father?"

"You are a prisoner, sir," said the Admiral imperturbably, "and are here at my pleasure to receive, not to give, lessons. Stand back, sir! Sergeant, bring in a file of men for a guard. Deliver up your sword at once, sir, to Major Coventry."

"Your Lordship is master here; I obey," answered the Irishman, shrugging his shoulders, and, drawing his sword, he tendered it to Major Coventry, who stepped forward reluctantly to receive it.

"Father," he said respectfully, "so far as my knowledge goes, Captain Jones is certainly a gentleman. Had it not been for his magnanimity and that of my friend—I may still call you that, sir?"

"I am vastly honored, sir, I am sure."

"My friend, the Marquis de Richemont, you would be childless to-day. Had it not been for the courage of this gentleman, Lady Elizabeth here——"

"Oh, sir," cried Elizabeth impetuously, "they are men of honor. I pray you enlarge this officer and let him go free; nay, never shake your head; I ask it as a wedding gift."

"My liberty your wedding gift, mademoiselle? Never!" put in O'Neill firmly.

"Say no more, either of you," said the Admiral decisively. "You, sir, came here as an enemy—a spy."

"Not so, sir. I came here in the uniform of a French officer."

"But that is not the uniform of the flag under which you now serve," continued the Admiral keenly. "You may secure some consideration, however, at my hands, as representing His Majesty the King, God bless him, by revealing the circumstances and plans and the ultimate purpose of your rebellious Captain."

"Clearly an impossible proposition," said O'Neill, bowing.

"But stop," said the Admiral; "now that I recall it, you gave me your word of honor that you came here to see this lady."

"And that is true, sir. I might have escaped to my ship with ease, in possession

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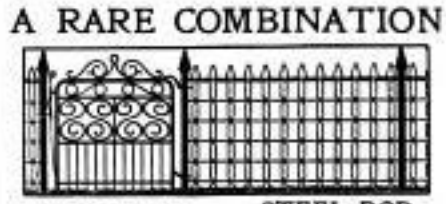
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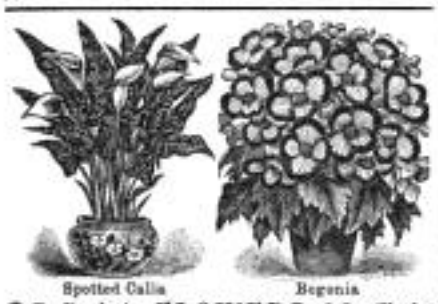
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of the information I desired to get, but I came up to the castle to see her."

"A most foolish excursion, sir; and why, pray?"

"Because I love her," said O'Neill calmly.

"What!" cried Coventry, in great surprise and dismay. "Did you know this, Elizabeth?"

"Is a woman ever ignorant of the feelings she excites in a lover's breast, sir?" O'Neill answered for her.

"And have you—did you——" continued Coventry, looking still at Elizabeth.

"Lady Elizabeth has done nothing, sir. No word of affection has ever crossed her lips—to me, at least," again replied O'Neill. "She wouldn't even wait."

"Oh, but she did," interrupted Coventry jealously; "a year—six months—she tried to postpone her wedding for six months more. I begin to understand."

"Peace, Edward!" said Elizabeth, trembling violently.

"The Marquis de Richemont is—is nothing to me—can never be anything to me, that is. The wedding shall proceed at the appointed date, I give you my word. It was the wish of my mother, the wish of the Admiral, your wish——"

"And yours, also, dearest Elizabeth, is it not?" said Coventry, taking her hand entreatingly. She hesitated and stood silent.

"Have me executed at once, sir, in mercy and pity," said O'Neill to the Admiral; "let it be now—the sooner the better. This I cannot stand; 'tis too much."

"Not so," replied the Admiral gravely. "I will consider the matter further, and consult with you again. Meanwhile, if you will give me your parole I will allow you the freedom of the castle."

"Parole! 'Tis given, sir. Faith, I hardly think you could drive me away."

"That's well," returned the Admiral. "Sergeant, call my steward and have him assign chambers to the Marquis de Richemont. Coventry, I presume you will place your wardrobe at his disposal in case he needs anything. Now the Marquis will doubtless wish to retire. We will see him in the morning. Come, Elizabeth. Good-night, sir; the Sergeant will attend to your wants."

"Lord Westbrooke, I thank you. Major Coventry, your servant. Lady Elizabeth, I wish you joy on your wedding; good-night," replied the young man, bowing to each of them in succession.

As the Admiral and the others left the room the young Lieutenant sank down on his chair and put his head on his hands upon the table. The old Sergeant, who had seen it all, watched him a moment in silence. Walking up to him finally, and laying his hand on his shoulder with the familiarity of a privileged character, he said:

"Come now, sir; be a soldier."

"You can give no worse advice than that to a sailor, my friend," replied O'Neill, rising and smiling in spite of his misery. "Lead on; I will follow," he added.

As they passed down the great hall, the eyes of the wretched Lieutenant fell upon a large picture hanging rather low on the wall in a far corner above a dais near the doorway. It was the picture of a beautiful woman in the fashion of some fifty years back. She was seated in a great carved oak chair, the counterpart of, and evidently painted from, one standing beneath it. In face and feature the portrait was a striking likeness of Lady Elizabeth Howard. The skill of the painter had been so great, the colors had been so nicely chosen, so delicately laid on, that in the flickering, uncertain candlelight, which left this part of the room in a rather deep shadow, the picture actually seemed to breathe. O'Neill stopped as if petrified.

"Come along, sir," said the Sergeant gruffly, after a moment's silence.

"A moment, if you please, my friend—a moment. What sort of a man are you to pass by such as this without notice? It should be Lady Elizabeth, but the fashion of the dress——"

"It's her mother, sir, a cousin of the Admiral. I pass it every day, sir, and I've got so I don't take no notice on it no more. She was a young thing, scarce older than her young leddyship, when she set for that paintin', an' they had no children for years, leastways they all died, till this baby was born, an' then she died, too. I've been attached to the Admiral's service in one way or another sence I was a boy, an' dandled her many a time on my knee. Yes, an' her young leddyship, Lady Elizabeth that is, too, w'en she was a little girl."

"My regard for you goes up a thousandfold, my friend," said O'Neill, smiling. "I could almost envy you your opportunities. Would I had been you!"

"'Tain't no use wishin' that," said the old Sergeant, shaking his head; "there never was no Frenchman could ever take my place."

"Quite right," replied O'Neill, smiling; "'twould be clearly impossible."

"Come along, then, Yer Honor."

"Stay a moment," returned the enraptured Irishman, "a year at gaze would not sate me with the beauty of this picture. How like is the fair image," murmured the entranced young man, approaching nearer and fairly holding his breath under the influence of the moment. He stretched out his hand toward the painting with a little reverential gesture.

"Look out, sir!" said the Sergeant warningly; "the picture hangs very loose, an' the frame——"

What evil fate was it that determined its fall at that moment? There was a tremendous crash, something gave way, and the great frame dropped from its place on the wall and fell across the heavy oaken chair which stood beneath it, and the picture was impaled upon its gothic points. The two men sprang to seize it and lift it up. Alas, it had been literally torn to pieces. The canvas had evidently been originally a defective one, for it had split in every direction. Restoration was impossible.

"Good Heavens!" said the Irishman; "what a misfortune."

"It had to come, an' it's too late to be mended now," said the Sergeant philosophically, "so we must git on."

"Very good," said O'Neill, tenderly lifting the frame, with the rags of the tattered canvas hanging to it, back against the wall; "there is nothing to keep us here now. Unlucky fool that I am! Even the semblance of the original is not for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN MIDWINTER

By Clinton Scollard

THE wind is loud behind the hill;
Among the pines its breath is frore;
The pathway of the meadow rill
Is seen no more.

Day dawns without the vireo's call;
Day sinks without the thrush's cry;
And like the shadow of a pall
The rooks flap by.

The dead leaf, the ungarnered sheaf,
The writhing bough are cased in rime;
It is the solstice of earth's grief—
Her mourning time!



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COMPARATIVELY few people knew the humorous side of the late Dwight L. Moody; yet among the neighbors and friends of his boyhood he was known as a good deal of a wag, and a hearty laugh was a benediction to him.

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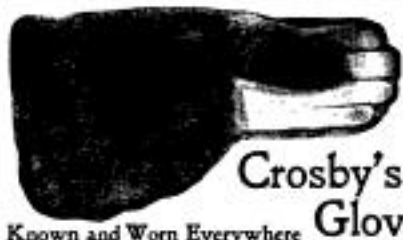
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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, February, 1900.

THE season is only a few weeks old and already I begin to feel like that poor, tired woman who, when she came to die, said she hoped that Gabriel would not toot his trumpet for at least a thousand years, as she knew it would take her that length of time to rest sufficiently for the resurrection.

Page says that it is no use to talk of being tired and a wreck yet a while, for there are several weeks more of this gayety and it won't do to give out before Ash Wednesday. I thought when it first began that at least I should have every Sunday in which to rest after first going to church at St. John's, but alas! Sunday is the elect day of the week among diplomats, and now that I see my *Ultima Thule* in sight and am beginning to be invited to breakfasts and to five o'clock teas at the various Embassies and Legations, the luxury of a quiet Sunday is denied me.

I went to a breakfast a few days ago where there was little formality and where I was made quite one of them. To begin with, the hostess kept her pet poodle in her lap throughout the entire breakfast, much to my secret surprise. She said that she was afraid to let the little "angel" out of her sight, lest this cruel Government of ours should think him dangerous and either impound him or put a muzzle upon him. Everybody laughed at this statement, for it is a perfectly well-known fact that no dog belonging to a diplomat can be muzzled, as all property belonging to diplomats is foreign territory, so to speak. And then, besides, the idea of this particular poodle being dangerous was most ludicrous, for he was so little that a muzzle that would fit him would have been about the size of a diminutive tea strainer. This theme of muzzled dogs was excitedly discussed. Because of a dog having gone mad at the British Embassy, our City Fathers have issued an edict for the muzzling of all dogs, which has called out a great hue and cry, especially among the foreigners.





THE QUESTION OF SECRETARY AND SERGEANT-AT-ARMS IS ALREADY SETTLED IN FAVOR OF MR. BENNETT AND MR. RANSDELL

I find it hard to follow the talk on the occasions of these breakfasts, and I am determined therefore to acquire the language of Courts, for "no man reacheth to excellence with one tongue." My Spruce City English may be a trifle "woolly" sometimes, but it is at least intelligent. Alas! My Spruce City French is decidedly Ollendorf and will not pass muster. Of course these diplomats use much English which they speak with such accent and intonation, to say nothing of the gutturals, that it is often quite impossible for me to understand all that they say.

At this particular breakfast they got upon the subject of a certain Ambassador and his wife, whose Embassy they declared has never had any fixed habitation or name. When this theme was fully launched I had great difficulty in keeping up, for it was all in French and they all talked at once; but I gathered that the Embassy which these two elderly people represent, literally, has had its local habitat only in their trunks. Could anything be more delightfully like opera-bouffe than this? I suppose that while this gossip and the laughter it induced were going on I must have looked very helpless and out-of-it-all, for Baron ——, noticing me, tapped on the table and cried out good-naturedly:

"*Anglais! Anglais! messieurs et mesdames, je vous en prie!*"

They immediately resumed the abandoned English, but lapsed almost at once into French again, for they touched suddenly upon the pro-Boer demonstration which had just been held in one of our theatres, on which occasion some of our United States Senators in loud voices had given vent to their sentiments and had made charges against two English-speaking nations which, to say the least, were most astonishing. These foreigners at this breakfast almost fell over their words, they were so excited and amazed at the extraordinary performance of these public men, and as much as I sympathized in their disgust I could not let them go on in my presence with such open criticism of my countrymen and my Government. So when I got a chance I interrupted smilingly:

"But, *messieurs et mesdames*, much as I deplore the bad taste of the demonstration on the part of my countrymen, is it really any worse than when, during our late war with Spain, so many of you, accredited here to our Government, almost openly and under the very nose of our Secretary of State, and without being rebuked by your home Governments, gave vent to your sympathy with Spain? Come now, answer me this?"

And I smiled benignly around the table. There was a profound hush and then a general shrugging of shoulders and the conversation promptly took a less thunderous turn. Everybody began to chatter about the sudden departure from Washington of Alain de Courcelles. Many were the conjectures as to why he had gone home so mysteriously. I sat there, alone knowing the why and wherefore of it, and played the hypocrite most successfully by joining my voice to theirs in wonderment over his going. There were some vague allusions to "a lady in the case," but no one of course mentioned Page's name. I listened intently to every word that was said concerning M. de Courcelles, and could not help observing that he was spoken of highly, and it was entirely manifest that his family and title were all that had been claimed for them.

I had, only a few days before, sent to the State Department for a copy of the record of the status of foreign-born wives before the French courts. I did not send until M. de Courcelles was fairly out of the country, for I did not wish to be tempted into betraying my conviction concerning Page, which was, after watching her at the Bachelors' German with him, that if he cared for her, so did she likewise care for him, though her manner all throughout that evening had been gay almost to the point of daring flippancy. The day after that German he had departed after a formal leave-taking of both of us, during which I dared not turn my eyes upon Page lest I should surprise her secret, but when I was compelled to observe her she was as cool and nonchalant as possible and wished him *bon voyage* with all her usual gayety. She did not evince a particle of interest in his going. He, too, was calm and collected, and I was unreasonable enough to wish to shake both of them. They were altogether too *fin de siècle* for my taste. Afterward, when he had gone, a curious change came over Page. Her face took on a pinched look and she rattled off a lot of nonsense in a hard, contemptuous voice.

She began a witty tirade upon the execrable dancing among the foreigners the night before at the German. She told a funny thing about the Chinese, who, upon first seeing the rest of the world dance were so amazed by the exhibition that they asked naively why we didn't have our servants do it for us. Then she described a South American attaché who had persisted in dancing the two-step every time he could find anybody brave or unwary enough to risk life and limb with him. She asked if I had seen his performance. How he had first spun around with his partner like a teetotum, then had hurled her pell-mell into the fray, racing her, whirling her, dancing on her toes, backing her on her train until she was disheveled and out of breath. And Page illustrated the occurrence in my drawing-room so inimitably that we both were in convulsions of laughter over it, but alas! her laughter ended abruptly and it was almost with a sob that she rushed away from me and out of the house, leaving me with a heavy feeling at my heart.

It was then that I sent immediately for the record and made a study of it. I was lost in amazement at the complications and formalities that surround French marriages when one of the parties is foreign born. How easy it would be for any American girl knowing the simplicity of our customs, where the only necessary things are a license and a clergyman, to step into a marriage with a Frenchman which would be fast and binding on this side of the water but which would be practically null and void on French soil. I felt a very wholesome reverence for our own institutions after reading this record, and felt that it might be a good idea to go forth and preach to the rest of mankind, taking for a text what Emerson has said of our nation: "The whole history of our country appears like a last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race."

When I laid the record down I was sure that I had the clue to M. de Courcelles' concern in securing his mother's consent. The legal age of marriage without parental consent in France is twenty-five, and I don't believe that Alain de Courcelles is twenty-five! I remembered, too, that he had spoken of having to wait in case of failure to gain consent, and naturally he would never have admitted that he was under age. I felt that I was becoming a second Sherlock Holmes, only in petticoats.

Meantime I have been trying to keep my eye upon Congress, and Robert says that if I try to run a love-affair and Congress both at the same time I shall come to an untimely end; but even in that event I should have my consolation, for according to an old saw, "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

Over in the Senate there has been a merry war over the distribution of patronage. There are to be changes in the offices of secretary and sergeant-at-arms, and also many changes among messengers. The importance of this fight may be estimated from the fact that there are forty-eight messengers alone who get $1440 each per annum. The fight was led by the junior Senators.

HE TOLD ME IMMEDIATELY OF A FUNNY TILT BETWEEN SENATOR CHANDLER AND SENATOR TILLMAN





The question of secretary and sergeant-at-arms is already settled in favor of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Ransdell. Mr. Ransdell will succeed Colonel Bright, who is the present sergeant-at-arms. It seems that Colonel Bright has been uncommonly popular and has shown remarkable ability in various ways in the discharge of his duties. He can keep either the peace or the health of the Senate intact with equal skill and dexterity. He can run down a recalcitrant Senator and bring him to book when his party vote is wanted, or he can minister to a grumpy, moping Senator by doling out from his store of medicines and soothing appliances either a soda-mint or a dose of headache powders, as the case may require. Robert says he has seen Colonel Bright

Editor's Note — The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read without reference to preceding installments.



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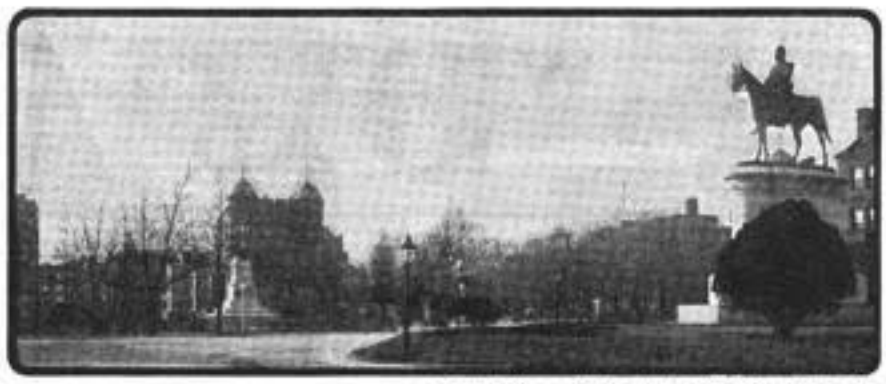
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—TO PLACE MR. WEBSTER WHERE HE WILL HAVE TO BE A PERPETUAL BACKGROUND FOR GENERAL SCOTT

go to his little repository for drugs, and with an expression of wisdom on his face that would do credit to any celebrated practitioner, get out a package of soda-mints and solemnly count them out to some complaining statesman. I asked Robert if a part of the duty of the sergeant-at-arms was to inspect the tongues of the Senators when he prescribed? And why, with all these accomplishments, Colonel Bright should be displaced, for, from my standpoint of domestic management, it would not seem good policy. Robert's reply was what might have been expected:

"It is purely a matter of politics, my dear. Bright is a Democrat, Ransdell is a Republican."

"But can Mr. Ransdell do all the clever things that Colonel Bright can do?" asked I.

"Aye, that he can," laughed Robert.

I noticed, however, that he turned the conversation, for, manlike, he was afraid of an avalanche of comment from me on political methods. He told me immediately of a funny tilt between Senator Chandler and Senator Tillman, who it seems love to cross swords in the Senate. Mr. Chandler has a biting wit, while Mr. Tillman can emit a spark if touched. Mr. Tillman wanted Mr. Chandler to answer a question, "but," he exclaimed, "the gentleman from New Hampshire jumps around so like a grasshopper that I cannot catch him."

As quick as a flash came the retort from Mr. Chandler: "I never heard of using a pitchfork to catch grasshoppers with."

Among other things which happened in the House the Pension Bill was passed, and in connection with its passage I had a delightful surprise. Something in its discussion when it was before the House roused Robert and he arose to speak. It was some minutes before he could catch the Speaker's eye and all the time my heart was thumping loudly. I cannot of course remember all that he said, but one sentence, the closing one, I thought was well done:

"I would ask the gentleman from Kansas, who has just made such an arraignment, one thing which has not been brought out in this discussion, and that is this point: what becomes of the money? In all the workings of this Government there is nothing comparable to the pension payment in direct benefit to the citizens of the country. It is taxed from them as the mist and dews of evening and returned to them in the showers that fall alike upon the just and the unjust. There is no corporation, no business, from the greatest city to the lowliest hamlet, from the largest emporium to the peddler by the wayside, that may not benefit by it."

Robert's voice and manner commanded attention, and in his case it was not, as one disgruntled new member of the House said, that "every man is his own auditor and that is all." Evidently Robert is taking Senator P——'s advice and is going to speak often in the House. I observe that Robert and Senator P—— are becoming great friends, and I predict that at the first executive session our postmaster's case will be called up, put through, and not one word will have been necessary from us.

Senator P—— accompanied Robert and me to the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster the other morning, on which occasion Mr. Lodge made the speech of the day. Everybody seemed in high feather and figuratively threw bouquets at everything American. I cannot help a feeling of thankfulness that the giver of this statue, Mr. Hutchins, and the sculptor of the same, Chevalier Trentanove, did not elect to place the great statesman on a prancing horse. For all over this town, at many of the intersections of the streets, the pedestrian is regaled with uplifted hoofs which paw the heavens, while waving bronze hats and flowing bronze tails refresh the eye.

It was a relief, therefore, that Daniel Webster stands upon his own feet. As we were watching the fall of the flags which enveloped him, some bystander in the crowd remarked that it was cruel to place Mr. Webster where he will have to be a perpetual background for General Scott. And true it is, for the statue of General Scott, planted firmly on a bronze horse, stands about one hundred feet in front of Daniel Webster and to the extent of one hundred feet is that much nearer to the White House, which was his dream, and which he faces at the other end of Sixteenth Street.

Any one recalling the bitter struggle between these two men in 1852 for the Presidency will see at once the pertinence of the criticism of the positions of these two statues. When the nomination in 1852 went to General Scott, Daniel Webster, who had been striving for it for twenty years, exclaimed in the deep bitterness of his spirit: "A nomination not fit to be made," and he advised his friends and followers to vote for Franklin Pierce. The great statesman did not long survive his defeat, and with the closing of that year he laid aside his mantle. I do not think that Mr. Trentanove has apprehended the greatness of Daniel Webster, for he has not embodied in his face that grandeur which was his. He was said to have the deep, rugged lines of his father's face, which, with the additional imprint of his own intellectuality, made it, as Mr. Lodge quotes,

"The front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars' to threaten and command."



—"WHAT HAVE THEY DONE WITH THE ROCKERS?"

After the ceremonies were over I drove Robert and Senator P—— back to the Capitol. On our way thither, Senator P—— told us a funny yarn about the statue of Andrew Jackson which we passed in Lafayette Square, and which is mounted on a huge, rampant horse. He said that when Thackeray visited this country, years ago, Senator Sumner was doing the honors of the town, and, having occasion to pass through Lafayette Square with the distinguished novelist, he hurried him past this statue, hoping that he would not notice it; but alas! when they were almost safely past the ungainly object, Mr. Thackeray asked slyly:

"Mr. Sumner, what have they done with the rockers?"



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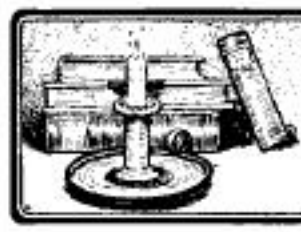


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WHAT to READ

Mrs. Spofford's Dismal Tales*

WHY do authors deliberately strive to lessen the gayety of life? Why can they not realize that if they succeed in such a self-imposed task they have committed a crime, and that if they fail—through impotence—they are none the less guilty, inasmuch as they meant to do wrong. A handful of cheerful tales may not enthral the world, but they will brighten some half hours for somebody. A handful of thoroughly dismal tales, like Old Madame, and Other Tragedies, merely adds one shadow more to the murkiness of our mental atmosphere.

What is particularly exasperating in these stories is the haphazard nature of their catastrophies. Only in The Wages of Sin is the wretchedness a logical issue, an inevitable conclusion. When a strong woman gives up everything in the world—virtue and honor included—out of pity for a feeble and fibreless man, she need not hope to lay the foundations of happiness either for herself or for her lover. The very weakness she strives to shield is her undoing. But in the other sketches we cannot help feeling that the characters might have been happy enough if their author had been less determined to make them miserable. Madame's misfortunes are piled on her with a heavy hand. Ordronnaux spends long and laborious months in winning the affections of a cold-hearted wife; and, at the supreme moment of success, he steps out on a balcony, and an icicle falls from a parapet and kills him. Leonard and Helena, in A Lost Identity, are most satisfactorily married, when Helena is knocked on the head, washed out to sea, picked up mad, kept ten years in a French asylum, and sent home at last to find—naturally enough—another wife in her place. It seems a good deal to happen to one poor woman, and it doesn't make jocund reading.

As for Her Story, we wish that—even in a madhouse—she had forborne to tell it. The amorous golden-locked clergyman with his "proud lip," and "ivory forehead," and "fire burning in his hazel eye," is not a pleasant picture, especially when an adoring wife and a seductive cousin dispute for his affections. That the cousin should triumph is inevitable. She is not only wondrously beautiful, and can stand on her own hair, but she is a past mistress in the art of pious flirtation, and beguiles her victim to chatter about albs and chasubles and church architecture. So the wife, in her impotent jealousy, goes mad, and the siren has a stone fall on her head and goes mad, too, and what becomes of the clergyman we neither know nor care. It is enough for us that such tales do not stand for the cheerful thing called life.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

The Opportunity for American Writers

THE most successful books of the past year or two have been by American writers. Whatever the final critical estimate may be, and that is a question which does not enter into this article, the fact remains that readers have demanded some 425,000 copies of David Harum, some 300,000 of Richard Carvel, over 200,000 of Janice Meredith, and probably about 200,000 of When Knighthood was in Flower and the Dooley books.

Furthermore, of the 5321 books reported by the Publishers' Weekly for 1899, there were 3626 by American authors against 2908 in 1898. Of books by foreign authors, 571 were manufactured here against 834 in 1898, while the number of books or sheets imported was nearly the same in each year. The general figures, as well as those for special books, show the gain of the American author. Fifteen years ago, two of our publishers testified that in view of the number of cheap foreign reprints it was unprofitable for them to bring out American fiction. Even since the passage of the Platt-Simonds Copyright Act in 1891 we have heard it said that foreign authors would literally smother American writers. And now we find that a far larger number of our people are reading books by American authors, even authors in some cases previously unknown, than the new books of Kipling, or those by Hope or Doyle or Mrs. Ward.

This is merely a statement of facts, untinged by chauvinism or vainglory. It is a statement which needs to be emphasized because its significance has not been fully appreciated, and also on account of our long period of literary dependence, which, according to some of our English friends, continues and will continue. With such self-satisfied confidence, as with the English belief in the invincibility of their soldiers, it is quite unnecessary to argue. Facts speak for themselves. The sales of American books have controverted one tradition, and the Boer rifles have shattered another. In letters, however, there is no hostility. Our literary indebtedness to modern English historians, poets, critics, novelists will continue, but it is becoming very different from the subservience of the past. It is one thing to welcome Kipling's best verse as an addition to our great English heritage, and it is quite another to look to England for every new novel—to expect that the new book, whatever it be, must have the English stamp.

Another but closely related phase of the situation presented to American literary workers is due to the war between England and the Boers. Its effects upon all business in England are benumbing, and the English publishers are sharing the general depression to the full. All reports agree that English authors are producing little and English publishers are issuing no books that can possibly be postponed. The supply of English books, serials, magazine articles and short stories must fall far below the usual average for some time to come. Obviously this will apply with especial force to books. Our own public continues to demand new books, and the opportunity for American authors, especially the novelists, is apparent. If this seems a brutal deduction, let it be remembered that the same reasoning is applied in commercial life, and the sale of books is simply one branch of commerce. One may infinitely prefer peace at personal cost to profit due indirectly to a hideous war, but the facts must be accepted as they present themselves. These facts are far from warranting an inference that the untrained scribbler, the writer who has nothing to say, the writer who has never learned how to write, can expect to garner rich returns. But for the American writer who has learned his craft, for him who has something real to say, there is now an unequaled opportunity.

—*Ripley Hitchcock.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

MR. EDWIN EMERSON, Jr., who won, perhaps, the unique distinction among war correspondents of reporting the Spanish-American War at his own initiative and at his own cost, has it that his constant companion was the late Samuel Pepys, deceased. Mr. Pepys, who has not lost his trick of confiding his thoughts to paper, has requested Mr. Emerson to transcribe his impression in legible, material print. This he has done in Pepys' Ghost: His Wanderings in Greater Gotham and His Adventures in the Spanish War. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

It is some years since Mr. James Jeffrey Roche caught the public ear with the keen wit of his poem, the V-a-s-e. The work of more recent years, headed by the verses which give the title, he has gathered in a small volume called the V-a-s-e, and Other Bric-à-Brac. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

Benjamin and Charlotte Martin have mortised the scattered Stones of Paris in History and Letters into an intelligible structure. The past is reconstructed; we meet and fall in with the influences that shaped Corneille, Racine, Molière, Bossuet and La Rochefoucauld, and that brought about the later reaction of Hugo and the romanticists of the thirties. Illustrations by Messrs. Pulleylove and Delafontaine, and the anonymous contributions of the camera are a great aid. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

* Old Madame, and Other Tragedies. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

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Memories of Moody

It was the wish of the late Mr. Moody that his biography should be written by his son.

Mr. W. R. Moody — who has in his possession all of his father's papers — is preparing a very complete life of the great preacher.

Much of this notable biography will appear in early numbers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, in the form of a series of anecdotal papers, profusely illustrated with hitherto unpublished photographs.

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NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

MR. HERVEY WHITE, author of Differences, a book which has been receiving more attention than is usually given to a new novel by a new author, has been variously described by the critics as an amateur philanthropist, a gentleman tramp, and as one of Walt Whitman's "powerful, uneducated persons." Mr. White, however, is none of these persons, nor is he, as two reviewers have supposed, a woman and a graduate of Wellesley College. He is a man and a graduate of Harvard in the class of '94. His novel is characteristic of the author. Perhaps its deepest note is that of the Middle West of to-day, where hard-working people are wresting a living from close contact with "things as they are." The style of the book, slow, quiet and almost solemn, is what one might naturally expect from the farm-raised man and the worker in the city slums, both of which the author is.

Mr. White was born in 1867 in Iowa. His father was a struggling farmer. The boy was taught up to the age of twelve in a country school. After that he moved to Kansas and made his home with his brother. Here he was the housekeeper, but his rule was as despotic as that of the better-paid cook of the more advanced East. Here it was that he acquired the experience which makes his John Wade so strong a character study. When he was sixteen, Mr. White had saved money enough to prepare for college. He began in Kansas and worked his way through academy and college and eventually through Harvard University. His first book was written while he was a Harvard undergraduate, during a trip to Mexico as collector of a scientific exhibition.

After he was graduated, Mr. White tramped on foot over Italy, and upon his return to this country settled in Chicago, where he made more than a local fame as reference librarian of the John Crerar Scientific Library. He has also taken up University Settlement work with his books and writing, and this fact led a few persons to try to connect some of the Chicago settlement residents with characters in his novel. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson has been said to be the original of Mr. White's Hester Carr. This, however, has been authoritatively denied by both the author and the poet. Other and equally improbable liberties have been taken with other friends of the novelist.

Last fall Mr. White resigned his post in the library and, after a long tramp among the Colorado Mountains, has settled down in Denver, where he is working on another novel.

THE HARD-LUCK DAYS OF FRANK BULLEN

Frank T. Bullen, author of The Cruise of the Cachalot, and other sea tales, is very proud of the struggles he went through to round out his life as an author. To an American politician, who was one of a number of clubmen to meet him, Mr. Bullen expressed himself as being partial to all self-made men.

"I was an office boy once," said the American with some pride, "and to this day I have a sneaking fondness for every office boy I meet or hire.

"I was a street gamin for a while in London," spoke up Mr. Bullen, "and I always study that type of humanity when I have the chance. It happened after I had been sent home from Havana, the vessel I had shipped on having been wrecked. I tried to get a job and failed, and so I had to work my way from Liverpool to London on almost nothing. When I got to London I scraped along on the few pennies which boys get for opening carriage doors and doing other services to pedestrians and the rich who drive to the theatres and the shops. I got down finally to my last penny, and one day I took a handful of periwinkles from an old man in the fishmarket. I had been running errands and doing things for him for some time and he hadn't appreciated them, and I didn't think it was wrong to take some of his fish. I ran as fast as I could with my booty, and after I was safely hidden behind a big hogshead I unclasped my hand and opened my mouth preparatory to making a good meal. To my disgust the things were alive. The next day I was hungrier, but more determined to live without eating periwinkles."

JOHN MACKIE'S INDIAN CRITIC

John Mackie, author of The Devil's Playground and The Heart of the Prairie, twelve years ago was a member of the mounted police force in Northwestern Canada. He is a masterful-looking horseman, and struck terror into the hearts of many a smuggler and delinquent Redman. For his fearlessness he was often put in charge of detachments in the most dangerous parts of the frontier. Besides his love of warfare he has leanings almost as strong both for sport and music.

A brother soldier says that once, when on a lonely trip, he carried with him a big mouth harmonica which he was accustomed to play. Late in the afternoon he reached an Indian camp where a feast was in progress. He joined the Indians in their meal, and when the banquet was over and the dancing began, he drew the harmonica from his pocket and started some lively airs.

The Indians stood still in amazement for a moment and then yielded to the influence of the strains. Mackie walked around the fire, which was the centre of the dancer's ring, playing at the top of his lungs and stopping now and then to roar out shouts of encouragement. At the end of an hour nearly every warrior was tired, as was the musician. He then joined the older men of the tribe who sat smoking some yards away.

One of them, the chief, stolidly removed the mouthpiece of his pipe from his lips and said:

"White Brother, if you could only fight as well as you play music you would make a good soldier, wouldn't you?"

MRS. HARBY'S CAUSTIC RETORT

Mrs. Lee C. Harby's Texas stories give no idea of their author's individuality. She is tall, fair-haired, hazel-eyed, and has that melodious Southern drawl which is enchanting to all who haven't it. Mrs. Harby's ideas upon the vexed woman question are what may be called diplomatic. She admires intellectuality in her own sex, yet she does not take so pleasantly to the political woman; but she never offends any of her feminine acquaintances, no matter what their type.

After a club meeting in New York, however, she gave a gentle hint as to what she did not like in some women's daughters.

A very bumptious matron from another city opened conversation with the author and said: "By the by, Mrs. Harby, I am thinking of sending my daughter to Europe. She wants to go alone and I want her to, for I wish her to know the world. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"Perhaps it is," replied Mrs. Harby, "but aren't you a bit afraid of the world knowing her?"

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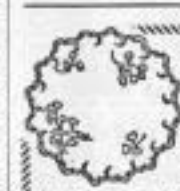
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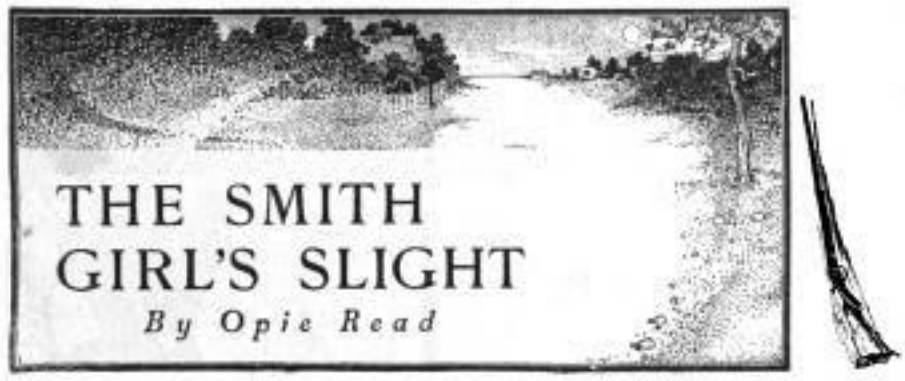


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THE SMITH GIRL'S SLIGHT

By Opie Read

JEFF SLOGAN and old man Matterson sat at the kitchen table long after the remains of supper were cleared away. It was a night of reminiscence with the old man, and over his crabapple cider he told of the bears and wolves he had slain in the days when Tennessee was young. "My old granddad left me his rifle," said he, glancing toward a corner of the room, "and many a time I've been advised to have a percussion-lock put on it, but a flintlock was good enough for him and it's got to be good enough for me. Of course you've seen the gun, but I'll show it to you again."

"It's a beauty," said Jeff.

"Well, yes, unless you can find a better word. And let me tell you something, but you mustn't say anything about it. Granddad was beginning to get pretty old and little things had begun to bother him. One of his daughters married a no-account stage-driver, and his half-witted son cut a fellow all to pieces at a sawmill. So he fretted a good deal. Well, one night he was coming home from a muster, and a man named Bridge Peters with him. All at once granddad stops in the road and says to Bridge: 'If I only knowed which one of them stars up thar was my unlucky star, I'd shoot it out.' Bridge asked if he thought his gun would tote that far, and the old man hooted like an owl. 'Don't you worry about that,' said he. 'Just pick out the star you think is the cause of my bad luck and out she goes.'

"Bridge was a sort of reckless fellow, so he looks up, he does, and says: 'There she is, that star off there about fifteen feet from the moon.' The old man didn't hesitate a minute. He raised his gun—this here old one right here—and she cracked like a whip—and what do you think happened? Out went the star like snuffin' a tallow candle. Bridge he took to his heels, and it was enough to scare any man, but granddad didn't run. He walked off slow to show the other stars that he wasn't afraid, but he begins to git sick at his stomach, and by the time he got home he could hardly hold up his head. And, sir, he lay for four weeks, and then died.

Jeff looked hard at the old man and said: "I don't believe a word of it."

"How do you account for it?"

"I account for it by not believing it; that's how." Jeff was in a sorrowful mood that night, and was not prepared to believe even the most apparent truth.

"What are you thinkin' about, Jeff?"

"Liza Smith and her party."

"Sorter in the dumps because she didn't ask you?"

"Well, I don't like it."

"Why don't you kill her dog?"

"What good would that do?"

"Why, don't you know that the best way to git even with a high-headed woman is to kill her dog? It is—there's a sort of a charm about it, and if you kill a woman's dog and she don't find out who does it, she'll fall in love with you. It's a fact; she'll drap right down into pure love. Say, that Smith girl has a dog that she thinks the world of. Why don't you kill him as you go by there to-night on your way home?"

"I'm half a mind to. Got a pistol?"

"No, but you can take granddad's gun."

"Is she loaded?"

"With a double charge of powder and a slug an inch long."

"I'm half inclined to do it."

"I'll bet the gal draps down into the purest sort of love. I jest want to see it; there ain't nothin' puttier to me than a fust-rate article of love."

Only when he was out in the road did Jeff realize that he carried the old gun upon his shoulder. He halted and, bare of head, sat upon a rock to let the cool air fan him. From over the hilltop came the bark of the Smith girl's dog. Jeff got up and strode along until he came within sight of Smith's house. He could hear the merrymaking of the Smith girl and her guests. Through a window he saw the company dancing; and the Smith girl danced with a fellow named Ab Squat. Jeff hated Squat. He was cross-eyed and low of brow. He thought that he saw her smile at Squat and he gripped his gun. But there was no murder in his heart. He aspired only to assassinate a dog. Jeff saw him coming down the hill.

The dog came at a gallop, cut a caper of delight, and before Jeff could fire, had licked his hand. Then there came a gulp of remorse. He put down his gun, stroked the dog and hugged him in his loneliness. "I wouldn't hurt you, old fellow," he said. "They thrust you into the darkness, and they don't invite me out of it, and so we are brothers. Hello! there is the moon, brim full, just above the trees." The dog whined. "Just as well shoot at it as to bark at it, old fellow," he said. He took sight and touched the trigger. Off went the gun. And then Jeff's heart flew to his mouth. The moon exploded, and the sky was full of fiery snakes. The dog howled. Jeff dropped the gun and, over logs and through bushes, tore home.

When Jeff reached home the world was dark save the pale stars slowly weeping out their light. He went to his room and, sitting at the window, strove to reason with himself. But it was of no use to reason. He had seen the moon fly to pieces and fill the air with snakes. "There's no use in talking, I've done it," he moaned. "The moon is gone. No use trying to reason—gone. And here I am sick at the stomach, and will keep on getting sicker till I die. People can't plant their potato crops in the dark of the moon, because there won't be any. And when I die the moon will come back, and all the people will be glad."

He went to bed and tossed for a long time; he slept finally, but what a sleep! Old women came and begged him to give them back the moon. They couldn't make soap without it. Maidens came and on their knees implored him. There was to be no more love-making. Poets flocked from afar to revile him; and the ocean stood dead, with no tide. When he awoke the sun was shining. And he smiled, believing that it was all a dream, but just then he heard his father talking in an adjoining room. "Yes, they were having a good time over at Smith's, but somebody shot out the moon, and——"

Jeff fell back, sick almost unto death. They called him to breakfast, but he moaned that he was sick, and they let him lie there. He was gagging when his father came into the room.

"What's the matter with you, Jeff?"

"I don't know, sir."

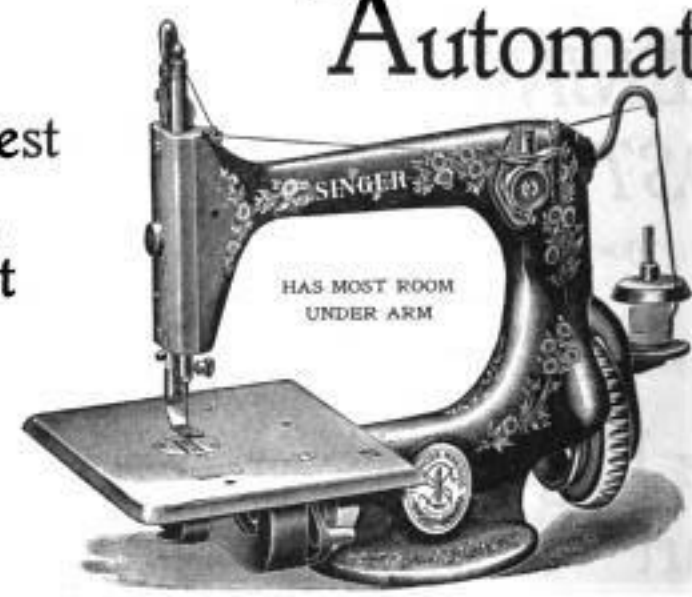
"What time did you get home?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"Seem to be sorter short on knowin', don't you? Were you at Smith's when the moon was shot out? What's the matter with you? Why, you've got the ague. Well, sir, it was a funny thing. You know that Smith doesn't like for his company to stay late, so he told the boys that they might remain till the moon went down. Well, an ingenious fellow hit upon a plan. He got hold of a cheese box, put a kerosene lamp in it, pasted a piece of greased paper over it and, just as the moon was goin' down behind the hill, hung the box high up in a tree. The old man can't see very well, and it fooled him completely till some fellow came along and shot—what's the matter with you? What are you sayin'? Goin' to git up, are you? What makes you cut them capers? Folks say you look like me, but I never seed the day that I had as little sense as you've got."

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The AMERICAN SOLDIER in the PHILIPPINES

By Senator ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE



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The American Soldier in the Philippines

By Albert J. Beveridge



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"SURELY," said a prominent English merchant of Iloilo, as we sat in his quarters one evening discussing the war and the world, "surely these troops of yours are your picked men. I am familiar with our soldiers in China and in India; I have seen specimens of Spanish soldiers daily for years; I am fairly familiar with German and French marines, but I have never seen such splendid specimens of military robustness and manly power as the American soldier in the Philippines." I assured him that though these soldiers of whom he spoke were of the finest youth of the nation, the Republic could, should the nation's life be imperiled, put five millions of such men as these in the field. The statement astounded my English friend, as, indeed, it is apt to astound all who have not thought of the unconquerable power in quality and number of the American people; but a careful study will show it to be far within the truth.

AN ARMY OF YOUTHS ENURED TO HARDSHIP

THIS physical masterfulness and excess of vital energy is the first thing that attracts attention to the American soldier in the Philippines. He is strong; he is alive; he is as restless as the currents of the sea, and as resistless. He is Youth. Even our old men in the army are young. A Regular Army officer hailing from New England, a Captain of cavalry, bearded and flecked with gray at the temples, rode with me and joked and endured like a boy of eighteen. Everywhere you are overwhelmed with this abounding sense of fine and fervent youth.



General Lawton, who was the typical American soldier, had all the energy, all the courage, all the dash, all the confidence, all the exhaustless endurance of the youngest member of his staff. Indeed, I have seen him endure hardships that wearied the younger subalterns. I remember well one young member of his staff saying, when I awoke at dawn one day and found the General already risen and gone, without a bite of breakfast, to a point of vantage where he might observe the country better, "This is the way we go all the time; no sleep, no food, no nothing, but fight. We literally live on combat." That sentence reveals the next great characteristic of the American soldier of to-day. He must have combat. Keep him fighting and he is happy.

On the road back from San Fernando, our extreme front, a young soldier, bearing a message from General MacArthur, overtook me. He could not have been over seventeen; but he declared he was twenty-one, and this is a point to which attention will be called later. It was not an intentional lie; it was merely a statement of capability. He was a volunteer from one of the Northwestern States, whose term of enlistment had expired, and who had a right to return home. He was remaining voluntarily. He was asked whether he wanted to go home.

"Oh, yes, of course," he replied, "but not until the end is over. I am satisfied to stay as long as the Government wants me, provided I can get a chance to fight."

And he threw back his head, his blue eyes dancing merrily, and laughed the joyous, confident laugh of the American soldier. He had only been continuously fighting for three months; he had only fought every foot of the way from Manila to San Fernando; it was true that, practically, he might be said to be under fire every hour even then. But this typical American soldier from the prairies of the Northwest was willing to stay in the tropic Philippines if he could only have a chance to fight.

An anecdote will illustrate this abnormal combative instinct of the American soldier as it is exhibited in the Philippines. On one occasion, around Iloilo, a regiment of regulars, the Eighteenth, as I remember, suddenly became engaged with the insurgents. Several boys of the First Tennessee happened to be off duty. The fighting that was then going on was not a part of their business. No matter; they seized their guns and ran like mad until they were on the firing line of the Regulars, whom they joined as though it was their own regiment. I asked one of them why he did it.

"Why," he replied, "we didn't want to miss the fun."

SOME VOLUNTEERS WHO WOULD RATHER FIGHT THAN EAT

AN OFFICER in command of the Eighteenth Regulars—in command at the time we had our liveliest fighting around Iloilo—told me the following story, which perfectly illustrates the peculiar atrophy of the faculty of fear with which the American soldier is afflicted:

"The Filipinos were shooting very rapidly," said the officer, "but not aiming well. Nevertheless, the air was full of bullets, and while nobody was being killed at that moment, there was danger. I didn't want to expose my men unnecessarily. They were ordered to lie down behind the rice ridges, and fire from them. In the midst of the action, and at the very hottest moment, I saw a flaxen-haired boy deliberately get up and coolly survey the whole scene. I ordered him down, asking, with an oath, I fear, what he meant by standing up that way to get killed. He turned upon me a face full of the sense of personal injury, and, as he slowly, very slowly, obeyed the order, said:

"'Why, there is no use of my lying down; I've shot away all my ammunition; I want to *see* this here show.'

"It was 'talking back,' of course, and should have been rebuked," continued the officer, "but what soldier could find it in his heart to rebuke a fine piece of spirit like that?"

The Philippine war has been full of dare-devil incidents that remind you of the days of the Three Guardsmen, or of the soldiers of Napoleon, or of the English seamen of Elizabeth's day. Reckless courage has always been, however, a characteristic of the American soldier in all wars.

Outside of Iloilo our line was on one side of a river, the insurgent line on the other side. An open space of perhaps a half a mile in diameter was on the Filipino side, beyond which were trees and other vegetation. Having learned the recklessness of the American soldier, the insurgents one night planted a flag over a trench in this open space. The evident purpose was to taunt the Americans to come and take the flag, thus alluring them into an absolute death-trap. An order was accordingly given that under no circumstances must any man attempt to disturb the flag. The very next day a soldier of the First Tennessee went beyond our lines, swam the river, and deliberately pulled up the flag and walked back with it, swam the river again, and entered our lines, escaping unhurt. What to do with that soldier was a serious question with our officers, since he had disobeyed orders, and was, technically, subject to court martial. But they had too much of the same spirit in their own breasts to discipline him, and nothing more, officially, was heard of the subject, though the incident was repeated with pride, and repeated again and again and again, in quarters and camps, and everywhere that Americans congregate.

BLUE-EYED, FLAXEN-HAIRED ANGLO-SAXON FIGHTERS

THE description of the young soldier who wanted to "see the show" as flaxen-haired, reveals another very remarkable and striking ethnological fact: the Saxon type prevails throughout our active fighting forces; at least it so appears to the mere eye-observer, whatever the records may show. A newspaper correspondent, now in Boston, called my attention to this at San Fernando, in the interior of Luzon, and I had myself noticed and spoken of it. Everywhere the pale blue or gray eye, everywhere the fair skin, everywhere the tawny hair and beard. In Cebu, Panay, Negros and Sulu the same phenomenon.

In many instances the beards have been allowed to grow, and observers were startlingly struck with the resemblance which these fierce-looking, bearded men—boys in years—bore to the old pictures in our primary school histories of twenty-five years ago, and of the descriptions which accompanied them. The Saxon type is as conspicuous in the Philippines as the flag itself. Of course the dark hair and eye are there, too. Three of the most daring and enduring soldiers I met were of that type, but the general impression is distinctly fairness in hair and lightness in eye.

AMERICANS BROTHERS, ONE AND ALL

THIS calls to mind the homogeneity of the people of the Republic. One might well expect the same type in the men from the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas; but he who has not followed ethnological currents in America would have expected that the Southern troops would have been quite a different type. And yet, in the Tennessee troops at Iloilo was found precisely the same type as in the Dakota troops at San Fernando. You might have said that they all came from the same section, the same State, the same county, almost the same family. It was an inspiring thought; the American people are indeed one people. The boys from Tennessee

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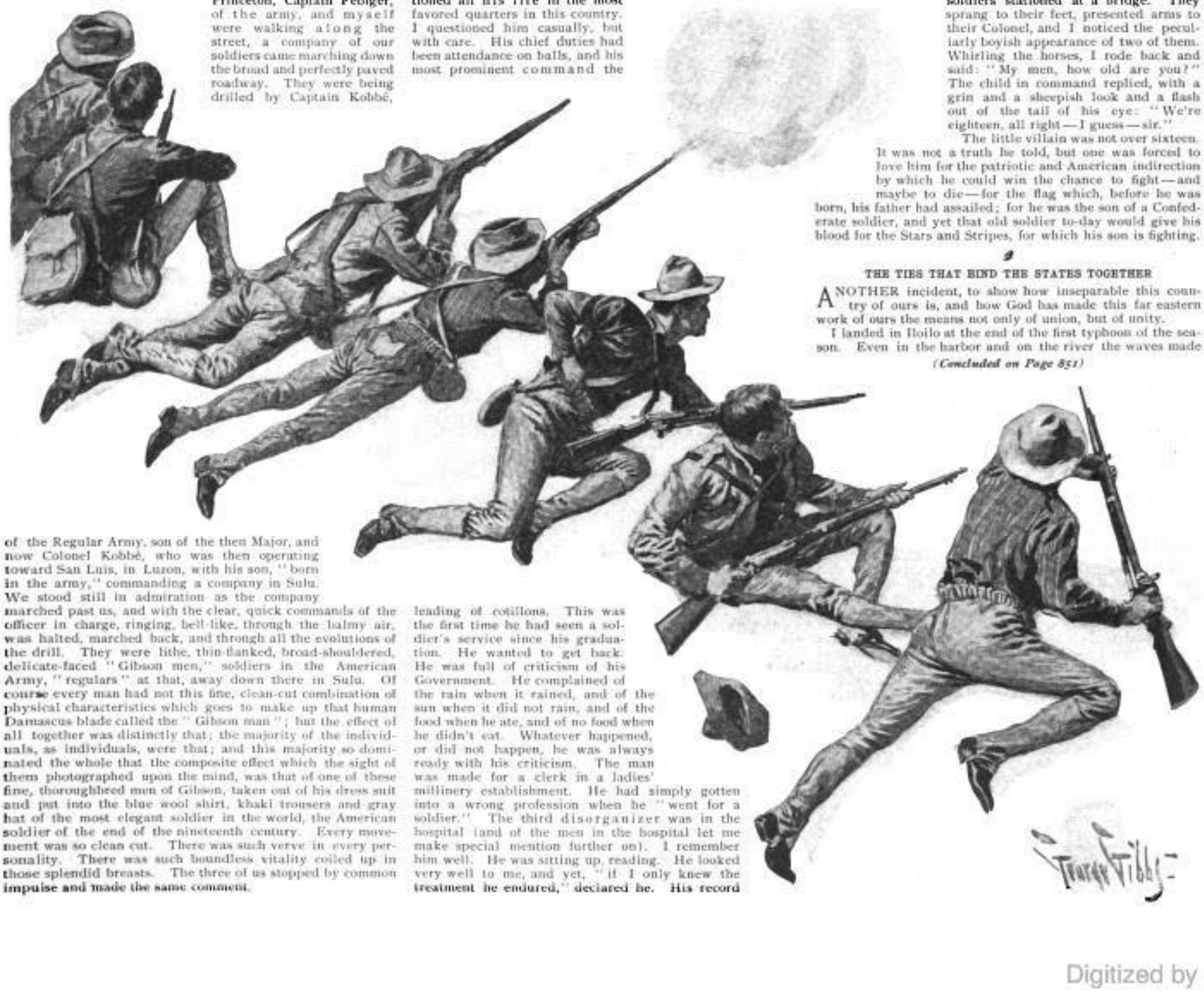
look like the brothers of the boys from Nebraska or Montana. The boys from Oregon and Washington look like the brothers of the boys from Pennsylvania. The boys from California look like the brothers of the boys from Minnesota. And brothers they are—brothers of the blood, brothers of the flag, brothers of battle, brothers of destiny. How mad must be the man who dares believe that by any temporary emergency these brothers can ever be divided against themselves.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER OF THE THOROUGHBRED TYPE

ONE cannot resist dwelling longer on physical characteristics. These thoroughbred soldiers from the plantations of the South, from the plains and valleys and farms of the West, look the thoroughbred, physically considered. The fine line is everywhere. The nose is straight, the mouth is sensitive and delicate. There are very few bulldog jaws. There is, instead, the steel-trap jaw of the lion. The whole face and figure is the face and figure of the thoroughbred fighter, who has always been the fine-featured, delicate-nostriled, thin-eared, and generally clean-cut-featured man. This, too, is the type of the great fighting animals—the lion, the tiger, the puma—all with jaws as delicate in outline as they are powerful. None has the heavy jaw of the bulldog. The same is true of the great fighters among men.

Recall the medallions of Alexander. Remember the types of the Greek soldier, as they come down to us, the soldier most resembling the American soldier of any in history. Think of the delicate form and features of the great Cæsar and of his troops, of the mighty Napoleon and his, of the sharp-faced and victorious Wellington and his men. Think of Von Moltke, of Frederick the Great, of Richelieu, and of their men—sword-faced men every one. Even the face of General Grant, of whose square jaw we have heard so much, is said to have been comparatively delicate, and the square appearance of his jaw came very largely from the cut and style of his beard, and, if otherwise, it is the exception which emphasizes the general fact. But this is going into physiognomical and military disputation. Whether the theory is true or not, it is distinctly true that the American soldier in the Philippines, as a type, is the one with which Charles Dana Gibson has made us familiar in his illustrations.

I remember very well, one morning in the city of Jolo, in the Sulu Islands—Jolo, the marvelous creation of that exceptional Spaniard, Arolas—as Commander West, of the Princeton, Captain Febiger, of the army, and myself were walking along the street, a company of our soldiers came marching down the broad and perfectly paved roadway. They were being drilled by Captain Kobbé, of the Regular Army, son of the then Major, and now Colonel Kobbé, who was then operating toward San Luis, in Luzon, with his son, "born in the army," commanding a company in Sulu. We stood still in admiration as the company marched past us, and with the clear, quick commands of the officer in charge, ringing, bell-like, through the balmy air, was halted, marched back, and through all the evolutions of the drill. They were lithe, thin-flanked, broad-shouldered, delicate-faced "Gibson men," soldiers in the American Army, "regulars" at that, away down there in Sulu. Of course every man had not this fine, clean-cut combination of physical characteristics which goes to make up that human Damascus blade called the "Gibson man"; but the effect of all together was distinctly that; the majority of the individuals, as individuals, were that; and this majority so dominated the whole that the composite effect which the sight of them photographed upon the mind, was that of one of these fine, thoroughbred men of Gibson, taken out of his dress suit and put into the blue wool shirt, khaki trousers and gray hat of the most elegant soldier in the world, the American soldier of the end of the nineteenth century. Every movement was so clean cut. There was such verve in every personality. There was such boundless vitality coiled up in those splendid breasts. The three of us stopped by common impulse and made the same comment.



Let me here throw in a paragraph to say that if I had written an article on the American Navy in the Philippines, with which I became singularly familiar, all of the above might be duplicated with a variety of incident from the decks which have now begun, and at no distant time will achieve, the sovereignty of all the seas.

Let it not be understood that all of the men in our army are of the excellent type in courage and endurance and physical perfection described above. Unfortunately, no; but the vast majority are; and so great is this majority that the few exceptions are worthy of note only to preserve entire truthfulness in the picture, and to avoid the charge of exaggeration. There are a few men in every organization who are disturbers, disorganizers and cowards. The fact that we are Americans, though that means nearly everything, is not sufficient to remove entirely defects occasionally encountered the world over. There are a few unworthy men in our army.

Two of these were met at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of a blazing day, eight miles from San Fernando, walking back to Manila, as they said. Asked what was the matter with them, they declared they had been "touched by the sun," although they were walking at a rapid pace, in the hottest portion of the day, and looked as vigorous as bullocks. An outpost, their comrades, a little further on, were cursing them for being what is known in our army in the Philippines as "cold feet."

THE COTILLON LEADER'S CASE OF "COLD FEET"

ANY man who, for any reason, good or otherwise, avoids actual danger of death in action is under suspicion of being a case of "cold feet"; and once that suspicion is confirmed, he has lost caste with his companions forever, and is literally ostracized. Occasionally, too, you will find a chronic grumbler, a natural disorganizer. But they are rare. I ran across only three in all the islands. One I met on a ship. He was just leaving. He had stories of indescribable suffering to relate, of hardship, of abuse, of poor food, of harsh treatment. It was a tale of woe unrelieved. Curiosity was aroused and his record has since been investigated. He was the poorest soldier in his regiment, and undoubtedly would not be able to get into the service again. He was not a volunteer, but an enlisted Regular.

Another was a Lieutenant in the Regular Army. He had been stationed all his life in the most favored quarters in this country. I questioned him casually, but with care. His chief duties had been attendance on balls, and his most prominent command the leading of cotillons. This was the first time he had seen a soldier's service since his graduation. He wanted to get back. He was full of criticism of his Government. He complained of the rain when it rained, and of the sun when it did not rain, and of the food when he ate, and of no food when he didn't eat. Whatever happened, or did not happen, he was always ready with his criticism. The man was made for a clerk in a ladies' millinery establishment. He had simply gotten into a wrong profession when he "went for a soldier." The third disorganizer was in the hospital (and of the men in the hospital let me make special mention further on). I remember him well. He was sitting up, reading. He looked very well to me, and yet, "if I only knew the treatment he endured," declared he. His record also was looked up. He had seen no service. He was always causing difficulties. He was constantly falling ill, and yet never being really ill. *Out of the thousands of men whom I met face to face, these three are the only instances of the complainers and the grumblers—only three in many thousands; it is a glorious proportion.* Not that the men were satisfied all the time, by any means. No. If they didn't get what they wanted, they said so, and said so hard; but they grumbled in fine, manly, American fashion, and for things which full-blooded men in the lust of youth are wont to grumble at, such as a chance to get out and fight, and things like that.

HOW THE BOYS IN THE HOSPITALS FARE

LET me go back to the hospital. Impressions there formed will never be erased from my memory. How proud the men were of their wounds! They insisted on showing you their poor, mangled limbs. And never a whimper, never a whine, never a complaint. At the hospital at Manila one man was sitting in a chair outside. He was still very weak, but his wound was nearly healed, and he was convalescing. He stood up straight as an arrow as we came up, saluting with that fine air of mingled dignity and spirit which is characteristic of the salute of the American soldier.

"How are you, my boy," said I, "and where were you wounded?"

"At Malabon," he said; "shot through the leg here, and I am getting along fine. I think I shall be able to be out on the firing line in a couple of weeks now."

He said it as a schoolboy might say, "There are two weeks more of school, then vacation, by Jove!" Another young fellow said, "I am good and well. I am going to join the boys to-morrow." He was nineteen years old. How proud they make one feel—those matchless children of courage who are fighting for the flag in the Philippines. What types they are of the American spirit of the twentieth century! One looks into their fearless eyes and sees our manifest destiny personified and vital.

I cannot get away from the impression of youth—a youth that seems as if it would be youth forever—that fairly gleams with virile light from the faces of these boys of ours. At Iloilo, as the officers of the First Tennessee and myself were making our ride, we galloped past a clump of three soldiers stationed at a bridge. They sprang to their feet, presented arms to their Colonel, and I noticed the peculiarly boyish appearance of two of them. Whirling the horses, I rode back and said: "My men, how old are you?" The child in command replied, with a grin and a sheepish look and a flash out of the tail of his eye: "We're eighteen, all right—I guess—sir."

The little villain was not over sixteen. It was not a truth he told, but one was forced to love him for the patriotic and American indirection by which he could win the chance to fight—and maybe to die—for the flag which, before he was born, his father had assailed; for he was the son of a Confederate soldier, and yet that old soldier to-day would give his blood for the Stars and Stripes, for which his son is fighting.

THE TIES THAT BIND THE STATES TOGETHER

ANOTHER incident, to show how inseparable this country of ours is, and how God has made this far eastern work of ours the means not only of union, but of unity.

I landed in Iloilo at the end of the first typhoon of the season. Even in the harbor and on the river the waves made

(Concluded on Page 851)

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The Swiss Family Robertson

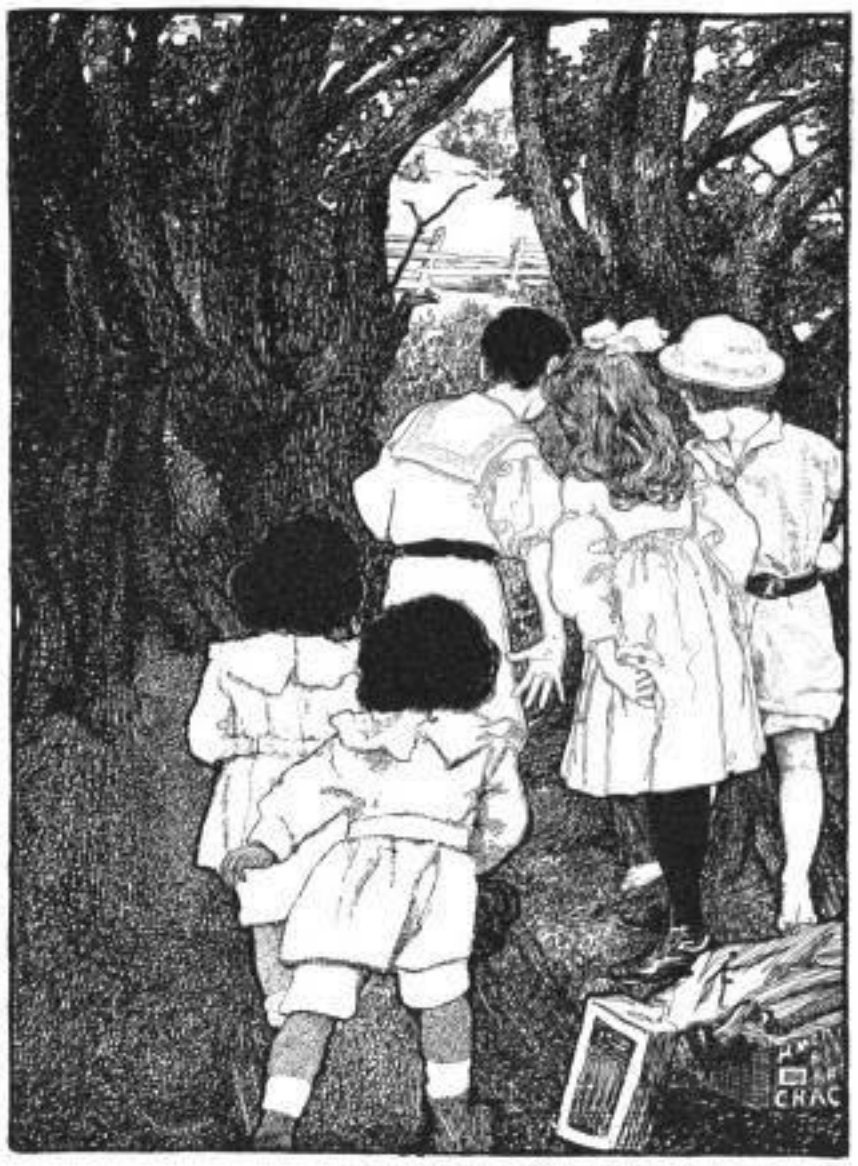
By Stanley Waterloo

WHEN I look back across the years—I am nearly thirteen now—the vision which arises of trying adventure with my sister and three brothers seems like what I have seen somewhere alluded to as the baseless fabric of a dream, or, if not that, at least some freak of the waking imagination. Yet certain it is that the five of us, John, Mary, Francis, Herbert and Elwyn Robertson, aged respectively eleven, nine, eight and six years—Herbert and Elwyn being twins—had such strange experiences in a strange land as can never be forgotten by any of us. Hard indeed to undergo were some of our vicissitudes, and always thankful am I, when the memory of that time returns, that my greater age and possibly greater force of character enabled me to become guide and mentor when certainly a counselor was needed.

Strangely enough, all our adventures were the indirect result of an earnest perusal of a most fascinating volume entitled The Swiss Family Robinson, in which was related the story of a family named Robinson, cast away upon a lone island in the Pacific Ocean. The family was a remarkable one, and the character of the father I admired especially. Not only was he a man of extended general information, but one who regarded thoughtfully the circumstance that almost any condition may be improved by the diligent, and who was truly grateful for something in every chapter of the book. The mother and children each displayed traits almost as admirable. The island, too, was as remarkable as the family, since, though it was but a small place, the castaways were fortunate enough to discover almost every useful plant, bird and beast known to the torrid, temperate or frigid zones. Taken altogether, the tale was such as to arouse a spirit of something nearly akin to envy in the minds of all of us save the twins, who were, of course, too young to understand. It was no wonder, since our great-great-grandfather on our mother's side was said to have come from Switzerland, that the three oldest of us called ourselves the Swiss Family Robertson and imagined many things. There came a time when the fancy became a grave reality, even to the twins.

It is with no little feeling and hesitation that I approach any allusion to the causes which led to the practical expatriation of five people—in the prime of youth, it is true, but inexperienced—and their subjection to a manner of existence such as they had never imagined could be real. Even now the matter so affects me that I must be pardoned by the reader for not relating the unpleasant details. Suffice it to say that occasions arose when the views of our parents unhappily failed to coincide with those of Mary, Francis and myself, and that our conduct was held, by those who had the power, to merit corporal punishment, a punishment which, it has always seemed to me, was inflicted with far more vehemence than any possible occasion could demand. Our spirits revolted at what occurred, and the three of us, who, as explained, had just finished reading The Swiss Family Robinson, held inflamed but deliberate counsel together and determined resolutely upon a course which should give us liberty of conscience and of action. I admit frankly that, being of a self-respecting disposition, and it may be to an extent a natural leader, I was foremost in these councils and mapped out the general plan of action. Increasing years have given me more philosophy and taken from my impulsiveness, but at that time I did not hesitate. In short, under my inspiration we resolved to seek a more congenial clime, where, if we did not luxuriate in all the so-called advantages of a super-refined civilization, we should at least have the more quiet and assured happiness which obtains where Nature is primeval. Our resolution became fixed. That Herbert and Elwyn, the twins, became of the emigrating party was but an incident, they having discovered our plans for departure and insisting upon accompanying us. Their wish was reluctantly granted lest the clamor they would inevitably raise in the event of a refusal should reveal our plans.

Not only were we determined upon the new life, but we resolved to isolate ourselves so completely from the unpleasant recent past as even to change our names, it being decided that each should select a new one for himself or herself. As for me, having lately read a story of the Norsemen, I selected the name of Wolfgang; Mary chose that of Abyssinia, and Francis, for what reason I cannot imagine, adopted that of Chickum. The naming of Herbert and Elwyn was left to Abyssinia, who, after looking over a newspaper, called one Krag and the other Jörgensen. Then began in earnest our preparations for departure.



Could the man have been placed there to exercise a distant surveillance over us?

It was, of course, necessary, as I endeavored to impress upon my fellows—if Abyssinia may be included in such a term—to observe the utmost secrecy and discretion in all our movements. This injunction was observed faithfully by all save Krag and Jörgensen, whose course was frequently such as might, I feared, attract the attention of our parents. Fortunately they appeared all unknowing of our designs.

The first thing to be accomplished was the getting together and bestowal in a safe place of such stores as we could carry away and as would be most serviceable to us in an uninhabited and possibly barren region. In this difficult task Abyssinia, Chickum and I shared about equally. The place of concealment finally decided upon was a small shed which had formerly been a henhouse, and which stood against a board fence on the eastern side of the kitchen garden. Here, beneath a heap of straw, we concealed our accumulations. I pondered deeply over what the nature of our stores should be, and I trust I may say, with a pride not altogether unbecoming, that my selections were justified by the result. Slowly but surely the material accumulated until there came a time when we felt that we were fairly equipped for our departure. It was just after the beginning of July, and the weather was sultry, but with an eye for the future Abyssinia secured from the extra household supplies four quilts, five large sheets and six jars of raspberry and strawberry jam. She contributed also a bag of salt, pepper, some old knives and forks, half a dozen tin plates and as many tin cups, a breadpan, a frying-pan with a broken handle, and two tin pails. I added a light but excellent ax, several boxes of matches, a great ball of stout cord, an enormous slab of dried beef, two boxes of crackers, a box of candles, some large potatoes, an old carving-knife, some fishhooks, a steel trap, and at least half a barrel of flour in bags not too large to be carried by Chickum or me. Chickum brought two jars of butter, another ax, and his bow and arrow. Of course we had our pocket-knives, and Abyssinia had needles and strong thread. The hour came when we only awaited an auspicious occasion for departure.

It had become apparent that not a third of our stores could be removed in a single journey, and, after considering the matter most thoughtfully, I resolved that the only wise course was to determine upon the site for our new home, complete it, and to it carry our goods from time to time. Upon Chickum and me must necessarily fall the burden of this initial labor, and we set about it at once. Our homestead sloped from the roadway to the north and was bounded in that direction by a grassy expanse through which flowed a small creek, crossed by a plank. The creek separated this green area from a wild and comparatively deserted region known as the Wooded Pasture. Some hundreds of yards distant from the creek rose an extremely wide and dense growth of willows, and in the midst of this miniature forest, as we had at one time discovered, was a small open space, dry and bare of growth. Here, after new exploration in company with Chickum, I decided should be established our tranquil home. The site was not discernible from the home of our parents, nor indeed from any part of the place we were leaving except from an elevated point in a meadow to the west, and even from this station the view was indistinct.

We bided our time impatiently now; but we did not have long to wait. A day came when our parents were away upon a visit, the hired girl was occupied indoors, and the hired man busy in the cornfield where the dense growth of the valued cereal prevented him from seeing us or being seen. Quietly Chickum and I departed, burdened with the quilts, sheets, our axes, and the ball of twine. Our journey to the willows was uneventful and our labors there were unmolested.

The plan of our shelter had already been designed by me, and we lost no time in trivial debating over details, Chickum submitting without question to each suggestion of the stronger mind. Under my direction we cut down eight small willows as straight as we could find, and cut from each a length of nearly six feet, four of which we sharpened at one end. These, one of us standing upon a dead uprooted stump which we rolled about, we drove into the earth at distances of six feet apart, the stakes, rising some five feet, forming the four corners of a square. The remaining four poles we tied firmly so that they extended from the top of one stake to another, and upon the frame so constructed we stretched one of the sheets, cutting holes close to the hems and through them tying the sheet to the cross-pieces. Our dwelling was now roofed. The four remaining sheets, similarly tied, made the four sides of the structure, one being left partly unattached so that it might be lifted, thus serving for a door. Upon the grassy floor of the house one of the quilts was spread, and there was our Tented Home! Chickum was wild with delight and capered about hilariously, but I reminded him that the time for an exhibition of such exuberance of spirit had not arrived. Much yet remained to be accomplished. Days passed before all our stores were, with exercise of the greatest caution, safely bestowed within the tent.

It was six o'clock one pleasant evening, when we had just finished dinner, that our parents again absented themselves to make a call upon a neighbor. Our time had come. Quietly all of us, including Abyssinia and the twins, slipped down through the kitchen garden, across the creek, across a part of the Wooded Pasture and into the Willow Grove. There was what I may call a certain tremulousness, but no faltering. We reached our place of refuge. "Welcome to this sylvan grove!" shouted Chickum—quoting, I firmly believe, something he had read in a story, for Chickum's ordinary mode of expression was not such as I could in many respects desire—and all entered the tent and made themselves at home. Here were peace and happiness at last! We chatted and planned until darkness fell, and then, digging a hole with my knife into a potato, I inserted one of the candles we had brought and found the place illuminated finely. But we did not remain long awake. It had been a season of labor and excitement, and a sense of drowsiness soon overcame us all.

It was nearly midnight when I was aroused by an exclamation from Abyssinia and the sobbing of the twins. "What is it?" whispered Abyssinia, and as she spoke there came a strange, gulping cry from a marshy strip beside the creek, and then, nearer us, one more musical but quite as mournful. The creatures of the night were calling. From my wider experience I recognized their harmlessness; I knew the voices of the bullfrog and the whippoorwill, but with the others it was different. Though my rest had been disturbed, I could not but explain all graciously, and soon the three were sleeping again, though fitfully. As for Chickum, he had not

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awakened. When we awoke, morning had come and the birds were chirping all about us. We ate heartily of jam and crackers, and felt the blood coursing in our respective veins as it had never done before. How glorious the sense of freedom!

How unstable, too, are sometimes the happiest of conditions! Little did I imagine that bright morning as I noted idly the performance of a red-hooded woodpecker, *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*, who was eating a long white grub in sections, little, I reiterate, did I imagine that before nightfall all our hopeful plans would be disarranged, and that, like some weakling tribe compelled ever to flee before an encroaching power, we must decide, in self-protection, to risk all the dangers of a wilder home.

It was noon when, looking to the southwest, I perceived far in the distance our hired man working about a stump on the elevated spot in the meadow from which could be obtained the only glimpse of our white home amid the greenery. I have not, I hope, one of those minds ever open to suspicion, but I may say that it is one somewhat more than ordinarily keen in the formation of deductions. Why was the hired man there, chopping about a huge stump which he could not possibly remove unaided? Were we discovered? Could the man have been placed there to exercise a distant surveillance over us? The idea grew upon me, and an apprehension I could scarce explain—an apprehension shared by Abyssinia and Chickum, with whom I at once consulted. Under the circumstances, with me to think was but to act. "Come," I said to Chickum, "there is but one course to pursue. We must face the issue as courageously as we can. Abyssinia and the twins will remain here while you and I must venture farther in search of a place where, no matter what may surround us, our isolation will be complete." To this even the sometimes thoughtless Chickum assented promptly. "I am ready, brother," was his answer. "Let us start at once."

Little preparation was required. We provided ourselves with crackers and dried beef and set forth immediately, I carrying one of the axes and Chickum arming himself with the carving knife.

The country for quite a distance, as we found, was partly bare, though there were occasional small oaks and tangles of hazel and blackberry bushes. As we advanced, though, the trees became taller and grew more closely together, and finally, as we ascended a gradually sloping ridge, we found ourselves in what must have been almost the forest primeval. We knew not what we should discover. The shadows were deep, and the wind made a constant sighing overhead. Descending the ridge upon the other side, and pursuing our course far to the northwest, we emerged at last upon a small open glade through which tumbled a noisy creek and near the centre of which grew a few small elms, four of them, as I noted, forming the angles of a square. We advanced and looked about us. From the glade there was an opening in but one direction, to the northeast, through which could be seen far away part of a hillside field. My heart beat fast. I recognized the advantages of the site at a single glance. "Here," I said, "shall be our home!"

Chickum assented gladly and we took up our long homeward march, reaching the tent in time for the evening meal. We were informed by Abyssinia that the day had been uneventful save that Krag had stooped too closely in examination of a bumblebee upon a clover blossom. One of his eyes was closed, but he appeared in his usual spirits. I have ever admired the wonderful recuperative powers of youth. Abyssinia told us, also, that the twins had devoured one entire pot of our limited supply of jam.

For two days Chickum and I labored in the distant forest upon the erection of our new and more substantial home. Sheets would no longer suffice for roof and walls. We cut strong cross-poles and tied them from tree to tree, and, finding great heaps of hemlock bark cut for the tanneries in a small abandoned clearing some distance from our glade, we brought all that we required of the great slabs and, leaning them against our cross-poles, made sides to the dwelling which promised to be wind and rain proof. The roof was constructed of the same material. We now had a home solid and roomy and offering pleasant contrast to the frail tent amid the willows. Laboriously our stores were carried in repeated journeys over the long route, and three days later all of our little company were contentedly at home in Hemlock Castle, a name suggested by Abyssinia, who declared that, like the people on the Pacific island, we should certainly have names for the objects and localities about us. The open space in the forest was christened Haven Glade, the creek received the title of Skelter Water, and the deep, wooded land about us was known as Darkland.

We were now most happily established. Our only possible anxiety, and that as yet a light one, related to our food supply, which was gradually diminishing. But we had plenty of flour, and Abyssinia now began making bread.

Thoughtful and far-seeing as I had proved myself in the earlier preparations for our flight, I had forgotten one thing. I shall never cease to reproach myself with not having requested Abyssinia, while we were still under the dominion of our parents, to ingratiate herself with the hired girl and acquire at least some rudimentary idea of the art of bread-making. As it now appeared, she was, though hopeful, absolutely unacquainted with the manner of preparation of this so generally popular article of food. We elders held a council on the subject and each expressed an idea. Abyssinia thought that to merely mix some of the flour with water and then put the dough in the frying-pan was all that was required for bread. Chickum asserted that he had seen the hired girl mix a little salt in the dough. I, personally, was confident that butter was added. It was resolved to experiment on a small scale, and Abyssinia took up her household duties, I must admit, with bravery.

Some of the flour was mixed with water and salt and a little butter and put into the hot frying-pan. It soon browned upon one side and was then turned over with some difficulty because of its extraordinary adhesiveness. When finally extracted it resembled nothing I had ever seen before, but was certainly baked. It was buttered and we all ate. The food was tenacious in quality and its flavor proved exceedingly novel to us. Chickum, later, complained of pain. But we had no other bread, and after I had reasoned calmly with all upon the merit of resignation, we accepted the situation daily. What a wonderful organ is the human stomach!

I am not exaggerating when I relate that the days now passed with blitheness. To our food was added an almost unlimited supply of wild gooseberries and blackberries, and the mandrake apples were ripening. There were deep pools in Skelter Water, and there, with the hooks my foresight had provided, we caught many of the fish known as the common bull-head, which we wrapped in clay and cast into the open fire. When the clay appeared well hardened, we drew it from the fire, cracked it open, and therein found the fish, cooked to a turn, and even a delicacy when eaten with butter and pepper and salt. How inevitably does intelligence, when in stress, arise to the demands of circumstance!

One day Abyssinia came running in, jubilantly crying: "Bees! Bees! I've found a hive of wild bees! Let us tame them, as did the people on the island, and so have all the honey we can eat!"

This, assuredly, was glorious news, and we all accompanied Abyssinia to the scene of her discovery. There were the bees and their home. Suspended from the swaying end of a beech bough, hanging so low that it was only four or five feet from the ground, appeared a great oval object which looked as if made of grayish paper. There were orifices in the bottom about which the insects were humming in great numbers. They seemed somewhat longer than domesticated bees, and had yellowish rings around their bodies, the difference in appearance from the ordinary honey-gatherer being, I assumed, due to their environment and different mode of life. I at once resolved to secure the hive and bring it to Haven Glade, where it would afford a most desirable addition to our daily fare. I determined that the only way to accomplish this was to come at night when the bees were at rest, cut off the limb above the hive, and so carry it to our home. This was easily accomplished. The end of the limb where it had been cut away was inserted in a hole made through the bark of our rear wall, and there, on the outside, hung the hive for the honey-making.

Some days passed and the bees appeared to be working industriously, no one going very near the suspended hive lest they be disturbed. It chanced, however, that we had one morning an exceedingly early breakfast, and Chickum, who always had a taste for sweets, suggested that, as the bees were not yet astir, he go out, cut a hole in the side of the hive and secure a lump of comb for our delectation. Impelled by curiosity, I followed, observing Chickum's operations from a distance. Chickum, using his pocket knife, cut around a piece about six inches square from the side of the queer hive and then removed it to look within for the honey. Never shall I forget what then occurred immediately. How remarkable are some of the traits of the insect world! From the opening that Chickum had made there burst, fairly in his face, a whirling, venomously buzzing cloud of the great bees. He leaped backward and fled along the creek. Very fleet of foot has Chickum always been, and I have never felt it humiliating to be defeated by him in our friendly races, but never before had I seen accomplished, even by him, such an amazing burst of speed. His career, so far as I may infer from pictures I have seen, resembled that of the antelope of the arid wastes, but the bees kept pace with him. With each leap Chickum gave vent to the remarkable cry of "Hep! Hep!" At first I thought him shouting instinctively for help, but it was not that; it was, I have since concluded, but a spasmodic exclamation, the result of his alarm and pain and of his violent physical exertion. I followed, first calling to Abyssinia to bring the twins from the house, for I knew the flight must be a brief one. Suddenly Chickum, in his desperation, plunged into one of the pools of the creek and sank down until only his nose was visible. That organ, as I could see, received at once most violent attention from the hovering pursuers, but by splashing water Chickum finally drove the bees away and they returned scatteringly to their desecrated home. When Chickum emerged from the creek his appearance was such that had I not been witness to the transformation I could scarcely have identified him. Each eye was closed so that, as he walked, he was compelled to hold the lids of one apart with thumb and finger, and his nose, but for its hue, resembled some monster puff-ball of the fields.



Suddenly Chickum, in his desperation, plunged into one of the pools of the creek

That day our forest home was temporarily abandoned, and when night came I removed the hive with the utmost care a long distance into the forest. Days later I found it abandoned and, examining it, found breeding-cells, but not a trace of honey. I recognized at once and, as is always my way, admitted to myself that I had erred. The hive was not that of the wild honey bee, *Apis mellifica*, but of the aggressive tree wasp, *Vespidæ*. I could not understand why I had been so mistaken. I had been most carefully instructed in natural history, and Miss Clitherose, my teacher for several terms, had been kind enough to speak of my remarkable aptitude in that direction. I had acquired not only the common but many of the Latin names of the soulless creatures, and, indeed, rather preferred the Latin. I well remember the day when I puzzled even Miss Clitherose, who prided herself somewhat on her acquirements. I asked her to give me the old Latin names for turkey and potato and she failed in the attempt. Little did she guess how I had reasoned that as there had been no turkeys nor potatoes in the Old World there could have been no Latin names for them! But I digress.

Time passed and all went well until one afternoon, looking through the one small opening to the glade which gave a view of the distant hillside field, I saw distinctly the form of a man. He was chopping, and something about the figure and its movements reminded me irresistibly of our hired man, Eben Westbrook. What could it mean?

Happy am I to turn to a subject more exhilarating—to a novel incident of our forest life. One day Chickum and the

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twins went berrying in the direction of our former home, venturing—as we rarely did—even as far as the Wooded Lot. They were in the midst of the hazel and blackberry bushes when there was a sudden cackle and flutter in the undergrowth, and a cry from Jörgensen which brought Chickum hurriedly upon the scene. What he saw caused the impetuous youth to shout with joy. There, beneath a bush, was the nest of a hen, *Gallina Americana*, and in it were no less than seven eggs. Berrying was suspended promptly, and all the eggs save one were transferred to the pail, and then began a wild search for more. It was well rewarded. A dozen or more nests were found, the spoil of which was added to that already secured. It was a great discovery.

A prouder trio than entered Hemlock Castle that evening, bringing their burden of eggs, could not be conceived by any sort of person, nor could any imagine a more enthusiastic reception than was accorded them. Not only were we now relieved from immediate danger of a food famine, but the variation in diet was good for all of us. There was a most riotous consumption of eggs for days, until a startling tendency toward biliousness, exhibited by little Krag, induced me to counsel greater moderation. So many eggs, coupled with Abyssinia's bread, were necessarily trying to the system. It was now that Chickum developed a great idea. He proposed to capture a number of the fowls, bring them to Haven Glade, and there establish a hennery.

The proposition was received with general approbation, and next day the construction of the hennery was begun. It was not a difficult task which faced us. Since the fowls must have gravel and water, it was decided that the hennery should extend a little into the creek, and close beside its sloping bank the structure was erected. There but remained the capture of the fowls, and Chickum was riotous over the prospect. He announced his ability to catch a dozen chickens in a single day, and with the assistance of Krag and Jörgensen he made good his boast, the three running down into the bushes and bringing home just the number of hens he had promised.

Our life continued in its placid way until one night, when a tremendous commotion in the chicken-house caused both Chickum and me to rush out to the rescue. Chickum had seized the carving-knife as usual, and I a handy bludgeon. As we neared the place some dark-colored animal clambered hurriedly up the side of the enclosure, and as its head appeared through a hole in the roof I dealt it a heavy blow and it fell stunned. Chickum descended through an opening in the roof and the animal was put out of its misery. It resembled a miniature bear, save that its color was grayish and that it possessed a long and remarkably ringed tail. I at once recognized the common raccoon, *Procyon lotor*, and made an address to the others upon its many curious traits and habits of life. One of the hens was found killed. A day or two later there entered from the water side an enemy which we saw on two or three occasions but could not destroy nor capture. It proved to be the fur-producing animal known as a mink, *Putorius vison*. Within a week we had not a single fowl alive. All had fallen before the rapacity of this bloodthirsty creature. Hunger stared us in the face!

How nearly am I approaching now to the end of this narrative of trial and adventure! How vividly recall themselves to me the scenes of one fateful afternoon! There had not been a storm since before our occupancy of Hemlock Castle, and almost a drought prevailed throughout the country. But a change was near at hand. There came an afternoon, airless, close and heavy until nearly evening. Then white clouds appeared in the west, growing rapidly into woolly mountains. Soon these assumed a darker hue, and a great wind arose before which the sturdiest trees were bent, while an awful roar resounded through the forest. A darkness came upon everything, and we huddled in the shelter of Hemlock Castle, even Chickum alarmed, Abyssinia crying, and the twins in an agony of terror. The rain began to fall in such torrents as I had never known before. Now the wind increased almost to a hurricane, and a sudden blast carried away the roof of our house as if it had been a thing of paper. In a moment we were wetted to the skin. The creek became a spreading torrent which swept away the ruins of our house just as we had barely escaped from it. In the darkness we clambered blindly toward the ridge, when I heard a loud shout near us and recognized the voice of Eben Westbrook. Never did human voice sound sweeter! "Hurry!" he shouted, "Hurry home!" and came rushing up to seize the hands of Krag and Jörgensen and take the lead. Wet and bedraggled, we hurried on, over the ridge, into the open, across the hazel country, across the Wooded Pasture, across the creek, up through the kitchen garden, and into the house by way of the kitchen door. A fateful moment had arrived.

I felt something in my throat, but I did not shrink. I had decided what I would say. I would naught extenuate, but would fall back upon the theory of the sacredness of human rights. My address was not to receive a hearing.

Our parents were about sitting down to the evening meal, and, to my surprise, our plates lay all in their accustomed places, as if we had not been absent for a day. My father looked up and nodded cheerfully and mother only said: "You'd better all go up and get dry clothes on before you eat." The hired girl peeked in from a side of the kitchen door and drew her head back suddenly with a gulp. Eben Westbrook maintained what I have heard called in relation to others an impassive countenance. We went up, changed our clothes, and all came downstairs together. What a meal it was! There was not much conversation, though father mentioned something about the beginning of the school term. How Krag and Jörgensen did eat! But oh, the incomprehensible apathy of Parents!

Tales Told by Handwriting

By Wm. J. Kinsley

THE employment of professional handwriting experts as witnesses in court cases that often involve enormous sums of money, or the liberty or even lives of suspected malefactors, has awakened widespread interest in the methods of this class of experts, their resources and capabilities in conserving the ends of justice.

Many uninformed people appear to look on the handwriting expert as one who, by intuition or the possession of some mysterious occult power, is enabled to distinguish at a glance the true and the spurious in any questioned handwriting. Nothing could be further from the fact.

The secret of his power—as in any other line of scientific research—lies wholly in his intimate familiarity with the innumerable physical details which comprise the written line or word or letter—sometimes so slight a matter as the dotting of an i or the placing of a comma. It is precisely the same specialized sense, born of acute observation and minute scrutiny that enables an expert chemist to take two powders of like weight and color, identical in appearance to the common eye and perhaps in taste to the common palate, and say: this drug is harmless, wholesome; that is a deadly poison—and to specify not only their various individual constituents but the exact proportion of each. The trained eye of the handwriting expert (as in another case could that of the expert chemist) can often detect at a glance certain distinguishing earmarks of submitted writing that enable him to fix the identity of the writer almost offhand. In the great majority of cases, however, the cunning of the forger calls for deliberate, painstaking study and investigation before the conscientious expert is willing to announce with absolute surety an opinion so often fraught with tremendous possibilities for good or for evil.

Nothing else that a person does is so characteristic as the handwriting, and the identification of the individual can be established by it better than by portraits or almost any other means. As lawyers and laymen and courts are finding this out, the handwriting expert is more and more called upon to untangle snarled questions and to right wrongs.

It is only when attention is directed to this interesting science by the wide publicity given to some great case in which handwriting plays an important part that the notice of the general public is drawn to it. The average person would be surprised to know of the great number of cases that find their way to the office of the handwriting expert. The man who has made a success in this line is constantly in demand, and makes frequent trips to distant points to appear as witness in courts.



PHOTO BY GEDFORD & VAN BRUNT, NEW YORK

WILLIAM J. KINSLEY

THE EXPERT AND THE CHARLATAN

Though nearly every large town has some one who devotes some attention to handwriting, there are but five or six men in this country who give to it practically all of their time, and who have gone very deeply into the subject.

To allow any person to qualify as an "expert" and to testify as such is a matter wholly within the discretion of the court. Unfortunately, courts frequently are lax in determining this question. Almost any one who can write is permitted to give alleged "expert" testimony regarding handwriting. In one case within the writer's experience—a case, too, involving life and death—the court unwittingly accepted the "expert" testimony of a witness who, it was afterward proven, was unable to write even so much as his own name. In the litigation attending the disposal of large mining interests held at Butte, Montana, the court permitted testimony in regard to the handwriting of the testator from a witness who admitted that he had seen the testator write but once, and that in lead pencil over twenty years before.

Any one accustomed to writing is usually allowed to qualify as an "expert." To the lay mind it is natural to confound experts who have studied the subject deeply in all its various phases with those who have had occasion to examine it casually, or who may possess uncommon facility with the pen without ever having had occasion to investigate scientifically just those little illusive points upon which the professional expert places his reliance.

Hence, when we read of "experts" being mistaken, or of an equal number of them appearing on opposite sides of the same case, it will nearly always be found upon investigation that they are of the class described above, whose lack of thorough special training and specialized experience really should have disqualified them from giving testimony. Though any one may call himself an "expert," or a "professional expert" for that matter, thus opening the door to charlatanism in exactly the same manner that it is opened more or less in all vocations, yet, as a matter of fact, it is very rare that professional handwriting experts testify to a contrary state of facts, and the cases in which they have been proven mistaken are remarkably few.

THE WEIGHT OF THE ANTI-DREYFUS TESTIMONY

A case such as the Dreyfus affair has a tendency to confuse the public mind and leads to wrong conclusions. In initiating the prosecution of Dreyfus the French Government submitted the documents to expert Gobert, of the Bank of France, who is considered the leader in this line in France. Gobert reported that Dreyfus did not write the incriminating documents. The prosecutors then placed the papers in the hands of Bertillon, the inventor of the anthropometric system of measurements (used principally on criminals) which bears his name. It mattered not that Bertillon had never appeared in a handwriting case before, or that his skill in this line was unknown. He was a man of science, of great renown in other lines, and the Government relied on these facts to bolster up its claim that Dreyfus wrote the incriminating papers. Bertillon reported in favor of the Government's contention, and it was an easy matter to get some alleged experts—weak as to will and ability—and one or two honest but misguided men to agree with him. Some of these afterward changed their opinions when better standards of writing were given to them.

Dreyfus' friends sent engraved reproductions of standards and disputed documents to the best-known experts all over the world, and without exception these reported that Dreyfus was not the writer of the disputed papers. On the side of the French Government were a few so-called "experts," headed and dominated by a man with no experience whatever. The experts of skill and experience in France and the world over were practically unanimous in favor of Dreyfus. The writer's critical examination of the documents in question produced an absolute conviction that they could not possibly have been written by Dreyfus.

Unless the individual is fitted by nature and inborn liking for investigations of this character, no amount of education and experience will fit him. But, given natural equipment and inclination, it is necessary first of all that the expert have a good general education. He should have a sufficient command of language to make others see what he sees. He should have a good eye for form and color, and a well-trained hand to enable him to describe graphically as well as orally what his trained eye has detected. A few strokes on a blackboard or large sheet of paper will often make a clouded point appear much plainer to court, jury and lawyers than hours of oral description. The ability to handle the crayon and to simulate well the writings under discussion is a great aid.

THE HUNDRED AND ONE STUDIES OF THE EXPERT

Making a collection of the handwritings of all nations, classes and conditions of people; collecting autographs; collecting and testing thousands of samples of paper and the various makes of inks; visiting paper mills and ink laboratories; investigating ordinary lead pencil and indelible pencil writing and the manufacture of these pencils; studying rubber-stamp impressions; collecting all kinds of pens and experimenting with them—these are some of the things the writer has found of use to him in his studies. His experience as student, bookkeeper, teacher of penmanship and bookkeeping, and editor has also been drawn on for many helpful ideas. In this, as in other callings, the expert keeps his eyes and ears open and makes use of anything that will be of use in reaching a conclusion.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers.

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The services of the expert are required in a wide range of civil and criminal cases. Where handwriting is questioned on notes, checks, drafts, receipts, wills, deeds, mortgages, bonds, anonymous letters, money orders, registered letter receipts, "green goods" letters, pension papers, and in smuggling and (a strange and gruesome thing) names of jurors on coroners' inquisitions—in short, on any kind of document where it becomes necessary to establish the identity of the writer, the expert is called in. Life, liberty, honor and property are frequently balanced on a pen point—a few marks of a pen being the determining feature in many a case.

The handwriting of the schoolboy and schoolgirl, though crude, is conventional and idealized. It has but few characteristics so long as the school model or copy-book hand is the goal. The pupil gives constant attention to the handwriting as well as to the thought. A number of students of about the same grade, under the same teacher, will write much alike. Fifteen or twenty of these students could each write a line on a page and it might baffle a layman, and perhaps puzzle an expert, to tell whether or not more than one person wrote the page. This constant striving after one ideal, and putting thought on the handwriting, had drawn them all toward that ideal and away from individuality.

THE GROWTH OF A MATURE HANDWRITING

A glance at Plate 1, presented herewith, will illustrate this point. Each line is written by a different student, ages from seventeen to twenty, who have been under the same school influence from five months to a year.

In a twelvemonth these students will be scattered and their occupations and environments will be totally different. One will be a banker, another a lawyer, another a teacher, another an insurance policy writer, another a farmer, another a blacksmith, another a bookkeeper, another an editor, and so on through the various occupations of life. The conditions of life and the manner and frequency of writing will be as varied as the individuals. Temperament, too, will assert itself, and whereas in the student-writing all gave thought to the mechanical or handwriting part of putting thoughts on paper, now the whole attention is focused on the thought itself and not the means of expressing it. By countless repetitions of the various forms and combinations of letters in each person's handwriting they become fixed unconsciously and irrevocably, and the handwriting is really without thought—reflex action.

So gradually do we depart from the conventional standard or copy-book hand that we scarcely realize it. By degrees we lop off here and add there until we have a handwriting that suits us, so far as our skill will go, and one that is peculiarly characteristic of us. It bears the stamp of our personality in every angle and turn in i dot and t crossing, in shade and alignment—in every part of it.

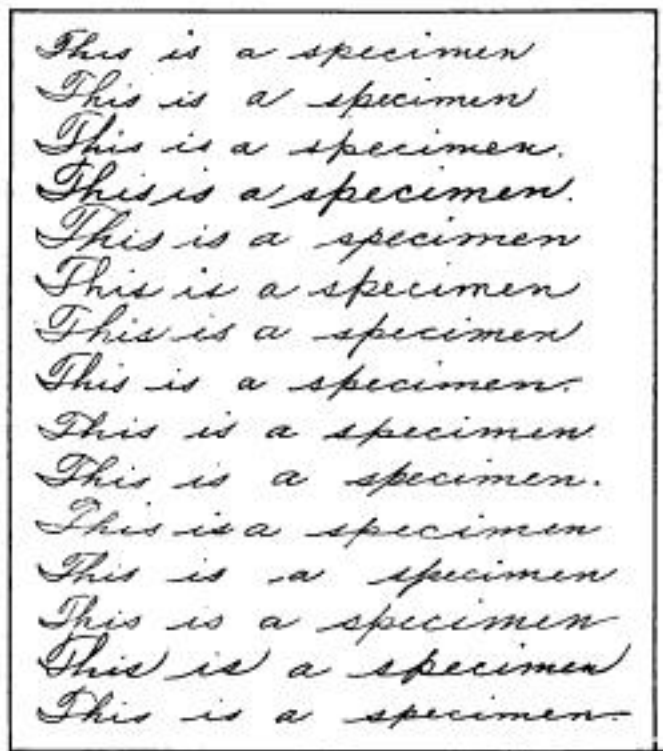


PLATE 1—EACH WRITTEN BY A DIFFERENT PERSON

DIFFICULTIES THAT CONFRONT THE FORGER

In ten years this same group of students—now bankers, lawyers, and so forth—if asked to write the word *This* would likely write it about as it appears in Plate 2. In this plate we have specimens of handwriting of mature persons who have been applying their writing to various occupations.

When a handwriting once becomes settled and firmly fixed it is an impossibility to throw it aside like a cast-off coat and put on a new one at will. It is here that a person who attempts to disguise his own writing or to simulate that of another meets with insuperable obstacles. No one knows of the characteristics of his own writing. They are so common and have been acquired so unconsciously that the writer himself is usually unaware of their presence.

Even did the writer know his characteristics he could not throw them off. When a person attempts to simulate the handwriting of another he doubles his difficulties. He imagines that he knows all of the characteristics of the other hand and that he has the skill to imitate them. To simulate characteristic handwriting, full of departures from the copy-book style, is far more difficult than to produce conventional or copy-book hand. In simulating the handwriting of another your hand and mind would be doing double duty—endeavoring to avoid your own and trying to copy the characteristics of the other.

Emerson has pointed out that "every man is a prisoner to his powers." Once our handwriting passes the formative period and becomes settled it has departed from the standard, and these departures are termed characteristics. These characteristics are the hall-marks of identification.

FIXING THE IDENTITY OF A WRITER

Disraeli has said: "Nature has given to every man a peculiar handwriting, as she has given him a peculiar countenance, voice and manners." Believing that this is true, the expert, when beginning to study a case, critically examines the "standard" or "exemplar," as the known writing is called, and notes the characteristics in it. In this study he takes into account: size, slant, shape, shade, speed, spacing, movement, proportioning, alignment, pen-pressure. Some of these may be disguised successfully, but it is not possible to disguise all. Each of the fifty-two letters and the ten digits gives opportunities for display of personality, and when the connections and various arrangements of the letters are taken into account, the combinations that can be formed from the strokes are so numerous as to be almost beyond the power of figures to express. It makes a difference whether or not a letter is used at the beginning, the end, or in the middle of a word.

Some characteristics are more markedly peculiar than others—more individual and personal. Of course a characteristic peculiar to one hand alone would and should be given much more weight, because of its very personality, than a characteristic common to many hands.

No particular number of characteristics is needed to enable the expert to reach a conclusion. It depends upon how strongly marked the characteristics are. If two striking characteristics are found, it is obvious they should be given more weight than twice one. And if three are found, it much more than trebles the strength of the opinion.

The expert studies and investigates until he discovers a lack of similarity, or finds a sufficient number of characteristics to render it almost mathematically certain that the same person wrote both the standard and disputed writings. It would be considered a strange coincidence if two human beings were found with two body marks identically the same. If the number were increased to five or six marks (cast in same eye, moles in same place, loss of same fingers and toes, etc.) it would be considered miraculous; and if increased to twenty, an impossibility. This is a fair illustration of the reasoning followed.

Marks that are strong and peculiar to the individual are given more weight than characteristics common to many, and fewer of these peculiarly personal marks would be needed to reach a conclusion than where the departures from the copy-book hand are of a more frequent kind.

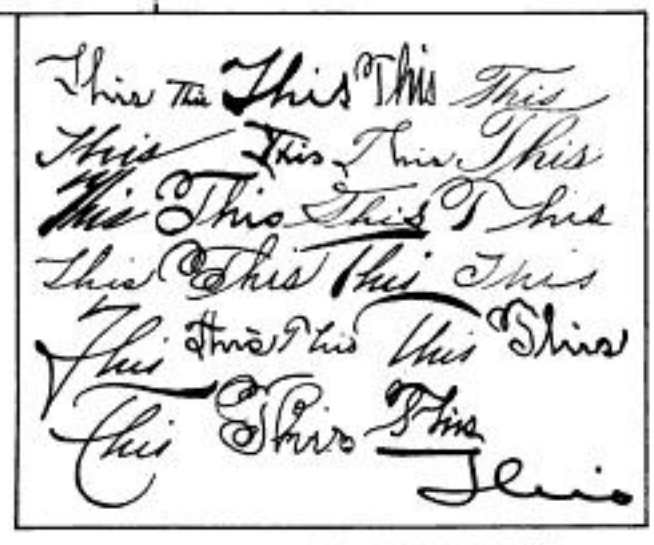


PLATE 2—EACH WRITTEN BY A DIFFERENT PERSON

HOW THE PICTORIAL EFFECT DECEIVES

Pictorial effect—or the writing picture as a whole—is what deceives laymen and pseudo-experts frequently, especially if they are obliged to make an offhand decision. A skillful forger can imitate the general arrangement in such a way that the piece of writing has a very puzzling appearance. It is this pictorial appearance that misleads bankers and others who do not get below the surface.

The expert places no reliance whatever on the pictorial resemblance of a piece of disputed writing to the standard. Of course there must be some resemblance or unlikeness, otherwise there would be no need of an expert investigation. The pictorial resemblance between standard and disputed writings may be compared to the likeness existing between stage impersonations of Gladstone, Bismarck, Blaine, and other noted men and the originals themselves. The impersonator is "made up" to look like the distinguished individuals he poses to represent, but a careful scrutiny of him, in which the beards and wigs are removed and the grease paint washed off, proves not only that the personator is a base imitation, but reveals his own identity as well. This is what a scientific examination does in the case of forged and simulated handwriting. It demonstrates the forgery first, and in nearly every case unmasks the forger.

WHAT THE WRITING TELLS OF THE WRITER

It is possible to tell with fair degree of accuracy the nationality, sex and age (approximately). A study of the handwriting of the different nations makes it comparatively easy to recognize in any questioned specimen the nationality of the writer. The aggregate characteristics of a nation are reflected in the style of handwriting adopted as a national standard. The style most in use in the United States is the semi-angular, forward-slant hand, although the vertical round-hand is now being largely taught in the public schools and will affect the appearance of the writing of the next generation quite appreciably.

Frequently educational and newspaper critics compare unfavorably American writing with that of other nations. The writer has investigated the subject by collecting from many countries copy-books and specimens of writing from leading teachers of writing, students in various grades of schools, clerks and business men.

America is so far in advance of any other country in artistic and business penmanship that there is really no second. Americans as a whole write at a much higher rate of speed and with a freer movement than any other nations, and, consequently, many critics stop when they have criticised form alone, not making allowance for quantity. Nervous, rapid writers (and such the Americans are) produce writing more or less illegible, but it is not the fault of the standard so much as the speed with which the writing is done.

THE COPY-BOOK OF THE NATIONS

The writing of England is either angular (for rapid business style), or the civil service round-hand—too slow for the every-day rush of business. England's colonies, influenced by her copy-books and teachers, write about as England does. Canada is an exception, as her proximity to the United States causes her to mix the English and American styles, with the American gaining ground.

The German and French write two radically different styles. Hence the identity of the nation producing the writer as well as the identity of the writer himself usually can be established. Before the writer is known this frequently is of great benefit to the cause of justice, as it narrows down the search.

In the Baby Clark abduction case in New York, in the summer of 1899, the nurse girl advertisement which secured the place for the nurse was submitted to the writer. He gave as his opinion that the writing was (1) that of a woman; (2) of a person of more intelligence and higher station than the average nurse girl; (3) of a woman accustomed to do much writing—likely a newspaper writer, judging from style; (4) of a person between twenty-five and thirty years of age with a settled handwriting. The arrest and confession of the abductors proved this analysis to be correct.

Dr. Dwight's Message

THE thousands of Yale men who, not many months ago, read in their newspapers of the resignation of Dr. Timothy Dwight as President, have never even guessed that it was a kindly thought for them in the heart of the President that gave them the news with such celerity.

It was in the New Haven office of the Associated Press, one of those nights when news is so dull that even the "flimsy" curls up superciliously, and the telegraphers doze over their keys. The man in charge, if he had any wish at all, was hoping that, as he had to stay up, something would happen to keep him awake. It was into this calm that the dear old President shuffled, with that walk of his which is known to generations of Yale men. He looked about for a moment at the unfamiliar surroundings, and then, while the young man was standing rigidly at attention, he drew out a big leather pocketbook and took a slip of paper from it.

"I have a little notice here," he said in his precise way, "that I wish you would send out for me, so the boys can know about it."

As he spoke he handed the slip over. The young man took it mechanically. When his eye rested on the first sentence his hair went up. It was the President's resignation, information which the Press Association was only too glad to get and to telegraph over the country.

"Yes, yes, Mr. President," he said, his fingers itching to send out the biggest piece of news of the night. "Is there anything else, anything else we can do?" His words were overlapping in his eagerness.

"Nothing," said the famous old scholar, "but give me the bill for it."

The task was a long one, but it was explained to Doctor Dwight that far from there being any expense to him, the office was his debtor for the news.

He felt uncertain even as he left, though, and intimated that if it wasn't as important as they thought, he stood ready to pay all charges.

He has never been called on to pay the bill.

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The Ordeal of Isabel

By Ellen MacKubin

A CONCERT in the morning, a gay little luncheon, the committee meeting of a charitable organization, the earliest studio tea of the winter, and afterward a visit to an old governess. It had been a day which would have seemed crowded to some of the toilers of the world, but to Isabel Vinton, an idle woman of fashion, it was merely the usual round. Intending to go to a ball later, she went to her room after dinner to lie down, read the letters brought by the last post, and look over the evening paper.

Her letters were circulars. She opened the paper and sprang up, gazing with shining eyes at a black headline:

PARTHIAN'S PLUM

ITALIAN PORTFOLIO GOES TO BRILLIANT YOUNG EDITOR

WILL ACCEPT THE POST

No doubt now that Noël Parthian will be new Minister to Italy
Successful career of the young author-editor

Neither did Isabel doubt his decision. Successful as he already was, she knew the ambition he cherished to be in the service of his country, and the serene dignity of this appointment befitted the sensitive pride which would have shrunk from a position whose winning involved the personalities of a political contest.

"His heart's desire has come to him in the best years of his manhood." She flushed vividly. Self-remembrance rushed across her first selfless rejoicing.

"His heart's desire!" she repeated softly. "And mine?"

She sank back among the pillows, while memory and instinct assured her that this was the crisis of life for her as well as for him.

At eighteen, half a child and dazzled by the dawn of her triumphs as a beauty and an heiress, Isabel Vinton had refused with airy peremptoriness the penniless young lover whom summer chances had brought in her way. During six years she did not see him, and only thought of him when a poem of his recalled him to her remembrance. Then, after an absence in Europe, she found him conspicuous among her favorite clique, editor of a leading magazine, a poet of eminence as poets rank nowadays. The renewed acquaintance thus forced upon them had long since reached the point again where love had been exiled, and in the months which intervened Isabel had grown to believe that the exile of the past would return to become the sovereign of the future if——

It was a mighty "if" which at times darkened all the horizon of the woman's dreams with the shadow of the girl's folly.

He loved her, but he had not forgiven her. If some day he could offer her a fortune or a position greater than she possessed he might come to her again; never otherwise; and she, searching her own heart, knew that she justified him. To-night—which had crowned his ambition—would it glorify her belief in his love?

She was dressing for the ball when her maid brought her a note from him:

> "I missed you everywhere this afternoon, and this evening I am forced to fulfill an engagement which gives me no hope of seeing you! Will you be so gracious as to let me come to you, alone, to-morrow afternoon?"

The bold writing had faltered. Isabel could almost divine the passionate entreaty of his eyes.

> "You have by this time heard part of that which I desire to tell you, and you must understand that I am half mad with the longing to tell you the rest of it, but pen and ink will not utter it; and so, because a madman dares ask what a sane man would not venture, I beg you to keep all your dances for me to-night at the ball, where I shall not see you."

Her reply was a couple of lines:

> "This is your day of days when nothing is refused you. Nor is to-morrow likely to withhold anything worth having that to-day would have given you."

When her maid returned after taking the note to the messenger Isabel sat gazing into the fire. "I shall not go to the ball," she said softly. "Good-night."

Isabel Vinton was a woman appreciative of the responsibilities of her wealth, and she would not shrink from a business appointment next morning, though she would rather have idly contemplated her tender assurance of happiness.

As she drove homeward up Fifth Avenue about noon she paled with a curious presage of evil. Madame de Roux's Victoria waited before a certain publishing house, while Parthian talked to that charming person and popular author with such interest that Isabel passed unseen.

Now Madame de Roux had been an influence of uneasiness to Isabel during recent months because her intimacy with Parthian seemed but scantily explained by their assertion of collaboration in a play. Bitter, therefore, was it that he who last night had desired to possess all her thoughts—even such as are bestowed on chance waltzes—should be to-day so far from remembrance of her that she could pass unobserved.

The next instant she assured herself that he and Madame de Roux had, of course, important affairs to discuss, as that lady was about to sail for Europe. And was not the earnestness of his attention to every present interest a characteristic charm?

He had not asked for a special hour of the afternoon, and though she had fancied he would come early, five o'clock sounded before she grew impatient. At six impatience had lapsed into anxiety, and between six and eight she endured that torture of impotence which women suffer, with fear for men in whom they have no authorized possession which could seek news of them to whom their hearts belong.

But if she could not seek news, she could go to meet it. At eight she drove to a dinner where he also was bidden. Every tick of the clock hurt her while the hostess waited for a tardy guest, and she knew that laggard to be Parthian.

Finally, with a shrug of her white shoulders, the hostess put her hand on the arm of her chief guest.

"Mr. Parthian's new glories seem to have destroyed his memory, or his manners," she said somewhat tartly. "I have given him full measure of grace and he has neither come nor written."

"Did we wait for Parthian?" her escort demanded with the frank regret of a hungry man for that quarter of an hour's futile waiting. "I could have told you he would not turn up. As I passed the Union Station he dashed from a hansom, making an evident spurt for a train."



Drawn by John Rickard Adams

The next day to Isabel was a flutter of expectancy for a letter or telegram from him. The day following was devoured by a growing flame of resentment.

Was this ignominy of suspense the penance imposed by that unforgiveness she had always divined in his love for her? If she were but sure, she would refuse her life to the keeping of such a tyrant, even though her heart should break as the price of her freedom.

The newspapers, meantime, teemed with flattering paragraphs on Parthian's work or his personality; a new edition of his poems was advertised by his publishers; but there was never a word of his whereabouts or his movements.

With her first glance at the columns of an evening paper on the third day the feverish atmosphere of suspense and anger in which she had lived for days grew suddenly chill. Those staring headlines which for hours Isabel saw whenever she closed her eyes announced that Parthian had declined the ministry to Italy, and that at the office of his magazine it was stated that he had resigned the editorship on the same plea of urgent private affairs which he had assigned to the President. Further, it had been ascertained that a cabin was reserved in his name on the Cunard steamer sailing next week, and it was assumed that these vitally important private affairs were taking him away from the country he had no desire to serve. The article ended with regret for the sacrifice of a career which promised brilliantly along either of two such widely different lines, and with the conclusion, final as an epitaph on a tombstone, that poets were incomprehensible to their less highly endowed fellow-creatures.

Isabel, sitting with hands clasped to numbness and her face grown old and stern, told herself that she did not find this poet incomprehensible. Poets were doubtless more prone than their fellow-creatures to the mad abandon of repute and advantage for the gratification of a passion.

Did not Madame de Roux also sail in next week's Cunard steamer? If this were more than a coincidence, was it not incumbent on the man to resign the rewards of publicly appreciated talents without other uttered excuse than urgent private affairs?

The power of feigning developed by even the frankest women in one special need is a wonder as old as the first love-story. Isabel was never more radiant than at a dance that night when she serenely ascribed Parthian's extraordinary conduct to an improvident poetical temperament which preferred leisure for literary work to the solid benefits of the two positions from which he had withdrawn. And nobody guessed, unless perhaps some other woman, that her vivid face and brilliant eyes were lit by burning humiliation.

Several days elapsed, during which, much mention as she heard of Parthian, she gained no personal news of him except that visitors at his lodgings had been told that he was absent from the city.

These were days for which Isabel afterward made a grave in her memory—days when every faith tottered with the wreck of her love, and when, beneath even the bitter memory of her reply to his note, the very dregs of misery to her was the degradation of the man she had set so high.

Friday came without sight or sign of Parthian, and he was to sail on the morrow. It happened to be her afternoon at home, and she was talking and making tea when "Mr. Parthian" was announced.

Even in the half light of shaded lamps he looked worn and ill, but he barely touched her fingers, and his voice was cheery as he exclaimed:

"Please accept, for various broken engagements, the heartfelt regrets of a man who has not left his bed since nearly a week."

"We heard that you were out of town."

"I am blessed with a servant who lies with so honest a countenance that he would deceive the Father of Lies instead of merely the average newspaper reporter," he answered lightly. "And my physician insisted upon solitary confinement for me if I intended to sail to-morrow."

A chorus of questions broke from the group about the fire.

"Are you really off to-morrow?"

"What has been the matter with you?"

"Is your health the 'urgent private affair' which has made you cast aside two such pretty baubles?"

Isabel alone was silent as she gave him a cup of tea, and with a gay gesture of protest against the onslaught of inquiry he emptied the cup hurriedly before he replied.

"My illness was mostly overwork," he said, dropping into a chair. "My private affairs are still exclusively my own, and I really start for Europe to-morrow."

"We are snubbed!" a pretty woman laughed, uttering the resentful dumbness of the others.

Parthian glanced quickly about the circle with the smile which made charming his thin, clear-cut countenance.

"Forgive some abruptness, my friends. I hate going away too much to like talking about it," he exclaimed, and turned to the pretty woman who lamented that a winter in Europe was to be bestowed upon one who did not desire such a good fortune.

Everybody rose presently with a flutter of farewells.

Then Parthian and Isabel were alone.

He made no movement toward a chair, and she also stood motionless during an instant, in which she saw that speaking was yet more difficult to him than to herself.

"If you do not return within a few months you will not see me," she began formally.

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"I shall not see you!" he repeated, just aloud.

Her words had been the utterance of plans she had scarcely considered, and merely announced a final severance from any anticipation of his return.

But the tone of his low voice pierced her love of him through her armor of contemptuous jealousy.

"What has happened to you? Tell me!" she entreated.

He caught her hand in one of his own, while with the other he lifted the silken shade from a lamp near by.

Of the remembered looks which stir a woman's heart to youth when she is old, Isabel will most cherish that with which his haggard eyes adored her when the white, unshielded light fell full upon her. Such longing, such despair was in those eyes—the eyes she loved—that she forgot all but her impulse to comfort him.

"Nothing should take you away if it is so great a grief to go!" she whispered.

He shut his eyes and dropped her hand.

"Good-by!" he murmured.

Half a dozen people bustled gayly into the room, and while she was greeting them he went away.

A couple of hours later Isabel sealed into her heart an anguish of debate as she drove to a dinner.

If ever love and surrender had gazed at a woman from the eyes of man she had seen them in Parthian's eyes that afternoon—yet no shame? Ah, yes! she reminded herself with scornful lips, men called it honor to keep a shameful bond and sacrifice their highest love to it.

He was gone. She had done with love and happiness. In the thirty or forty years that stretched before her there remained much she might find worth doing, and time for heartache over every glance and word of his. But now she must so play her part among curious critics that none should dare say that she had been forsaken.

The dinner was a small one. Eight friendly people gathered about a round, rose-crowned table. The women were pretty and clever; the men eminent in ways which contrasted without clashing. Even Isabel was roused to a fitful pleasure in the gay talk, and her attention was at last fixed by the celebrated physician who was her neighbor.

"It is a monopoly which is good for us," he replied to the laughing self-pity of the host, a well-known judge, who had lamented that his profession left him scant time for sympathetic contemplation of the world's progress. "Neither mind nor heart could bear the addition of outside sympathies to the demands our professions make upon us."

"You are right, as I prove more strenuously than you," the judge agreed gravely. "To pronounce a death sentence is a strain even upon accustomed nerves, unguessed by those who hear."

"I maintain my work to be beset with severer tests," the doctor said. "You pronounce sentence on a wretch whose crimes have made him a menace to society, which, through your lips, decides to be rid of him. Your flesh shivers, perhaps, with pity for his flesh, but your spirit approves that he is to be rewarded according to his deeds. Whereas I may pronounce sentence not upon a criminal's body, but upon the innocent happiness of a girl, or upon the noble ambition of a man whose strong hands grasp the great prizes of talent and energy. For, as you know, I am an oculist, and blindness in most cases limits as finally as death either happiness or ambition."

Such words spoken with such solemnity were not to be answered quickly. In the silence which followed, Isabel woke for the first time in a week from the absorption of her own life's crisis to an aching pity for the *weltschmerz* which throbs through the centuries.

"A few days ago," the doctor went on, "a man came to me—a widely known man in the early prime of life, with the world at his feet—and I delivered a sentence which bereft him of all he had won and all he yet hoped to win. I believe I speak with authority on the disease from which he suffers, and, so far as my knowledge goes, he will be blind within a few months."

A shock as from electricity thrilled Isabel. She was again in her drawing-room, saying with forced steadiness, "If you do not return within a few months you will not see me."

Again she heard Parthian's low echo of her words, "I shall not see you!"

Again he thrust the shade from the lamp and gazed at her with such eyes as a lost soul might gaze upon the blessed.

Presently the hostess arose. "Talk of something more cheery, if you can, you men," she exclaimed. "We women are too well aware of the lumps in our throats to talk at all!"

Isabel looked up at the doctor as he stood while she passed.

"Come to me soon," she murmured. "My need is vital."

"I see that it is," he answered. "I will follow you in a moment."

A plea of headache permitted her to escape to the comparative solitude of a bow window at the farther end of the drawing-room.

She had no doubt that she had heard the story of Parthian's doom. For a moment her spirit was at his knees, repenting the base motives with which her jealousy had poisoned her judgment of him. But the shame of her injustice was swept away by her yearning to the misery which overwhelmed him, whose capacity for suffering she knew to be more intense than that of tougher-fibred natures.

What was there that he had striven for all the years of his manhood which had not been torn from him in the instant of realization?—ambition, usefulness, love——

"No! No! Not love, my dear!" Isabel murmured with passionate pardon for his doubt of her tenderness which she now believed to be the reason of his silence.

She quivered with eagerness. The evening was going. The steamer was advertised to sail at dawn on the morrow. Would the doctor never come to make her guessing certainty?



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

He walked down the room to her with simple directness.

"I was unprofessional to allude to a case even so vaguely," he said with a smile which was like the reassuring pressure of a strong hand. "But my patient is persistently in my thoughts."

"What you said would only betray him to one to whom it explains his sudden sweep of his future," she answered with soft vehemence. "I know that it is like Noel Parthian so to resign the dignities to which he had meant to add honor—like him to stand aside from a happiness he had meant to claim on equal terms—like him to rush away to hide his hopelessness as if he were some savage, hurt creature——"

"He is not quite hopeless," the doctor interposed. "The oculist to whom he went in Boston confirmed my view. But I have sent him to a German specialist who is more experienced in such cases than I, and whose word I will accept with conviction should he give it against mine."

Isabel's hands were flung out to him, and he patted them as though she had been one of his children.

"You guess—you understand," she murmured presently. "Why do I not mind?"

"Doctors are the confessors of all creeds," he said gently. "And this doctor must confess himself also. After Parthian had written his letters of resignation to the President and to his magazine people, on his return from Boston, he was prostrate with fever for several days, and I heard your name many times when he was unconscious of its utterance. Will you forgive me that, meeting you here, I have used strategy hoping to gain for him that which may save him to happiness and usefulness—even if the German specialist decides against him?"

Isabel rose. "You have saved me in trying to save him," she murmured. "God bless you for both!"

Isabel's mood had passed beyond the consideration of conventionality when she stepped into her carriage. She gave Parthian's address to her footman as mechanically as if she had said "Home," and she confronted Parthian's servant, when he opened his master's door, with a like forgetfulness of curiosity or conjecture.

"Mr. Parthian is in?"

"Yes, Miss Vinton, but——"

She passed him, and entered the sitting-room, where she had made tea for many a gay assemblage.

Parthian, who leaned idly on the high mantel-shelf, lifted his head from his folded arms and stared at her dumbly.

The haggard helplessness of his silence was more eloquent to her than many words.

"Noel—I know," she faltered, and stretched out two trembling hands to him, but he stood passive.

"All these years I have meant to come to you with my triumph," he said. "You shall not come to my defeat with pity."

"If your triumph was to be mine, your defeat must be mine also," she said. "And only love could bring me to either."

With a sob he caught her in his arms, and his head sank on her shoulder.

"My defeat will be so entire—the years of it may be so many," he murmured presently. "How can I not doubt that your youth, your brilliance will some day regret——?"

"Some day I will forgive your doubts and you shall forgive my injustice," she whispered, her wet cheek close to his dark hair. "But now—and then—and always—no defeat shall be entire to either of us if I may be—your eyes to you!"

Slow Work in Chicago

WHEN the Chicago Anarchists were hanged great preparations were made by Amos J. Cummings, then editor of the New York Evening Sun, to get the news ahead of the other evening newspapers. A direct wire ran from the jail in Chicago to The Evening Sun office, and an alert operator was at each end of the wire. The form of the first page was made up and ready to print, with the single exception of a line giving the time of the hanging. That line was to be inserted as soon as the news flashed from Chicago. Then the form would be locked, turned over to the stereotypers who would make a matrix, stereotype the plates, rush them down to the presses, and in a minute or two more the papers would be in the hands of the newsboys on the street.

About ten o'clock in the morning, however, a boy rushed into the office with a copy of an evening newspaper containing an alleged account of the hanging of the Anarchists.

Cummings grabbed the paper from the boy and rushed with it over to the operator.

"Look at that," he cried.

"They have not been hanged," answered the operator calmly. "I have this minute been talking over the wire to our man in the jail at Chicago and he tells me they haven't yet left their cells for the scaffold."

Then Cummings scanned the newspaper more closely and realized that it had anticipated the news. He picked up a bit of copy paper and scribbled on it these words:

"BEWARE OF BOGUS EXTRAS!"

"Here," he said to one of the office boys; "have a bulletin made of that and put it up in front of the office."

Then for two hours Cummings and every one else in the office waited for the news of the hanging. The suspense became almost unbearable, for all the time the rival paper was selling in the streets and the newsboys' cries came in through the windows. As the time dragged on Cummings became more and more nervous. He hung around the operator and asked him a hundred times if he was sure everything was all right. His excitement was intense. At last, when the editor was so wrought up that it was not safe to speak to him, the instrument clicked and the operator yelled out:

"Mr. Cummings, the drop is falling!"

Cummings, who had been walking to and fro, suddenly stopped stock-still. His form was rigid. His face worked and his eyes blazed. Then he roared out at the frightened operator:

"How long does it take a drop to fall in Chicago?"

A roar of laughter from the reporters in the office relieved the tension, the operator shouted the exact time of the hanging, the foreman of the composing-room inserted the line in the form, and in five minutes the paper was out.

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR



PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MRS. JOHN SHERMAN

Why John Sherman Declined a Nomination

Soon after former Secretary of State John Sherman married Miss Margaret Stewart, the only child of Judge Stewart, of Mansfield, Ohio, he wrote to a friend: "You ask me about my wife. I married an ideal woman whom I have known a long time, and the longer I know her the better I love her."

And this statement is to-day the best index to Mrs. Sherman's character. Her education was the most advanced afforded at the time of her girlhood. She studied at the Female College of Granville, Ohio, and her schooling was finished at the Patapsco Institute of Baltimore, which was then one of the most fashionable schools of the country. The bride and bridegroom made a never-to-be-forgotten trip to Niagara Falls, Montreal, Quebec, Saratoga and other places. Then she settled down to her home duties, and she threw herself so much into her husband's public and private life that her friends said she had lost all her individuality, and Mr. Sherman called her his "memory" and his "conscience."

In May, 1879, the Senator prevailed upon her to take their adopted daughter, Mary, and some of her friends upon a tour of the Continent, and Mrs. Sherman and the party went to Switzerland, France and other countries which she had expressed a desire to visit, and where her health and strength were renewed. She placed her daughter in a school in Switzerland and returned to Ohio. During her absence the Senator was offered the nomination for Governor of Ohio, and in answering the leader of his constituency he paid his wife one of the greatest tributes which he possibly could have done. He wrote a reply which was in part as follows: "In ordinary circumstances an election as Governor of Ohio after my life in the Senate would be flattering, but I have many reasons for not accepting the honor. One, perhaps rather personal, is that my wife has gone to Europe on a visit of recreation greatly needed by her, and the nomination would require me to recall her to open my house."

The New Senator from California

Hon. Thomas Robert Bard, the new United States Senator from California, was born at Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, December 8, 1841. He is of Scotch-Irish extraction, and was educated at the Chambersburg Academy. When only seventeen years old he began the study of law, but before completing his course entered an engineering corps. Afterward he became assistant superintendent of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, with headquarters at Hagerstown, Maryland. During the Civil War he served as Government scout in Maryland. Mr. Bard went to Ventura County in 1864, as the agent of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, where he took full charge of Colonel Scott's California interests, consisting mainly in the development of the oil industry. At twenty-three he was sole manager of 350,000 acres, and four years later was made county supervisor. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1884 that nominated Blaine. In 1880 he was a Presidential elector-at-large, and in 1892 an elector, being in that year the only Republican elector from California seated. His interest in politics has been steadfast and keen.

Senator Bard has always been active in oil development, and is a large owner in the Union Oil Company of California. He is president of the Bank of Hueneme, and founded the town of Hueneme. His big place near Hueneme evinces his passionate love of flowers. In 1876 he married Miss Mary Gerboding, of San Francisco.

THOMAS ROBERT BARD

PHOTO BY BREWSTER



What Madame Sembrich Did for Miss Bridewell

Miss Carrie Bridewell, contralto in the choir of Doctor Parkhurst's church in New York, is not only beautiful and young, but she has made a reputation with marvelous rapidity. Miss Bridewell is one of a number of Southern women who have won fame recently in New York. She belongs to an old Creole family in New Orleans. She spent her childhood and early womanhood in Birmingham, Alabama. She went to New York a short time ago to study music, and her sweet, rich voice soon attracted attention in church circles. Her place in Doctor Parkhurst's choir is reported to be one of the best paid positions in New York.

Miss Bridewell owes her rapid rise in musical circles to the part she took in the Maine Music Festival held in Portland and Bangor last summer under the direction of Mr. Chapman. Madame Sembrich, whose genius and generosity are synonymous terms, was the star singer of the Festival, and after the opening concert she became the warm friend and patron of the young New York vocalist. She advised her as to her method and her teacher. She laid plans for her future and interested herself in her present needs. The result of it all is that Miss Bridewell, although a choir and concert singer of renown, is studying hard under the best masters to be found in New York, and next fall she will go abroad to complete her studies and step into a place already waiting for her on the lyric stage.



PHOTO BY MARCEAU, NEW YORK

MISS CARRIE BRIDEWELL

The Masterly Silence of Mayor Van Wyck

Since his inaugural as the first Mayor of the Greater New York on January 1, 1898, Robert H. Van Wyck has not given an interview to a single newspaper reporter, has not answered an inquiry for publication, and has not attended a public function of a social character. It is true that he acted as Admiral Dewey's host when that officer was entertained by the city, but as the ceremonies did not include a dinner he was not forced to break his self-imposed rule. The Mayor's life is as regular as clockwork. His bachelor's home up town is as systematically arranged as his office in City Hall, and he never allows anything to interfere with his method in either place. While a City Judge, the Mayor was prominent as a diner out and theatre goer, but neither amusement apparently has any attraction for him now.

When he took office, the Mayor received the reporters of the city newspapers in a body.

"During the next four years," he said, "I shall never speak to any of you for publication. You will all have an even chance, for I shall refuse interviews to every one impartially. There is no use in coming to me with questions propounded by your editors, for I shall not answer them. But," he added, "anything that you may overhear in the Mayor's office is public property. If I talk on business to a man so that I can be overheard you are welcome to make use of it."

That was more than two years ago, and the Mayor has held to his promise to the letter. Scores of reporters have been obliged to put certain questions to him or lose their places, but he has invariably listened to them courteously and turned away in silence. All of his public utterances take the form of comments or speeches in the public proceedings of the various boards he is a member of, or in peppery and pointed remarks, made in his high-pitched voice, to visitors who call upon him during office hours and provoke him to speech.

Of all New York's Mayors none has been busier than Judge Van Wyck. He is regularly in his office at ten and often earlier, and leaves for his luncheon with Colonel Ladd, his legal adviser, usually at one. After an hour's absence he returns and remains until the last vestige of business is cleared away. Most men have some peculiarity as to their dress. Mayor Van Wyck's runs to neckties. He always wears a flowing black tie such as artists used to affect.

Honorable Champ Clark's Autobiography

Not long ago one of Mr. Clark's friends asked him for a short autobiographical sketch. The following characteristic communication was the response:

"Your request that I tell you all about myself and throw in two or three stories, all in seven hundred and fifty words, reminds me of an introduction I heard a rural chairman give an ambitious candidate: 'Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Vere de Vere will now tell you all he knows—in ten minutes.' When I was a boy back in the hill country of Kentucky I heard a man preach who knew much more about theology than about grammar. After reading his text, he said: 'Brethern and sisters, the whole Gospel is all squz up in that one little verse.' When Abraham Lincoln was asked by the compiler of the Congressional Directory for particulars of his early life, he replied: 'They may all be compiled in one poetic line—"The short and simple annals of the poor"—an answer literally true and full of pathos. If my biography were 'all squz up' in a few words it would run thus: 'Forty-odd years of unremitting toil.' I can't remember back to a time when I was not at hard labor of some sort—on a farm, in a store, teaching school, editing a newspaper, practicing law, serving as a legislator. I began teaching before I was fifteen and was president of a college at twenty-three.

"The happiest hours of my life were when I graduated, when I married, and when my children were born; the saddest, when two of them died. A sweet baby is the greatest luxury in Nature.

"I have been defeated once for a nomination and twice at the polls. Have been elected several times. A newspaper reporter once asked me how it feels to be defeated. That depends on circumstances and temperament. The first sensation is that produced by an ice-water bath. Then one of anger. Then a determination to pick your flint and try it again. That's the effect on a healthy, robust, resolute man. Some have had their hearts broken by defeat—Horace Greeley, for instance.

"Nothing is so dreadful in prospect or so unimportant in the retrospect as defeat for office. The people give; the people take away; blessed be the name of the people.

"I knew a man who was candidate for Probate Judge; but the people defeated him for that position and the same day elected him Justice of the Peace. He was happy as a clam at high tide—he got an office, and to him an office was an office just as, according to Tennyson, 'A lord is a lord.'



PHOTO BY PARKER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHAMP CLARK

"A Pike County man ran for the Legislature in an early day, on the platform that he would have a law enacted causing the east half of the Mississippi to run north and the west half run south, so the people could have flatboating both ways the year around. He was elected to stay at home. In that campaign he also proved to his own satisfaction that instead of Pike County having three County Judges she really had one hundred. Here is his *modus operandi*: 'Judge A is 1; Judges B and C are two naughts; 1 and two naughts make 100—Q. E. D.'

"The sweetest recollection of my professional life is that while Prosecuting Attorney, though I sent a good many persons to the penitentiary, I let twenty-five off with fines or jail sentences whom I could have sent to the penitentiary. They were boys indicted for their first offense. Of the twenty-five, twenty-four are good citizens to-day. The other was an incorrigible, natural-born thief, and served a term.

"The longer I practice criminal law, the more firmly I believe in two theories: 1. Any man is liable to commit homicide; 2. He is liable to do it about nothing, practically. For instance, I cleared a man for killing his brother who had killed another brother. Those two killings were produced by a quarrel growing out of the rent of four corn rows. The man I cleared is now a preacher in good standing.

"Later, I cleared a celebrated evangelist for nearly killing a man by sticking a knife into him. That cutting was caused by a contention about fifty cents.

"In the first case cited none of the three brothers cared much for the rent of four rows of corn; in the second case neither of the men cared much for the half dollar. I believe that criminal law is the highest branch of the law.

"What was the greatest fee I ever received? The love of men whose lives I saved and the gratitude of their wives and children. Yours, CHAMP CLARK."

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The Big Problems of a Larger Navy

Admiral Sampson says that the United States Navy should be twice as large as it is now. Honorable John D. Long, the Secretary of the Navy, pleads for an increase, and, on his recommendation, Congress is asked to authorize the construction of three armored cruisers of 13,000 tons displacement, of twelve gunboats of 900 tons displacement, and three protected cruisers of 8000 tons displacement. The protected cruisers were suggested a year before, but the new recommendation increases their size from 6000 to 8000 tons, showing one feature of the growth of the modern navy. In all of these recommendations President McKinley concurs, and both Senator Hale, the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, and Representative Foss, the Chairman of the House Committee, are quoted in favor of a larger navy.

It is hard to express even in figures just what this increase means or how many large problems it involves. There are in the present navy of the United States 314 vessels of all kinds, including those now being built. Of these more than 190 belong to the regular navy, and the others to the auxiliary force. According to an excellent authority the existing naval fleet represents an expenditure for construction of about $125,000,000, and those being built or awaiting acceptance will cost, exclusive of armament, $40,000,000; so, all told, it will be no exaggeration to say that we have in our present naval strength an investment of about $200,000,000. Even with this we are scarcely a first-rate naval power. At best we stand only third in the lists of the world. What it will mean to take our position in the front rank can be quickly gathered from Great Britain's experience.

For this year alone Great Britain is spending over $150,000,000 on her navy. She has nearly 500 vessels, and the cost of the whole navy is placed at almost $600,000,000. Besides that, there are nearly thirty new vessels under construction, and if these be included the total would be increased almost another $100,000,000.

There are several interesting problems connected with the increase of new ships, the main one being the price of armor plate. Congress passed an act limiting the price to $300 the ton, though the great mills which manufactured it want nearly $600 the ton. For a time the Harvey plate was preferred, but now the Krupp plate has the call. In view of the sensational disclosures as to the enormous profits made by the big steel mills, the progress of this question will be watched with more than ordinary interest. The steel companies assert that they can not and will not supply the plate for $300 the ton, and they point to the fact that the latest British battle-ship will be supplied with Krupp plates at $587 the ton.

Representative Cummings, a member of the Naval Committee, explains the difference between the two plates as follows: "A Krupp plate, no matter of what thickness, will harden to one-third of this thickness. A Harvey plate, no matter how thick, will harden only to the extent of three-fourths of an inch. It therefore follows that a Krupp plate of twelve inches thickness will be equal, if not superior, to a sixteen-inch Harvey plate."

As the armor of the modern battle-ship is of vital importance this problem is one of the very first in the building of a larger navy. Of course, the higher price of the material will add enormously to the cost of the ships.



PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CONGRESSMAN GEO. E. FOSS, OF ILLINOIS



PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SENATOR EUGENE HALE, OF MAINE

Coal Bins All Over the World

In the late war with Spain the standing order of the Secretary was that all the ships should be kept full of the best coal obtainable. The controversies that came after the war referred largely to the question of a coal supply. Since then the department has been laying in supplies in every part of the world where the fuel may be needed by our ships of war. We are acquiring coaling stations in islands wherever it can be done. In our new colonies thousands of tons are being stored. Take, for instance, the Dry Tortugas and Key West, the points which command the entrances to the Gulf of Mexico. There will be piers and coal sheds with a capacity of 20,000 tons, and the channel will be dredged so that the largest ships will have no difficulty. By extending the chain of stations this country will be in control of the entire Gulf. On the Pacific Coast buildings will be erected with a capacity of 100,000 tons of coal. More buildings and piers will be constructed at Honolulu, at Guam and in the Philippines, and thus gradually there will be built up a complete system of coal depots in various parts of the world.

The Largest Naval Bill in Our History

The Naval Appropriation Bill will be the largest ever known. As it came from the Navy Department it called for $75,000,000. This, of course, will be changed and somewhat modified in the Committee and by Congress. It will probably be scaled down $10,000,000 or more. Included in the amount is $12,000,000 which will be spent for new buildings for the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and for dry docks at League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia; Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Boston; Algiers, Louisiana, and Mare Island, California.

It happened, several years ago, that when some of our largest ships needed to be cleaned we had to send them to British docks, and the country was mortified by the fact. We had dry docks in this country, but they were either not large enough, or bad construction or too much politics had made them valueless. Great dry docks are absolutely essential to a larger navy, and thus the docks which Civil Engineer Endicott has designed, and which will be placed at the available points on the three coasts, will be the most perfect of their kind in the world. They will be of stone and will be as strong as masonry and granite can make them. They will be 750 feet long, and two of our present battle-ships may be docked in each at the same time. There will be 600,000 cubic feet of granite, 60,000 cubic yards of concrete, and a million pounds of steel in their construction, figures which give a faint idea of their magnitude.

A great many things go with these new improvements. For instance, at the League Island Navy Yard, which will probably become the greatest naval station in the country, new headquarters at a cost of over $50,000, officers' quarters costing over $25,000, the new storehouse for ships' equipment costing $36,000, and other different buildings, costing in all from one to two hundred thousand dollars, will be erected. The place will be beautified also, so that our navy yards will look like attractive parks and will afford a wealth of interest to those who visit them.

Training for the Men Behind the Guns

In order to work these marvelous machines to the best advantage the Government must have experts not only in every branch of the service but practically in every position on the ships. The writer of this spent a very pleasant afternoon with Captain Gridley, who afterward was one of the heroes and one of the victims of the battle of Manila, when he was in command of the receiving ship at League Island. Those who knew him recall his charming personality and his deep interest in the welfare of the men. In the course of the afternoon he took his visitors through the ships at the station and pointed out the fine quality of the seamen. "We have," he said, "the very pick of the strong manhood of the country. The slightest physical defect turns a man down, because with such a large number of applicants we can afford to be particular. Look at those men! They are like race-horses, sound in every bone and nerve of their bodies."

And after that, in the general conversation there were pleasant comments of what such men would do if they were ever called upon to defend their country's flag. No one then had the remotest idea about any possibility of foreign war, but it was not many months before the social words spoken in easy compliment were fully realized.

The simple fact is that the American Navy has set a standard for its men which is even greater than the superexcellence of its machinery. The country which has surpassed the world in mechanical merit, whose ships are acknowledged to be the best afloat, and whose guns represent the most powerful and the most accurate implements of war, has also furnished the most effective men, and it is necessary that this standard should be maintained.

Thus it is that the Naval Academy is being remodeled, increased and improved. Thus it is that there are training ships at all the important ports. At San Francisco there is a naval station with barracks 300 feet long by 260 feet deep, accommodating 500 boys who are being trained for the navy.

And if there are any latent possibilities in a boy or young man who gets into the American Navy of to-day, the experience gives him a physical strength and power possible in no other public service of the Government.



PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

New Types of the American War-Ships

There have been many interesting efforts to add curious craft to the modern navy. The submarine boat has been built in both hemispheres. A Frenchman has a boat that sinks and makes its way successfully beneath water. An Englishman has invented a submarine arrangement which acts on the same principle as a telescopic satchel and fires torpedoes at the unsuspecting foe. In this country Mr. Holland unquestionably demonstrated that a boat of his type could disappear and reappear at command and could travel intelligently under the surface. So successful were his demonstrations that a bill was introduced into Congress for twenty submarine boats of the Holland type. But the naval men neither of this country nor of Europe look upon the submarine boat with favor. A curious reason is given by the critics of these experts. They say that the old officers object to them mainly because they have no luxurious rooms or quarter-decks.

Be this as it may, there is no questioning the fact that the new battle-ships have officers' quarters that are luxurious beyond all precedent. The new Kearsarge, a battle-ship of 12,000 tons displacement, which is the heaviest in our navy, awakens the enthusiasm of all the officers who are to sail in it, for the quarters are said to be the finest of any battle-ship in the world. The new Kearsarge is the first of five magnificent vessels; the second, the Kentucky, is practically completed, and the Illinois, the Ohio and Alabama are in course of construction. Three others that will come along later are the Maine, Missouri and Wisconsin.

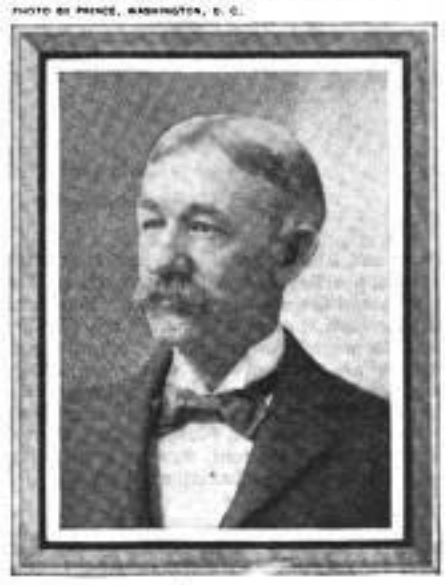
But though all these boats will largely increase the standard of size in our navy, still larger things are planned. Admiral Hichborn, the Chief Naval Constructor, is looking forward to battle-ships of 15,000 tons that will make twenty-one knots an hour. These would be finer and more powerful than any ships afloat, and would increase the speed greatly. Hitherto our battle-ships were required to make only sixteen knots—the Kearsarge exceeded this—but in the Maine, Missouri and Wisconsin eighteen knots are demanded. Abroad, the fastest battle-ships now being built will make twenty knots.

All this is enormously expensive, of course, but a big navy means millions of increase every year. The present generation will live to see our navy costing us over one hundred millions a year, and possibly the next century will not be very old before it may reach two hundred millions.

Other nations are limiting their navies only by the abilities of their exchequers. Emperor William's consuming ambition is that Germany shall have a navy equal to the best. He has announced his determination to "unerringly carry on and carry through the work of reorganizing my navy in order that it may be justified in standing by my land force," and this means millions and millions of taxes wrung from the people. A great navy costs.

CIVIL ENGINEER MORDECAI T. ENDICOTT

PHOTO BY PRINCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



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Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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George, Harris and the author are making a holiday bicycle tour through Germany. After numerous wild adventures, they reach the Black Forest. A safety and a tandem are the mounts.

Lost in the Black Forest

THERE was one night when, tired out and far from town or village, we slept in a Black Forest farmhouse. The great charm about the Black Forest house is its sociability. The cows are in the next room, the horses are upstairs, the geese and ducks are in the kitchen, while the pigs, the children and the chickens live all over the place.

You are dressing, when you hear a grunt behind you.

"Good-morning. Don't happen to have any potato peelings in here? No, I see you haven't; good-by."

Next there is a cackle, and you see the neck of an old hen stretched around the corner.

"Fine morning, isn't it? You don't mind my bringing this worm of mine in here, do you? It is so difficult in this house to find a room where one can enjoy one's food with any quietness. I have always been a slow eater, and when a dozen—— There, I thought they wouldn't leave me alone. Now they'll all want a bit. You don't mind my getting on the bed, do you? Perhaps here they won't notice me."

While you are dressing, various shock heads peer in at the door; they evidently regard the room as a temporary menagerie. You cannot tell whether the heads belong to boys or girls; you can only hope they are all male. It is of no use to shut the door, because there is nothing to fasten it by, and the moment you are gone they push it open again. You breakfast as the Prodigal Son is generally represented feeding: a pig or two drop in to keep you company; a party of elderly geese criticise you from the door; you gather from their whispers, added to their shocked expression, that they are talking scandal about you. Maybe a cow will condescend to give a glance in.

This Noah's Ark arrangement it is, I suppose, that gives to the Black Forest home its distinctive scent. It is not a scent you can liken to any one thing. It is as if you took



You are dressing, when you hear a grunt

roses and Limburger cheese, and hair oil, some heather and onions, peaches and soapsuds, together with a dash of sea air, and mixed them all up together. You cannot define any particular odor, but you feel they are all there—all the odors that the world has yet discovered. People who live in these houses are fond of this mixture. They do not open the window and lose any of it; they keep it carefully bottled up. If you want any other scent you can go outside and smell the wood violets and the pines; inside, there is the house; and after a while, I am told, you get to miss it, and are unable to go to sleep in any other atmosphere.

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

We had a long walk before us the next day, and it was our desire, therefore, to get up early, even so early as six o'clock, if that could be managed without disturbing the whole household. We put it to our hostess whether she thought this could be done. She said she thought it could. She might not be about herself at that time; it was her morning for going into the town, some eight miles off, and she rarely got back much before seven. But possibly her husband or one of the boys would be returning home to lunch about that hour. Anyhow, somebody should be sent back to wake us and get us our breakfast.

As it turned out, we did not need any waking. We got up at four, all by ourselves. We got up at four in order to get away from the noise and the din that was making our heads ache. What time the Black Forest peasants rise in the summer time I am unable to say; to us they appeared to be getting up all night. And the first thing the Black Forester does when he gets up is to put on a pair of stout boots with wooden soles and take a constitutional around the house. Until he has been three times up and down the stairs he does not feel he is up. Once fully awake himself, the next thing he does is to go upstairs to the stables and wake up a horse. (The Black Forest house being built generally on the side of a steep hill, the ground floor is at the top and the hayloft at the bottom.) Then the horse, it would seem, must also have its constitutional around the house, and, this seen to, the man goes downstairs into the kitchen and begins to chop wood; and when he has chopped sufficient wood he feels pleased with himself and begins to sing. All things considered, we came to the conclusion we could not do better than follow the excellent example set us.

We had a frugal breakfast at half-past four and started away at five. Our road lay over a mountain, and from inquiries made in the village it appeared to be one of those roads you cannot possibly miss. I suppose everybody knows this sort of road. Generally it leads you back to where you started from; and when it doesn't you wish it did, so that at all events you might know where you were. I foresaw evil from the very first, and before we had accomplished a couple of miles we came up with it. The road divided into three. A worm-eaten signpost indicated that the path to the left led to a place that we had never heard of—that was on no map. Its other arm, pointing out the direction of the middle road, had disappeared. The road to the right, so we all agreed, clearly led back again to the village.

"The old man said distinctly," so Harris reminded us, "keep straight on around the hill!"

"Which hill?" George asked pertinently. We were confronted by about half a dozen, some of them big and some of them little.

"He told us," continued Harris, "that we should come to a wood."

"I see no reason to doubt him," commented George, "whichever road we take." As a matter of fact, a dense wood covered every hill.

"And he said," murmured Harris, "that we should reach the top in about an hour and a half."

"There," said George, "I begin to disbelieve him."

"Well, what shall we do?" asked Harris.

Now, I happen to possess the bump of locality. It is not a virtue; I make no boast of it. It is merely an animal instinct that I cannot help. That things occasionally get in my way—mountains, precipices, rivers, and such like obstructions—is no fault of mine. My instinct is correct enough; it is the earth that is wrong. I led them by the middle road. That the middle road had not character enough to continue for any quarter of a mile in the same direction, that after three miles up and down hill it ended abruptly in a wasps' nest, was not a thing that should have been laid to my door. If the middle road had gone in the direction it ought to have done it would have taken us to where we wanted to go; of that I am convinced. Even as it was I would have continued to use this gift of mine to discover a fresh way had a proper spirit been displayed toward me. But I am not an angel; I admit this frankly; and I decline to exert myself for the ungrateful and the ribald. Therefore it was that I washed my hands of the affair and Harris entered upon the vacancy.

"Well," said Harris, "I suppose you are satisfied with what you have done?"

"I am quite satisfied," I replied from the heap of stones where I was sitting. "So far I have brought you with safety. For all you know, you may be just where you want to be."

"Do not misunderstand us," said Harris. "Both George and myself feel that without your assistance we should never be where we now are. For that we give you every credit. But instinct is liable to err. What I propose to do is to substitute for it science, which is exact. Now, where's the sun?"

"Don't you think," said George, "that if we made our way back to the village and hired a boy for a mark to guide us it would save time in the end?"

"It would be wasting hours," replied Harris with decision. "You leave this to me." He took out his watch and began turning himself round and round.

"It's as simple as A B C," he continued. "You point the short hand at the sun; then you bisect the segment between the short hand and the twelve; and thus you get the north."

He worried up and down for a while, then he fixed it.

"Now I've got it," he said; "that's the north. Now give me the map."

We handed it to him and he examined it.

"Todtmoos, from here," he said, "is south by southwest."

"How do you mean 'from here'?" asked George.

"Why, from here, where we are," returned Harris.

"But where are we?" said George.

This worried Harris for a time.

"It doesn't matter where we are," he said at length; "wherever we are, Todtmoos is south by southwest. Come on; we are only wasting time."

"I don't quite see how you make it out," said George, as he arose and shouldered his knapsack; "but I suppose it doesn't matter. We are out for our health."

"We shall be all right," said Harris with cheery confidence. "We shall be in at Todtmoos before ten, don't you worry. And at Todtmoos we will have something to eat."

He said that he himself fancied a beefsteak, followed by an omelette. George said that personally he intended to keep his mind off the subject until he saw Todtmoos.

We walked for half an hour, then, emerging upon an opening, we saw below us about two miles away the village through which we had passed that morning. It had a quaint church with an outside staircase; a somewhat unusual arrangement.

The sight of it made me sad. We had been walking hard for three hours and a half, and had accomplished, apparently, about four miles. But Harris was delighted.

"Now, at last," said Harris, "we know where we are."

"I thought you said it didn't matter," George reminded him.

"No more it does, practically," replied Harris, "but it is just as well to be certain. Now I feel more confidence in myself."

"I'm not so sure about that being an advantage," murmured George. But I do not think Harris heard him.

"We are now," continued Harris, "east of the sun, and Todtmoos is southwest of where we are. So that if——"

He broke off. "By the by," he said, "do you remember whether I said the bisecting line of that segment pointed to the north or to the south?"

"You said it pointed to the north," replied George.

"Are you positive?" persisted Harris.

"Positive," answered George; "but don't let that influence your calculations. In all probability you were wrong."

Harris thought for a while; then his brow cleared.

"That's all right," he said; "of course it's the north. It must be the north. How could it be the south? Now we must make for the west. Come on."

"I am quite willing to make for the west," said George; "any point of the compass is the same to me. I only wish to remark that at the present moment we are going dead east."

"No, we are not," returned Harris; "we are going west."

"We are going east, I tell you," said George.

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying that," said Harris; "you confuse me."

"I don't mind if I do," returned George; "I would rather do that than go wrong. I tell you we are going dead east."

"What nonsense!" retorted Harris. "There's the sun."

"I can see the sun," answered George, "quite distinctly. It may be where it ought to be according to you and science, or it may not. All I know is, that when we were down in the village that particular hill with that particular lump of



"I think," said George, as he stood looking down at it, "this is the best view we've had of it as yet"

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rock upon it was due north of us. At the present moment we are facing due east."

"You are quite right," said Harris; "I forgot for a moment that we had turned around."

"I should get into the habit of making a note of it if I were you," grumbled George; "it's a manœuvre that will probably occur again more than once."

We faced about and walked in the other direction. At the end of forty minutes' climbing we again emerged upon an opening, and again the village lay just under our feet. On this occasion it was south of us.

"This is very extraordinary," said Harris.

"I see nothing remarkable about it," said George. "If you walk steadily around a village it is only natural that now and then you get a glimpse of it. As for myself, I am glad to see it. It proves to me that we are not utterly lost."

"It ought to be the other side of us," said Harris.

"It will be in another hour or so," said George, "if we keep on."

I said little myself; I was vexed with both of them; but I was glad to notice George evidently growing cross with Harris. It was absurd of Harris to fancy he could find the way by the sun.

"I wish I knew," said Harris thoughtfully, "whether that bisecting line points to the north or to the south."

"I should make up my mind about it," said George; "it's an important point."

"It's impossible it can be the north," said Harris, "and I'll tell you why."

"You needn't trouble," said George; "I am quite prepared to believe it isn't."

"You said just now it was," said Harris reproachfully.

"I said nothing of the sort," retorted George: "I said you said it was; a very different thing. If you think it isn't, let's go the other way. It'll be a change, at all events."

So Harris worked things out according to the contrary calculation, and again we plunged into the wood; and again, after half an hour's stiff climbing, we came in view of that same village. True, this time it lay between us and the sun.

"I think," said George, as he stood looking down at it, "this is the best view we've had of it as yet. There is only one other point from which we can see it. After that, we can go down into it and get some rest."

"I don't believe it's the same village," said Harris; "it can't be."

"There's no mistaking that church," said George. "But maybe it is a case on all fours with that Prague statue. Possibly the authorities hereabouts have had made some life-sized models of that village and have stuck them about to see where the thing would look best. Anyhow, which way do we go now?"

"I don't know," said Harris, "and I don't care. I have done my best; you've done nothing but grumble and confuse me."

"I may have been critical," admitted George, "but look at the thing from my point of view. One of you says he's got an instinct, and leads me to a wasps' nest in the middle of a wood."

"I can't help wasps building in a wood," I replied.

"I don't say you can," answered George. "I am not arguing; I am merely stating incontrovertible facts. The other one, who leads me up and down hill for hours on scientific principles, doesn't know the north from the south, and is never quite sure whether he's turned around or whether he hasn't. Personally, I profess to no instincts beyond the ordinary, nor am I a scientist. But two fields off I can see a man. I am going to offer him the worth of the hay he is cutting, which I estimate at one mark fifty pfennigs, to leave his work and lead me to within sight of Todtmoos. If you two fellows like to follow, you can. If not, you can start another system and work it out by yourselves."

George's plan lacked both originality and aplomb, but at the moment it appealed to us. Fortunately we had worked around to a very short distance away from the spot where we had originally gone wrong, with the result that, aided by the gentleman of the scythe, we recovered the road and reached Todtmoos four hours later than we had calculated to reach it, with an appetite that took forty-five minutes' steady work in silence to abate.

From Todtmoos we had intended to walk down to the Rhine, but having regard to our extra exertions of the morning we decided to promenade in a carriage, as the French would say, and for this purpose hired a picturesque-looking vehicle, drawn by a horse that I should have called barrel-bodied but for contrast with his driver, in comparison with whom he was angular. In Germany every vehicle is arranged for a pair of horses, but drawn generally by one. This gives to the equipage a lopsided appearance, according to our notions; but it is held here to indicate style. The idea to be conveyed is that you usually drive a pair of horses, but that for the moment you have mislaid the other one. The German driver is not what we should call a first-class whip. He is at his best when he is asleep. Then, at all events, he is harmless; and the horse being, generally speaking, intelligent and experienced, progress under these conditions is comparatively safe. If in Germany they could only train the horse to collect the money at the end of the journey there would be no need for a coachman at all. This would be a distinct relief to the passenger, for when the German coachman is awake and not cracking his whip he is generally occupied in getting himself into trouble or out of it. He is better at the former.

Once I recollect driving down a steep Black Forest hill with a couple of ladies. It was one of those winding corkscrew roads. The hill arose at an angle of seventy-five on the off side, and fell away at an angle of seventy-five on the near side. We were proceeding very comfortably, the driver, we were happy to notice, with his eyes shut, when suddenly something—a bad dream or indigestion—awoke him. He seized the reins, and by an adroit movement pulled the near horse over the side, where it clung, half supported by the traces. Our driver did not appear in the least annoyed or surprised; both horses, I also noticed, seemed equally used to the situation. We got out and he got down. He took from under the seat a huge clasp-knife, evidently kept there for the purpose, and deftly cut the traces. The horse thus released rolled over and over until he struck the road again, some fifty feet below. There he regained his footing and stood waiting for us. We reëntered the carriage and descended with the single horse until we came to him. There, with the help of some bits of string, our driver harnessed him again and we continued on our way. What impressed me was the evident accustomedness of both driver and horses to this method of proceeding down a hill. Evidently to them it appeared a short and convenient cut. I should not have been surprised had the man suggested our strapping ourselves in, and then rolling over and over, carriage and all, to the bottom.



HE TOOK OUT HIS WATCH AND BEGAN TURNING HIMSELF ROUND AND ROUND

Another peculiarity of the German coachman is that he never attempts to pull in or to pull up. He regulates his rate of speed not by the pace of the horse, but by manipulation of the brake. For eight miles an hour he puts it on slightly, so that it only scrapes the wheel, producing a continuous sound as of the sharpening of a saw; for four miles an hour he screws it down harder, and you travel to an accompaniment of groans and shrieks, suggestive of a symphony of dying pigs. When he desires to come to a full stop he puts it on to its full. If his brake be a good one, he calculates he can stop his carriage, unless the horse be an extra powerful animal, in less than twice its own length.

At Waldshut, one of those little sixteenth-century towns through which the Rhine flows during its earlier course, we came across that exceedingly common object of the Continent: the traveling Briton, grieved and surprised at the unacquaintance of the foreigner with the subtleties of the English language. When we entered the station he was, in very fair English, though with a slight Somersetshire accent, explaining to a porter for the tenth time, as he informed us, the simple fact that though he himself had a ticket for Donaueschingen, and wanted to go to Donaueschingen to see the source of the Danube, which is not there, though they tell you it is; he wished his bicycle to be sent on to Engen and his bag to Constance, there to await his arrival. He was hot and angry with the effort of the thing. The porter was a young man in years, but at the moment looked old and miserable. I offered my services. I wish now I had not, though not so fervently, I expect, as he came subsequently to wish this. All three routes, so the porter explained to us, were complicated, necessitating changing and rechanging. There was not much time for calm elucidation, as our own train was starting in a few minutes. The man himself was voluble—always a mistake when anything entangled has to be made clear; while the porter was only too eager to get the job done with and so breathe again. It dawned upon me ten minutes later, when thinking the matter over in the train, that though I had agreed with the porter that it would be best for the bicycle to go by way of Immendingen, and had agreed to his booking it to Immendingen, I had neglected to give instructions for its departure from Immendingen.

Were I of a despondent temperament I should be worrying myself at the present moment with the reflection that in all probability that bicycle is still at Immendingen. But I regard it as good philosophy to endeavor always to see the brighter side of things. Possibly the porter corrected my omission on his own account, or some simple miracle may have happened to restore that bicycle to its owner some time before the end of his tour. The bag we sent to Radolfszell; but here I console myself with the recollection that it was labeled Constance; and no doubt after a while the railway authorities, finding it unclaimed at Radolfszell, forwarded it to Constance.

But all this is apart from the moral I wished to draw from the incident. The true inwardness of the situation lay in the indignation of this Britisher at finding a German railway porter unable to comprehend English. The moment we spoke to him he expressed this indignation in no measured terms.

"Thank you very much indeed," he said; "it's simple enough. I want to go to Donaueschingen myself by train; from Donaueschingen I am going to walk to Geisengen; from Geisengen I am going to take the train to Engen, and from Engen I am going to bicycle to Constance. But I don't want to take my bag with me; I want to find it at Constance when I get there. I have been trying to explain the thing to this fool for the last ten minutes; but I can't get it into him."

"It is very disgraceful," I agreed. "Some of these German workmen know hardly any language but their own."

"I have gone over it with him," continued the man, "on the time-table, and explained it by pantomime. Even then I could not knock it into him."

"I can hardly believe you," I again remarked; "you would think the thing explained itself."

Harris was angry with the man; he wished to reprove him for his folly in journeying through the outlying portions of a foreign clime, and seeking in such to accomplish complicated railway tricks without knowing a word of the language of the country. But I pointed out to him the great and good work at which the man was unconsciously assisting.

Shakespeare and Milton may have done their little best to spread acquaintance with the English tongue among the less-favored inhabitants of Europe. Newton and Darwin may have rendered their language a necessity among educated and thoughtful foreigners. Dickens and Ouida (for your folk who imagine that the literary world is bounded by the prejudices of New Grub Street would be surprised and grieved at the position occupied abroad by this at-home-sneered-at Lady) may have helped still further to popularize it. But the man who has spread the knowledge of English from Cape St. Vincent to the Ural Mountains is the Englishman who, unable or unwilling to learn a single word of any language but his own, travels purse in hand into every corner of the Continent. One may be shocked at his ignorance, annoyed at his stupidity, angry at his presumption, but the practical fact remains: he it is that is Anglicizing Europe. For him the Swiss peasant tramps through the snow on winter evenings to attend the English class open in every village. For him the coachman and the guard, the chambermaid and the laundress, pore over their English grammars and colloquial phrase books. For him the foreign shopkeeper and merchant send their sons and daughters in their thousands to study in every English town. For him it is that every foreign hotel and restaurant keeper adds to his advertisement: "Only those with fair knowledge of English need apply."

Did the English-speaking races make it their rule to speak anything else than English the marvelous progress of the English tongue throughout the world would stop. The English-speaking man stands amid the strangers and jingles his gold. "Here," he cries, "is payment for all such as can speak English." He is the great educator. Theoretically, we may scold him; practically, we should take our hats off to him. He is the missionary of the English tongue.

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United States Senators by Popular Vote

THE Fifth Article of the Constitution provides that, "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in every case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof."

The fifteen amendments that have been made to the Constitution were adopted on the initiative of Congress itself.

The alternative method has never been employed. It is now, however, seriously proposed that the Legislatures shall make use of the power which the Constitution unquestionably gives to them. Public sentiment in the country seems to be overwhelmingly in favor of electing United States Senators by popular vote. Numerous Legislatures have adopted resolutions to that effect. The Legislature of Iowa last month passed such a proposition with only four negative votes. In California some years ago, when the question was tested by popular vote, every county favored it, and the whole vote was 187,958 in the affirmative to 13,342 against.

One of the most ingenious efforts to adapt the present method to a popular vote and to combine the two was made by Georgia about four years ago. The feeling ran high and there was the usual lack of confidence in what the new Legislature might do. In that State the Democratic nomination is equivalent to election, and so the Democrats agreed to a plan by which the voters in each county expressed their choice as to who should be the next United States Senator. There was a vigorous contest. The plan was successful.

Twice the House of Representatives has passed a resolution proposing that the Constitution be amended so that the Senators should be elected by popular vote. Each of these resolutions was ignored by the Senate. There is in the present House of Representatives a similar resolution which will doubtless share the fate of its predecessors. The power that stands in the way of the change is the Senate itself, and as far as Congress is concerned little might be hoped for, but the alternative plan provided for by the Constitution can make the Senate take the action whether it wants to or not.

Notorious conditions in Pennsylvania led the Legislature last year to appoint a joint committee to consider this whole question. It has done something more than can usually be expected of the average legislative committee. It has communicated with the Governors and Secretaries of all the States asking that legislative committees be appointed to a national convention in Philadelphia. The result of this organized effort will appear later. If two-thirds of the States can be favorably influenced, and if their Legislatures take the necessary action, the whole change will be as good as made, although it will necessarily take several years to complete the formalities. It has been very cleverly suggested, however, that when the Senate realizes the force of public opinion and sees the inevitable, it will not persist in its present policy.

In fairness it should be stated that there are many who believe that a change in methods will not necessarily mean an improvement in Senators. These point to the fact that the Governors are elected by popular vote; and as a rule the Governors are not any better men than the United States Senators. In many cases which they name they are distinctly worse. The argument for the popular vote is that Senators with money could not buy their way in as readily as they do with corrupt Legislatures. The whole situation is a fine reflection upon the condition of our suffrage and of our legislative morality, and the best and most hopeful sign in it all is the aggressive sentiment of the good people whose votes cannot be bought at any price. This, indeed, is the strength of the movement, for it is moral as well as political.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

One man elected United States Senator admits that he spent $152,000, and others charge that he spent several times that sum. The era of high prices has reached politics.

Motive in Public Spirit

PUBLIC spirit may be defined as doing the right thing in public affairs for right's sake at the right time. These are the three constituent elements. Many a person does the right thing for policy's sake on the principle that "honesty is the best policy." The politician contributes to a church fund or other benevolent object to make himself popular with those interested in it. He is doing a right thing; but only for policy's sake. The motive is lacking to make it an entirely acceptable gift. We are constantly hearing of the generosity of the "district leader," or the "ward boss." How he is sending coal here and food there, and visiting the sick and the bereaved. He obeys the Scriptural injunction so far, but he fails to keep within the spirit or to observe the part about keeping one's self "unspotted from the world." And what does he exact in return for all his kindness and sympathy? Unquestioning obedience to his political orders; an unswerving support of his political course. No matter if he is supporting corrupt measures; no matter if he is aiding rich and unscrupulous corporations to filch valuable franchises; no matter if he is saddling heavy burdens on posterity and squandering the public funds—so long as he is good to the poor in his district he is said to be generous, and by some, public-spirited. He is doing a right thing, but for what base and despicable motives!

Something more than proper motive is needed in public spirit. Wisdom is essential. Wisdom tells you when to do the right thing for right's sake. How much good and well-intended advice and admonition has gone astray because given at the wrong time. Through his negligence and foolhardiness a boy falls into the river. He cannot swim. Your first duty is to rescue him, not to lecture him on his shortcomings or his heedlessness. For while you are doing that he may drown. The same is true with regard to a rebellious child. There is a right and a wrong time to correct it. There can be no question as to the need of the remedy. There is a question as to the time of applying it.

The same principle should be applied in public affairs as in private. The right of petition, of free speech, of discussion, should never be abridged. Healthful criticism of the Government should always be invited and tolerated; but there is a right and a wrong time to apply it. The public-spirited man is he who applies it at the right time and for the good of his country. Governor Roosevelt put the case in a nutshell when he said: "Criticism is undoubtedly necessary, though less so than many other things. The men who criticise most severely are rarely those who work effectively to destroy the evils complained of. Excessive and indiscriminate scolding, fretting and faultfinding are even more injurious than excessive and indiscriminate laudation." In short, criticism is not necessarily public spirit. We must not mistake the mere critic for the patriot.

—CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

The trust claims to be a growth. So is a wart.

Voluntary Slaves and Their Slavery

WHAT would be the social and economic condition of the United States could another Lincoln issue an Emancipation Proclamation which should sever the ties that bind some millions of white people to their taskmasters, some of whom are suspected, some hated, only a few respected or loved? Quite as much work would remain to be done, and there would be quite as many people competent to do it, but the masters—or employers, if the term be preferred—would be at their wits' end to find workers, and most of the workers would be incompetent to take any places but those which they had already filled and abhorred.

Most men are so incompetent, or so unwilling to seek new surroundings, no matter how bad their circumstances may seem to be, that their condition is literally that of slavery. Not all of them are stupid or devoid of aspiration, and all wish that their condition might be bettered, but they lack the indefinable something that causes a man, no matter how few his abilities or how humble his position, to be in the higher sense his own master. Absolute dependence on their employers for the time being is the condition of the great majority of the employed, and reluctance and inability to work in any other place or for any other man is a common confession of all classes of workers; and almost as common is a willingness to remain in whatever position they chance to be.

It is currently supposed that vacancies in the higher departments of any business can easily be filled from the men below, but employers know to their sorrow that this is not true. That a man does stated, automatic work for stated wages, and does it well, too, does not necessarily imply that he has ever given a thought to the duties of the position next above him, much though he would like the higher position's pay. It is a common complaint of men in mills, stores and offices of all kinds, that frequently some "rank outsider" who has not been long at the business gets the best position that becomes vacant. Yet what are employers to do?

A few weeks ago a large business corporation in New York suddenly needed a head clerk for a room containing about fifty other clerks, about half of whom had been in the same room for several years, and all of whom did their work sufficiently well. The abilities of each of the fifty were fairly canvassed, for it was greatly desired that the new head clerk should be a man who already knew the members of the working staff, but in the end one of the "rank outsider" class had to be chosen. Doubtless some of the men in the room had the necessary ability, but they had never displayed it in the office; as the general manager said, "None of them ever manifested special interest in anything but pay-day."

The same corporation issued a general notice, more than a year ago, that suggestions on improving any department of the business would be welcomed from any employee, and, if used, would be paid for liberally. From seven hundred clerks, none of whom is a fool, only five suggestions had been received before the present year began, yet in the same period the clerks had indulged in hundreds of complaints to one another, any one of which had in it the basis of a practical business suggestion.

According to employers, similar stories might be told about the working force of almost any house in the land. Unconsciously, yet absolutely, most men who work for wages are as dependent on their employers as were the Southern slaves on their masters. Most of them are honest and industrious; some are of high moral character, but their interest is so fixed upon what they get that they have little to spare for what they do; therefore they never increase their value to their employers or to themselves. Many of them think, and rightly, that they are the superiors, mentally, of the men above them; but nothing is hit by the bullet that is never fired, nor did anything but trouble ever come of the talent that was hid in a napkin. When, through changes of business, such men lose their places, they are as helpless as the slave who has lost his master. If their condition is not that of voluntary slavery, what is it?

—JOHN HABBERTON.

Failure, to the man who learns, means experience, and experience is equipment, and equipment is wealth.

Variegated Monotony

HEARING the wind booming abroad in a pine wood, or the surf pounding a spit of lonely and shifting sand, may be taken as typical of monotony; but at times one feels that a large part of life is keyed to an unvarying level of expression as strangely meaningless as any natural feature of things can be. Our daily labor has its sing-song hum, like the buzz of a bee or the purr of a drowsy cat, when there is no interruption, and we easily admit the impression that because work is the same all the year round it must of course be uninteresting, the business of a droning intelligence and a mechanical existence.

Looking steadfastly into life's countenance, however, is apt to disclose to us a deeper significance flowing under the placid surface of our experience. What passes before a casual gaze as a dreary monotony, a depressing sameness of sound and motion, appears to the earnest eye a splendid exhibition of our power—a fine mode of human energy making for the perfect destiny of the race.

Naturalists tell us that the wind in the tree-tops, making the lonesomest of moans, has for a function the gentle swaying of the tall boles, which communicate their motion to the deepest roots in the ground, thus assisting in aërating the soil and adding racy vigor throughout the complicated subterrane tangle which feeds the whole mighty plant. It is not different with us; the continual monotony of the business of life, with its droning sameness from day to day, somehow stirs the spiritual part of us to the profoundest depth.

Indeed, we may distinguish genius from the lesser endowments by its ability to make the most of what common minds deem the merest surface drift of opportunity, too ordinary and plentiful to be of any value. What we call invention is but a fresh setting together of verities as old as the stars, and as monotonously beautiful. Discovery is nothing more than surprising a hidden link in a uniform chain. Not a machine of all man's mighty wonder work of mechanism has in it a single departure from the law of force and motion.

Habit enforces regularity, which is but another name for monotony, and we may safely assume that what we call "good breeding" is the outward manifestation of an inward habit, the result of undeviating example, precept, practice; in a word, the monotony of culture. Even the gorgeous surprises of epoch-making genius have flashed upon the world with a rhythmical, recurring beat, so that in reading history we mark time by them, and keep pace with the centuries by even and regular steps. The great poets, painters, musicians, the statesmen, soldiers and philosophers, who have stirred up the deeps of human life and changed the current of civilization here and yonder, appear, as we look back at them, surprisingly to correspond with a certain splendid plangency in the current of time which throbs as regularly as the pulse of a strong, calm man.

And what a fine, stimulating sight it is to see the brave column of to-day pressing right on up the same monotonously laborious incline toward the winking and still infinitely distant star of destiny! What Pythagoras heard as the music of the spheres was but the rhythm of human activities, the steady, onward, undeviating and regular throbbing of life's changeless current. Law is method in operation, and method is monotony.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

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At the English Capital

THEY are telling a rather good story told of Mr. Bradley-Martin and his encounter with a London cabby. The cabby is easily the quickest-witted and glibbest-tongued occupier of the Queen's highways in this capital; he is clever at sarcasm, and when he begins to use bad language the very Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square turn tail and quake. Talk about the British soldier being "Duke's son, cook's son"—her Thomas Atkins is nothing like so universally related as the British cabby. When a certain sort of man, the horsey dare-devil who loves London and lights, "goes broke," he takes to cab driving as naturally as a duck to water, and the streets swarm with cabbies who have received university educations and have been in their day well to do and of good social positions.

The Londoner knows that he cannot score off cabby under any circumstances, and so leaves him to fight his never-ending battles with brother cabbies, 'bus drivers and policemen. The other morning Mr. Bradley-Martin was crossing Pall Mall near the Carlton Club, and a cab coming down the street at a good pace came within an ace of spiking the wealthy American with one of its shafts. The cabby pulled up only in time to save the situation. Mr. Bradley-Martin leaped to the pavement and, turning in anger to the cabby, shouted angrily, "Who the deuce are you trying to run down?" Cabby gazed in contempt and sorrow upon the flushed pedestrian and replied: "Blest if I know, Gov'nor. You're a new species to me."

A MUCH-PROMOTED PRISONER

THE Seventh New York officers who came across to this little island last year and had a few words with the Queen will well remember the hospitality shown them by the "London Scottish." The London Scottish is a volunteer regiment, perhaps the smartest in all the service, fine men in gray-yellow uniform and, to be sure, the kilts. The regiment is kept fit and on a "war footing"; there is great competition among the young men eligible to join, and no man who is not physically sound and in spirit keen at his work is allowed to remain on the roll. The London Scottish scoop in every American soldier or volunteer they can lay hands on, and to quote Prade:

"If he departed as he came
With no new light on love or liquor,
Good sooth, the traveler was to blame
And not the London Scot, by jigger!"

It will amuse your volunteers to hear that the London Scottish's adjutant has been in a peculiarly mortifying position. Colonel Scott, the adjutant, was second in command of the Second Battalion of the famous Black Watch, now in South Africa. In one of the fights his senior, Dick Cunningham, was severely wounded, so Scott was promoted. Then the command of the First Battalion fell vacant and Scott got the filling of that position. This was followed by the death of General Wauchop, and of course Scott went to the head of affairs. Now, all this time he was "sitting on a tar barrel" in Ladysmith, utterly unable to get out to assume any of the commands that by seniority fell to him. It is said that his brother officers in Ladysmith took to humming when in Scott's presence, "Oh, for the wings of a dove," until the situation became too pathetic, for Scott is very ambitious and loves to lead in a fight.

BOER REPARTEE BY HELIOGRAPH

THERE have been frequent little chats between Briton and Boers by means of the heliograph, and in one of them the latter scored a decided hit. Speaking to the Boers crowning the steep hills that confronted Buller's army, the Englishman at the end of a conversation flashed, "Well, when we do get up there at you, may God help you."

The answer came back, "Oh, He will!"

Genial Dr. Conan Doyle, who has gone to the front, made an equally witty retort the other day. "I hear you are going to dramatize your earliest work and play a principal part," said a friend of his, meeting him on the street.

Doyle shook his head. "I know nothing of it," he said.

"But you're going to the front, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, the first time you get into the thick of it I'll bet a new hat yours will be The White-faced Company."

"No, sir," retorted Doyle, "I'm a doctor, and am going out to make A Study in Scarlet, if you want to know."

Conan Doyle is a splendid athlete, firm in the saddle, a quick and sure shot, and an all-around sportsman. And as he will be attached to the medical corps to act on the field of battle he will run a first-class chance of seeing the fighting in its warmest corners. Strong as a giant, he is just the man to render first aid and then to take a wounded man under each arm and walk off the field with them.

THE EXPLOITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH LANCERS

THE "Death or Glory" boys have sailed for South Africa and by this time are in the field. This regiment, the Seventeenth Lancers, is considered quite the smartest in the British Army, and the officers and men have a long history of glorious service to spur them on in the coming campaign. It may not be generally known in "the States" that this regiment—which, by the way, led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, going in 145 strong and coming out with 35 survivors—begins its history with your War of Independence. In 1776 the regiment happened to be stationed at Halifax, and they were, I believe, the only British regular cavalrymen that took part in the war. They were at the capture of New York, they forced the passage of the Bronx River, and were in many little "scraps" in which they had their work cut out for them—and a bit more. To-day in County Down, Ireland, there is a monument to the Seventeenth Lancer, Corporal O'Lavery, who lost his life in America. The circumstances were these. It became necessary to send a dispatch of urgent importance to Lord Rawdon. As in the Transvaal, carriers of dispatches had a warm time of it, for Washington's men were supreme as sharpshooters, and so the business required a man of bravery and resource if it was to stand a reasonable chance of success. To accompany the dispatch-bearer the authorities picked upon Corporal O'Lavery of the Seventeenth Lancers. The two had not gone far before bullets began to zip about their ears and presently the dispatch-bearer fell from his horse, dead. O'Lavery dismounted, seized the paper and rode for all he was worth. But at length he was sore hit; he rode for a time with his arms around his horse's neck, and finally, weak from loss of blood, fell to earth. Although in intense agony, the lancer, fearing his important paper might fall into Washington's hands, folded it into small compass and shoved it deep into the ragged wound the bullet had made. Next day he was found stretched out by the roadside, and with only life left in him to point to the secreting place of the precious paper. He died shortly after and the County Down monument tells the tale of his unflinching courage. "Death or Glory" boys did not return to England until 1783. Later they campaigned in South America, so that the Western Hemisphere should take interest in their doings, now that they are again afoot.

MR. WHISTLER'S PARDONABLE MISTAKE

HERE is a tale of Mr. James McNeil Whistler which may be true. Every one knows in what contempt the famous expatriated American artist holds our Royal Academy. To be an "R. A."—a member of the Royal Academy—is, in his eyes, to be held in eternal disgrace by all true artists. The body of the Royal Academy could never tell what Whistler's pictures meant, and of course Whistler looks upon that as the smartest feather in his artistic hat. He was in a "smart" restaurant in the West End not long ago and was not successful in getting exactly what he wanted. The waiter, after various attempts to satisfy him, said, referring to a dish Whistler wanted, "Well, sir, I can't make out quite what you mean."

"Gad, sir," shouted Mr. Whistler in astonished tones, "are *you* an R. A.?"

YOUNG MARLBOROUGH'S SHORTCOMINGS

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt's husband, the Duke of Marlborough, is in South Africa in charge of a large body of yeomanry. It will be interesting to see how this latest descendant of the hero of Blenheim shapes in the face of the enemy. When his appointment was announced at the Army and Navy Club, a crusty old Indian officer, who had evidently heard the Duke speak at some Primrose gathering of women, blurted out, "By Heavens, if he comes to a halt as often in a charge as he does in a speech, his men may as well dig their graves before they start." But his deed may be better than his word.

—E. W. SABEL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

All human laws are grounded on the high and immutable laws of Nature and the laws of revelation; at least they should be so; and the Business Combinations or Trusts that were so ably advocated by Mr. Charles R. Flint in a recent issue of your valuable and interesting journal are nothing more nor less than *imperium in imperio*—that is, the act of creating a government within a government, and *præmunire*, on the same order, was held under the ancient law to be treason, and punishable by decapitating, drawing and quartering.

Therefore it is a very good thing that Mr. Flint lives in the age of statutes in the stead of an age when all laws were grounded on immemorial customs and the Scriptures, or, in other words, in an age when the colossal power of corporate capital is apparently stronger than the "Laws of Nature and of Nature's God," which Thomas Jefferson sent ringing through the ages from old Independence Hall in your own fair city of Philadelphia, on the Fourth of July, A. D. 1776.

In Governor, now United States Senator, A. J. McLaurin's recent address to the Mississippi Legislature, occurs the following language in regard to the matter under consideration: "A great evil and danger threatening the State is found in what is termed trusts. Combinations of corporate capital have been formed to strangle all kinds of competition. Corporations that have been authorized by statutory enactment to organize and operate independently of each other, for reciprocal advantage to themselves and the public, have combined to practice the most tyrannical extortion upon the people. They demand authority to exercise their despotic sway over the laborer employed and the consumer of their wares. By the formation of trusts they cut down the number of laborers and employees and compensate themselves by extortion in the price of their products. By these unlawful aggregations of corporate capital all consumers and nearly every class of laborers and employees suffer."

All of the foregoing is absolutely true. I desire to ask Mr. Flint a few questions and respectfully to solicit a reply: "If the principal advantage of business combinations is that raw material can be purchased in large quantities and secured at a lower price, and the total grand result is a lower market price which accrues to the benefit of the consumers at home and abroad," etc., then what benefits do such Business Combinations or Trusts confer upon the producers of the raw material? And if low markets are as beneficial generally, as he says in one place, then why does he contradict himself by saying in another place that "Nothing in the past has more demoralized industries than overproduction in times of prosperity and the scramble for markets in times of adversity, *resulting in the cutting of prices to such extent* as to necessitate the reduction of wages?"

Now, Mr. Flint, is it not a fact that as America is the greatest producing country on the face of the globe, she needs more markets and better markets, and higher prices for what she produces, and less of monopolistic corporations and combines and trusts?

J. R. LINDSAY.

Capell, Mississippi.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

There is no question about the "rightful existence of aggregations of capital." It is regarding wrongful incorporations, in restraint of trade; regarding the kind of legal person the legislature shall create; regarding the restrictions that shall be placed upon the conduct of corporations that the American public is now exercised.

It would seem to be a self-evident truth that a legal person should not have privileges or powers exceeding those of a private individual, and it has now become plain that such legal person, having no heart on which the moral law may be written, should be subject to such written commandments as shall give substantial honesty to his conduct. Otherwise he may greatly injure the people who created him.

Every State has recognized the benefits of "rightful" combinations of capital by authorizing persons to incorporate, and even giving them a premium by exempting their private property from payment of the corporate debt; yet the patronage of the public is very greatly influenced by the financial standing of the incorporators as individuals, and this very influence has often resulted in loss to the public.

Then Mr. Flint's article points out the "best examples" of these combinations as those who have "increased their reserves in times of prosperity so that they might be able to pay dividends in times of financial depression." It further points out that the combinations organized in the last five years are mainly based upon the earnings of that period.

Then it would appear that the "best examples" are those whose capital stock is based upon net earnings so conserved among the years as to be available every year to pay a dividend. If these are the best examples of corporations we may well be looking for improvement. These suggestions doubtless refer to combined corporations and the capital stock of the combine, at least regarding the lately formed companies.

It appears that the real value of the property that is taken into the combine is not the guide for capitalization. Nor does the real cost of the railroads referred to seem to have much relation to their capital stock.

It probably denotes total want of acquaintance with the methods of corporations and very defective business acumen to suggest that capitalization should only be equaled by investment and growth in value of property. The mass of the public have until late years supposed that capital stock represented a money investment of equal amount. Late years many have discovered something wrong. Wealth has seemed to come with remarkable rapidity to members of some companies.

People to-day find it more difficult to engage in any remunerative business than formerly. They are looking for the cause, and appear to have found at least one great cause in the methods of corporations which trusts are seeking to carry out on a larger scale and with hope of monopoly to make their plans effective.

The statistician's allowance of twenty-three dollars per capita is, to the general public, a fiction. It may show the resources of corporations, but great masses of individuals have counted their family, multiplied by twenty-three, counted their money, and been discouraged that they failed even of an average.

They have looked over their little town, and see that if the one company should move away the per capita of the town would not be fifty cents.

Competition does not adjust the matter. Failures only transfer the assets to the bondholders—placing the property in fewer hands.

Population does not produce the dearth of paying business opportunities for the masses. There is wealth and money abundant for all, but it has reached the hands of comparatively few people.

Publicity might help the matter, but some wholesome legislative restrictions to guard against errors of the past and prospective future errors will be most apt to control these skillful manipulators.

We are proud of our country and its industrial progress, and want and need for each citizen an active and responsible part in its industries, and want to correct business evils without crippling any worthy enterprise, and would like to see all citizens work for the most rapid advancement of all, letting the welfare of each and all Americans stand first.

Clinton, Missouri. P. B. D.

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The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

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Tenth Chapter

THE night fell on three of the most unhappy people in the world; yet to each had been vouchsafed a partial realization of a cherished hope. Coventry should have been luxuriating in the thought of his approaching marriage to the girl he loved; Elizabeth should have been overwhelmed with joy at the reappearance of O'Neill, after his two years of absence; and O'Neill, during that time, had asked for nothing but an opportunity to stand once more in the presence of his divinity. The desire of each had been granted, and yet all three were completely miserable: Coventry, because he more than suspected that Elizabeth loved O'Neill; Elizabeth, because she felt that honor compelled her to marry Coventry, to whom she was deeply attached, but toward whom her feelings were vastly different from those which had flooded her being with new life at the sight of the young Irishman. Her years of waiting and dreaming had unconsciously developed a passion for him which had broken all barriers at the mere sound of his voice, the sight of his face. As for O'Neill, he found her fairer than he had ever thought, even in his most extravagant dream, and it was in an agony of despair that he contemplated her as the bride of another. There was this saving grace in his position, however: he would probably be condemned to death forthwith, and he was in no mood to balk the executioner; if ever death were welcome, it would be so to him.

The only one who was completely at his ease, and who, in fact, extracted a certain satisfaction from the situation, was the Admiral. Naturally he did not enter very deeply into the matrimonial schemes of the young, and, with the indifference of the aged and the present, he doubted that it would be a matter of any great difficulty either to make Elizabeth forget, if necessary, the Irishman, in whom even his obtuse vision had detected that she was greatly interested, or, in case it suited his purpose better, to make his son forget Elizabeth in the presence of some other charmer whom he might select.

❧

His purpose was, as ever, the paramount consideration with the Admiral. He had conceived a brilliant idea which he fondly hoped would result in the capture of the notorious Paul Jones, who was the object of consuming desire on the part of every military and naval man in the Three Kingdoms. So enchanted was the old man with his own idea, and so desirous was he of bagging the game, that he would not have hesitated to sacrifice the affections of his son, the happiness of his ward, or to brush aside almost anything save his honor which might stand in his way.

The young Irishman had clearly forfeited his life by his action; nay, more: now that he recalled his name he remembered that he had been found guilty of high treason, and, like his father, was under sentence of death for that as well. He had a double hold upon him, therefore. The powers of the Admiral, who was one of the leading men of the realm, were unusually large, and as a state of martial law had been proclaimed on the coast he was supreme as to life or death in matters where any military exigency could be urged.

He chuckled to himself at the thought that he held in his hand two of the master cards: love of life and love of woman. The third, love of honor, which O'Neill was possessed of, was a high one, to be sure, but he trusted by clever play to win the game. Elizabeth had become a State paper—a pledge in pawn—to him; O'Neill, another piece, or player. He had not yet formulated any plan for carrying out his great idea, but one was already germinating in his mind, so that in the end, under the stimulus of the splendid opportunity he saw before him for rounding out an already brilliant career in the service of his country by effecting the capture of the famous Paul Jones, his hours were as sleepless as were those of the others.

❧

The poor Irish Lieutenant had caused a great deal of trouble to every one with whom he had come in contact. Even Paul Jones himself, who loved and cherished the young man with all his generous heart, was filled with deep anxiety as to his probable fate when he heard the report of old Price the next day; and the more so as the hours fled away and his Lieutenant did not rejoin the ship. In spite of the absence of the rest of his squadron, the Commodore at once hastened to the rendezvous with the Richard alone, and there determined to take a small hand in the game himself while waiting for the Pallas, the Alliance, and the others to assemble. Cautious inquiries which he caused to be made on shore had informed him that O'Neill had been apprehended; a



"A bad omen," she murmured, shaking her head

Drawn by Will Crawford

heartless kindly man than Paul Jones would have left him to his fate—but that was not his way.

Early the next morning—Wednesday, September 22—O'Neill arose and went down on the terrace of the castle overlooking the ocean and the ships in the harbor. There he found Lady Elizabeth gazing listlessly over the causeway at a horseman galloping along the road.

"Do I interrupt reminiscences of a tête-à-tête, madame?" said he, saluting her.

"Reminiscences such as mine are better interrupted," she replied.

"You were——"

"Saying good-by to my—my—cousin."

"Has Your Ladyship no dearer title than that by which to designate him?"

"Not yet," she answered wearily.

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"Ah! I perceive," he continued jealously: "the natural regret at the absence of your betrothed, for——"

"No, no; not that. How can you trifle so with me at this moment? He reproached me because I—— Why do I tell you these things? You constrain me, sir; I——"

"Forgive me; you need not finish, Lady Elizabeth," he said with sudden gravity. "As for me, I must needs trifle, or die. Life in the freshness of the morning, the white-capped ocean stretching before us in the sunlight, is sweet to think on; with youth and rank and station it would be heavenly, spent with you. Without you, I welcome the death your guardian will inflict upon me."

"Yet you waited so long—two years—why did you not come? I——" She stopped. She had spoken in a low, tender whisper, looking down at the sea beneath them and plucking nervously at the loose plaster of the old wall. Death so imminent for love and lover—nay, not for love; that is eternal—broke down petty convention. Where were death and love there should truth and honesty be—and honor.

He laid his strong hand gently down on the small white one outlined upon the gray, weather-beaten rock of the parapet; with upturned palm she met his grasp. Her eyes were lifted now; she drew strength from his strength; a dawning hope flickered into being in her torn heart. He was so strong and true, he surely could do something—there must be some other way. It was the tribute woman pays to man.

He read aright, with eyes keen from affection, the piteous appeal in her sweetly lifted face; but he could only smile sadly with a silent shake of the head. There was no other way then—in the marked path she must walk.

❧

"Was it long to you, dearest?" he queried, his dark face aflame. "To me—I have been a fool. Nothing should have kept me from you. To trust to messengers, letters—a fool—too late!" Silence. The hands unclasped, ties were broken. "Too late!" He turned bitterly away.

"Would that we had met in happier days!" she murmured sadly, making a brave effort at self-control.

"No reproaches, Lady Elizabeth," he answered, the touch of formality in the address showing his own equal strife. "What must be, must be! At least I have met you before I die, and for two years have thought of you, and dreamed of you, and held you the lady of my heart. E'en death itself cannot rob me of that sweet joy—for it is past."

They looked apart and heard above the voice of the great deep, the unfathomable sound of the moaning surge far beneath them chafing against the pebbles in the still morning, the wild beating of their hearts; after a little pause he continued more softly:

"And you—you will forget the young Irishman, the soldier of fortune, whom untoward fate threw across your pathway, and in your own English home and in the love of your noble husband may you be happy."

"Nay, not so," she said softly, taking his hand again, her eyes filling with tears—this time she was the stronger—"my heart is not

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

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made of such fickle stuff. I shall do my duty—keep my plighted word—even you would have me do no less than that—but not more steadfastly than I shall keep you within my recollection. But do not talk of death; you must not. I know the Admiral—he has a kindly heart——"

"I would not live," replied the young man, "for life is death when the heart is dead."

"Tell me," asked the girl, nervously breaking the almost insupportable silence, "were you there when my mother's picture fell last night?"

"Yes, so near to it that it almost fell into my arms," he answered, smiling.

"A bad omen," she murmured, shaking her head.

"What, that it should fall into my arms?"

"No, that it should fall at all."

"Well, I do not believe in omens, and 'tis in the arms of another that you fall, at any rate. He gets the substance, I the shadow—the illusion—and even that is broken."

"And so even the shadow is lost," said Elizabeth.

"Not yet. Open my heart and you will find it there," he answered quickly. "But how like you the portrait was!"

"Yes, I am said to look like my mother," she answered, striving as we all do in tragic moments to reach the height of the commonplace. "In the dress I now wear under the changing fashions the likeness is not so striking, but when I am gowned as she was, in the identical costume—which is still in existence, by the way—and sit as she did in the dim light in that old chair, the resemblance is even more striking."

"Would that I might see you thus—in that dress of the olden time. Nothing except your actual presence in the hall has ever startled me so much as that image of the past did last night. You are so like the picture, but more beautiful, I think."

"Ah, yes; youth and the present are always the more beautiful. The Admiral says I cannot hold a candle to her—he loved her, I think; she was his cousin; they tell me she married very young, unhappily, too, and died when I was born, many years after. My father, too, died; I can scarcely remember him. I am alone."

"There should be a warning in this, should there not?" he asked softly, an idle question Fate had determined.

"I suppose so," replied the girl wearily, "but what was I to do? The arrangement was made when I was a child. I have grown up with Edward Coventry; he loves me; he is a noble fellow; I respect—esteem him highly. It is a long-cherished wish of the Admiral's; it was my mother's wish as well. I put him off, in spite of the engagement, for a year—for six months again," she said, with a glance the fond reproach of which cut him to the heart. "I promised him on my word of honor if he would only wait that time I would make no further objections. I cannot break that word now."

"Not even for me?"

"No, not even for you," replied Elizabeth.

"But you do not love him?" queried O'Neill.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I do—in a way, that is."

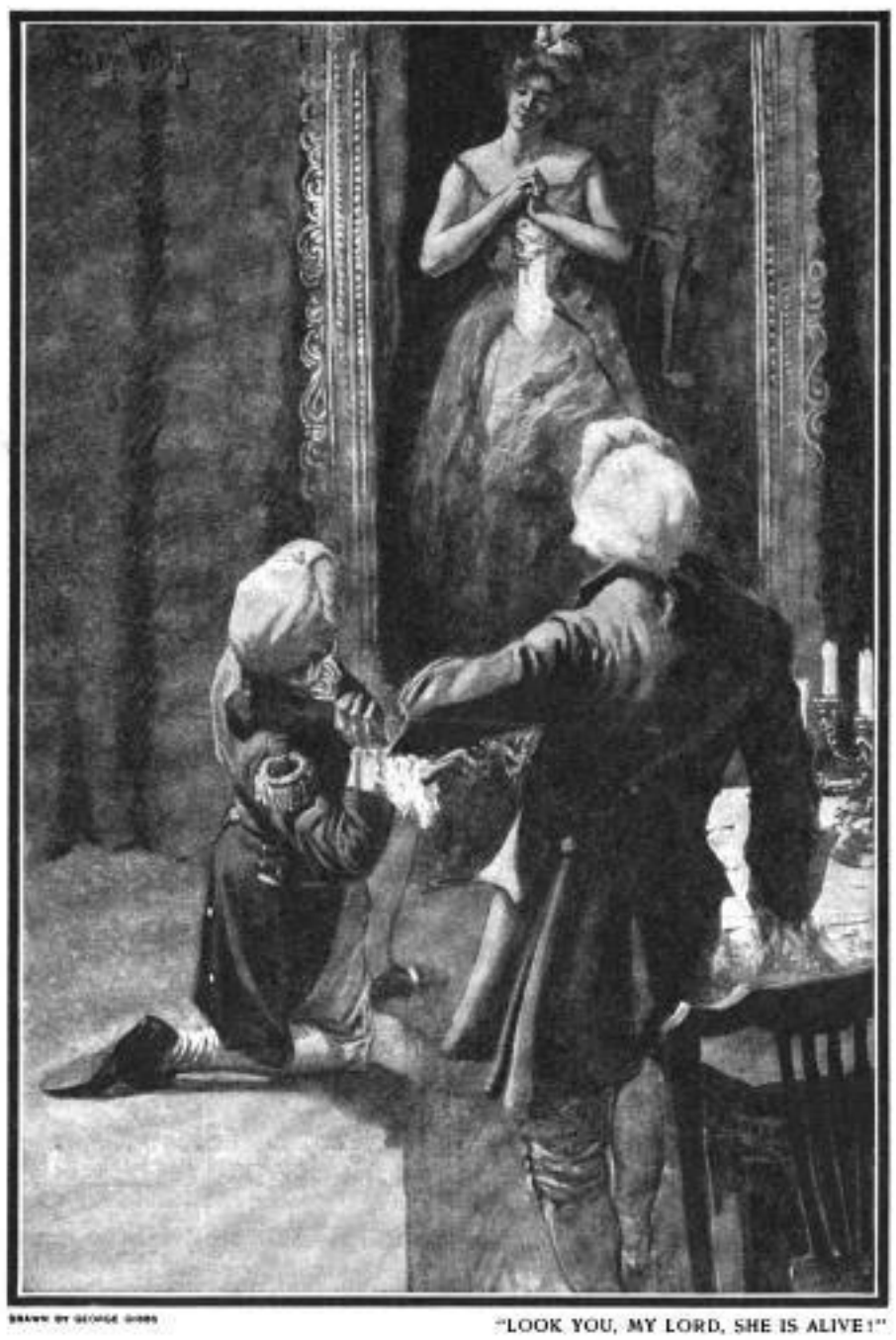
"But not like——"

"'Tis not generous of you," she answered proudly, "to press me further. I—we have decided. I can stand no more. Forgive me—have mercy!"

"I respect your decision; nay, more, I honor you for it, Lady Elizabeth," he answered gravely. "I kiss your hand and go to my death smiling. Forget me."

"Your death!" she cried in alarm; "what mean you?"

"The Admiral, sir, would speak with you in the office at once," interrupted the Sergeant, who had approached with a file of soldiers.



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"LOOK YOU, MY LORD, SHE IS ALIVE!"

"You see—the summons," said O'Neill to Elizabeth. "Friend, I come—good-by."

Eleventh Chapter

THE Admiral had fully matured his plans during the night, and was prepared to make the assault upon the fortifications of O'Neill's honor at the most convenient season. In order to have a clear field for his operations, he had dispatched his son upon an errand which would necessitate his absence until the evening. It had been with his full knowledge that his captive had been allowed to meet and converse with his ward. He trusted more to the fascinations of that young woman to effect his end than to any other agency.

Beauty and affection when allied have ever been most potent weapons, even when used to promote the cause of treachery and dishonor. Not that the Admiral himself would have done anything he considered dishonorable. He would rather have cut off his right hand, which had done such stout service for his King; he would sacrifice his life, his son's life, anything, rather than jeopard it; but he would not hesitate to cajole the young Irishman into betraying his leader if he could. Though he should despise him if he acceded to the terms he would propose, yet he would not refrain from making use of him, even to his own undoing, if possible. 'Twas the custom of war, and the obloquy which in similar instances has ever been heaped upon the tempted has not seemed to attach itself to the tempter.

Still the Admiral did not rejoice in the situation, and he could not make up his mind just how much it would be necessary to offer. He had rather an uncomfortable feeling that he could go very far and then not succeed after all; yet the greatness of the stake for which he played, he thought, would justify his action, for the person of John Paul Jones was certainly more coveted than that of any other man who had ever warred against the English flag. The Governor had under his immediate command two excellent frigates, the Serapis, 44, and the Scarborough, 28, and if through his planning and foresight they should capture Jones and his ships he might aspire to any honor in the gift of the King.

"Good-morning, my dear Marquis," he said pleasantly as soon as the young Lieutenant was ushered into the office.

"Good-morning to Your Lordship," answered O'Neill bravely.

"I have sent for you to give you the run of the castle today," continued the Admiral, much to his prisoner's surprise. "I shall be occupied with preparations rendered necessary by the advent of your friends, the Americans, and urgent business required that I dispatch your acquaintance, my son, on an errand which will keep him away until evening. Meanwhile, I leave you to the tender mercies of my ward, the Lady Elizabeth. In the evening I shall have something of great importance to say to you. You will give me your parole, of course, and I trust that you may have a pleasant day."

"In the presence of the Lady Elizabeth, sir, all moments are hours of pleasure. I can never sufficiently thank you for your indulgence. You have crowned the victim with a chaplet of roses before offering him upon the altar," answered the bewildered officer. He suspected something, but in the thought of another day with his heart's desire he resolutely put aside all other things—one day, in the strain of life, so much gained!

"Never mind about the altar now," said the Admiral. "Enjoy the day, and perhaps the termination of it may fit its beginning."

Such a day as the two young people passed together comes not often in earthly calendars. There was one subject which was forbidden them by honor and discretion. They therefore talked of other things, and thought only

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of that, and the restraint in which each was held made their true opinions as open to each other as the day itself. They wandered together about the castle walls, gazed out upon the sparkling sea, and allowed themselves to dream that the day would never end. They forgot the black future, and lived only in the fleeting moments of the present—as is the habit of youth and love.

When night fell they separated reluctantly, to meet again by her appointment in half an hour in the great hall—for what reason he knew not; that she wished was sufficient for him. There had come into Elizabeth's head a quaint conceit. She wished to surprise him. As she left him she ran hastily to the ancient wardrobe in her private apartment in which was laid away in sprigs of lavender her mother's wedding robe. Hastily pulling off her own garments, and assisted by the skillful fingers of her maid, she arrayed herself therein.

The body of the dress was of heavily brocaded white satin, worn over moderate hoops; the bodice was cut low and square across the neck and shoulders, and terminated in a pointed stomacher of delicate pale blue, laced over the front with silver cord. The short, rather full sleeves edged with priceless lace left the sweet young arms bare to the dimpled elbows. The overdress, looped with gold cord on either side, was of a fugitive shade of pale wild rose; the dress was lifted in front to show her dainty feet in their diamond-buckled, high-heeled, blue satin shoes and rose-colored, gold-clocked stockings. When she stood up a little train swept the floor.

The old-fashioned waist of the gown was very *décolleté*. She blushed at the thought of it, but as it was in the picture she draped it with delicate tulle and caught it here and there by tiny diamond stars. To re-dress her hair was an easy matter; the low coiffure, with the hair unpowdered and rolled above her broad, low brow *à la* Pompadour, she adorned with delicate white ostrich tips, and a string of pearls which she intertwined in its mazes. With eager hands rummaging among her mother's jewels, she soon found the brilliant necklace of the picture and twined it about her snowy throat; on her breast she pinned a great sunburst of diamonds, in the midst of which flashed a gleaming sapphire in jealous emulation of her eyes. A little black patch or two on her rosy dimpled cheeks completed her toilet.

Then, full of anticipation for her lover, she ran down to the hall. To her great disappointment the room was empty; he had not yet come. She waited a moment, and her eyes fell upon the frame from which the remnants of the tattered painting had been removed. It was on a dais leaning against the wall just beneath the spot where the picture had hung. A new idea occurred to her! Why not? She eagerly pushed the old chair behind the frame, arranged it as it had been in the picture, and sat down in exactly the same pose her mother had taken when the portrait had been painted. She had often practiced it before the mirror and had acquired the pose perfectly.

The rich old tapestry of Arras formed an appropriate background, and life and love and expectation threw a light into her eyes and painted upon her cheek hues that no skill, however cunning, could have duplicated. The girl had forgotten for the moment her engagement to another; she had forgotten the impending fate which hung over the man she truly loved. She was only a woman—loving—beloved—waiting. The thought of his surprise and the consciousness of her own beauty deepened the color on her blushing cheeks, and the palpitation of her bosom told of the beating of her heart.

She looked hastily about her, and, as the door opened, settled herself in the position of sweet repose of the picture. Never had earth borne a fairer woman. The first sound that struck her ear was the somewhat harsh voice of her guardian. A wave of disappointment swept across her. She half arose as if to discover herself, and then, as she heard the rich baritone of her lover's speech, she sank back and waited, motionless and expectant.

"Lieutenant Barry O'Neill, Marquis de Richemont, I bid you good evening," said the Admiral genially.

"Sir, good evening to you," replied the Lieutenant, something warning him of an impending struggle.

"Allow me," said the Admiral, passing his snuff-box, from which both gentlemen helped themselves elaborately.

"I have here," continued the old man, drawing a piece of paper from the desk as they walked toward the centre of the room, neither of them noticing the picture at the moment, as it was behind them, "some account of the life and adventures of one Gerald O'Neill, sometime gentleman of the County Clare, in Ireland, who rebelled against His Gracious Majesty, King George the Second, of blessed memory, in the year 1745. His lands were escheated to the Crown, his life was forfeited. Unfortunately for us, and fortunately for him, he escaped to the Continent, entered the service of Louis XV and became——"

"You may spare me any further details, My Lord. I know them too well. He became a Marshal of France, and my father."

"Two great honors, surely," said the Admiral, smiling pleasantly.

"I thank Your Lordship for the compliment. Pray proceed."

"I have here also a brief account of the history of another gentleman in whom I doubt not you are deeply interested."

"And that is——"

"One Barry O'Neill, Marquis de Richemont."

"Your very humble servant, sir."

"Your discrimination does you honor, Marquis," said the Admiral playfully.

"Faith, sir, you read me an easy riddle."

"I find that you have been concerned in every treasonable plot against His Majesty which has been hatched on the Continent since you were out of leading-strings."

"Rather hard, but true, sir. An Irishman, you know, is naturally a rebel and a conspirator."

"Quite so; and those who are not drowned may expect to be hanged," said the Admiral sternly.

"As I am a sailor I might reasonably have hoped for the former end, but I have forfeited my rights by coming on shore, I suppose." He paused, and as the Admiral nodded gravely, he continued with well-simulated indifference, "'Tis not a pleasant mode of death, My Lord, nor one that I would have chosen, nor one that is becoming to a gentleman, but I trust I shall meet it with equanimity, at least," replied O'Neill, a little paler than before, but still dauntlessly smiling.

"I am glad to see that you are a man of such resolution, sir," said the Admiral. "If your discretion equal your courage the matter may be arranged."

"It is useless to try it," was the reply. "To have known your ward, to have seen her, and to know that she is destined for the arms of another, makes life a hell, and death a pleasure."

"Listen!" said the Admiral slowly at last. He was sure he had him now.

"I could settle the course of the world while I wait for your reply, sir; delay no longer, I pray you; I am in a torture of apprehension," said O'Neill eagerly.

"I design not to take from you rank, nor station, nor lands, nor position," replied the Admiral. "I offer you a free pardon for all your past offenses; nay, it shall cover your father's as well, if you wish. There shall be a restoration of the ancient lands of your venerable house. I will put your feet upon a ladder by which you may rise to the very highest position. I open before you vistas of honorable advancement in the service of your rightful King in your native land, in which there is no limit to which a man of courage may not attain."

"These are nothing," said the young man impetuously, "beside Lady Elizabeth Howard; some of the things you mention I now have; some I do not wish; some are nothing to me. But your ward, sir; what of her?"

"Oh! what a lover is there!" whispered the girl in the picture frame to herself, forgetting the pose, clasping her white hands and leaning forward with shining eyes, blushing cheeks and parted lips. This in her breast now was love indeed, in no way like to the pale affection with which she regarded the unfortunate Coventry. The Admiral spoke again, fixing his eye upon the young man. His words came slowly.

"Well, sir, I will even agree to interpose no objections to your suit for the hand of my ward."

"But that is tantamount to giving your consent, My Lord!" said O'Neill, coming nearer to him in great surprise, his heart bounding—and yet there must be conditions to the royal gift. The Admiral bowed.

"And Major Coventry?" cried the Irishman.

"His desires must give way to—er—reasons of State," said the Admiral decisively. "I will arrange all that; if you can obtain her consent to your suit, she is yours, provided——" He paused significantly.

Ah, the conditions!

"My consent!" thought Elizabeth, happiness flooding her like a wave, and then she remembered that she was a woman, and indignation found a lodgment in her being. 'Twas not thus she would be wooed and won—not in this bartering way disposed of. By what right did any one—even her guardian—presume to—— O'Neill was speaking again.

"What are the conditions—what is it you wish me to do? If it be in human power, 'tis done. Torment me no more; as you are a man and have a heart, speak!" In his agitation the younger man seized the older by the arm.

"I desire you to go back to your ship and arrange to put in my possession the person of John Paul Jones," said the Admiral with the greatest deliberation, concealing his anxiety by an appearance of great firmness as he nonchalantly helped himself to a pinch of snuff. An accurate observer would have noticed that the trembling of his hands belied his simulated calmness.

It was out now. What would the man say or do? Elizabeth sank back appalled. So this was the condition, this was the test. He was to chose between her and black treachery—dishonor! His answer—what would it be? Had her idol feet of clay, after all? Her fate hung in the balance; she could never survive his shame if he fell; if not—ah!

O'Neill released the Admiral at once, stared at him a long moment in horrified silence—shrank away from him, and sank down in a chair and buried his face in his hands for a little space; his two auditors waited, hope for different results trembling in either heart. Presently he looked up and arose to his feet.

"Treachery—dishonor—shame! And with her innocence and youth and beauty you bait your trap!" ejaculated O'Neill brokenly. The Admiral still played with his snuff-box, his eyes averted, his hands trembling.

"Oh, my God, my God!" continued the sailor, stricken to the very heart; "to raise my hopes to such a pitch—to put the cup of happiness to my very lips—to open the gates of Heaven in my very presence—and couple your proposition with this—this infamy! I am a lover, sir; you know it well, but you should not have forgotten that I am before everything else a gentleman. How could you do it? It ill becomes your years," he went on impetuously in mounting indignation. "I am your prisoner—your captive, but I knew not that misfortune gave you a right to insult me thus. My Lord, My Lord, the ladder upon which you put my feet leads down, not up. Hell, not Heaven, is its end!"

"Think!" said the Admiral doggedly, feeling the game lost but, like a desperate gamester, playing on. "The Lady Elizabeth is at the end, where'er it be."

"I love her; God only knows how much I love her; from the moment I saw her I had no thought but for her. I could not look her in the face and be guilty of this thing." The girl in the picture almost screamed aloud for joy in this triumph of her lover's honor.

"She shall never know," replied the Admiral; "I will pledge my word of honor."

"The honor of the tempter for the dishonor of the tempted!" O'Neill laughed bitterly.

"It has not in forty years of service been called in question," replied the old man, stifling his growing shame.

"Nor has mine," said O'Neill, "until this hour. You are her guardian—an old man—your gray hairs should protect you, but 'tis well for you that I have no sword, for I swear I would plunge it first into your heart and then into my own."

"Think what it is I offer," persisted the other; "compare it to what you now have in the way of worldly honor. What do you care for that bit of striped bunting and these beggarly rebels who have presumed to declare a Republic? What is a Republic, anyway, and what function has it in a gentleman's life, pray? What have we to do with the common people? What are their aspirations to you? What affiliations have you for that low-born



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gardener, turned pirate and buccaneer to ravage our coasts, dishonor our flag? This is the Kingdom in which you were born. Here your rightful allegiance is due. I offer you, for the giving up of a—a sentiment which possesses you, the favor of your King and the hand of the woman you love—every earthly thing to make you happy. You are an exile, a wanderer, a soldier of fortune. I give you a country again."

"And do you, a man of honor, advise me to——?"

"Damnation, sir! I advise nothing! I offer. The decision rests with you."

"Ah! I thought so. And what would you do in my place, sir?"

"I'm not there, thank God," said the old man fervently; "and I repeat, you must decide yourself."

"Very good, sir. It is true that I like not that Republic—its principles are nothing to me—but I have found that gardener's son a man, aye, a gentleman! You have called me a landless man, an exile, a soldier of fortune—that, too, is true. But to Captain Jones and his service I have pledged my honor—'tis all I have; the Stars and Stripes have become my flag; I wear the uniform, I eat the bread, of the United States. You may break my heart, destroy my life; you cannot break my word! There is not power and place enough in the Three Kingdoms—no, not even on their throne, not beauty enough even in Elizabeth Howard to tempt me—to compel me to do that. Say no more. You have my answer."

Twelfth Chapter

"LOOK, you fool!" said the Admiral, furious with rage at being balked in this way, though in spite of himself his heart exulted in the nobility of the man. "Look, you beggarly Irishman!" he exclaimed, turning the surprised young man about before he could recover himself; "look on the picture of her whom you reject. Gaze upon it! If you love her, say whether or not your high-flown sentiments of honor can stand against that prospect."

There in the great frame stood the most beautiful picture that the eyes of either man had ever seen. Elizabeth was standing. One hand clutched tightly her heaving bosom—the other arm was stretched out with upraised palm like a goddess in command. The light of the flickering candles cast subtle shadows upon her face. The dusk of the room intensified the illusion and spiritualized her beauty. O'Neill looked at her with all his life in his gaze—so glorious—so splendid—so perfect a creature would shake the very soul of honor itself.

The Admiral had played his last card; this was the end of his resource, and he watched the Irishman with all the intensity of a tiger about to spring on its prey. The moments fled. He knew that he had lost. Elizabeth had arisen in the stress of her anxiety; the strain had been too much for her; she had been about to intervene between them, when the glances of the two men arrested her step. She waited, one little foot outstretched, her body leaning forward slightly, a picture of triumph, her eyes as two lambent flames playing upon her lover. He watched her in awestruck silence—sank on his knees—stretched out his arms, murmuring softly:

"Thou knowest that I love thee. I have dreamed sometimes that in happier days thou mightest have given me thy heart, but I could not take it with a bar of shame between us. No——" Was she moving! Was that some trick of the wavering light!

"Good Heavens!" cried O'Neill fearfully. "See!—is it a spirit? She shakes her head. Look you, My Lord, she is alive; the picture fell last night, you remember—'tis herself! Elizabeth, Elizabeth, you have heard and seen; have I not decided well?"

"How dare you, My Lord?" exclaimed the girl, coming down from the dais and stepping swiftly toward the astonished Admiral, who shrank back from her. "How dare you make my hand the reward of treachery—my person the bait for dishonor? And by what right do you dispose of me without consulting me? Am I a slave, that you force me upon this gentleman? My word is given to your son. You, yourself, insisted upon it. You would play the traitor doubly, and would fain make him do the same. And for what? To compass the death of one poor man to whom I owe life and honor, who is only fighting for what he calls his freedom. Shame upon your gray hairs, sir! Oh, the insult to my modesty—to be thus bandied about between two men. And you, sir," she cried in tempestuous fashion, turning to O'Neill, "you do me the honor to refuse me—to reject me—me—me—Elizabeth Howard! Look at me—you would have none of me——"

"My honor——" cried O'Neill, amazed.

"Your honor! Have I any honor, sir? Would you have left me a shadow of it between you? Stand back, sir! My Lord, is it thus you discharge the trust committed to you by my mother? To give this gentleman opportunity to return to France and say that he refused my hand?"

"He shall not go back to France, Lady Elizabeth," said the Admiral sternly.

"Why not, pray?" asked Elizabeth, faltering, her anger checked by the Admiral's look.

"Because he shall be tried and hanged to-morrow as an American spy, or a captured traitor, whichever he may elect."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The American Soldier in the Philippines

(Continued from Page 835)

the launch that took us ashore sometimes seem to us to stand on end. The rain fell literally in sheets. I had a fancy to see our soldiers on the firing line, and then our soldiers beyond at the outposts, and then those far advanced ones, "the Cossack outposts," who are so close to the enemy that a bullet at any time may take them. I wanted to see how they fared in weather like that; how they took it; whether their spirits were dampened by the Niagara of water which poured from the clouds until the rivers swelled and the roads were submerged, save where they were raised and paved.

The officers of the First Tennessee volunteered to go with me, so did the physician of the post, Doctor Gilchrist, of Cleveland, Ohio. For five hours we rode from post to post, from company to company, and the men who made up that little squad of horsemen were Colonel Gracie Childers, son and ward of a Confederate soldier; Lieutenant-Colonel Bayless, son of a Confederate soldier; Major Cheatam, son of the Confederate General Cheatam, all of the First Tennessee; Doctor Gilchrist, of Ohio, the son of a Union soldier, and myself, the son and brother of Union soldiers. Was it not significant? And most of the men we saw that day were the sons of Confederate soldiers, but now, and forever more, sons of one flag and one country, to build whose empire over the Pacific they were laying down their lives side by side with the brave sons of Union soldiers from Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Washington, California, Colorado, and the whole Union section of our country. One cannot help loving the South when one knows those superb fellows, and they, too, on their part, love the North, or let us say the larger truth which comprehends this lesser statement—all love this entire country and every section of it.

MEN WHO CHARGE WITH A SMILE

THE mention of Kansas reminds me of a remark that General MacArthur made to me, when we passed a group of Kansas men one day at San Fernando. I asked him if they had not been peculiarly daring. "Yes," he said, "those fellows will put a tooth-brush through their hat-band and charge with a smile straight to hell, if it is necessary; but," added General MacArthur, "they are just the type of what all the rest of the soldiers out here are."

That phrase, "charging with a smile," is not a fanciful one, but the statement of a truth. I saw General Lawton order the Twelfth Regulars to charge at Taytay. The defenses of this stronghold were known to be excellent, and it was also supposed that about three thousand of the best soldiers in the Filipino Army were behind the intrenchments. Desultory firing had been going on. A little time before two men had been killed—shot through the head, on the very spot where General Lawton stood when he ordered the charge. It was across an open space, perhaps a third of a mile, and on level ground, interrupted only by little rice ridges. The men "charged with a smile."

The same phenomenon has been noticed time and again. Some say it is a kind of a grin. I think not. It looked to me more like a smile of real pleasure. Fortunately, in this instance, the Filipinos had, a few minutes before, evacuated, and no casualties resulted at that time.

Editor's Note—Senator Beveridge's second article, which will appear in an early number, will be, "With Our Fighters in the Philippines."

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, March, 1900.

OF COURSE a woman who talks of herself, her impressions and experiences all the time, as I am doing, lays herself open to the charge of being garrulous and vain in conversation, and scrappy and inconsequential on paper—at least so Robert tells me—but who could help being so, when distracted, as I have been, by so many conflicting interests? I have been trying to accomplish the impossible feat of being almost every hour of the day in two places at one and the same time. On the one hand is my ambition expressed in smart breakfasts, musicales, teas, private recitals and other festive things which crowd one upon the other during the daylight hours. On the other hand are all the sights and sounds in Congress which are making history, and which almost compel me to abandon everything else in order to lose nothing of the passing show at the Capitol; and I can only say, in my despair of doing justice both to politics and society,

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

The best that I can do is to drive every day to the Capitol and remain a few minutes in the private galleries. Of course the principal excitement is to be found in the Senate. I tell Robert that they are altogether too tame over in the House since they disposed of Mr. Roberts. To be sure, the splutter of Democratic members over the handspring of Mr. Sibley from their ranks into the Republican camp, and the witty, ridiculing speech of Mr. Grosvenor anent the pro-Boer orators, which was meant to put a quietus upon certain members who have been scrambling over to the Boer side of the fence in the hope of catching German votes, were extremely funny and instructive, but they cannot compare with the spicy sayings and doings in the Senate.

I asked Senator P—— the other day if he would not offer a resolution authorizing the posting on the Senate chamber walls of this warning to Senators: "They that govern most make least noise. In rowing a barge, they that do drudgery work slash and puff; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir." Senator P—— says that he should much prefer to keep this and work it off himself, when he wants to get in a dig, some time, on another Senator.

Senator P—— says that two requisites are absolutely necessary to success in the Senate; one is a good, comfortable, thick epidermis, and the other is a voice that is warranted to rival a megaphone. With these two requisites there is no knowing to what heights an ambitious politician may not climb. I took great comfort in this statement, remembering Robert's own big voice, which it seems to me is a fair match for any that I have ever heard, excepting, perhaps, that of Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, which is far and away the greatest thing of its kind on record. I am told that Senator Thurston's voice was one of the sensations of the Chicago convention, and that every other statesman who had hoped to rival him simply held his peace in sheer despair. Robert says that Senator Thurston is aspiring to preside over the coming convention in Philadelphia, and, if voice alone should decide it, the honor ought easily to go to him; but Mr. Hanna will have to be reckoned with when it comes to the convention. Who knows but that Mr. Hanna may want the honor himself? Nobody can tell.

"The rain it raineth and the old goose wisketh,
But wotteth not the little gosline
What the old goose thinketh."

It is a pity that the respective clerks of both House and Senate, being possessed of good voices, should read so droningly and exasperatingly. They almost put one to sleep, though the other day, when the Clerk of the Senate was reading the Urgent Deficiency Bill, he managed to keep at least one Senator awake and strike a little fun from him. Actually this was Mr. Hoar, who was able to take his mind off expansion iniquities long enough to raise a laugh from the Senate. The clerk read, under the section providing an appropriation for a certain hospital:

"For pay of surgeons, matrons, druggists, nurses, cooks, ward-masters, hospital carriage drivers, hearse-drivers, grave-diggers and funeral services and——"

"I should like to know," interrupted Mr. Hoar, "of the Senator who has this bill in charge whether hearse-drivers, grave-diggers and funeral services are necessary for the care of the sick? That is the way the bill reads." The reply was:

"These all come under the heading of the hospital department." To which Mr. Hoar replied dryly:

"I should hardly like to enact by law that grave-diggers are necessary for the care of the sick. If, however, the committee prefers it so, I will not interpose objection."

The laugh subsided and the bill droned on to its end. I noticed that Senators began to slip away that afternoon in a rather mysterious way, until the Senate chamber was deserted by everybody of importance save Senator Teller. I was curious to know where the others had all gone and why Senator Teller had not gone with them. When I got home I asked Robert to explain the mystery. Robert laughed and said it was because every other Senator had a caucus to attend, but Mr. Teller holds the



THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. AZPIROZ

strange position of a man without a caucus. He is neither Republican, Democrat nor Populist. I asked Robert how he voted. Robert said that his vote was "here, there and everywhere," and nobody could ever predict it.

But if I was curious about Mr. Teller, I was equally so about another man whom I saw on the Senate floor the other day, who was being greeted and hand-shaken to a great degree. No one about me knew who he was, so I sent my card to Senator P—— with a line scribbled on it: "Can you give me a moment?" When the card was carried in to him I leaned over the railing. Senator P—— read it, smiled and scribbled something, but he did not look up at the gallery where I sat. The card when it came back to me read, "My whole afternoon is yours with pleasure." In a moment or so I saw him leave the floor, and I saw also that two or three Senators looked after him and then up at the gallery and smiled. I drew back from the railing and pulled down my veil. I don't know why I should have been nettled, but I was. When Senator P—— sat down beside me, I asked him if he would tell me who the stranger on the floor was, who was being made so much of.

"Why, that's no stranger; that's only Joe Blackburn, who has just been reelected to the Senate from Kentucky."

"Is that Joe Blackburn!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, he came first to the House, as you know. He was in the Forty-fourth Congress—the Congress that accused Belknap; that investigated Blaine; that created the Electoral Commission; the Congress that had brains enough for forty such Congresses as this one. Joe made a sensational speech against the employing of the United States Army as a police force at the polls, in which he used his famous alliteration: 'He who dallies is a dastard, and he who doubts is damned.' Afterward he came to the Senate, but he was more in his element in a tumultuous body like the House."

I did not reply, and Senator P—— continued: "I remember so well once when Joe Blackburn and I were on the same committee. It was during a Democratic Administration, and there had been a good deal of bother trying to get the Secretary of Agriculture to agree to a certain thing, and Blackburn had been sent to talk him over to the committee's plan. In fact, the whole Cabinet had been difficult to deal with. When Joe came back several of us were assembled in the committee-room, among us Senator Vest, who was sunk dejectedly in the depths of an armchair. Some one asked:

"'Well, Joe, did you succeed?'

"'Succeed?' he echoed. Then he began to tramp up and down, fuming and fussing. Finally he broke out:

"'Of all the obstinate things in the shape of a Cabinet officer I ever encountered, commend me to J. Sterling Morton! Don't you agree with me, Vest?'

"Vest roused up slowly and answered:

"'I'm sorry, Joe, but I am committed to Hoke Smith.'

"It was the funniest thing I ever heard," continued Senator P——," and I never see either Vest or Blackburn but I recall that committee-room; and our bill was never even reported," he concluded.

When he was putting me into my carriage a few minutes later, he said abruptly:

"So, Mrs. Slocum, you are beginning to be disillusioned already with statesmanship and with politicians, and I'll warrant that you have already found out society?"

I denied this stoutly, of course.

Afterward I wondered if it were true. I thought of the pleasures I had been pursuing, and then I thought of what that clever old cynic, Balzac, in his measureless wisdom says of it all, that, "In diving to the bottom of pleasures we bring up more gravel than pearls"; and I tried to think if I had brought up any pearls, and I could only think of one or two; but as to the gravel—there had been quite enough of it to make a respectable gravel drive in front of our home out in Spruce City. Page says that if I am going to quote Balzac and talk about bringing up gravel, people will think I am meaning to liken Washington society to the bottomless pit, and when I explained that I was only thinking of the snobs I have encountered lately, she said, in her pretty way, with a warning gesture:

"Watch out, Mrs. Slocum, about that word snob. We can mention it to each other, but don' you let any one else hear you talkin' about encounterin' snobs, for people always in such cases spell snob with a 'u.'"

Seriously, I should like to know whether there is any physiological explanation of the fact that the heads of so many individuals here at the Capital grow disproportionately to the rest of their anatomy. This curious condition, which one of my Boston friends calls "cerebral tumescence," finds expression in many ways in both men and women. The other day I was of the receiving party in a smart house that was strictly non-official,

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Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read without reference to preceding installments.



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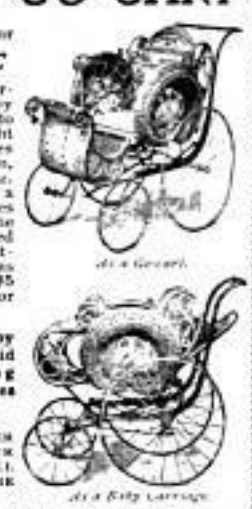
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and I had three examples of this in quick succession. The first was a frank, naïve expression of importance, as unconscious as it was hearty. It came in the shape of a breezy, bustling man who rushed into the reception-room and, after a quick glance around, announced himself to the entire roomful of people thus: "I am the Assistant Secretary of War." The hostess smiled vaguely and greeted him, mumbling something that did duty for a name and then passed him over to me. I had wit enough to call him simply "Mr. Secretary," and I in turn passed him on to Page, with a whisper to her to find out his name. She carried him off with a wicked smile, and the hostess said to me in an aside: "Good Heavens! I did not know the man from Adam. How should I? There are always two or three Assistant Secretaries in every department, and I don't know the names of any of them. I don't even know how many War Secretaries there are. Why didn't he give his name, or have himself announced?"



SENATOR THURSTON'S VOICE WAS ONE OF THE SENSATIONS OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

A few minutes later there was another expression of this same thing which was more arrogant than amusing. A haughty aspirant for social leadership came into the room and, while twirling her lorgnette around on a jeweled chain, informed me "that she made no visits upon any one; she entertained instead." I had scarcely recovered from the haughty *grande dame* when a foolish young woman, who is making a desperate struggle to get into the smart set, came up to me and confided to me "that she made it a rule to weed out her visiting list every year; one could not be too careful."

It seemed to me that, with this, my cup was full, but, upon going home to dress for a dinner at Senator E——'s, I was destined yet again to be treated to this same thing, though from an humble source. This time it came from my own black laundress, whose shining face and glistening teeth greeted me with all the freedom and sociability of her race.

"La, Miss Agatha, honey, you'se mighty like my ole Miss down on East'en Sho'. I knows quality folks when I see 'em. All my folks was quality, an' ca'iage quality, too. I don' work for no pore white trash, I don'."

Here was the same thing in a different key, and Mr. Kipling's lines sprang to my lips:

"For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins!"

I hope that I am not fated to find my doll stuffed with sawdust at this early stage! I am sorry if I am going to acquire the eyes of an Argus instead of the blindness of the bat.

Page says that it is being whispered about that the recent ruling which has removed from the receiving line at the White House the daughters of Cabinet officers who were wont to take their mothers' places, was entirely due to the grumbling and criticism among diplomats who did not relish the custom which allowed chits of girls to precede their own august wives. All this bickering and jealousy concerning precedence is just about worthy of some little Principality or Duchy over on the other side, and the whole thing is to my mind a clear case of "the jealous man poisoning his own banquet and then eating of it."

I feel, however, that I am receiving an education at the expense of my country, in which one large item of instruction was received the other night on the occasion of a great ball given at one of the fashionable hotels for the benefit of a swell charity. This ball was in charge of the smartest women in society, and I felt a natural pleasure in being asked to be one of the patronesses, and in my acceptance I inclosed a handsome check as a donation, Page having instructed me that this was the thing expected of me. I made Robert go, and I also persuaded Senator P—— to accompany us, although both men were as much out of their element as the traditional fish out of water. Robert and Page both drifted away from me, Robert to talk politics and Page to dance. Senator P—— was left to my tender mercies and we commenced a tour of the rooms, in the progress of which we overheard a conversation and I met with the usual fate of the eavesdropper. One of the managers said:

"These rich newcomers donated, but they did not give anything like the sum expected when we asked them to be patronesses.

Senator P—— and I moved away in silence. We had gone but a few paces when we encountered Page and her partner. Page exclaimed:

"Why, you two look like you'd been listenin' to a sermon instead of to this lovely dance music."

"We have," I replied, "a most edifying sermon from the Book of Revelation."

And Page could not understand why Senator P—— thought my remark so funny, neither could Robert, who joined us at this point. I knew that an explanation would nettle Robert, so I made none. What was the use? It was all a part of the human comedy.

An Unpublished Poem

By Bayard Taylor

THE verses given below were written by Bayard Taylor for my father to sing at a Fourth of July celebration at Unionville Academy in the year 1839 or 1840. The Academy was about four miles from Bayard Taylor's birthplace in the neighborhood of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, and its master at that time was a Quaker, Jonathan Gause. The poet, who was between fourteen and fifteen years old when he wrote these verses, had a fondness for my father, an older boy, and they were companions during the two years that Bayard Taylor spent at Unionville Academy, and for several succeeding years. Both left the familiar neighborhood, and their lives drifted far apart. The poem was preserved among certain letters from the Taylor family, and other reminders of Kennett Square, in an old cherry-wood desk.

SONG

(Air: A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sail.)

'Twas on New England's rocky strand
Where the billows wildly foam,
Our fathers, seeking far this land,
Had made their lasting home.
In peace and quietness they dwelt,
Bore meek affliction's rod,
As in their humble prayer they knelt
Before the throne of God.

CHORUS:

Then honor our fathers' name,
Strike up a glorious lay,
Sound high to them a song of fame,
'Tis Freedom's natal day.

Come from your lofty halls of pride,
From the lowly cottage hearth;
Honor the brave who fought and died,
'Tis the day of Freedom's birth.
Breathe in the startled ear of morn,
Ere the lark her matins sings,
And far be your stirring echoes borne
Where the sombre wildwood rings.—CHO.

They fought, they fell on Bunker's height,
In Yorktown's closing line,
In Monmouth's dark and gory fight,
By silver Brandywine.
They fell; but with their blood they bought
The land they loved so well,
And foemen fled, when freemen fought,
As if by magic spell.—CHO.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The song was sung as a solo and chorus, without accompaniment. The celebration was held in the open air; many of the people of the Kennett Square region were present, and I believe they joined in the chorus.

—*Margaret Harvey.*



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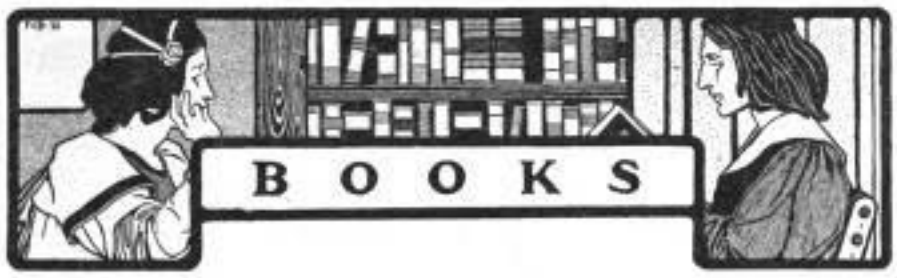
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When Wives Were Bought*

IF THE despairing realist or veritist doubts for one moment the supreme triumph of romance in these agitated days, let him read Miss Johnston's To Have and To Hold, and realize with a gasp that it would be impossible to carry the romantic spirit any deeper into fiction. If the watchword of the realist be Balzac's memorable motto, "Put nothing into novels which may not happen, and which has not happened in life," the principle upon which Miss Johnston wisely goes is to confine herself exclusively to incidents the like of which were never known in the universe. With the brilliant imagination and the splendid courage of youth, she has stormed the very citadel of adventure, and a grateful public has breathlessly followed her story in its serial form, and has waited with eager and ill-concealed impatience until the completed book should be given into its hands.

No better plot could have been devised for a Colonial romance. The flight of the King's ward, Jocelyn Leigh, to escape the husband thrust upon her by James the First; her coming to Virginia with the shipload of maids brought over by Edwyn Sandys as wives for the planters; her marriage to Ralph Percy, who buys his bride for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco; the swift pursuit of her courtly suitor, Lord Carnal, and the deadly strife between husband and lover, afford wide scope for Miss Johnston's extraordinary power of story-telling. The warmth and glow of her descriptions, her broad knowledge of time and place, and her faculty for sustained narrative seem well-nigh marvelous in a young and almost untried writer. To Have and To Hold amply fulfills the promise given by her earlier novel, Prisoners of Hope.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the very exuberance of the author's imagination beguiles her into overdoing her work. Adventure is good, and so is valor, and so is beauty; but it is possible to have too much of all these good things in a novel. The hero of romance is of necessity a conquering hero, else we would have none of him; but, after days of shipwreck and suffering, we do not require him to fight three desperate duels in succession, and win them all. Neither is he expected to kill more than a dozen or so Indians at a time. And when he turns pirate, and sails the main, and holds his ruffian crew in awe—this gentleman planter of Virginia—we feel that we are carried back, not so much to youth, as to childhood.

"It's all very well to be good, I agree,
To be gentle, and patient, and that sort of thing;
But there's something that suits my mind to a T,
In the thought of a regular Pirate King."

Even the desperate villainy of Lord Carnal and his dark, sinister beauty seem a trifle overdrawn. Villains always are, and always should be, dark and sinister, but this one's superb and sinful splendor palls a trifle from being too much dwelt upon. And the Italian poisoner, the "Black Death," with his subtle and murderous drugs, is an incongruous figure in the Virginia Colony, or even in good King Jamie's Court. Miss Johnston might have kept Mr. Nicolo—who is excellent of his kind—for another book. There is no need for her to be so lavish, for we hope and trust and pray she may write many more such novels to delight our hearts.

Lindsay Swift's Brook Farm†

MR. LINDSAY SWIFT has written an excellent and entertaining history of Brook Farm, that curious sociological experiment which enlisted the sympathy and support of the most intelligent men of its day. No better theme could have been chosen for one of the National Studies in American Letters, and no handling of this theme could be more satisfactory than Mr. Swift's. With frank sympathy, with friendly humor, with sane discrimination, he tells his story, from the establishment of the Transcendental Club—that soulful coterie of enthusiasts who listened to Alcott expounding Plato, and said they liked it—down to the closing days of a community which could no longer subsist on high thinking and low diet—diet so low it was threatening to degenerate rapidly into no diet at all.

"It was an era of cold water and unbolted flour," says Mr. Swift; and among the strict vegetarians the question was "not so much what to eat as what not to eat," even coffee savoring of undue indulgence. Strange experiments were tried with the live stock as well as with the inmates of the Farm; an attempt being made, for example, to rear a young calf on "hay tea" in place of maternal nourishment, which radical measure cost the calf its life before it could be converted into veal.

The theories of medicine most in vogue were quite as unusual and as inexorable as the many other theories cherished by these ardent experimentalists. The "cold water cure" was administered with a vehemence which makes us shudder when we read of it, and the "starving cure" was not without its followers, though, as Mr. Swift sensibly observes, "the simple menu of the community removed any pressing need for the general application of this treatment."

It is little wonder that—drawing its recruits mainly from the ranks of New England thinkers and scholars—the Farm should have been occasionally short of field-hands, though "there was never any lack of heads in the Department of Instruction." Hawthorne, it is true, devoted himself with splendid, though short-lived, enthusiasm to agricultural pursuits, signing his home letters "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ploughman," attacking his work with such zeal that he broke the machine for chopping hay "through very excess of effort," exulting when he was permitted to milk a cow, and fairly bursting with pride when deemed farmer enough to buy some piglings in the market. That the experience was worth something to him is proved by The Blithedale Romance; but it is hardly surprising that his sisters, arguing in the ruthless, practical, unimaginative fashion of women, should have thought their genius of a brother was wasting his powers in these bucolic pastimes.

The opening chapters of Mr. Swift's little volume are perhaps the most entertaining, inasmuch as Brook Farm itself carries a keener interest than do the subsequent lives of many of its inmates and visitors. Yet it is when we think of Hawthorne, and Emerson, and Charles A. Dana, and George William Curtis, and William Henry Channing, and Father Hecker, and that intellectual firebrand, Orestes Brownson, and that exceedingly erudite and unpleasant woman, Margaret Fuller, all of whom were deeply interested in the scheme, that we recognize the value of this episode in the history of American Sociology. —*Agnes Repplier.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

TO AN enthusiastic minority the Caroline lyrics have always held a charm to be found nowhere else. Lovers of verse of the days of James I and Charles I will welcome The King's Lyrics, a new compilation by Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington. *R. H. Russell.*

Camp Arcady is the small record of the small doings of four of Miss Floy Campbell's girls who kept house in the top story of a New York flat, where there was plenty of room for the north-light window. Under the constitution of the Camp they organized on a very care-free plan, with all available funds to be held for common draft in the little round vase at the end of the mantelpiece. Miss Campbell introduces "some others" who aid largely in shaping the destinies of her four young dreamers and their ideal Republic—it was hardly to be expected that Arcady could live long with the cable cars only around the corner. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

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*To Have and To Hold. By Mary Johnston. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

†Brook Farm: Its Members, Scholars and Visitors. By Lindsay Swift. *The Macmillan Company.*

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Mrs. Diaz's Butter Money

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ first came into prominence through her fierce patriotism during the dark years of the Civil War. She was a member of several organizations which were formed by the young women of New England to help the Government and to raise money for the sick and wounded soldiers. She knit stockings and made bandages. This, however, did not satisfy her desires. With a few friends she went without butter for several months and gave what she called "butter money" to the cause. It was some time later that her first story appeared in a monthly magazine under an assumed name. For it she received a check for forty dollars.

Professor Roberts and His Burglar

SEVERAL years ago, when Professor Charles G. D. Roberts was living in Canada, he was wakened one night by hearing a burglar at his window. It was bitter cold, and the snow was two feet deep on the ground. The burglar was warmly clad and the Professor wore only his nightgown. Nothing daunted, however, he sprang to the window. The housebreaker started back in alarm and made for the back fence. With a spring the Professor leaped through the window, carrying the sash with him.

"Stop!" he shouted.

The burglar sped on. In an instant the Professor was at his side. He caught him by the coat collar, snatched a club from his hand, threw it on the snow, and then with his bare feet kicked him to the fence, over which he threw him as if he had been a log.

When the Professor returned to the house he found that he was badly cut by the window glass, and that his feet had been frostbitten. It was several weeks before he was able to leave his house, but he never was troubled by burglars again.

Mr. Boothby's Daring Plunge

GUY BOOTHBY, the author of Doctor Nikola's Experiment, won his first laurels as a traveler and explorer. When living in Australia he became interested in the strange and inhospitable area known as the Northern Territory. So slight was the information about the district that he determined to visit it himself. Against the protests of his friends, who predicted his death, he set out with a companion and crossed the continent from Van Diemen's Gulf to the Great Australian Bight. He endured many sufferings and privations, but secured much valuable knowledge which enabled him to assist in the exposure of the extraordinary Louis de Rougemont.

Major Hume and the Frenchman

A MODEST volume has been recently added to the series, The Story of the Nations, by Martin Hume, and few of his readers know that he is the famous Major Hume, of the Third Battalion of the Essex (English) Regiment. His book is The History of Modern Spain. The Major was educated in Madrid, is a Knight of the Spanish Order of Isabel, and was once intrusted by Spain to edit some important State papers. He is a man of many parts, and, besides being a British soldier, has been attached to both the Spanish and Turkish armies. He was present, as an attaché, in the Turkish Army during the battle of Lom. The Major's bluntness is a matter of comment at the Devonshire Club, in London, of which he is a prominent member. He was interrupted in an earnest conversation with a Member of Parliament upon a vital question by a visiting Frenchman, who alluded unpleasantly to Parliament, the English people, and also Americans.

"You Frenchmen always look at things superficially," retorted the Major hotly.

"Yes, Major," replied the Frenchman candidly, "you are right. Frenchmen represent politeness, suavity and courteousness, and they seldom tell the truth, for the truth is almost always unpleasant. I am frank enough to confess that this is the first time that I have ever told the truth."

"I accept your explanation," said the Major blandly; "I can quite believe you."

The Origin of Miss French's Pen-Name

MISS ALICE FRENCH, Octave Thanet, whose new book of short stories shows her interest in the industrial world of the West and the Southwest, spoke to a friend not long ago upon the origin of her pen-name.

"My writing and my pen-name are purely matters of chance. I had my first stories in my mind for years before I put them on paper, and I only disposed of them then because I thought they might aid the people whose cause I was interested in. 'Octave,' the first part of my pen-name, was the Christian name of a schoolmate who was a great inspiration to me in my writing, and 'Thanet' was the name of a freight car which the children of my neighborhood loved to play in and about."

Miss French was born in Andover, Massachusetts, and was graduated from the Abbot Academy. Her first work, A Communist's Wife, was refused by the same New York publishers who rejected Mr. Kipling's manuscript, and was accepted by one of the oldest publishing firms in Philadelphia. Since then she has always found a ready market for her books. Miss French is fond of housework and cooking, and declares that she is a much better cook than a writer. She belongs politically to that branch of the Republican party in the West which endeavors to ameliorate the condition of the workers, and a substantial part of her income is spent in doing good.

At a labor meeting not long ago she was enthusiastically received as a benefactor, and after she had finished a little speech of advice and admonition she was roundly cheered. "Miss French forever," "Miss French forever," cried the audience.

At this the presiding officer, a man, arose and replied, "I know you mean well, but there may be some men who hope that the lady will not be Miss French forever."

One Generation of Revolutions

M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, of Paris, who has several new books upon the market in this country, is a very industrious worker. Until his plays and books were successful he held a small Government position, but when his name and fame were made he gave his time entirely to literary effort. In commenting upon the varying political changes in France, he said to a friend:

"You think the present upheavals odd, do you? Why, this is nothing to what France has done. Take the span of my own life. My father took me, when I was five years old, to the Tuileries to see Louis Philippe, and I remember, as if it were but yesterday, how the people welcomed him with shouts. One year later I was taken to the same place to see him run from the mob who wanted his life. A year later yet I was one of a party of boys chosen to take part in the ceremonies of the planting of the Tree of Liberty near our house—so you see I don't marvel at the present phases of emotionalism. Our people can't live without change."

Hamlin Garland's Favorite Lines

IT IS not always easy to speculate upon an author's favorite piece of work. Hamlin Garland was once asked by a New York authoress, when both were the guests of Madame Alberti, for his autograph, appended to a favorite quotation from his own work. He presented her with the following:

"PIONEERS

"They rise to mastery of wind and snow;
They go like soldiers grimly into strife
To colonize the plain; they plow and sow
And fertilize the plain with their own life,
As did the Indian and the buffalo."

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The New Mother Goose
By Guy Wetmore Carryl



THE COMMENDABLE CASTIGATION ADMINISTERED TO OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

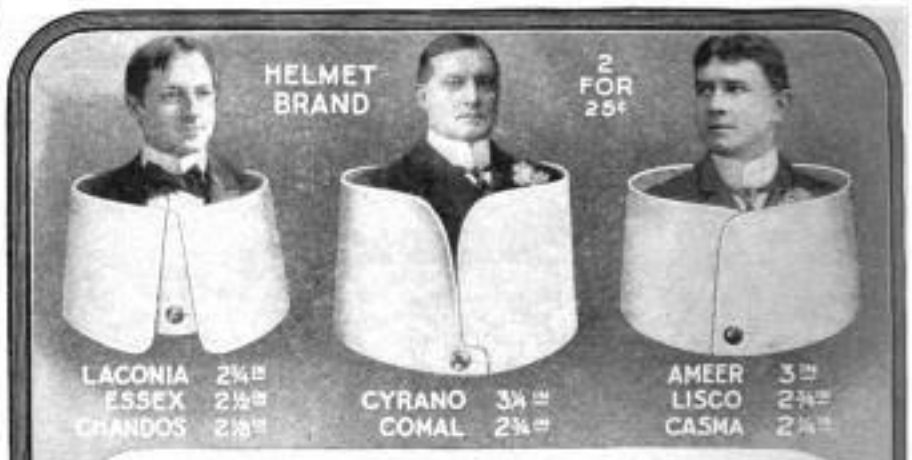
SHE was one of those creatures whose features are hard beyond any reclaim,
And she loved in a hovel to grovel, and she hadn't a cent to her name;
She owned neither gallants nor talents, she borrowed extensively, too,
From all of her dozens of cousins, and never refunded a sou.
Yet all they said in abuse of her
Was, "She is prouder than Lucifer."
That, I must say, without meaning to blame,
Is always the way with that kind of a dame!

There never was jollier collie than Old Mother Hubbard had found.
Though cheaply she'd bought him, she taught him to follow her meekly around.
But though she would kick him and lick him, it hadn't the slightest effect,
He always was howling and growling; but, goodness! what could you expect?
Collies were never to flourish meant
'Less they had plenty of nourishment.
All that he had was the feathers she'd pluck
Off an occasional chicken or duck!

The collie was barred in the garden; he howled and he wailed and he whined;
The neighbors malignant, indignant petitions unanimous signed:
"The nuisance grows nightly," politely they wrote. "He's an odious hound,
And either you'll fill him or kill him, or else he must go to the pound.
For if this howling infernally
Is to continue nocturnally
(Pardon us, ma'am, if we seem to be curt),
Somebody's apt to get horribly hurt!"

Mother Hubbard cried loudly and proudly, "Land sakes! but you give yourselves airs!
I'll take the law to you and sue you!" The neighbors responded, "Who cares?
We none of us care if the sheriff lock every man Jack of us up.
We won't be repining at fining so long as we're rid of the pup."
Then they proceeded to flaunt a sign
Bearing this ominous countersign:
"Freemen! the moment has come to protest,
And Old Mother Hubbard delenda est!"

They marched to her gateway, and straightway they trampled all over her lawn;
Most rudely they harried and carried her 'round on a rail till the dawn;
They marred her and jarred her, and tarred her and feathered her, just as they should;
Of speech they bereft her, and left her with "Now, do you think you'll be good?"
THE MORAL'S a charmingly pleasing one:
Though we would deprecate teasing one,
Still, when a dame has politeness rebuffed
She certainly ought to be collared and cuffed!



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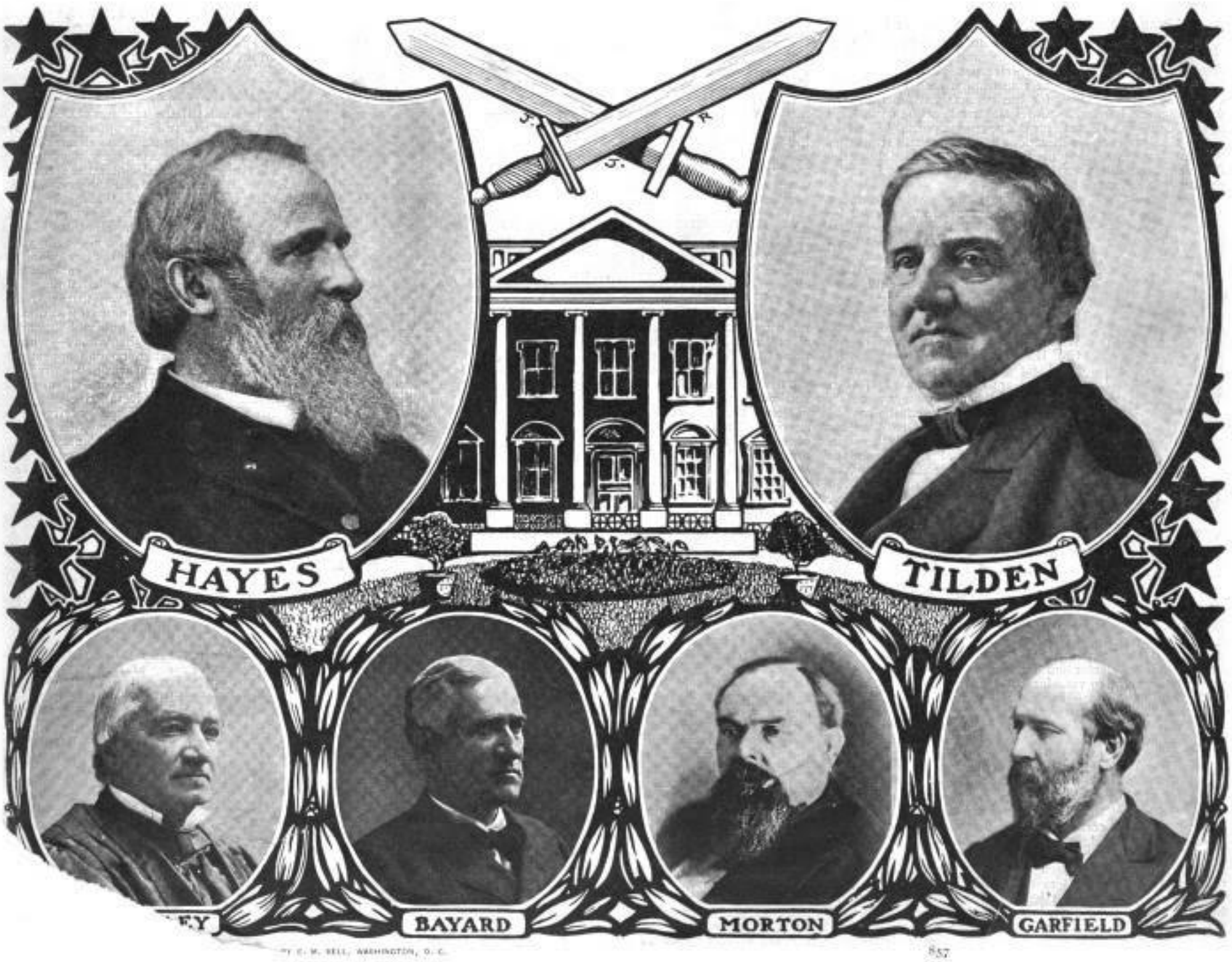
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The Stormy Days of the Electoral Commission

By Ex-Senator JOHN J. INGALLS



BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The Stormy Days of the Electoral Commission

By Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls

THE men who made the Constitution and built up our political system, rhetorically known as the fathers, the framers and the founders of the Republic, had little confidence in what Lincoln called the plain, common people, and less faith in their capacity for self-government.

They were aristocrats. They believed in the rule of the best, and not the rule of the most.

They thought public affairs should be controlled by intelligence and not by numbers.

They wanted liberty regulated by laws enacted by the wise, interpreted by the learned, and administered by the strong. How far their distrust of universal suffrage as the foundation of the State was justified is shown by the fact that while reluctantly conceding to the popular vote the lower House of Congress, which has been seldom tainted with impurity, they created a Senate, to be chosen by Legislatures—a scheme so prolific in venality, intrigue, bribery and corruption that it has become the scandal, the reproach and the menace of republican institutions.



For the choice of a President and Vice-President they invented a plan by which the people were to have nothing to do with the selection of their Executive.

It was so ingeniously clumsy and cumbersome, so defective in safeguards against the most obvious emergencies, so vague in its definitions, so pregnant with dangers that, even as immediately modified by the twelfth article of amendment to the Constitution, the marvel is that a catastrophe has been so long postponed.

THE VAGARIES OF OUR ELECTORAL SYSTEM

THEY provided for the appointment in each State, in such manner as the Legislatures might direct, of electors to assemble on a stated day at their respective capitals, to ballot in secret session, without consultation with their associates or the constituency, for the persons best qualified in their judgment to serve as Chief Magistrate of the nation and as President of the Senate for the next four years.

The result of their deliberations being signed in triplicate, one certificate is sent by mail and one by messenger to the President of the Senate, the third being retained against the contingency of loss or destruction.



The second Tuesday in February these certificates are to be opened by the President of the Senate in the presence of the two houses of Congress, and "the votes shall then be counted," but by whom they shall be counted the Constitution saith not. Whether the Vice-President and President of the Senate is a clerk, a custodian or an umpire is unknown. Whether the joint convention of the two Houses, in whose presence the President of the Senate opens the certificates—and "the votes shall then be counted"—is an impotent pageant, or the political tribunal of the nation, has never been determined. Whether the Houses separately and the individual Senators and Representatives are curious spectators, or jurors, or judges, is an enigma, as it has been for a hundred years.

First by the Congressional Caucus, and then by the National Nominating Convention, the people soon assumed the power of selecting the candidates for whom the electoral colleges should vote, but the antiquated, bungling, obsolete machinery remains. Theoretically the electors can vote for any persons they please for President and Vice-President. In 1897 every Bryan elector had the Constitutional right to vote for McKinley; every McKinley elector had the same right to vote for Bryan; all had the right to vote for Mr. Clark, of Montana, or Mr. Addicks, of Delaware—in either of which events the certificates would be opened by the President of the Senate, and "the votes shall then be counted!" There is no restraint but loyalty and the decrees of public opinion.

WITHIN A HAIRBREADTH OF A NATIONAL CRISIS

CHANCELLOR KENT, in his commentaries, says the President of the Senate counts the vote and determines the result. It is certain that the first electoral votes were opened and counted, and George Washington was declared elected by John Langdon, a Senator from the State of New Hampshire, who was chosen by the Senate as its President, for that sole purpose, before the Government was organized.

It is equally certain that had the President of the Senate, in February, 1877, opened the certificates, counted the votes, and declared Hayes and Wheeler elected President and Vice-President, by including the returns from Florida, Louisiana, South Carolina and Oregon among the others that were not disputed, the House of Representatives, being Democratic, would have at once proceeded to elect Tilden and Hendricks, voting by States. The result would have been two Presidents, each supported by his own party, each claiming title under the Constitution, a double inauguration, the Senate and House arrayed against each other, with the probability of armed collision, anarchy and civil war. The election of 1876 was the subsiding ground swell of the war.

After the surrender, the South submitted for a while to emancipation, negro suffrage, civil rights enactments, and the other crude enormities of reconstruction; but organizing at length in White Leagues and Ku Klux Klans, overturned the unstable governments which the ignorance of the former slaves and the cupidity of political adventurers had reared upon the ruins of war. Wealth, intelligence and education were disfranchised. The social fabric, like a pyramid resting on its apex instead of its base, stood so long as it was supported by bayonets, and, when these were withdrawn, fell with a crash in blood and crime that startled the world with the horrors of its destruction. The North, shocked and appalled by wrongs and outrages which laws were unable either to prevent or to punish, and exasperated by the bewildering failure of the policy of reconstruction either to protect the negro in his rights or to perpetuate his political power, saw with resentment State after State falling into Democratic control under the supremacy of the civil and military leaders of the Confederacy. Of the eleven seceding States, all save three—Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana—were lost to the Republicans. These the Democrats hoped to carry for Tilden; or, failing in this, so to corrupt the returns that their electoral votes could not be received and counted.

THE PRESIDENTIAL BATTLE OF 'SEVENTY-SIX

THE passions of the combatants were thus aroused to the pitch of frenzy. For the first time in sixteen years the Democrats felt the possibility of resuming national power. The Republicans inflamed the Northern States by presenting the dangers of the "Solid South," insisting that the purpose was to obtain payment for losses in the war, for the assumption of the Confederate debt, with compensation for the emancipated slaves.

These charges made such an impression and were urged with such persistent vehemence that Mr. Hewitt, of New York, in an open letter called them to the attention of Mr. Tilden, who said, in his published reply, that should he be elected President he should deem it his duty to veto every bill for the assumption or payment of any such debts, losses, damages or claims, which gave Republican orators precisely the opportunity they desired, and was like an effort to put out a fire by pouring on kerosene.

Neither of the Presidential candidates inspired any personal enthusiasm among his followers.

Hayes was hopelessly prosaic and commonplace. He had been a reputable soldier, and was by profession a lawyer. He was the "dark horse" of the Cincinnati Convention, rendered available because in a desperate emergency he had been chosen Governor of Ohio. He had no vices, and the customary sort of rather tiresome and uninteresting virtues. His enemies accused him of sanctimony and hypocrisy, and of sometimes forgetting his promises; but all good men have been slandered by their contemporaries.

Tilden was a cadaverous, tallow-faced attorney, in feeble health, who, having raked together an immense fortune, naturally became a reformer in politics and was elected Governor of New York. His methods were those of the mole, except that he left no external indications of the silent and tortuous windings of his subterranean pathway. He took personal management of his campaign with a few confidential clerks, and was accused of attempting to purchase the vote necessary to secure a majority of one in the Electoral College. The election took place November 7, and by midnight the general impression was that Tilden had been successful. He had carried Connecticut, New York, Indiana and all the Southern States except Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana, and in those the result was uncertain, though early reports favored the Democrats. The next day the Republicans, many of them, practically gave up the fight and conceded the election of Tilden. The Republicans had the State officers and the returning boards in the disputed States, but they were mysteriously silent. The fortunes of Hayes seemed gloomy, dark and desperate indeed.

Toward nightfall "Old Zack" Chandler, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, sent out through the Associated Press, with no preface, nor arithmetic, nor index, his celebrated dispatch: "Hayes and Wheeler have 185 votes, and are elected."

The Democrats went into hysterics, and the Republicans recovered their equanimity.

What actually occurred in Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina the day of the election, and afterward, and who really received a majority of the votes cast will never be known, but the Hayes electors were certified by the returning boards in due time, and the certificates forwarded to the President of the Senate. Duplicate certificates from each State were also sent in, showing the choice of Democratic electors and their votes for Tilden and Hendricks.

GRANT PREPARES FOR EMERGENCIES

THE interval till the meeting of Congress in December was full of apprehension. The Democrats were violent in their denunciations, and threatened to have an army of occupation in Washington to superintend the counting of the electoral votes in February.

Grant was President. When asked if he thought there would be any trouble, he replied: "No, I think not; but it has been one rule of my life to be always ready." Troops began to gather in the forts along the Potomac. Batteries of artillery came in from the West by rail and rumbled through the streets at night on their way to the Arsenal and the Navy Yard. Groups of soldiers in bright new uniforms, but without arms, strolled to and fro on the Avenue—whether on duty or on furlough no one appeared to know. Possibly Grant was getting ready to have his successor, Hayes or Tilden, peaceably inaugurated and installed.

Recognizing the extreme gravity of the crisis, the brevity of the time, the infirmity of the Constitution, and the tremendous dangers that threatened the peace, and possibly the existence, of the nation, soon after Congress assembled a joint committee consisting of seven members from each House was appointed to prepare a bill to provide for and regulate the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, and the decision of questions arising thereunder, for the term beginning March 4, 1877.

The Senate was Republican, and appointed Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, Morton, Conkling, Thurman, Bayard and Ransom.

The House was Democratic, and appointed Payne, of Ohio; Hunton, of Virginia; Hewitt, of New York; Springer, of Illinois; McCrary, of Iowa; Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Willard, of Michigan; in the aggregate, seven Republicans and seven Democrats.

They brought to their delicate and difficult task



— Russell marched

exalted patriotism, matured experience, and the highest intellectual powers. Edmunds, in his opening speech, said the dispute with which they were to deal was probably as great as ever existed in the world under the law. This statement was not sensational. Wars have been waged, kings beheaded and dynasties overthrown in controversies far less momentous and complicated than that which now confronted the American people. The legal questions involved were novel. There were no precedents. A contingency had risen for the first time in the history of the nation, and is liable to rise again, for which the Constitution and the laws were, and still are, inadequate.

But, untried and intricate as was the legal problem, this was trifling compared with the political predicament.

THE PUZZLING PROBLEMS OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE

THE committee was not only to devise an unconstitutional measure that should be strictly within constitutional limitations (which would not be hard, for that instrument is elastic and hospitable), but to invent a tribunal composed of partisans that should be non-partisan in operation; propitiate the implacables; preserve the prerogatives of the Senate, and maintain the conflicting pretensions of the House; secure the coöperation of those who contended that there was power to "go behind the returns," and those who asserted that the only question to be decided was which certificate was actually given by the authorities of the State; and, most important of all, obtain the cordial support of both parties by holding out to each the hope of cheating the other.

The committee deliberated a month, and on January 18 Senator Edmunds reported what is popularly known as the Electoral Commission Bill, Senator Morton being the only dissenter. As a specimen of political funambulism it will take rank among the highest achievements of the human mind.

It provided, in substance, for the meeting of the two Houses and the course of procedure; for the disposition of questions arising in respect to States from which but one set of certificates had been received; for the reference of questions arising in respect to States from which more than one certificate had been received, to a Commission consisting of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Justices of the Supreme Court, the decision of a majority to be final, unless rejected by concurrent votes of both Houses, in which event their order should prevail; and for the reservation of all legal and constitutional rights, if any, to test the question of title in the courts.



Four of the Supreme Court Justices were designated in the bill—those assigned to the First, Third, Eighth and Ninth Circuits; they to select the fifth in such manner as they might decide.

Edmunds, in commenting on this clause, declared with some grandiloquence that the choice of the four Justices was geographical—one from New England, one from New York, one from the Northwest and one from the Pacific.

Morton sneeringly replied that they were selected on account of their known previous political predilections, and that the reason why the Democrats favored the bill was because they expected it would elect Tilden.

Curiously enough, it did turn out that two of the Justices, Clifford and Field, were Democrats, and two, Miller and Strong, Republicans, but probably Edmunds was not aware of this. At least he did not mention it in his speech. So far, then, the Commission was equally divided in politics—seven Republicans, seven Democrats, with the fifteenth member in abeyance: the unknown arbiter, the domesman of the Electoral College.

The Justices, being two and two, could not well ballot, and were too dignified to pull straws. It became to be understood that seniority of service would control, and their choice would fall on Justice David Davis, who was known to favor Tilden, so this non-partisan Commission would consist of eight Democrats and seven Republicans. The joy of the Democracy was unconfined. They considered the bill the supreme effort of human wisdom, for whose praise every place was a temple and all seasons summer.

A STRANGE CAPRICE OF FORTUNE

THE Republicans said little. They were taciturn and reserved. What they thought was never disclosed. But what happened was this: The term of General John A. Logan as Senator from Illinois was about to expire. He was an active candidate for reelection. The Legislature was so nearly a tie between the Republicans and Democrats that five "independents" held the balance of power. They supported Judge Davis, and, after several days of futile and barren balloting, the Democrats united with them and elected him as Logan's successor. Whereupon the Judge resigned from the Supreme Bench to take his seat in the Senate March 4, 1877.

The next ranking Justice was Joseph P. Bradley, a Republican, and favorable to the election of Hayes! Thus, by an incredible caprice of fortune, a gamester's chance, Fate, shuffling the cards, dealt the last trump to the Republicans, and the Commission stood eight to seven for Hayes.

Like the gentleman in Bret Harte's poem who was struck in the abdomen by a red-sandstone specimen and doubled up on the floor, the subsequent proceedings interested the Democrats no more. They denounced the bill as the climax of villainy, and its authors as the supreme malefactors of history. Perhaps their emotions were best described by Judge Jeremiah Black, one of the counsel in the South Carolina case, who said in a speech to the Commission, apropos of nothing: "This nation has got her great big foot in a trap. It is vain to struggle for her extrication. . . . .

"Usually it is said 'in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird,' but this fowler set the net in the sight of the birds that went into it. It is largely our own fault that we were caught. . . . At present you have us down and under your feet. Never had you a better right to rejoice. Well may you say, 'We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement!'"

The bill passed the Senate 47 to 17 and the House 191 to 86, exactly as it came from the committee. It was approved by President Grant January 29, with a special message in which he characterized the measure as one that afforded "wise and constitutional means of escape from imminent peril to the institutions of the country."

January 30 the Senate chose Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman and Bayard, and the House Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Hoar and Garfield as the Congressional members of the Commission. The same day the four Associate Justices of the Supreme Court selected Justice Bradley as the fifth member, and the tribunal was complete.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION

THEY assembled January 31, eleven A. M., in the Supreme Court room at the Capitol, organized, appointed their staff, adopted rules and, shortly before noon, February 1, notified the Senate and House that they were ready to proceed to the performance of their duties.

The President *pro tempore* appointed Mr. Allison, of Iowa, and Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, tellers on the part of the Senate; and Speaker Randall appointed Mr. Cook, of Georgia, and Mr. Stone, of Missouri, tellers on the part of the House.

On motion of Mr. Edmunds, at one o'clock the Senate huddled in careless, disorderly array out of its chamber and marched by twos in straggling procession through the rotunda, between ranks of curious and silent spectators, halting for an instant at the door of the Hall of Representatives.

At the head of the column was the President *pro tem.*, escorted by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and followed by the venerable assistant doorkeeper, Isaac Bassett, carrying the electoral certificates in two square black-walnut boxes, with brass handles on the covers, like a commercial traveler with his sample-cases going into the office of the leading hotel. One box contained the certificates sent by messenger, the other those sent by mail; about half a bushel of each.

The House arose to receive the Senate, which took seats in the body of the Hall upon the right of the presiding officer. The Speaker vacated the chair, which was taken by President Ferry. Randall, imperturbable and impassive, sat at his left. The Secretary of the Senate, the Clerk of the House and the Tellers sat at the clerk's desk, the stenographers and other officials having tables in front and on either side of the platform. The galleries were packed. The silence was profound—an expectant hush, as when the curtain rises for the prologue at the first presentation of a great drama.

THE CURTAIN RISES ON A GREAT DRAMA

THE President of the Senate called the joint meeting to order, announced its object and, with a new, sharp, long knife the Sergeant-at-Arms had provided, proceeded to slit the envelope containing the certificate of the State of Alabama received by messenger, which he handed to Senator Allison, who read it in full, giving ten votes to Tilden and Hendricks. Then he opened the envelope received by mail from the same State and handed it down to be read, when Senator Conkling somewhat impatiently suggested that it could hardly be necessary to read the duplicate in full, and that hereafter as one was read the other should be compared.

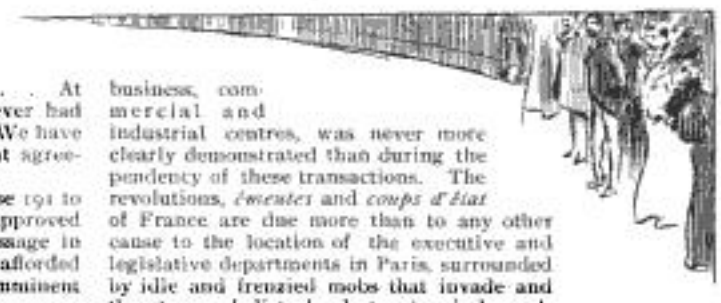
The certificates were opened in alphabetical order, Alabama being followed by Arkansas, California, Colorado and Delaware, to none of which were objections made, and the reading droned monotonously along till half-past two when Florida was reached, the first of the disputed States from which triplicate returns had been received: one from the Republican Governor and Secretary of State certifying the choice of the Hayes electors; the second from the Attorney-General certifying that the returns showed the election of the Tilden electors; the third by the Democratic Governor and Secretary of State chosen at the general election, certifying to proceedings under an act of the Legislature and the judgment of a State court in favor of the Tilden electors. An objection was also filed that one of the Hayes electors at the time of his appointment held an office of trust and profit under the United States and was therefore ineligible.

All the papers, exhibits and certificates, with the objections signed by Senators and Representatives, were immediately transmitted to the Commission, which was in session, and the Senate withdrew to its chamber to wait for the decision, which was not reached till late in the evening of February 9.

The sessions of the Commission were held in the vaulted hall which the Senate left for its new chamber January 4, 1859: the historic room where Webster hurled the thunderbolts of his logic and eloquence at Hayne, and which resounded to the oratorical duels between Calhoun and Clay.

In one of the upper corridors hangs a painting by Mrs. Fassett, perhaps of greater historic interest than artistic value, representing Mr. Evarts addressing the tribunal before an audience that fills the room. The portraits include many of the most eminent personages, at the bar and in public life, of an epoch made illustrious by their achievements in oratory and statesmanship.

The wisdom of having a strictly political Capital, absolutely under the control of the Government, away from



business, commercial and industrial centres, was never more clearly demonstrated than during the pendency of these transactions. The revolutions, *émeutes* and *coups d'état* of France are due more than to any other cause to the location of the executive and legislative departments in Paris, surrounded by idle and frenzied mobs that invade and threaten and disturb, destroying independence and rendering tranquil deliberation and dispassionate judgment impossible.

THE DARK DAYS OF OUR NATIONAL PERIL

HAD Congress and the Commission sat in Baltimore or New York, that month of national jeopardy, among raging multitudes of infuriated partisans with their parades and mass-meetings and the demonstrations of demagogues, no prophet could have foretold what the end would be.

Even in Washington, so somnolent and obsequious, where public opinion is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand, it looked squally enough at times, especially toward the close. Probably Watterson's call for a hundred thousand "one-armed Kentuckians," as the wags travestied it, to superintend the electoral count, was the rhapsody of an automatic rhetorician, but the town swarmed with disreputable and unbidden guests who haunted the Capitol, lounged in the lobbies, sauntered through the grounds, and crowded the galleries of the House at every joint session. The police were reënforced. Detectives in plain clothes, and heavily armed, were stationed among the spectators. A vague terror brooded in the air—the apprehension of an impending tragedy.

As an illustration, rather amusing now, of the trepidations of the time, word came to Ferry one morning, either by anonymous letter or through the report of a detective, that as the Senate passed through the rotunda at noon on its way to the House a gang of ruffians were to assault the head of the consecrated column and in the confusion take the boxes containing the certificates from Captain Bassett, carry them off and destroy the returns not counted. It seemed feasible enough, and, if successful, would have prematurely closed the functions of the Commission and given the House the opportunity, coveted by the implacables, of electing Tilden President, voting by States as the Constitution provides when there is no choice by the electors.

The hour of meeting was near at hand. The time for deliberation was short. Ferry, who was naturally somewhat of an alarmist, held a hurried consultation with his staff, and it was finally decided to empty the boxes secretly and take the returns over as personal assets. To Bassett this seemed little short of sacrilege, like rifling the ark of the covenant. It was contrary to the precedents of half a century. But Ferry decided that it was an emergency and, as what is past help should be past grief, the boxes were unlocked and the returns stowed away in the breast pockets and side pockets and coat-tail pockets of the tellers and other officials, and Bassett marched with his empty packing-cases at the head of the procession.

Of course nothing happened. There was no assault. I imagine none was contemplated. Some joker, no doubt, played on Ferry's credulity. The boxes were placed under the clerk's desk in the House, the returns collected from their extemporaneous receptacles and returned to proper custody, and the incident was closed.

THE ARRAY OF DISTINGUISHED LEGAL TALENT

THE array of counsel has not in any forum been surpassed in learning and eloquence. Prominent among them were Jeremiah T. Black, Secretary of State and Attorney-General under Buchanan; Montgomery Blair, Lincoln's Postmaster-General; Matthew Carpenter, previously and afterward Senator from Wisconsin; William M. Evarts, Attorney-General in the Cabinet of Andrew Johnson, and afterward Secretary of State under Hayes; George Hoadley, at one time Governor of Ohio; Stanley Matthews, Senator from Ohio and Justice of the Supreme Court; Charles O'Conor, perhaps the leader of the New York bar; Samuel Shellabarger, member of Congress from Ohio during the war; Lyman Trumbull, eighteen years Senator from Illinois; and William C. Whitney, afterward Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy. Others scarcely less eminent pleaded briefs, and several Senators and members of Congress participated in the arguments.

THE ISSUE BETWEEN REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS

STRIPPED of all superfluities, subtleties and technicalities, the Republican contention was that the returns of the electoral votes, duly certified by the State authorities, were final and conclusive, and that neither Congress nor the Commission could receive evidence from any outside source, either that the electors were not chosen, or that others were, or that there had been fraud, forgery, violence or other irregularities, either in the election, the canvassing board or any proceedings subsequent thereto.

The Democrats insisted upon the right to go behind the returns, and prove that the Tilden, and not the Hayes, electors were chosen by the people and that the certificates were forged and fraudulent.

Whether Tilden or Hayes had the majority in Florida, Louisiana or South Carolina is not capable of proof. It is doubtful if there has been an absolutely square and honest Presidential election since the time of George Washington.

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, March, 1900.

IF IT is a fact that the slowest pulsation is always the most vital, then I certainly should liken the art of waiting to the slow pulsation, for waiting has been more vital in my case than any haste would have been, since by waiting I have gained at least one desired end. Our postmaster out in Spruce City was confirmed by the Senate in executive session without one word of dissent from any member of that body, and without any spoken word from us to Senator P——. This is a clear case of the "silent lobby," and I am more triumphant over its success than I am at the opening of several doors to me in the smart world, which I had begun to fear my key would not fit.

The day that our postmaster went through the Senate I had been in the gallery listening to the slow grinding out of the debate on the Financial Bill, which was dull enough, goodness knows, until the capers of Mr. Tillman enlivened things. This lank gentleman from South Carolina diverted me all that afternoon. He would jump to his feet with a nervous jerk at his waistcoat, and in a strident voice, every tone of which could be heard in the corridors without, would hurl himself into the midst of his opponent's speech. He would snatch at the greenback, then at the gold dollar, and, figuratively, would shake them between his teeth, much as a terrier would shake a rat, only desisting when the chair would call him to order, after which he would give a reluctant and final twitch to his waistcoat, nod his head to his opponent as much as to say, "Get away with that if you can!" smile triumphantly upon his Democratic colleagues, and then hurl himself back into his chair. This he kept up until the debate was closed and some one had moved to go into executive session. I waited, even after this, a moment to watch the preparations for this secret session. The electric bells began to jangle all over the Senate end of the Capitol. The chief page came to the foot of the Vice-President's platform and clapped his hands three times in signal for the other pages to retire precipitously from the sacred presence. I had a brief moment of wondering if I could not secrete myself somewhere under a bench and stay through this mysterious conclave, but alas! while I was turning this over in my mind the doorkeeper invited me unceremoniously out of the gallery. I complied without standing upon the order of going.

When Robert came home that day and announced that our postmaster had been confirmed, I made him tell me all that he knew of what goes on in the Senate during these executive sessions. First and foremost, it would seem that, as soon as all the doors are closed and locked, the most important act of this august body is a drawing forth of match-boxes and cigars and a general lighting up. This is accompanied by a hubbub of voices such as would do credit to a chapter meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution. On this particular occasion Robert was told that the Senator who had moved the executive session, moved, through a cloud of cigar smoke, that our man out in Spruce City should be confirmed as postmaster of that city. Thereupon the Vice-President *pro tem.*, in the usual way, after a pause in which the motion was supposed to be under consideration, hearing no dissent, said, "Without objection, it is so ordered."

"But, Robert," I asked, "where was Senator P—— all this time? Didn't he say anything?"

"Senator P—— was not in the Senate Chamber at all. He withdrew his objections before the committee, and the nomination was allowed to come up in this executive session along with other nominations."

We looked at each other silently for an instant, then Robert said with a twinkle in his eyes:

"I certainly do not agree with that sour old pessimist who wished that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body."

I laughed at this sally, and the compliment under it pleased me. It was Robert's way of paying a tribute to my help in the matter. He continued gallantly:

"'Woman was not taken out of man's head to top him, nor out of his feet to be trampled upon, but from his side to be equal to him, and near his heart to be loved.'"

"Why, Robert, you are growing positively brilliant! I never knew you to quote things about women before. If the women suffragists should hear you they would be trying to get you on their committee and make you speak for them. They were as thick around the Capitol to-day as bees about to swarm, and poor Mr. Ray, who had them in charge before the House Committee, looked perfectly distracted, especially after the 'remonstrants' also claimed to be heard."

"By the way, Agatha, that reminds me: our postmaster went through in very smart company to-day—smarter than any he ever dreamed of—for Mrs. Potter Palmer was confirmed as Commissioner to the Paris Exposition."

This news was almost as interesting as that of the confirmation of our man, for this ended the pretty fight between Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Daniel Manning for the commissionership. These ladies have been pulling wires for this position for weeks. Mr. Depew championed Mrs. Manning, and when it seemed certain that the appointment would go to Mrs. Palmer he introduced a bill in the Senate authorizing the appointment of a lady to represent this country at the unveiling of the statue of Lafayette in Paris. This bill provided that she should be styled a Commissioner, and should also be a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Of course, Mrs. Manning was not mentioned by name, but everybody knew who was intended. But alas! this bill has been hung up in the House, and the Daughters have been gnashing their pretty teeth at the thought that Bertha Honoré Palmer's name passed the Senate, not only without demur, but with the additional courtesy of not even being referred to the Committee on International Expositions, to which all such nominations are usually sent.

If the House could only be caught napping, as the Senate is sometimes, it might be possible to slip Mr. Depew's bill for Mrs. Manning through that body just as the Boer resolutions of sympathy were slipped through the Senate the other day by Mr. Allen, of Nebraska, which raised such a laugh and such a prompt demand for reconsideration of the vote that Mr. Allen was forced to assent. Mr. Allen does not often assent to anything, and when he rises up from his seat, tall and shaggy, it is generally with the words on his lips, "I object."

In fact, the gentleman from Nebraska is hostile to pretty much everything in this session. He wants nothing regal, or that smacks of imperialism in our midst, and even objects to the keeping intact of the Royal Mausoleum in Honolulu in which repose the bones of a long line of dead Hawaiian kings and queens. It occurred to the Committee on Public Lands the other day to introduce a resolution to keep from desecration this royal tomb, and the clerk of the Senate got up to read the resolution.

Well, Mr. Allen was listening. He knew that it was something to which he ought to object, but he could not understand one single word of it all until finally he caught "Royal Mausoleum"; then suddenly he knew where he was: this was something imperial, regal, belonging to the new possessions—it must be put a stop to; like the Irishman, whatever it was, he was "ag'in' it." Up he arose and sprang his familiar objection, and lo! the resolution concerning the royal bones went over, and unless the gentleman from Nebraska should soften his heart the resolution will not be called up again, and the royal bones will be thrown in along with the public lands to be turned over at some future day by the enterprising Yankee plough.

But the Senate has much more serious work on hand than caring for our royal ancestors by annexation. This question of the treaty is confronting the Senate, and Robert says that the provisions embodied in it demonstrate how out of touch and out of tune the Secretary of State is with the rank and file of his party, and it is causing much uneasiness among Republican Senators. Robert says that this uneasiness is caused by a fear that the Administration may take a stand on the treaty, and send out an order that it must be ratified, no matter how Senators feel toward it personally. There are not many who will be bold enough to defy such a command, for it might mean that a Senator possessing such temerity could not get any bill he might be interested in through Congress, nor command an appointment, and that perhaps even those already appointed under his influence might be in jeopardy. It has always been commonly said that all Anglo-American treaties have been floated in champagne, but this is not the history of this treaty—perhaps if it were, the Senate would know better what to do with it.

When I first asked Senator P—— about this new treaty he expressed himself very conservatively on the subject. He was willing to tell me what he thought of every other man's attitude toward it, but he would not give me more than a mere hint at his own. To my surprise, within a few days he has spoken openly, even warmly, for ratification. I asked Robert to explain to me the Senator's change from conservatism to open advocacy. Robert seemed slow to commit himself to any reason for it. At last he said:

"Well, Agatha, you know as well as I do what an influential man P—— is. You know how near he stands to the President, but perhaps you have not heard that there is a movement afoot to put him on the ticket as a running mate in the next campaign."

"You mean, Robert, that Senator P——, for the sake of being nominated for Vice-President, would vote for this treaty, even against his judgment, against his conscience and against the good of the country?"

"Well, Agatha, that's about the size of it."

"Oh! Robert, I do not believe it. It is not like the rest of his public record."

Robert laughed, and said, "Why, Agatha, I thought you had parted with all romantic notions concerning statesmen and legislation for the good of the country."

But I was not to be laughed out of my notions. I was more disturbed at having my high estimate of Senator P—— shaken than I cared to admit. Soon afterward we were giving an elaborate dinner in Jules' best style. The Secretary of War and Senator P—— were both present, and being the two most important guests, sat on either side of me. I lost no time in broaching to Senator P—— what was in my mind.

"Senator P——, I am a seeker after truth; you must help me to find it."

"Certainly, Mrs. Slocum, but of course you know what the fate of the old philosopher was who went in search of truth and who saw his own image in the bottom of the well and remained to worship it instead."

"Yes," I retorted, "I have heard of that same old philosopher and you think that as a woman I would do likewise; but I have also heard that with some people truth is as 'hazardous and contraband a commodity as a man can possibly deal in.'"

"Ah!" laughed the Senator, "from your emphasis on 'some people,' you mean that for politicians 'truth is a hazardous commodity to deal in?' You are right, and I see that you are becoming a clever politician yourself."

I wondered if he were thinking of our postmaster. I replied:

"Yes, I am getting far enough along to begin to lose the distinction between right and wrong. That is the first step in politics, is it not?"

"Is that the result of your husband's teaching?" asked he quickly and audaciously.

"No, Senator P——, it is the result of the teaching of you Senators up in the Senate. I have noticed the attitude of different politicians upon all these great questions that confront us, and I have noticed the lightning changes in their opinions, and I want to know what the truth of the situation is, and what underlying influences are at work. There is one phrase that is being solemnly and grandiloquently used by the politicians: this phrase is 'sphere of influence.' I am beginning to find out that when you apply it to the nation you mean a slice of China, and when you apply it to the individual you mean the Vice-Presidency."

Senator P—— laughed quietly to himself, while I devoted myself for a time to the Secretary of War. Finally he caught my attention again and said, in a lowered voice:

"So you have heard the rumor that I am going to add my name to the list of those who desire the second place on the ticket?"

I faced him and asked boldly, without heeding his question:

"What do you want to be Vice-President for?"

"What makes you think that I want to be Vice-President?" he asked with sudden gravity. After a moment he said with a tinge of contempt:

"Ah! Mrs. Slocum, there can be no thin moralizing in politics, and no philosophical politics, either. The sole zest in it all lies in the possession of power, and the road to power is rough hewn, not finely chiseled. What power could a Vice-President possibly possess? He is a continual and lugubrious *memento mori* to the President."

"And your vote on the treaty will be ——?"

He laughed and shook his head. He was not to be drawn into any committal as to the treaty.

When our last dinner guests had departed, Page and I hurried off to keep several late engagements. We looked in at the Japanese Minister's, Mr. Komura, who was giving a unique entertainment that night. He had a band of Japanese actors present who gave a native play that was well-nigh unintelligible to most of us, though the dancing was quaint and interesting. I had determined that if I saw any one from the French Embassy I would try to find out something concerning Alain de Courcelles, for Page was so restless and fitful that I was distressed for her. The only diplomat with whom I had a word was the nice little Swiss Minister, and remembering that Mr. de Courcelles often had gone to the Swiss Legation, I asked casually if they had had any news from him. Our conversation was rather an elaborate affair, for what with his broken English and my Spruce City French it consisted mainly in bows, smiles, shrugs and guesses at what each was trying to say. I gathered at last that nothing had been heard directly, but that indirectly a brief and recent paragraph in a Paris newspaper had stated that the Marquise de Courcelles, mother of the Marquis Jean Jacques de Courcelles, lay dying at their château in Brittainy. This was unexpected and exciting news indeed! I asked the Swiss Minister to let me know if he should happen to hear anything further concerning the sad condition of Madame de Courcelles, to which he replied, drawing his heels together and making a polite bow:

"I will do for Madame any 'posseeble.'"

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

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The Making of a Railroad Man
The President's Views
By E. P. RIPLEY, President Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R.R.

IF I WERE asked to say something about the making of a railroad man, I should ask, "What kind of a railroad man?" because the railroad profession embraces specialists of many kinds, and in these days nearly all railroad men must be specialists.

A man who is an expert in machinery or in civil engineering may fill an important position in railroad service, even though he be ignorant of the work of other departments, and other men may hold equal or even higher rank in the service, though possessing little or no knowledge of engineering or mechanics.

Strictly speaking, it can hardly be said that the railroad service is a profession, but rather that it embraces all the professions. In a large system the head of a department must stand at the head of his class, but he is not required to be a proficient in other lines. The Superintendent of Motive Power must be second to none in mechanical lines, but he may know nothing of maintenance of way or of traffic affairs. Similarly, the Traffic Manager or General Freight Agent, though eminently satisfactory in his own field, may not know, and perhaps often does not know, the difference between a "Mogul" engine and a "Consolidation." All this is as it should be, and is a part of the evolution of the smaller railroad into the larger "system." The time has passed when immediate supervision of all departments can be vested in one man, except in the case of roads of very small mileage.

SMALL ROADS THE BEST SCHOOLS

THERE was a time when the dry goods or grocery merchant bought his own goods (and largely sold them) himself, and knew every article in his store and the price of it. Now, if he has survived, he has divided his store into departments, and has a man at the head of each, and confines himself to a general oversight, judging his chief officers mainly by results, and interfering but little in details. There are yet a few small roads in the country where a somewhat intimate knowledge of the business of all departments is necessary to a few of the principal officers, and on these small roads is to be found the best school for general education in the railroad business. The great mass of railroad workers must specialize, however, in order to obtain employment or advancement.

It follows, then, that in most cases a "railroad man" is one familiar with but one branch of the service, having only such casual knowledge of the other branches as his daily association with those employed in them and the exercise of his powers of observation may give him. He may hope for promotion in his specialty, but not generally outside of it, though there are notable exceptions.

THE CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM IN VOGUE

IN OUR larger railway systems civil service rules are almost universal. It occasionally happens, of course, that a man who has made for himself a reputation on one road is invited to a position on another, but, generally speaking, this occurs only when it is believed that there is no one in the ranks capable of exactly filling the position. Necessarily promotion comes slowly, and to many it does not come at all; but it may safely be stated that the qualities which lead to success in other fields will work the same result in this, and that brains, industry and honesty will reap as large rewards in this as in any other branch of work. Doubtless there are deserving men of long years in the service to whom promotion and success come but in limited degree. Doubtless, also, there are some who only lack opportunity to develop talent; but the fact remains that it is not always easy, and not even always possible, to find just the right man for an important place.

The traffic department is purely commercial, and ordinarily requires but little technical knowledge of railroad operation. It is the selling department in distinction from the manufacturing, and requires the business acumen and general methods of a salesman in any other business.

The successful traffic man must have firmness, but must know when to yield, and must be just to his patrons and his competitors. It is his to develop existing business, and create that which has not existed. He must know a little of almost all mercantile values, mercantile methods and the channels of trade. His place calls for no exact science, but for a large amount of general information, and a vast store of patience and pertinacity. As a rule, he is born rather than made, and generally, I think, it is harder to find just the right man for this place than for any other in the service.

SOME OF THE DUTIES OF THE GENERAL MANAGER

THE General Manager upon most of our larger roads is not what his name implies, since he "manages" the operating department only, and has no jurisdiction over traffic or auditing officers. He is the recognized head of the operating department, including, generally, the mechanical and engineering branches. He may himself be a graduate of either, and is supposed to have at least knowledge enough of both, in addition to his own department, to know whether the work of each is well or ill done.

Editor's Note—This series, of which this paper is the third, began in the Post of January 6. Other articles will follow in early numbers.

By far the larger number of the employees are under his jurisdiction, and, with the exception of the Traffic Manager, he comes more closely in touch with the public than any other official. He is expected to protect the company, yet to be just to the employees and to the public, and, having control of the major part of all payments, is expected, above all else, to study how they may be lessened without prejudice to the interests of the public or the railroad.

The duties of the Auditor, Treasurer, Engineer and Superintendent of Motive Power are sufficiently explained by their titles.

LIBERAL RETURNS FOR FAITHFUL SERVICE

IT IS stating the case moderately to say that the railroad business pays its employees quite as well as any other. Indeed, there are few branches of industry that offer more or larger pecuniary rewards to those who are content to work, or are obliged to work, for fixed salaries. It has an interest which, with most of those who follow it, amounts to a sort of fascination, and few leave it voluntarily. A railroad man is partly born and partly made, but it seems to me that he is mostly born.

I am asked if promotions from clerical ranks to executive positions are not becoming less and less frequent in railway service. My answer is, No. On the contrary, civil service rules are becoming more universal, and favoritism and nepotism are lessening.

Another inquiry of some interest and importance which has been raised in connection with the subject under discussion is stated in about these words: "What would be your advice to the young man who came to you with the question, 'What line of railway service offers the best opportunities for success in the struggle for promotion from a humble position to that of railway President? In other words, what line of service offers, in your opinion, the least resistance as an avenue by which to gain the Presidency of a railroad?'"

My advice would depend largely on the general appearance of the person asking the question. I do not know that there is *any* "line of least resistance." The rewards for success are about equal in all departments, but some who would succeed in one would fail in others.

A matter too often overlooked by those wishing to enter this field is that of physique. The railroad man must have a robust body in order to withstand the wear and tear and the hard knocks necessary to fight his way up in the railway service to a responsible official position. Unquestionably the railroad business, in all its departments, is more exacting in its requirements than most other pursuits. I would not advise a young man of delicate physique to enter the profession.



E. P. RIPLEY
PRESIDENT ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND SANTA FÉ RAILROAD

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE PRESIDENT'S POWERS

PARTICULARLY of late the impression seems to have gained ground that the present tendency of railroad operation is toward the concentration of greater power and of a large volume of detail in the hands of the President, giving less scope than formerly to subordinate officials. On the contrary, the President is much less a man of detail than formerly, and in a certain sense also much less a man of power. The head of a large concern finds it necessary to make rigid rules which even he may not transgress. He has more power in the sense that his field of action is larger, but the head of a smaller concern can give himself more latitude.

The question of enforcing temperance rules may be dismissed in a few words. The railroads have found it necessary to insist on temperate habits on the part of employees, and will not retain a man known to frequent saloons. Owing to the enforcement of this rule there is probably a higher average of temperate men among railway employees to-day than one or two decades ago.

HOW YOUNG RAILROAD MEN GET AHEAD

IT IS but natural that every young man should be ambitious to win the good will and attention of his superiors, and is, therefore, anxious to know how this end may be specially promoted. On this important point I would say with emphasis that a man who does good work need make no special effort to bring himself into notice, and any such effort is likely to be annoying to his superiors. The heads of departments know what each man is doing, and are better judges of his work than the employee himself. Ambition is good, but it should take the form of intelligent and faithful service, and events in their natural course will do the rest.

Much good advice might be offered on the subject of the personal life of the young railroad man. However, it is sufficient to say that, as a rule, officials gauge the employee by his work in the office, and pay no attention to what he does outside. But if he has been out all night, his appearance in the morning is likely to indicate his dissipation, and if his chief hears that his habits are bad, the effect on the employee's prospects is naturally unfavorable.

I have been asked if railroad men holding responsible positions are not now retired earlier in life than formerly. It seems to me that the tendency is to take care of and furnish light employment for men of advanced years and long employment, so far as this is possible. I do not think men are retired earlier, but it is customary to take on only young men.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PRESIDENT

PROBABLY almost every reader of this magazine has, at some time or another, wondered what are the most important and vexatious problems with which a railroad President has to deal. This question opens up so vast a field that it is discouraging. The problems that come to the President are all important, because they are of the class which subordinates do not settle. In other words, it is *only* the pressingly important things that get to him.

The railway business is peculiar in that it has been held to be "quasi public," which means that the President, in addition to being satisfactory to the Board of Directors of the railway company, must so conduct the affairs of the road as to have them also satisfactory to the public, and to the representatives of the public in the various legislative bodies. As all history shows that no man ever did serve all the public to its satisfaction for any length of time, or was appreciated till after he was dead, it will be seen that the position is a difficult one.

It has long been customary to misrepresent the motives as well as the actions of those charged with the management of the railways of this country, and but little has been heard on the other side. I can conscientiously say, however, that a long experience causes me to believe that the moral tone of the railroad profession is quite as high as that of any other, and that portion of the public which deals with railroads most largely would, I believe, testify to the fact that transactions of great magnitude can be, and often are, accepted upon the word of a railroad official which would require a written contract with bond attached if made with others. The portion of the public which has dealings with the roads has unbounded confidence in the officials, while that portion which has not such personal contact, and is influenced by partisan and demagogic abuse, has none. It is this latter portion which makes itself heard and felt, and which at times makes life burdensome to the President and his staff.

To keep earnings up and expenses down, to satisfy the taxing power, the legislative power, the public, the employees and the stockholder summarize, in brief, the perplexities of the railway President's position. It is not possible freely to satisfy these conflicting interests, and the result is daily compromise, and not always on a basis fair to the corporation, or satisfactory to its representative, who assents under fear of worse things.

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Saved from the Stage by Miss Powell

Among the prominent singers engaged for Maurice Grau's English grand opera season next fall is Marcella Powell, a young woman who came into notice two years ago as the vocal star of John Philip Sousa's concert company.

They have a musical society in Brooklyn that studies the masters, reveres the memory of Seidl, and knows Wagner by heart. Among the members is a young matron.

"I shall certainly hear Miss Powell sing in grand opera," she said. "You know I was educated for grand opera. I took a course of lessons from a teacher and he said I ought to go on the stage. So I took some more lessons. Well, I had learned a piece from Il Trovatore, full of runs and trills. It reached from there to there"—measuring from the floor to as high as she could reach—"and I thought I sang it beautifully. When Sousa came I went to the concert, and for an encore Miss Powell sang this piece. She sang it, and when she got through I could have cried for mortification. I asked some one who knew Miss Powell how long she had studied.

"'I don't know,' he said; 'five or six years anyway.'

"I gave up my stage ambitions and went into mission work in our church, and it was there I met my husband."

Miss Gonne's True Soldier Friends

Miss Maud Gonne is known as The Irish Joan of Arc. The daughter of a British officer and the possessor of considerable property, she has devoted herself to Irish Nationalism since she reached womanhood's estate.

In the British Army are many brave and faithful Irish regiments, among whom Miss Gonne has troops of warm friends. One of these bade her farewell last autumn prior to his departure to South Africa. Miss Gonne asked him:

"Are you not ashamed to go to fight to put British chains upon another country and have a Dutch Ireland where now there is freedom?"

The soldier smiled and answered: "There's more fun in fighting than there is in freedom, and between the two a true Irishman would sooner have the fighting."

Another recruit answered her with the significant remark: "I've got to go in the ranks anyhow, and the British Government pays the expense down there, but after I get there it will be a different matter."

Senator Cockrell's Introduction to Champ Clark

Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, is one of the Senatorial landmarks at the national capital. Although he has been in public life for a long time he has never thrown away either the habits, clothing or personal bearing of the honest countryside from which he sprang. Once, at a political gathering at Sedalia, the Senator was standing apart from the crowd in one of the hotels. A member of the committee on entertainment saw him and concluded that he was not being properly looked after.

"Would you like to get acquainted with some of the prominent visitors?" the polite committeeman asked.

"I don't care," said the Senator quietly. "Who's that big man over there with the smooth face?"

"Why, that's Champ Clark," said the committeeman; "would you like to meet him?"

"If you please," the Senator returned.

"Mr. Clark," he said, "I want you to know a gentleman who has expressed a desire to know you."

Clark looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"This is the Honorable Champ Clark, of old Pike, one of our most promising Congressmen; Mr. Clark, Mr. ——."

"Cockrell—Senator Cockrell," said the other. The committeeman sought to turn the joke, but it was on him.

Miss Barrymore's Gift of Second Sight

Miss Ethel Barrymore, the beautiful young actress whose professional and social success in England was so marked, a season or two ago, that her engagement was reported to almost every unmarried lord in the peerage of marriageable age, has resumed her place on the stage of this country. She made her appearance in New York recently in a special performance which added largely to her reputation. Shortly after her return from abroad Miss Barrymore was waked late one night at her hotel by a woman reporter of a New York morning newspaper. After the necessary delay in securing an audience the newsgatherer found the actress in her dressing gown, very sleepy and not at all pleased by the call.

"Our office," began the reporter, "has just received a cablegram from London saying——"

"Never mind what it says," interrupted Miss Barrymore sharply, "you may tell your editor, with my compliments, that I am not engaged to any new English lord nor to any old one either. Good-night."

Maurice Barrymore, father of the actress, is fond of telling of a visit he made with his family to the home of a country clergyman in England when Ethel was a very little child. Mr. Barrymore's wife was Georgie Drew, the actress, and the children had heard little else than the slang that stage folk affect.

It was at breakfast, the second morning of the visit, when little Ethel astonished the host with an expression that good man had never heard before, although every stage child in the world knows it from infancy. It was neither improper nor shocking, only it was slang. Mrs. Barrymore looked pained. Then Mr. Barrymore came to the rescue.

"Georgie," he said gravely to his wife, "I thought I asked you not to let the children become so familiar with the grooms. They'll have to give up riding altogether unless you are more careful."

The Western Printer Boy's Success

Chase S. Osborn, the present Railroad Commissioner of Michigan, began as a printer in Indiana. He became a reporter in Milwaukee, and afterward took charge of a Wisconsin paper in which he succeeded handsomely; then he became proprietor of the Sainte Marie News. He was Postmaster of Sainte Marie under President Harrison.

At the banquet of the Michigan Republicans, several years ago, he sat near General Russell A. Alger, who told him that he had to make a speech. He declared that he could not do it, but the General insisted and the presiding officer introduced him, and he arose to his feet. It was his first effort at speech-making, and he says he was nearly scared out of his boots, but he went ahead and spoke naturally and eloquently, so that when he finished the applause continued for some time. He had made the speech of the evening. Since then he has come to the front as one of the Michigan orators, and his name has been suggested for Governor.

A Prominent Scientist's Theory of Old Age

Dr. W. W. Keen, President of the American Medical Association, professor of surgery in the Woman's Medical College, and professor of artistic anatomy in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the occupant of the chair of surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, and a corresponding member of the Société de Chirurgie of Paris, is a striking exception to the commonly accepted notion of the accessibility of the great man. Doctor Keen is short, wiry, energetic, and the very personification of life. At a recent banquet held in Philadelphia, one of the speakers alluded to himself and Doctor Keen as the "old men" present, whereupon Doctor Keen, in reply to a toast, vehemently remonstrated about being classed as an old man. He declared that only that man was old through whose arteries the blood pumped slowly. In spite of his many duties and his many offices, Doctor Keen may be approached at any time by any one. Not long ago a certain person who had no especial claim upon his time or attention called to see him and found him out. The next morning's mail brought a most kindly note from Doctor Keen expressing regret that he was not in at the time the call was made, and stating that if the person would return on the following day at a certain time the doctor would spare him an hour.

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The Chief Interest of this Year's Conventions

This is one of the few times in the history of the United States when the contests in the Presidential conventions are not for the first honors, but for the Vice-Presidential nominations. The Republicans will renominate Mr. McKinley and the Democrats will renominate Mr. Bryan, but there are doubts in both cases as to who will be the candidates of the second place on the two tickets.

As a rule, people do not care very much about Vice-Presidents. A Vice-President is supposed to be an excellent gentleman who presides soberly over the United States Senate and who holds himself in readiness to take up the reins of government should the President die. The salary of the place is rather insignificant for such a position, being only $8000 a year, and in more than one instance the Vice-Presidential candidate has been selected because of his ability to contribute to the expense of the campaign, and to maintain a social establishment in Washington—something that requires increasing expenditures every year.

Vice-Presidents Who Became Presidents

The importance of a good Vice-President, however, has been notably illustrated in American history. Four times have they become Presidents, and in each case there have been departures from the policy of the regularly elected President, and many heartburnings and outbursts of passion.

When President William Henry Harrison died suddenly on April 4, 1841, after only thirty days in office, John Tyler became President. His nomination had been a political expedient to strengthen the ticket. He was really a Calhoun Democrat, while, of course, Harrison was a Whig. The consequences were perfectly natural. Tyler's Administration became a disturbance of existing policies. The famous bank bill, drawn in accordance with his own suggestion and passed by Congress, was coolly vetoed by him, and the whole Cabinet, except Daniel Webster, who was Secretary of State, at once resigned. He disregarded the pledges of the platform upon which he had been elected, and altogether his Presidential record was one of vacillations and small results.

General Zachary Taylor, who was elected in 1848, died sixteen months after he had entered upon the duties of the Presidency, and the place was filled by Millard Fillmore, the Vice-President. This was another instance of conflict in policies and of troubles that followed logically in their wake.

The Case of President Andrew Johnson

But of all the cases that of Andrew Johnson illustrates most forcibly the powers and dangers of the Vice-President. When Lincoln was assassinated on April 14, 1865, Johnson became President of the United States, and during the ensuing years gave the country more trouble than any man who ever occupied the Presidential chair. At this distance we can scarcely appreciate the passion, prejudice and vehemence of those dark times. Indeed, they almost threw the nation off its balance.

Although a Southerner, Johnson had none of the tenderness or sympathy of Lincoln. He had been nominated for politics pure and simple, and when he became President he felt his power. The very day after the assassination he said to a delegation which waited on him that the war "must not be excused as an unsuccessful rebellion to be overlooked and forgiven," and he took an attitude toward the South which would have been absolutely impossible to Abraham Lincoln.

It is evident now that the impeachment of Johnson arose more from the irritations which his personality and policy had engendered than from any specific thing he did.

The assassination of Garfield is recent history. This ticket was purely a case of compromise, and like most compromises it worked unfortunately. Mr. Arthur was out of consonance with General Garfield's ideas, and the consequence was a new Cabinet and a departure from the policy of the Administration which the people had elected.

While there are at present a living President and two living ex-Presidents, there are only two former Vice-Presidents who are alive—Mr. Stevenson, of Illinois, and Mr. Morton, of New York. Of the former candidates on the two tickets there are Mr. Reid, of New York, and Mr. Sewall, of Maine.

Names Mentioned for the Second Place

The uncertainties that attend Presidential nominations seem to multiply in the Vice-Presidency. In many instances the men are nominated against their own desires and are induced to accept. In one case, which has been pointed out in these columns, the man who was nominated would have become Vice-President, but in a moment of disappointment he declined to take second place on the ticket.

This year the situation is curiously unsettled. In a general way it is thought that McKinley's running mate will be taken from New York. Governor Roosevelt was first mentioned, but he vigorously declined. Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, was next, and he, too, declared he was not a candidate. Then came Mr. Cornelius Bliss, who promptly retired. All this time the name of Mr. Timothy L. Woodruff, who has twice been elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York, was being mentioned, and he strengthened the impression by a campaigning tour in the West in which he proclaimed the Administration policy with eloquence and enthusiasm. Mr. Woodruff is about forty and is a millionaire. There are many possibilities among the Democrats, including Judge Henry Clay Caldwell, of Arkansas, who is popular with the working classes because of his anti-trust and railroad decisions; George Fred Williams, of Boston, who has upheld the silver cause in New England; Amos J. Cummings and William Sulzer, both members of Congress from New York; John R. McLean, recently the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, and United States Senator Thomas B. Turley, of Tennessee, whose speech opposing the admission of Quay recently brought him into national prominence.

The Presidential Conventions of 1900

As usual, the time of meeting of the various conventions varies considerably. The Populists will assemble at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, on May 9, and on the same date the other Populist party, known as the Middle-of-the-Road-Men, will hold a convention in Cincinnati.

On June 19 the Republicans will meet in Philadelphia, the city which claims to be the home of the Republican party, where forty-four years ago, at the first Republican Convention, the name of Abraham Lincoln was first mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency. Philadelphia gives to the Republican Campaign Committee the sum of $100,000 and provides entertainment on a large scale. The hall that will be used is the auditorium of the recent National Export Exposition, a magnificent hall that will accommodate many thousands of people.

The Democrats will meet at Kansas City on July 4. There was a warm contest between Kansas City and Milwaukee for the honor of this convention. Kansas City won by superior inducements in the way of money and hospitality. The cash was a certified check for $50,000. The delegates will be entertained free and the headquarters will be furnished gratuitously, and there will be no rent for the hall, a great auditorium recently constructed, of admirable acoustic properties, and capable of seating 20,000 people.

The Succession to the Presidency

Fifteen years ago the uncertainty about the Presidential succession was forever settled by a new law which is Chapter Four of the Acts of the Forty-ninth Congress, first session. Before that time the succession passed from the Vice-President to the President *pro tempore* of the Senate.

The new law fixed the succession as follows: Vice-President, Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy and Secretary of the Interior. It does not include the Secretary of Agriculture, for his office was created after the passage of the Act. However, it is not likely that he would ever be needed.



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He carried a brick in his hand, tied to a piece of rope

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

The three men—Harris, George and the author—are on a bicycle tour through Germany. A tandem and a safety are the mounts. The route is through the Black Forest.

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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The Slave of the Brick

A THING that vexes much the high-class Anglo-Saxon soul is the earthly instinct prompting the German to fix a restaurant at the goal of every excursion. On mountain summit, in fairy glen, on lonely pass, by waterfall or winding stream, stands ever the busy Wirtschaft. How can one rhapsodize over a view when surrounded by beer-stained tables? How lose one's self in historical reverie amid the odor of roast veal and spinach?

One day, on elevating thoughts intent, we climbed through tangled woods.

"And at the top," said Harris bitterly, as we paused to breathe a space and pull our belts a hole tighter, "there will be a gaudy restaurant, where people will be guzzling beefsteaks and plum tarts, and drinking white wine."

"Do you really think so?" said George.

"Sure to be," answered Harris; "you know their way. Not one grove will they consent to dedicate to solitude and contemplation. Not one height will they leave to the lover of Nature unpolluted by the gross and the material."

"I calculate," I remarked, "that we shall be there a little before one o'clock, provided we don't dawdle."

"The 'Mittagstisch' will be just ready," groaned Harris, "with possibly some of those little blue trout they catch about here. In Germany one never seems able to get away from food and drink. It is maddening!"

We pushed on, and in the beauty of the walk forgot our indignation. My estimate proved to be correct. At quarter to one, said Harris, who was leading:

"Here we are; I can see the summit."

"Any sign of that restaurant?" asked George.

"I don't notice it," replied Harris, "but it's there, you may be sure; confound it!"

Five minutes later we stood upon the top. We looked north, south, east and west; then we looked at one another.

"Grand view, isn't it?" exclaimed Harris.

"Magnificent!" I agreed.

"Superb!" remarked George.

"They have had the good sense for once," added Harris, "to put that restaurant out of sight."

"They do seem to have hidden it," said George.

"One doesn't mind the thing so much when it is not forced under one's nose," said Harris.

"Of course, in its place," I observed, "a restaurant is right enough."

"I should like to know where they have put it," said George.

"Suppose we look for it," said Harris, with inspiration.

It seemed a good suggestion. I felt curious myself. We agreed to explore in different directions, returning to the summit to report progress. In half an hour we stood together once again. There was no need for words. The face of one and all of us announced plainly that at last we had discovered a recess of German nature untarnished by the sordid suggestion of food or drink.

"I should never have believed it possible," said Harris; "would you?"

"I should say," I replied, "that this is the only square quarter of a mile in the entire Fatherland unprovided with one."

"And we three strangers have struck it," said George, "without an effort."

"True," I observed; "by pure good fortune we are now enabled to feast our finer senses undisturbed by appeal to our lower nature. Observe the light upon those distant peaks; is it not ravishing?"

"Talking of Nature," said George, "which should you say was the nearest way down?"

"The road to the left," I replied, after consulting the guide-book, "takes us to Sonnensteig—where, by the by, I observe the Golden Adler is well spoken of—in about two hours. The road to the right, though somewhat longer, commands more extensive prospects."

"One prospect," observed Harris, "is very much like another prospect; don't you think so?"

"Personally," said George, "I am going by the left-hand road." And Harris and I went after him.

But we were not to get down so soon as we had anticipated. Storms come quickly in these regions, and before we had walked for quarter of an hour it became a question of seeking shelter or living for the rest of the day in soaked clothes. We decided on the former alternative, and selected a tree that under ordinary circumstances should have been ample protection. But a Black Forest thunderstorm is not an ordinary circumstance. We consoled ourselves at first by telling each other that at such rate it could not last long. Next, we endeavored to comfort ourselves with the reflection that if it did we should soon be too wet to fear getting wetter.

"As it has turned out," said Harris, "I should have been almost glad if there had been a restaurant up here."

"I see no advantage in being both wet *and* hungry," said George. "I shall give it another five minutes, then I am going on."

"These mountain solitudes," I remarked, "are very attractive in fine weather. On a rainy day, especially if you happen to be past the age when——"

At this point there hailed us a voice, proceeding from a stout gentleman who stood some fifty feet away from us, under a big umbrella.

"Won't you come inside?" asked the stout gentleman.

"Inside where?" I called back. I thought at first he was one of those fools that will try to be funny when there is nothing to be funny about.

"Inside the restaurant," he answered.

We left our shelter and made for him. We wished for further information about this thing.

"I did call to you from the window," said the stout gentleman, as we drew near to him, "but I suppose you did not hear me. This storm may last for another hour; you will get *so* wet." He was a kindly old gentleman; he seemed quite anxious about us.

I said: "It was very kind of you to come out. We are not lunatics. We have not been standing under that tree for the last half hour knowing all the time there was a restaurant within twenty yards of us. We had no idea we were anywhere near a restaurant."

"I thought maybe you hadn't," said the old gentleman, "that is why I came out."

It appeared that all the people in the inn had been watching us from the windows also, wondering why we stood there looking miserable. If it had not been for this nice old gentleman the fools would have stood watching us, I suppose, for the rest of the afternoon. The landlord excused himself by saying he thought we looked English. It is no figure of speech: on the Continent they do sincerely believe that every Englishman is mad. They are as convinced of it as is every English peasant that Frenchmen live on frogs. Even when one makes a direct personal effort to disabuse them of the impression one is not always successful.

It was a comfortable little restaurant, where they cooked well, while the Tischwein was really most passable. We stopped there for a couple of hours, and dried ourselves, and fed ourselves, and talked about the view; and, just before we left, an incident occurred that shows how much more stirring in this world are the influences of evil as compared with those of good.

A traveler entered. He seemed a careworn man. He carried a brick in his hand, tied to a piece of rope. He entered nervously and hurriedly; closed the door carefully behind him; saw to it that it was fastened; peered out of the window long and earnestly; and then, with a sigh of relief, laid his brick upon the bench beside him and called for food and drink.

There was something mysterious about the whole affair. One wondered what he was going to do with the brick; why he had closed the door so carefully; why he had looked so anxiously from the window. But his aspect was too wretched to invite conversation, and we forebore, therefore, to ask him questions. As he ate and drank he grew more cheerful; sighed less often. Later, he stretched his legs, lit an evil-smelling cigar, and puffed in calm contentment.

Then it happened. It happened too suddenly for any detailed conception of the thing to be possible. I recollect a Fräulein entering the room from the kitchen with a pan in her hand. I saw her cross to the outer door. The next moment the whole room was in an uproar. One was reminded of those pantomime transformation scenes where from among floating clouds, slow music, waving flowers and reclining fairies one is suddenly transported into the midst

"WON'T YOU COME INSIDE?" ASKED THE STOUT GENTLEMAN

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER



Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

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of shouting policemen tumbling over yelling babies, swells fighting pantaloons, sausages and harlequins, buttered slides, and clowns. As the Fräulein of the pan touched the door it flew open as though all the spirits of sin had been pressed against it, waiting. Two pigs and a chicken rushed into the room; a cat that had been sleeping on a beer barrel spluttered into fiery life. The Fräulein threw her pan into the air and lay down on the floor. The gentleman with the brick sprang to his feet, upsetting the table before him, with everything upon it.

One looked to see the cause of this disaster; one discovered it at once in the person of a mongrel terrier with pointed ears and a squirrel's tail. The landlord rushed out from another door, and attempted to kick him out of the room. Instead, he kicked one of the pigs, the fatter of the two. It was a vigorous, well-planted kick, and the pig got the whole of it: none of it was wasted. One felt sorry for the poor animal, but no amount of sorrow any one else might feel for him could compare with the sorrow he felt for himself. He stopped running about. He sat down in the middle of the room and appealed to the solar system generally to observe this unjust thing that had come upon him. They must have heard his complaint in the valleys round about and have wondered what upheaval of Nature was taking place among the hills.

As for the hen, it scuttled, screaming, every way at once. It was a marvelous bird; it seemed to be able to run up a straight wall quite easily; and it and the cat between them fetched down mostly everything that was not already on the floor. In less than forty seconds there were nine people in that room, all trying to kick one dog. Possibly, now and again, one or another may have succeeded, for occasionally the dog would stop barking in order to howl. But it did not discourage him. Everything has to be paid for, he evidently argued, even a pig and chicken hunt; and, on the whole, the game was worth it.

Besides, he had the satisfaction of observing that for every kick he received most other living things in the room got two. As for the unfortunate pig—the stationary one, the one that still sat lamenting in the centre of the room—he must have averaged a steady four. Trying to kick this dog was like playing football with a ball that was never there—not when you went to kick it, but after you had started to kick it, and had gone too far to stop yourself, so that the kick had to go on in any case, your only hope being that your foot would find something or another solid to stop it, and so save you from sitting down on the floor, noisily and completely. When any one did kick the dog it was by pure accident, when they were not expecting to kick him, and, generally speaking, this took them so unawares that after kicking him they fell over him. And everybody, every half minute, would be certain to fall over the pig—the sitting pig, the one incapable of getting out of anybody's way.

How long the scrimmage might have lasted it is impossible to say. It was ended by the judgment of George. For a while he had been seeking to catch, not the dog, but the remaining pig, the one still capable of activity. Cornering it at last, he persuaded it to cease running round the room and, instead, to take a spin outside. It shot through the door with one long wail.

We always desire the thing we have not. One pig, a chicken, nine people and a cat were as nothing in that dog's opinion, compared with the quarry that was disappearing. Unwisely, he darted after it, and George closed the door upon him and shot the bolt.

Then the landlord stood up and surveyed all the things that were lying on the floor.

"That's a playful dog of yours," said he to the man who had come in with the brick.

"He is not my dog," replied the man sullenly.

"Whose dog is it, then?" said the landlord.

"I don't know whose dog it is," answered the man.

"That won't do for me, you know," said the landlord, picking up a picture of the German Emperor and wiping beer from it with his sleeve.

"I know it won't," replied the man; "I never expected it would. I'm tired of telling people it isn't my dog. None of them believe me."

"What do you want to go about with him for if he's not your dog?" said the landlord. "What's the attraction about him?"

"I don't go about with him," replied the man; "he goes about with me. He picked me up this morning at ten o'clock and he won't leave me. I thought I had got rid of him when I came in here. I left him busy killing a duck more than a quarter of an hour away. I'll have to pay for that, I expect, on my way back."

"Have you tried throwing stones at him?" asked Harris.

"Have I tried throwing stones at him!" replied the man contemptuously. "I've been throwing stones at him till my arm aches with throwing stones; and he thinks it's a game, and brings them back to me. I've been carrying this beastly brick about with me for over an hour in the hope of being able to drown him, but he never comes near enough for me to get hold of him. He just sits six inches out of my reach with his mouth open and looks at me."

"It's the funniest story I've heard for a long while," said the landlord.

"Glad it amuses somebody," said the man.

We left him helping the landlord to pick up the broken things, and went our way. A dozen yards outside the door the faithful animal was waiting for his friend. He looked tired, but contented. He was evidently a dog of strange and sudden fancies, and we feared for the moment lest he might take a liking to us. But he let us pass with indifference. His loyalty to this unresponsive man was touching; and we made no attempt to undermine it.

Having completed to our satisfaction the Black Forest, we journeyed on our wheels to Münster, whence we started a short exploration of the Vosges range, where, according to the present German Emperor, humanity stops.

The fruiterer and greengrocer is a person unknown in the Vosges. Most things of that kind grow wild, and are to be had for the picking. It is difficult to keep to any program when walking through the Vosges, the temptation on a hot day to stop and eat fruit generally being too strong for resistance. Raspberries, the most delicious I have ever tasted, wild strawberries, currants and gooseberries grow upon the hillsides as blackberries by English lanes. The Vosges small boy is not called upon to rob an orchard; he can make himself ill without sin. Orchards exist in the Vosges Mountains in plenty; but to trespass into one for the purpose of stealing fruit would be as foolish as for a fish to try and get into a swimming bath without paying. Still, of course, mistakes do occur.



For a while he had been seeking to catch, not the dog, but the remaining pig

One afternoon in the course of a climb we emerged upon a plateau where we lingered perhaps too long, eating more fruit than may have been good for us; it was so plentiful around us, so varied. We commenced with a few late strawberries, and from those we passed to raspberries. Then Harris found a green gage tree with some early fruit upon it, just perfect.

"This is about the best thing we have struck," said George; "we had better make the most of this." Which was good advice, on the face of it.

"It is a pity," said Harris, "that the pears are still so hard."

He grieved about this for a while, but later I came across some remarkably fine yellow plums, and these consoled him somewhat.

"I suppose we are still a bit too far north for pineapples," said George. "I feel I could just enjoy a fresh pineapple. This commonplace fruit palls upon one after a while."

"Too much bush fruit and not enough tree is the fault I find," said Harris. "Myself, I should have liked a few more green gages."

"Here is a man coming up the hill," I observed, "who looks like a native. Maybe he will know where we can find some more green gages."

"He walks well for an old chap," remarked Harris.

He certainly was climbing the hill at a remarkable pace. Also, so far as we were able to judge at that distance, he appeared to be in a remarkably cheerful mood, singing and shouting at the top of his voice and waving his arms.

"What a merry old soul it is," said Harris; "it does one good to watch him. But why does he carry his stick over his shoulder? Why doesn't he use it to help him up the hill?"

"Do you know, I don't think it is a stick," said George.

"What can it be then?" asked Harris.

"Well, it looks to me," said George, "more like a gun."

"You don't think we can have made a mistake?" suggested Harris. "You don't think this can be anything in the nature of a private orchard?"

I said: "Do you remember the sad thing that happened in the South of France some two years ago? A soldier picked some cherries as he passed a house, and the French peasant to whom the cherries belonged came out and without a word of warning shot him dead."

"But surely you are not allowed to shoot a man dead for picking fruit, even in France?" said George.

"Of course not," I answered. "It was quite illegal. The only excuse offered by his counsel was that he was of a highly excitable disposition, and especially keen about those particular cherries."

"I recollect something about the case," said Harris, "now you mention it. I believe the district in which it happened—the 'Commune,' as I think it is called—had to pay heavy compensation to the relatives of the deceased soldier, which was only fair."

George said: "I am tired of this place. Besides, it's getting late."

Harris said: "If he goes at that rate he will fall and hurt himself. Besides, I don't believe he knows the way."

I felt lonesome up there all by myself, with nobody to speak to. Besides, not since I was a boy, I reflected, had I enjoyed a run down a really steep hill. I thought I would see if I could revive the sensation. It is a jerky exercise, but good, I should say, for the liver.

We slept that night at Barr, a pleasant little town, on the way to St. Ottilienberg, an interesting old inn among the mountains, where you are waited upon by real nuns and your bill made out by a priest. Just before supper a tourist entered. He looked English, but spoke a language the like of which I had never heard before. Yet it was an elegant and fine-sounding language. The landlord stared at him blankly; the landlady shook her head. He sighed, and tried another, which somehow recalled to me forgotten memories, though at the time I could not fix it. But again nobody understood him.

"This is damnable," he said aloud to himself.

"Ah, you are English," exclaimed the landlord.

"And Monsieur looks tired," added the kindly little landlady; "Monsieur will have supper."

They both spoke English excellently, nearly as well as they spoke French and German, and they bustled about and made him comfortable. At supper he sat next to me, and I talked to him.

"Tell me," I said—I was curious on the subject—"what language was it you spoke when you first came in?"

"German," he explained. "You did not understand it?"

"It must have been my fault," I answered; "my knowledge is limited. One picks up a little here and there as one goes about, but of course that is a different thing."

"But *they* did not understand it," he replied, "the landlord and his wife; and it is their own language."

"I do not think so," I said. "The children hereabout speak German, it is true, and our landlord and landlady know German to a certain point. But throughout Alsace and Lorraine the old people still talk French."

"And I spoke to them in French also," he added, "and they understood that no better."

"It is certainly very curious," I agreed.

"It is more than curious," he replied; "in my case it is incomprehensible. I possess a diploma for modern languages. I won my scholarship purely on the strength of my French and German. The purity of my pronunciation was considered at my college to be quite remarkable. Can you explain it?"

"I think I can," I replied. "Your pronunciation is too faultless. You remember what the Scotsman said when for the first time in his life he tasted real whiskey: 'It may be puir, but I canna drink it'; so it is with your German. It strikes one less as a language than as an exhibition. If I might offer advice, I should say: mispronounce as much as possible, and throw in as many mistakes as you can."

It is the same everywhere. Each country keeps a special pronunciation exclusively for the use of foreigners; a pronunciation they never dream of using themselves, that they cannot understand when it is used.

Putting aside the sufferings of the early martyrs, few men, I suppose, have gone through more than I myself went through in trying to attain the correct pronunciation of the German word for "church"—"kirche." Long before I had done with it I had determined never to go to church in Germany rather than be bothered with it.

"No, no," my teacher would explain—he was a painstaking gentleman—"you say it as if it were spelled k-i-r-c-h-k-e. There is no k. It is——" And he would illustrate to me again, for the twentieth time that morning.

"You say it from your throat," he would explain. "I want you to say it from down here," and with a fat forefinger he would indicate the region from where I was to start. After painful efforts resulting in sounds suggestive of anything rather than a place of worship, I would excuse myself.

"I really fear it is impossible," I would say. "You see, for years I have always talked with my mouth, as it were; I never knew a man could talk with his stomach. I doubt if it is not too late now for me to learn."

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FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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The Growing Appreciation of American Art

RECENT sales of pictures in New York—notably the Evans and Clarke collections—have awakened many of the American people to the fact that America has an art. There has been a reluctance to recognize even the best of our painters, and men for whose work connoisseurs now strive against one another at the auctions were but a few years ago compelled to sell important canvases for the price of "pot boilers," and were sometimes in the clutch of absolute poverty. It is a common fate. While they lived, the "men of '30" in France were misunderstood, and were poor, almost to their last days, whereas fortunes are now paid for quite ordinary examples of Millet, Troyon, Diaz, Dupré and Rousseau. Even gentle old "Papa" Corot used to complain that he could not give his pictures away, unless framed.

With our American painters the advance of appreciation, as indicated by the advance in values of their works, has been more rapid; but prices have been commonly stimulated by the death of an artist, and in some instances they have risen to purely fanciful figures. Inness, fortunately, reached almost the height of his renown while he still lived, and his impetuous, light-filled landscapes came to be as well known and as highly valued abroad as they were in his own country. Winslow Homer, who paints the sea with epic strength, and whose figures have Homeric qualities of largeness, lives honored and prosperous. Tryon, Walker, Thayer, Bogert, Dessar, La Farge, Minor and Ochtman have come into celebrity and a measure of its reward while in their prime. But they are exceptions. Homer Martin, who died recently, never received more than one hundred and fifty dollars for a canvas, it is said, and had difficulty in selling his pictures at any price. At the Evans sale his pictures sold for thousands of dollars. The late A. H. Wyant was moderately successful, but he could not have dreamed of the vogue his work was to enjoy. Not long ago a picture of his, simple and not quite finished, was sold for about seventy-five dollars by a fellow-artist, who owned it. It disappeared from view for a time, but at the Evans sale it brought over $2500.

The art of our country has passed its tentative stage, and is secure. If it has not crystallized into a school, so much the better; for this means a wider liberty of manner and greater diversity and interest. Our Hudson River painters of forty years ago were the only artists who were sufficiently alike in their style and aims to class as a school: Cole, Casilear, Kensett, Church, Durand, Hubbard and their confrères. Their successors paint more freely, with more light, more color, more grace and an airier fancy. They have ceased to copy Düsseldorf, with its mannered subject, hard detail and juiceless color, and have studied in the greater schools of Paris, Munich, and, greatest of all, of Nature. In subject and manner the art of this land is catholic. It is dignified and serious in its best exemplars, and both in expression and workmanship has made a wondrous advance within twenty years. The technical and self-conscious have given place to the poetic. There is a note of healthy optimism in American art that we miss in recent pictures from the Old World.

In time our artists will agree as to the wisdom of painting native themes more generally. The French peasant, with his blue blouse and wooden shoes, has become a trifle wearisome, and we are disposed with a warmer affection toward our own rustics, for they can be quite as picturesque and are commonly less sordid. Our landscape has a greater range in vegetation, color, form and atmosphere than all Europe affords, and the sea rolls as grandly against the rocks of Maine as against the cliffs of France. Let the Germans and Spaniards paint their own countries and their own people, for, be sure, they will do it better than we, and let the beauty and greatness of our land, the poetry of our legends, the virtues of our home life and the triumphs of our history find place in the art of our people. He who fitly interprets these will receive the acclaim of the American public, for art is not for the few. A vital art is the concern, the solace, of the whole people—the expression of their best ideals.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

Man always proclaims woman's superiority, but seldom admits it.

One of the Seven Deadly Sins

LAZY people will hail with peculiar satisfaction certain joyful tidings from Paris. One of the leading journals of that great city has completed the study of laziness from a scientific standpoint, and the Medical Review summarizes the results as follows: "The conclusions reached are that it is essentially a mild chronic neurasthenic state which, like most neuroses of this character, is largely hereditary. It is consolingly stated that lazy persons are almost always neuropaths; hence they are not responsible for their unfortunate condition. This places laziness and inactivity along with inebriety, kleptomania and various other perversions, as real diseases of the nervous system, and not simply infirmities of will." In other words, the blame is placed on the ancestors, who, being dead, cannot sue for slander.

Of course, when a disease is discovered a remedy must be found, and hence the next step of investigation is to furnish an antitoxin that will rid humanity of this calamity. There can be no question that a lazy person is the most deplorable and the most unutterable nuisance on earth. We can have a certain respect for a rascal, but a lazy individual arouses in the healthy mind only contempt and repugnance. If by some happy circumstances we might cure or kill all lazy people, this old earth with all its sins would immediately be brought several millions of miles nearer Paradise. Possibly the millennium might come at once.

If laziness is a disease it is the most prevalent ailment of the ages. Ordinary contagions are nothing in comparison with it. Bubonic plagues and cholera epidemics are to it as germs to elephants. All the ills of the frame compounded together cannot equal it. Years ago Burton wrote: "Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases." Cicero looked upon indolence as a sort of suicide. Franklin compared sloth to rust that consumes faster than labor wears. The testimony of other good men in every age and clime has been that laziness is the worst foe to everything that is worthy and useful in life.

The chief mischief of the new discovery is that it will encourage the lazy people in their worthlessness. When they lie around the house while others not so strong as they do the work, they will place the responsibility upon the disease and not upon their own incompetence. Like the cowards they are, they will shirk and will seek any excuse. And the trouble will be that even if the right serum is found they will not want to take it. They do not care to be cured. They do not want to work. They simply desire to live off of other people, and in the final analysis it may yet be found that laziness is a great deal more than a disease—it is a crime.

Just think how much antitoxin it would take to treat all the lazy patients in the world! A good-sized ocean of it might do for a beginning, and after that—but lazy people simply do not want to be cured, and what's the use?

It is true the doctors may do something, but they will never make a better diagnosis than Benjamin Franklin did more than one hundred years ago when he wrote: "It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright. Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and there will be sleeping enough in the grave!"

If lazy people only did all their sleeping in the grave it might be all right, but so long as they are on earth it makes a difference. Possibly the doctors will go on until they discover the necessity of hospitals for the scientific treatment of laziness. Then if the money is forthcoming, look out for the biggest building boom the world ever saw!

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

That opportunities, like marriages, are made in Heaven, and dealt out one to each man, is a fallacy as old as mythology.

The Business and Art of Living

"HIS own eye stands in his light," said old John Earle nearly four hundred years ago. Was he looking forward? Montaigne, who always set frankness before diplomacy, and yet was a most wary and wily man, said, "My business and my art is to live." Most of us could say the same thing, and add to it that day by day the difficulty of our business and our art grows more and more serious.

It is a familiar remark, heard on all sides, that happy marriage is practically prohibited to the poor and ambitious young men of our country, by reason of the tremendous competition in all the fields of labor, the consequent uncertainty of employment, and the inadequacy of wages to the increased demands of a happy domestic life. This may be true, if we grant that the increased demands are necessary, and if it can be shown that the certainty of employment and the rewards of labor have actually decreased. But if we go back to pioneer days, and carefully note conditions then, we shall be able to trace the general history of the "art and business" of living down, through all its changes, to the present moment, with a primitive criterion for our measure of difficulties.

When a young man who got married had to build a cabin with his own hands, clear a little farm in the wilderness, and begin matrimonial bliss sandwiched between the chances of starvation or the tooth and claw of a wild beast, and having himself and his bride scalped by savages, there surely were not many advantages that he could count in his favor which would be considered valuable by the poorest youth of our day. His business and art was to live in spite of hardships too enormous for pleasant consideration in the light of electric lamps. He got pleasure out of conditions so crude, meagre and sapless that we cannot find them even romantic, while we are thundering along by steam at the rate of sixty miles an hour. We do not relish comparison with our grandfathers and grandmothers. What have those old fogies, with their flintlock guns and home-made spinning-wheels, to do with us?

It doubtless is true that every tub must keep itself from falling to staves if it would hold water—each generation must see to its own business and art of life; but there are some changeless and eternal canons of conduct looking toward genuine human happiness. One of them is mutual self-sacrifice for matrimony's sake. Love in a cottage may be out of date; but it is not abolished. No reasonably intelligent and shifty young man need nowadays live in a log cabin daubed with clay during his honeymoon; but the trouble in his path is that he cannot have a private palace car and a steam yacht in which to make a wedding tour.

A grizzly and finely preserved octogenarian told the other day, in a pleasantly reminiscent and garrulous mood, how he contracted to split rails for the minister who married him.

"I was nineteen when I took a wife," he said, "and my two hands were my capital, my only source of income. So I was glad to agree to split three hundred rails to pay the preacher for performing the marriage ceremony. The fun of it was that I finished the rail job in one day, when a fair day's work would have been two hundred rails. Seeing how easy had been the performance of my contract, the good parson declared that I had cheated him, and the upshot was that I had to satisfy him by splitting a hundred more rails than the agreement called for!" Young men of our time would consider long before beginning the business and art of life under such conditions. When asked what wages he received during the first year of his married life the old man said: "Oh, I was an extra-good worker; I got fifteen dollars a month!"

It may be, after all, that we have a much easier life, and a far better prospect, than had any generation of men and women in all the past; but have we the optimism and the courage?

Our "business and art is to live"; but we want royal business and kingly art. Our own eyes stand in our light.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

There are a million health hints, but if you keep the head cool and the feet warm you will not need many of the other 999,998.

Facing Both Ways on the War

I MET a friend the other day and asked him what he thought of the Boer war.

"Well, it's a hard question to answer offhand. My ancestors on both sides were English who came over in the Mayflower, and that would naturally make me sympathize with the English, for blood is thicker than water. But on the other hand, my great-grandfather gave his life in the Revolution fighting for liberty, and so I naturally want to sympathize with a people who are fighting for their home; but on the other hand, the Boers are frightfully cruel and they keep slaves, and as my father died on the Union side in the Civil War, I can't exactly side with people of that sort; yet, on the other hand, when I think that the British are probably in this fight for what they can get out of it, that is why I naturally want to see the Boers triumph. On the other hand, if the Boers win it will set the clock of civilization standstill in South Africa for two hundred years, of course, on that account, the English ought to win. But on the other hand, if success goes to the best fighters, why, so far, the plucky Boers have deserved it. But on the other hand, when you consider that the Boers are at home and have all their reserve force close at hand, while the English are thousands of miles away from home, and are fighting under adverse conditions, I have a natural feeling of sympathy for what you might call the under dog, and I would like them to gain the victory. So you see I am what you might call a liquid neutral, with sympathies running to both sides."

—CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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Americans *in* Paris

LAST year—or, as the German Emperor would say, last century—shares of the Exposition of 1900 were sold throughout France. Each share was worth twenty francs, and carried with it by way of premium twenty tickets of admission to the Exposition. In all, 3,250,000 shares were sold, calling for 65,000,000 tickets. The distribution began early in January, and will continue during the Exposition. The tickets are very artistic. They are printed on pale blue paper, light but strong. On the obverse is a head of Minerva, and a view of the new Alexandra III bridge, and the avenue leading to the Art Palace. On the reverse is the head of the beautiful woman that figures on the new French coinage, and the date 1900. The mere weight of this first issue of shareholders' tickets is 64,000 pounds.

The ordinary tickets, which will be sold at the various gates of the Exposition, are similar in design, and differ only in color. By day the entrance fee is one franc—or twenty cents—and by night twice that amount. And this, it should be borne in mind, admits one to every part of the grounds. You may, if you wish, enter at nine o'clock in the morning and remain until midnight, all for that one insignificant franc; you may cross from one side of the river to the other, and may wander where you please. There are, to be sure, certain attractions on the Exposition grounds that charge a second admission—theatres, concerts, panoramas, catch-penny shows of this sort and that—but, as far as seeing the Exposition itself is concerned, one need spend only that twenty cents. And an economy so delightful as this is should make us all rich before the six months' revelry is over.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF THE CLAY HORSES

RUE BOILEAU; a large studio—large enough to wheel a coach-and-six in; a glass roof and a glass north wall through which the winter wanders in at will; in the centre of the studio a huge plaster chariot; near by, mounted on their scaffoldings, four ramping plaster horses—five times larger than life. Two French stoves of the biggest sort—and they are not very big—are blazing their best, while a heart-broken boy (think, then, coal is sixteen dollars the ton here!) is shoveling in unlimited coal. Still it is cold—freezing cold. The plaster hide of the ramping horses is crinkling into all kinds of queer patterns. And it is midnight.

Even as the bells of Notre Dame of Auteuil tell the hour the door opens, and a bearded sculptor and his assistants come rushing in with armfuls of blankets and quilts, overcoats and furs, and they wrap up the ramping horses as though they were croupy babies. All the while the chariot is freezing on its wheels. The sculptor sees a crack running up its carved front. He dashes back to his house, reappears with the drawing-room rugs and the baby's pelisse. He takes off his coat and wraps it around the chilled tail of a rearing charger. Always the little French stoves are blazing away and the heart-broken boy shovels in coal. Out of doors it grows colder and all the cold night air sifts into the glass-roofed studio.

It was one o'clock—by the bell of Notre Dame—when the man who writes these true words was startled out of his bed by a mighty clanging at his door-bell. He opened: "A note from Monsieur Proctor, sir—it's a matter of life and death." And the man who writes these true words read:

> "For Heaven's sake send me all your blankets and coats and rugs and furs—the horses are freezing to death.
>
> "PROCTOR."

And the man who writes these true words sent them, and for the rest of the night he slept on the kitchen stove and dreamed fitfully of art. Rome was saved by geese; I like to think that I saved the quadriga—chariot, horses and all—that is to look riverward from the United States building during the Exposition of 1900.

A TURN IN THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

A DECADE or two ago it was the pretty fashion for adventurous young people who had just been married to take walking tours along the white roads of France or through the green world of Northern Italy. The bicycle killed all that. Now, in turn, the automobile has superseded the wheel.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has been telling friends in Paris about the joyous jaunt that he and his bride, who was Miss Virginia Fair, took in the south of France on their *tenf-tenf*. They started from Nice and journeyed to Biarritz and back again. It was a three weeks' trip, for they traveled as pleased them best. Here they would stop at a wayside inn, table the automobile, and spend a day or two living the life of the peasants, and then they would journey on; now and then their machine, with the inevitable contrariety of inanimate things, would break down. Three times this happened. Then, if Mr. Vanderbilt could not tinker it up himself, the young couple would push the machine on to the next town. All these adventures, and many others, should be pleasant to remember in the days when they "go no more a-roving." For, after all, the best of life is looking about.

MARQUISE WENTWORTH'S PORTRAIT OF THE POPE

WHEN the papal nuncio died here in Paris a few weeks ago, the Marquise de Wentworth had just finished painting his portrait, and, at the Pope's request, it will be forwarded to Rome. A few years ago the Marquise—she was Mrs. Wentworth then—was visiting in Rome. Although she had never painted, except as an amateur, her talent was well known to her friends. Her portraits began to be talked about, and the Pope asked to see her work. A few weeks later he commissioned her to paint his portrait—that famous "White Pope," now in the Vatican. In return Mrs. Wentworth received a check and a patent of nobility. She gave the check to charity and kept the title. After that many of the Cardinals asked the Marquise de Wentworth to paint their portraits. She consented, but the prices she charged would have made Carolus Duran himself envious. All this money—and there was a great deal of it—she has devoted to charities and church work. Here in Paris her salon is very notable. You meet there the new aristocracy and the old, the young dancing men of the British and American Embassies, American Countesses and Italian Princes. It is a little like a page from Bourget's Cosmopolis.

And Madame la Marquise says: "Mr. Wentworth is coming over for the Exposition."

CUTTING OUT FOR FAME AT SEVENTEEN

A RECEPTION at the "English and American Home" in the Avenue Wagram; an address by Miss Mitchell, the honorary secretary; a message from Mrs. Travers Lewis, the founder of the home; songs by Miss Florence Burton, of Philadelphia—selections from Trifviata, and Meyerbeer's L'Etoile du Nord; good words from hundreds of the American colonists. It is quite the thing to do something for this home for English-speaking strangers, and indeed the work is admirable. You would be surprised if you knew how many "strangers" there are here—young girls, young men, people of all sorts, who come blithely up to Paris. And they need a home. Only the other day I went to Havre to meet an incoming American steamer. The friend I expected did not come, but I saw a young American girl tangled up in the formalities of the custom house. She could speak no French, and I went to her assistance. And this was her story: She had been sent by her parents from Chicago to Paris alone—to study music. She had the address of a music teacher whom she knew only by name; she had only money enough to last her a week in some cheap boarding-house—though of course more was to be sent her—and she was not yet seventeen years old, had never been away from home, and could not speak a word of French. I do not like to think of those parents of hers; the least one can say is that they must be simple-minded people.

PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE A TRANSATLANTIC BRIDGE

Only a few days ago a subscription paper was passed about in the American colony. It was for the benefit of an American woman and her two children. They were starving in one of the cheap hotels of the Latin Quarter. Now, this woman was a widow, whose husband's death had left her without support. She had a schoolgirl knowledge of French, and a schoolgirl proficiency in playing the piano. So she had come to Paris to support herself and her two children—by giving music lessons! I trust she is safe home again by this time.

These two instances may give you an idea of the need there is for a home for vagrom Americans in this city.

And after the Exposition is over——

Think of the hundreds of adventurous Americans who will come over here, "rich on saxpence," as the Scots say, to find themselves after a while wishing there were a bridge from Havre to New York. Somehow or other, when the American doesn't know what else to do he comes to Paris. The young writer, the young painter, the young musician—with a faith that would be sublime if it were not ridiculous—seem to think they have but to reach Paris to win fame and fortune. Well, happily there is the Home, and a half-score American churches, and General Horace Porter, and an American colony that has a free way with its purse strings.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

After a careful perusal of the numerous articles published in your paper from time to time, regarding the way to reach success in life, and centring my whole ambition and study therein, I submit to you a synopsis of the various articles, which, if closely followed, will be the means of enabling any young man to attain his desired end. I should advise every young man to firmly fix these sentences on his mind:

1. Love Nature and listen to advice with open heart.
2. Earn a little; spend a little less.
3. Hurry never.
4. Be cautious.
5. Keep your wits about you always.
6. Preserve and develop staying powers.
7. Never misrepresent.
8. Place yourself in the other man's place.
9. Undertake one thing at a time.
10. Do it completely.
11. Explain things just as they are.
12. Never exaggerate.
13. Never avoid conversation.
14. Consider before speaking.
15. Control the body; force yourself to action; never idle.
16. Don't eat too much.
17. Be polite and kind, no matter to whom.
18. Carry out your plans and ideas yourself.
19. Have lots of nerve and grit.
20. Never fear anything.
21. Invite difficult things; don't shirk them.
22. Be earnest, punctual, ambitious, correct, contented.
23. Have a clear conscience.

CHARLES A. SCHWEIGERT.

Buffalo, New York.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I would like to say a few words to a writer who had a letter in a recent POST. His imaginary young man, it seems to me, represents a class wanting a great deal in a very short time, and wanting it "bad."

I consider three dollars a week for a green boy of fifteen and ten dollars at twenty-one very fair pay, considering his frequent changes.

If I may be pardoned for speaking personally, will state that I started to work at ten years of age in a printing office, with a six months' orphan asylum education—all the schooling I ever had—and at eighteen came to Baltimore, a total stranger, green as a gourd. I was glad to get a four-dollar the week position to sweep out, etc, in a wholesale store with eighteen employees, seven of whom were sons or nephews of the senior member of the firm.

That was seventeen years ago. The senior member is now dead, the sons are all out and but one nephew remains. The business has trebled in volume. The young man to whom I was turned over for instructions is still with us at fifteen dollars the week. I would gladly double his wages if he would only learn more about the business. Maybe your correspondent's young man's employer felt the same way.

People rarely blame themselves for failure. They don't like to.

Your correspondent's young man "changed from one business to another and is now master of none." The latter condition of course follows the former.

He asks, "What will become of him? Who cares? Who knows?" It all depends on the young man himself. The city will take care of him if it must, or he can earn his own living, and maybe a great deal more; but he won't get it until he does earn it, unless misfortune should make him heir to some one else's earnings.

An humble calling can be ennobled by the manner of following it.

"Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed," and we should probably add, "how to work for it." Every one does not and can not know how to work. Some can never learn. Many can.

"The born dwarf never grows to middle size," but acorns grow to oaks.

Now, did this young man study his business?
Did he read his trade papers?
Did he work as hard as he could?
Did he come early and go late, or come late and go early?
Did he trust or mistrust his employer?
Did he attract or repel business?
Was he always polite, earnest and alert?
Were his ideas always in advance of his salary?
And how did he spend his evenings?—with books or billiards?

Baltimore, Maryland. A. BATTLE.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Like any other young man with all of life before, with many good positions open to him who is fortunate enough to get one, and capable and ambitious enough to hold it, I do not despise financial success.

The aim of these articles is to show why young men fail in business, in learning business, or in the art of making money, if I understand it right, but some of their authors have made the impression upon me, as they have upon others, I think, that to succeed in business or in a profession is in their mind about the highest attainable point of real moral success.

Now if all men were of the same quality and had the same amount of genius in their chosen vocations this might be more nearly true, but even then opportunities and health would have to be considered, and, I sometimes think, ambition, for I believe some are born lazy.

The young man that does the best he can with the talents and opportunities he has, whether he rises or not, is truly a success. To conquer one's self and to rise above the temptations of greed and passion is as great a success as any man ever attained. To succeed in business financially may or may not be success. To enjoy money one must learn how to use it as well as to earn it, for of all the many failures in life the stingy man is among the worst.

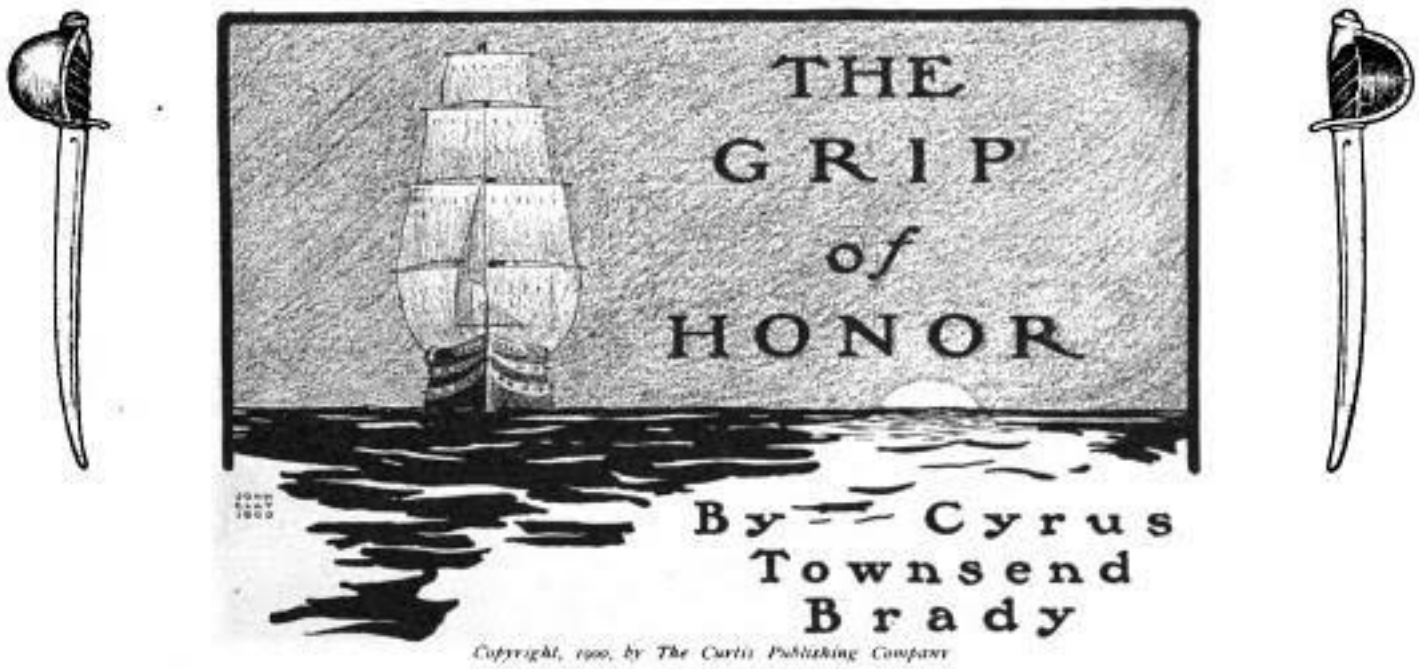
The idea I wish to convey is this; that you cannot judge a young man's failure or success by how great a business he may or may not conduct or by the amount of money he accumulates, but by how much good he may do with the talents or the money he has. It is not the hoe, but the man behind the hoe; not the President's chair, but the man in the chair that makes success or failure.

The poorest man with his heart and ambitions far above his humble position is certainly grander than the richest man who sees no more beauty than is in his position or loves no music better than the rattle of his tuneless dollars.

"Joy is wealth," and happiness is success; to make others happy is a sure way not to fail. W. H. LEONARD.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

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Twelfth Chapter—*Continued*

ELIZABETH, realizing the hopelessness of her lover's plight, stood terror-stricken at the Admiral's words.

"It is right, sir," said O'Neill. "I submit—and if you would make me die happy, say that the hideous proposition I have had from you was but the test of my honor."

"Oh, sir!" cried Elizabeth in agony, throwing herself upon her knees before the Admiral, "forgive me for my wild, intemperate speech; I know not what I say; you have been a father to me from the beginning, and I have ever loved you as one—I have turned to you for everything. Unsay your words. Retract this order. You cannot condemn this honest gentleman. Dispose of me as you will. I love him—I love him! Aye, let the truth be heard—even for his rejection of me. Nay, had he not done so I would have hated him. Spare his life! I will marry Edward; do anything you wish. Grant me this boon."

"I cannot," said the Admiral slowly. "I pity you; from my soul I do, and him as well, but I dare not. There is but one thing that would excuse my clemency to His Majesty—the alternative he has nobly rejected. Die he must, or give up his Captain."

"A thousand deaths rather than that!" answered O'Neill. "Rise, Lady Elizabeth; your appeal is vain. Rejoicing in your approval of my act, thankful to 'God that I have heard you say, 'I love you,' I shall die happy."

"No, no!" said the girl, spreading her arms protectingly before him and then throwing herself upon his breast, "you cannot die; you shall not die! Oh, my love, my love, I knew not until I heard you speak what this feeling was. I cannot let you go! Surely you would never be so cruel as to part us now?" she cried brokenly, looking back at the impassive old man. His hands were steady enough now; they never trembled but from shame. "What has he done? He came here to see me—me alone—to take me in his arms as he holds me now, and you condemn him to death for that. Did you never love when you were young? They whispered that it was my mother who had your heart. They told me that she was unhappy because they forced you apart. 'Twas to you she confided me. Have pity; in her name, have mercy!"

"Enough!" said the Admiral. "It is not that I will not, but that I cannot. He has chosen; he must die."

"Then may death come to me," said Elizabeth, "because for all eternity I love him."

"And this," broke in the cold, stern voice of Major Coventry, who had entered the room at this moment, "is the welcome I receive from my bride of to-morrow; and this is the reward of the efforts I have made to secure the enlargement of the Marquis de Richemont, my friend! May God have pity on me—my sweetheart and my friend."

"Sir," said O'Neill brokenly, "I crave your forgiveness. I knew that she was yours—I do not understand how we got into this position," passing his hand over his forehead in bewilderment; "but this I know—I am to die. There is no choice. She will yet be yours."

"Never—never!" cried Elizabeth, turning to him. "Edward, if you have truly loved me—if I have rightly estimated you, your nobility of soul, your generosity of heart—you will plead for us with your father. You will give me up; you are too proud to take an unwilling bride, and one who in spite of herself—for I have fought against it for your sake—confesses that she loves another. You will intercede with your father—I will bless you all the days of my life. Edward, Edward, the companion of my childhood's hours—my friend—my brother—my only hope is in you. Speak!" She fell at his feet and clasped his hand, which she covered with kisses. There was another silence. Coventry covered his face with his other hand; the sweat of agony bedewed his face.

"Rise, Elizabeth; you shall not put your trust in me in vain," he said at last. "Father, can nothing be done? I will not stand in the way."

"My son—Lady Elizabeth—Lieutenant O'Neill—there is nothing that can be done. My duty is perfectly clear. The only possible salvation of the prisoner would be in the action which he has refused even to consider; and, sir, though it was my duty to effect if possible the capture of your Captain and his ship through you, I can only say that I am glad I have failed. I apologize to you; you are a man of honor, indeed, sir. I know few who would have resisted such a plea as this. Say no more, Elizabeth; it is not that I will not—I cannot! Edward, here is my seal. Make out the warrant for an order for a court martial to-morrow morning; it is a necessary form, of course. The execution of Lieutenant O'Neill will follow at once." Elizabeth did not faint; no, not yet; there would be time for that later. She clung to O'Neill and listened.

"What shall be the manner of my death, sir?" queried the latter.

"Hanging, sir. 'Tis the penalty prescribed by the law."

"It is a poor death for a man, My Lord. A last request, sir. I am a sailor—may I be hanged upon a ship?" he asked again, pressing the trembling woman to his breast.

"I grant that—would that I could grant more! Major Coventry, you will direct Captain Pearson, of the Serapis, to execute the sentence of the court, which will meet on his ship, the prisoner to be confined there meanwhile. You will find the papers in the library; here is my seal; hasten, and get the painful matter over." Coventry left the room at once in obedience to his orders.

"And at what time, sir, will the sentence be carried out?" asked O'Neill, Elizabeth still clinging to him, covering him with incoherent caresses, and fighting against despair.

"To-morrow evening at half after six o'clock."

"Very well, My Lord."

At this moment the old Sergeant entered the room and saluted the Admiral.

"A French officer, which he says he's from the American Continental squadron, has come ashore in a small cutter under a flag of truce, an' desires to speak with Your Lordship. He asks for a safe conduct."

"Tell him he shall return as freely as he came, on the word of a British officer, and admit him."

A slender, dapper little man, in the uniform of a French marine officer, his head covered with a powdered wig, entered the room a moment later and bowed profusely. Elizabeth started violently as she beheld him.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked the Admiral.

"The Vicomte de Chamillard, a Colonel of Marines in the Navy of France, serving as a volunteer in the American squadron," was the reply.

"And you came on behalf of——"

"Captain John Paul Jones, to protest against your unlawful detention of another French officer, the Marquis de Richemont, My Lord."

"He is a spy, caught in the very act; he has admitted it, and if that were not enough, I find he is an attainted traitor. A court is ordered for to-morrow morning on the Serapis, and his execution, which will be inevitable, is set for half after six o'clock in the evening. He shall hang from one of the frigate's yardarms."

"De Chamillard," said O'Neill, "you can do nothing."

"The laws of war——" persisted the Frenchman.

"It is in accordance with those laws that I do what I do," replied the Admiral shortly; "and you may say to your Captain that if I catch him he shall swing from the first yardarm that comes into the harbor."

"I am answered, then. Very good; I shall remember your courteous words, My Lord, and now I enter my formal protest against this unwarranted action on your part concerning the Marquis de Richemont. The King of France will have something to say about it. I bid you farewell."

"Farewell, sir," said the Admiral indifferently, turning away.

"De Richemont, good-by; embrace me." As the two men came together, the Frenchman whispered: "This woman—is she your friend?"

"Yes," said O'Neill quickly.

"Mademoiselle," said De Chamillard, turning to Elizabeth with a keen look in his eyes, recognizing her at last, as she stretched out her hand to him. He murmured as he bent low over it, "Delay the execution for at least six hours and I will save him." Elizabeth sank down in her chair, a gleam of hope in her heart.

"I salute you," he said, turning away.

"Sergeant," cried the Admiral, "attend the Vicomte de Chamillard and see him safely bestowed on his vessel."

As the Frenchman turned toward the door he came face to face with Major Coventry, returning with the orders he had prepared.

"Paul Jones, by Heaven!" shouted the latter.

"At your service," said the supposed Frenchman, promptly tearing off his wig and laying his hand upon his sword.

"Hah!" cried the Admiral, "have you dared to come here? I have you now. What ho! the guard! Sergeant, arrest this rebel—this traitor—this pirate—disarm

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

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him. You shall never leave this castle but for the ship, sir. The yardarm is there."

"Stop, My Lord!" answered Jones calmly, as the men crowded toward him. "Stand back, Sergeant; back, men; you cannot touch me; I have that which will protect me wherever flies the English flag."

"And that is——" said the Admiral, smiling contemptuously.

"Your word, sir; the word of an English officer!"

The old man bit his lip in chagrined silence. He struggled with himself, looking at the easy, insouciant Scotsman before him.

"In seventy years it has not been broken," he said at last. "Well for you that you secured it. Go! You are free. You are a bold man, sir, but I warn you, do not cross my path again!"

"I am proud to have met so true a gentleman; will you honor me?" said Paul Jones, presenting his snuff-box to the Admiral. The old man hesitated, laughed in spite of himself, and finally helped himself to a pinch. "The insolence of the man!" he exclaimed. "I'd like to have met you in my young days, yardarm to yardarm."

"I would have endeavored to occupy you, sir," said Jones coolly; "and now I bid you farewell."

He shot one meaning glance at Elizabeth, and his lips seemed to form the words, "Six hours!" as he departed from the room.

"Here is the warrant, sir," said Coventry. "Again I ask, and this time I ask my father, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, sir! Less as a father than in any other capacity. Sergeant, take your prisoner. Major Coventry, you will conduct him on the Serapis and remain there as my representative until the execution is over. Sir, you have borne yourself well this day—I would shake you by the hand. Good-by."

O'Neill clasped the proffered hand warmly, and then looked from Coventry, standing erect, immovable, white-faced, to Elizabeth, who was still sitting with bowed head, a world of entreaty in his glance. Coventry nodded and turned away. O'Neill stepped quickly to the girl's side, took her hand in his, bowed low over it, and pressed a long kiss upon it.

"May you be happy," he said. "Farewell!" She looked at him in dazed silence.

"Sir," he continued, turning to Coventry and saluting, "I am ready. Lead on."

"Forward, march, Sergeant," commanded the officer, and with no backward look the little cortège moved from the room. The girl arose to her feet as if to start after them, but the old man restrained her.

"O'Neill! O'Neill!" rang through the hall—a wild, despairing cry—and then Lady Elizabeth sank down white and still at the feet of the Admiral.

"And this is love!" he murmured, shaking his old head; "I had forgotten it."

Thirteenth Chapter

IT WAS morning when Elizabeth came again to the terrace above the water battery overlooking the harbor. She had passed a night of sleepless agony, and her pallid, haggard face—for her grief had been too deep for tears—gave outward evidence of her breaking heart. She had besought the Admiral again and again to stay the execution of her lover, urging every plea that the most desperate mind could suggest; she had implored his mercy and pity upon every ground, and, upon his inexorable refusal, had begged that he might be reprieved for a few hours and that she might at least be allowed to see him before he died. Touched by her sorrow, the old man had been inclined to grant this petition at first, and had scribbled a line on his official paper, giving the desired permission, but before he sealed it he changed his mind, and deemed it best—more merciful to her—to refuse.

It really wrung his heart to be unable to extend clemency to this young man. He repented him of the temptation he had thrown in his way. The nobility with which O'Neill had rejected the chance of life which had been offered him; the simplicity with which he had given up everything for honor, impressed him more than ever. He was sick at heart at the grief of his ward, whom he truly loved, and the broken, despairing face of his son haunted him. He wished that the Irishman had never crossed his path, though he could not but admire his honor, his grace and his courage. He was bitterly sorry that he had ever attempted to influence the man; he had an uncomfortable and growing suspicion that his plans had brought nothing but trouble to every one. Breaking away from the presence of Elizabeth, whose anguished face was a living reproach to him, he finally secluded himself in his office and refused to see her again.

So the day wore away; but oh, how differently! The girl never knew how she passed the hours. She wandered restlessly up and down the terrace, her eyes strained upon the sea. The garrison, who idolized her to a man, had been apprised by the Sergeant of what had happened, and to a man they were upon her side. The men would never forget the picture she made as they watched her pacing to and fro, gazing at the ship in the harbor—her lover's prison and his scaffold.

The sense of impotent helplessness with which she was compelled to face the situation, the knowledge that O'Neill was doomed death itself only to see her—to be in her presence again! Oh, how splendid, how handsome, how noble he had been in the great hall, when he had refused her rather than to take her as the reward of treachery—and now he was to become a lifeless lump of clay, alive to her only as a memory, a recollection!

It was late in the afternoon. Her maid had not been able to drag her from the terrace whence she had a view of the ship on which her lover was to be executed—murdered, she said. As she gazed upon it she noticed two men climbing nimbly up the black shrouds about the foremast. When they reached the foreyard they ran out on the yardarm. One of them carried something. A rope was dragging from it. In obedience to an imperious command, her maid ran and fetched her a glass. One look through it showed her—she was a sailor's ward—that they were rigging a whip on the yardarm; they were securing there a girt-line block through which a rope was rove leading to the top and thence to the deck. She divined its purpose at once. The hour! The hour! Had it grown so late? Was it so near, so near? Was there a God in that blue Heaven bending above her head?

A sick feeling came over her heart, and she would have fainted but for a sudden inspiration. Again she seized the telescope—an unusually strong one, by the way—and, raising it to her eyes with unsteady hand, eagerly swept the sea off in the direction of Flamborough Head, rising faintly down to the southward, a long distance away. For a long time her trembling hands could not get that part of the horizon in focus. Finally she knelt down and rested the tube upon the parapet and looked again.

Ah! At last she had it, and there swept into the field of vision three gleams of white on the skyline, proclaiming even to her unpracticed eye the sails of ships! What had that indomitable man said to her last night in the hall?

"Delay the execution for at least six hours and I will save him!" He was not one to promise lightly. She would try again. She would make one more appeal to the Admiral. It was late, but there might yet be time. On the instant she turned, leaving the startled maid, and ran like a fleet-footed fawn along the terrace, down the stone steps through the water battery, through the bailey, into the inner court, down the long passage and into the great hall, where the Admiral was usually to be found at this hour. She dashed impetuously into the room, crying:

"The Admiral, quick; where is he?"

"Ships has been reported down at Bridlin'ton Bay—foreign ships, Your Leddyship," replied the old Sergeant, who happened to be there alone, "an' His Ludship took horse about half-past twelve o'clock to go down there."

Failure! Her last hope gone! She sank down into the chair. Reaction had come—she was fainting, helpless, dying. It was over. The Sergeant started toward her with his face full of pity. She was sitting in the Admiral's chair by the great table; her glance fell listlessly upon it. At the moment another idea flashed into her mind. Desperate, foolish, nevertheless she would try it—try anything—this, at least, was action. She started to her feet again on the instant, instinct with life.

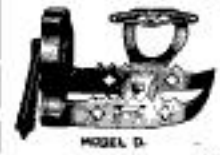
"Leave me at once, and see that no one interrupts me; I wish to be alone," she said imperiously to the astonished Sergeant, who bowed respectfully and withdrew. About



"The insolence of the man!" he exclaimed

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half an hour later she came hurriedly out of the room, white-faced, drawn, nerved for desperate endeavor.

How he got through the night O'Neill never knew. The court martial in the morning had taken little time; its sentence, a foregone conclusion, promptly approved by the Admiral, had been death by hanging at half after six o'clock that night. He had refused to give any further parole in the faint hope that something might enable him to escape, and consequently had been heavily ironed and placed in confinement in the space between two of the great guns on the lower gun-deck—the Serapis was a double-banked frigate—on the starboard side. The forethought of Coventry, who had attended him with the solicitude and kindness of a brother, and had pleaded for him unavailingly before the court, had caused to be provided a canvas screen which inclosed two of the guns, and allowed the prisoner to pass his hours undisturbed by the curious gaze of the English seamen.

Captain Pearson, a gallant officer, had been kindness itself in all his arrangements, but his orders, which were peremptory, left him no discretion whatever. O'Neill passed his time sitting by the open port, leaning on a gun, gazing out over the water at the gray old castle where he had found his love and met his fate. Many tragedies had been enacted within its walls during its six centuries of existence, and none sadder than his own. But he was a sailor, and generations of heroic ancestors had accustomed him to look death in the face and smile undaunted at its grimness.

"*Fortune, Infortune, Fortune*" had been the motto of his branch of the red-handed O'Neills; at least, that was the punning Latin translation of a Celtic original which meant "Fortune and misfortune are alike to the strong."

When his friends and acquaintances at the French Court, those knights and ladies with whom he had ruffled it so bravely, the young King his master, his old comrades, the hard fighters on the Richard, her dauntless Captain, that brave old man his father, heard how he had died, they should learn that he met the last grim enemy with the wonted intrepidity of his race. *Noblesse oblige!* And then, having made his peace with God as best he could alone—he was of a different faith from that of the chaplain of the ship—he gave himself over to mournful dreams of Elizabeth Howard.

Late in the afternoon his meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Coventry. The poignant unhappiness of the young Englishman was, if anything, greater than that of O'Neill. His engagement to Elizabeth Howard, with whom he had grown up, had been at first more or less a matter of convenience, and he had never entirely realized the hold she had taken upon his heart until he heard her—in the arms of O'Neill—make that frantic avowal of her overwhelming love. Men frequently know not the value of what they have—until they lose it.

Coventry's heart had been surcharged with love and devotion to this woman, and because his life had glided on evenly he had not known how full of love it was until it had overflowed. He would, he thought, cheerfully take the other's place, sentence of death and all, could he but once hear before he died the ringing accents of such a sublime confession—for himself.

When Elizabeth had appealed to him to intervene, he had subordinated his own happiness to hers, and had endeavored to procure a mitigation of the punishment imposed upon his rival, though he knew his success would put his promised wife into the arms of O'Neill. He had not done this without a terrible struggle—but he had done it. He felt that the sacrifice would cost him his life, and for that he was truly glad, yet he had offered it freely, generously and nobly. He had not hesitated to do so, for with him the happiness of Elizabeth Howard was the paramount passion. If she did not love him, he could at least show her what love truly meant in its highest sense; give her a lesson in love like to the lesson in honor that other man had exhibited last night.

There was something grandly sublime in this utter abnegation of self, so simply done for another's happiness. He had been a Christian after a rather better fashion, perhaps, than most young men of his time, and his associations with the sweet, pure girl he loved had kept him so.

At the first moment, when he found last night that his pleadings were of no avail, and that O'Neill was doomed to die, his heart had leaped in his breast at the thought that his rival would be removed, but he had crushed the thought as unworthy a gentleman of his high ideals; and there had come to him in addition a consciousness that to a love like Elizabeth Howard's the death of a beloved one would make no change. Time would not soften a blow to a nature like hers.

In the execution of O'Neill he saw the death warrant of Elizabeth. He had passed the day racking his brain and thinking of some way to delay the execution, but without avail. He would have stopped at nothing to save them both. In despair he had come to consult with his rival.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Polite Art of WAR

By Frank X. Finnegan

IF CIVILIZATION in its resistless march has done nothing else worth mentioning, it has at least taught us how to carry on war with the least possible amount of hard feeling and strictly according to the rules laid down for the guidance of our very best people. In a large measure the rough edges have been trimmed from war's horrid front, so that it now presents an aspect rather pleasing and alluring than otherwise. Indeed, a young man so unfortunate as to have been denied admission to those polite circles which give an indefinable ease of manner to their familiars, could not do better than enlist at the outbreak of the next little argument between civilized powers. If he emerge from the adventure alive he will, by close study and observation, have learned more of etiquette than he would in two seasons of cotillions and at-homes.

Though the custom of killing one another in scientific fashion has not passed away, the painful duty is now performed in so merciful a manner that it is almost as painless as the extraction of a tooth. Time was when warring nations went out and pummeled one another with anything they could lay their hands on, until as many men as possible were dead. They jabbed one another with lances, hacked one another with battle-axes, and chopped off heads with two-handed swords.

We don't do it that way. True, we still go to war. We range men up in line with highly improved guns and try to shoot the other fellow full of nickel-jacketed bullets at a range of a mile or two. If he doesn't run when we gallantly charge upon him, we jab him with a wicked triangular bayonet, designed and carried especially to rip open the enemy. But that's as far as we go nowadays. If the other fellow fails to die of the nickel-jacketed bullets or the jabbing with the bayonet, we tenderly raise him on a stretcher, carry him away to a field hospital and summon surgeons and nurses to bind up the wounds we made a few hours before with the bullets and the bayonet. We carefully take his temperature every few hours and feed him on patent health foods, lest he should die of the wounds we inflicted upon him. When he has entirely recovered we send him back to his own army, where we can get another shot at him.

It is very easy to commit a social solecism in the selection of the kind of bullet with which we are to kill the other fellow. It is so easy to make a *faux pas* in this direction. Good form now dictates that the only bullet used shall be a speedy, solid one with a nickel or steel covering. They are so much more pleasant when passing through one, it is said by those who have tried several kinds. No army with pretensions to social prominence would use the vulgar "dum dum," or soft-nosed bullet. It has entirely gone out, although for a long time it was very English and considered quite the thing. It is understood that its retirement was due to protests from many people who seriously objected to being killed by the "dum dum" bullet, though they maintained they did not at all mind a good, swift, steel-jacket bullet.

Time was when it was a favorite diversion of rude and boorish generals to sneak around in the night when the enemy was sound asleep and surprise him before he really got his eyes open and knew what was going on. That is all changed now. The polite art of war has reached such a stage that all danger of such disturbances is eliminated. When a general gets ready to send his lyddite shells over into the enemy's camp, where they will tear everything up and scatter handfuls of the enemy all over the smiling face of Nature, he does not take a mean advantage of the enemy by shooting one of them at him during luncheon hour. He sends by special courier a note to the other general which reads something like this:

> "I have the honor to state that my artillery will open fire at four o'clock this afternoon. If this hour is inconvenient for you or interferes with any previous engagement, I shall be only too glad to change it. Hoping this finds you as well as it leaves me, and with regards to all, I am
>
> "Yours fraternally,
>
> "J. HOWITZER."

At the appointed hour he turns loose the batteries and tries to blow up everything in sight. But though the rules permit him to send over fifty-pound shells filled with dynamite and other excitable matter which wipe out fifty or sixty men at a single discharge, he must by no means put one of the shells under ground over which he knows the enemy will pass and touch it off when they are strolling idly by. It would kill the same number of men as it does when fired at them from a cannon, but it's against the rules.

And then the filibustering part of it and the "aid from a friendly power" end of it have all been brought down to a fine point—so fine, indeed, that many people fail to see it. For instance, while England is at war with the Boers our State Department is on the alert to check any bold attempts at recruiting for the Boer army, for Great Britain is a friendly power. If some over-zealous Dutchman raised a regiment and chartered a ship to take his men to Africa he would be arrested at once. But the men who raise mules down St. Louis way can ship thousands of them to Africa to pull English batteries out of the mud. The men who make cartridges have been working night and day to fill British orders; an Indiana firm has been turning out gun stocks for Great Britain by the thousand, and not a ripple was caused by it. So it is apparent that the citizens of the United States can sell either Boer or Briton all the tools to kill each other with, but must not make a move toward handling the tools. It's a great system.

The polite art of war has almost reached the point of perfection. It will be quite correct when it comes to the point where the soldier, as he raises his rifle and looks for the white of the other fellow's eyes, observes, "I beg your pardon," and then shoots him; where the other soldier, as he charges up the breastworks so stoutly defended, raises his triangular bayonet and, before plunging it into the other man's uniform, murmurs, "Excuse me." Then the opposing generals after the battle will exchange notes, the victor sending his luckless friend a letter of condolence and the vanquished expressing his congratulations and praising the high military skill of his late enemy, while the soldiers of both sides care for one another's wounded in a joint hospital.

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Paolo and Francesca*

A NOTICE on the flyleaf of Mr. Stephen Phillips' dramatic poem, Paolo and Francesca, warns the public that it has been already accepted by Mr. George Alexander for production at the St. James' Theatre, that it is published meanwhile by his consent, and that all acting rights are reserved. There is little likelihood of other managers seeking to infringe upon these rights. The average playgoer is not enamored of tragedies, and this one is so simple and direct, so unrelieved by any touch of gayety, so shadowed by disaster from the first line to the last, that it will take a stout-hearted audience to fill the St. James' Theatre when it is put upon the boards.

The story is one of the most familiar in tradition and literature. The love of Francesca da Rimini for her husband's young brother, and the stern vengeance that followed swiftly on her fall, have been the chosen theme of so many poets since Dante's day that little can be added now to deepen the pathos of the tale. Mr. Phillips shows us with plaintive distinctness the girl-wife, fresh from her convent school, lonely, sad, passionate, and betraying in every word the pitiful impetuosity of an unhappy child.

"I dread to be alone: I fear the night,
And you great chamber, the resort of spirits.
I see men hunted on the air by hounds:
Thin faces of your house, with weary smiles.
The dead who frown I fear not; but I fear
The dead who smile! The very palace rocks,
Remembering at midnight, and I see
Women, within these walls immured alive,
Come starving to my bed, and ask for food."

This is a good specimen of Mr. Phillips' blank verse which, like his play, has the merit of simplicity. There are no subtleties of speech, and there are no subtleties of thought or of emotion in the whole tragedy. All is daylight clear. The one thing about which we feel a shadow of uncertainty is whether or not the author recognized the close resemblance between these few words of Francesca's,

"Nothing hath grieved me yet but ancient woes,
Sea-perils, or some long-ago farewell,"

and Wordsworth's famous lines,

"Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Men Who Have Made Literature†

MR. DAWSON, in his Makers of Modern Prose, has given us one of the very best handbooks of literature published within recent years. Animated by a courage beyond praise, he has left out of his list all insignificant names, and this is a supreme merit for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful. It is precisely the lack of such courage which makes many similar volumes more misleading than helpful. Their fantastic grouping of great and small merely serves to confuse the literary perspective of the student.

The masters of prose cited by Mr. Dawson are Doctor Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Gibbon, Lord Macaulay, Landor, De Quincey, Lamb, Carlyle, Emerson, Froude, Ruskin, Robertson and Cardinal Newman. His list is a list to make the English-speaking world reasonably proud, and it is handled with a fine critical taste as rare as it is agreeable. Mr. Dawson has a broad catholic appreciation of whatever is best in all these writers, and he has the power to discriminate between different degrees of greatness. It is, for example, an easy task to admire Doctor Johnson. The critic would, indeed, be beggared in soul who could fail to love and reverence the man whose memory has become a glory and an inspiration to his race. It is easy also to love Goldsmith, or rather, it is impossible not to love him; and his masterpieces both of prose and verse appeal irresistibly to all those who are so happy as to enjoy perfection in literary art. But it is not everybody who, in these flabby days, can recognize the power and the distinction of Burke. Therefore we listen with something like rapture to this admirable summing up of characteristics too seldom seen or understood:

"The greatest quality of Burke's writings is that spiritual aloofness which held him, as it were, poised high above his immediate subject, with his eye fixed on the broader issues and relations of things, in something of philosophic, but still more of prophetic intensity of vision. Greatness of style arises, after all, not from accidental grace or glow of expression; it springs from something deeper—the great mind and the noble temper."

Equally fine is the distinction which Mr. Dawson draws between the inaccuracy of Macaulay and the untruthfulness of Froude. Macaulay was deplorably inaccurate from narrowness of vision and overweening self-confidence; yet his was a nature of kind and homely sincerity. Froude's delightful pages are resolutely misleading. He wrote history, says Mr. Dawson, in the spirit of the novelist. "As long as things looked artistically probable, he thought little of essential veracity. His habit of mind was casuistic; and when you unite gross carelessness with a manifest determination to prove a case at all costs, truth is rapidly reduced to a minus quantity."

Yet Macaulay's sincerity gave him no depth of vision. He never got beyond the surface of things, though with that surface he had a wide and wonderful acquaintance. "Carlyle," says Mr. Dawson truly, "has the prophetic insight which interprets the whole nature of a man in a single significant phrase. He paints a portrait; Macaulay constructs a mosaic. Any historic personage, even the humblest, who has once been bathed in the searching light of Carlyle's imagination is henceforth known to us, and is instinct with vitality. But the most we learn from Macaulay is how such a man dressed his hair, ate his dinner, or treated his wife."

—*Agnes Repplier.*

*Paolo and Francesca. A Tragedy in Four Acts. By Stephen Phillips. *John Lane.*

†Makers of Modern Prose. By W. J. Dawson. *Thomas Whittaker.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

A Fortune-Teller's Failure in History

MR. ANDREW LANG does not believe in palmistry, in clairvoyance, or in any of the various kinds of fortune-telling which flourish in Bond Street and secure much of fashionable London's money. He has appeared in a new rôle, and has attempted to start a crusade in an evening paper against the practitioners of these arts.

The ordinary fortune-telling gypsy in England is punished by law for obtaining money under false pretenses. Mr. Lang thinks that a shop in the West End and a guinea fee should not free any one from the operation of the law. He himself has been making amusing experiments with clairvoyants.

Apparently he had a friend, a lady, who believed she had discovered a wonderful clairvoyant who could penetrate the past marvelously. Mr. Lang, who is engaged on a History of Scotland, which will be his next publication and one of his most important, wanted information as to a certain historical character. He asked the lady to consult the clairvoyant and save him the trouble of investigation.

"Later," remarks Mr. Lang, "I discovered what I wanted by research." But the faith of his friend was shattered.

The Butterfly and the Commissioner

A CERTAIN commissioner representing the American art section of a certain exposition was to arrive in Paris a while ago to arrange with the American painters and sculptors resident there for their contributions. Wishing to be brisk and businesslike he wrote ahead to several artists stating that he would be in Paris on a certain day, and at a certain hotel, and naming an hour at which he hoped each man would call upon him. On his schedule for the day might have been found the name of Mr. James McNeil Whistler and the hour "4:30 precisely." The note he received is worthy of the author of The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.

"*Dear Sir:* I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the —th. I congratulate you.

"I have never been able, and never shall be able, to be anywhere at '4.30 precisely.'

"Yours most faithfully,

"JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER."

Later, it is said, the commissioner waited on Mr. Whistler and offered him all the wall space there was if he needed it.

A Genius that is Chilled by Cold

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE'S work is done in a fashion peculiarly his own. He likes writing only in the open air, and his novels are for the most part written in the garden of his house at Kensington. There under the trees he composes his lively stories. When it grows too cold in the autumn he retires to the house, and there is little or no work done. He does not hibernate as a bear, but amuses himself with reading and with planning new work. But when spring takes ever so little of the chill off, Mr. Moore will be found out of doors again and writing, many times so early in the season that he must be tightly wrapped with rugs.

Thackeray's Fugitive Work

IT APPEARS that not all of Thackeray's writing is yet generally known. Something of a controversy was aroused lately over his alleged Hitherto Unidentified Contributions to Punch. Now Mr. Lewis Melville, who has lately published the Life of Thackeray, claims that in other magazines there is enough signed and unsigned miscellaneous matter to make a volume, which has appeared in no collected edition as yet.

One of England's Modest Great Men

ONE might live in London for years and move much in literary society without ever seeing some of England's greatest figures in literature. Mr. George Meredith, for example, although his cottage at Box Hill in Surrey is not fat from the metropolis, is almost never to be seen in town. In the country he leads the quietest of lives, writing some, and cultivating flowers. There is one house in London, however, where one could not easily forget Meredith, for on one night in the week during almost the entire year there comes from him a small box of superb violets for the children of the household, who have many times been allowed to make the seclusion of Box Hill less quiet.

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Tales of Men of Many Trades
The Story of Hubbard Wilson, a Misfit
By Charles Battell Loomis

THERE is no doubt that, as stock clerk in the woolen department of Slater, Weatherby & Co.'s commission house, Hubbard Wilson was not a success. He had obtained the position through Frederick Weatherby, who had been one of his father's boyhood companions, but whereas Weatherby used to be very genial with him, he now never more than nodded to him, and Hubbard felt sure that he was sorry he had done anything at all for him.

Slater, Weatherby & Co. was one of the leading houses in Boston, and to enter it in any capacity was esteemed a privilege—the chances for advancement to an ambitious young man were so sure—but Hubbard had overheard Dick Slater, old man Slater's son, and manager of the white-goods department, say that "Wilson ain't worth shelf room," and although it made his blood boil at the time, he was too just not to see that, in so far as it applied to the dry-goods business, Dick was right.

If Hubbard had been some, or indeed any, of the men who figure in Samuel Smiles' book on Self-Help he would have made up his mind to master woolens, even though he hated the very feel and smell of them, just to have the satisfaction of becoming a partner within five years. But there was small chance of his ever being used by Samuel as a beautiful example. When, as often happened, a customer came downstairs to see what was new in patterns, Hubbard could never by any chance tell him, and as most of the Summer and Arch Street merchants knew the Chauncy Street store very well indeed, they generally found what they wanted by walking down the long cañons formed by open cases piled sidewise on each other and containing the various rolls of woolen goods from the different mills. Hubbard would follow helplessly behind, and now and again hit on the right answer by a lucky fluke, but these interviews always ended in his feeling his utter unworthiness, and yet without producing an ambition to become a passable stock clerk. His was an easy-going nature, and he fared better at the hands of the other clerks than some would have done who showed such a beautiful incapacity.

❧

He was by no means dull, and he had a trick at the pencil that whiled away many an hour for himself and others. There was not a man above or below stairs who had not been caricatured by Hubbard, generally on a letter-head that was passed surreptitiously around that none of the heads of the house might see it. But though praise of the likeness and the way it was done was always forthcoming, it was generally accompanied by some sneer to the belittlement of Hubbard, and he knew that his personal stock was below par just as his woolen stock was in disorder. His predecessor in the stock-room had been made a salesman and had gone out on the market at the end of five months, whereas he, at the end of a year, was still getting a ridiculous four dollars a week, barely enough to keep him decently clothed.

This morning he was feeling particularly despondent, and, although five cases of goods had come in from the New York house and he should have been putting them in stock, he was sitting in an empty case drawing a picture of an up-State man who had been in the day before and had completely bewildered him with his questions about quality and marks on some Nepaug cheviots. He heard a step on the stairs, and, thinking it was Dawson, one of the salesmen, he came out of his retreat and walked languidly toward the sample counter that stood in the front end of the basement under the ground-glass light.

It proved to be old Stumberg, a German retailer from Lincoln Street, whom Hubbard hated worse than poison.

"Vere's Mr. Dawson?"

"Out on the market," said Hubbard.

"Do you know vedder dere are any Annandale cheviots in stock?"

"Nun—no—I mean—yes—there aren't any. Oh, wait a minute. There are some goods just in from New York. I'll look at the invoice." Stumberg looked at him a moment with curling upper lip, and then: "Say, vot you know aboud voolens my boy Ike could say in fife minutes. Und he stutters."

Hubbard reddened to the roots of his hair as he fumbled over the invoice.

❧

Meanwhile Stumberg had been looking at some samples of trouserings that lay on the counter.

"How much are dese a yart?"

Hubbard was able to answer this. "Two dollars and fifty cents."

"Dey ain'd vert' it. Poor qvality. I can get choost as goot for two dollars at Jackson's."

Now, if Hubbard had been Dawson he would have pointed out to Mr. Stumberg that these goods were among the best sellers of the year from the Annandale mills, and that they could not fill orders fast enough, which was a fact. He would have told him that Grünbaum & Jonassen, of Circle City, the greatest kickers in the West, had bought ten cases of them. But being Hubbard, he entirely forgot these facts. His mind was colored by Stumberg's view of the goods, and, although he had been thinking of getting a big enough sample to make himself a pair of trousers, he suddenly saw that they *were* inferior goods and said:

"It is kind of high, I suppose."

"High, vy of course it's high. De goods are rotten. Vell, you didn't get dose cheviots alretty?"

Hubbard had now found the invoice.

"No, they didn't ship them. Is there anything else you want?"

"Not till Dawson comes in. You'll vear yourself oud if you stay here long."

And Stumberg lumbered up the stairs, his thick, red, quilted neck sunk into his round shoulders.

Hubbard felt as if he had been in a Turkish bath.

"How can I stand such insults? I wasn't cut out for this business or any other. What a fool I am to slave away at it."

❧

And so saying, he escaped from slavery, temporarily, by sitting down in the case again to finish the picture of the up-State man. And when it was done it was a perfect likeness. Hubbard had what is called a photographic eye, and when he had studied a man's features he could reproduce them with a fidelity or a clever distortion that were alike startling. He had never studied art beyond the merest rudiments. His lack of staying power which was going to prevent his becoming a partner in the Slater-Weatherby firm had caused him to tire of his art work as such, but in a desultory way he had sketched for his own amusement ever since he was old enough to do anything, and he was now nineteen.

When Dawson came in and saw the goods still on the floor he sailed into Hubbard.

"Say, Hub, I don't see why old man Slater don't fire you. What you been doing?" Then, as he saw the picture: "Well, if that isn't Dexter Burnham to the life I'll eat my hat! Say, you oughtn't to stay a day in this business. You could make your fortune drawing for the newspapers. Have you ever tried to get a job?"

"Oh, what's the use of trying anything?" said Hubbard despondently. "I'm not the succeeding kind."

"Well, I'll lend you a hand to get these woolens in stock before Weatherby comes down, or some one will succeed you. Say, he's kind of soured on you, ain't he?"

"I don't care. I've soured on myself. What's the use?"

Hubbard laid the picture on the shipping desk and went to work in a half-hearted way at putting the woolens into stock.

❧

"Well, I think there's lots of use," said Dawson. "Gee, I know lots of fellows that would fall all over themselves to get your job—and at less pay than you get—just to learn the business; and you've been here nearly a year and I don't believe you could tell how much Shaker flannels are a yard."

Hubbard colored, but he said nothing. Why was it that people were so abominably frank with him? They seemed to think that he loved to hear the truth. The very fact that it was the truth made it harder to hear, but Dawson was a good fellow and meant well, and Hubbard did not reply.

"Where do you think you'll be five years from now?"

"Probably finishing this job," said Hubbard with a humorous twinkle as he slowly put a Ferndale cheviot into an Annandale case.

Just then a customer came downstairs and Dawson went to attend to him, leaving Hubbard to finish alone. And then one of those fits of energy that sometimes came to him seized him, and, with a quickening of wits and movements, he pitched the goods into their cases with the zeal of a new stock clerk and with almost as many mistakes.



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But matters had come to a crisis with Hubbard. Old Stumberg had met Weatherby on the street, and in his painfully offensive, sarcastic way had told him that that light-headed clerk with the big ears ought to be in a kindergarten, and not in the stock department of a big dry-goods house.

The whistle at the shipping desk blew twice. Edwards, the shipping clerk, stepped to the desk and put his ear to the tube.

"Send Wilson up to me."

"Mr. Weatherby wants to see you, Hubbard." His eye fell on the portrait that Wilson had made. He grinned admiringly. "Say! you've got Burnham to the Queen's taste. That's the only thing you can do; but you can draw, and no mistake."

Hubbard almost snatched the picture and went upstairs to Mr. Weatherby's office. More plain speaking—and from an Irish shipping clerk. Why didn't he smash him? He knew well enough why. Hubbard was not a pugilist any more than he was a dry-goods man.

He walked into Mr. Weatherby's office.

Frederick Weatherby—or Fred, as he was called by his intimates—was a man of about forty-five, self-made and successful. Self-made men invariably are successful. No man ever takes the trouble to self-make himself poorly.

"Did you call me, sir?" asked Hubbard.

Mr. Weatherby finished what he was doing, and then he wheeled around in his chair, disclosing a firm, clean-shaven face with a hard mouth and humorous, deep-set eyes.

"Hubbard, do you think that you were cut out for the dry-goods business?" said he with characteristic abruptness.

This question struck Hubbard as being ludicrous and he chuckled a laugh. "I guess I wasn't cut out for anything, Mr. Weatherby. I loathe the dry-goods business and every other kind of business."

Mr. Weatherby had evidently been on the point of giving Hubbard a little well-meant advice, but this chuckle and the defiance of business—business that seemed to successful Fred Weatherby the be-all and end-all of life—irritated him and he said curtly:

"Well, I don't think it is honest to fritter away our time if you hate your work. The results show that you hate it. Now, there are lots of men who would be glad to step into your shoes and who would give good satisfaction, and if you feel as you do about business I think that the best thing you can do is to try to earn your living by being idle for a while."

Hubbard stood with a shamefaced expression on his features and said not a word. He rolled and unrolled the picture of Mr. Burnham nervously.

"I'll give you two weeks' notice because I knew your father. That will give you time to find another place. This isn't an eleemosynary institution, and I can't keep a young man who hasn't the interests of the house at heart. What is that you have in your hand?"

Weatherby's keen eyes had seen the picture, and he surmised that it was some of the stock clerk's work, for his reputation as a draughtsman had come upstairs.

"Oh, it's just a little thing I drew for fun."

Weatherby held out his hand for it, and much as if he had been in school and the teacher had asked him for a forbidden putty-blower, Hubbard handed the picture of Mr. Burnham to his employer.

Weatherby's eyes twinkled. He had a sense of humor and an eye for good drawing.

"So you draw these things with our time, on our letter-heads?"

It was an admirable likeness, as Weatherby saw. The shrewd mouth, the parsimonious nose and the mean eyes almost adjacent, produced with amazing fidelity the little Worcester man who had come out of the woods with nothing and was now said to be a millionaire.

Everything seemed black to Hubbard. He had come to look far into the future, and he always supposed that he would somehow manage always to keep some kind of a place to make enough to eke out the small income from his father's estate. He had been three months getting his present position after leaving college, and Weatherby had only given it to him because he had been a chum of Hubbard's father. With no recommendation from Slater, Weatherby & Co., how was he to get anything to do?

Weatherby looked at the picture for fully three minutes before he said another word, and during that time Hubbard stood the picture of hopelessness.

"My boy," said Mr. Weatherby finally, "the trouble with you is that you're in the wrong place. You're an artist—a natural artist—and you have it in you to make more money in a year than you could make in a lifetime with us or any other business house. If Burnham saw that he'd want to tear it up because it brings out all he'd like to forget. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I know Colonel McCloud, of The Earth, and if you can draw for reproduction in a newspaper I can get you a position. Only, you'll want to put some energy into yourself there. Newspapers don't keep drones. Go get your hat and I'll walk down with you right away."

This was Weatherby's way of doing things and it explained his success.

As for Hubbard, he felt as if the heavens had suddenly opened before him. He had never taken his drawing seriously. It had been an amusement—a way of passing time—but that it should be a means of bread-winning to him had never entered his mind.

He went downstairs jubilant. Dawson noticed his expression and said, "What's up? Been taken into partnership?"

"Sure," said Hubbard. "Weatherby goes out in my favor. Going to take my place in the stock."

"Good for Weatherby," said Dawson. "The stock will be kept in order."

Weatherby and Hubbard walked briskly through Avon Place to Washington Street. Weatherby's briskness was his nature.

Arrived at the office of The Earth, Weatherby, who knew Colonel McCloud well, walked straight into his room, not heeding the interrogations of the hall-boy.

Colonel McCloud was busy—a constant habit of his—and he looked up with a scowl, but when he saw Weatherby, "Hello, Fred," he roared. He always roared. He had formerly been a sea captain of a fishing schooner off the Banks, and the fog had never gotten out of his throat. He was red-faced, side-whiskered, and as rough as he was ready.

"What's new in dry goods? Speak quick, for I'm going to take the one o'clock train for New York and I've got to get my lunch."

Hubbard looked at the clock. It was half-past twelve. His heart sank. Of course nothing could be done until the Colonel came back and he had hoped that things would be pushed right through for him. But he did not know McCloud any better than he knew Weatherby. The editor would attend to half a dozen things besides taking a hasty bite at Young's, and yet he would catch the train inevitably. And Weatherby would do what he had set out to do if he had to go as far as Providence with the Colonel to do it. That's why both of them were eminently successful.

"It's nothing about dry goods. I won't take five minutes, but I will take that because it will be worth it to you. This is my friend Hubbard Wilson, and I've brought him here to draw a picture of you, and then I want you to give him a place on your staff. Make a place if there isn't one vacant. He'll keep his end up all right."

This was cold-blooded, to say the least, and if Hubbard had been alone he would have been frightened to death at the grim, ruddy-faced old sea-dog and newspaper magnate rolled into one, but for once he was quick. Weatherby's encouraging words were tonic. He took a letter-head of Slater, Weatherby & Co.'s out of his pocket, and he saw Weatherby smile as he recognized it, and that gave him more heart.

"Say, Fred," roared the Colonel, "you ought to have been a newspaper man. You have more nerve than any of us."

To an accompaniment of breezy talk Hubbard worked swiftly. He was now doing what he loved to do, and was nerved to his best by the prospect that lay before him. In three minutes he had finished and handed the drawing to Weatherby. "By Jove!" exclaimed Weatherby, breaking into a hearty laugh. "That's your photograph. You'll never better that."

The Colonel took it and looked over his spectacles at it for nearly a minute before he spoke. To Hubbard it seemed hours.

Finally he grunted, "I'll show that to Maria," and put the picture in his pocket. Then in his roaring voice he said to Hubbard, as he rose: "Young man, you're the fellow I've been looking for—quick and accurate. I guess Mr. Taylor, the art editor, has some work for you to do. I'll take you in to see him on my way out. Fred, I'm obliged to you. Now get out of here, for I've got to catch that train or there'll be the deuce to pay."

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Bench Shows *and* Blue-Ribbon Dogs

By H. L. Fitz Patrick

"'Faithful an' true'—them be words i' Scriptur', an' Faithful an' true
'I be fan' upo' four short legs ten times lur one upo' two."

MOST dogs, like their masters, owe much to environment. Well nurtured and raised with wisdom, a dog will be the most trustworthy of companions and a very Turveydrop in deportment; yet the same creature unfriended, ignored and forced to maintain existence by a never-ceasing strife with its fellows and mankind, will grow up a snarling, vicious cur, and, at last, likely be killed for some misdeed.

In the diminishment of rabies and in other instances facts may be marshaled to prove that our dogs are at a higher point of development than they have ever been before. One reason is that the public has been educated through the bench shows to value only the pure types, which, with the general improvement of the canine breeds, is the purpose for which these exhibitions were first instituted. It is usually as dangerous to coddle and make a family pet of a stray mongrel as to fool with dynamite. The bench shows, by exploiting what is good, teach the sorts to avoid in caninity. Once the lesson is learned the visitor, whether rich or poor, is thereafter not to be content with the ownership of anything but a blue-blooded dog. This does not necessarily mean the ownership of a blue-ribbon dog, but it is a step in the path that leads to bench-show glory.

THE POOR FANCIER'S ADVANTAGE

The new fancier of wealth may spend a small fortune for a great dog and so be in the winning honors from the start, but, in the highest degree of bench-show success—the winning with dogs of the owner's breeding—the rich and poor amateurs have an even chance in the race for the blue ribbons. The latter often has the best of it, for he devotes usually his own time to the dogs, while the rich man must depend on salaried kennelmen. In rare instances blue-ribbon dogs have been picked up very cheap by good judges. Quite a noted Greyhound was bought as a puppy for twenty dollars from a curbstone vender in Manhattan, and Trafalgar, a famous Bull-Terrier, was bought for not much more from an Adirondack guide by one of a hunting party who knew the points of the breed.



MR. C. G. HOPTON'S L'AMBASSADOR

CROSSING THE CONTINENT TO SHOW

Under the cognizance of the American Kennel Club there are from fifty to sixty bench shows held each year throughout the United States. Many of the best dogs are sent with proper pride by their owners to the shows each season at New York, Boston, St. Louis, Chicago and Providence, or on a smaller circuit near the home kennels. Philadelphia has this season rejoined the bench show fold and San Francisco has also a fine show, the culminating point of the Pacific Coast circuit. The smooth-coated St. Bernard, Le Prince, Jr., was sent across the continent, after it had beaten the best dogs near the Golden Gate, to show at New York last year.

The number of dogs benched at a show depends, of course, on the size of the city or town in which it is held, but, large or small, no bench show, save of a specialty club, is regular until it has the sanction of the American Kennel Club. This means, in brief, that the premiums will be paid, the judging fairly conducted, and that the methods of improving on nature, termed "faking up" a dog, will not be tolerated. The A. K. C. is omnipotent in its powers. It was established in 1884, at New York, ten years later than the founding of the English Kennel Club. The latter, however, is a



PHOTO BY HARRIS, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

CONGRESSMAN RUPPERT'S ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD, LE ROYAL

self-constituted power to rule the dog affairs of the United Kingdom, which commenced with fifty members, but, since 1883, has had a large associate membership, which has no voice in the management.

Within two years the English Kennel Club has had a rival in the Ladies' Kennel Association, which, although limited to women, has a membership of 800. This organization has the energy of youth, and it has established a reciprocal agreement with the American Pet Dog Club of New York, which is maintained by ladies, with Mrs. Walter C. Stanton as President.

The American Kennel Club differs from the English club in being a congress of delegates from the different specialty and kennel clubs—sixty in all—who meet annually to elect officers and a board of governors. This, it will be seen, is a difference quite opposed to the conservative English principle of organization. The A. K. C. has had but four Presidents, Major J. M. Taylor, Mr. Elliot Smith, Mr. W. H. Child and Mr. August Belmont—the latter in office since 1886; and three Secretaries, E. Sheffield Porter, G. Edward Osborne and A. P. Vredenburgh, who has held office since 1886. In 1889 individual owners were admitted to associate membership. Dogs with unknown pedigrees but of recognized breeds may be listed for show purposes on the A. K. C. books, but no dog will be registered unless of established breeding. To date, the A. K. C. has registered the pedigrees of 54,327 dogs.

THE MISSION OF THE SPECIALTY CLUB

The specialty clubs are organizations to promote the development and encourage the breeding of certain breeds. The American Spaniel Club is the oldest and strongest, and perhaps the youngest is the St. Bernard Club, organized in 1898 to take the place of a previous organization which had disbanded. The clubs devoted to Fox-Terriers, Collies, Bull-Terriers and Pointers have particularly strong membership. In this respect a club's standing fluctuates with the rise and fall of its breed in popularity. At the Westminster show the specialty clubs make a brave front in the way of prizes to supplement the regular premium list. There are countless cups and pieces of plate offered, ranging in value from $300 to $50, in the more important breeds, open, however, only to competition among the members of each club. The specialty clubs are especially keen in offering prizes for dogs bred in this country and in promoting produce stakes. The leading exhibitors in each breed, as a matter of course, are the most active members of the specialty clubs. When a dog not owned by a specialty club member sweeps the boards, as Ivel Rustic has done in the Bulldog classes since his début at New York last year, it is usually because he is owned in England, for since amateur fanciers are nothing if not gregarious, the specialty club is usually the first goal of the American beginner.

SOME HIGH-PRICED RIBBON WINNERS

There have been many changes in canine fashions since the first Westminster show, when Mastiffs, Newfoundlands and Pugs were conspicuous in the array of some 400 types on the benches. Newfoundlands were ousted out of favor by the St. Bernards, often called the "Holy Breed." Including rough and smooth coated, there were 126 at the 1899 New York show, and for the same divisions this year over $500 was on the premium list in twenty-one classes. Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Jr., who made his bow this session in Congress from the Fifteenth District of New York, is President of the St. Bernard Club and one of the best-known exhibitors. Miss Anna and the Empress of Contoocook, respectively rough and smooth types, were two of his noted winners. When last seen at New York the former was catalogued at $2500 and the latter at $5000. One of his best now is Le Royal, a splendidly headed, rough-coated dog, bought for a long price last year from Mr. C. A. Pratt, of Arkansas, who bought the great Sir Bedivere from W. C. Reick a few years ago for $10,000. Le Royal, like Le Prince, Jr., F. H. Bushnell's smooth-coated California winner, is by Le Prince and was bred in Arkansas. Perhaps the most conspicuous exhibitor of St. Bernards is Mr. Frank J. Gould, who brought out the large, massive and densely coated Marvelcroft at the last New York show, which is undoubtedly the best of her sex in the country. His kennel is at Irvington, and, although a new hand, the Gould string will be very strong in the puppy classes this year, as well as in his imported division.

Mr. George J. Gould has been a successful exhibitor of Pointers for some years, and he enjoys shooting over the blue ribbon dogs at his hunting preserves in South Carolina in the season. Two Pointer amateurs, also in the millionaire division, are Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, who had some fine importations at the last New York show, and Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, who owns in Sir Walter the best Pointer of the times.

Cactus, long renowned as the handsomest of the English Setters, is now only a memory at the shows, but the Setters of this and other types are perhaps the leading classes at the Westminster exhibitions, and nearly all are homebreds.

In Field Spaniels, Mr. Rowland P. Keasbey's Saybrook Popcorn is a noted winner, and at the 1899 New York show Mr. Keasbey also won the team prize for the best exhibit of four. Mr. Keasbey is another wealthy amateur fancier, a note that may be made against the names of H. K. Bloodgood, Moses Taylor, Mrs. D. W. Evans and many more who bench Field or Cocker Spaniels. Persons of this sort in the "fancy" indicate an abiding vogue for a breed at the shows.

THE RECORDS OF FAMOUS KENNELS

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has the best kennel of Collies in this country. From old Sefton Hero and Rufford Ormonde to his latest importations he has paid fully $60,000 for prize Collies. Mr. Morgan has also bred many grand specimens. His kennels are managed by Rob Armstrong and are at the Morgan place at Highland Falls. Armstrong and his brother Jack, who has charge of

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Mr. George Gould's Pointers, are Englishmen and types of a class who earn good salaries there by handling dogs. A large number of Americans have taken up the calling, and with the increase in the number of wealthy enthusiasts this occupation will open up a profitable field of industry for young men willing to master its secrets. Mastiffs are now a class light in number at our shows, and the last great homebred brought out was J. L. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince, which was sent abroad four years ago and



PHOTO BY HARRY P. PHILLIPS, LEEK

GO BANG, THAT COST MR. G. M. CARNOCHAN $2500 IN ENGLAND

beat everything in England but Peter Piper. When still a young dog death cut short his career. The leading Mastiff of the day is by Beaufort's Black Prince, but a decided contrast in color, for instead of a light fawn he is the darkest of fawn brindles. This is Black Prince Brampton, owned by Dr. C. A. Louguest, who has also the strongest string of Bloodhounds, another breed no longer in great esteem as far as numbers go. Deerhounds, of the type of Sir Walter Scott's Maida, are also far from being a craze, but A. L. Page has some fine descendants of the royally bred Dunrobin. Russian Wolfhounds, of the kindred breeds, are more in favor. Mr. George Gould's children have one called Czar, that is a great pet and has won its share of blue ribbons. The fleet Greyhounds have many admirers, and if Jackrabbit coursing was not under the ban in the East there would be still more to exhibit, just as the Hempstead field trials have brought the Beagles into the fashionable category.

BULLS, TERRIERS AND BULL-TERRIERS

Most kennels use a distinctive prefix or suffix to their dogs' names, which is registered at the A. K. C., so that no other owner may "jump the claim." Mr. Morgan uses Cragston; Mr. August Belmont, Blemton, once the mightiest slogan of them all in the Fox-Terrier classes, and the Rutherfurds use Warren. In the kennels, too, the blue-ribbon dogs have usually a pet name less cumbersome than their registered name. Mr. Rustic, for instance, is Billy. In Bulldogs, [illegible] of this present [illegible]ge, the homebred stock is fast coming [illegible] distinction. A famous dog now is [illegible] Hopton's L'Ambassador, which has [illegible]ned from England with a share of [illegible] ribbons. Mr. Tyler Morse's Beaver kennels show yearly some fine young [illegible] breds. Since the retirement of Dr. R. Huidekoper's Cardona the Bull-Terrier [illegible]ges seem to be in want of a strong individual for the winner's class. Mr. Frank Dole, with the imported Woodcote Wonder, and Starlight, a winner at twelve years old, a rare age for the breed to show well, has won many prizes. Mr. J. Lorillard Arden, however, has run him close and has some beautiful types of the breed. Bull-Terriers are very well supported. Two notable exhibitors are Mr. C. Albert Stevens and Mr. William Faversham.

The Terrier breeds are now represented by the best lot of dogs ever seen in "these United States." In England sixteen types are recognized, but the A. K. C. can go one better by producing the American product, the Boston Terrier. This breed originated in Boston thirty years ago, the fountain-head being an imported cross between the Bulldog and the white English Terrier called Judge and owned by Mr. Robert C. Hooper in his Harvard days. Whether light or heavy weight, the type is a brindle and white dog, short and blocky in body, with a round head, showing intelligence and activity. Mr. L. A. Burritt's Tom shows the strongest type of the Boston. The breed is now in great fashion and demand.

SOME FANCY TERRIER BREEDS

Of the true Terrier breeds, the largest and most valuable in varied merits, the Airedale, was not known at our shows in strength until last year, when Mr. J. Lorillard Arden bought for $3500 the three best of the breed in England, viz., Clonmel Marvel, Clonmel Sensation and Clonmel Veracity. Mr. A. DeWitt Cochrane, Mr. Henry D. Steers and Mr. Perry Tiffany are also keen on the breed. Two notable Fox-Terriers were also imported last year: Go Bang, that cost Mr. G. M. Carnochan $2500 in England, the highest price ever paid for a Fox-Terrier, and Claude Duval, which Mr. Carnochan purchased afterward for nearly as much money. They were the acknowledged champions of the wire and smooth coated Fox-Terriers abroad and they won all their classes at New York, besides being the spectacular sensation of the show. Irish Terriers, to cut short this résumé of the blue-ribbon wearers of the "varmint" strains, have a representative in Mr. M. Bruckheimer's Masterpiece that is believed to have a great future. He is an American-bred specimen and was first seen at the Pet Dog Club show, where he won the special prize for the best dog of all breeds, a wonderful achievement for a puppy.

A BLACK PUG AND A PINK SPANIEL

Pet dogs have had many leaders since the fawn Pugs ceased to be the Beau Brummels of the boudoirs and lawns. Poodles may be said to have an established place—the influence largely of the importation of Milo, first of the curly Poodles, by Mr. H. G. Trevor, in 1889. The Prince Charlie and Ruby Spaniels and Yorkshire Terriers are also permanencies, and, like the Japanese Spaniels, each has in turn for a season or two been a craze. Now the white and fluffy Maltese Terriers are very fashionable, but the greatest novelties are the black Pugs and the Pomeranians. The latter have been the fad in England for some seasons. The most famous specimen in this country is Nubian Rebel, a towzled-furred, $1500 beauty, owned by Mrs. Smyth, of Philadelphia. This dog won at the Pet Dog Club show and has a string of over twenty-five blue ribbons won in England, where among others Nubian Rebel beat Tina, the Pomeranian that took the prize for the best dog at the Ladies' Kennel Association show at London last June.



PHOTO BY H. E. MENDELSSOHN, NEW YORK

CHAMPION MILO, OWNED BY H. G. TREVOR, SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.

The black Pugs have the muzzles and characteristics of the old type. Candace, the first high-class one seen in this country, was brought out by Mrs. Howard Gould at the Pet Dog Club show. The Yorkshires, however, may boast of an honor above any attained by their pet-dog brethren, for Miss Maria Louisa Pool dedicated one of her books to the Yorkshire, Orlando, "most gay, most sagacious, most devoted of companions."



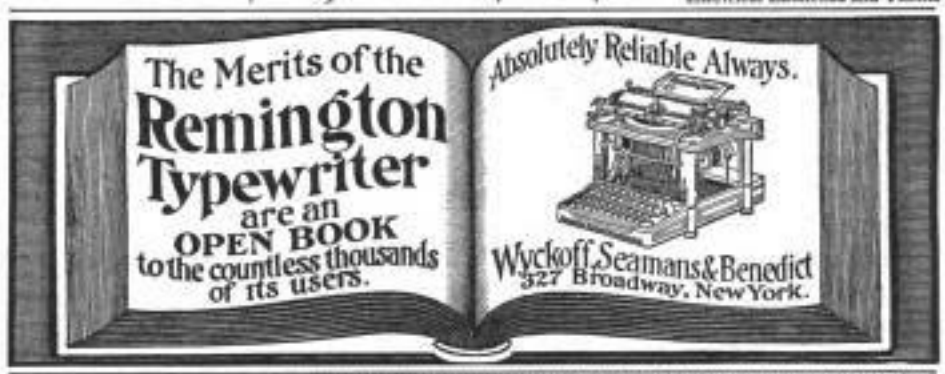
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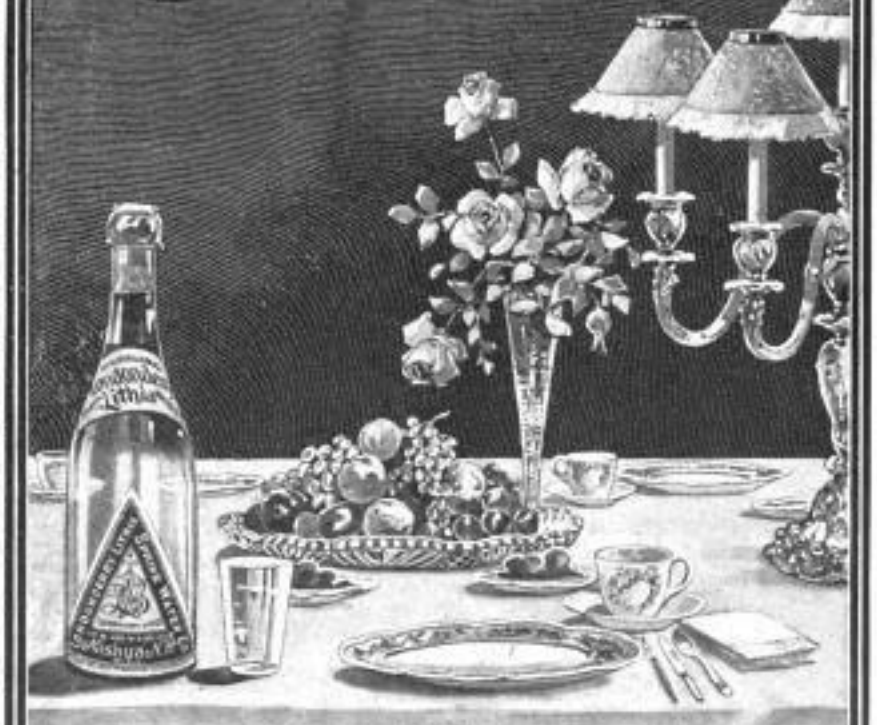
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With Our Fighters in the Philippines

By Albert J. Beveridge

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THE system and order of our operations in Manila and throughout the Philippines is manifest the very first step you take. The city of Manila and, indeed, our lines everywhere, are carefully sentineled, and the sentries are vigilant and strict. General Otis gave me a pass within and through our lines, and the privilege of carrying arms; but I lost it in one of my rides into the interior. He then issued the following:

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY GOVERNOR IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, P. I., May 13, 1899.

PASS:

TO ALL GUARDS AND PATROLS:

The bearer, U. S. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, and party, have permission to pass at their pleasure within and through the lines of the United States forces, and to carry arms.

By Command of MAJOR-GENERAL OTIS:

C. H. MURRAY,
Major and Inspector-General, U. S. V.,
Secretary.

This enabled me to take a great number of side excursions without a waste of time, and afforded opportunities for a study of our soldiers, and, what was more important, of the common people, as valuable as it was rare.

The whole atmosphere of our army is a good-humored but fervent desire not only for action, but for danger. The man, the company or the regiment who has not been under fire is pitied and commiserated by those who have had that good fortune. A song has grown up, as songs do grow up among soldiers and among the people, which illustrates this pity, bordering on contempt, felt by the men who have been under fire for those who have not had what they consider such excellent luck. It is sung to the tune of The Streets of Cairo, and a single verse will illustrate it:

"He never smelled the smokeless powder,
Never heard the Mauser bullet sing;
He never slept behind the trenches,
Poor little 'rooky' thing."

I have heard not only the privates, but even the officers, sing this song.

A SOCIETY MAN WHO FIGHTS FOR LOVE OF IT

It may be thought that I am unduly emphasizing the militant quality of our men. Instead of that I have not been able to express an adequate idea of the intensity of that spirit. The following illustration may be supported by many others like it; and they all show that the militant spirit is common not only to all of our soldiers, but to all young Americans to-day. Whether he wears the uniform or not, the American is a soldier by instinct.

The second time I was at our extreme front in Luzon I met a young man who is of one of the first families of the South. He is wealthy, highly accomplished, and is what is known as "a society man." All that is charming or delightful in American life is his. You would not imagine that this low-spoken, rich-voiced, quiet-mannered gentleman, with all the characteristics of the ultra-fashionable American "swell," could be induced to fight in any manner, and much less to fight in the deadly contest of arms. Yet he had left all the allurements with which life and fortune and his own talents had surrounded him and enlisted as a private soldier in Cuba. There he had risen, by cool gallantry, to the position of a commissioned officer. He had won his promotion absolutely without influence and solely by his courage and soldierly qualities.

He had been in every fight up to the capitulation of Santiago. The fever had seized him and his health had been impaired. One might have imagined that his desire for army experience would have been satiated; but instead of satisfying the thirst for war, the hardships and dangers of the Cuban campaign only put a keener edge on it. So he traveled half way around the world, and here I found him in the interior of Luzon, not a member of the army, but, nevertheless, wearing a khaki uniform and seeking further opportunities to fight. Nor would he wait until the regular engagements came on. I saw him up at five o'clock in the morning, mounting his horse with a small scouting party, going on one of those desperate reconnaissances which, to the mere observer, look like expeditions to certain death. On one occasion he and two companions charged a group of sixty Filipino soldiers, and he himself captured four of them. I saw him the evening of the day on which the exploit was performed. He had already forgotten it and was "nosing around" for some further adventure.

THE SPLENDID DARING OF THE AMERICAN SCOUTS

These reconnaissances are made every day. We never hear of them back here at home; but a few perfectly fearless men are in the saddle constantly and ride, with an apparent disregard of all danger, far beyond our lines into those of the enemy. These men carry their lives in their hands every moment. Sometimes they are ambushed; sometimes they find themselves almost surrounded; sometimes they come



suddenly upon a large force of hundreds of the enemy, and very frequently, indeed, they boldly, and to a mere observer, apparently madly, charge a whole division. A book as fascinating as Froissart's Chronicles could be written describing nothing but the desperate adventures of the scouting parties of American soldiers in the Philippines. It is not a reckless exposure of life, however. It is a necessary thing. If the English in South Africa had availed themselves of the scouting system and the scouts we employ in the Philippines, the dispatches would not have been so full of British reverse and repulse.

HOW THE BLUE-EYED DOCTOR SPENT HIS HOLIDAY

These expeditions are led by officers, sometimes very young men, and sometimes men well past middle life. But always there is the same absolute fearlessness, the same dash, the same exhaustless endurance, the same vigilance, the same almost abnormal alertness. Indeed, if there is a characteristic which might be considered next to that of courage among our soldiers in the Philippines, it is that of alertness. It is as though every pore were an eye and every drop of blood a separate intelligence.

The incident of the Southern society man may be thought an exception. No; it is not. His was not the case of one who had grown so blasé that for the sake of experiencing a new sensation he was willing to risk his life. It was merely satisfying an inherent and what would appear to be a common craving for combat which distinguishes all young Americans whom I met in the Philippines and the far East, whether they were soldiers or civilians. How common this quality is an incident will show:

A party of young physicians went from Johns Hopkins University, as a commission to study Oriental diseases and especially those of the Philippine Islands. I became well acquainted with this company of soldiers of science. None of them was over thirty-five. One now occupies the chair of pathology in one of the greatest of American universities. Another is at present professor of nervous diseases in another university of equal eminence; and so on. The youngest member of this party was a small, pale-faced, blue-eyed, yellow-haired fellow, whom you might take for a Sunday-school teacher, but never for the steel-nerved fighter that he really was, and is. The day of the advance in the Antipolo campaign he and three of his companions went out to where General Lawton was observing and directing the movement. They had no business there. They were

SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE AT HIS DESK

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scientists, and their place was not on the firing line; but they had been working night and day—sometimes all night, too—investigating diseases in Manila, and they had a right to take a day or two off if they wanted it. But the firing line was a singular place for scientists, was it not? They were perfectly satisfied until the artillery began to boom and the steamlike puffs of smoke rose from the guns. Then the little Sunday-school-teacher-looking doctor became very nervous. Soon a village burst into flame, and it looked as though serious fighting might occur. He could restrain himself no longer. He asked me to get permission from General Lawton for him to join the soldiers making the advance. I asked General Lawton, and the latter, in his characteristic way, with a twinkle in his eye (for how he loved a fighter!), said:

"I will give him no permission, but there's the road, and there's the soldiers, and you say he has a horse. Well, I don't see anybody holding him. I reckon the horse ain't lame, is it?"

That was enough. I wrote a note, introducing him to Colonel McCoy, of the First Colorado, and away he rode at a mad gallop to join that regiment and become a part of the common fighting soldiery in that campaign. He reminded me for all the world of a schoolboy out for a picnic. The next day we met the column which he had joined, in another portion of the country. It was very hot; the men had been constantly moving; there had been little or no real work, although the fighting had been brisk enough to keep up interest. At the head, by Colonel McCoy's side, rode the doctor, happy as a girl at Easter, and looking very much like one in face and eye. I learned from his temporary comrades that, during the time he was with them, he had, with foolhardy daring, rushed into every point of danger, or rather that promised danger, that he could find or imagine. Not belonging to the regiment, he was under nobody's command, and could seek an opportunity to get killed when, where and how he pleased. It was only fun, only sport, only relaxation, only a vacation to this young scientist, who, if you were to meet him in your home, you would believe to be the most peace-loving of men.

AMERICA A MILITANT, NOT A MILITARY NATION

And yet it is sometimes said that we are a people of peace; that we are distinctly non-military and non-militant. This is true in its highest sense. We *are* a people of peace; but we are a people of peace in the only way in which a people is ever able to preserve its peace, aye, and its liberties too, and that is by being a people of war, if need be.

As a matter of fact we are by far the most militant nation on earth; not the most military, but the most militant. It could not be otherwise. Courage, daring, willingness to fight and die, is one of the great attributes of liberty, its highest attribute, perhaps. That is how we came to have liberty. And now that we have it, it would be a sorry circumstance if the great quality which procured it should become atrophied.

We come of a fighting race. It would be as fell a development for our future, as it would be a remarkable incident in history, if the fighting qualities of our race should die out of us. And so the military instinct, the emphasis of which in our soldiers in the Philippines I have recorded, is not at all extraordinary. Its absence, or a less degree of it, would have been the really remarkable thing—and as melancholy as remarkable. How could our soldiers be less than what they are? Consider not only the characteristics of our race, but think of our history. Every step of our national progress has been made at the expense of the blood of our bravest and best. Through resistance to tyrants and tyranny; through the overthrow of undesirable institutions grown up among ourselves; against the resistance of Nature itself—over mountains, through wildernesses, across deserts, our fathers have *fought* their way, fought always, and fought ceaselessly.

There is hardly a young man in America who cannot justly boast a soldier of glorious service to his country within two generations. And so the American soldiers in the Philippines to-day are merely the old heroes of Lexington and Valley Forge, of Saratoga and New Orleans, of Buena Vista and Monterey, of our Indian wars, of Gettysburg and Missionary Ridge, and all those other fields of glory and of death, risen again from their sepulchres of fame and fighting once more at the old bugle's call, charging once more with the old resistless spirit which never yet has known defeat, and never will! Yes, it is the old soldiers once again, of South and North, and East and West, tenting again on the old camp ground, albeit their bivouac now is far advanced, yes, even half way around the world, and over it shine the tropic stars.

THE YOUNG KANSAS BOY'S TIMELY WARNING

The qualities of bravery, generosity, unselfishness, which are distinctively characteristic of American manhood, are reproduced in italics in the American soldier in the Philippines. At least this was true of those whom I met.

It was natural that the war should catch, on its first high tide, specimens of our best spirit and most fervent disposition. On one occasion we had dismounted at one of the outposts on a road leading across an open plain, to and past the Filipino lines. Trees and undergrowth ended abruptly where our men were stationed. From there to the Filipino lines the space was absolutely free from vegetation, and quite flat. The road was a shining pathway of white. The Filipinos were visible to the naked eye, and under the glass every detail was distinct. It had not occurred to me that it was possible to shoot so far, so I unslung the glasses, and, fixing them, stood in the centre of the road some yards in the open, surveying with much pleasure the Filipino lines. Suddenly a young Kansas boy, who, with his comrades, constituted this outpost, came up to me and said:

"If you stand here long, Senator, you will get h—ll shot out of you."

I said, "Why? Can they shoot so far?"

"Yes," he replied, "and farther, too. The air was full of boles here not an hour ago."

I quickly stepped out of danger, but the generous, thoughtful young fellow, who had given the warning, remained himself standing at the point where he declared they would "shoot h—ll out of" a man. He had great thought, caution and care when it came to danger for others, but for himself none at all.

It is a beautiful trait of self-forgetfulness which is characteristic of the American soldier in the Philippines. I did not get the name of this young man, but if he was not killed in some of the subsequent fights, he is in this country now, and will perhaps remember the incident.



PHOTO BY A SOLDIER OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE

Reading from left to right the figures in the above photograph, taken at Iloilo, P. I., are: Col. Gracie Childers, First Tenn. Vol. Inf.; Hon. A. J. Beveridge; Lieut.-Col. Albert R. Bayless, First Tenn. Vol. Inf.; Major B. F. Cheatham, First Tenn. Vol. Inf.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT OF OUR FIGHTING MEN

Those who imagine that military qualities are inconsistent with religious feeling are in error. Most of the world's great soldiers have been inspired by profound religious conviction. Where the religious sentiment is not present in some form, war degenerates into mere physical struggle. The American soldier, from the beginning, has always felt that in some sense he was the soldier of the forces of light against the forces of darkness. His commanders have always called on the Almighty Father. Perhaps the deepest feeling of our nation is a religious feeling; and our national qualities are all present in our soldiers. The American soldier, therefore, like the American citizen, no matter what his surface conduct and attitude may be, has a deep religious sentiment as the basis of his character. Perhaps he does not manifest it. It may be that he would himself deny it; but you have only to put him to the touchstone of large events to see that it is there.

It is not the practice of our race, as individuals, to wear our hearts upon our sleeves, to advertise our love, to proclaim our religion to the world. These are the sacred things of life, and men of our race treasure them in silence and in secrecy. It is so with the American soldier in the Philippines. The boys may be rude, apparently; it is the rudeness of the excessive vitality of youth. They may even be profane in speech; it is only one form of the manifestation of their superabundant energy. But so far as irreverence is concerned, I think it very rare.

Most soldiers have Bibles. I would venture the belief that the immense majority of soldiers whom I met in the Philippines had a Bible, or at least a Testament. Going into a bookstore in St. Paul, to lay in a supply of books for the ocean trip, I noticed a strong, serviceable Testament, so stoutly bound that it could endure a good deal of hardship, so large in print that it was easy to read and yet so small that it could be carried in the vest or shirt pocket. I was informed that the Minnesota soldiers, as they were starting for the Philippines, had, nearly all, supplied themselves with these Testaments. It was an incident full of meaning, was it not? Here were young men going to war on the other side of the world. They were of the vital producing classes of our great Northwest. Their last act, before they left their State, was to provide themselves with that Book of Books which had been the comfort and the stay of their fathers, and of their fathers' fathers. They carried with them, in that volume, the counsels of their Christian mothers, which, after all, are, in various forms, the divine words of the Master.

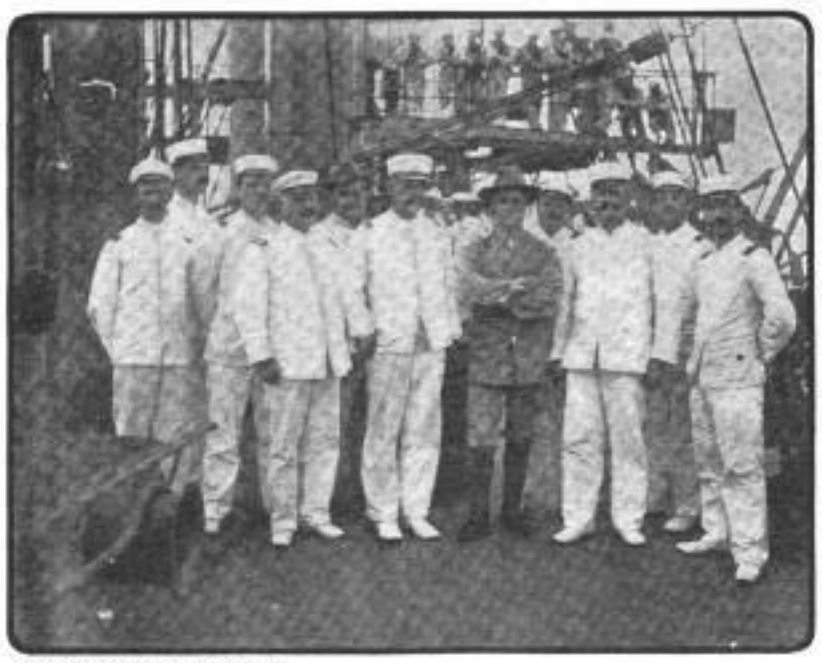


PHOTO BY AN OFFICER OF THE PRINCETON

SENATOR BEVERIDGE AND OFFICERS OF THE U. S. GUNBOAT PRINCETON. ILOILO HARBOR, MAY, 1899

GIGANTIC APPETITES THE RULE

Except when in a fight or on a flying march in pursuit of the enemy, the men are great eaters. Even then they are still great eaters, but do not get the opportunity, and do not grumble for their food as they do at other times if the meal is delayed for a moment. Here, again, they are the type of their race. They are devourers. Their hunger appears unappeasable. They will perform any service, but must have their meals, "chow" as they call it, regularly and in abundance. On shipboard, on the Fourth of July, very severe sports, requiring immense physical exertion, had been planned. They were delayed until an hour before the noon meal. The men who had entered for the contests refused to proceed until they had had their food. They ate with immense heartiness and, without giving a moment for digestion, dashed into the exhausting physical contests.

Ordinarily the food served to our soldiers is excellent. Under a bamboo tree, on the Bagbag River, I ate as fine steak as will be served to you in very good American hotels. A private soldier cut it for me from a quarter of beef, and I ate what they ate. As far as the railroad communications extend, sterilized water is brought to the men daily. An incident occurred which is highly illustrative of a general belief and the actual condition. Some good fathers and mothers from one of our Northwestern States thought to send their boys some excellent food, fearing that that which they had in the Philippines was inferior. They sent them certain canned vegetables and meats. The box came and the boys opened it with gleeful anticipations. They took out precisely the same brand and quality of canned goods to which they had been accustomed day after day.

THE "THINKING BAYONETS" IN THE TRENCHES

The American soldier has been called a "thinking bayonet." That is what the American soldier in the Philippines is. The general intelligence of the faces is remarkable. I cannot speak for the regulars who are now there, but the volunteers, and the regulars, too, who were there during my stay, were distinctly intellectual in appearance and speech. A great many of them were college graduates. My recollection is that the men of one entire company were from Leland Stanford, Jr., University. A private soldier gave me a set of Napier's Peninsular War, in French, which he could read himself. There is none of the stupidity, none of the fatalistic stolidity, none of the fatness of mind which is said to characterize the Russian or the Turkish common soldier. The American soldier in the Philippines has none of the Hessian qualities. If he is engaged in a war of subjugation, as is charged, it is a thing which he has thoroughly thought out because he is capable of thinking it out, and is so active in mind that he could not help it if he wanted to.

THE FAITH OF OUR FIGHTING MEN IN OUR GLORIOUS FUTURE

Though the American soldier in the Philippines has no fatalistic stolidity, it cannot be truthfully said that he has not fatalism. It has been said that the compounding of

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Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Senator Beveridge's series written exclusively for The Saturday Evening Post. The next paper, entitled "The American Army Officer in Action," will appear in an early number.

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many different races in the great crucible of the American continent has produced a new race superior to all the rest. This is the belief of the American soldier in the Philippines. As a people, he thinks the American people superior to any other nation on the globe. As a class, he thinks the American soldier superior to any other soldier on earth. To him, nothing in the world is of great importance but the American Republic. To him, that great Republic holds in its hands the future of the world. To him, his masterful race is the saving and redeeming force from which the world must draw its new youth now and in the future, as, in the past, the Old World, from age to age, has renewed its youth from the overwhelming vitality of the master race of each particular period.

The American soldier doubts not that we are chosen by an infinite wisdom for an infinite purpose. Mankind has progressed, not steadily, but by successive high tides of humanity which in one age we call the Greeks, and in another we call the Romans, and in a third we call the English. The American soldier profoundly believes that the highest, strongest, noblest tide of all is rising to-day, and that the philosophic historian of the distant future will call it the Reign of the American. This belief in the divine destiny of the American people is a faith so profound with the American soldier—as it is with the American citizen—that he is not conscious of it, just as we are not conscious of any of the elemental functions that sustain us, such as breathing or the beating of the heart, or the action of the blood in feeding the changing tissues. It is a belief so deep that trifling attention is not constantly given to it, just as our hourly attention is not given to the sacred things, such as our affections, because the little things, such as our business, intervene; although for those affections alone we would be willing to lay down our lives. So the American soldier's faith in the divine mission of America is a part of his being.



GENERAL LAWTON RECEIVING A DISPATCH, SENATOR BEVERIDGE STANDING BESIDE HIM

Taken June 3, at the blockhouse at Sangiac del Monte, from the heights of which the military movements in the entire Marlquina Valley were seen as on a map.

(Courtesy of the Chicago Record)

THE INSTINCT OF SOVEREIGNTY

If the Filipinos feel that our soldiers have a bearing of superiority, it is nothing more than the superiority they feel, in varying degrees, toward the entire world. Not that they have the contempt for other people that the barbarian has; not that they have the egotism of the overrefined; but that they feel a racial virtue within their veins which they know is not in any other veins on earth, and which gives them a sort of instinct of sovereignty. The American soldier looks the master; his face is the face of nobility; his stride is the stride of a prince. In the Philippines, in China, in Japan, he looks the lord of the land. He has a fine loftiness of conduct. He goes every place. All doors open before him. He absorbs everything. He has the spirit of acquisitive inquisitiveness. In Japan, every street of every port at which he touches is full of him. The shops are infested by him. He inspects the palaces with the curiosity of intelligence. He wanders among the temples of the ancient gods, a modern Omar meditating a new Rubáiyát. At the giant tombs of the dethroned Shoguns he sits and muses on the ceaseless tide of time which changes all and finally submerges all. He is a learner at first hand. No printed books or papers for him when the book of the world is before him. No painted map for him when the chart of the earth itself is beneath his feet. No dry nor fanciful account for him of the strange peoples of humanity's first homes, when he may see and know and absorb the spirit of those peoples themselves.

The American soldier in the Philippines will, by his original information gathered at first hand, make America more familiar with the Orient than any other people on earth. We Americans are infinitely logical. The expansion of our territory was only the minor premise of the great syllogism of expansion through which we are passing. The expansion of our knowledge of the world has been far greater than the spread of our dominion. We *have* more of the world; we *know* more of the world; we are better prepared to *bless* the world and thus to bless ourselves. The great people of the American Republic, from whom flow all our large and elemental movements, feel that the day of our empire, as a sovereign force of earth, is in its first gray dawn; and of this mighty, irresistible and imperial common people of the American Republic, the ones who feel this most intensely are those matchless soldiers of that common people who followed their flag over eight thousand miles of sea and planted it upon and above the Gibraltar and the garden of the great Pacific and of all the East—the Philippine Archipelago.



The Story of the Pony Express

The Fast Mail Over the Plains

By Homer Bassford

THE death of Alexander Majors, which occurred in Chicago not long ago, removed the last of three men who had to do with a unique and interesting enterprise of the pioneer days of the West. Alexander Majors, usually called Colonel Majors, was of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, who owned, for a great many years, the most notable stage-coach system on the Western plains. It was in the management of the Pony Express, however, celebrated on its own account and broadly advertised by Mark Twain, Buffalo Bill and innumerable story writers, that greater renown came to this Western firm along about the early sixties.

Colonel Majors, always willing to talk about the bold enterprise of his frontier firm, was never so happy as when explaining some point in connection with the Pony Express. In the old mining exchange at Kansas City, years after the last pony express post-house had rotted away in rain and blizzard, I have seen the white-bearded pioneer, in the centre of an intensely interested group, telling how Buffalo Bill acted on his first trip, how this rider or that escaped with his life after a terrifying experience, how the Buchanan message of 1860 was delivered at Sacramento in less than eight days, and then—Colonel Majors always ended his stories in one way—he would lower his voice and speak of the time when the telegraph came and, after that, the railroad—the telegraph to put an end to the Pony Express and the railroad to drive the stages into oblivion.

THE MEN WHO STARTED THE PONY EXPRESS

William H. Russell, who died at his home in Palmyra, Marion County, Missouri, in the spring of 1871, was the head of the firm that controlled the Pony Express. The third member was John W. Waddell, who died in the same year, at Lexington, on the Missouri River. The other partner survived them almost thirty years.

There has been much discussion at various times as to the identity of the person who first suggested the idea of a string of fleet ponies across the Western plains and mountains from the railroad at the Missouri River to the Golden Gate. Among the friends and acquaintances of Colonel Majors there was never a doubt as to this point. He said, many times, that a certain Duke Gwyn—and the Colonel was always sure to say that Gwyn's name had but one "n" in it—was the suggester of the plan to "run the ponies across the plains," again quoting Mr. Majors.

"He got the idea at Washington, I think," Mr. Majors said, "and he used to urge it whenever he could get an audience. For a long time no one paid any attention to him. But when business got more pressing, and when it was found that the stages would make about a given time and no better, we were approached for our views on the subject. After canvassing it for a while we finally agreed, in the fall of 1859, to go into the thing in good earnest.



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SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON

LETTERS AT FIVE DOLLARS AN OUNCE

"We had first sounded a lot of the important business men of both the coast and Eastern cities as to its desirability. We learned that the fixed charge of five dollars a letter of one ounce weight would be welcomed as surprisingly low—that is, if we were able to keep our promise as to the delivery of a letter in something like eight days.

"The expense, at the outset, was enormous. We bought, in round numbers, six hundred hardy, healthy ponies, sure of foot and well tried. We employed all the brisk, dare-devil young men of good habits whom we could find; we built post-houses every ten miles, unless it chanced that our stage posts would serve the purpose. The ponies were stationed at these post-houses, with bedding for extra riders, food arrangements, and a keeper in charge. We paid each of our riders from $100 to $125 a month, and nearly all the boys were in love with the work, hard though it was. It sometimes happened that illness actually prevented a man from taking up his trip as assigned to him, but there was never difficulty in getting the other rider to take up at least one extra leg of the long journey across the plains.

"I have been asked, sometimes, whether the express stopped on account of weather. This question used to make me smile, but it has been repeated so many times that I have concluded that our present-day folks, who know little of pioneer life, are to be excused. Why, I have seen a man jump from the back of one pony to the back of another, in zero weather, and start away like the wind, with never a thought of entering the post-house for a drink or a sniff of the fire."

BUFFALO BILL THE BEST OF THEM ALL

Colonel Majors used to tell the story of how he met William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," and set him to work. Young Cody was practically the head of the family, his father having died when "Bill" was a boy, and it was from Majors that he earned his first money. He carried messages from one freighting outfit to another, and at that time these outfits were strung all the way from Westport to California. Cody was one of the first to have a place as rider tendered to him.

"Will Cody was one of the best men we ever had," Mr. Majors often said. "He was in love with the work, and although it was seen that the exposure was telling upon him, entering into it as he did, he never whimpered up to the time other plans took him out of it. He was always on time, whatever the weather, and sometimes when we were not looking for him there would be a whirl of dust, a shout, and Cody would be in ahead of schedule, before the change pony was out in waiting for him!"

No pony express ever started away from the Missouri River without the leather parcel bags, filled with letters and precious packages, locked tight, to be opened at the far other end. Highwaymen were not feared, for the reason that, as a rule, the money value of the mail, from the standpoint of the highwayman, was not much. But the Indians were a source of danger.

Colonel Majors, who was so closely identified with this strange enterprise, was, in the heyday of his career, the most important man of his type in the country. He was the moving, energetic figure in the establishment of a stage company that ran the only great, uninterrupted line across the plains. The company built a superb outfit of Concord coaches at a cost of about $600 apiece. There was a mail subsidy for a large sum applying east of Salt Lake; beyond that another company carried the mail. The first of these coaches left Atchison, Kansas, in the fall of 1859, and carried a great number of passengers, capacity being considered. This line, famous in its time, took the South Pass course, by Fort Fetterman and Fort Laramie, along the North Platte and Sweetwater to Fort Bridger, over Green River, through Echo Cañon, over the hills and down Emigration Cañon to Salt Lake. There was a branch running over from Julesburg to Denver, but at a later period the branch was discontinued and the main line ran to the Colorado capital. The post stations built at regular intervals for this service were used in many instances by the subsequent Pony Express.

There were whispers of Western telegraph and Western railroads at that time, but Majors and his men went on in their immense work until they were actually driven from it by electricity and steam.

"The Pony Express went first," said the old Colonel, "and it went in a hurry. We kept it going as long as we could, but when the telegraph came it snipped the life out of the thing almost in a day. What was the best thing we ever did with our pony service? Well, in the first place, we proved that it could be done, that our Western brain and brawn were equal to the task. Then we laid out a way for the railroads, for the great lines of to-day follow our tracks. We built up business, too, so that there was enough of it, when the railroads and wires came, to lend support to both. Of specific achievements I think that the most notable was the delivery of President Buchanan's last message. We were expecting it and had planned to break records by landing it in San Francisco under eight days. When the document was received by wire at St. Joe we had it put on thin paper. The best ponies and the best men were ready, for all along the line word had gone forward that we were out with the President's message. It was much under eight days when the message was all over San Francisco."

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The Troubles of Martin Coy

By Joel Chandler Harris

WHEN Mrs. Nicklin, on the day of Colonel Flournoy's funeral, was informed by her husband that he had seen and spoken to Martin Coy, it is no wonder that she was astonished. Nor is it any wonder that she was ready to entertain and express a suspicion that the man was responsible for the Colonel's taking-off. For Martin had innocently and unintentionally made for himself the most gruesome and mysterious reputation that ever attached itself to the name and character of any other human being in Middle Georgia. He was a living ghost, and it was only necessary to mention his name to send children to bed silent and shivering, and to cause negroes to remain indoors. The reason there was no Ku Klux organization in that immediate region was because it was only necessary for one white man to say to another within hearing of a negro: "Have you heard the news? Martin Coy has sent word that he'll walk about to-night." This was sufficient to keep every negro at home on that particular night.

On one occasion, the evening before a State election, the negroes gathered in large numbers not far from town, ready to march in early next morning and mass themselves at the polls. A happy thought on the part of one of the young politicians of the community caused this plan to miscarry. He dressed himself up after the style of the "Fantastics," as modern mummers were called in the South just prior to the war, donned a hideous mask and a wig and beard of long, white hair, and went to the camping-place of the negroes. "Who dat?" cried one of their pickets. "Martin Coy!" replied the young man in a terrible voice, striking a match, as though he would see who his challenger was. But the negro gave him no such opportunity. Uttering one terrified shriek, he turned and fled, pursued, as he supposed, by Martin Coy. The shriek, coupled with the name of Martin Coy, was sufficient to stampede the colored citizens. The noise made by their feet as they ran along the firm clay road could be heard for some distance, and it sounded like the wild rush of a drove of cattle.

In a word, Martin Coy was a ghost, alive and palpable, and yet as mysterious and as unreal as the spooks that figure in fireside tales. No man in all that section had been better known than Martin Coy. For several years before the war he had made himself obnoxious to some and popular with others by running a distillery and keeping a "doggery" just outside the corporate limits of the town. This still and doggery soon became eyesores to the good citizens of the community. They attracted all the reckless and irresponsible characters in the county. Young men with no fondness for drink went there for the sake of the gayety of the crowd, and were soon drawn into the whirlpool of intemperance. On Saturday nights especially the orgies that took place at Coy's stillhouse were something to be remembered, especially by those who lived within earshot.

Various efforts were made to remove this blot upon the social order, but Martin Coy had taken sound advice so far as the legality of his business was concerned. Moreover, the attacks made on him in the courts aroused the real obstinacy of his nature, and when the citizens clubbed together and raised enough money to buy out a dozen such distilleries, he laughed at their offer. They had attacked him in the first place, and when they went at him with fair words they found him with his bristles up, as the saying is.

Now, in Georgia, since the days of George Whitefield's campaign against Satan, one of the specialties of the population is the ease and certainty with which it turns out revivalist preachers, one for each generation of sinners. Uncle Jimmy Dannielly, one of the most celebrated, flourished in the thirties, and Uncle Johnny Knight in the fifties. They were rough and uncouth in their ways, it may be, but they were men of genius, gifted with a power to stir the hearts of their fellows. Many strange stories are told of the results of their appeals to the consciences of their hearers. Camp-meeting, when a series of services was held in midsummer in the deep bosom of the green wood, was the special harvest-time of these revivalists. They preached day and night, and some very astonishing scenes occurred as the result of their ministrations.

Martin Coy never attended a camp-meeting, nor any other religious service, but it was while one of these meetings was in progress not far away that the good citizens of the community concluded to make him the object of special attention on the part of the preachers. Some of the young men got wind of the plan, and made haste to inform Martin that a vigorous attempt would be made to convert him.

"Well," said Martin, "I reckon I need something of that kind as bad as the next one. But they'll not pester me."

But on Saturday night, while the young men who favored Martin Coy with their presence and their patronage were in the midst of one of their revels, two or three revivalists, accompanied by a dozen or more of the most substantial citizens of the community, suddenly made their appearance. The young men had prepared for a great time. They had secured the services of Fiddling Bill, a one-legged negro, whose lack of limb and knack as a shoemaker had secured him many privileges, and had made all arrangements for what is called a "stag-dance." But Fiddling Bill, perceiving this grave and threatening accession to the crowd, slipped his fiddle into its bag, and was for slipping away. A word from Uncle Johnny Knight detained him.

"Don't go, William," said the great revivalist, his face beaming with smiles. "The fiddle is a vile thing when its strings are tuned to sin, but can't you tune it to play a hymn, William?"

The young men slipped away one by one, but Fiddling Bill remained, and so did Martin Coy, who was running a doubling of low-wines. "If you git dry," he remarked to his new guests, "you'll find a jug by the water bucket there." With that he went on attending to his business, chunking up the fire, and testing the strength of the run, which was slowly dribbling through the coils of the copper pipe into a cask, or half-barrel.

"We have come, Martin," said Rev. John Knight, "to have a little friendly talk with you about your soul."

"All right, neighbors and friends," responded Martin Coy cheerfully, "fire away."

"But first we'll have prayer," said the preacher; and they all knelt except Martin Coy. The fact that made Uncle Johnny Knight's prayers more impressive than those of any other person was their conversational tone. He addressed his Maker as if the Great Infinite were standing before him.

"We know, Lord, that our poor friend, Martin Coy, has a good heart and a clear understanding. If we know that, Heavenly Father, how much better do You know it! Oh, touch that heart, and make that understanding clearer, and lift our poor friend out of the depths of his misery. He doesn't know, Lord, how deep his misery is, but show it to him; make him feel it; brand the knowledge of it on his dead conscience, and bring that conscience to life, all quivering with the despair that leads to repentance."

The prayer was long and earnest, and grew more vivid toward the close; but it seemed to have no sort of effect on Martin Coy. Then a hymn was sung. Acting on orders, Fiddling Bill, after one or two trials, picked up the tune and carried it along very sweetly, the tones of the violin striking through the male voices with singular effectiveness.

"Purty good, Bill," remarked Martin Coy, with a grunt of satisfaction; "I'll give you a big drink for that when the company goes."

"Thanky, marster," said Fiddling Bill enthusiastically.

The upshot of it was that the efforts of the revivalists appeared to have no appreciable effect on Martin Coy, until at last one of them—it may have been Rev. Caleb Key—who, when all other tactics failed, had a way of seizing sinners by the scruff of the neck, metaphorically speaking, and shaking them over the bottomless pit, raised his hand and said solemnly:

"Martin Coy, in the presence of your God and these consecrated brethren, I denounce you for sowing the seeds of crime and sin in this community. Your wicked heart is harder than flint, but it will be broken. *The day will come, be it soon or late, when you will hide from the light of the sun—when you will slink about in the darkness—when you will be a dead man, though yet alive!* Mark my word, Martin Coy! the God of the widow and orphan will take vengeance on you!"

These words may not seem very impressive in print, but charged with the emphasis of a sonorous and living voice, and rising and falling with the inflections of an earnestness as strong as passion itself, they proved more effective than all the prayers and preaching. As soon as the words were uttered Martin Coy turned around and faced the revivalists, but they were already retiring. He advanced a pace or two and raised his hand as though he would attract their attention, but their backs were turned and they were swallowed by the darkness.

Then Martin Coy turned and looked at Fiddling Bill. "They give out some rough texts," he remarked.

"Dey sho does," said Fiddling Bill, who was staring at Martin Coy with wide-open eyes. "A little mo' an' de preacher would 'a' cussed you out."

"I wish he had 'a' done it on his own hook," suggested Martin Coy with a sigh. "Then I could 'a' grabbed him and give him a frailin' that would 'a' lasted him till the next time he pestered me."

"Would you 'a' done it, Marse Coy?" asked Fiddling Bill.

"As certain as gun's iron," replied Martin Coy.

"Well, suh!" commented the negro. After that there was silence for some time. The negro, narrowly watching Martin Coy, saw that he was in a soberer mood than usual: not that he was ever drunk. It was his boast, indeed, that, though he had made thousands of gallons of spirits, and had tasted nearly every gallon of it, not a drop had ever gone down his gozzle. After a while Fiddling Bill ventured to make another remark.

"De man sho' was a rank talker."

To this Martin Coy made no reply; whereupon, after waiting a reasonable time, Fiddling Bill made as if to tune his violin—he had lowered the pitch to suit the solemnity of the hymn tune—but Martin shook his head.

"No more tunes to-night, Bill. We've had enough music to last us over Sunday. There's a jug there with a tin cup tied to the handle. Take a dram if you want one."

Fiddling Bill looked at Martin Coy and then at the jug, and then, for a wonder, he shook his head.

"No, suh; I speck I done had 'nuff. Dat ar man put a bad tas'e in my mouf." He lingered a little while, looked anxiously at the jug more than once, and then bade Martin Coy good-night.

The white man leaned back in his split-bottom chair and smoked his pipe, listening intently to the thump, thump, thump of the wooden leg as the negro went along the path. When the sound died away, he turned to the boiler of the still and remarked:

"Well, well, well! when a nigger fiddler says 'no' to a dram, it's about time for the stars to fall ag'in."

In Martin Coy's opinion, another fall of stars such as he witnessed when a lad of seven would be the prelude to the final judgment and day of doom.



DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

—NORA, WHOSE INTEREST AND CURIOSITY IMPELLED HER TO LISTEN AT THE LIBRARY DOOR

Now it need hardly be said that Martin Coy did not go out of the distilling business. He kept it up, not only because he was a most obstinate and self-willed individual, but because he had no other business to fall back on. He kept it up until the beginning of the war, and succeeded, meantime, in buying a farm close to town, and a half dozen negroes to work it. But when the war began it opened up a new line of business for young and old—unprofitable as the event proved. Along with many others, but beyond all question new, Martin Coy was drawn into it.

He joined the company organized in the little town, the company with which Colonel Flournoy went to the front, and engaged in the arduous work of perfecting himself in the dull tactics and various manœuvres which are so imposing to average spectators, but which are never really employed when war actually opens its mouth and begins to drink the blood and crunch the bones of its victims.

It was while Martin Coy was engaged in these duties that he received a long and an affectionate letter from his brother, Harvey Coy, who, following his wife's relatives, had emigrated to Missouri. In this letter Harvey Coy begged his brother not to enlist in any effort to destroy the Union. He owned slaves himself, he said, and his wife's family was made up of slave-owners, and he declared that he had good reason for saying that Mr. Lincoln had no intention of disturbing slavery. Moreover, Harvey said that the Southern leaders knew this as well as he did; nay, better, if such a thing could be, and they were simply trying, not to preserve

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slavery, but to destroy the Union. As for him, he proposed to join the defenders of the Government, and he advised his brother to sell out in Georgia, bring his wife to Missouri, and either remain neutral or take sides for the Union.

Martin Coy read his brother's letter over very carefully, and then made his wife read it aloud.

"Well, and what do you think of that, Molly?" he inquired.

"Why, I think the brazen fool is tryin' to insult us," she exclaimed. "I allers did hate him," she added. "He was as poor as you before he married Carry Biggers. And after that he used to talk about 'my niggers,' and 'my property.' I declare if he hadn't 'a' been your only brother, I believe I'd 'a' spit in his face. I felt like it over and often. And now he wants us to go up there and be Yankees along wi' him! If you ever meet him in the war, I hope you'll make it convenient to put a hole plumb through him."

Martin Coy winced at this. "I hope not," he protested. "I don't think any more of Harvey's wife than you do; but a woman's a woman the world over; and you can't blame a man for what a woman does. The capers of Harvey's wife didn't prejidice me ag'in' Harvey; but when he comes a-preachin' this doctrine, me and him can't gee hosses."

With that Martin Coy tore his brother's letter into little bits of pieces and set them adrift on the wind with an exclamation of bitter disgust.

Time, which carries all human efforts forward to their culmination, carried Martin Coy to the front, and, in the beginning, Providence placed him in West Virginia. The brigade to which his company was attached was stationed at Laurel Hill, and a more desolate place, especially during the winter season, could hardly be found. The snow or the sleet fell for weeks at a time, and even when the sun shone it simply illuminated and brought into stronger relief the vast and desert loneliness that fell impartially on valley and on mountain.

Martin Coy said long afterward that a million men gathered in that region wouldn't have lifted the "lonesomeness" of the place. "It was so lonesome," he declared, "that men choppin' wood a quarter of a mile away made you feel like you was in t'other world." And when he was asked which of the other worlds he meant, his reply was: "Arry one would 'a' suited me for a change."

But the truth is, Martin Coy looked back on the Laurel Hill experience through a long vista of trouble and keen anguish that colored and warped his vision.

In the spring of '61, a brigade or two of Federals heard of the occupation of Laurel Hill by the Confederates and, being on their way southward, concluded to pay the lonely place a visit. They carried out this intention early one morning, and their visit was so unexpected that they were right in the camp before most of the Confederates knew there was a blue coat within twenty-five miles of the place. It was a surprise, and, according to all recognized rules of warfare, should have been a very disastrous one; but American troops have a way of getting over their astonishment, as was abundantly demonstrated on both sides during the war. The Confederates rallied behind the cabins they had built, rallied by twos and tens, and then by companies, and they soon succeeded in giving the enemy a warm good-morning.

But the position was untenable—so the officers decided—and the Confederates retreated. This retreat, orderly enough in the beginning, soon developed into a movement in which every man was for himself. The troops were not demoralized, for there was no pursuit, but they began to straggle. If the history of that retreat has ever been written, the account has never fallen under the eyes of the present writer, but the stories told by survivors all agree that it was the most horrifying experience they were called on to endure throughout the war; and some of them, be it remembered, lay for months in prison, while others suffered from terrible wounds.

The demoralization that occurred was probably the best thing that could have happened, for if any considerable body of the retreating troops had remained together, starvation would have been the result. But they scattered about in small companies and squads as they went tramping through this vast wilderness. No doubt a great deal of that country has been opened up by this time, but in 1861 there were miles and miles of forest that had never been explored by white men. The statement may seem hard to believe, because at rare intervals along the eastern fringes of this wilderness rude huts had been built. But a veritable jungle of interminable width, which stretches for hundreds of miles along the tops and sides of a range of mountains, offers no inducement to exploration on the part of those who have even a vague idea of its extent.

It was June when the retreat began. In Georgia the blackberries and other wild fruit are ripe at that season. In that vast and mountainous wilderness the trees and shrubs, with the exception of the laurel, were just beginning to throw out leaves, and the pale green of the new foliage was but the sickening sign of barrenness to the lost Confederates. Some of the unfortunates were never heard of again, but the squad with which Martin Coy found himself managed to preserve life by feeding on roots and barks, especially the inner bark of the red elm and sassafras. On several occasions they managed to shoot high-flying crows; and once they killed a wild pig, and had a most joyous feast.

Finally, after wandering about for many dreary days, Martin Coy and his companions came to a stream of running water, the first they had seen. By following this they not only returned to big hominy and fried chicken, which are the equivalents of civilization in that region, but plump upon an adventure which brought Martin Coy face to face with an event that changed his whole life, and made existence dark for him in a very real sense for many a long day.

The stream which they had been following through a narrow and somewhat tortuous gorge suddenly leaped off a precipice so high that some of the water was shattered into a mist which arose from the pool below as vaporous as though it had emanated from a steaming caldron. There was nothing for the weary and famishing Confederates to do but to retrace their steps a little distance and climb from the gorge the best they could. It was not an easy matter for men so torn by hunger and so burdened with fatigue, but, led by Martin Coy, whose dogged energy had been the means of keeping up the spirits of his companions, they crawled out and proceeded in a direction parallel with the stream. They had not gone far before they found themselves gazing upon a scene which, after their terrible experience, seemed a foretaste and first glimpse of Paradise. It was as if the vast wilderness had rolled away behind them, or as if a black veil had been lifted.

In the valley below them a farm lay nestling in the sunshine. A small flock of sheep browsed busily in a field near the barn, and a number of cattle stood contentedly chewing their cuds. Fowls were running about, a small dog barked intermittently, and blue smoke curled from the chimney of the dwelling. The Confederates gazed on this scene of beauty in joyous silence until one of them, a man from Putnam County, Georgia, true to his raising and his first principles, exclaimed:

"Boys, I smell hog meat a-fryin'!"

"No," said Martin Coy, after sniffing the air; "it's chicken a-fryin'."

"Then to-day's Sunday," was Putnam's comment.

Whereupon Martin Coy drew from his coat pocket a dirty envelope, counted the marks upon it, and after a brief calculation, asserted that the day was Sunday. He had kept tale of the number of times he had wound his watch, so that every mark stood for twenty-four hours.

The farmhouse seemed to be close at hand: one of the party said it looked like a man might back up the hill a piece, get a good running start, and jump right spang into the garden. Nevertheless, they had to walk nearly a mile and a half before the house was reached, and when they arrived there they walked right into the arms of a squad of Federal troops. They had been warned of the troops by a man who appeared to be one of the farm hands, who was hitching a small mule to a wagon; but as you may toll a pig into a butcher's shop with one ear of corn, so, on the same principle, these famished and weary Confederates determined to risk everything in order to satisfy their hunger.

If there had been a man among them of the dash and energy of Forrest they could easily have captured the Federals, for there was a momentary stampede among the latter, who were lounging about without their arms, when they saw this grim and determined-looking little band filing into the yard; but the Confederates were clean forespent. In spite of the warning cry of "Halt!" they came shuffling toward the house, some of them staggering by reason of the reaction that had set in. The officer in charge of the Federals took in the situation at a glance, and so did the motherly looking housewife, and it was not long before they were seated around a bowl of steaming chicken-broth, in which wheaten dumplings had been stewed. Simple as this was, it was more than a feast; and it restored hope and energy, and gave them strength and courage. The truth is, while they had been weak from hunger, their chief trouble had come from the fact that they were lost in a wilderness that seemed endless. The interminable jungle had racked their nerves and sapped their vitality far more completely than hunger and fatigue; and when they were once free from that incubus and had satisfied their hunger, they found themselves in pretty good condition.

Now, Martin Coy's terrible experience in this mountain jungle was made more terrible still by reason of his keen and vivid remembrance of the awful prophecy of the revivalist who, with other preachers, had visited his stillhouse. From the moment that he realized the plight of himself and his companions the words came back to him with piercing power: "*The day will come, be it soon or late, when you will hide from the light of the sun—when you will slink about in the darkness—when you will be a dead man though yet alive.*"

They came back to him and stayed with him; he mumbled them over to himself by day, and they became living things in his dreams and flitted to and fro in his slumbers by night. And now, when he came to realize that he was a prisoner, and that in all probability he would be immured for months, even years, the words of the preacher gathered fresh force.

Owing to the physical condition of the Confederates, which, as has been hinted, was not nearly so bad as it seemed to be, their captors determined to remain at the farmhouse over night. The prisoners were placed in the loft of the barn, which was half filled with hay, and here they found no difficulty in addressing themselves to slumber. Some time during the night, or it may have been toward morning, Martin Coy felt himself roughly shaken. He would have started up with an exclamation, but a hand over his mouth pressed him back with a force that was irresistible, and an angry whisper sounded close to his ear:

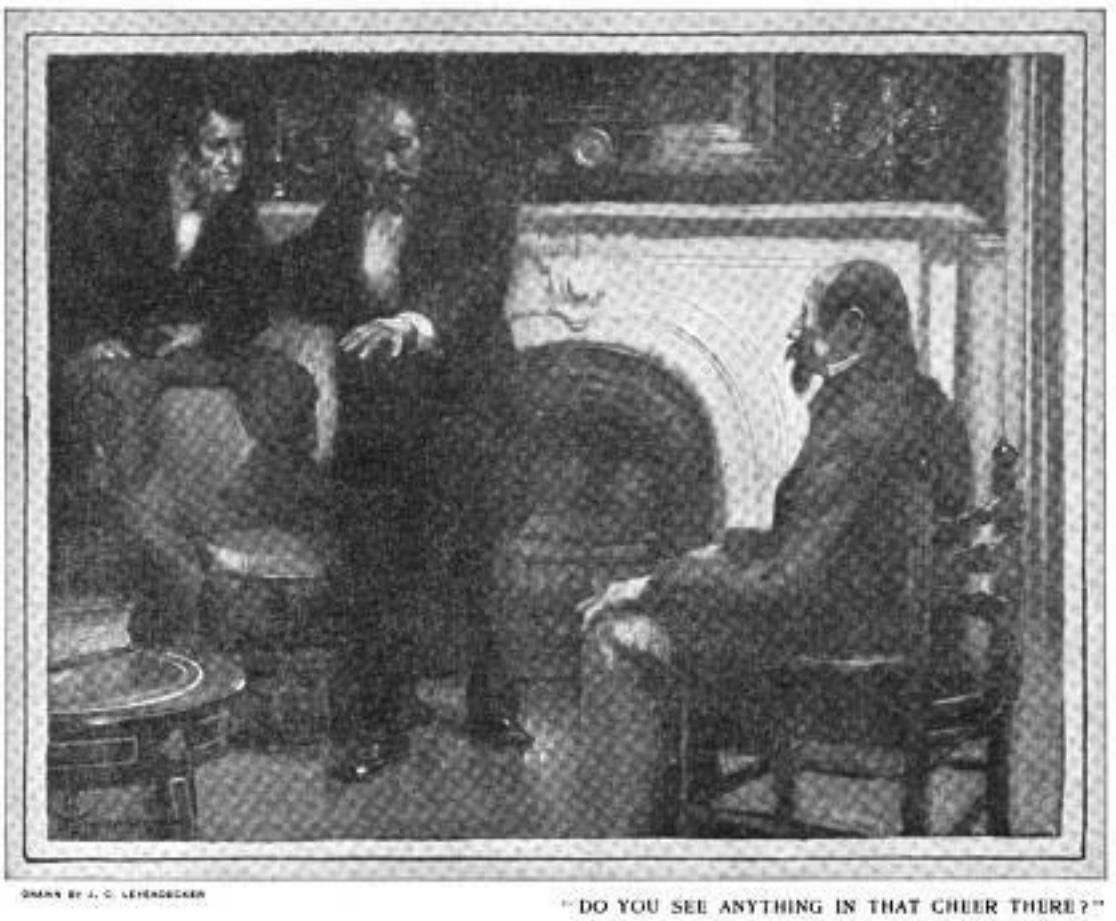
"Don't speak, but listen! You're all a pack of cowardly whelps, or the Yanks would be where you are. Do you hear me?" The hand was still over Martin Coy's mouth, and he could only nod an affirmative. "None of you is worth the powder and lead it'd take to blow your heads off, but I'm going to give you a chance to show what's in you to-morrow morning. Are you listening?" Again Martin Coy nodded. "Well, when you get about five miles on the way you'll see a man, a mule and a wagon in the road. The mule will be unhitched. When your crowd comes along she'll back right into it and begin to kick—do you hear? Pass the word to your men, and tell them to keep their eyes open, and when the mule cuts her caper let each man grab a Yank and take his gun away from him. You are six to eight, and the mule will take care of the two extra men. Is it a go?"

Martin Coy nodded emphatically. "It'd better be a go," said the whisper. "The man that flunks will never see daylight any more. What is your name?"

The hand was cautiously raised, and back came the answer, "Martin Coy." "Well," said the other, "don't be coy in the morning. When you hear your name called out, grab the gun of the man next to you and kill him, and tell your men to do the same. Good-night."

Martin Coy felt the straw move once, as if some one was turning over to find a more comfortable position. After that there was silence, except for the squeak of a mouse, or the fluttering scamper of a rat along the rafters. He was awake at dawn. He heard some one quarreling with a mule in the same tone and language he would use with a person.

"It's a mighty good thing I come out here when I did; if



DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

"DO YOU SEE ANYTHING IN THAT CHEER THERE?"

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I'd 'a' waited till sun-up, you'd 'a' chawed up the whole inside of the barn. You wait till I git you whar nobody can't see us; I'll cut me a stick, an' I'll pay you for the old an' the new."

Thus said the man to the mule. When Martin Coy looked about him he saw no one but his companions in misery; and when he would have told these of the information he had received, the first one he spoke to remarked sulkily: "Why, you told us that last night; you'll keep on blabbin' about it until everybody in the neighborhood knows it."

Blabbing! Whatever faults and weaknesses Martin Coy had, blabbing was not among them. The charge stung him so that he withdrew into his shell, and had nothing more to say to his companions on any subject whatever.

The six Confederates, accompanied by their eight captors, were on the road early. The Federals seemed to know the ground, and were in no hurry. Their main force was not so very far away, as the Confederates learned afterward. Martin Coy was at the head of the little squad of prisoners, and he not only marched close to the Federal guard on his right, but kept a sharp lookout for the man, the wagon and the mule.

When they had traveled about four or five miles they came suddenly upon the man, the wagon and the mule. The mule was unhitched, a part of the harness hanging loose, as though it had been torn off, and the wagon was half-slued across the road. The arrangement seemed to be an ideal one, but Martin Coy's heart sank when he saw a mounted Federal officer talking to the man. How many more were there in the neighborhood?

Martin Coy never lifted his eyes to the face of the mounted officer. He only noted in a general way that the man was large and fine looking. He watched the man and the mule, and drew closer to the guard on his right. Would the scheme work? He would soon know. They were not ten yards from the wagon. The man was saying:

"Why, she's the plague-on'dest creetur in the known world. Whoa! didn't I tell you to whoa?" he cried. The mule had flung herself around with incredible swiftness and was now letting fly both heels at the officer's horse, which, backing into the ravine, suddenly slipped and fell.

The prisoners were only a few steps from the wagon. "Oh, what are you up to? Why don't you whoa before I borry a gun an' kill you?" The mule, backing and kicking, dragged the man after her (to all appearances) around the end of the wagon. "If Martin Coy was here he'd fix you!" yelled the man.

The prisoners accepted this as a signal, and each grabbed the gun of the Federal nearest to him. It was over in a moment, or would have been over, had not the mounted officer, whose horse had recovered his footing, come spurring toward the mêlée, pistol in hand. "Stand up there, men! Who called for Martin——"

The sentence was never completed. Martin Coy had leveled his gun and fired as the officer spoke. The Federal swayed and would have fallen from his horse, but one of the men caught him, and eased him to the ground. "Martin!" he feebly cried, then groaned and seemed to be quite dead.

The groan had an echo, for Martin Coy, coming forward, found that he had shot his brother.

"It's a judgment!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "A judgment! Now I'm done! You-all can take me where you please."

"Well, I reckon not—not much!" said the man who had been manipulating the mule. "War's war, and when family connections git on both sides of the fence where shootin's gwine on, somebody's bound to git hurt." With that he detailed two of the Federals to look after the body of the officer. One of them mounted the horse and rode off to the Federal camp, the other remained by the roadside.

The countryman, who was no other than John Omahundro, on his way to Richmond, left his wagon where it was, and turned the mule loose, giving her a friendly slap as he did so. She went cantering back to the farmhouse in double-quick time.

"Now you Yanks, jest make your minds easy. You've swapped places with these chaps here. Form in line there; single file. Right about face, and forward march, with a hep—hep—hep! Keep step there, Coy. Don't tangle up my army."

On the side of the hill, as they retraced their steps, a footpath was visible. It was narrow, but well marked. Into this Omahundro filed the men, and they were soon on their way South.

Martin Coy seemed to be a changed man; he would obey orders, but he would not answer when spoken to. The only words he uttered were mumbled to himself, and his companions never knew whether he was praying or cursing. As a matter of fact, he was simply repeating the prophecy of the revivalist: "*The day will come, be it soon or late, when you will hide from the light of the sun—when you will think about in the darkness—when you will be a dead man, though yet alive.*"

Instinctively the men knew that Martin Coy was in great mental trouble. Omahundro was especially full of sympathy. When they reached Richmond, by a word he secured a furlough for Martin Coy, and saw that he was provided with the papers necessary for his transportation and with a sufficient supply of money.

Just when Martin Coy reached home no one knew except his wife and himself. He kept to himself as rigidly as a monk who dwells alone in a cell. He felt that he was under an awful judgment from Heaven, and his penance, self-inflicted, was that he never allowed the sun to shine on him, or permitted his eyes to rest on the light it gives forth. It was literally as the preacher said it would be: he hid from the light of the sun, and when he went forth at all, he slunk about under cover of the darkness. So far as the world was concerned, it was the same as if he had been dead and buried.



—Martin Coy turned around and faced the revivalists

He was so earnest in his beliefs and purposes that he convinced his wife of the spiritual utility of his asceticism, and she, being a woman of considerable energy, and possessing a good head for business, took charge of his affairs and proceeded to manage them with a success that attracted considerable attention.

To quote Mrs. Nicklin, "Old Moll Coy is tryin' so hard for to be a man, she's act'ally and candidly begun to sprout a beard." A remark which drew from Mr. Nicklin the response that, "A 'oman as smart as any man, and a plegged sight smarter'n most on 'em, is got a good right for to have a beard."

Martin Coy was at home for nearly four years before anybody knew it except his wife. He occupied a room in the second story of his house, and the windows to this room were not only closely shuttered on the outside, but heavily hung with curtains on the inside. He limited himself to one meal of cold victuals, and took that at night by the light of a tallow candle. Sometimes he read the Bible, but more often he paced back and forth as far as the narrow limits of his room would allow. But after the first fever of his repentance (if it can be called that) passed away, he ventured to walk about at hours when he judged that the rest of the community were sound asleep.

When the surviving members of his company returned home in 1865, people wondered that Mrs. Coy made no inquiries after her husband, who had failed to return with the others. Then rumors of various kinds flew about. Some said that he, with a number of others, perished in the retreat from Laurel Hill; others that he died in a Northern prison, and there was one persistent story that he had deserted from the Confederate Army and joined his brother on the Federal side. Now, in his walks at night he had been seen and recognized by various negroes. This, however, was no evidence to them that Martin Coy was alive. Quite the contrary. It was an evidence that he was dead. Fiddling Bill, who had known him well and liked him, saw him one night and spoke to him. Receiving no response, he spoke again in a louder tone; whereupon Martin Coy turned slowly around, looked at the negro hard, and groaned.

This was sufficient for Fiddling Bill, who had serious doubts even before he ventured to speak. The negro turned and went back the way he had come as fast as his heavy wooden leg would permit him. He was going at such a rate that when he came to a plank sidewalk the thump of the leg could be heard blocks away; and at one point, where the iron-shod foot of the wooden leg was forced between two planks and held there as in a vice, Fiddling Bill gave one despairing wrench and tore up a whole section of the walk.

The negro's testimony and the evidence of the wrecked walk were sufficient to convince all the negroes, and not a few whites, that the ghost of Martin Coy walked abroad and refused to be laid. The reason was plain. He had died in strange parts, and had been buried in strange soil, and his perturbed spirit would never be satisfied until his bones were brought back home. This was manifest on the face of it, since he had been seen most frequently near the village burying-ground.

Of course, the more sensible people of the community never bothered their heads with these stories, but they flew about all the same, and so much life and substance has a myth of this sort that it persists to this day, and "Coy's Ghost" is still supposed by the superstitious to be walking in that region, flitting about, as it were, from neighborhood to neighborhood to meet emergencies or to explain manifestations that appear to be mysterious.

Slowly, however, the real facts of the case became known to the older citizens, and these, as usual, were disposed to be sympathetic; especially Colonel Fontaine Flournoy, of whose family the Coys had, in old times, been retainers—not in the feudal sense, of course, but by reason of long association and mutual obligations. As soon as Colonel Flournoy returned from his South American adventures he called on Mrs. Coy, and from her learned the facts. He also held a brief conversation with Martin Coy through the closed door of his room, and tried to convince him of the folly of his course. The effort was unsuccessful. Martin Coy clung to the idea that the revivalist who denounced him had been the means of bringing down upon his head the judgment of Heaven.

Now, among those who took a sincere interest in the case of Martin Coy was Captain McCarthy. He was one of the few who had heard all the facts. As he was a very practical man, he went to work in a practical way, saying nothing of his plans. But his daughter Nora observed that he was engaged in a very extensive correspondence. One morning she counted as many as twenty letters lying on the library table, all sealed, stamped and addressed. One, she noticed, was addressed to the Pension Office, and this she made the basis of a series of inquiries which were leveled at her father in a tone at once innocent and serious.

It was, "Dada, dear, do you think I'll ever draw a pension? I carried your laundry to you when you were in the hotel; don't you think I deserve a pension for that?" Or, "Has the Government ever rewarded you for not taking charge of the paper which was to settle everything?"

Captain McCarthy was very much puzzled by such questions as these until he happened to remember that Nora had been dusting in the library, whereupon, in mock indignation, he tried to catch her. Nora ran screaming and laughing around the room, out of the door into the hall, and from the hall straight into the arms of young Francis Flournoy, who had called at that hour on pretense of asking the Captain's advice on some business matter. He thought, poor young man, that he was very sly and shrewd, and that no one except Miss Nora knew why he called so often; whereas, Miss Nora was the only one in all that neighborhood who wasn't really certain. She had her suspicions, and they were very pleasant ones; but she had her doubts, too—and she was very reserved and circumspect; and she never, under any circumstances, betrayed her real feelings except in a thousand different ways which were plain to everybody except to young Flournoy. It is the way of lovers the world over, so the story-tellers say.

But when Nora startled Francis Flournoy and herself by accidentally running into his arms, with her father looking on, and not attempting to conceal his triumphant amusement, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. As a matter of fact, she did both at one and the same time, and blushed and bit her lip, and pretended to be very much amused at everything, and very angry with everybody. But after a while, as they were talking on the veranda, she became very much subdued. Wonderful for Nora, she fell into a fit of melancholy; and this young Flournoy had sense enough to take advantage of. He was used to young ladies who were romantic and troubled with a gentle melancholy, but Nora, with her various and versatile emotions, chief among which was a keen and restless humor, had been very much of a puzzle to the young man.

When, therefore, she remarked with a little sigh, that she supposed he came to see her father, he remarked that he was in no hurry, and that if—well, in short, he then and there took opportunity by the foretop and said what he had been trying to say for many months. And as for Nora, she said that she never could enter into any engagement so serious until her father had approved of it, and so forth, and so on. This suggestion was promptly followed by Francis Flournoy. He could talk to a man; and he had a long and serious talk with Nora's father, who, after pointing out, as thoughtful fathers will, what a solemn and sacred bond marriage is, said that nothing could please him more than to see his daughter the wife of the son of his old friend.

And Nora, whose interest and curiosity impelled her to listen at the library door, became so frightened at the serious character of the conversation that she went off somewhere and cried—a fact which thoroughly restored her high spirits. Her father, however, must have his joke, for when he saw her he put on a very serious and perplexed countenance.

"Nora," he said, "until son Francis came and talked with me, I was sure that the event of this morning was an accident."

"What event, dada?" inquired Nora, blushing.

"Why the performance of rushing out and jumping into the young man's arms."

Strange to say, she forgot to be teased. Instead of protesting against his whimsical suggestion, she threw her arms around him and exclaimed, "Oh, you are the best man in the whole world!"

"There are exceptions," he remarked; "but what else

(Concluded on Page 912)

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What *an* Isthmian Canal will do *for the* South

By Senator John T. Morgan

IN 1849, in a letter to Hon. John A. Rockwell, Lieutenant Matthew F. Maury so thoroughly discussed the advantages to the United States of a ship canal through the Isthmus of Darien; that nothing remains to be said that would add any material facts to his statements, or any additional weight to the value of his conclusions.

This great geographer of the seas made so clear a demonstration of the necessity for such a canal that it is almost a matter of national reproach to us that the United States has considered the subject for more than half a century without having taken a decisive step toward its construction.

During that period we have supplied a population that has increased one hundred per cent., and have contributed, to a large extent, to feeding and clothing the world with our surplus productions; we have borne the cost and the waste of three great wars, and we now have a foreign commerce that exceeds, annually, two billion dollars.

THE KEYSTONE OF BRITISH COMMERCIAL DOMINION

MUCH the greater part of this traffic has crossed the Atlantic Ocean to reach the peoples of the eastern hemisphere. The trade with the Orient has traveled an average distance of 8000 miles farther in its voyages over the Atlantic route than if it had crossed the Pacific Ocean.

The cost of the land carriage by rail, and the commercial dominion of Liverpool as the clearing-house of the world's commerce and the most central point for its distribution, have been the controlling factors in the transportation of our commerce with European and Asiatic countries. It is a false assumption that we have not the capital to float our crops and other productions until they reach the hands of their consumers. A country that has a great trade balance in its favor for a long series of years must acquire the financial strength to control its productions until consumers can pay for them.

The factor of difficulty in our commercial situation is that Liverpool and neighboring places have shorter and cheaper lines of transportation to the fields of consumption than our great ports enjoy.

MAURY'S ANALYSIS OF TRADE CONDITIONS

LIEUTENANT MAURY, in the letter to Mr. Rockwell, thus describes the geographical situation:

> "Owing to the course of the winds, the direction of the currents, and other physical circumstances, British merchants are ten days' sail and upward nearer than we are to all the markets of the world, except those of the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico. They are next to all the markets of Europe; to Brazil, to Cape Horn, the Cape of Good Hope, and, consequently, to all ports beyond them they are practically some ten or fifteen days' sail nearer than we are.
>
> "A vessel from the United States, bound for the southern hemisphere, first sails nearly an east course until she arrives in the vicinity of the Azores and Canary Islands; she then puts her head south for the first time. Now, while the American vessel is sailing this route, the English vessel that sailed on the same day for the same market has passed those islands and is far on her way. For the reason that the Cape de Verde Islands are some ten or fifteen days nearer to England than to America, England is that much nearer to the southern hemisphere; for vessels generally, whether from the United States or from England, are in the habit of passing by these islands on their way thither. Therefore the Englishman meets the American in all markets, except those of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea, with the advantage of ten days and upward.
>
> "Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the United States in their commercial race with England have for the last fifty years been gradually gaining."

These facts prove that we must look for competitive trade to the Pacific Ocean and its best markets for our staple productions, where we can have at least equal advantages with European countries in the time required to make our commercial voyages.

This can only be done through a ship canal in the Isthmus of Darien. When this is done, the clearing-house of the commerce of the Pacific Ocean will be at New York instead of Liverpool.

As to the ports of the American and Asiatic coasts and of the islands of the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Ocean, this advantage of ten days in favor of Liverpool will be lost to British trade and commerce when a ship canal is cut through the Isthmus of Darien.

THE AREA DIRECTLY BENEFITED BY THE PROPOSED CANAL

LIEUTENANT MAURY, in designating the rivers whose commerce will flow naturally into the Gulf of Mexico, and whose drainage area is tributary to its commerce, includes the Amazon, Orinoco and Mississippi Rivers, with many smaller ones, whose waters unite in the Gulf as affluents of the Gulf Stream and pass into the Atlantic Ocean through the opening between Florida and Cuba. The opening of a canal through Darien, he insists, will give a commercial highway to the Pacific for the vast area drained by these water-courses, and will create local resources for the traffic on the canal far in excess of those of the Mediterranean Sea. If there were no other advantage than this in favor of such a highway, it would be worthy of the efforts of the whole commercial world to start the circulation of commerce through the vast *cul de sac* of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico; that is, virtually, a dead centre in the heart of the Atlantic Ocean.

It cannot be that the progress of the twentieth century will pause at the slight barrier of thirty miles of canal excavation that interrupts the full dominion over land and sea that the Creator has given to man. It is impossible to conceive that a Government and people who have spanned this continent from ocean to ocean with six great railroad systems within thirty years will hesitate to complete its plan for the defense of its coasts, for the strengthening of its sea power, for the connection of its coast lines, and for the increase of its coastwise and foreign commerce, by the construction of a ship canal for the common use of the Government and the people of the United States and of the whole world. The new opportunities and duties that have fallen to our lot in the control of the insular possessions derived from Spain add immensely to the argument in favor of this waterway. It will be an inexpressible honor to the United States when we have united the East and West Indies with the thoroughfare for ships that has been the hope of all navigators and merchants since the voyage of Christopher Columbus.

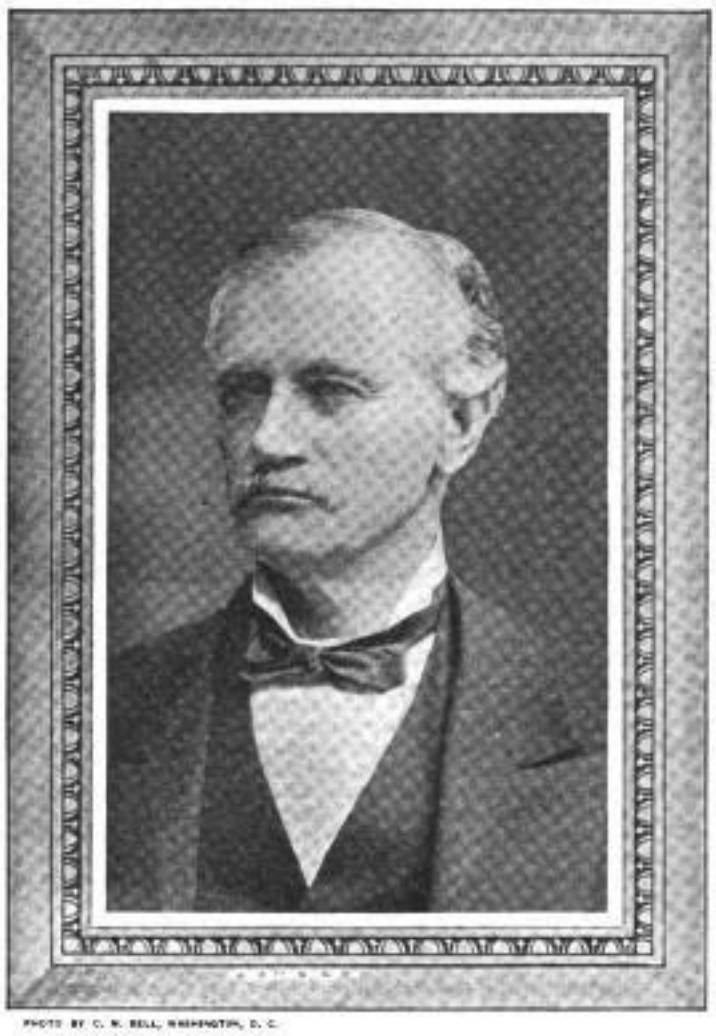


PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN

THE FUTURE OF OUR OCCIDENTAL MEDITERRANEAN

THE future results of such an enterprise are beyond the reach of computation in their benefits to mankind. When our Mediterranean Sea, which this canal will people, has contributed its wealth and glory to the world, it will not be lessened by comparison with that of the Eastern Mediterranean, with all of its historic renown.

In the broad and national view of this subject it is quite safe to say that, in addition to the advantages that the Government will derive from the canal, there is no place and no industry in the United States that will not derive benefit from it, and there will be few, if any, Americans who will not feel that its construction is a national duty and an honor to the country. The South Atlantic and Gulf States, with their cotton, iron and coal productions, and their vast forests of yellow pine timber and hard woods, will be directly benefited by the facilities of transportation for their heavy productions, and the increase of their prosperity will add a new chapter to the most advanced achievements of human endeavor in all the annals of time. Instructed by recent history in all countries where the cheap and rapid transit of commerce has been encouraged, it is a safe calculation that the value of property in our Gulf States alone would pay for the construction of this canal ten times over in a single decade, but this view is far short of the national advantages of this waterway, as it is insignificant when contrasted with the benefits that it will confer upon all commercial nations.

Figures that indicate the sums of profit and loss in business matters are not adapted to the computation of the real benefits that we must derive, as a people, from supplying the missing link that is necessary to the geographical and political unification of our Atlantic and Pacific coast lines, now separated by a distance of more than 10,000 miles through the most dangerous seas.

THE COROLLARY TO LIEUTENANT MAURY'S PROPOSITION

THE profits of the canal as an investment are attracting the attention of capitalists, and they begin to combine with each other to interfere with the Government in its rightful and necessary control of the subject. This ought to be sufficient proof of the cash value of this work, but it is always difficult to prove a proposition that is self-evident by an arithmetical statement of its elements, or a calculation of its value. Argument becomes burdensome when it is addressed to the proof of what everybody knows to be true. Whatever may be the future political disposition of the recently acquired Spanish islands, and the Hawaiian and Samoan groups, the opening of a short line of navigation between them must be of the greatest benefit to our own commerce and to our naval defense, and to them a blessing of inconceivable value. No such field of peaceful enterprise was ever placed within the control of any nation as that which reaches from ocean to ocean between Puerto Rico and the Philippines; and no greater prospect of wealth, earned by just and honorable work, was ever offered as a reward to any nation.

If no other inducement offered to stimulate our Republic to exert its influence in blessing the people of these islands, its traditions and promises and its noble spirit of humanity would compel us to open the grand highway that will bring together these ends of the earth.

A Hint for Delaware

By René Bache

MANY people think the peach tree is a born fool, but this notion is not altogether just. The peach plant came originally from Persia, and properly belongs in a much warmer latitude than that of the northern part of the United States, consequently it is not on its guard about blossoming too early. That is the reason it is so apt to be nipped by frost after a warm spell in spring, with the result of the loss of much of the crop.

A very simple expedient has been found recently, by which it is likely that future peach crops will be saved from this cause of destruction. It consists simply in spraying the twigs and dormant buds with a solution of whitewash. The effect of this application, as has been ascertained by trial, is to hold back the blossoming for about a week.

In our climate there are apt to be warm spells even in midwinter, when the thermometer climbs quite high, and this is very dangerous for the peaches. The dormant buds, encouraged by the sunshine, proceed to swell and ripen; then comes a cold wave, and they are killed. In this way promising crops of the fruit are frequently lost, and it is a comfort to learn that the whitewash application is a fairly sure preventive of such disaster. Buds and twigs coated with it, because they are white, reflect the sun's rays, instead of absorbing them; thus their temperature is not raised perceptibly, and they have no tendency to ripen.

This is the basis of the theory and practice of the whitewash treatment, through the help of which it is hoped that the peach crops of future years will be much more successful than they have been in the past. So much difference does color make that varieties of peach trees which have purple buds are much more apt to be winter-killed than those having green buds. Blue and purple in plants have the power of absorbing more heat than other colors, and on that account many species in cold regions are bluish or purplish.

Many methods of protecting peach buds in winter have been tried with more or less success, one of these being to bend the trees down to the ground and cover them with soil or mats. Another plan is to coat the buds by spraying them with glue, and a third consists in drawing the branches together and wrapping them in a vertical bundle with coarse grass or cornstalks. Shading the trees with board sheds has given admirable results.

One advantage of the whitewash process is that it costs very little. Half a bucketful to a tree is about enough, and each tree should have two sprayings to begin with. The wash will last for weeks, and two subsequent sprayings are sufficient. The cost is about ten cents the tree.

Elaborate experiments with this process have been made by experts of the Department of Agriculture, with the striking result that sprayed trees "set" much more fruit.

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Chances for Young Men
II - In Japan
By Frank G. Carpenter

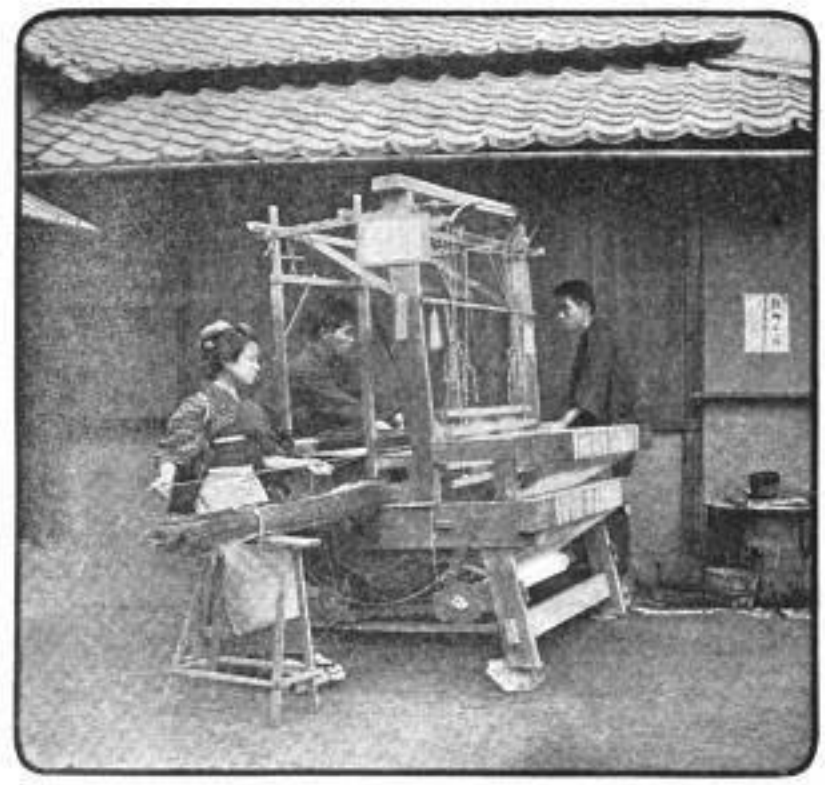
ON THE steamer in which I crossed the Pacific from San Francisco to Yokohama, a few months ago, were a number of young Americans who were starting out to try their fortunes in the countries of the far East. One had an engagement to act as bookkeeper for a great exporting company of Kobé, Japan; another was on his way as the representative of one of the biggest milling machine organizations of the United States, to put up a modern flouring mill at a cost of more than one hundred thousand dollars, for some Chinese capitalists at Shanghai; a third expected to take charge of a wholesale foreign grocery at the same port.

We had, also, several mining and electrical engineers who had been sent out to look into opportunities for investments in Asia, an American professor connected with the University of Tokyo, and several commercial travelers, each of whom had a line of American goods for which he expected to take orders in the different countries. Two of the commercial men were selling machinery, one was introducing fancy American groceries, another carried with him a stock of jewelry and plated ware which he expected to dispose of at different ports of Japan and China, and another was the agent of an Ohio encaustic tile company, who was making an experimental trip of about fifty thousand miles, to take orders for and introduce his wares into the chief cities upon the way. In addition to these there were a number of young Americans going to China, Japan and the Philippines to take advantage of whatever good things they could turn up, and several buyers for some of the largest importing establishments of San Francisco, Chicago and New York. It was altogether a typical crowd of the classes of our young men who may now be found on almost any of the large trans-Pacific steamships, a living evidence of how the Young American is reaching out into the new fields of trade beyond the seas.

NEW COMMERCIAL CONDITIONS IN JAPAN

Among these fields Japan, just at present, seems to have an especial attraction. The new treaties which went into effect about a year ago have radically changed the rights and opportunities of foreigners. Until last July they could not do business outside of a limited number of seacoast cities known as the treaty ports. They could not travel over the Empire without passports from the Japanese Government, nor could they go from place to place and make their own bargains directly with the manufacturers. All of the business had to be done through middlemen who were native Japanese. The foreigners lived at the ports and were subject largely to the jurisdiction of their respective consuls. Now they are subject to Japanese laws and taxes, but they can go where they please and engage in business as they please. They can establish their own factories anywhere in the Empire, and can employ the cheap labor of Japan to make goods for America or Japan or the big Chinese market over the way. The change is so radical that it is not yet known how it will affect Japanese manufacturing and trade, and the operation of the Japanese laws and taxes are such that there is still quite a difference of opinion among the foreign residents as to whether the advantages of the new régime are as great as they would seem to be.

If many young Americans are to find places in Japan it must be in connection with manufacturing for our markets, and in the use of Japanese cheap labor. The opportunities given to young men by the foreign firms now doing business in the Empire are necessarily limited. There are now, all told, not more than ten thousand foreigners in Japan, and of these, five thousand are Chinese. This leaves only five thousand whites, of whom the English number two thousand and the Americans ten hundred and seventy-six. Probably two-thirds of the Americans are missionaries, so that, all told, there are not more than three hundred who are engaged in business and other professions. There are thirteen Americans employed in our consular and diplomatic service; eleven only have offices under the Japanese Government, and the remainder is made up of merchants, doctors, dentists and members of other professions. This is a very small showing, considering the enormous trade which Japan has with America, and her population of 46,000,000—more than half that of the United States. It is comparatively much less extensive than Japan's mercantile occupancy of the United States, where every large city has its Japanese stores and where there are now living and doing business more than five thousand native Japanese—more than five times the American population of Japan.



WEAVING MATTING

Japan was opened by Americans to the world and many of the foreign improvements were introduced by Americans. At one time scores of our young men were employed in the various departments of the Government. They acted as the professors in the universities, taught in the schools, took charge as civil engineers on the railroads, and also helped construct them and other of the modern engineering works. Americans had charge of the telegraphs, and it was an American who introduced our postal system into the Empire. To-day, as I have stated, there are only eleven Americans in the employ of the Government, and these would be dispensed with if it were possible to do so. The Japanese believe that Japan is for their own people. They will take a foreigner for a time, but as soon as they have learned all he knows they will cast him off. They are apt at learning, and not only believe they are able to master anything that any other people can master, but are really able to do so.

JAPANESE POLICY TOWARD FOREIGN PROFESSIONAL MEN

Starting with a few foreign professors less than a generation ago, they have now an educational system managed by themselves which will compare favorably with ours. They have an Imperial University in Tokyo with more than two thousand students, and in their common schools the pupils number more than four millions. In the private and higher schools there are probably a million more, and the number of teachers employed is more than one hundred thousand. These schools have studies like ours, and in some cases they use the same text-books, pirating the American editions. They have also their technical schools of engineering and their professional schools of different kinds, so that they are producing all kinds of skilled and professional labor. Thousands of their young men are sent to the United States and Europe to study for the professions, and these, when they return, are believed by the people to be fully the equals of foreigners, and hence have filled the demand which formerly existed for foreign professional men.

TRANSPLANTING RICE



CHANCES FOR AMERICAN DOCTORS AND DENTISTS

This leaves the young American professional man who would come here practically dependent on the foreign population for his practice. The chances for great results are therefore limited. American dentists who do so well in Europe can do something, but not so much, here. They will get higher prices, one of the Yokohama dentists receiving six dollars for fillings, whether of amalgam or gold, and three times as much for crown and other difficult work, as in America. The young dentist who comes must expect competition from the Japanese dentist, who will work for lower prices.

No young dentist should come to Japan unless he thoroughly understands his profession; nor should he come unless he has money to enable him to maintain a respectable establishment and to take his place in the society of the foreign circles for two or three years. He must have good offices, keep himself well dressed, and take his part in the life of the foreigners of the city in which he settles. If he does this, he will in a short time begin to get patients, and eventually will find that he has a good practice and a life place for himself. It is the same with young doctors and other professional men. A success has one additional advantage over that of such professions in the United States in that a practice, once built up, has a commercial value, the good-will lasting as long as the firm name is kept, although the original members may have sold out, died or gone away.

A PROMISING OUTLOOK FOR YOUNG LAWYERS

As to lawyers, about a thousand are graduated every year from the law schools of Tokyo, and there are tens of thousands in the Empire. The foreign attorneys are comparatively few, and since the new treaties have come into effect these have in nearly every case formed partnership with native lawyers in order to further their practice. The laws in force are modeled after the French law system, and the young man who would engage in the practice should not only understand French, but also the Japanese. There is no jury system; the judges decide everything. The amounts involved in trials range from five cents to thousands of dollars. All of the large firms and corporations have their own lawyers, just as with us, but the fees paid are usually much less. The new treaties which make foreigners subject to Japanese laws will probably create a demand for foreign lawyers, for no American would like to trust his case to a Japanese. Learning the language is a matter of several years, and the young man must come to Japan expecting to study hard to fit himself for the position.

FORTUNES MADE IN SMALL FANCY GOODS

In commercial lines there should be many openings for the more enterprising of our young men. At present more than two-thirds of the export and import business of Japan is in the hands of foreigners. In 1898 over fifty million dollars' worth of Japanese goods were sent abroad by the foreign merchants doing business here, and the amounts imported by them footed up a grand total of more than ninety million dollars. The business is done by firms with large capital and on a close margin, but I see no reason why our young men, having made their connections at home, should not come out here and get their share of it. The Japanese prefer to buy direct of the home manufacturers and they are now ordering large amounts of goods by catalogues. The commercial traveler who will come here with his samples and work the trade should be able to do a good business.

There are many opportunities for money making in Japan for young Americans who understand the tastes of our people

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Editor's Note—Mr. Carpenter's series on Chances for Young Men, of which this is the second article, was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of March 10.

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and can use the cheap labor here to supply them. There are many knickknacks made which can be sold in the United States at a good profit, and every now and then some sharp Yankee picks one up and makes a good thing out of it. Last year, for instance, an American buyer for one of the largest department stores of Chicago saw a little lacquer box which he thought American girls would buy as a powder-box. It was selling here for about four sen, or two American cents. The Chicago buyer arranged for the manufacture of two millions of them at a cent and a half apiece, with the result that they retailed in our markets readily at ten cents apiece.

Another man, a tourist who visited Japan some years ago, bought several millions of little boxes which cost less than a cent each, and used them at home for selling tacks. The boxes were very pretty and women bought the tacks in many cases to get the boxes. The dealer made a little fortune from the investment.



MAKING BRONZE CURIOS

I see beautiful tea canisters of all sizes, from that of a wine glass up to some which would hold one and two quarts. They are beautifully decorated and would command a ready sale in the United States. They are very cheap.

There are several different kinds of Japanese candies and sweets that might be profitably sold in the United States, either by importation from Japan or by manufacturing the same articles at home. One especially is a sweet known as Midzu-Amme. It is sold in Japan as a syrup and in the form of a paste somewhat like gum drops or fig paste. It is made from millet, but I am told it can also be manufactured from wheat or Indian corn. In the paste form it is a delicious candy, of a transparent light amber color, and in a syrup it looks like a rich golden molasses. This stuff is not only good to taste, but it has for years been used in Japan as a digestant and as a cure for dyspepsia and other stomach troubles. Children can eat all they please of it and not need castor oil as an after-dose. The most dyspeptic American could swallow his buckwheat cakes without danger if he had Midzu-Amme instead of maple molasses to sweeten them.

I mention these things only as samples of a number which the live Yankee may find here if he keeps his eyes open. There are different kinds of wall papers, fancy papers, curios of all kinds and other knickknacks which are awaiting the young man who has the brains to see what they are worth and how they can be sold at home.

THINGS THEY MAKE MORE CHEAPLY IN JAPAN

The encaustic tile salesman of whom I spoke as being on his way around the world to sell goods showed me a wall paper as thick as Lincrusta-Walton which he proposed to introduce into America. He said we have nothing that will compare with it in design and texture, and he believes it can be sold for ten times its cost in Japan. There is letter paper made here which has a gloss like silk, and at one of the factories I was shown a sheet of heavy silk paper which was so tough and strong that it would support my weight when four men lifted it at the corners.

Another field for young men with some capital is in the use of Japanese labor and skill to manufacture things for our home markets. There are many articles which can be made here for much less than in the United States. The Japanese have known this in the past and they have taken advantage of it, but by the new treaties the field is now open to all. As to what the Japanese have done, one or two examples will illustrate their ability in such lines. Take the little round lead cones which, fitted with a knife, are sold for lead-pencil sharpeners. These cones, a few years ago, were sold by our merchants at wholesale at fifteen dollars a gross. The Japanese have copied them and can make them to sell at a profit at seventy-five cents a gross. Rulers which used to sell at six dollars a gross have been supplanted by a better article, made in Japan, which can be sent across the Pacific to San Francisco and sold at retail at two cents apiece, and one of the best makes of American lead pencils has been imitated and is now sold here as an imported article at one-fourth the price it brings in the United States. They can copy anything and do not scruple to steal patents and trade-marks, though they have laws which nominally protect such properties.

MAKING MONEY IN RUGS, MATTINGS AND OIL STOVES

There are, however, many things in the line of legitimate manufacture which could be made here to sell in America, and they may be patented in Japan. The Japanese are, it must be remembered, anxious for any new and good thing, and any man who comes here and makes a success in any way must expect competition as soon as the people realize that his business is profitable. If the young American brings an unpatented article to sell to the Japanese he must expect to make all his profits out of his first or second importation, for if it is an article that can be imitated these people will make the same thing cheaper than he can bring it from home. Just now there is an American who is doing well selling portable oil stoves. Petroleum is the light of Japan and charcoal is the chief fuel. None of the common houses have stoves or good heating arrangements and the oil stoves are in demand. They are, however, already being imitated and their foreign importation cannot long withstand Japanese competition.

Among the new industries of Japan in which foreigners have been making money are those which have used the cheap labor to make matting and rugs. One firm had paintings made of the most beautiful rugs from the great museums of the world. The paintings were brought here and the rugs were copied in jute and cotton. They are now sold in all American cities.

The mattings which Japan made until within a very few years ago were exclusively for home consumption. They were as thick as your wrist, were made in pieces three feet wide and six feet long. White was the only color manufactured. These mats were used as carpets for the floors of the Japanese stores and houses as they are to-day. Then the Japanese discovered the foreign demand for matting. Now hundreds of thousands of rolls are sent to the United States every year. They make the most beautiful matting in the world. The weaving is done by the Japanese, but the sales are chiefly made through the foreign firms. Many of the new designs are suggested by the importers, but of late the Japanese have been designing themselves and some of the most beautiful patterns are of native origin.

THE WAGES OF JAPANESE ARTISANS

Since the war between Japan and China there has been a radical increase in the wages of Japanese laborers. From our standpoint they are still very low, and the mode of living among the common people is such that it will be many years before they approximate the wages paid to similar workmen in the United States. From a table prepared by the Japanese Government I give the average wages paid at the present time. The hours are in all cases for days of ten or eleven hours and for seven days of the week. I have reduced the figures to American gold.

Mechanics are paid less than twenty-five cents a day. Carpenters and plasterers receive twenty-one cents; stone cutters and masons twenty-three cents and bricklayers twenty-four cents per day. Shoemakers are paid seventeen cents, paperhangers twenty-one cents, jewelers twenty-two cents, and saddlers and harness-makers twenty cents. Those who make tobacco and cigars get seventeen cents, compositors and printers seventeen cents, and blacksmiths twenty cents. Tailors who can make European clothes receive twenty-six cents, and common workmen who do the hardest of manual labor are paid twenty-one cents a day. On the farms men are paid thirteen cents and women receive eight cents per day. Of the weavers, men get twelve cents and the women eight cents a day, and in other manufacturing industries about the same, the wages ranging from ten to twenty-five cents, with less wages for women and children, the latter often receiving not more than five or six cents a day. These wages, it must be remembered, are the average wages over the Empire. In some of the cities they are higher, and in others lower than the sums stated.

With such wages and with the extraordinary skill and industry of the people, Japan must for many years offer opportunities for the making of all kinds of goods. There are already forty-seven modern cotton mills operating more than a million spindles, and within the past two or three years many woolen mills have been established. A great deal of the manufacturing is done in small factories and vast quantities of goods are woven in the homes of the people, it being estimated that there are more than half a million hand looms in the Empire. For this reason many undertakings can be started with small capital, the only danger in such cases being from the competition of the Japanese. The manufacturing of the future for a large part of the Chinese market will, it is believed, be done in Japan, and a combination of American and Japanese capital has been suggested by Marquis Ito. Such combinations would, however, be possible only between men of considerable capital.

THE MATTER OF RETURN PASSAGE MONEY

Taking the whole field into consideration, the young American who would go to this part of the far East to make his fortune had better think long before he starts. He should not come expecting to get a place as a clerk or employee of one of the foreign firms unless he is thoroughly capable and unless he can show letters from former employers stating that he is so. He must not come without enough money to keep him for several months while he is looking about for a job, and enough to take him back home in case he fails to get one. The round trip across the Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to Japan and back will cost for passage alone $300, and three times that sum would be a small amount to allow for the experiment—a risky experiment, indeed, with no positive certainty of success. The young man who would engage in manufacturing must have capital, of course, and he must at the same time have brains enough to know a good thing and have the nerve to take advantage of it. For such men there are opportunities everywhere, and just now the rapid developments and changes which are taking place in Eastern Asia should furnish them a fair opening in Japan.

The VETERAN



By Frank L. Stanton

NUTHIN' but fightin' an' fightin'! I'm gittin' too old fer it now,
But when I hear bullets a-whizzin', I want to jine in anyhow!
Jest readin' the news in the papers o' how they air blazin' away
Makes me cut up the queerest o' capers, an' hooray the old-time hooray!

Nuthin' but fightin' an' fightin'—guns from the East to the West,
An' me on a furlough that's left me forever *an'* ever at rest!
Step sorter haltin' an' feeble—eyes that air lackin' the light,
An' my *heart* keepin' time to the drum-beat when I see the boys hep to the right!

Nuthin' but fightin' an' fightin', an' nuthin' that's left me to do;
An' yit I'm as willin' as ever—an' yit I wuz raised to it, too!
I tell you, my eyes they git misty when I'm hearin' the news o' the fray,
To think I kin only jest *hear* it, an' stay home an' holler "Hooray!"

Didn't I face it with "Stonewall"? Didn't I foller "Bob" Lee?
Didn't he say fer a-many a day there warn't any fighter like me?
An' *now*, whilst they're rippin' an' rearin', an' doin' their deadliest do,
I can't take a han' in the scrimmage with the boys in the jackets o' blue!

"Laid up!" Them's the words I'm a-sayin' all o' the days an' the years:
Laid up! whilst the ban's air a-playin'—laid up on the shelf fer repairs!
An' I hear how they're fightin' the battles—I see the boys marchin' away,
An' all I kin do fer my country is to stay home an' holler "Hooray!"

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MEN & WOMEN
Close-Range Studies



PHOTO BY DAVIS & SANFORD, NEW YORK
MRS. CYNTHIA WESTOVER-ALDEN

Mrs. Alden and the Princess

The International League of Press Clubs, which recently organized a Benevolent Association for the building of a home for newspaper workers, elected a woman as one of the directors and a member of the Committee on the Site. She is Mrs. Cynthia Westover-Alden, woman editor of the New York Tribune and an author of many successful books for girls. She accepted the position and will lecture in the principal cities of the country during the season for the benefit of the home. Mrs. Alden's journalistic career was inspired by long and faithful service in several branches of the New York municipal government, where she furnished the city press with bright reports and interesting articles incidental to her work. Her best piece of reporting was among her first newspaper experiences.

"One day when I was writing for the now defunct Recorder," she said the other day, "I was assigned to interview the Princess Eulalie, the Spanish royal representative to the World's Fair at Chicago. I missed her in New York, so I paid my own expenses to Washington to interview her there, but I did not succeed. She would not see reporters. I interviewed the master of ceremonies, an American who had charge of the royal party, and asked him to help me. He replied that 'Her Highness would return to New York the next day, but you cannot meet her unless you are introduced by Mayor Gilroy himself.'

"I went back to New York crestfallen. The next day I induced the editor to send me on the chartered boat which took the royal party up to West Point. The boat started and Eulalie and her escort took up a position on the main deck. The Mayor stood on one side and navy and army officers on the other. All about were soldiers with crossed sabres. The procession of invited guests started two by two to be presented to the Princess, but when I saw that they did not get near enough to her to touch her hand, I determined not to take my place in the line but to devise other means of being introduced. Finally a bright thought occurred to me, and, breaking through the ranks, I said to the soldiers:

"'Let me pass; I've a message for Mayor Gilroy.'

"I went through. I walked up to the Mayor and said, 'Mr. Mayor, everybody has met the Princess but myself. Will you present me?'

"He recognized me and replied, 'I am delighted to have the honor. Your Highness, this is Miss Cynthia Westover, who has for many years been a part of the city government.'

"The Princess looked up and smiled, and I spoke to her in Spanish and told her how pleased I was to meet her. She answered that I was the first woman she had met who spoke her own tongue. We talked for over an hour on Spanish and American customs. She told me of her love of horses, music and literature, and of the training of her Spanish sisters. She asked me to step outside with her, and I did so. We walked up and down the deck for about ten minutes when I saw the master of ceremonies coming. He instantly recognized me, and advancing quickly toward the Princess he spoke hurriedly in Spanish and put his finger to his lips. I looked up to him and said:

"'I've got my two-column interview, thank you, and I obeyed your orders strictly. I was presented by the Mayor.'"

A Cruel Joke on Andrew Lang

Even the shrewdest persons may at times be deceived. No matter how much people may differ upon the genius of Andrew Lang, they are unanimous in regard to his quick intelligence and his talent for playing golf. Not long ago he was a guest at a very distinguished dinner, which he is said to have described as an extraordinary survival of savage mysteries. The culinary part was faultless, but Mr. Lang's enjoyment was utterly ruined by having, as he put it, "a budding funny man on the one hand and a diabolically deaf Socialist on the other. I could not," added the famous critic, "tell which of the two was the more mournful companion."

Two weeks afterward it got out that the Socialist was not deaf; that he had come to the banquet prepared to be bored by less learned guests; that he had been seated alongside "an idiotic middle-aged gentleman who did nothing but talk of golf," and that to protect himself he had simulated a deafness which kept his neighbor bawling.



PHOTO BY J. H. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.
F. W. CUSHMAN

The New Humorist from the Far West

In the House of Representatives one of the most picturesque and buoyant figures was James Hamilton Lewis, who added greatly to the gayety of the routine. His successor is Francis W. Cushman, who began very soon after Congress met to maintain the reputation of the State of Washington in the councils of the nation.

He is one of the humorists of the House, and he enlivens his speeches with various stories that take the edge off of his bitter partisanship, such, for instance, as calling a Senator a traitor to his country.

Mr. Cushman will be thirty-three in May. He was born in Iowa, and he had the characteristic career of the self-made man of the West.

He was a section hand on the railroad, a cowboy, a laborer in a lumber camp, a school teacher, and finally a lawyer. His law office is in Tacoma.

This is the first office he ever held and his nomination was unanimous. He is a Congressman-at-large and he fell into the usual pitfall of telling the old story about it. The political importance of his election was due to the fact that he ran on a gold-standard platform against Mr. Lewis, and beat him by over 2000 votes in a total vote of about 75,000. This is the way he expressed his financial views: "There would be no greater inconsistency to me in hearing a man talk of biyardism, biquartism, or bibushelism than to hear any one discourse on the beauties of bimetalism in the sense of using both metals as a standard. But one metal only can or will ever be the standard."

John Sherman on Himself

A politician who was very near to Senator John Sherman in the campaign of 1892 says he will never forget the effect that the first kodak picture of himself had upon the Senator. Mr. Sherman had been speaking the night before in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, and the newspaper artists had taken some life-like snapshots of him in many attitudes. To the politician the Senator said, upon looking over the newspapers the next day: "Well, well, our time for criticising the newspaper men is over. They have us to rights now. Here I am just as I am, and I'm a caricature of what I have always thought I was."

PHOTO BY THE BECKER STUDIO, CLEVELAND
MISS CORNELIA DYAS

Judge Fitzgerald's Double Entry

Judge James Fitzgerald, of the New York Supreme Court, is an excellent example of what perseverance and singleness of purpose will accomplish. The Judge, who is about forty years old, supported not only himself but helped his family while serving as a cash-boy in a store and at night he attended Cooper Union. Later he read law at night and managed to be admitted to the bar at the same age that most young men begin practice. The Judge has had more than fair sailing, though, since he became a lawyer. He is a powerful man physically, ruddy, and as active as a lynx. To his native Irish wit is added a power of speech that nearly approaches eloquence. He soon took a prominent part in politics and was for years a member of the Legislature.

Several years ago he was appointed an additional Assistant District Attorney at the comfortable salary of $7500 the year. Before taking office he married and went on a prolonged wedding trip. When he returned a month's pay was due him and he went to the office for it. During his honeymoon he had traveled over a good part of this country, and as his funds were low he went direct from the train to the office.

"Here is your money, Counselor," said the pay clerk, deferentially, after his kind.

"All right," replied Mr. Fitzgerald, pocketing the roll of bills.

"Sign the pay-roll, please," continued the clerk.

"Of course," responded the bridegroom, and, absent-mindedly, he wrote as follows:

"James Fitzgerald and wife."

And the entry is on the city books to this day.

Should Have Tried a Deaf Mute

Even distinguished artists have their domestic sorrows. Miss Cornelia Dyas, the eminent pianist of New York, belongs to a musical family and from her early years has devoted her life to her favorite art. She studied in this country, went abroad and completed her musical education in Germany. Her brother and sister had similar careers and finally they all came together in New York. There they tired of hotel life and determined to engage in housekeeping on their own account. They secured a beautiful apartment on the upper part of the island, furnished it to suit their artistic fancies, engaged a servant and were happy. The place resounded with music from dawn to eve and late into the night.

Then the girl left.

They secured another who also left. A third behaved in the same way. The housekeeping scheme began to lose its charms. One day Miss Dyas met one of the ex-domestics who greeted her very pleasantly.

"I am so sorry you left me," said the pianist. "Was there any trouble?"

"Well, you see the place was very nice and the work was light and the people were very fine, but there was just a little bit more music than I could stand."

New England's Silver Man

To be a silver man in New England is almost as difficult as to be a gold bug in Arkansas, but George Fred Williams, lawyer, ex-Congressman and upholder of Mr. Bryan's cause in "the enemy's country," seems to prosper upon the antagonisms which his views arouse. He is the most cartooned man in all the New England States. The newspapers ridicule him seven days a week, but it does not seem to affect his equanimity, and many of those who have seen only the caricatures always express astonishment when they get their first sight of him, for he is a strikingly handsome man, of large personal popularity, and is the best-known citizen of Dedham, the beautiful Massachusetts town where he resides. Mr. Williams has been mentioned among the possibilities for the second place on the Democratic ticket.



GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS
PHOTO BY PURDY, BOSTON, MASS.

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OF THE HOUR of Contemporaries

A Rough and Ready Schoolmaster

When Charles D. Folsom, the New York lawyer, left Phillips Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, he had a distinct feeling of pride that he was graduated from the same school that sent Daniel Webster out to fight the battle of life, and, because Webster's second step was school teaching, and because he needed the money, he adopted this profession. From this time on, to use his own words, all likeness between his own and the great statesman's career ended.

It was in Sanbornton Square, New Hampshire. There were four giants of boys in the school, all over eighteen years of age, and Mr. Folsom was only nineteen. But he had the advantage of practical physical training on his side. One day the father of one of the giants, who had a bad reputation as a local fighter, drove up to the schoolhouse with an ax and asked for the teacher. He hammered on the door for several moments, and when the teacher appeared he returned to his buggy. The irate parent said:

"Young man, did you lick one of my boys yesterday?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, if you do it again I'll fix you."

"No, you won't," was the answer; "I'll whip your boys so long as they are under my charge and disobey the rules."

"Well, we'll see," said the man, preparing to get out.

It just then occurred to Mr. Folsom that this was his time, and he lifted the bed of the light buggy off the wheels and tipped it over. Into the ditch rolled the man with the ax, while the teacher and thirty-five school children looked on and grinned. It was too much for the man, and, adjusting the buggy top, he rode quietly away.

Senator Gorman's Success as an Interviewer

Of all the politicians of this generation none has a larger reputation for reserve than former Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, who is again taking a prominent part in Democratic politics. Senator Gorman applies to public affairs the famous rule of the great soldier who said that the art of war consisted in finding out what the enemy intended to do. Mr. Gorman is affability itself to the newspaper men that crowd around him for information, but it is a standing joke among them that he does all the interviewing himself.

Every summer Senator Gorman goes to Saratoga for several weeks. One evening Judge Grubb, of Delaware, remarked: "Senator Gorman, you and I have been coming to this hotel now for nearly a dozen years, and every summer when I get back home I find that I have told you everything I know, whereas you never tell me a thing."

The Senator smiled and so did those about him, for they appreciated that the Judge had given a capital description of Mr. Gorman.



ARTHUR P. GORMAN

PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Uncle Dick's" New Billet

President McKinley hardly could have picked out a more popular naval officer for the superintendentship of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, than Commander Richard Wainwright. Of his dauntless courage and his seamanship the world knows the story, but of the gentler sides of his nature the knowledge is confined to men of his own calling. The new superintendent is known to naval officers the world over as "Uncle Dick" and "Uncle Richard." In his desire to increase the happiness of his officers and men he has made it a rule to keep lists of scenes and objects for sight-seers, curiosity-seekers and lovers of adventure. In the early nineties, while commanding the Alert, he visited the Port of Amoy, China. He called upon the American Consul, and, after exchanging the compliments of the season, spoke about the places of interest in the neighborhood. To the Consul's surprise, Wainwright knew almost as much of the place as he did. He had all the facts about the port.

"I like to keep myself informed upon such matters," explained Mr. Wainwright, "on account of my boys on board. I remember when I was a youngster in the navy nothing gave me more misery than to find out after I had visited a port that I had missed something worth seeing."

Comptroller Coler's Bid for the Governorship

Bird S. Coler, Comptroller of the city of New York, frequently acts for the Mayor in public functions of a social nature. The latest one was the opening of a new armory late in January. Among his duties on this occasion was the reviewing of the troops, who were to occupy the structure. Now there are certain things which a man must know when he reviews a body of troops, and none of these things did Comptroller Coler know save in the vaguest possible way. Therefore, before the ceremonies began he sought the advice of General McAleer, who commands the Second Division of the State Guard, and was in charge of the ceremonies.

"I never reviewed a regiment before," said Mr. Coler.

"That's all right," responded the General. "I'll fix you," and he thereupon wrote plainly on a small slip of paper a set of directions, covering the custom of reviewers, telling when he should uncover his head and to whom, and such other things as were of use. With this paper deftly concealed in his hand Mr. Coler faced the ordeal bravely. The General stood by his side and, as the evening wore on, faithfully nodded approval as his pupil followed his directions like a trained soldier.



PHOTO BY FABER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

COM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT

At length came the regimental colors. The Comptroller glanced down at his paper and then turned a quick and appealing glance at the General. The veteran made some mute signal and leaned forward as if to whisper. Then he straightened himself, turned white and looked fixedly at something a long ways off. The paper had no reference to colors on it. But the Comptroller had not witnessed the Dewey parade for nothing. Remembering Governor Roosevelt's impressive salute to the Admiral, he drew himself up and waited.

In a second the color bearers were in front of him.

With a superb gesture the Comptroller raised his hat, threw out his chest and placed his hat with a resounding thump over his left breast. It was more than patriotic—it was dramatic, and the spectators burst into applause.

When the last soldier filed by, the General caught him by the hand and said: "For Mercy's sake! where did you get that? I forgot to mention the colors and I trembled for the result."

"I remembered Governor Roosevelt's salute to Admiral Dewey just in the nick of time. Did I do it all right?" he asked anxiously.

"All right?" replied the General admiringly. "You did it out of sight. A few more reviews and you will be Governor of New York yourself."

PHOTO BY ANÉ DUPONT, NEW YORK

PRINCESS SALM-SALM



PHOTO BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

MISS ADÈLE RITCHIE

On the Free List

The comic operatic star, Miss Adèle Ritchie, has a great love for French art and visits Paris for several months every year. Here she studies the stage and also the dressmakers and milliners. During a recent trip outward there was a pleasant passenger list on the steamer and nearly every evening something entertaining took place in the main saloon. The singing was, of course, the chief feature of the program. At Havre a fellow-passenger, whom Miss Ritchie had seen only once or twice on the voyage, approached her and said, "I want to thank you for the great pleasure you have given me during the trip."

Supposing that his remark was polite commonplace she answered, "I am much obliged to you and glad that you enjoyed my part of the programs."

"But," continued the passenger, "I mean it from the depth of my heart. You don't know what good you did. I was very sick from the rolling of the ship because I'm a poor traveler. My cabin was not far from the saloon and I could hear nearly all that went on. Most of what I heard increased my suffering, but last night when you sang three songs I became reconciled to death, no matter what form it took."

At Havre she encountered a customs official who deserves to be remembered. He went through the regular formality as to the trunks and other baggage, but was painfully slow. Miss Ritchie grew a little nervous and said, "I hope there is no tariff upon passengers?"

The official proudly drew himself up, bowed and remarked:

"With passengers like yourself, madam, we believe in absolute free trade, and could our Government be here and see you they would undoubtedly offer a bounty upon the importation."

Princess Salm-Salm's War Record

Of all the women of the present day and generation there is probably none who has had a more crowded or a more interesting and romantic career than the Princess Salm-Salm, of Bonn, Germany. She was Miss Agnes Le Clerq Joy, a Vermont girl, and she has many relatives throughout the United States. At the age of fifteen and one-half years she married Prince Félix Constantine Alexander John Nepomucene Salm-Salm, who came to the United States as a soldier of fortune and in the Civil War rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. Princess Salm-Salm took part in three wars. In the Civil War she followed the fortunes of battle with her husband, and the Governor of Illinois commissioned her a captain of volunteers and she received a captain's pay. She was wounded during the war. Afterward her husband fought with Maximilian in Mexico, and she was with him. Her deafness to-day is due to a wound she received in that conflict. In 1868 the Prince and his wife went to Germany and the Prince was killed before Metz. The Princess was wounded at Amiens. She has written a book of her experiences and she has traveled all over the world. Her present visit in this country is for the purpose of raising a fund of $30,000 for an ambulance corps to accompany the Boer army in the field. She bears with her a certificate from professors in Bonn testifying to her skill as a nurse.

The Princess recently described how she was able to maintain her youthfulness after all her hard experiences. "I must be doing something all the time," she said.

"I sleep only three or four hours in the twenty-four; never slept more since I can remember, but I sleep like the dead when I do sleep. When I awake I take a cold bath every morning and then begin on my letters."

She is enthusiastic in her championship of the Boer cause.

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Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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He fights not to please himself, but to satisfy a public opinion that is two hundred years behind the times



The three men—George, Harris and the author—are on a bicycle tour through Germany. A tandem and a safety are the mounts.

How German Students Amuse Themselves

BEING wishful to obtain an insight into the ways of student life (a curiosity that the courtesy of German friends enabled us to gratify), we passed through a German university town.

The English boy plays till he is fifteen, and works thence till twenty. In Germany it is the child that works, the young man that plays. The German boy goes to school at seven o'clock in the summer, at eight in the winter, and at school he studies. The result is that at sixteen he has a thorough knowledge of the classics and mathematics, knows as much history as any man compelled to belong to a political party is wise in knowing, together with a thorough grounding in modern languages. Therefore his eight college semesters, extending over four years, are, except for the young man aiming at a professorship, unnecessarily ample. He is not a sportsman, which is a pity, for he would make a good one. He plays football a little, bicycles still less; plays French billiards in stuffy cafés more. But, generally speaking, he, or the majority of him, lays out his time bummeling, beer drinking and fighting. If he be the son of a wealthy father he joins a Korps—to belong to a crack Korps costs about four hundred pounds a year. If he be a middle-class young man he enrolls himself in a Burschenschaft, or a Landsmannschaft, which is still a little cheaper. These companies are again broken up into smaller circles, in which attempt is made to keep to nationality. There are the Swabians, from Swabia; the Frankonians, descendants of the Franks; the Thuringians, and so forth. In practice, of course, this results as all such attempts do result; I believe half our Gordon Highlanders are Cockneys; but the picturesque object is obtained of dividing each university into some dozen or so separate companies of students, each one with its distinctive cap and colors, and its own particular beer hall, into which no other student wearing the colors of his corps may come.

The chief work of these student companies is to fight among themselves, or with some rival Korps or Schaft, the celebrated German Mensur.

The Mensur has been described so often and so thoroughly that I do not intend to bore my readers with any detailed account of it. I merely come forward as an impressionist, and I write purposely the impression of my first Mensur, because I believe that first impressions are more true than opinions blunted by intercourse or shaped by influence.

A Frenchman or a Spaniard will seek to persuade you that the bull ring is an institution got up chiefly for the benefit of the bull. The horse which you imagined to be screaming with pain was only laughing at the comical appearance presented by its own inside. Your French or Spanish friend contrasts its glorious and exciting death in the ring with the cold-blooded brutality of the knacker's yard. If you do not keep a tight hold of your head you come away with the desire to start an agitation for the inception of the bull ring in England as an aid to chivalry. No doubt Torquemada was convinced of the humanity of the Inquisition. To a stout gentleman, suffering from rheumatism, an hour on the rack was really a benefit. He would rise feeling more free in his joints, more elastic than he had felt for years. English huntsmen regard the fox as an animal to be envied. A day's really excellent sport is provided for him free of charge, during which he is the centre of attraction.

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Use blinds one to everything one does not wish to see. Every third German gentleman you meet in the street still bears, and will bear to his grave, marks of the twenty to a hundred duels he has fought in his student days. The German children play at the Mensur in the nursery, rehearse it in the gymnasium. The Germans have come to persuade themselves there is no brutality in it, nothing offensive, nothing degrading. Their argument is that it schools the German youth to coolness and courage. If this could be proved, the argument, particularly in a country where every man is a soldier, would be sufficiently one-sided. But is the virtue of the prize-fighter the virtue of the soldier? One doubts it. Nerve and dash are surely of more service in the field than a temperament of unreasoning indifference as to what is happening to one. As a matter of fact, the German student would have to be possessed of much more courage not to fight. He fights not to please himself, but to satisfy a public opinion that is two hundred years behind the times.

All the Mensur does is to brutalize him. There may be skill displayed; I am told there is; but it is not apparent. The mere fighting is like nothing so much as a broad-sword combat at a Richardson's show; the display as a whole is a successful attempt to combine the ludicrous with the unpleasant. In aristocratic Bonn, where style is considered, and in Heidelberg, where visitors from other nations are more common, the affair is perhaps more formal. I am told that there the contests take place in handsome rooms; that gray-haired doctors wait upon the wounded, and liveried servants upon the hungry, and that the affair is conducted throughout with a certain amount of picturesque ceremony. In the more essentially German universities, where strangers are rare and not much encouraged, the simple essentials are the only things kept in view, and these are not of an inviting nature.

Indeed, so distinctly uninviting are they that I strongly advise the sensitive reader to avoid even this description of them. The subject cannot be made pretty, and I do not intend to try.

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The room is bare and sordid; its walls splashed with mixed stains of beer, blood and candle grease; its ceiling, smoky; its floor, sawdust covered. A crowd of students, laughing, smoking, talking, some sitting on the floor, others perched upon chairs and benches, form the framework.

In the centre, facing one another, stand the combatants, resembling Japanese warriors as made familiar to us by the Japanese tea-tray. Quaint and rigid, with their goggle-covered eyes, their necks tied up in comforters, their bodies smothered in what look like dirty bed-quilts, their padded arms stretched straight above their heads, they might be a pair of ungainly clockwork figures. The seconds, also more or less padded, their heads and faces protected by huge leather-peaked caps, drag them out into their proper position; one almost listens to hear the sound of the castors. The umpire takes his place, the word is given, and immediately there follow five rapid clashes of the long, straight swords. There is no interest in watching the fight. There is no movement, no skill, no grace. (I am speaking of my own impressions.) The strongest man wins—the man who with his heavily padded arm always in an unnatural position can hold his huge, clumsy sword longest without growing too weak to be able either to guard or to strike.

The whole interest is centred in watching the wounds. They come always in one of two places: on the top of the head or the left side of the face. At the end of each round the doctors rush up, and press together the wounds, dabbing them with little balls of wet cotton wool which an attendant carries ready on a plate. Naturally the moment the men stand up again and commence work the wound opens again.

As the object of each student is to go away from the university bearing as many scars as possible, I doubt if any particular pains be taken to guard, even to the small extent such method of fighting can allow. The real victor is he who comes out with the greatest number of wounds; he who then, stitched and patched almost to unrecognition as a human being, can promenade for the next month, the envy of the German youth, the admiration of the German maiden. He who obtains only a few unimportant wounds retires sulky and disappointed.

But the actual fighting is only the beginning of the fun. The second act of the spectacle takes place in the dressing room. The doctors are generally mere medical students—young fellows who, having taken their degree, are anxious for practice. Truth compels me to say that those with whom I came in contact were coarse-looking men who seemed rather to relish their work. Perhaps they are not to be blamed for this. It is part of the system that as much further punishment as possible must be inflicted by the doctor, and the ideal medical man might hardly care for such a job. How the student bears the dressing of his wounds is as important as how he receives them. Every operation has to be performed as brutally as may be, and his companions carefully watch him during the process to see that he goes through it with an appearance of peace and enjoyment. A clean-cut wound that gapes wide is most desired by all parties. On purpose it is sewn up clumsily, with the hope that by this means the scar will last a lifetime. Such a wound, judiciously mauled and interfered with during the week afterward, can generally be reckoned to secure its fortunate possessor a wife with a dowry of five figures at the least.

These are the general bi-weekly Mensurs, of which the average student fights some dozen a year. There are others to which visitors are not admitted. When a student is considered to have disgraced himself by some slight involuntary movement of the head or body while fighting, then he can only regain his position by standing up to the best swordsman in his Korps. He demands and is accorded not a contest, but a punishment. His opponent then proceeds to inflict as many wounds as can be taken. The object of the victim is to show his comrades that he can stand still while his head is half sliced from his skull.

❧

Whether anything can properly be said in favor of the German Mensur I am doubtful; but if it can it concerns only the two combatants. Upon the spectators, I am convinced, it exercises nothing but evil. I know myself sufficiently well to be sure I am not of an unusually bloodthirsty disposition. The effect it had upon me can only be the usual effect. At first, before the actual work commenced, my sensation was curiosity mingled with anxiety as to how the sight would trouble me. With the second duel, I must confess, my finer feelings began to disappear; and by the time the third was well upon its way, and the room heavy with the curious hot odor of blood, I began, as the American expression is, to see things red.

I wanted more. I looked from face to face surrounding me, and in most of them I found reflected undoubtedly my own sensation. If it be a good thing to excite this bloodthirst in the modern man, then the Mensur is a useful institution. But is it a good thing? We prate about our civilization and humanity, but those of us who do not carry hypocrisy to the length of self-deception know that underneath our starched shirts there lurks the savage, with all his savage instincts untouched. Occasionally he may be wanted, but we never need fear of his dying out. On the other hand, it seems unwise to overnourish him.

In favor of the duel seriously considered there are many points to be urged. But the Mensur serves no good purpose whatever. It is childishness, and the fact of its being a cruel and brutal game makes it none the less childish. Wounds have no intrinsic value of their own; it is the cause that dignifies them, not their size. William Tell is rightly one of the heroes of the world, but what should we think of the members of a club of fathers, formed with the object of meeting twice a week to shoot apples from their sons' heads with cross-bows? These young German gentlemen could obtain all the results of which they are so proud by teasing a wildcat! To join a club for the mere purpose of getting yourself hacked about reduces a man to the intellectual level of a dancing Dervish. Travelers tell us of savages in Central Africa who express their feelings on festive occasions by jumping about and slashing themselves. But there is no need for Europe to imitate them. The Mensur is, in fact, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the duel; and if the Germans themselves cannot see that it is funny one can only regret their lack of humor.

❧

But though one may be unable to agree with the public opinion that supports and commands the Mensur, it at least is possible to understand. The university code, that, if it does not encourage, at least condones drunkenness, is more difficult to treat argumentatively. All German students do not get drunk—in fact, the majority are sober, if not industrious. But the minority, whose claim to be representative is freely admitted, are only saved from perpetual inebriety by ability, acquired at some cost, to swill half the day and all the night, while retaining to some extent their five senses. It does not affect all alike, but it is common in any university town to see a young man not yet twenty with the figure of a Falstaff and the complexion of an elderly Bacchus. That the German maiden can be fascinated with a face cut and gashed till it suggests having been made out of odd materials that never could have fitted is a proved fact. But surely there can be no attraction about a blotched and bloated skin and a "bay window" thrown out to an extent threatening to overbalance the whole structure. Yet

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Editor's Note—Three **Men on Four Wheels** was begun in the **Post** of Jan. 6. Each **chapter is practically an independent story** and **without reference to preceding installments.**

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what else can be expected when the youngster starts his beer-drinking with a "Frühschoppen" at ten A. M. and closes it with a "Kneipe" at four in the morning?

The Kneipe is what we should call a stag party, and can be very harmless or very rowdy according to its composition. One man invites his fellow-students, a dozen or a hundred, to a café, and provides them with as much beer and as many cheap cigars as their own sense of health and comfort may dictate. Or the host may be the Korps itself. Here, as everywhere, you observe the German sense of discipline and order. As each newcomer enters, all those sitting around the table rise, and, with heels close together, salute. When the table is complete a Chairman is chosen, whose duty it is to give out the number of the songs. Printed books of these songs, one to each two men, lie around the table. The Chairman gives out number Twenty-nine. "First verse," he cries, and away all go, each two men holding a book between them exactly as two people might hold a hymn-book in church. There is a pause at the end of each verse until the Chairman starts the company on the next. As every German is a trained singer, the effect is striking.

Although the manner may be suggestive of the singing of hymns in church, the words of the songs are occasionally such as to correct this impression. But whether it be a patriotic song, a sentimental ballad, all are sung through with stern earnestness, without a laugh, without a false note. At the end the Chairman calls "Prosit!" Every one answers "Prosit!" and the next moment every glass is empty. The pianist rises and bows, and is bowed to in return; and then the Fraulein enters to refill the glasses.

Amos Cummings, Journalist

By N. A. JENNINGS

IT IS to be doubted if any man ever managed to get more genuine fun out of Washington official life than Amos Jay Cummings, member of Congress from New York, who has been mentioned as a Democratic Vice-Presidential "possibility." His years of training as an active metropolitan newspaper man—reporter, correspondent, city editor, managing editor—gave him a wonderfully keen observation and taught him, as nothing else could, the gentle art of squeezing good stories out of men. There can be no doubt that he is a good Congressman—for every two years his constituents enthusiastically reelect him by big majorities—but there are many old newspaper men in New York to-day who will tell you "it is a pity Amos Cummings ever went to Congress, because it spoiled forever a rattling good managing editor."

Of Mr. Cummings' official life I know but little, but of Mr. Cummings, the managing editor, I know a great deal, and it has occurred to me that it is time the public had a few anecdotes of the man who has written so many good stories about others.

Mr. Cummings began newspaper work in New York on The Tribune, under Horace Greeley. Shortly after Charles A. Dana left The Tribune and assumed the editorship of The Sun he sent for Cummings and offered him a good position. On The Sun, Cummings was reporter, correspondent and, eventually, managing editor. It was while he was the Washington correspondent that he had a memorable interview with Lincoln's Secretary of State, Seward. Cummings received orders one day to get certain information from Secretary Seward without fail, and accordingly he went to the Secretary's office to see him. Mr. Seward did not receive the newspaper man very cordially.

"I won't talk to a representative of The Sun on that subject," said the Secretary. "I am very busy. You are taking up my time, young man, and I can't be bothered with you."

In an instant Cummings was boiling with anger and hurt pride. He drew himself up, looked the Secretary straight in the eyes and said:

"You forget, sir, that there are three parties to this interview."

"Three?" queried Seward in surprise. "How do you make that out?"

"First, sir, there is you, Secretary of State, and one of the foremost figures in the world of men of the day. Second, there is the correspondent of the New York Sun, who has come to you on a perfectly proper errand in the service of his newspaper; and third, sir, there is an American citizen who considers himself the equal of any man on earth, and who will not be insulted by you or any man alive!"

The great Seward looked at Cummings and smiled.

"Sit down," he said, "and tell me exactly what you want, young man."

The Sun not only got the news it wanted, but also one of the best interviews with Seward ever published.



A CROWD OF STUDENTS, LAUGHING, SMOKING, TALKING



—but it is common in any university town to see a young man not yet twenty with the figure of a Falstaff and the complexion of an elderly Bacchus

KILLING ADVERTISING TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEWS

When Mr. Cummings was managing editor of The Sun, many years ago, an important news story came in late one night and was sent to the composing-room with "must" written above it, which meant that on no account must the news be left out of the paper. A few minutes later the copy boy returned to the editorial rooms and reported that the foreman had said the paper was already overset, and that two columns of other news would have to be killed if the "must" story was to get in. Cummings took the copy from the boy and went himself to the composing-room. He demanded an explanation. The foreman told him that there was a pressure of advertisements that night, and that they had usurped some of the space usually given to news.

"What shall I kill?" asked the foreman.

"Kill two columns of advertisements and print all the news," ordered Cummings; and it was done.

The next day there was trouble around The Sun office. A hurried meeting of the stockholders was called and it was a stormy one. Some of the stockholders wanted to have Cummings discharged, but Charles A. Dana stood up for him, and as Dana owned the greater part of the stock his voice was all-powerful. After the meeting Mr. Dana walked out of his office and straight to Cummings' desk. He put his hand affectionately on the managing editor's shoulder and said:

"Amos, you have my permission to throw out advertisements to make room for the news whenever in your opinion it is necessary. We are publishing a newspaper, not an advertising poster."

Shortly afterward an improvement was made in the presses, so that two or more pages could be added to the paper at the last moment, if necessary.

EDITORS ENGAGED ON SIGHT

When, in March, 1887, it was decided to publish an evening edition of The Sun, Cummings was put in charge of the new paper. In some way it had leaked out that the paper was to be published, and great preparations were being made in the office of The World to get out an evening edition before The Sun did. When Mr. Dana heard of this he told Cummings he must get out the first copy of The Evening Sun in two days, although nothing was in readiness. Cummings said he would do it. Mr. Dana told him he could have all the help he wanted from the staff of the morning paper. Cummings said he didn't want any help, but would get his own staff of reporters and editors. Then he let it be known in Park Row that reporters and editors were wanted. He took the first twenty or thirty men who applied for work. I happened to be the third man who applied.

"Well," said Cummings, "go out and get a story. I'll pay you eight dollars a column for it."

"But what kind of a——"

"Oh, anything you see that's interesting. Use your eyes."

Mr. Cummings is devoted to fishing and is very fond of sailing. One summer, a number of years ago, he passed two weeks on a pilot boat and took Ernest Jarrold, the author of Mickey Finn Idylls, with him for company. One day a great storm arose and the pilot boat was tossed about on the waves like a chip. Every minute a wave would dash over the deck and threaten to carry everything away and swamp the boat. Cummings and Jarrold were in the little cabin, the former lying in a bunk intently reading a book on the French Revolution. Jarrold poked his head out to look at the storm, when a mountain of sea water fell with a boom on the deck and filled his eyes with spray. The boat gave a fearful lurch and careened until it seemed that she must turn completely over.

"This is awful, Amos," said Jarrold. "I'm going to put on a life preserver, for I don't think the boat can stand it many minutes longer."

"Oh, keep quiet and let me read, Mickey," said Cummings, never lifting his eyes from the page. "The men on this boat draw a regular salary to keep her afloat."

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The Plain Way of Government

THE general turning of public attention to South Africa has popularized knowledge of the Transvaal Republic. One feature which has attracted special notice is the simplicity and directness which characterize the relations between the executive and legislative branches. President Kruger is in the habit of participating in the sittings of the Raad. Soon after the Raad has been called to order, the President enters by a side door leading into the executive chamber. The members rise as a mark of respect for the dignity of his office, and remain standing until he has seated himself near the Speaker's chair. The President listens to the discussions of the legislators and offers explanations or advice whenever he sees fit.

The practice in Switzerland, also an intensely democratic commonwealth, is similar. The President and the members of the Federal Council have not only the right to take part in the discussions of either House of the General Assembly, but they have also the right to make motions on any matter under consideration. They cannot vote, but they have full opportunity to explain and advise. In practice the actual initiative of legislation is in the hands of the President and Council. Bills are prepared in advance of the meeting of the Assembly, and, together with full explanatory reports, are published in the official gazette, and are thence carried by the newspapers into every corner of the confederation. The measures are discussed by the people, and when the Assembly meets, public opinion has already taken definite shape on the measures to be considered. There is as little debate in the Assembly as at the meeting of a board of directors of a business corporation. The members of the Federal Council are present to give any information that may be desired. Questions are asked and answered, but the tone of the discussion is businesslike, and not political, in the sense in which the word is used in this country. The system is not only thoroughly efficient, but it is also extremely economical. The cost of maintaining the executive department of Switzerland does not exceed $17,000 a year. It has sometimes cost as much as that to prepare and print the reports called for by a single resolution of inquiry addressed by Congress to our executive department, whereas under the Swiss system the matter would have been satisfactorily disposed of at once by statements and explanations from the Federal Council.

Widely different as is the actual practice in the United States, it is more the result of usage than of constitutional intention. The original idea was that close relations should exist between the executive department and Congress. The rules of the Senate still provide that "when the President of the United States shall meet the Senate in the Senate chamber, the President of the Senate shall have a seat on the floor, he considered as the head of the Senate, and his chair shall be assigned to the President of the United States." The rule is dead letter now, since the President never sits with the Senate, but in Washington's time the President and his Cabinet officers would go into either House and make oral communications on public affairs. So far as the intent of the Constitution and the original practice of the Government are concerned, there is no reason why methods as simple and democratic as those which prevail in the Transvaal Republic or in Switzerland should not exist in this country.

The causes for the ceremonial distance at which the relations between the executive department and Congress have been placed are to be found in the accidents of our political history, and, being the result of gradual development, they cannot be removed except by influences as profound as those which produced them. It is, however, easy to discover that just here is to be found the secret of the extraordinary violence of partisanship in this country. The gap between executive direction and legislative control leaves room for a dense growth of prejudices, misconceptions and animosities, through which the public business must force its way, and it is able to do so only by a fury of party activity that keeps our politics in a strange state of heat and turmoil.

—HENRY JONES FORD.

Too often when Cupid registers marriage vows he falls into the modern habit and uses the cash register.

Ruskin's Idea of Beauty

THE most remarkable fact in John Ruskin's character and influence has hardly been indicated in what has been said of him since his death. Devotion at once to beauty and to goodness is a combination rarely met in the great men who have given themselves to art or to literature. In most cases the one seems to exclude the other. It is exceptional when a book combines artistic worth with a spiritual purpose, as is true of The Pilgrim's Progress, and even that was an unintentional exception. And it is too common to find really artistic writers exhibit that repugnance to spiritual truths which John Foster deplored in a famous essay. Even when they do not dislike them, they, with Shakespeare, avoid them.

The exceptions to this among minds of the first class embrace Plato, Augustine, Michael Angelo, Milton, Pascal, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Schiller, Tennyson and Browning. But in none of them, except, perhaps, Michael Angelo, was there such a fusion of ethical and æsthetic enthusiasm as in John Ruskin. To him, beauty was a matter of the highest moral import. The beautiful was to him a gate of the divine temple through which a man might press into the holiest of all. He had no patience with the notion that art exists to adorn and to please, and has no higher mission for human life. In his view, the vocation of the artist is as solemn as that of the prophet or the preacher, and the highest success in it can be attained only through the mastery of the baser self—of the laziness, the irreverence, the conceit, and the frivolity which unfit men for grave dealing with truth. And his influence over his generation has been greatest in just this direction. He has taught it not to divorce what God has joined in His world and in His Word, both of which show the blending of goodness with beauty.

The type of building which was associated with religious worship in this country in the early half of the century shows what a need there was for such a message. The churches and meeting-houses of Colonial times had their merit, even to an artist's eye, in the exact adaptation of structure to use, and the simplicity which is an elementary form of beauty. It was when we became rich enough and ambitious to do better than simplicity that the evil days set in. Elaborate and pretentious ugliness raised its head, imitating every form of building, from the Greek temple to the American circus, and all dedicated less to the worship of God than to the comfort of His creatures. All symbolism was ruled out, and only the lowest utilities were considered in the details of the structure. They were designed to make the attendants on church services as comfortable as possible and to display their collective wealth.

The desire for beauty is not yet disassociated from these faults in the building of our churches. There is still too much of the old leaven of ease and self-importance in their arrangements. But the uses of the edifice are kept better in view, and truer ideas of what constitutes beauty are shown in general design and in detail. We are ceasing to associate our religion with elaborate and studied ugliness, such as found its rebuke in every cloud visible through the church window, and every tree that outlined its winter's lacery, or spread its summer's wealth of greenery before the eye of the worshiper within. And to all this Ruskin has been a great helper.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

In the darkest hour Hope used to strike a match, but now it presses the electric button.

Getting Acquainted with Life

OF OLD, men took observations to note the peculiarities of various movements in Nature, which, because they were inexplicable, seemed probably connected with the great secret of chance and change so fascinating to simple minds. The stars apparently wandering in the heavens, the birds coming out of unknown regions and returning again year after year, the tides, the winds, the lightnings, the inaccessible mountain heights flung up by some unimaginable power, indeed all the large throbs of force and life, called for that childish attention and interpretation which to our modern minds can seem but strange in connection with the tremendous virility of the ancients. Yet when we take a perfectly sincere look at our own attitude toward Nature we easily discover that, after all, we have made but a short step since the days of Homer, so far as actual solution of the great problem of life is concerned.

Very trite all this; but the trite things are often simply the knots we cannot untie, the gnarled difficulties that have lain so long by the wayside that the generations have become too familiar with them to be curious about them. We have learned a great deal about how to apply Nature's forces; but of their origin, what they really are, we know absolutely nothing. Trite again; but there is just here a constant quantity of ignorance to which we may always refer the overconfident philosopher who assumes to pass the limit of common human understanding.

Men are not always quacks when they give way to a sudden access of enthusiasm and proclaim a discovery which threatens the ancient barriers that guard life's awful secrets. At one time Dr. Elliott Coués thought he had without doubt discovered the soul of a bird. Many a savant has trembled when he felt what he sincerely believed was a waft of essential knowledge betraying the very heart of Nature. Pythagoras in his time came just as near hearing the very tune the spheres were playing as the astronomers of our day can come to seeing what the inhabitants of the moon or of Mars are doing. A few years ago we were on the point of surprising the cell in its obscure yet tremendously effective work of originating life. The "physical basis" was a phrase flung from distance to distance by the tongues of science, and the microscope was going to make the final disclosure; but upon the crucial test even the cell was no better to go by than a flight of birds or a reeling constellation.

Gravitation is but a name for mystery; heat and light and the flowing of air and water are just as inexplicable to us as they were to Pindar. We generate electricity and chain it to our wheels, yet we can no more account for it than for our own heart-beats and nerve-action. The heathen in the oldest Egyptian time, when he saw the lightning rive the cloud, knew far less about machinery and the equation of forces than we know; but to the question, "What is lightning?" he could have answered just as nearly as we the last refinement of truth.

The trouble with us is that we do not realize how little we have advanced in the direction of ultimate discovery. We treat certain prime mysteries as if they were mere axioms, too simple and obvious for further examination. This, however, has always been a human weakness, and the strange men whom we call by the name of genius distinguish themselves by breaking these old axioms up into manageable fragments and building out of them new forms of poetry, philosophy, prophecy.

Each of these masters has his way of startling the world afresh and making it for a moment expect some disclosure which shall rob life of its mystery and remove or modify the tyranny of death.

The one vital advance, the one true biological increment of which we can boast over the high heathens is that we have lengthened the average of human life. Can we continue this increment through future years? If we can, here is the solution on scientific grounds; for it is known that Nature moves slowly, with lingering steps, not by cataclysms.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Happiness does not depend on money, but it certainly prospers on it.

Overheated Cars and Idiotic Passengers

EXCEPT on extremely cold days American railway cars are overheated to a scandalous degree, being at least ten degrees warmer than is healthful. Now if the reason that American men and American women come into these cars and keep on their coats and capes and wraps is because they like to be heated to the point of roasting, then are they salamanders and this editorial is not for them. But if they are lazy and keep on their ulsters and paletots because it is too much trouble to remove them, then they may learn the practice of wisdom from one of the humblest of travelers, remove their furs and shawls and overcoats, and be comfortable. And if they are merely absent-minded and wonder why they dread the daily ride to and from their suburban homes, then let me tell them loudly that it is because they forget to take off those outdoor wraps that they would never think of wearing in their own living-rooms.

To a nervous man whose blood circulates freely, the spectacle of seemingly sane men and women buttoned up in garments of fur or other heavy stuffs when the temperature is exploring the tube in the neighborhood of ninety degrees is one calculated to plunge him into an untimely perspiration, and yet there is not a day in the winter when such a scene may not be witnessed wherever there are steam or fire heated steam railroads.

How can you stand it, fellow-passengers? And how can you run the risk of letting that little boy of whom you are so fond keep his heavy pea jacket on when you know perfectly well that as soon as he reaches outside air he will be at the mercy of that biting nor'easter, with nothing extra to cover his shivering, because erstwhile superheated, body?

Disease stalks up and down the train like the vender of candles, crying in inaudible but none the less terrible tones: "Plenty of time before the train gets there to catch pneumonia, consumption, laryngitis and all the other unpopular ills! Keep your coats buttoned up while the brakeman hermetically seals the ventilators and runs the steam heat to the topmost notch!"

To-morrow, when the doctor calls you will say, "I'm sure I don't know how I caught cold, for I have kept myself so warm."

But your mortal enemy, the brakeman, could tell you. He and the fur wraps and that heavy ulster and the sizzling hot steam heat and the bad air and your crass idiocy all helped with a right good will. And if you escape pneumonia and have another chance to ride in the swiftly propelled inferno, do you think that you will remember what you have escaped and hang your little coat on the hook provided for that purpose?

—CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Modern Revival in Political Oratory

On one of the buildings of Harvard University are seven sculptured heads, supposed to be those of the greatest orators of the world—Demosthenes the Greek, Cicero the Roman, St. Chrysostom the Syrian, Bossuet the Frenchman, Chatham and Burke the Englishmen, and Daniel Webster the American. If any one should have any doubt whatever about the practical value of oratory, all he need do would be to read the lives of these seven men. They gave voice to the sentiments and the destinies of their peoples, and arrayed the forces of civilization and patriotism upon definite issues.

In this country, at the close of the century, the office of the orator has undoubted usefulness. It has been said for many years that the multiplication of newspapers and printing would inevitably destroy the orator, but now we are beginning to see that in the very promiscuousness of modern education and publicity we need the work of eloquence to give direction to our statesmanship and politics. Even the newspapers need this service; and surely when the orator takes into consideration the broader view, he must appreciate the fact that never in the world's history was the opportunity so great as at present. Not only does he address a splendid concourse of people, but his thoughts go to millions of attentive readers within a dozen hours of their deliverance.

New Congressmen and Old Precedents

For a long time it was the unwritten rule in both branches of Congress that the new man should sit patiently in his seat one or more years before daring to make a speech. In the House of Representatives a new member of ability usually succeeded in saying something in his second year, and, using this speech in his campaign for renomination, added in his own behalf, as a claim for his candidacy, that a man must be in Congress at least two years before amounting to anything, and that the constituents would therefore serve their own interests by reelecting him; otherwise they would lose his experience. Thus it came about that in probably one-half of the Congressional districts of the United States it has been the rule to give every Representative two terms. As a matter of fact, the new member, if he has ability, is often a better Representative than the old stager, because he is fresher from the people and is better able to interpret their sentiments and desires.

In the Senate the precedent of waiting, of sitting reverently at the feet of those who had served longer, was being carried to ridiculous extremes. We see now, however, that this modern custom in both Senate and House was largely due to the fact that great men of other generations naturally took the leadership of debates, and when the great men disappeared from public life the smaller ones maintained the etiquette for their own dignity.

In recent Congresses there have come to the front new men fully equipped for their duties and sensibly determined to avail themselves of their rightful opportunities—and thus the precedents have been broken.

The Great Orators of Other Years

In this new order of things Congress is simply returning to its former habits. Randolph, Calhoun, Clay and Webster, the wonderful orators of the first half of the century, wasted no time in participating in the discussions. They took at once the place to which their abilities admitted them, and in the stress and strain of those strong, tense times which led to the Civil War, when passion ran high and collision drew the brightest sparks, there was a vigor in the oratory which was superb. The feeling of the times can be judged when such a man as Wendell Phillips, one of the greatest of our orators, who was as gentle and as winsome as a woman, would not honor Henry Clay or Daniel Webster even after death, because neither of them realized his abolition views.

The speakers of those times had larger opportunities not only in their themes, but by reason of the fact that both branches of Congress were much smaller than they are to-day, and were not held in check by cast-iron rules. When Speaker Reed revolutionized the parliamentary government of the House of Representatives he made it a better business body, but he did not help its oratory. In many cases it was almost a humiliation for a member to get an opportunity to speak, for it had to be literally begged. Speaker Henderson is not quite so strict, but his committee on rules keeps a tight hold upon the speechmaking.

Members of Congress Who Have Won Fame

The two men in the present Congress who, more than others, have made reputations by first speeches are Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, and Representative Littlefield, of Maine. Mr. Beveridge was criticised for presuming to make a set speech so early in his Senatorial career, but the criticism was answered by the performance; and not only his crowded audience and his colleagues, but the country itself applauded him. In the debate which ended in the exclusion of Roberts, the Mormon, from the House of Representatives, Mr. Littlefield, by the sustained excellence, the clear reasoning and the eloquent expression of his speech, placed himself literally in the front ranks of Congressional orators; and again in pleading for Puerto Rico he deepened the first impression. His star is still rising. When Mr. Wolcott, of Colorado, first went into the Senate his brilliant oratory refused to remain quiet under the old precedents, and whenever he rises to speak the galleries are filled, and the newspapers print what he says. Senator Depew, a new member, has already made a set speech—and a good one, too. Representative John M. Allen, the famous humorist of Mississippi, by his inimitable drollery helped in the first years of his Congressional life to upset the same old precedents in the House; and thus it has gone on, until now a Congressman in either branch need not keep himself bottled up for fear of shocking the sensibilities of the older members.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

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EDWARD O. WOLCOTT

The General Demand for Good Speakers

One reason that the present is a great time for the orator is the fact that more people can appreciate good English and eloquent sentences. Indeed, the supply is not keeping up with the demand. There are of course many excellent people who think that they can be eloquent, but somehow they fail to impress others with their own confidence. Eloquence is something that cannot be made by training or by desire. The fire must be in the soul.

Recently the present writer spent an evening with one of the most eloquent men in the United States. On his desk were letters by the dozen asking him to speak in six different States in the same week, the occasions being banquets and anniversaries, and there were telegrams from three of the principal cities of the country begging him to accept invitations to important functions. In one case letters and telegrams had poured in upon him for a full week, and two delegations from the same organization had come several hundred miles to get him to be their orator. Those who accept to the extent of their ability practically have every moment of their time mortgaged. But few men have been able to stand the strain, because it generally means midnight hours and insufficient rest. Some of the wisest of them have chosen between a post-prandial reputation and time and strength for public service. Eventually it may be that our speechmaking will be arranged so that every great banquet shall have its special political usefulness and significance.

Congress as a School of Oratory

After all, however, the chief forums must be the Senate and the House of Representatives. More and more Washington becomes the centre of our interests. The big questions there concern all, and every one who studied the tendencies of the past decade has observed how much more attention is being paid each year to the work and the character of Congress. There is a physical reason for this. A speech goes farther from there than from any other point. It is read by more people. Another thing is that the most perfect record of what is said is kept in the archives and proceedings of the Nation. The fact that we have three differences of time in the United States, and that our Capital is well within the first division, makes it possible that any speech or debate worth telegraphing can be placed before the people of the country in the morning. Indeed, often the afternoon papers contain the full details. And the modern orator, however much he may strive to arouse his immediate audience, never forgets the millions of the newspapers. Thus Washington, as the best and most accurately reported place in the world, has advantages that statesmanship needs.

The Larger Field in the Presidential Year

In a few months, however, the orators will be doing their best all over the country. Speechmaking is the show part of a campaign. Every party man who has the gift of saying things well and holding the attention of a crowd is asked to participate. The opportunities are abundant and attractive, and nearly all of our public men began in that way. It is the real American school of eloquence, and it has some of the best graduates the world has ever known. Of course the simple experience on the stump breeds extravagance of statement and manner, but these things are generally smoothed down if the man gets into public life.

There is where Congress becomes a post-graduate school. It is often called the graveyard of village reputations, but more than that it is the fortune or the finish of local eloquence. If the orator can combine the force and commonsense of his district with the higher demands of the national forum, he will soon take his place among the few men who are honored for their balance as well as for their brilliancy. The criterion of oratory is the result. "A good speech is a good thing," said O'Connell, "but the verdict is the thing."

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In Ebenezer Pulpit
A Story of Jim-Ned Creek
By M. E. M. Davis

I

THE Rev. John Skaggs sat in the box-pulpit awaiting the conclusion of the hymn which, sung according to a time-honored custom by a sister in good standing in the church, invariably followed the sermon.

The pulpit of Ebenezer Church had a ramshackle and unstable appearance; it was in reality perfectly safe. The underpinning and the scantlings by which it held on to the wall were of seasoned post-oak; the hewn floor was half a foot thick. The bench within was correspondingly sturdy. Otherwise it must long ago have crashed beneath Elder Groves, the Baptist, who preached at Ebenezer the second Sunday in every month; or splintered under Parson Daniel, the Soul Sleeper, who, at irregular intervals, hurled fire and brimstone from Ebenezer pulpit.

These reverend gentlemen, who—pitted against each other in Christian debate—sometimes sat side by side on the pulpit bench, were uncommonly hefty. Brother Skaggs, the Methodist circuit-rider, however, was lean and lank, and would have been comparatively safe even had the box been as uncertain as it looked. He occupied it the first and third Sundays of the month, leaving the fourth to a New School Presbyterian, whose written sermons were heard with grave disapproval by the Ebenezer congregation.

Brother Skaggs on this particular Sunday morning listened devoutly while Sister Beasley's voice vibrated shrill and insistent on the warm September air:

"P-s-a'ms of vic-to-ree,
Cr-owns of glo-er-ee,
P-s-a'ms of vic-to-ree
We shell wear!"

The congregation, take it all in all, listened decorously. There was, as usual, a little flutter around the place where Polly Maria Pinson was sitting; and some of the children tittered audibly when Pap Beasley, nodding in the amen corner, thumped his bald head against the wall. But saint and sinner for the most part remained stolidly attentive through the interminable hosanna. As the last note quavered into silence and the singer reached down into her pocket for her snuff-box the preacher arose.

"Bretheren and sisters," he announced solemnly, "there will be no preachin' in this church for three Sundays hand-runnin'——"

"Glory be!" shouted Mr. Beasley, his habit of backing up the preacher sticking to him even in his slumbers. His wife poked a finger in his ribs, and Mr. Newt Pinson groaned aloud in a laudable endeavor to cover the blunder.

"Elder Groves," continued the preacher, "is to meet Parson Daniel in dee-bate next Sunday at Fork Valley schoolhouse; I myself must attend Quarterly Meeting the following Sunday; and Brother Milford (the Presbyterian) will be unable to fill his regular appointment this month. On the first Sunday of next month, God willing, I will be here to point out to you the error of your ways. Let us pray."

Mr. Tolliver, the Jim-Ned Creek school-teacher, knelt down with the sanctified. He was not a professing member, but he held religion in great respect; and he always conformed to the ritual of that branch of the church militant which chanced to occupy Ebenezer pulpit. He even knelt in prayer on the Presbyterian Sunday. On the present occasion he remained on his knees some seconds after the Rev. Skaggs' long drawn amen. When he stood up he had, as Mrs. Pinson, sitting near him, afterward recalled, "a cur'us look out'n his eyes."

He responded courteously but absently to the familiar greetings of the women lingering within the church to exchange neighborhood gossip, and to the hearty salutations of the men grouped about the hitching posts outside.

"Ole Toll 'll stump his big toe ef he don't look out," remarked Joe Trimble facetiously, glancing at him as he unhitched a slab-sided mule and prepared to mount. "What in thunderation business hez a man got teachin' of school anyhow!" Mr. Trimble continued in a reflective tone. "Twelve year an' better the ole man hez been school-teachin' on Jim-Ned, an' what's he got? Not even a dern steer!"

"Shet up, Joe!" interrupted Tobe Cullum good-humoredly; "much steer you'd have yo'se'f if it wa'nt for Mis' Trimble."

"He knows enough Greek an' Latin, old Toll does, to down the Governor of Texas," said Sid Northcutt, following the movements of the pedagogue with his handsome, lazy eyes, "but he ain't got as much horse-sense as a blind mole. You can fool him as easy as lyin'! Why, day before yesterday me an Jack Carter gave him——"

The story was cut short by the sudden appearance of Miss Pinson. She came out of the church and sprang unassisted upon the horse-block, where she stood looking like a butterfly poised for flight. Her pink muslin skirts were gathered coquettishly in one hand; with the other she held the fluttering ribbons of her wide-brimmed straw hat.

Polly Maria Pinson was, at this time, far and away the prettiest girl on Jim-Ned Creek. She was slim and graceful, with dancing brown eyes, and a wealth of red-gold hair that tumbled in ringlets about the whitest neck in the world. She had a saucy tongue to her head, and an adorably hot temper; and she enjoyed the distinction of having been expelled from Mr. Tolliver's school for disobedience and inattention three times in as many consecutive school-terms.

Miss Pinson also gazed after the teacher now jogging slowly across the shinn-oak prairie in the direction of Pap Beasley's farm, where he boarded.

"Hateful old thing! It gives me the fever-'n'-ague just to look at him," she declared with a toss of her head and an affected shiver. "I de-*spise* him! He's studyin' this minute how he's goin' to keep me in next session, an' set an' look at me. Ugh! I'll show him!"

For Polly Maria, despite her misdemeanors, her seventeen years, and her belledom, was not yet "shet" of school.

"Law, Miss Polly Maria," cried Mr. Northcutt gallantly, "you can't blame Old Toll for wantin' to keep you in; nor for settin' an' lookin' at you! 'Most any of us would do that if we could!"

Mr. Tolliver heard the shout of laughter which greeted this speech, and glanced back over his shoulder. He saw the pink-clad, big-hatted figure on the horse-block and the ring of men and boys below; and he knew by past experience that his rebellious and unmanageable pupil was ridiculing him.

But something unwonted within his inmost being assuaged the pang which this knowledge would otherwise have given him. A curious look, indeed, shone in his eyes—a look of exaltation, of determination. "Yes," he murmured half aloud, as Pap Beasley's plough-mule trotted lazily across the shinn-oak prairie and entered the scraggy shadows of the post-oak rough beyond. "Yes, there is sufficient time. I will adventure it. *I will do it!*"

Mr. Tolliver was a short, rotund man with a homely, pleasant face, deep-set, blue eyes, and a courtly though timid bearing. He was barely thirty-three years old. But on Jim-Ned Creek, where marrying and giving in marriage begin early, a bachelor of thirty-three is a sort of aged monstrosity. Why, Sam Leggett, three years his junior, was the father of five blooming young Leggetts; Bob Granger, three years his senior, was a jovial grandfather!

A dozen years before the beginning of this story, Mr. Tolliver, fresh from college, had drifted into West Texas, a sickly lad in search of health. During the greater part of the time since he had—to use his own whimsical phraseology—"instructed the youth (both sexes) of James-Edward Creek." With returning health had come, in earlier days, first a vigorous determination, then a mild purpose, finally a lazily postponed resolve to return to his natal hills.

But any mortal who has breathed the primitive, simple, honest, kindly atmosphere of a frontier neighborhood—one who has heard the whirr of partridge wings and the fitful dropping of pecan-nuts along Jim-Ned in October, or followed the coon-dogs across the creek-bottom on a crisp winter midnight, or smelled the wild-plum blossoms in springtime, or loafed on a summer evening around Bishop's Store swapping stories with "the boys"—such an one will understand why Mr. Tolliver stayed on and on, sometimes dreaming of his modest but comfortable inheritance in old Virginia, but oftener forgetting all about it, and meekly enduring Mrs. Beasley's leaky shed-room, her unspeakable cookery and her shrill tongue, and the perpetual insults of Polly Maria Pinson.

Latterly, indeed, he had acknowledged to his secret soul certain new, half-defined and wholly hopeless reasons for staying on, teaching school at Ebenezer—when the children were not picking cotton; at other times poring over his well-thumbed books and cluttering the shed-room with curious specimens from the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

At this moment, however, all other considerations were overridden by a mighty determination.

"There is time," he repeated, turning in at the Beasley gate. "I will adventure. I will succeed."

The next morning Sammy Beasley, aged ten, bounced weeping and wailing upon the back porch where the family sat at breakfast. "M-m-maw," he blubbered, "Mrs. Hambledon ain't on her nes'. 'N I c-can't find her no-w-wheres."

Mrs. Hamilton was a yellow-legged "dominecker" hen, and Sammy's private property.

"Ye don't say," said his mother sympathetically; "I reckin a skunk must of got her . . . Law, pap, pound Mr. Tolliver on the back! 'Pears like he's chokin' hisse'f to death!"

"Sumpin' shore is the matter with Mr. Tolliver," she confided in the course of the next few days to Mrs. Pinson and other gossips; "he ain't a mite like hisse'f. He acks plum cur'us. An' ever' blessed mornin' he pikes over to Ebenezer Church, same ez ef school was in session. Sammy seen him five mornin's han'-runnin'."

"He's mournin'!" cried Mrs. Pinson. "I knowed it when I seen him git up offe'n his knees las' Sunday after Brother Skaggs' prayer. Sho's you bawn he's mournin'!"

II

ON THE fourth Sunday of the same month, a little past noon, Mr. Tolliver rode up to Bishop's Store, dismounted, hitched his mule and strolled into the squat, unpainted building. He took a thick yellow bottle from his pocket and handed it to Bud Hines, the clerk, across the counter.

"Good-morning, Bud," he said in his soft, drawling tones; "Mrs. Beasley is out of snuff. Will you be kind enough—although it is Sunday—to fill her bottle? Also, will you please put up a plug of Niggerhead for Mr. Beasley? Good-morning, Mr. Northcutt," he added, turning to that young gentleman, who was engaged in buckling to the heels of his riding-boots a pair of gigantic silver spurs, "in which direction are you riding to-day? And where," he glanced around the deserted store, "where are the other boys?"

"Good-day, Mr. Tolliver, I am bound for church," replied Sid, answering the first query. As he spoke he crossed the porch, leaped upon the horse, pawing and champing by the steps, and galloped away.

"To church?" echoed Mr. Tolliver, vaguely disquieted.

"The boys has all gone to Ebenezer Church," said Mr. Hines, ramming the stopper into the mouth of Mrs. Beasley's refilled snuff-bottle.

"Ebenezer Church!" gasped Mr. Tolliver.

"Yes-sir-ree. Parson Dan'el has up-ropiated Ebenezer pul-*pit*. Ez soon ez that one-gallus Soul Sleeper heered Brother Milford wa'n't goin' to keep his app'intment, he come a-bulgin.' Jack Carter rid aroun' the precink this mornin', spreadin' the news. The other boys went soon. Sid Northcutt, he don't keer, so's he gits there time enough to ride home with Polly Maria Pinson. Sid is plum stuck on Polly Maria. S-a-a-y! Mr. Tolliver! You've fergot Mrs. Beasley's snuff!"

He ran out and called frantically after his customer, shaking the fat bottle above his head. But Mr. Tolliver, urging the



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astonished mule to a gallop, was already far down the road and did not even turn his head.

He heard the voice of Parson Daniel beating the air with wings of wrath long before he reached the little church set in a motte of live-oaks on the edge of the prairie. He slid in at the open door and dropped, pale and trembling, upon one of the back benches. A look of relief crossed his face as he surveyed preacher and congregation. The former had just begun to denounce the backsliders and to threaten the off-holders, by which token the latter, familiar with these powerful discourses, knew that the sermon proper was approaching its conclusion. Sleeping children were being shaken into shape; fans and handkerchiefs tucked into pockets; shoes slipped off for comfort, slyly pulled on.

"Nothing has happened. Perhaps nothing will happen. I am safe!" groaned the teacher inwardly. He wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and leaned back, covering his face with his hand.

"He's shore mournin'!" whispered Mrs. Trimble to Mrs. Pinson in high excitement; "Parson Dan'el kin pull him thro' ef anybody kin. Lord, ef he'll only come forrard!"

But Mr. Tolliver remained in his place when mourners were called; and the portly preacher finally sat down on the pulpit bench and began to line out the closing hymn:

"Where, now, is good old Moses?
Where, now, is good old Moses?
He went up from the top of Nebo,
He went up ——"

He stopped, a queer look dawning into his large face. Those sitting near the pulpit heard a sudden click—a sound like the cocking of a pistol. It seemed to come from under the preacher's feet. He waited a moment, frowningly expectant, then cleared his throat and repeated:

"He went up from the top of——"

An angry squawk interrupted him—a belligerent cackle which brought him standing. He glared about him, irate and mystified. At the same moment a yellow-legged, woe-begone, well-nigh featherless hen hustled from under the pulpit bench and hopped noisily down the pulpit steps.

She was followed topsy-turvy by half a dozen fluffy golden balls which rolled after her and ran about the aisles, cheeping distractedly.

There was an interval of bewildered silence, in the midst of which Sammy Beasley darted from the amen corner, scrambling after the clucking hen and screaming at the top of his lungs: "Whoop-ee! whoop-ee! Mis' Hambledon! Mis' Hambledon!"

"Ye limb o' sin an' Satan!" cried Pap Beasley, puffing down the aisle. "How'd ye dassen to set that dominecker in Ebenezer pul-*pit?* How'd ye dassen?"

"I never! I never!" screamed Sammy; "I wisht I may die ef I sot her. She's gone an' stole a nes' in that pul-*pit!*"

But Parson Daniel, reaching under the pulpit bench, had dragged forth a tell-tale candle-box carefully lined with straw. He placed this on the pulpit shelf and surveyed with righteous anger the giggling crowd.

"Where," he roared, "where is the rep'obate? Where is the —— "

"Have the goodness to be silent a moment, Parson Daniel." It was Mr. Tolliver who was speaking. He had mounted the pulpit steps. "*Mea culpa*—that is to say, *I* set that hen," he went on, wincing visibly at a mocking peal of laughter from Miss Pinson. "I intended no disrespect to Ebenezer pulpit when I did it. But I ask the pardon of Parson Daniel and of all professing church members here present. If anybody else has anything to say about it," he concluded defiantly, "I am ready to settle it outside of the church."

A profound hush attested to the respect in which at bottom the school-teacher was held by his neighbors. Not a sound disturbed his progress down the aisle except the impotent protests of Mrs. Hamilton, by this time tightly squeezed under her owner's arm. But the Jim-Nedders, who would have shared their last nickel with him, or shed their last drop of blood for him, could not withstand the relish of this exquisite joke on Old Toll. A howl of laughter followed him to the hitching-post; it swept him, in spite of his physical and moral courage, into the saddle; and pursued him in fitful gusts across the shinn-oak prairie.

Parson Daniel dismissed the congregation, and Sid Northcutt finished the story interrupted three Sundays earlier.

"Me an' Jack Carter," he said between spasms of mirth, "painted up some hen eggs—streaked 'em an' spotted 'em with pokeberry juice—an' gave 'em to Old Toll. We told him we'd found 'em over on Rastler's Creek; an' we discribed the wild hen that laid 'em, exactly like a picture the old man had showed us in one of his dern big dictionary-books. He was mighty interested. He said if that was the case, gentlemen, the eggs was a valuable discovery, bein' as the fowl in the dictionary belonged to an extink specie. He was plum tickled; said he'd hatch them eggs if he could get holt of a settin' hen, an' a place where them Beasley children wouldn't torment her. Said he wanted to watch the habits of the fowls that come out of them eggs, gentlemen, an' if they turned out to be that extink specie, he'd write to some dern long-named society at Washington"—Mr. Northcutt imitated to perfection Mr. Tolliver's gentle drawl. "Who in thunder would have thought he'd go to work to set Sammy Beasley's dominecker hen in Ebenezer pulpit!" Mr. Northcutt went on. "He ain't got no more sense than a blind mole. You can fool him easy as lyin'," he concluded, turning for approval and applause to Miss Pinson.

That young person had picked up the chickens and was holding them in her upgathered pink muslin skirts. She had laughed long and loudly while Mr. Tolliver was within hearing. Now she turned savagely upon his persecutors.

"Mr. Tolliver *may* not have your *horse-sense*, Mr. Sidney Northcutt," she cried in a clear, ringing voice, "but he is a *gentleman* and worth a *million* of you—and of all the balance of you standin' around Ebenezer pulpit makin' fun of him!"

She flashed her angry eyes from one to another, scorching even the indignant preacher with their fire. Then, with blazing cheeks and head erect, she marched down the aisle and through the door; unhitched her horse, jumped into the saddle without her riding skirt, and rode off toward Beasley's with the chickens.

Sid Northcutt followed her to the horse-block mechanically and watched her out of sight, with jaws dropped and eyes fairly starting out of their sockets.

The rest of the congregation stared, one at another, in dumb amazement.

Mr. Tolliver stabled the mule and seated himself on the deserted porch at Beasley's. There was a fine view under his eyes; but Mr. Tolliver saw nothing of the familiar landscape. What he did see was a slight figure in a pink muslin frock; what he heard was a single rippling peal of mocking laughter. And the more he saw in his mind's eye that pink-clad figure, the more he heard in fancy the girlish laughter of his impertinent pupil, the more unbearable grew the mixed emotions which stormed and contended in his soul. He leaped to his feet, clenching his fist; and at that moment Old Toll was no longer old, or meek, or even homely! He was transformed, like the prince in a fairy tale, into a young, middling-handsome and extremely wrathful man. "I shall not stop at keeping her in next term," he roared. "Neither will I expel her as heretofore. I will . . . I will *whip* her, —— if I don't!"

"Please, Mr. Tolliver," said Polly Maria, in the softest of voices at his elbow, "I've come to fetch you your chickens. They ain't nothin' in this livin' world but yellow-legged domineckers, but I'll raise 'em for you, if you'll let me. And, oh, Mr. Tolliver, I knew my les-les-lessons all the t-time, and I didn't want to be so sa-sa-sassy! I just w-wanted you to no-notice me, and you w-w-wouldn't!"

"Why, Polly Maria!" exclaimed Mr. Tolliver, a wave of doubt, curiosity, ecstasy crossing his face. And then——!



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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife



"MR. CLARK MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION"

WASHINGTON, March, 1900.

I HAVE certainly been reminded during this last week of the spectator who, perched upon the highest seat under the canvas tent at the "Greatest Show on Earth," was overcome in trying to keep her eyes upon all three rings at once. She feared that if she lingered too long upon the marvelous equestrienne,who was just about to burst through the beautiful white paper hoop in the first ring, the clown in the middle ring would crack his whip and the trick horse would be put through some intricate dance; and, in turn, if she watched the clown and the trick horse, the human fly in the third ring would begin her suicidal walk across the arena, head down.

So it is with me: I have been afraid that if I lingered long amid the wonderful parliamentary performances of the Daughters I'd miss some of the social doings in the middle ring where the smart set is being put through the closing tricks of the season; and in stopping too long in this middle ring I'd lose altogether the walk across the political arena of the Republican party in its effort to pass the Puerto Rican Bill; and I am sighing because the human family is not constructed with steel springs and gutta-percha joints, together with that most desirable thing which the author of My Summer in a Garden speaks of—"a cast-iron back with a hinge in it"—for all these things are indispensable to the woman who has, as I have, the ambition to see every side of life here at the Capital.

Robert says it is ridiculous of me to undertake so much, and he has been finding a good deal of fault with me lately. He says that I am letting my woman's feelings and sympathies run away with my judgment, and that in the matter of these public questions I am swayed, and am trying to sway him, by mere abstract sentimentalities, and that I confound two things, "public good" and "public policy."

The truth is, I am alarmed secretly at the change in Robert's attitude toward many of these vital questions. I can remember a time only some months back when Robert was outspoken upon two topics, "trusts" and "civil service reform." He made a stump speech against the former and denounced those who were trying to break down the latter, and where does he stand now on both questions? He will not admit that his attitude is changed, but he no longer speaks of "trusts"; he calls them "corporations" and "monopolies."

When I was talking to Senator P—— about trusts the other day, he only laughed with Robert and entered upon a long argument in favor of corporations which did not convince me in the least. True, I did not understand very much of it. But they both admitted that almost all legislation now is a matter of policy rather than of politics and will continue to be so until the campaign is over. I said that I could not see any difference between the two words "politics" and "policy." Senator P—— said:

"These words Bulwer defines in this way: 'Politics is the art of being wise for others—policy of being wise for self.'"

"Oh, you mean, Senator P——, that 'self' in this case means the Republican party, but let me tell you that if you mean to go before the country with this present Puerto Rican policy the Republican toga is likely to be torn to shreds, and what you are pleased to call a victory to-day you may have to call by another name at the polls. You may have to exclaim, as Pyrrhus did, 'Such another victory would be worse than a defeat.' It would, perhaps, be wise to remind you legislators, who are thinking so much of your policy, of what old Solon said, 'It is a good government only under which a wrong to the humblest is an affront to us all.'"

"But, Agatha," said Robert in a nettled tone, "you do not understand this measure. It is simply a temporary expedient. I will confess that it is something in the nature of 'skinning the sheep rather than shearing them,' and I am not in sympathy with it; neither is Senator P——. I doubt if even half the majority likes it at heart; but we could not have a split in our ranks. We were obliged to keep a strong party front and nothing better was offered in place of this bill, and we were confronted by certain conditions which the public does not appreciate. How will you deal with it in the Senate, Senator P——?"

"Well, Slocum, I am not in sympathy with this tariff measure. I do not think it is constitutional, and I fully believe that it is a case of bad politics. Of course, when it comes to the Senate it will have to travel the same hard road that all such measures do that come from the House. We may pass it with changes and amendments. You remember that the McKinley Tariff Bill had eight hundred changes in it before it became a law. But I certainly take the same ground on this bill that Littlefield did. What a rarely good speaker Littlefield is! But why did he not retort to Tawney's insinuation the other day that the lumber barons of Maine were at the bottom of his advocacy of free trade with Puerto Rico?"

"Some of us did ask him why he let it pass, and his reply was to repeat that old story of the huge Virginian who had a diminutive wife with whom he quarreled continually, and the wife used to stick pins in him whenever she got mad. Somebody asked him why he did not retaliate, and he said, 'Oh, well, it amuses Lucy and does not hurt me any.'"

The two men laughed at this, and the Senator said:

"He couldn't have made a more pertinent reply, considering the mental height of the two men." Robert asked:

"By the way, Senator P——, you were at that dinner the other night given by the new Secretary of the Senate to the party leaders in this Puerto Rican business, and I understood that Tom Reed came down and was expected to help the party out of the embarrassment which the powerful oratory of Littlefield threw the Ways and Means Committee into. How did the dinner go off?"

"Fairly well. There was rather a stormy time, of course, and it looked once as though there might be an open rupture until Henderson took hold of things. He certainly exerts a marvelous influence when he gives one of his little 'harmony' talks. This new speaker of yours, Slocum, is making a good record, and I hear that the way in which he is withstanding importunities for unworthy legislation is remarkable, and that those who go to his little office at the far end of the lobby to ask for recognition to pass private bills don't come away and shake their fists as they used to do when refused, for this man seems to know how to say 'no' without giving offense. Of course the real test of the man's staying qualities has not come yet; that will come later in the supreme moments of the session."

"Yes," said Robert, "I am told that the relations in the House are more harmonious and more pleasant than they've been in years. By the way, Senator, how is your committee on the Clark case coming along? What is the report likely to be?"

"I don't think we know yet; perhaps we sha'n't ever know. We all agree that it is a bad business, but what we shall do I cannot, of course, presume to say. Mr. Clark made a pretty good impression before the committee when he testified in his own behalf. His personality is so intensely refined, almost effeminate, and his manner, though nervous, was so modest that he made some friends in the committee.

"Oh! this whole Clark case has been an education to our committee. The cool way in which both Clark, Senior, and Clark, Junior, talked of their millions was something to be long remembered by us all. When young Clark admitted that his own income was $250,000 a year and his father's income was between one and two millions, this was too much for Mr. Hoar, and he whispered audibly that it was 'high time there was an income tax.' Mr. Hoar has been very funny all through this investigation. When Marcus Daly was testifying the other day and Mr. Hoar was trying to check the line of inquiry as to the motive one Democrat had in opposing another Democrat, he said, 'I will rule that being a Democrat is no evidence of a disposition to commit a political crime.' Faulkner asked at once for a further ruling as to the offense of a Democrat opposing a Democrat; 'then I will say,' said Hoar, 'that repentance of being a Democrat is not a crime.' You can fancy the uproar at this amendment.



MR. MARCUS DALY, WHO TESTIFIED THE OTHER DAY

"But, Mrs. Slocum, I hope you are not meaning to desert the Senate for the House. You have not been in our gallery for some days," said the Senator turning to me.

"Oh, but you have not been passing the Puerto Rican Bill, and I am like the street gamin—I always follow the show no matter how bad it may be," I replied.

For in truth the House as seen from the galleries during the debate on this bill was a veritable "show." And the final day when the vote was taken was something to remember. To see gray-bearded men gyrating up and down the aisles, or whirling from desk to desk like dancing dervishes, buttonholing, gesticulating, jeering, shouting, nay, even crying, either with delight or indignation, was a highly edifying spectacle, and Robert was among the worst in point of behavior on the floor. From the time that Mr. Cummings, at

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Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read without reference to the preceding installments.

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the very height of the debate, perpetrated his remarkable joke—the beginning of which sent the entire majority into a pandemonium of delight, and the ending sent the minority into paroxysms of cheers and shouts—down to the time that Mr. Sibley got off his poetry and Mr. Otie took off "Uncle Joe" Cannon, and little Mr. Spight appeared with scant clothing under his tightly buttoned-up overcoat, having been suddenly called from his bath in the subbasement the House of Representatives was enough to strike consternation to the heart of the uninitiated. When the excitement was at its highest I glanced around me to note how other people were taking it. The galleries were as excited and almost as uncontrolled as the floor itself. There was but one calm, unperturbed face anywhere to be seen. I called Page's attention to this face, and she explained that it belonged to one of the clerks who pass in and out of the committee-rooms and who are the real connoisseurs of Congressmen. This young fellow was leaning against the gallery doorpost, and he was a type of the withered, experienced, unimpressionable youth which is evolved from those who start as pages and go on in the committee-rooms year after year. He had his hands in his pockets, and on his face was a superior, pitying expression, and when there was an unusual uproar from below he said to the doorkeeper musingly:



"MR. HOAR HAS BEEN VERY FUNNY"

"Aren't they funny?"

I could not help thinking that be was as funny as anything in the whole day's experiences had been to me. I was glad when the House finally got down to the vote. It was the first time that I ever found the roll-call interesting, much less exciting, as on this occasion. When the whole thing was over, Page and I made our way slowly out of the gallery. I was down-hearted over the result and was determined to take it out on Robert when I got home for his vote on the question. It seemed to me that I saw receding the dream of the Senate. Page was unusually silent, and at last I felt a curiosity to know how this young girl regarded the day's proceedings. Page rarely mentioned politics and never seemed to know or care anything about these matters, although I knew her to be a fierce little Democrat. I said:

"Page, what do you think of all that has been done to-day?"

"Well, Mrs. Slocum, Ah think those pore things down in Po'to Rico will jus' have to starve it out. Ah think your party means to do by these pore things about like they did to us after the War, an' Ah think if my party would jus' let go of Mr. Bryan we could beat you at the polls nex' November."

I echoed Page's sentiments and we passed down the marble stairs in silence. We had just crossed the threshold of Statuary Hall when we were overtaken by some one who spoke Page's name. It was Mr. Morelos, Alain de Courcelles' friend. He had been sitting in the diplomatic gallery and had hurried out to speak to us. It was evident that he wished to have some word apart with Page, so I sauntered ahead, ostensibly to look at the different marble figures disposed about the hall. I was looking idly at the spirited statue of Ethan Allen, when I discovered that I was close upon the confines of that pathetic corner where so many women office-seekers await their "influence," and where are daily enacted scenes that would bring tears to all but the hard-hearted. I peered around into the carpeted interior of this corner, then drew back suddenly, for a well-known Senator, attended by his private secretary, was being interviewed by a poor, middle-aged woman whose anxious, harassed look told its own tale of poverty and hope deferred. I heard the Senator say with scant courtesy:

"Well, my good woman; what is it?"

*

I could not catch the low, dejected reply. I could only hear his loud voice in return:

"How many times must I tell you that I am doing all that I can and that there is every prospect of my getting you a place? I think I see a chance. The quota for your State is already full, still, with pressure brought to bear, I think I can manage something. Now, go home. Don't worry. Leave everything in my hands and it will be all right."

The woman turned away with a glow of confidence that fairly transfigured her face. As soon as she had disappeared over the last "whispering stone" this Senator, whose polished eloquence I had so admired in the Senate chamber, said roughly to his secretary:

"I have to tell 'em that to pacify 'em. Of course I can't do anything really for her, and I wish you'd see to it that I'm not bothered by any more of 'em. I've told those rascally pages not to bring me cards nor tell 'em where I am."

I was glad that the great, sheltering figure of the statue prevented me from having to encounter this suave Senator as he strode away; I was in no mood for a gracious bow after what I had heard, and, besides, politicians and statesmen were below par with me just then. But suddenly a softening memory came to me of the terrible way in which public men are pursued by office-seekers. Robert himself had declared only a few days before that women office-seekers were enough to make misogynists of all Congressmen, and that he never nowadays bears the frou-frou of a silken skirt but he turns pale with dread lest it is some one seeking an office whom it will be as impossible to shake off as the Old Man of the Sea.



"MR. FAULKNER ASKED FOR A FURTHER RULING"

When I looked around finally for Page I saw her coming toward me with Mr. Morelos. They were talking earnestly and there was something unusual in her manner, and there was a glow on her face that had long been absent from it. She held in her hands what looked like a folded newspaper or a bit of a letter. I had not remembered that she had had anything but a silver fox muff in her possession when we came to the Capitol that morning. They joined me and we all three turned our steps to the rotunda. Scarcely had the carriage door been shut and he had bowed himself away, than I asked apprehensively:

"What is it, Page? What has happened?"

"Ah sca'cely know yet, Mrs. Slocum; Mr. Morelos gave me these to read, but Ah'll have to wait till we get home. It is some news about Mr. de Cou'celles. Ah'll tell you all Ah know as soon as we get home."

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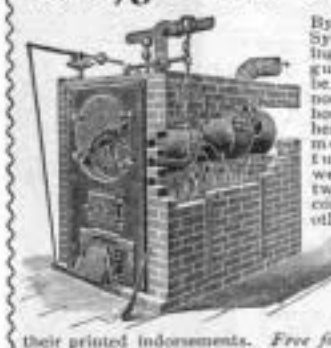
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The "Apple King's" April Fool

By Wilder D. Quint

ONE bright and sunny afternoon a little party of three sat in the cosy reading-room of the American Club in one of the large German cities. Each in his own way was an excellent type of the people of the land across the sea. Doctor Bacon, bland, smiling and rotund, was a very successful dentist who earned large fees in this city of his adoption. George Marsh, a younger man, nervous and energetic, was the resident consul, and an alert promoter of his country's interests. The third was remarkably tall and thin, and his solemn, smooth-shaven face and the spectacles he wore gave him a professional air and an appearance of deep wisdom which he did not in reality possess. His name was Cyrus Barstow, though he was known in his native State of New Hampshire as the "Apple King," on account of the immense orchards he owned and the large foreign export business he successfully carried on. He was in Germany to make the acquaintance of his customers and to advance the doctrine of vegetarianism, as applied to apples, to the best of his ability. Shrewd in business, he was as simple as a child in all social matters, and the ways of the polite world were to him an untrodden path; but of these deficiencies he was not at all aware.

"Now, Barstow," the jolly Doctor Bacon was saying, "you know this is All-Fools' Day, and these Germans set considerable store by its traditions. You'd better keep your weather eye open during the rest of the day. You may have streamers tied to your coat-tails by the street boys, or perhaps your sausage at dinner will be stuffed with chopped-up leather. At any rate, you'll be very lucky if you escape some joke or other. You look like a savant, and savants are always fair game."

"Don't you worry about me," returned the somewhat nettled "Apple King"; "I wasn't born yesterday, Doctor, and I cut my eye teeth a good long time ago. I ain't been fooled for years, and if either of you think——"

❧

But the end of Cyrus' defiance was never heard, for at this moment a solemn lackey entered the room, bearing a yellow envelope on a silver tray. It was addressed, "Herr Barstow," in the script of the Teutons. It was a curious coincidence that Doctor Bacon had touched a button in the wall about ten seconds before the man appeared.

Cyrus tore open the envelope eagerly; it was an answer to some business proposition, he thought. Then the joy on his face faded.

"Written in this confounded Dutch, of course," he ejaculated. "Here, Doctor, read it for me, will you? You're up on that sort of thing."

Doctor Bacon began running over the message silently. First he whistled softly; then he exclaimed, as if to himself, "Well, well!" Finally he burst out with, "Cyrus, this is great—simply great!"

"What is it? What is it?" repeated the impatient "Apple King."

"Just this—it's the greatest honor that can possibly come to a foreigner visiting this city; it's a thing that comes to a man but once in a lifetime, and even then to very few. Translated into prosaic English it is this:

"'Prince Von Z—— commands Mr. Cyrus Barstow, the American "Apple King," to dine at the palace at seven this evening, and sleep there as His Excellency's guest over night.'"

"The Prince Von Z—— be hanged," shouted Cyrus; "I'm a free American citizen, and nobody commands me in Germany or anywhere else. I won't go a step."

"Softly, Barstow, softly," said the Doctor; "this is in reality the politest request imaginable, only Princes can't unbend, you know. You are a marked man. But how in the world did the Prince know you were in town?"

"Easy enough. I paid for notices three inches long in every paper in the city. Wrote 'em myself, and let the editors do the translating. The Prince had seen 'em, of course. I said I was staying at the American Club, and made it strong on the 'Apple King' part. That did the business. I guess I'll go, after all."

❧

Accordingly, early that evening Mr. Cyrus Barstow, uncomfortable in a brand new claw-hammer suit for which he had been roundly charged in a German clothing shop, set forth for the palace in the most magnificent public equipage that could be obtained. In a small black hand-bag were the articles needed for his stay overnight. In cheerful mood he bowled along the fine streets, suspecting no guile. He did not know that not far behind him was a cab containing Doctor Bacon and Consul Marsh, and that he was the subject of their conversation.

The carriage ahead finally stopped at the splendid iron gateway of the Prince's palace, and the plotters saw the tall form of their victim emerge and approach the small side gate at which stood the guard. In another instant the "Apple King" had disappeared within its portals. The two gazed at each other in the greatest astonishment. Was it an optical illusion? No, they were both keen of sight, and they were wide awake. Barstow must soon reappear, and they would wait for him. But the minutes lengthened into an hour, and still there were no signs of their fellow-countryman. Then they were driven back to the American Club, where they could discuss the mystery at their leisure.

❧

When the American's carriage had driven up to the gate of the Prince Von Z——'s residence, that potentate's much-bedecked guard had been duly impressed by the elegance of the conveyance; when he caught sight of the small black bag in Cyrus' hand an expression of satisfaction passed over his stolid face. He opened the postern and stood at stiff salute.

"Der Mediziner?" he inquired anxiously.

"Yar, the American; yar, yar, of course," returned the unsuspecting Cyrus, delighted with the opportunity of airing one-half the German of which he was possessed.

❧

The guard pulled a knob near at hand, and in a few moments a couple of flunkeys gorgeously attired in scarlet and blue were bowing and scraping before the "Apple King," who was much impressed at this sign of condescension on the part of princely retainers. He followed them without a word up an immense marble stairway and into the great reception hall of the palace. The polished floor, the richly decorated walls, the fine paintings and other works of art, the columns of rare and costly stone, and over all the glittering splendor of hundreds of candles fairly overpowered the Yankee, whose previous ideal of magnificence had been the tinsel and stucco of a city theatre. He began to regret his temerity in accepting an invitation that involved so much spectacular formality. But he had no time to retreat, if he would. At the end of the hall a new delegation of lackeys took him in charge and escorted him up a broad flight of onyx steps of such delicacy and beauty that Cyrus felt many compunctions in treading upon them at all. Then they threaded a maze of noble corridors, turning and twisting, till at last they stood before a double door of rosewood on which were armorial bearings of encrusted gold. Two soldiers were at their post here, and they eyed the newcomer suspiciously.

"Der Mediziner," said one of Cyrus' escort, whereupon the guards presented arms, the doors opened softly, and Cyrus nerved himself to meet the scene of dazzling splendor he felt certain awaited him.

Splendor there undoubtedly was in the room which the American entered, but it was not dazzling. In fact, one small candle placed near a canopied bed was the only light in the large apartment. The astonished and bewildered "Apple King" could scarcely see where to step, and he certainly did not know how to proceed.

❧

At this juncture a small man dressed in ministerial black approached Cyrus and addressed him with a remark of considerable length in German. Only the last words were intelligible; they sounded like "the Prince."

"Yes, the Prince; what about the Prince; where is he?" asked the puzzled American.

The other pointed solemnly to the bed.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Cyrus. He had resolved to be surprised at nothing that might befall him in the palace, but this was certainly remarkable. Then he remembered something he had heard about foreigners taking their meals in bed. He did not recall any information to the effect that guests were received in this way, but this nobleman was probably eccentric. At any rate, he would make the best of the situation. Hat in hand, he approached the couch with all the dignity he could muster.

"I am glad to see you, Prince," he began; "you needn't apologize, I——"

A very vigorous groan cut him short, and the occupant of the bed writhed unmistakably, as if in great pain. When the spasm



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had passed he sat up and looked at Cyrus in a surprised way.

"An English doctor, eh?" he said, speaking the American's own tongue with perfect fluency. "Well, they're sometimes good, very good. I only ask that you cure me, and care not for your race."

Again a violent contortion of the bedclothes as the princely sufferer groaned: "Oh, Doctor, this colic, these terrible—what you call them—knots. The pain is too great. Give me of your assistance or I shall go mad."

Now the word "colic" is not usually a delight to the ear. It conjures up visions of some of the most unpleasant moments given to man. But to Cyrus it was the most welcome sound he had heard in Germany. He became suddenly exultant; he knew that his great opportunity had arrived.

"I ain't a doctor in the regular way, Prince," he began, "and I ain't English, I'm the American you——"

"Not a doctor?" roared the Prince; "then how do you come in here, and what for? By Himmel, out you shall go most rapidly," and he shouted an order to the guards, who rushed in, seized Cyrus, and began to propel him unceremoniously toward the door.

"But I can cure your colic," he cried on the way out. "I'll take my oath to it."

A new wave of pain more poignant than any of its predecessors swept through the frame of the potentate. It was a convincing argument. At a word of command, the guards brought Cyrus back to their master's bed. There he opened his black hand-bag, took out a small bottle containing a dark-brown liquid, shook it vigorously, and poured some into a glass standing on the table.

"This," he said, "is a cordial made from a receipt of my grandmother's. It never failed to fix a colic yet, and it ain't going to now. I always take a bottle along wherever I go. Now, Prince, we'll have you all right in a jiffy."

"Drink some yourself," said the Prince grimly.

"I don't need any," returned the innocent Cyrus, "but anything to please." And he took a generous gulp of the mixture. Then the Prince drank the contents of the glass.

In fifteen minutes the Prince was resting quietly; in an hour he was sleeping peacefully. Then the ministerial-looking individual led Cyrus away to a magnificently appointed chamber, where he was soon following the example of his noble patron.

Shortly after noon of the next day the two plotters, Doctor Bacon and Consul Marsh, were in their accustomed places in the reading-room of the American Club. The mysterious disappearance of their friend Barstow was their only topic of conversation. After discussing many hypotheses, they were inclined to believe that he had been ejected from the palace by some exit other than the one they had watched, and had stolen off to a hotel that they might not discover how he had been duped.

"Anyway, we'll get it out of him," observed the Doctor, "and he'll have to acknowledge the corn."

At this moment a diversion of considerable note took place among the members of the club. An elaborate equipage drawn by four horses and preceded by two outriders dashed up to the entrance and stopped there.

"The Prince's carriage, as sure as I'm a living man!" exclaimed the Consul.

"And there's Barstow!" shouted the Doctor, as the lank form of Cyrus emerged from the chariot.

Another instant and their fellow-countryman was in the reading-room, his face wreathed in smiles.

"I tell you what, gentlemen," he declared, "my idea of Princes has changed entirely. Von Z—— is one of the best fellows I ever met. Why, this morning at breakfast he said—— Hello, what's the matter, Marsh?"

The Consul had picked up a newspaper which he was reading with assumed nonchalance, when an involuntary exclamation escaped him. This is what he saw:

"The palace secretary informs us that the Prince Von Z—— was last night cured of a very severe and dangerous attack of colic by a great American specialist, Herr Cyrus Barstow. Herr Barstow is not a practicing physician, but he is the proprietor of a valuable and efficacious remedy for colic, discovered by one of his ancestors and kept as a family secret. Herr Barstow remained at the palace over night, and this morning breakfasted with the Prince, after which he was decorated with the Order of the Iron Trapezoid for his highly esteemed services."

As the best means of covering their own amazement and confusion the two shook the wearer of the Iron Trapezoid warmly by the hand. He bore his honors modestly.

"I don't mind telling you," said he, "that the Prince knew nothing at all about that message.

"I wonder who could have sent it?"

"Well," observed Doctor Bacon meditatively, "whoever did it wasn't such a wonderful joker as he thought he was. But he did you a good turn after all, Cyrus, and perhaps you'd better forgive him."

The "Good Fellow"

By Herbert Bashford

AN ATTORNEY holding a responsible Federal position recently said to a friend: "I spent the years of my young manhood in trying to be a 'good fellow.' I was so foolish as to think that the only way to achieve success in life was to be popular with the boys—spend money like a lord and win the name among my companions of being a 'good fellow.' I found that so long as my money held out I was indeed a favorite among them; but when I came to the end of my rope I awoke to the sudden realization that my notoriety as a 'good fellow' proved of no avail when the question of bread and butter presented itself. Those who had partaken of my hospitality, encouraged me in my folly and flocked around me, now seemed very much disinterested in my affairs. My advice to young men is not to attempt winning the distinction which invariably proves detrimental to themselves—that of being a 'good fellow.'"

No doubt this has been the experience of many. The youth who starts out in life with the idea that he must first establish himself in the estimation of his companions as a "jolly good fellow" if he would become successful in his undertakings, usually laments in after years the time thus squandered and the reckless expenditure of money which brought only the flattery of those who were deriving pleasure from his extravagance.

He discovers that he really imperiled his future welfare by allowing vanity to supersede good judgment that he might be regarded among his associates as the prime favorite.

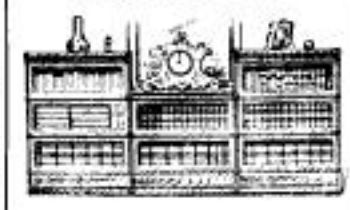
To become the characteristic "good fellow" is by no means conducive to success in one's chosen avocation, granting that pecuniary reward be the object in view, which, of course, does not hold true in every case. Though it is most commendable in a young man to make himself well and favorably known in the community where he has established himself in business or has entered upon a professional career, it is the height of folly for him to imagine that his interests will be materially advanced by devoting undue attention to the club and to becoming the central figure at social functions. Yet to attain popularity as a "good fellow," under the common delusion that this alone proves the means whereby a person may quickly mount the ladder of Success, is the ambition of many. Nothing can be more false, for it is not the one whose reputation rests solely upon the uncertain ground of good fellowship whom the public holds in highest esteem and in whom it imposes the greatest trust.

Such social distinction, instead of proving beneficial, always gives cause in the minds of the many honestly to doubt one's stability and sound judgment.

The young man who enters upon life's duties earnestly, who, though spending a reasonable part of his time in the society of his friends, devotes himself unremittingly to bringing out the best that is in him and who relies strictly upon thrift and integrity, is the one in whom the world places abiding faith. The "good fellow" as a general rule, because of his proneness toward frivolity, is seldom held in serious consideration by the majority of thoughtful citizens; consequently he possesses slight influence when questions of vital importance are to be determined. Moreover, he very frequently finds himself the victim of excesses induced by attempting to maintain his reputation as the "prince of good fellows" which often results in physical and mental decay. It is the steadfast, reliable man upon whom people soon learn to depend, and who, in gaining their high regard, has laid the foundation for future success.

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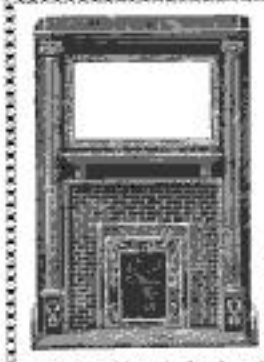
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How WE make Presidents

The Cleveland Campaigns

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE

Drawings by Carl Kleinschmidt

THE Presidential campaign of 1884 was opened on June 5 by the Republican National Convention at Chicago which nominated Blaine after the Arthur Administration had made a feeble struggle against him. Strange as it may seem, Blaine took much less interest in his nomination at that time than he had in his contests of 1876 and 1880. He was painfully impressed by the conviction that he was fated not to be President, and he feared his defeat. A recent article by ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who was then in Congress with Blaine, stated that a short time before the meeting of the convention, when Blaine knew that the nomination was within his own hands, he told Boutwell that he was glad to have some votes in the convention but that he did not wish the nomination. He desired to defeat President Arthur, and urged Boutwell to organize for the nomination of General Sherman for President and Robert Lincoln for Vice-President.

I saw Blaine frequently during the months preceding the nomination, and he never exhibited any special gratification at the fact that he could then, for the first time, surely attain the leadership in his party for which he had so long struggled; but he had not the courage to decline it. The nomination came to him, and though he did not heartily welcome it, he was justly proud of it. General Logan, of Illinois, was placed on the ticket for Vice-President, as Blaine was the first civilian nominated for President by the Republicans since Lincoln.

HOW CLEVELAND GOT THE TAMMANY VOTE

The Democratic National Convention met in Chicago on July 10 and nominated Cleveland for President and Hendricks for Vice-President. Cleveland's nomination was accomplished solely by the earnest and skillful management of his cause by Daniel Manning, who was Secretary of the Treasury during half of Cleveland's first Administration. Cleveland was a reluctant candidate, for he was not confident that he could be nominated, and doubted if he could be elected if nominated; but Manning gathered about him a very powerful organization, and under the unit rule carried the New York delegation solid for Cleveland, though Tammany stoutly opposed him.

Randall had been named as the candidate for President by Pennsylvania and had a delegation strongly committed to his support. I was present at the conferences of Randall's friends, and it became evident at an early stage of the battle that Randall's nomination was not within the range of possibility. His pronounced Protection views made him ineligible. Ex-Attorney-General William U. Hensel was there and was actively enlisted in the Randall cause. When the defeat of Randall became clearly inevitable Hensel and I had a conference with Manning, and after a careful review of the situation it became apparent that Cleveland could be nominated with the aid of Randall's friends. We made no suggestions to Manning as to conditions, but told him that we would telegraph for Randall and have him there the next morning early, so that he and Randall could confer alone. Hensel and I telegraphed Randall urgently requesting him to take the first train for Chicago. He arrived the next morning, was brought directly by Mr. Hensel to my room, where Mr. Manning was in waiting, and Hensel and I went to breakfast.

No one but Mr. Hensel and myself knew of Randall's arrival, but within half an hour after he and Manning had met word was passed from Randall himself for his friends to support Cleveland. That settled the contest in Cleveland's favor. Tammany protested, but the Tammany vote was cast for Cleveland all the same under the unit rule that the New York Democrats have always maintained.

The contest of 1884 is well remembered. Blaine did much to promote his election by stumping the country from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, but he did more to defeat himself in his management of the battle. As I fully explained in a former article, he went to New York after he had stumped the country, with his battle won, and stayed there just long enough to lose it by political follies that he never would have permitted in any Presidential candidate if he had been managing the contest for another. Cleveland received a popular majority over Blaine of 23,005, and he had 219 electoral votes to 182. The New York electoral vote decided the contest on a popular majority of 1100.

HOW THE CLEVELAND-DANA FEUD BEGAN

Charles A. Dana, then editor of the New York Sun, became estranged from Mr. Cleveland the year before the Presidential election of 1884. He had earnestly supported Cleveland for Governor in 1882, but when a movement was made by Mr. Manning to organize the State for Cleveland in 1884 Dana was implacable in his opposition. I met him several times before Cleveland was nominated, and he always discussed the question with an unusual degree of acrimony. He believed that Cleveland was not available; that he was unworthy of the position; and that if nominated he would be overwhelmingly defeated. He gave me no reason for his changed relations with Cleveland, and I did not learn the true cause until after Cleveland had been elected President.

Soon after Cleveland's nomination I was spending a few days at Saratoga, and was watching Dana's paper with much interest, for he was very much disgruntled. He did not at first declare himself aggressively against Cleveland's election, but one morning at Saratoga in taking up The Sun I found one of Dana's terrible deliverances against Cleveland that left no possible chance for a reconciliation. I telegraphed to Mr. Dana



Blaine did much to promote his election

and asked him to meet me at his office at three o'clock that afternoon, and called there on my way home. Mr. Dana had gone too far to recede, but I tried to temper his bitterness, as I thought it would do great harm, not only to Cleveland but to his own newspaper as well, then one of the most prosperous in the country.

Mr. Dana was petulant and violent in his expressions against Cleveland, and said that he had decided to support General Butler, who was the candidate of the Labor-Socialistic element, and who, he said, would receive not less than 25,000 votes in New York City. I told him that Butler might receive 2500, and if there were 25,000 disgruntled Democrats who wanted to defeat Cleveland they would certainly vote for Blaine.

The result was about as I had predicted. Butler received only a few thousand votes, and Dana and his following, though ostensibly supporting Butler, voted squarely for Blaine.

Charles A. Dana was the ablest editor ever developed by American journalism. Horace Greeley was more pungent and telling in his political articles, and Henry Watterson is more brilliant, but Charles A. Dana was the strongest editorial writer this country has ever produced. He was versatile, powerful and elegant, but an unfortunate personal estrangement made him the bitterest of Cleveland's enemies, and paved the way for The Sun to be transformed from an out-and-out Tammany organ to the most aggressive of Republican journals.

It was not until I met Cleveland at Albany, soon after his election, that I learned the cause of the estrangement between Cleveland and Dana, and the statement given by Mr. Cleveland was subsequently confirmed by Mr. Dana. Dana had very earnestly supported Cleveland's nomination and election for Governor in 1882, and after the election he wrote a personal letter to Cleveland asking the appointment of a friend to the position of Adjutant-General. Cleveland received that letter as he received thousands of other letters recommending appointments, instead of recognizing the claim Mr. Dana had upon him for the courtesy of an answer. Beecher had a candidate for the same position, and Cleveland gave it to Beecher's man without any explanation whatever to Dana, who felt that he had been discourteously treated by Cleveland.

A DINNER THAT WAS NEVER GIVEN

Mr. Dana gave no open sign of his disappointment, but some time after Cleveland's inauguration, when it became known that Dana felt grieved at the Governor, some mutual friends intervened and proposed to Cleveland that he should invite Dana to join with some acquaintances to dine at the Executive Mansion. To this Cleveland readily assented. Dana was informed that Cleveland would tender such an invitation if it would be accepted, and he promptly assented. Cleveland then became involved in the pressing duties of the Legislature, and allowed the session to close without extending the promised and expected invitation to Dana. Mr. Cleveland told me that he was entirely to blame for neglect in both instances, as Dana would doubtless have been satisfied if he had courteously informed him of his convictions which required him to appoint another for Adjutant-General; and he had no excuse to offer but that of neglect for not inviting Dana to dinner.

Dana naturally assumed that Cleveland had given him deliberate affront, and Cleveland could make no satisfactory explanation. As Governor and as President he was first of all devoted to his official duties, which he discharged with rare fidelity; and he gave little time even to the common courtesies which most Governors and Presidents would recognize as justly belonging to their friends. Efforts were made to conciliate Dana, but he never would discuss the question. When Cleveland's election was announced, and the Republicans were disposed to dispute the vote of New York, Dana came out boldly and declared that Cleveland was elected and that no violent measure should be tolerated to deprive him of the honor conferred upon him.

THE PEACEFUL CONVENTIONS OF 1888

The Democratic National Convention for 1888 met at St. Louis on June 7, and it was the most perfunctory affair of the kind I ever witnessed. I never saw a national political body so entirely devoid of enthusiasm; yet it was entirely fixed in its purpose to renominate President Cleveland. He appealed strongly to the convictions and judgment of the party, but not to its affection or enthusiasm. He was nominated by a practically unanimous vote, and it had been settled long before the convention met that the sturdy old Roman of Ohio, ex-Senator Thurman, should be the candidate for the second place, as Vice-President Hendricks had died in office.

The Republican National Convention met in Chicago on June 21, and there was a

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last paper in Colonel McClure's series, How We Make Presidents. The series was begun in the Post of January 6. Each paper is complete in itself.

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free-for-all race for several days between Harrison, Sherman, Depew and Alger, who had a large support from Southern delegates, with Blaine on a coaching trip in England, but in a position to command the nomination if he desired it. Blaine exhibited his usual hesitation, and it required three days for his friends to get his final answer by cable that he would not permit his name to be presented. Sherman was the ablest and perhaps the most respected of all the candidates from which the choice was to be made. The Pennsylvania delegation was instructed for him under the lead of Senator Quay, and Governor Hastings, then Adjutant-General, very ably presented Sherman's name to the convention. Alger was under the shadow of having a commercial following, Depew was offensive to the then strong and steadily growing Granger element of the West, and Harrison became the logical candidate and was nominated without a serious contest. Governor Morton, of New York, was taken for Vice-President, not only because he occupied a very strong position in the politics of the country, but because he was able to finance the campaign.



—earnestly urged him to modify his message

The contest of 1888 differed from the Cleveland contest of 1884 in its entire freedom from vituperation and bitterness. It was earnestly conducted on both sides, but Cleveland lost New York by 14,373, while Hill, the Democratic candidate for Governor at the same election, was successful by a majority of 19,171. Cleveland was obviously betrayed by the Tammany people, and although he had a majority of about 96,000 of the popular vote of the country, he received but 168 electoral votes to 233 for Harrison.

WHY CLEVELAND LOST HIS ELECTION

Cleveland lost his election in 1888 by his message to Congress, delivered a year before, making the tariff and revenue question the sole issue before the country. His message referred to no other question as of importance compared with the issue of reduced revenues and taxes. I saw him on Saturday night before the meeting of Congress, and with Speaker Carlisle, who was to be reëlected to the Speakership on the following Monday, earnestly urged him to modify his message. Carlisle was quite as positive as I was in assuring him that it would result in disaster to himself and his Administration. His answer was that possibly we were right, but that it was a duty that should be performed, and though he might fail, he believed the country would vindicate him at an early day. He was a man who gave very serious thought to his official duties; performed them with great fidelity, and when convinced as to his duty none could dissuade him from his purpose. But for that message he would certainly have been reëlected President in 1888.

The Republican National Convention of 1892 met at Minneapolis on June 7, and President McKinley presided. There would have been no serious contest for Harrison's renomination but for the fact that Blaine, who was Secretary of State, had had an open quarrel with the President just before the convention met, and, utterly broken in health and without reasonable expectation that he could live through a campaign, had permitted the use of his name in the convention against his chief.

The Blaine revolt made the friends of McKinley hope that they might succeed, but Harrison was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of 535 1-6 to 182 1-6 for Blaine and 182 for McKinley, with five scattering. Vice-President Morton was deposed to make place for Whitelaw Reid for Vice-President, and as the New York delegation united in presenting Reid, the nomination was made unanimous.

The Democratic National Convention met at Chicago on June 21, and Cleveland was nominated for a third time after the most desperate and acrimonious strife I have ever witnessed in a national convention. It was on that occasion that Bourke Cockran made a speech against Cleveland that gave him national fame, and it was one of extraordinary ability and power. The convention was really adverse to Cleveland's nomination. Had a majority of the delegates followed their own personal inclinations he would have been defeated, and he was nominated solely by the matchless leadership of William C. Whitney. But for him and his wonderful skill and energy the convention would have run away from Cleveland at the outset. Never in the history of American politics was there such an achievement as the nomination of Cleveland over the solid and aggressively hostile vote of his own State of New York that was regarded as the pivotal State of the battle. Tammany had always opposed Cleveland in national conventions, but never before had they had control of the delegation against him, and a protest was published to the convention signed by every delegate from the State, demanding his defeat.

CLEVELAND'S VICTORY

Cleveland was strong with the people but weak with the political leaders. The platform had been written by the enemies of Cleveland; the nomination for Vice-President was made over his friends, and the hostility to him was so pronounced that the opposing leaders were confident of his defeat at the polls. The convention sat at night and far on in the morning hours, when Cleveland received 617 votes, just ten more than were necessary to nominate him. Had he not been nominated on that ballot his defeat would have been certain.

The battle between Cleveland and Harrison was very earnestly contested, and it will be remembered as the only instance in which the party of power was defeated when the country was prosperous. The McKinley tariff bill had largely increased protection to our manufactures, but without materially increasing wages. The result was an unusual number of labor strikes, the most notable of which was that of Homestead at the Carnegie works, and the Republicans suffered very generally throughout the country by the loss of industrial votes. Cleveland was elected by a popular majority over Harrison of 366,211, and received 276 electoral votes to 145 for Harrison.

Cleveland and Jackson are the only Presidential candidates in the history of the Republic who made three consecutive contests for the place, carried a popular plurality or majority each time, and increased it at each contest, and both were defeated in one battle, although receiving a larger popular vote than the successful competitor.

THE McKINLEY CAMPAIGN

The Presidential contest of 1896 was opened by the Republicans, who assembled in national convention in St. Louis on June 16, where McKinley was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of 661½ to 84½ for Reed, with a number of scattering votes. The late Garret A. Hobart was also nominated on the first ballot for Vice-President by 535½ to 237½ for Henry Clay Evans, now Commissioner of Pensions, with scattering votes. McKinley's nomination was managed and accomplished much as Samuel J. Tilden managed and accomplished his own nomination in 1876. Mark A. Hanna, present Senator from Ohio, a most aggressive and able politician, devoted most of his time during the year before the convention met to organizing the States to secure McKinley delegations. McKinley was strong with the party and was personally popular.

The campaign of 1896 is yet fresh in the memories of the people. Bryan made the most remarkable canvass of our political history, and swept the solid South and the silver West into the cheap-money column, but he was overwhelmingly beaten, as McKinley received a popular majority over him of 613,752, and in the electoral college McKinley had 271 votes to 176 for Bryan. Thus we have the completed story of How We Make Presidents.

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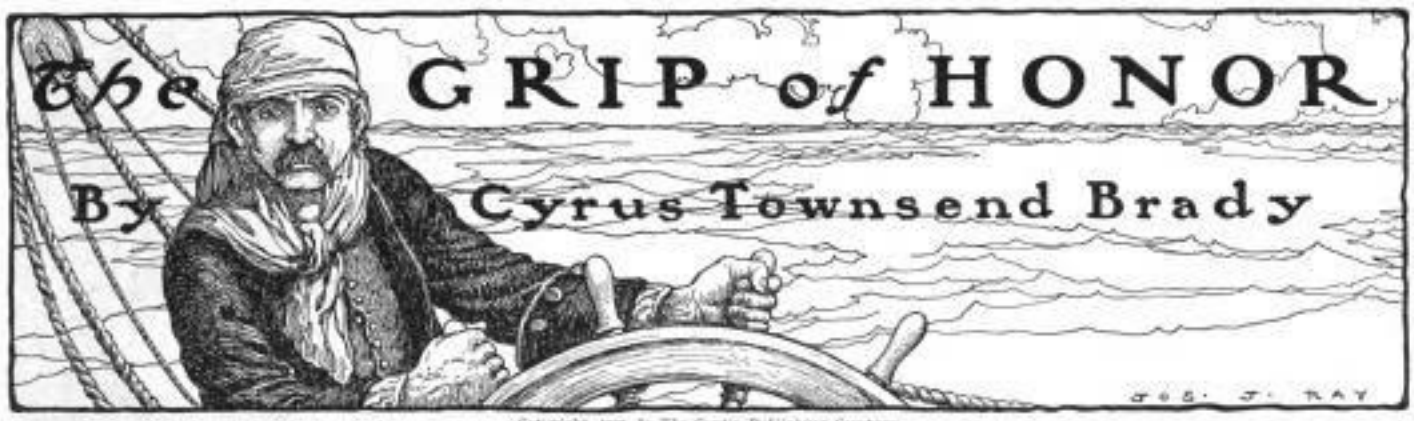


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Fourteenth Chapter

"O'NEILL," began the Englishman, "would that I could take your place!"

"But you cannot, Major Coventry," replied the other gratefully. "You honor me in the thought, but if you could I should refuse to allow it. You are the better man; all my life I have been a gay, reckless soldier of fortune, with never a serious purpose. You are the worthy one, and you must live to watch over, to care for her whom we both love. Perhaps—surely—in days to come she will forget; time, chance, you know—she will reward your devotion—she must—you will be happy——" His voice broke and he turned his face and looked out of the port. Coventry shook his head.

"You know her not, sir. She is not for me, nor would I take her, loving you; my love is too deep for that—nor would she come. She will never forget you." O'Neill's heart leaped at this assurance.

The ship's bell on the deck above them struck four times—it was six o'clock. There was a little silence within the screen.

"The hour approaches," said O'Neill softly at last. "I would be alone for a few moments before—you understand?"

"Yes," said the other, rising and pressing his hand; "have you nothing to say, no message to send to ——" he asked magnanimously.

"Nothing—nothing—'tis best so. You will come for me at the time?"

"Yes, and I will stand by you to the end."

"You do me great honor," replied the other thankfully. Coventry looked at him a moment, shook his head and turned away.

In the prayers of the young Irishman the face of the girl he loved would obtrude itself. It seemed but a moment before he heard the tramp of armed men coming along the deck. They stopped before the screen. It was opened, and Coventry, pale as death, presented himself at the opening; the screen was promptly folded back. There were marines fully armed before it, and the chaplain, too, in the white robes of his office.

"I am ready, gentlemen," said O'Neill calmly; "may I not go to my death unbound?" he asked.

At a nod from Coventry, the master-at-arms unlocked the fetters about his feet and hands. The prisoner took his place in the midst of the little squad of men and ascended to the spar-deck. The ship's company of marines was drawn up aft on the quarter-deck. Most of the seamen of the crew were arranged in orderly ranks in the starboard gangway. Forward, a grating had been rigged on the bulwarks under the port fore-yardarm. A new rope led from the grating up through the block in the yardarm, came inboard to another block under the top, and thence through a block fixed to the deck. Sixty or seventy men, chosen by lot from the ship's company, had hold of the rope, which was led aft along the port gangway. In front of the marines stood Captain Pearson and his officers in full uniform. The prisoner was halted before him.

"Captain Pearson," said Coventry in great agitation, "can nothing be done to delay this execution a few hours? There are considerations, sir, in my possession which I feel sure would incline His Majesty, could he be communicated with, to extend clemency to this gentleman. Circumstance——"

"Are these circumstances within the knowledge of Lord Westbrooke, Major Coventry?" answered the Captain, surprised at the unusual nature of the interruption.

"They are, sir."

"And they have evidently not influenced him, you see. Therefore, I fail to see how I can permit them to weigh with me. Mr. Pascoe, take the prisoner forward."

"It is useless, Coventry. Why prolong this agony? You have done what you could. I thank you and bless you," said O'Neill as they walked the deck to the grating.

"Will you please to step up here, sir?" said Pascoe, the First Lieutenant of the Serapis, who had the matter in charge, pointing to the grating on the rail as they came abreast of it.

"It is a fair and easy place from which to step to Heaven, sir," replied the Irishman, smiling as he stepped on the rail. "I pray you to tell your men to start me on my way with a quick pull and a swift run." Pascoe nodded in comprehension.

A boatswain's mate now stepped up beside the prisoner and

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bound his feet and hands with a lashing. A hangman's knot had been made by expert fingers in the rope leading from the yard-arm, and the running noose was quickly cast about O'Neill's neck.

"The collar of an ancient order, this," observed O'Neill, still smiling. "And now, one last request, sir," he added, turning to the Lieutenant.

"And that is?"

"Throw away that black cap, sir. Let me go with my eyes open." The Lieutenant hesitated a moment. The whole ship's company was filled with admiration for the intrepid and gallant Irishman.

"Do it, Pascoe!" whispered Coventry, springing up alongside O'Neill and the sailor, who, to avoid him, stepped back and stood on the rail by the foreshrouds.

"What are you doing there, Major Coventry?" asked Pascoe.

"Nothing. I promised to stand by him to the last," replied Coventry. The officer hesitated a moment, and then threw the cap into the water.

"I thank you," said O'Neil huskily; "how much time is there?"

"About two minutes, I think," said the Lieutenant nervously.

"You will run away with the fall at the first or last stroke of the bell?"

"The last, sir."

"No more," said O'Neill to Coventry, turning his face in the direction of the shore. The deep voice of the white-robed priest alone broke the silence:

"*Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.*"

Out on the water a white-sailed little boat was speeding swiftly toward them. There was a woman in it. The eyes of love even in the presence of death are keen—perhaps even keener then than ever. It was Elizabeth Howard. O'Neill recognized her at once. Good Heavens! Why had she come here? She would arrive in time to see him swinging lifeless from the yardarm, a heart-breaking sight for any woman. He could not take his eyes from her.

"See!" he whispered to Coventry, "that boat yonder—she is there!"

"Forward, there!" cried the Captain, watch in hand. "Strike the bell five!"

The mellow tones of the first couplet of the ship's bell rang out in obedience to the command. The hour was come. It was his death-signal, but O'Neill never turned his head from the approaching boat. The old Quartermaster struck the bell deliberately, lingering over it reluctantly; a little shiver ran through the men.

"Stand by!" shouted the Lieutenant in a voice he strove in vain to make firm. "Make a quick jerk and a lively run, lads!"

The men grasped the rope more firmly and sprang into position for the jump. The next couplet was struck on the bell. The boat was nearer now. Coventry saw that the woman waved something that looked like a paper in her hand. The last stroke of the bell rang out on the breathless, silent ship.

"Set taut!" cried the Lieutenant hoarsely. The men leaped forward instantly to the shrill piping of the boatswain and his mate. "Sway away!" he cried.

The tightened rope caught the Irishman by the throat. A lightning flash seemed to cleave the skies; he saw, as in a vision, a great hall hung with arms, a picture frame, a woman radiant, beautiful, her eyes shining; an upraised hand; a voice murmured, "I love him, I love him!" Then a gigantic hand caught him by the throat; he strove to cry out; it clutched him tighter and tighter, blackness like a pall fell before him, shutting out the smiling face.

The quick eye of Major Coventry had detected at last what the girl was waving.

"That paper!" he cried frantically as the last bell struck, "it must be a reprieve—the Admiral has relented."

Was it too late? Quick as thought he snatched the sheath-knife from the belt of the sailor near him. It was too late to stop the men on the rope, even had he possessed the power, but as O'Neill rose in the air he caught him around the waist, and with one rapid blow severed the straining rope above his head. Assisted at once by the sailor alongside of him, they lowered the bound, unconscious man upon the deck beneath them. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye. The men on the ship broke out in ringing cheers. Pearson, white with rage at the interruption, leaped forward.

"What is the meaning of this?" he shouted. "Who has dared to interfere in this manner?"

"I, sir," replied Coventry fearlessly, looking up from his place by the unconscious man.

"And by what right, sir?" cried the enraged Captain.

"Boat ahoy!" cried a seaman stationed at the port gangway.

"Sir," said Coventry, quietly meeting the eye of the Captain, "if I mistake not, you will find my excuse in that boat."

"Well for you, sir, if it be there. Never in my twenty years of service have I been so braved, and on my own ship, too! See what boat it is," said the Captain, turning to one of his midshipmen, "and find out what is wanted." The lad came running back presently and saluted.

"'Tis a lady, sir; the Governor's ward, Lady Elizabeth Howard. She wishes to come on board," he said.

"Show her on board," said the Captain shortly to the midshipman. Then he looked down on the still unconscious form of O'Neill. "Send a surgeon here at once, sir," he continued, and as the latter presented himself: "Is the man dead?" he asked.

"No, sir," said the surgeon, examining him hastily and making ready to apply some necessary restoratives, for which he dispatched an assistant to the sick bay.

"Get him in shape, then, and quickly, for another attempt, for hang he shall, if he has to be held up for it," ordered the Captain sternly.

At this moment the midshipman, followed by Lady Elizabeth, pale, hatless, her hair disheveled, her hand clutching a paper, made way through the little group.

"Captain Pearson, where is he?" she cried nervously. Then as her eyes fell on the prostrate form of O'Neill, she dropped the paper to the deck, covered her face with her hands and rocked to and fro in agony. "Too late—too late!" she wailed, faltering.

"Not so, madam," said the Captain, turning toward her; "the man still lives, the surgeon assures me. He has but fainted. Have you a warrant to stop the execution? If not, it must go on, and it shall go hard with Major Coventry as well."

"The prisoner is reprieved, sir; here is the paper," cried Elizabeth, "sealed and signed by the Admiral himself. Oh, I had it a moment since; where has it gone?"

"Here it is, Your Ladyship," said one of the officers, lifting it from the deck and handing it to her.

"There," she said, presenting it to the Captain. He opened it deliberately and glanced over the brief contents. She watched him with a nervousness she vainly attempted to conceal. Meanwhile the doctor had succeeded in arousing O'Neill. The first glance of his eye fell on Elizabeth, and nothing else he saw.

"Heaven and the angels!" he murmured faintly, not yet comprehending the position.

"It seems to be made out properly and duly signed and sealed," said the Captain slowly. "A reprieve for the prisoner until further notice, and permission for the bearer to see him alone," he added suspiciously. There was a little pause. He turned the paper over in his hand and looked sharply at the girl.

"The Admiral chooses a strange messenger," he added. "I cannot say if this be regular or no. His handwriting is unfamiliar to me, so I do not recognize this. You say you had it from him, madam?"

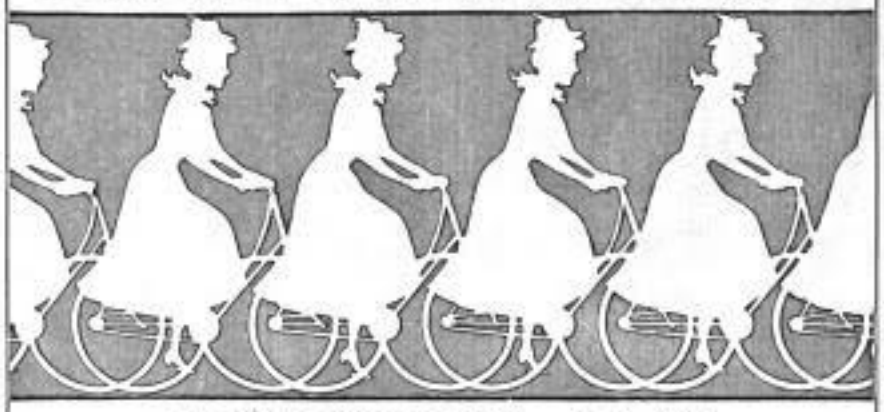
Elizabeth would not trust herself to speak, she only bowed. There was evidently something very suspicious to the Captain in the whole proceeding. The signature did not seem just right.

"Ah, I have it! Major Coventry!" he cried suddenly. "Here is a reprieve from the Admiral; it seems to be correct, and yet—will you look over it and give me your opinion?—you are familiar with his writing, at any rate. My Lady, forgive the questioning, but the matter is most serious, and I must be absolutely assured."

"Here is the paper, Edward," said Elizabeth desperately, taking it from the Captain's outstretched hand. "Is not that

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

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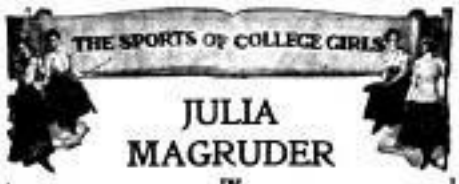
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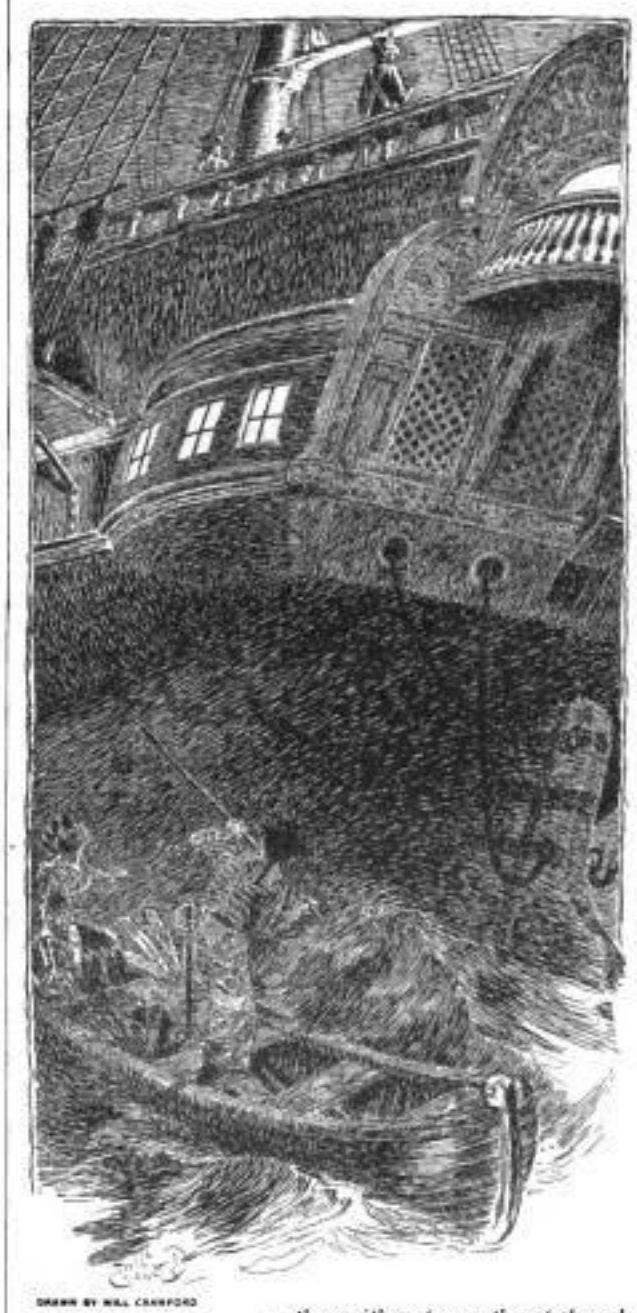
the writing of the Admiral?" she added entreatingly, and then clasping her hands she looked at him and waited, full of apprehension.

A word, and he hanged her lover, killed her—a word, and he set them free. What the consequences to himself of his decision might be, with the sublime egotism of love for another, she neither knew nor questioned. Coventry gave a brief glance at the document; he saw what was expected of him; true to his creed he did not hesitate a moment. In that glance of a single second he realized the truth, which he had more than suspected before.

"It is," he replied briefly and indifferently, handing the paper back to the Captain.

The keen Captain was not yet satisfied, however.

"You wished to release him yourself, I remember," he said uncertainly. "I am by no means persuaded that—but it is impossible for me to proceed now till I have seen the Admiral. Take the prisoner below and allow Lady Elizabeth to see him alone," he said to the guard. "Mr. Pascoe, tell the boatswain to pipe down, and call the watch."



DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

—then with a strong thrust shoved her clear of the ship

Fifteenth Chapter

ACCOMPANIED by the marine guard, and leaning upon the arm of the surgeon and Coventry, O'Neill, followed by Elizabeth, was taken below. The girl's heart was exulting madly. So far she had triumphed. What next? When they reached the little screened enclosure in which O'Neill had been confined, the guard saluted and released the prisoner. He had not been ironed again, and by some oversight, in the confusion following the reprieve, no one called attention to it. As he stepped within the screen and Elizabeth prepared to follow him, Coventry interrupted her by holding out his hand.

"God bless you for what you did," she whispered.

"What you do, do quickly," he replied. "I will replace the sentry; you will be safe; God grant you may succeed. Good-by."

"Good-by—we shall not forget you," she said. And this was the only reward he received for his sacrifice. By his direction, the sentry on guard withdrew to the opposite side of the deck, and he himself mounted guard in front of the canvas.

As soon as she entered the enclosure Elizabeth threw herself into the arms of the bewildered O'Neill.

"Oh," she whispered, "you are saved—saved—and through me!"

"No, dearest, not yet," replied he, straining her to his heart, and kissing her fondly. "I scarcely yet understand it all, but if I heard aright 'tis but a reprieve until to-morrow. Build no hope upon it."

"We will not wait for the morrow, my dearest," she answered softly, "for the boat swings under the counter yonder. When night falls, and it is quite dark, we will slip out of the port and go away together—in a few moments it will be time."

The Irishman caught eagerly at the suggested idea. Unheeded, the night came stealing over the harbor; lights in the town twinkled here and there; the boatswain's whistle rang out between decks on the frigate. There was a call—a hoarse cry or two—a hurrying of feet, a little confusion.

"Now is the time!" said Elizabeth, releasing herself from his unwilling arms, and looking out through the port. "The man is watching—I met him on the strand as I was asking for a boat to bring me out to you. He says he knows you—has served under you."

"Knows me!" said O'Neill, surprised, thrusting his head through the open port. There, right beneath him, a little skiff was being brought up deftly and without noise from where it had lain unnoticed under the counter in the confusion since the girl's arrival. The side of the ship was in deep shadow, and the broad main chains extending over their heads above the ports further concealed them from notice.

Gathering her skirts about her, Elizabeth slipped first through the port. O'Neill held her firmly until the man below lifted her gently into the stern of the boat. Noiselessly and as quickly as possible O'Neill followed her. By Elizabeth's direction he lay down in the bottom of the boat, and she covered him entirely with her boat cloak. The man in the bows, whom O'Neill had not yet recognized in the shadow, and who had said nothing, slowly worked the boat back under the counter again, then with a strong thrust shoved her clear of the ship. The flooding tide carried them slowly away. In a few moments he cautiously got out his oars, and by very gentle pulling added a little to the way of the boat.

The ear of the watchful Coventry had at once apprised him of their departure. He could scarcely resist the temptation to call them back that he might see her once again. But he had duty to do. As soon as he was persuaded that they had left the ship, he called the sentry from the opposite side of the deck and told him to mount guard again, and on no account to disturb the prisoner. Then he ran rapidly up to the quarter-deck and made his way aft to the marine on guard there. The man was looking out into the darkness

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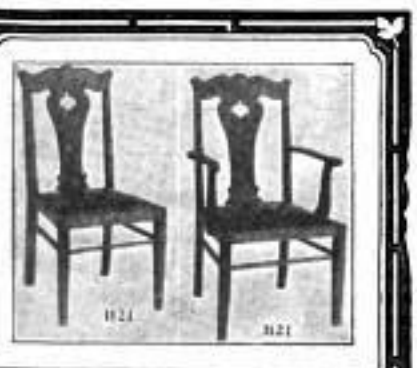
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at a dark blur on the water—a boat, two figures could be distinguished in it, one of them a woman. Coventry saw them at once, and as he looked they disappeared—the last sight of her, he thought bitterly. The marine had just opened his mouth to give the alarm when the clear voice of the officer rang in his ear.

"Sentry!" said Coventry. The man instinctively sprang to attention at once, and for the moment forgot the boat.

"Have you seen any signals from the castle?"

"No, sir, but I seen a little boat off there that looked suspicious like."

"Whereabouts did you see it?"

"There, sir; right off there."

"No," said Coventry, straining his eyes through the darkness, "there is no boat there; you have been mistaken, I think," he added indifferently, his gaze still fixed on the place where they had drifted away and disappeared. He knew what was coming. Since they had gone, he must pay for it, so he leaned on the rail and waited. A few moments later a large barge, fully manned, darted out of the darkness and came toward the ship. Coventry knew what it was, of course.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted the watchful sentry at the gangway.

"Flag!" was the answer as the Admiral dashed alongside. Almost before the officer of the watch could reach the gangway the old man clambered to the deck.

"Good-evening, sir," he said in response to the former's salutation; "Captain Pearson?"

"I have sent for him, My Lord," replied the officer, and the next moment the Captain himself came bustling out of the darkness to do honor to the old Admiral.

"Ah! Captain Pearson, good-evening."

"Good-evening to Your Lordship."

"The prisoner I sent off—he has been duly executed, I presume?"

"Why, no, sir!" said the Captain, alarmed at this confirmation of his suspicions; "we were about ready to carry out the sentence, the command to sway aloft had been given, in fact, when we received your reprieve."

"My reprieve!" said the Admiral in great surprise; "what mean you? I sent no reprieve."

"Sir, sir!" cried the astonished Captain, "it was brought here by your ward, Lady Elizabeth Howard."

"Elizabeth!" cried the old man, starting; "her maid said she was ill—she must have—did you inspect it carefully, sir?" he asked, checking himself.

"'Twas passed upon by your son and aide, Major Coventry, My Lord," replied the Captain shortly.

"How! Edward! Where is he?"

"Here, My Lord," said the young man, stepping forward and saluting.

"Did you examine this paper, sir?"

"I did, sir."

"You knew it was a forgery."

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you declared it to be correct?"

"I did, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"Will you direct these others to retire out of hearing, Captain Pearson?" said Coventry, indicating the officer of the watch, the midshipman, and all of the others, and when his request had been complied with he added: "'Twas to save the honor of your ward, My Lord, to insure happiness to the woman I love more than life, to effect the escape of the man upon whom that happiness depended."

"The prisoner!" cried the Admiral impetuously. "Have him brought on deck at once, Captain Pearson."

"But your ward, My Lord, she is with him," replied the Captain.

"Bring her too, then," the old man answered passionately.

"But the crew—the men—not before them all," said Coventry, striving to gain time.

"Before Heaven itself the offense was given," cried the Admiral, losing all control over himself in his fury, "and the punishment shall have equal publicity." The midshipman who had hastened below now came running on deck in terror.

"There's no one there, My Lord; they've gone—escaped, sir!"

"Escaped!" repeated the Admiral, turning to the Captain. "Had you no sentry to watch them, sir?"

"Yes, My Lord, certainly."

"Let him be tried forthwith, then, for gross neglect of duty in permitting——"

"My Lord, the sentry is innocent," said Coventry; "I replaced him; I alone am guilty."

"Worse and worse! You knew they escaped, sir?" asked the Admiral.

"I did—'twas to prevent discovery that I took his place," replied his son, bowing. Captain Pearson opened his mouth to speak, but his superior silenced him with a wave of his hand.

A bitter fight raged in the old man's bosom, but he saw his duty and knew it must be done. There was a long and dreadful pause. When the Admiral spoke again it was with an altered tone; he had regained his self-control.

"Captain Pearson," he said, slowly and deliberately, in a strained and unnatural voice, "let the court martial which passed judgment upon the prisoner be reconvened at once to try Major Edward Coventry for disobedience of orders in time of war, and for aiding and abetting the escape of an enemy, and for knowingly declaring a forged order, purporting to have my signature, to be correct. In short, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

"Surely not that last, My Lord," said Coventry, impulsively raising his hand in deprecation.

The Admiral hesitated, looked long and earnestly at his handsome son. "You may leave off the part about conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, Pearson," he answered.

"My Lord!" cried Pearson, "the punishment is death—I pray you——"

"Silence, sir!" he cried sternly; "you have your order."

There was a sudden bustle upon the deck forward.

"Sail ho! Light ho! Light ho!" rang out from a dozen rough throats.

"Where away?" said the officer of the watch.

"Off the starboard quarter," was the reply; "they're coming up from Flamborough."

"They will be the Bon Homme Richard and the rest of that scoundrelly pirate squadron, Captain Pearson," said the Admiral.

"We will go out and meet them at once, with your permission, My Lord," cried the Captain. "All hands up anchor! Mr. Pascoe, show the signal for the Scarborough to get under way. Lively!"

"Sir—My Lord—my father!" said Coventry, who had stood unnoticed in the excitement of the moment. "I would ask a favor of you, sir—as—as—as my father."

"Ask no favors of a father, sir; you have none."

"Let me beg of the man, then," said Coventry resolutely. "We are about to engage the enemy. For the sake of my mother, sir, do not condemn me to inaction now! Let me serve as the humblest volunteer. You shall not regret it."

The old man hesitated. He was a father in spite of what he had said, and he could not forget it. His heart was breaking beneath his iron exterior and appearance of outward composure.

"Go!" he replied at last; "you are free of any charges until to-morrow. When next I see you I shall have to prefer them; therefore let me not look upon your face again, sir. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes; good-by, sir," said the young man brokenly. "I thank you and bless you for this. To-morrow I shall plead my cause in a higher court. Think of me kindly, sir."

The two men looked at each other in silence. The Admiral relented a little—it was for the last time—and drew the boy to him. He lifted his head in silent prayer.

"All hands make sail!" hoarsely cried the boatswain and his mates with shrill piping.

The Admiral turned away and Coventry walked over to Captain Pearson.

"Father gives me a chance to die," he said; "please assign me to some duty."

"I am glad to hear it," said the Captain, his face lighting up; "we are short a Lieutenant; I confide to you the forward division of the main-deck battery; do your best with it."

"I hope to serve it well," said the young officer, saluting proudly and springing toward his station.

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PRACTICAL MUNICIPAL POLITICS for YOUNG MEN

By NATHANIEL C. SEARS

1. THE LEADER IN PARTY ORGANIZATION

IT IS safe to say that every young man of our country feels at some time an inclination to take an active part in politics. It must be so with the young man of sound and healthy moral nature, whether from motive of using a gift which belongs to him, or from motive of doing a duty which rests upon him. The fact that large numbers of men of affairs in our great cities are seemingly careless of both right and duty is doubtless due, to an extent, to failure of success in the line of political usefulness. It is not unlikely that, if the young men who try to enter political life could meet with a larger success—not in securing advantage of office merely, but in making their efforts tell in results—the extent of political indifference would be greatly lessened. The fact that so many young men do fail in an attempt to make themselves felt in political affairs must, to a considerable extent, be charged to a lack of practical knowledge of the methods which obtain in municipal politics. Here, as elsewhere, effort misapplied is of no avail, however good the motive.

The young man, upon entering into political work, or attempting to do so, finds a few men in each political party seemingly guiding, if not controlling, its movements, and he finds it difficult to learn the secret of their success and power. It is often accepted as belief by the general public that these few men have entire control of the movements of the party organization, and that they alone and with autocratic power dictate party nominations and party measures. From this belief there has grown up a considerable degree of popular disfavor. The party leaders are termed "bosses" and the party organization which they are supposed to thus control is called "the machine." By looking into the methods of these party leaders it may be seen in just what their power consists and its extent. The secret of their success does not lie in any personal hold which they have upon the following which makes up the party. It is neither through power of oratory nor through personal good fellowship that the end is accomplished.

HARD WORK THE BED-ROCK OF SUCCESS

The success of the party leader is founded upon hard, continuous and systematic work in maintaining thorough precinct organization—that is to say, organization of the party workers and following in the smallest of the political subdivisions of the territory of the city. As in money matters, the adage, "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" holds, so in political matters the same truth may be paraphrased into "Take care of the precincts and the city will take care of itself."

Party organization has for its ends the nomination of candidates for public office and the success at the polls of the ticket made up of such candidates. For nominating purposes the smallest division of territory, wherein is the beginning of political action, is the primary district. The beginning of party organization is the precinct club; the next larger body is the ward club; and the final organized body is the central city committee. The precinct club is made up of all party adherents who choose to join it within this smallest subdivision of territory, viz., the precinct. Here the effective work of the party must be accomplished, whether it be in choosing delegates to represent the ward in the city nominating convention, or in the later work of polling the full party vote at the election.

The ability to hold together, in the precinct club, in continuous party service, a number of party workers sufficient to control the selection of delegates to nominating conventions, is the chief element in the political leadership of to-day in our large cities. The strength of party leadership is built upon this power of choosing delegates.

It follows then, to inquire how these men are able to gain and retain this power. It is frequently charged that the common method of accomplishing this end in large cities is by "ballot-box stuffing"—that is to say, fraudulent voting at the primaries. Doubtless there has been much of truth in the charge as applied to some periods and some cities. It is not, however, generally true to-day. In cities where the primary election, viz., the voting for delegates to nominating conventions, has been put into the control of State officers, and where the proceedings of such primaries have been thus hedged about with all the caution attending a Federal election, the leadership of the same party leaders has continued unchanged. Apparently the delegates whom they desire are selected just as they were when the primaries were conducted under looser methods and without State supervision.

HOW THE LEADERS HOLD THE REINS

In attempting to analyze the basis of this power it is necessary to consider the classes of party adherents who vote at the primaries. A large proportion of the business men of the city are indifferent to the primary election, and rarely take part even to the extent of voting. The total number voting at the ordinary primary election is very small in comparison to the number of party adherents who vote at the election, and compared to the number of such who might vote at the election it is even more insignificant.

It is safe to divide those who do take part in these primaries into two classes: first, those who work through motive of public spirit, and, secondly, those who work through motive of office seeking. The first class includes the citizen who, with manly appreciation of his right and duty, avails himself of his citizenship. It also includes many who, without much sentiment of duty, find a pleasure in partisanship and loyalty to the doctrines of their particular party. This class of voters is held together in party work without any particular effort on the part of the organization leaders. The hold of the party leaders upon them is always slight, and their support is gained, if at all, because they believe that the leadership is efficient in perfecting and maintaining a strong party.

The second class comprises those who hold offices, elective or appointive, and wish to retain them, and those who are ambitious to secure such offices. It also includes the many who through kinship or friendship are interested in the success of such office holders or seekers. It is in keeping this class active in support of the party organization and in directing their action that the task of the party leader is found. Wherever the merit system of appointment to the minor offices, known as the civil service system, is not adopted, and wherever it is adopted and nullified, the distribution of appointive offices among party workers is a controlling factor in party organization and party leadership. This method of reward, known as the "spoils system," is inevitable wherever the civil service system is not in force.

Where the distribution of offices as a reward for party service obtains, the party leaders are commonly supposed to exercise an absolute power in determining the manner of distribution. To an extent this is true, and to a very large extent it is untrue. It is true that the party leaders have much to do in determining the method of distribution, but that they arbitrarily decide who shall receive nominations and appointive offices is not true. It could not be so for any length of time without operating to undo the leadership. The number of disappointed usually exceeds the number of satisfied among office seekers. If the disappointments could be charged to the party leader alone, the end of his leadership would be quick to follow.

HOW THE SPOILS SYSTEM WORKS

The only plan of party organization which has proved of any permanent efficiency in the political history of large cities, is one by which the choice of candidates for elective offices and recipients of appointive offices is fairly left to the body of the party workers.

A ward club indorses by resolution some one from among its number, and agrees to

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three papers by Judge Sears. Each article is complete in itself.





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work for his nomination for a specified office. In this manner candidates for nomination are indorsed by ward clubs in various parts of the city and for the various offices to be filled at the election. At the primaries delegates are chosen to support these various candidacies. After the delegates are elected a caucus is held, usually several, before the meeting of the nominating convention. The delegates chosen in a ward select some one of their number to go into a caucus composed of representatives of other ward delegations, and together representing the wards of a certain district or part of the city. These representatives of several wards confer and agree upon a candidate for nomination to be supported by them. If there are several candidates from the wards represented, and but one can be given a place upon the ticket, the conflicting interests must be reconciled. Some must yield. All must finally agree upon the support of one. Then a representative from this caucus is chosen to go to another caucus, made up of similar representatives of other districts or parts of the city. In this final caucus perhaps a half dozen or a dozen men, each representing the club selects as entitled thereto by reason of party service, provided the ones thus recommended are deemed fit by the appointing official in capacity and in character.

The strength of the system lies in the fact that the disappointed seekers for office can charge their failure to no one save their fellow-workers, and they are encouraged to remain in active party service because their success in the future depends not upon the will of any one or any number of leaders in the party, but upon the will of their own fellows. In the strength of this system lies the secret of party leadership in large cities.

Upon this system, it is safe to assert, has been grounded all successful and permanent leadership. The plan is certainly not to be commended by thoughtful men in comparison with an honestly conducted civil service. But it does commend itself to the average party worker as being more democratic in principle and preferable to any plan of distribution based upon the mere caprice of party leaders. In any event, in the absence of an efficient civil service system, the public good is wholly dependent upon the firmness of the elective official in refusing to appoint any member of his party, however great his party service, whose fitness and character are not clear.



PHOTO BY WINDRATT, CHICAGO

NATHANIEL C. SEARS

candidate of a district, and each in reality representing the body of party workers in such district, try to reach an agreement for their constituents by which a satisfactory ticket is made up, one which will receive the support of all these various constituencies in the convention. Here again some must yield, but in the final selection of the entire ticket the claims of each locality or district are usually given fair recognition. In this manner a few men, meeting together and seemingly acting with arbitrary power, but really representing constituencies who are anxiously awaiting the results of their respective efforts and advocacies, shape the selection of a ticket. The men thus chosen to take this final action are chosen again and again as long as the body of the party workers are satisfied with their representation, and they thus become leaders in party organization.

THE WARD CLUB CIVIL SERVICE

In the distribution of appointive offices the party workers in the city have a more direct voice. The elected officials, where there is no civil service system, usually distribute the minor appointive offices throughout the city, according to territory and party representation. This distribution is not usually made on the basis of personal friendship. Neither is it made at the dictation of the party leaders. It is made, as a rule, upon the recommendation and indorsement of the ward clubs. If, upon the basis of territory and party representation, a certain number of appointments are to be given to a certain ward, the appointees are those members of the party, in that ward, whom the ward

THE ROOTS OF POLITICAL STRENGTH

The young man entering into political work to-day in any large city is confronted with these or similar conditions. That these conditions might be vastly improved by adopting a system of choosing candidates by direct vote, rather than by delegates, is beyond question. But they exist as the conditions of to-day and must be recognized and understood by one seeking to do effective political work. How, then, can the young man entering political action make his influence and labors of account? Certainly not by mere platform oratory. Field work cannot be done on the rostrum. The young man who seeks to make himself felt in municipal politics must begin at the beginning, viz., in the ward precinct and at the primary elections. Here are the roots of political strength, and here he must make the foundation of his work. Where comparatively so few work, the force of one is largely felt. A few young men of good purpose, working together, not seeking office but the public good, can accomplish wonders in any primary district of any city. A few in each district, working faithfully and persistently, can do much toward making the results of good delegates, good candidates, honest and efficient officials, and the ultimate adoption and enforcement of a pure civil service assured facts.

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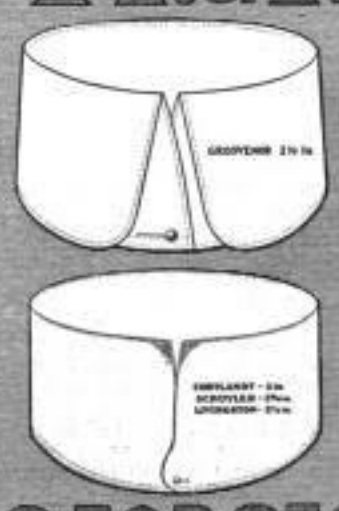
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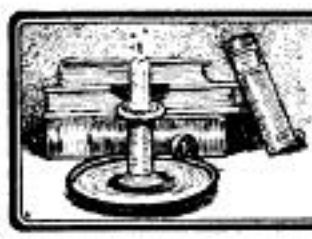
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WHAT to READ

A Glint of the Mirror*

SNAPPY is the one word by which to characterize William Archer's "America To-Day." This is a notable book in many respects, but principally because it sets a new pace for the British writer giving his impressions of America. Previous performances in this line have too generally been characterized by a weighty obtuseness, a ponderous incapacity to understand the spirit of America and her institutions, a perverse inability to get a true perspective of things American, a lack of subtle discrimination in striking a balance between the important and the trivial in analyzing the national life of the United States. Mr. Archer's clever and unpretending study of America is in striking contrast to these precedents. The reader is inclined to put down this book with the exclamation: "Thank Heaven for one Britisher who understands the spirit of America!" Still better, he might add, "and appreciates American humor as keenly as the most whimsical Yankee."

This ability to grasp the subtleties of our humor without diagram or explanation is enough to endear the celebrated British journalist to the heart of this people for all time. More than this, Mr. Archer gives striking testimony to the fact that he has himself been infected with the spirit of American humor, for his pages scintillate with flashes of wit which bear as little resemblance to the ponderous humor of Punch as does the chain lightning to a premeditated display of phosphorescent illumination.

It is not to be inferred, however, that the book is deficient in serious value. On the contrary, it is doubtful if a more discerning analysis of the relations between the North and South and between England and America has been put forth in the last decade. His treatment of the former phase of our national life is so fresh and discriminating that it is difficult to avoid the conviction that Mr. Archer's conclusions could scarcely have been arrived at from any other view-point than his own—that of a keen, sympathetic and democratic foreigner. The author's attitude on this subject is tersely suggested by this paragraph:

> "The cause of the South was the cause of small against large political aggregations; and the world regards the defeat of the South as righteous and inevitable because instinct tells us that the welfare of humanity is to be sought in large political aggregations, and not in small. Providence, in a word, is on the side of the big (social) battalions."

His utterances upon the "burning topic of the misgovernment of American cities" are refreshingly novel and candid. What other British writer has had the generosity to admit that "altogether, Tammany or no Tammany, New York cannot possibly be described as an ill-governed city. Its government may be wasteful, or worse; inefficient it is not. Even the policemen seem to be maligned. I never found them rude or needlessly dictatorial." Every city visited by Mr. Archer is picturesquely characterized—New York as "a peerless emerald on the finger of Manhattan"; Chicago as "the young giant among the cities of the earth, . . . embracing in its unimaginable amplitude every extreme of splendor, . . . on a cloudy afternoon a fuliginous city of Dis, piled up by superhuman and sinister powers; a city which suggests that antique conception of the under world which placed Elysium and Tartarus not only on the same plane, but, so to speak, around the corner from each other."

—*Forrest Crissey.*

The Confederacy's Great Cavalryman†

WHILE Grant was cutting and selling cordwood, and Sherman was teaching school, there was a man in Memphis who was having no preparation whatever for war, and yet who was destined to make no end of trouble for those able soldiers. This was General N. B. Forrest, whose life by Dr. J. A. Wyeth has recently been issued. Forrest was an uneducated man and belonged to that proscribed class in the South known as "poor whites." Moreover, he was still further handicapped in any effort to stand on an equality with men of position by having been a slave-trader. But by native force and by a genius for action this unlettered man became the most successful cavalry leader in the South.

He enlisted as a private, but before he really went into action had been made a Lieutenant-Colonel. In this capacity he proved that he could move men through the country with a celerity most remarkable. He knew nothing whatever about the principles of war, and probably never read a book on the subject in his life. It is unlikely, indeed, that he ever read many books of any kind. He was essentially a man of action, and for more than three and a half years he kept the Federal commanders guessing as to where he was and what he was going to do next.

Toward the close of the war Forrest's wonderful capacity was appreciated in Richmond, and he was made a Lieutenant-General and put in command of all the cavalry west of the Mississippi. It was too late, however, for him to do much. Hood's army had been all but destroyed before Nashville, Sherman was marching through Georgia, and General James H. Wilson was after Forrest with the strongest cavalry command ever placed in the saddle. He defeated Forrest at Selma—the first time, by the way, Forrest had ever been completely beaten—and shortly afterward the war ended.

—*Jno. Gilmer Speed.*

A Chicago Æsop*

WHAT is the use of our teaching our children not to use slang when Mr. George Ade's Fables in Slang is in its nineteenth thousand? It is inevitable that the book will fall into the hands of many children, and although the major part of it will be Greek to them, they will pick up one or two phrases that they had not already learned.

To tell the truth, the chief claim of the book for recognition is not in its picturesque choice of slang—there is an anonymous writer on a New York paper who could give Mr. Ade half his assortment of the wildest and most metaphorical slang and not become impoverished. The fables have charm because they are really fables and because they have a robust American humor. They are brimful of philosophy and they go right to the bottom of things. There's a whole volume of wisdom in the moral to the fable of The Good Fairy: "In uplifting, get underneath." Too many moral reformers use grappling irons.

There was never a great humorist from Artemus Ward down to Mark Twain whose claim to the title was not scoffed at by many persons who would indignantly deny that they were lacking in the humorous sense themselves. In fact, no humorist was ever a humorist to every one; but Mr. George Ade will disrupt nine families out of ten through connubial quarrels, for he is preëminently a man's humorist.

The fond mother who has labored with little Claude for a twelvemonth to wean him from the use of slang is not going to laugh over the fables unless her sense of humor is keener than her sense of duty. But her husband, who has rubbed around in the world with his lids apart, and who has had more or less familiar dealings with drummers, variety actors, fakes and Bohemians, will be apt to laugh out loud when he reads these keen, cutting, but thoroughly good-humored stabs at current foibles.

If your sense of humor is in good working order read the fables; but if you wish to wean Claude or Clement from the inordinate use of slang, lend the book to a childless neighbor as soon as you have finished it.

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

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*America To-Day: Observations and Reflections. By William Archer. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

†Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. By Dr. John A. Wyeth. *Harper & Brothers.*

*Fables in Slang. By George Ade. *H. S. Stone & Co.*



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The Last of the Irish Pharaohs

IN THE British House of Commons is an Irish member who is known as the "Last of the Irish Pharaohs." This extraordinary title arose in this way: On account of the discoveries made by Professor Flinders Petrie, the Oriental scholar, a clever compiler made a list of all the personages not found in standard works of reference, beginning with Osiris and running down to the Kings of Nubia. The title of the work was somewhat misleading, and this, in turn, was made more vague when it was reprinted in a trade circular as a "List of Kings and Important Historical Personages Not Heretofore Published." The last phrase caught the eye of the Irish M. P. and he said to a friend: "There's a book I must get. I have long wanted to find out which one of my ancestors was a King of Leinster before the time of Christ, and here's the book that will tell me."

Doctor Petrie and the compiler were much amused when they heard the story, but they lost the sale of a book.

Forced to Fame by Palmistry

THAT many clever authors have a touch of the superstitious is shown in the case of Robert Smythe Hichens, whose father is the Rev. F. H. Hichens, Rector of St. Stephen's, near Canterbury, England. Mr. Hichens believes in palmistry. He was made famous in America by The Green Carnation. Mr. Hichens, in discussing his favorite superstition, lately said:

"I know a palmist who has told me as much about myself as I know myself, and more than I care to have anybody else know. Yes, I must say I have a leaning toward the science of palmistry. The man I speak of told me the exact condition of my health, all about my ambition and my trouble in choosing a career. He told me when and how I should lose money, when I should marry, and when I should be successful, and, from what he told me of my past life, it can only follow that I shall do the thing he said I would do when the time comes."

Mr. Palmer Cox Plays a Star Part

PALMER COX, the famous originator of the Brownies, was a juror in a case before the Supreme Court in New York recently. The daily press made more of the silent part Mr. Cox played in the affair than they did of any of the other participants. The result was that after two days of pictorial reports upon the case, the court-room and its surroundings were so thronged with admiring children, anxious to see the creator of the Brownies, that the officers had difficulty in assigning seats to the lawyers and witnesses.

A Japanese View of Our Pioneer Women

LOCAL conditions often make two-thirds of the interest of a plot or story. The chief feature of The Choir Invisible, by James Lane Allen, is the heroic nature of the American woman pioneer. She tilled the field and often built the blockhouse. She fought the wolf and the Indian. To Americans, no explanation is necessary in respect to these wonderful historical characters. Such, however, is not the case with foreigners. Recently The Choir Invisible was translated into Japanese. Among the first to read the book was a distinguished historian of Osaka, who said in conversation with an American diplomat:

"It is a rather good picture of farm life."

The diplomat replied: "I think it is more than that. It takes great courage for a woman to be a pioneer and lead that kind of a life."

The Japanese scholar nodded benignly as he answered: "That may be so with some of your women, but it is not so with ours. They always work in the fields and do it as a matter of instinct."


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THE TROUBLES OF MARTIN COY

(Continued from Page 886)

could I be with such a child as this to give away to the first young lover that asks for her?"

Now, you will say that this is taking you away from Martin Coy and his troubles. On the contrary, it is carrying us straight to the project which Captain McCarthy had devised. For the wedding of Nora and young Flournoy was made the occasion of a device to draw Martin Coy out of his shell and to convince him that some things are true as well as others, as Mr. Nicklin would say.

It was decided by the young people that the wedding should take place within two months at least, the particular day to conform, of course, to Nora's arrangements. Now, when a girl decides to get married there's a great question of gowns, robes and what-nots—a question of interminable and unending details; for the discussions started then may rest a while, but you may be sure they will be carried safely over to the next generation, when the girl who was in such a flurry over her own outfit will be every bit as nervous over that of her daughter.

Meantime Captain McCarthy carried on his correspondence with such vigor that he soon made a discovery of great importance, and this was why, the day before the wedding, he drove to the railroad station a few miles away and returned with a stranger. This done, the Captain sought out Martin Coy and insisted on seeing him face to face.

"I like you well enough," said Martin, "but I don't want to see you."

"I want to see you and talk to you for your own sake," the Captain insisted.

"My sake ain't so much of a sake as to worry you, I hope," remarked Martin Coy.

"We'll never get to Heaven if our neighbors' troubles don't worry us," suggested the Captain. "I want to see you for Nora's sake."

Now, Nora had taken a very great interest in the troubles of Martin Coy. She had gone over and talked to him through his closed door, and, only a day or two previous to the Captain's visit, had sung and played on the harp for Martin. Being in a romantic mood herself, owing to circumstances, the songs she had chosen were Irish ballads, and the quality of her voice, which was rich and sweet, and the heart-breaking character of the melodies were sufficient to bring tears to Martin Coy's eyes for the first time in many years. She heard him sobbing when her songs were ended, and she slipped away without saying a word. So when Captain McCarthy said "for Nora's sake," he put a new face on the matter.

"She's a mighty fine girl, I reckon," remarked Martin Coy. "She came over and sung for me the other day, and who else in all the world would 'a' done that?"

"It's Nora's way," said the Captain gently. He had a marvelous touch of sympathy in his voice when he chose to employ it. "It's the child's way. When she came home she was crying."

Martin Coy made no reply to this, but after a while the key turned in the lock and the door opened. "Come in and I'll strike a match," he said. This done, a candle was soon lighted, and Martin Coy turned inquiring eyes on the face of the man who had insisted on seeing him. He was surprised to find that the look which Captain McCarthy fixed on him was not one of curiosity.

"I was not especially anxious to see your face," explained the Captain. "I wanted you to see mine, so that you could judge for yourself whether I am likely to make an idle or a foolish request of a man who for so many years has had sorrow for a bedfellow."

The features of Captain McCarthy could be stern enough when the necessity arose, but they were softened now and illuminated by a friendly light in his eyes. The most ignorant human being in the world would have had no difficulty in trusting that face, to which fixed principles and an invincible desire to follow the right on all occasions, and at all hazards, had given a certain air of nobility.

"The request I want to make is that you will come to Nora's wedding."

Martin Coy frowned, and threw up both hands with a querulous exclamation: "Now, Cap, you know I can't do that. Oh, why do you pester me that-a-way?"

"The ceremony will take place at night," remarked McCarthy; "to-morrow night."

"But everything'll be all lit up; folks could see me a mile in that light. No, Cap, I wish the child mighty well; that's enough; I don't want to bring no judgment down on her head. They say she's purty as a pink; I'd give her bad luck the balance of her days. Look at me! Oh, Lord! look at me!"

"You will sit in a dark room, and you will be seen only by those you desire to see." Martin Coy rubbed his hands together as though washing them. "And Nora has set her heart on it. She says she won't be as happy as she wants to be if you fail to come."

"Did she say that?" Martin Coy's voice broke and grew husky.

"She said a great deal more than that," replied Captain McCarthy. "She said she couldn't bear to be happy, knowing that you were sitting here lonely and unhappy."

"Lord, Lord!" cried Martin Coy, covering his face with both hands. "Has she always been like that?" he asked after a while.

"Ever since she was a little slip of a girl," said Captain McCarthy.

Martin Coy walked up and down the room for some time. Then he paused. "Will you come after me?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the other; "with the greatest pleasure in the world. And I'll do this"—Captain McCarthy's eyes were sparkling now—"when you return home from Nora's wedding, you'll never walk in the darkness any more; you'll never hide from the light of the sun any more."

"You reckon not?" asked Coy eagerly.

"You'll see, my friend."

When Captain McCarthy went downstairs Mrs. Coy was waiting for him. What had happened, and how did he manage to get into the room? To her mind, the explanation didn't explain, and when she learned that her husband had promised to attend Nora's wedding, she vowed that wonders would never cease, though this was the greatest wonder of all.

Martin Coy went to the wedding. The library had no light in it, and the door looking out into the parlor had a strip of white ribbon tied across it, and this kept all intruders out. The house was filled with a goodly company of men and women, lads and girls, and there was a great murmur of music and laughter, rustling dresses, fluttering fans, and the incessant chatter proper to a festal occasion. Martin Coy feasted his eyes and ears on it all. He felt elated without knowing why. He paid no attention when the door leading upon the veranda opened and some one came in and took a seat not far from him. He heard nothing until Captain McCarthy came in by the same door and closed it with something like a bang.

Then Martin Coy turned and saw that some one sitting near him. His eyes by long use had become habituated to the darkness. He arose and shrank away with a smothered groan. He stumbled and would have fallen but for the strong arm of Captain McCarthy.

"I know'd! I know'd it! It's a judgment! Do you see anything in that cheer there?"

"Why, certainly," replied the Captain. "I see Captain Harvey Coy, of Missouri."

"Why, Harvey Coy's as dead as a door-nail; I killed him myself," said Martin, shaking all over.

"Just feel of me, Martin, and see if I'm dead," exclaimed Harvey.

"Oh, why didn't you come before, or write?" Martin asked petulantly.

"After I got well, I hated everybody in the South," replied Harvey, "and after I got over my spell of hating, I didn't know how you people would treat a man who had fought on the other side."

Captain McCarthy slipped out and left them, and when he came back an hour after to warn them that the ceremony was about to begin, he found Martin laughing and telling his brother some incident of his childhood.

After the wedding was over, and the congratulations had been said, and Nora and her husband had been whirled away in a carriage to catch the midnight train, Captain McCarthy slapped Martin Coy on the shoulder and said in a bantering tone:

"Well, what do you think of Nora?"

"Don't ask me to talk about her. Can I git a ketch in the throat every time I think about her. Ef Frank Flournoy don't treat her right they'll be murder done in this neighborhood, as certain as the world."

This topic was new to Captain McCarthy. He half closed his eyes, pursed his lips, rocked backward and forward on his feet, and then said sharply, "We'll shake hands on that, Martin."

But, really, the suggestion was the last remnant of Martin Coy's disordered fancy and melted away. Nora Flournoy had, and still has, as much happiness as ever fell to the lot of woman in this world, and she earned it by making others happy. And Martin Coy was happy, too, to the day of his death. To the last he insisted that folks never could know what real happiness is until, to employ his own phrase, "they had had a whole passel of trouble."

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLORED COVER PAINTED BY GEORGE GIBBS

General Articles

		PAGE
With Our Fighters in the Philippines *Illustrated by Photographs*	*Senator Albert J. Beveridge*	881
The Story of the Pony Express	*Homer Rassford*	883
What an Isthmian Canal Will Do for the South *Illustrated by Photographs*	*Senator John T. Morgan*	887
Chances for Young Men: II—In Japan *Illustrated by Photographs*	*Frank G. Carpenter*	888
The Veteran (Poem) *Illustrated by F. McKernan*	*Frank L. Stanton*	889
Amos Cummings, Journalist	*N. A. Jennings*	893
The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife *Illustrated by Snapshot Photographs*		898
The "Good Fellow"	*Herbert Bashford*	901
How We Make Presidents: The Cleveland Campaigns *Illustrated by Carl Kleinschmidt*	*Colonel A. K. McClure*	902
Practical Municipal Politics for Young Men *Illustrated by Photograph*	*Nathaniel C. Sears*	908

Stories

The Troubles of Martin Coy *Illustrated by J. C. Leyendecker*	*Joel Chandler Harris*	884
Three Men on Four Wheels *Illustrated by Harrison Fisher*	*Jerome K. Jerome*	892
In Ebenezer Pulpit *Illustrated by C. D. Williams*	*M. E. M. Davis*	896
The "Apple King's" April Pool *Illustrated by Norval Marchand*	*Wilder D. Quint*	900
The Grip of Honor—Chapters XIV, XV *Illustrated by George Gibbs and Will Crawford*	*Cyrus Townsend Brady*	904

Departments

Men and Women of the Hour *Illustrated by Photographs*	890
Editorials	894
"Publick Occurrences" *Illustrated by Photographs*	895
Books and News from Bookland	910, 911



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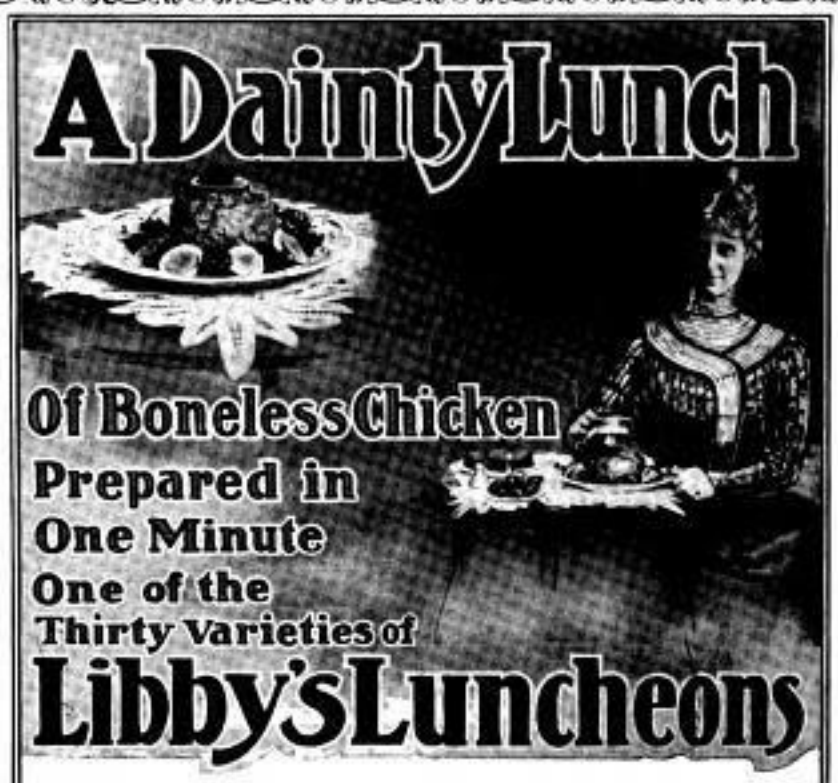
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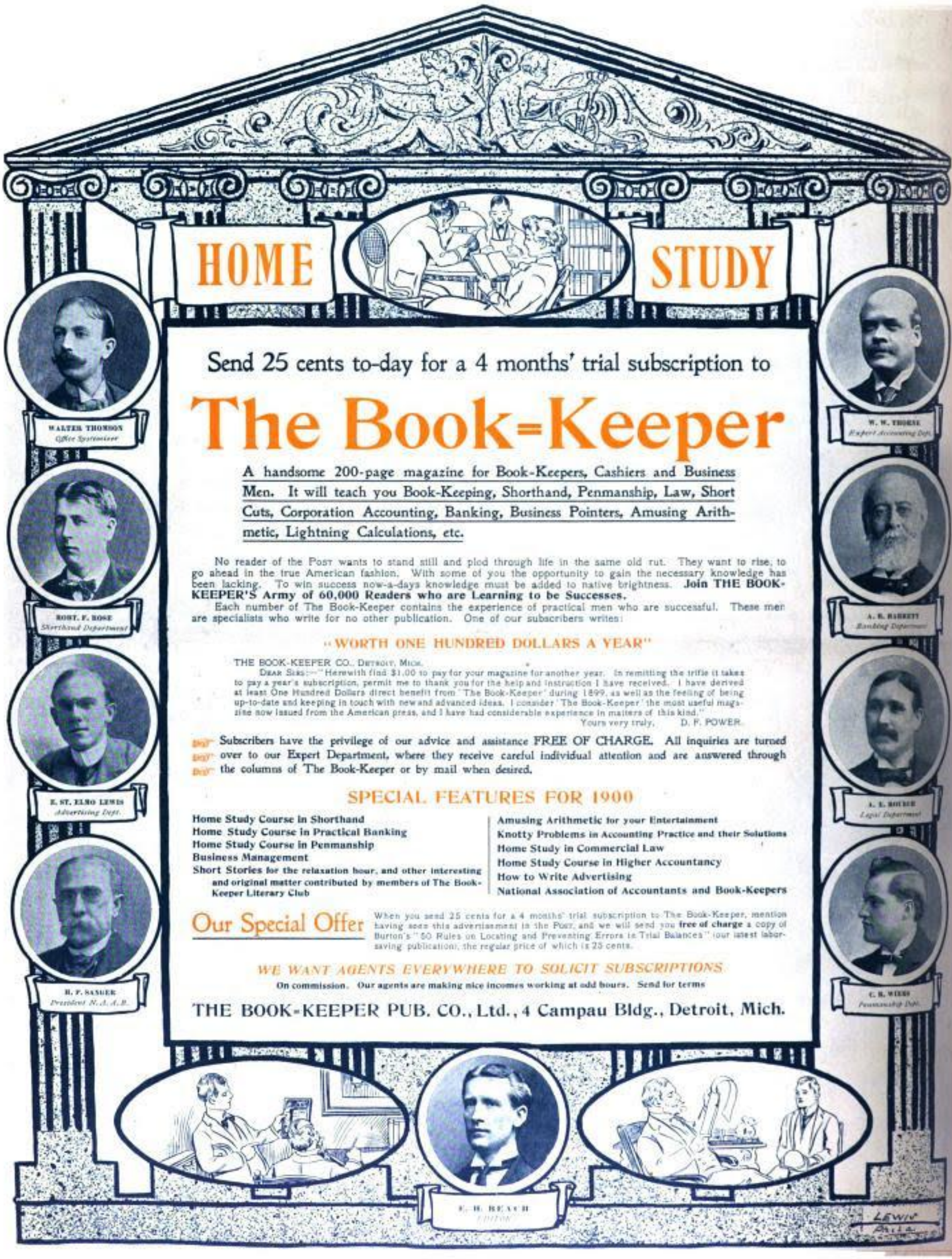
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Memories of Dwight L. Moody
By His Son — Begins *in this* Number

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Memories of Moody By His Son
William Revell Moody
I. As Boy and Business Man

Drawings by Carl Kleinschmidt

SEVEN generations of Puritan ancestors make no bad foundation for a character. Dwight Lyman Moody could have pointed to these if he had chosen; but he was of a democratic spirit, and as he never felt any responsibility for his ancestors' failings, did not pride himself on their achievements. But we do not know that failings were many. They were simple men all; some of them were professional men, but most of them were home-keepers, and the farm was their boundary as well as their home.

They made good pioneers, and the powers which stood them in such good stead Mr. Moody inherited and utilized in the unsparing, continuous labor that characterized his entire life. The old New England virtues—love of liberty, strength of conviction, courage, spiritual and physical, and that crystallized good sense that invariably marks the native New Englander—were his in large proportion.



The hungry were never turned away from Mrs. Moody's door

There is no reasonable doubt that the necessary hardships, the simple, sane, outdoor life, the wholesome country food and the discipline of steady work, which he shared with every country boy, gave him the basis of physical health without which his great spirit and ceaselessly working brain would have long since worn out their fleshly tenement.

The Holtons, the family of Mr. Moody's mother, had even a stronger claim to the Puritan virtues than his father's stock, for they landed in America in 1630, three years before the Moodys.

The marriage of Edwin Moody and Betsy Holton had been arranged for New Year's Day, 1828, but the tide justified its ancient reputation of waiting for no man, and a sudden thaw sent the Connecticut River far above its banks. There were but two miles between the young people, but it was long before the day of iron bridges, and a journey of many miles was necessary to make the ceremony possible, even on January third. The young people left the family home of the Holtons to make one for themselves in Northfield, the town that a future generation was to connect proudly with their name through a Moody then unknown to them.

WHY MR. MOODY DROPPED ONE OF HIS NAMES

Dwight Lyman Moody was born on Sunday, February 5, 1837. The old family record adds another name—Ryther—but it was not an age of long names for men of his social station, and it slipped out of use. An amusing reason is given for this omission by old neighbors of the family. It appears to have been a charmingly pastoral custom of those days for those whose names had been given to a child to present the baby with a sheep in recognition of the honor conferred by the family of the namesake. It would seem that in the case of young Dwight this honor had been forgotten, and the Rythers' failure to go through with the pretty little presentation ceremony was punished by an omission that the descendants of the family may well regret today. For twelve years and a half the young couple lived happily together, contented with each other, though possessed of few material blessings; for Edwin Moody was a thoughtless, open-handed young man, thinking little of the future and making no provision for the home he had so lightly and cheerfully established. It is hardly to be wondered at that he had made no provision for an event so improbable as an early death must seem to a man of his temperament. When he died, without a moment's warning, his widow was left with hardly a home, and except for her dower rights she would literally have had no shelter, as the very roof over her head was mortgaged.

A young wife with seven children, whose lover-husband has been taken from her at forty-one, utterly at the mercy of relentless creditors, is a sad picture indeed; but the strength and courage of her pioneer ancestors buoyed up a naturally brave heart, and the faith in God which she gave in such wonderful measure to her children was not lacking to the mother in this crisis. In the summer after her husband's death the birth of twins added greatly to her cares and difficulties, and had it not been for the kindly aid offered by her brothers and the Rev. Mr. Everett, the old minister of the Unitarian Church, her struggles would have been too hard to bear.

And as she had received, so she gave. The hungry were never turned away from Mrs. Moody's door, and the children were early taught the privilege of charity. Once when the provision for the evening meal was very scanty, the little ones were allowed to vote as to whether they would give some of their already meagre store to a poor beggar.

To charity toward others they were taught to add strictness toward one's self. No word of complaint was ever heard from that little family. They suffered much neglect, but the independence that a fine poverty can sometimes nurture so well became a prominent characteristic of the Moody children.

In line with this independence toward the outside world was the absolute insistence upon the uprightness and exact truthfulness that should accompany it. The inviolate character of a promise was early impressed upon them, and so well was the lesson learned that in after life Mr. Moody exhibited plainly his dislike of committing himself to a promise or pledge. As a child he had been accustomed to being asked not "Can you?" but "Did you say you would?" If the answer were affirmative, the word had to be kept, the obligation could not be avoided. The Spartan interpretation of this law is shown by the following incident:

Dwight, who had promised to work for a neighbor in payment for his board during a winter while he was attending school, tried to be released from his engagement on the ground that for nineteen consecutive meals his food had been cornmeal and milk. When his mother found out that although the quality of the food had been questionable, he had had enough to eat, such as it was, she sent him back to keep his agreement.

Such a strict disciplinarian, with nine mischievous children under thirteen years of age, resorted naturally to the old-fashioned whipping as the best means of punishment. Mr. Moody often referred to these whippings, of which he seems to have received a great number, in commendatory terms, attributing to them, as one so often attributes to past sufferings, much of his success in after life; but it is noticeable that in his own home such penalties found no place, an inconsistency no less delightful than common.

"Mother would send me out for a stick, and often I tried to fool her by bringing back a dead one. But I always had to go and get another. Once, in a fit of bravado, I told her that the whipping did not hurt at all, but I never had to tell her so again, for she remedied the deficiency promptly."

A NEW ENGLAND BOY'S RELIGIOUS TRAINING

In those times there was no question as to whether one should go to church or not; one went as a matter of course. The older boys who had been working during the week came home Saturday nights to go to church with the rest. The little boys would go barefoot, saving their shoes and stockings for the service itself, putting them on as soon as the church was in sight. The service was an all-day affair, with two sermons, between which they ate the luncheon they had brought. Sunday-school was added to this program, which seems lengthy enough to our modern eyes, and makes us appreciate the romping which the Sunday sunset made possible, for in those days the Sabbath began Saturday evening and lasted only until sunset Sunday. This one day of united family life must have been a great source of comfort to them, and they were never so poor as to lack each other one day in the week, at least.

In after years the strict attendance at church, which he, like any other normal boy, would certainly not have chosen for himself, was regarded by Mr. Moody as one of the most valuable habits of his life. The custom of going regularly to God's house had been cheaply purchased, he felt, even at the price of many tedious hours and many long sermons.

"I used to blame my mother for sending me to church on the Sabbath," he used to say. "I thought it was pretty hard to have to go to church and be preached at when I had been working in the field all week. I used to go to sleep; once the preacher had to send some one into the gallery to wake me up. I used to think that when I got away from home I wouldn't go to church any more; but I had got so in the habit of going that I couldn't stay away. Although I might miss one or two Sabbaths, I found myself back in the house of God the next week. There I first found Christ, and many a time since I have said, 'I thank you, mother, for making me go to church when I didn't want to.'"

It is doubtful, however, if maternal instruction could have been responsible for the quick wit and adaptability to circumstances that characterized young Dwight even as a very small boy. For instance, when scarcely five years of age, wishing to go and see his Grandmother Holton and having only five cents, which was only half of his stage fare, he was informed that the journey would be impossible. The distance was five miles, which to legs as short as his might as well have been twenty-five. But his mind was made up, and he stopped the driver and besought him to take him for five cents. The kind-hearted man agreed to take him as baggage, and although the stage was already full, he put him on top where the luggage was placed. The little boy received a true grandmother's welcome, spent the day, and was sent home afoot, as they had no idea that the stage driver could be induced to carry him for nothing. Dwight had made up his mind that it was far pleasanter to ride than to walk, and planned accordingly. He went out into the fields and picked a large bunch of wild flowers, which he offered to the driver as a return fare, with such success that his admiring family saw him returning to them in triumph on the box seat.



—he struck the bargain and actually secured a better horse

YOUNG DWIGHT'S FAITH IN PROVIDENCE

When Dwight was only eight, he and his elder brother, a boy of twelve, were already busily at work in one or another of the neighbors' fields. One fall evening they started on a journey to the farm of a distant friend where they were going to earn a little money cutting broom-corn. It was late at night when they reached the old ferry across the Connecticut. For a long time their calls to the ferryman brought no answer, but finally a hoarse voice far below them said that one boatman would come and take them across while another would direct their course by a lantern on the other side. The current was so strong that they waited some time without hearing a sound, but finally the welcome boat appeared. As soon as they had gotten into the boat the older boy, who was himself only twelve, perceived that the boatman was half-intoxicated, and in no condition to take them across the river. The younger boy clung to his brother's hand while they both, seeing only too plainly that the boat was being carried far below the landing-place, begged to be allowed to help at the oars. This the man stubbornly refused to let them do, and the two frightened children could only comfort each other as best they might and hope that help would come. The older boy, less imaginative than Dwight, relied upon screams to the opposite bank and arguments with the boatman, but the little Dwight, too young, perhaps, to appreciate thoroughly the danger, perhaps even then moved by the extraordinary power of faith that always characterized his later life, actually encouraged his elder brother, assuring him that God would never desert them, and that they would surely be safe even on the waters, while in the care of their Heavenly Father. And finally, as in every circumstance of his later life, his trust was rewarded, and they were saved from what might have been a dreadful death.



—"and there, in the back part of that store in Boston, he gave himself and his life to God"

Others of his adventures displayed quite a different spirit. Like most boys of strong vitality and keen imagination, his quick wit and ready inventiveness made him a leader among his mates. Many a wild escapade, many a daring trick played upon the farmers in the vicinity made him admirable to his friends for far other qualities than those calculated to win the approval of the more strictly virtuous. One

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of the neighbors in particular, a certain 'Squire Alexander, was frequently victimized by Dwight's special crowd of boys, because of his nearness to the old red district schoolhouse. More than one winter night Dwight and his companions made free to borrow the 'Squire's old "pung," and coasted down the very hill below his house. The very danger of the enterprise added to the fascination of the sport.

THE FUTURE PREACHER AS A PRACTICAL JOKER

Once when he was working in the hay field of a neighbor the farmer called out to him to bring him a jug of cider to drink from. He was sitting at the time on the unsteady seat of a farm wagon, in which he had driven out to the field to carry home the men. As he lifted the jug to his lips the mischievous boy threw a lump of earth at one of the horses; the horse reared high in the air and the shock sent the farmer reeling back on the wagon floor. He could not take the jug away from his mouth without losing the cider, to say nothing of drenching himself and the wagon, and the sight of his large, clumsy figure, unable for some moments to move, delighted the practical joker beyond measure.



MR. MOODY AT 17 YEARS OF AGE

His tricks were not always of so crude a nature. This one, for instance, shows a much keener sense of humor. One of the country winters had seemed longer and duller than usual, and young Dwight decided that it was about time for something to happen. He therefore wrote out an elaborate notice of a temperance lecture to be delivered by a well-known speaker on a certain evening in the schoolhouse, which served alike as academy and lyceum in those early days. On the evening announced a large crowd assembled in the building, which had been heated and lighted for the purpose, but no lecturer appeared. The excitement was great; discussions as to the possible accidents or other reasons for the non-appearance of the great man ran high, and Dwight Moody's voice arose loudest among the critics, and his explanations were among the most ingenious and plausible offered.

The same district school furnished the scene for yet another of his exploits—an academic one on this occasion. He was very like other boys of his age and temperament in his keen desire for the kind of notoriety that the successful practical joker always gains, and he found a great opportunity to gratify his passion for excitement of this kind in the closing exercises of the district school, an event socially as well as intellectually important in those days. On one of these occasions Dwight was to give a recitation—Mark Antony's oration over Cæsar—and he got permission from the teacher to make use of a large box, supposed to contain the ashes of the dead General. This bier was placed upon the teacher's desk, and as the young orator's eloquence arose to its highest pitch, he struck the box dramatically and knocked off the cover, when, to the amazement of the audience, there jumped out a frightened old tom-cat.

These pranks were by no means overlooked without punishment. Not only did the teacher administer the customary flogging, but Dwight's mother, who, as has been said before, was a firm believer in the maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," never omitted the home discipline, evidently believing that a boy who had been so bad as to need a whipping at school could be none the worse for one at home. And certain it is that the jokes were dear enough to the boy's heart to make him quite willing to endure their consequences.

DWIGHT'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE NEW SCHOOLMARM

It was at about this time that the little school witnessed a revolution, none the less effective because peaceful. A new teacher appeared on the scene, and to the students her innovations seemed nothing short of extraordinary. To begin with, she opened the exercises with prayer, a custom which, strangely enough, had not as yet occurred to that early and surely pious community. To the surprise occasioned by this she added a yet more startling sensation by the announcement that henceforth the discipline of the school would dispense with whippings. This was an absolutely unheard-of condition of things, and the pupils, Dwight included, could hardly believe that she spoke seriously. Shortly after the new régime had begun he broke some trifling rule, and, having been commanded to stay after school, settled himself in his seat with the firm conviction that the regulation flogging was about to take place. But the teacher was as good as her word, and when they were alone together she began to talk kindly to the culprit, and among other things told him with a sincerity that did not fail to impress him deeply how sorry she was to have a disobedient pupil. Dwight had a susceptible nature, and this treatment was really far more painful to him than the accustomed whipping. Among other things she said to him:

"I have decided that if I cannot rule this school by love, I will not rule it at all. But I am perfectly decided to use no rattans so long as I teach. If you love me at all I am sure you will show it by helping me in the school, and this you can do in no better way than by keeping the rules of the school." This was altogether too much for Dwight, and what the rattan would never have done the sincere request accomplished easily.

"You won't ever have any more trouble with me," he said decidedly, "and if any boy does make trouble, I'll whack the first one." And he did whack him, a proceeding which surprised the teacher as much as it did the victim of the punishment.



VIEW OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER VALLEY FROM THE MOODY HOUSE, EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

HIS BUSINESS INSTINCT SHOWS ITSELF

Among his other Yankee inheritances young Moody had the true love for a good trade. At a very early age he began to "swap," and that sentiment went for little with him at that early age is proved by the fact that he bought with a broken slate pencil his claim to the affection of a small girl of his acquaintance, winning her away thus cheaply from one of his youthful friends, a previous suitor, although a presumably satisfied seller.

He soon outgrew this childish stage of commerce, however, and started in at horse-trading. It was his highest ambition at one period to be considered peculiarly shrewd at this business, and at the early age of eight he justified his claim to that reputation. Once when his older brother, George, who took the place of a father to the children, was away from home, a band of gypsies came along with the usual number of horses in tow. Dwight became possessed of the inspiration that one could not possibly own an older, more decrepit horse than the animal at that time in the family, and so he proposed to trade to the gypsies. Before any one knew it he had struck the bargain and actually secured a better horse. His success inflated him with pride and he insisted upon his right to be the first to drive the new acquisition, a lanky, raw-boned, bobtailed beast. Harnessing him to a wagon and taking an empty barrel for a seat, he started gayly off to the mill to bring home the family supply of meal. But pride, in this case as in so many others, went before a fall; the new horse dashed down the hill, galloped around a corner and overturned the wagon and driver.

OFF TO BOSTON TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

Like most of the country boys of his day, young Moody became dissatisfied with the farm life and longed to seek his fortune in some neighboring town. Having gotten employment in a printing establishment in Clinton, Massachusetts, he was given the simple task of addressing the wrappers of one of the local papers. The mailing-list, with its series of whole and half numbers, meant little to the country boy who had had little experience of crowded streets, and to whom a tenement was an unknown thing. He reasoned that the half numbers must have been an error, and sent all the papers thus addressed to the nearest whole number on the list, which mistake, having been traced to him, was the cause of his dismissal.

He went back to the country and set to work again as a farm hand. But the ambition thus aroused was not to be quieted, and he was, indeed, at an age when the awakening possibilities of his unusually rich nature began to demand eagerly their right to a wider field of action than that afforded by the little village. One day, while cutting and hauling logs on the mountain side with his brother, Edwin, he remarked: "I'm tired of this. I'm not going to stay here one day longer. I'm going to the city, and I'm going to stay there."

This was in the early spring of 1857. The family were greatly distressed at his sudden determination, for there is nothing to show that their prophet was in any greater honor with them than is customarily the case with prophets, and they could not believe there were any better chances in the city than in the country, which had been good enough for themselves. They assured him that the city was full of likely young men anxious for positions, and that he had absolutely no reason to suppose that he could get one. Moreover, at Northfield he would be reasonably sure of continuous employment on some one of the neighboring farms. But Moody was on tiptoe for a career, and he said good-by to his family and started off for Boston, determined, if necessary, to walk the hundred miles that lay between him and that city. On the way to the station he met his older brother, George, and told him he was on his way to Boston, and that he was going to make a living there at whatever occupation he could find. His brother saw that his mind was made up and gave him five dollars, just the price of his ticket. His condition was that of many young men of his day and since: he had come to a strange city with no money to live on while he was looking for work.



MR. MOODY'S MOTHER

GETTING A FOOTHOLD IN THE CITY

In the one direction which he could have had what our modern phrase so expressively translates a "pull," he injured himself by an exhibition of that stubborn pride that so often characterizes the country boy who does not understand how necessary it is to oil the wheels of business with civility and assiduity, nor how much the whole commercial organism depends upon mutual obligations. He had two uncles in the boot and shoe business in the city, and he read into their surprise at his appearance and the simple question as to how he expected to get a living there a greater coldness than was probably intended, so that what seemed to them a false pride and a stubborn spirit influenced them, doubtless, in the course they followed at this point, which was one of indifference, so far as any aid of their own was concerned.

On one occasion in Boston, long afterward, he described with great feeling that trying period.

"I remember how I walked up and down the street trying to get a situation, and I shall never forget how when they answered me roughly their treatment would chill my soul. But when some one would say, 'I feel for you; I would like to help you, but I can't; but never mind, you'll be all right soon!' I would go away happy and light-hearted. The sympathy of a man like that was balm to my soul; it did me good. It seemed then that there was a place for every one else in the world, but not for me. For about two days I had that awful feeling that nobody wanted me. I have never had it since and I never want it again.

"I knew that there was only one mail a day from Northfield, but I went two or three times a day to the post-office to see if there was a letter for me. I knew there couldn't be, but I went just the same. I was sick for home, and I had no employment, and so I went back and forth, thinking perhaps when the mail did come in that my letter had been mislaid. Finally I got one. I opened it happily,

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hoping for good news from home. It was from my youngest sister—the first letter that she had ever written to me in her life. The burden of her whole letter was that she had heard that there were pickpockets in Boston and warned me to look out for them. I thought when I had some money it would be time for me to look out for them."

GETTING A START IN THE SHOE BUSINESS

A week of this completely broke his spirit. He decided he would go to New York, since there seemed nothing for him to do in Boston. One of his uncles heard of his determination and suggested that he had better ask help from them. The boy was still stubborn. "If Uncle Samuel Holton wants me in his store," said he, "he can ask me. He knows how I want work." His other uncle suggested to him that a certain amount of humility was always accepted from the young, and that he must bend his head in this world if he expected favors. He added that if he would show a little less independence of spirit and a little more willingness to be guided by those who were older and wiser than himself, not only his Uncle Samuel, but everybody else would be more likely to help him. Dwight was not an unduly obstinate boy, and his good sense told him that there was much truth in his uncle's remarks. Accordingly he asked his Uncle Samuel for a position in his shop.

"Well, Dwight, I'm afraid you'll want to run this store yourself if you come into it," said Mr. Holton. "Now, that won't do at all—men who work for me have to do just as I say: not as they like. If you are willing to do the best you can, and do it just as I say, and if you will ask about things when you don't understand them, and if you will promise to go to church and Sunday-school, and if you won't do anything or go anywhere that you wouldn't want your mother to know about, we'll see. I'll give you till Monday to think it over."

"I don't want till Monday," Dwight answered promptly; "I'll promise now."

From this time on he became a regularly installed clerk in his uncle's store. He was fresh from the country, and naturally knew nothing of city ways and customs, but his native wit and quickness of thought were as welcome in Boston as they had been in Northfield, and he soon became known as one of the best salesmen in the shop. The originality and craving for excitement, so conspicuous in the little country urchin, were not lacking in the city clerk, and, not satisfied with the old methods of trade, he started out to improve upon them, actually going out on the streets to find customers when business was dull. At his own request his uncle sent him out on the road, and he is said to have been the pioneer traveling salesman in Boston. This is a very significant fact, for there can be no doubt that this early practice in addressing strangers and winning over to his own ideas men whom he had never seen in his life formed the very best practice for his later career as an evangelist. The amount of tact required in both these occupations differs more in degree than in kind, and the successful salesman's delight in persuading a man to purchase when he had not had the slightest intention of buying anything was only a forerunner of the joy of the great preacher whose fiery eloquence afterward moved untold numbers to take a step hitherto undreamed of—their voluntary and avowed promise to lead a Christian life.

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE TALL COBBLER

His increasing maturity did not lessen his love for a joke, and if his opportunities were fewer, we may be sure he did not let one slip. There was in his uncle's shop one tall cobbler who appealed especially to his fun-loving instincts, and whom he made a butt for his practical jokes. One day he made a great slit in the leather seat of the cobbler's box, and placed a basin of water underneath it. The weight of the cobbler bent down the seat so that the water arose over the leather. Three times he jumped up and three times sat down again without discovering what the matter was; the third time he tipped over the box, saw the water, guessed who had played the trick upon him, and, seizing a dangerous-looking knife, dashed out into the front of the store where young Moody was waiting upon some customers, whom he deserted rapidly, fleeing into the street to escape the enraged cobbler.

It will be remembered that Dwight had agreed when he entered his uncle's employment to attend church and Sunday-school, and so he began to attend regularly Mt. Vernon Church, of which Dr. Edward N. Kirk was then pastor. At the same time he joined the Sunday-school, and became a member of a young men's Bible-class under the direction of Mr. Edward Kimball. This class was a revelation to him, for, strange as it may seem, the Bible was far from being a familiar book to him, though he had always been brought up in the strictest Christian training; for the great family Bible was far too heavy and expensive for childish hands. His ignorance of it was shown when some reference was made in class to the Gospel of St. John. The boy began aimlessly searching in the Old Testament, and but for the tact and kindness of the teacher a disagreeable embarrassment might have spoiled his introduction to the class.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four papers dealing with the more important periods of Mr. Moody's life.

THE YOUNG BUSINESS MAN'S BIBLE STUDY

Ignorance on young Moody's part did not mean lack of interest or inability to learn, and, though realizing the disadvantage in his lack of familiarity with the Bible, he kept himself carefully from comment in the class at first, and set himself to learn all that he did not know. But his natural brightness and clear perception of the beautiful and striking in the sacred text led him occasionally to some original remark or some quick appreciation, which did not escape his teacher, and interested him rapidly in the young man. On one occasion Mr. Kimball was analyzing the character of Moses, dwelling upon his great executive ability, his self-control and statesmanship. To the Yankee boy, inclined by nature to summarize, quick at seeing character, it seemed only natural and fair to apply the concise and telling vocabulary he knew the best to any situation, and he burst out with the characteristic remark: "Say, Mr. Kimball, that man Moses must have been 'smart!'" For the New England lad there could be no higher praise.

His close attention in Bible study soon grew into a deep and loving interest in the Book of books, which increased steadily during his life. On the title page of a beautiful copy of the Bible, given fifty years later as a special token of affection to his oldest grandchild, he wrote this dedication:

> "The Bible for the last forty years has been the dearest thing on earth to me, and now I give a copy as my first gift to my first grandchild, Irene Moody, with a prayer that it may be a companion through life and guide her to those mansions that Christ has gone to prepare for those who love and serve Him on earth.
>
> "Dwight L. Moody."

With his early training Mr. Moody could hardly have failed to be religious, but he had never experienced the regenerating influence of God's Spirit by a definite acceptance of salvation. His faults he was conscious of: he had, for instance, a high temper, like so many men of strong will and great spirit, and he knew that it was his duty to restrain this, but he had not within him the power, not of himself, by which he could do this. Like so many others in his condition he did not need an ethical appreciation so much as a spiritual force to enable him to withstand those forces of evil which the intellect alone will hardly enable the man of strong passions to overcome. In the Mt. Vernon Sunday-school he grew to a fuller knowledge of salvation, and it needed only a closer bringing home of the point of view he was so rapidly learning, a definite presentation of God's claim on him, and the necessity for him to decide whether or not he would accept God's revealed means for overcoming sin, to bring him to a final decision. This interview Mr. Kimball has described in his own words:



MR. AND MRS. MOODY AND GRANDCHILDREN

MR. KIMBALL'S TALK WITH YOUNG MOODY

"I determined to speak to young Moody and started down to Holton's shoe store. When I was nearly there I began to wonder whether I ought to go in just then during business hours. I thought that possibly my mission might embarrass the boy, and that when I went away the other clerks might ask who I was and taunt him with my efforts in trying to make him a good boy. In the meantime I had passed the store, and on discovering this I determined to make a dash for it and have it over at once. I found Moody in the back part of the store wrapping up shoes, and I went up to him at once, and putting my hands on his shoulders, I made what I afterward felt was a very weak plea for Christ. I don't know just what words, nor could Mr. Moody tell. I simply told him of Christ's love for him, and of the love Christ wanted in return. That was all there was of it. It seemed that the young man was just ready for the light that broke upon him, and there, in the back part of that store in Boston, he gave himself and his life to God."

Moody's experience from then on was that of most Christians who have undergone what has just been described. With the definite acceptance of Christ his whole life changed. Joyful service under grace took the place of the mere acceptation of the law by intellect, and, among other things, the strict attendance at church, always more or less of a duty, became now one of his greatest pleasures. He describes it in his own felicitous way:

"Before my conversion I worked toward the Cross, but since then I have worked from the Cross; then I worked to be saved, now I work because I am saved."

MIXING RELIGION WITH BUSINESS

Immediately after Moody's conversion he had been confronted with the question that must come to many a business man: Would his new principles interfere with his financial success? The customers who, finding that they could trust his word with absolute reliance, preferred to deal with him rather than with any other clerk, convinced him that Christianity was rather a help than a hindrance to his business. His old originality and zest continued to effect the usual result: when he stood in the door of the shop and personally invited the passers-by to purchase, or at least to come in and look at his goods, his diligence seldom went unrewarded; and when the other clerks spent their holidays in pleasure excursions, his request to open the store and sell goods won him alike the respect of the firm and a good financial profit.

But his position did not seem likely to lead to any great advancement, for his uncle's ideas were conservative, and it is doubtful any way if he would have been long contented there. He had worked only two years in Boston, and already he had begun to feel the call to the wider opportunities that ever summon the man of power to come up higher. The young men of the Eastern States were flocking to Chicago, then the new city of the West, and Mr. Moody, interested, vital, eager for change and excitement, was not the last to respond to the fascinating call of the new life.

Mr. Sankey's Denial of His Death

SEVERAL years ago two gentlemen entered a train leaving Chicago, one with a ticket for New York and the other for a town in Ohio. The car being full, these two travelers shared the same seat. Soon they fell into conversation. The Ohio man spoke of the great work of Moody and Sankey.

"I regret," he said, "that I never had the opportunity of hearing Sankey sing before he died."

"Yes?" responded the other; "but how do you know that Sankey is dead?"

"I saw it in the papers."

"Then I suppose it must be true."

"Did you ever hear him sing?"

"Yes; a number of times."

"Then you must have heard Moody."

"Yes, I have heard Moody, too."

"Tell me—what sort of people are they, anyhow?"

"Well, sir, in my opinion, they are just common people like you and me, and nothing more."

"Do you really think so? Well, some day I may see Moody yet; but I shall never hear Sankey."

Just then the engine whistle blew, and the Ohio man began to get his baggage together.

"I think it would be hardly right," said the passenger bound for New York, "for me to let you go without first saying that I am one of the gentlemen whom we have been discussing. My name is Sankey."

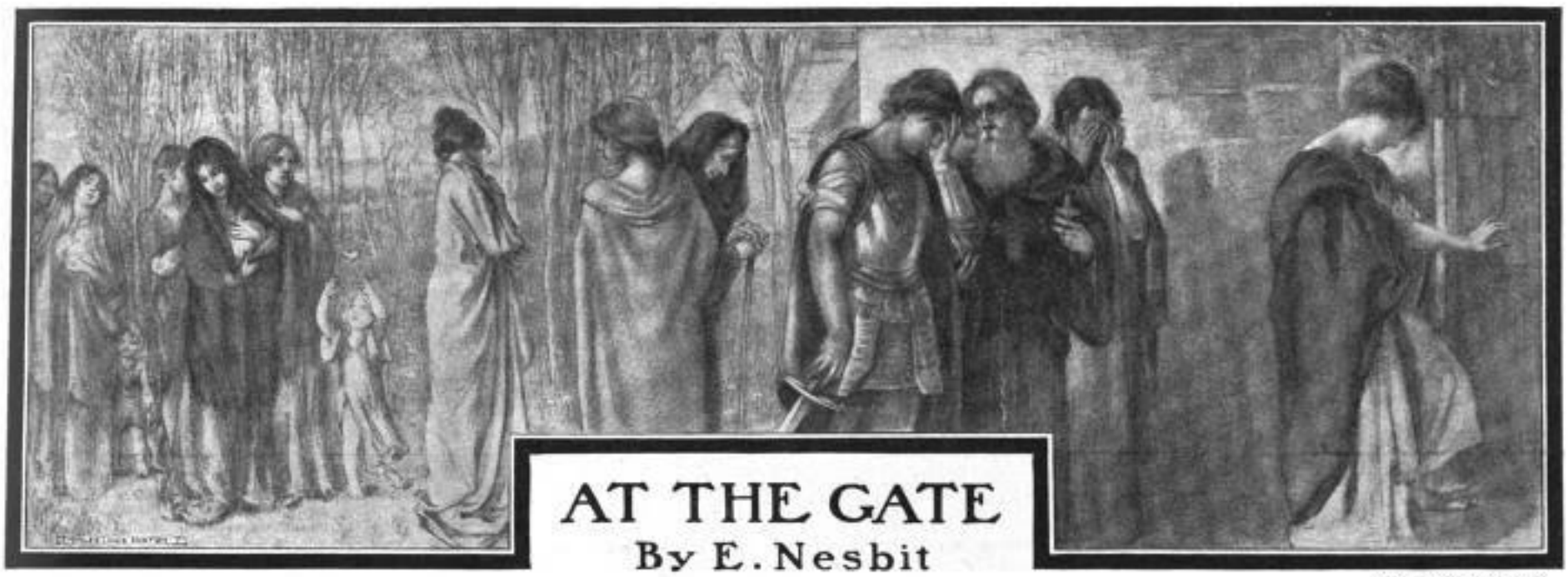
Astonishment gave way in a moment to a merry twinkle of the eye. An index finger was forcefully leveled against the New Yorker's nose: "Now look here, young man, you can't come that kind of a game on me! Sankey is dead! Good-by!"

Some years ago Mr. Bliss, Mr. Sankey's intimate friend and collaborator of the Gospel Hymns, lost his life in a Western railroad wreck. In certain quarters the two names became confused in connection with the accident, and hence the rumor of Mr. Sankey's death.

Nearly all the world is familiar with the name of Ira D. Sankey as the colaborer of the late Dwight L. Moody, and in religious circles he is considered the singer of the nineteenth century. For nearly a dozen years he has been devoting his spare hours to writing up the interesting stories connected with many of his most popular hymns.

This book is not intended to be in any sense a life of Mr. Moody. On the day after the latter's death, Mr. Sankey was offered $10,000 to write what he knew of the great evangelist's career; but it was the wish of Mr. Moody that his biography be written by his eldest son. Accordingly Mr. Sankey will not consent to take any part in such a work, other than to render what aid he can to the younger Moody in the task left him as the chief legacy of his father.

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AT THE GATE

By E. Nesbit

DRAWN BY CHARLES LOUIS HINTON

THE monastery towers, as pure and fair
As virgin vows, reached up white hands to Heaven;
The walls to guard the hidden heart of prayer
Were strong as sin, and white as sin forgiven.
And there came holy men, by world's woe driven;
And, all about, the gold-green meadows lay
Flower-decked, like children dear that keep May-holiday.

"Here," said the Abbot, "let us spend our days,
Days sweetened by the lilies of pure prayer,
Hung with white garlands of the rose of praise:
And — lest the world should enter with her snare,
Should enter and laugh and take us unaware
With her red rose, her purple and her gold —
Choose we a stranger's hand the porter's keys to hold."

They chose a beggar from the world outside
To keep their world-ward door for them, and he,
Filled with a humble and adoring pride,
Built up a wall of proud humility
Between the monastery's sanctity
And the poor, foolish, helpless folk who came
To ask for love and care — in the dear Saviour's name.

For when the poor crept to the guarded gate
To ask for succor; when the tired asked rest;
When weary souls, bereft and desolate,
Craved comfort; when the murmur of the oppressed
Surged round the grove where Prayer had made her nest,
The porter bade such take their griefs away
And at some other door their bane and burden lay.

"For this," he said, "is the white house of prayer
Where, day and night, the holy voices rise
Through the chill trouble of our earthly air
And enter at the gate of Paradise.
Trample no more our flower-fields in such wise,
Nor crave the alms of our deep-laden bough;
The prayers of holy men are alms enough, I trow."

❦

So, seeing that no sick or sorrowing folk
Came ever to be healed or comforted,
The Abbot to his Brothers gladly spoke:
"God has accepted our poor prayers," he said:
"Over our land His answering smile is spread:
He has put forth His strong and loving hand,
And sorrow and sin and pain have ceased in all the land.

"So make we yet more rich our hymns of praise;
Warm we our prayers against our happy heart;
Since God hath taken the gift of all our days
To wake a spell that bids all wrong depart,
Has turned our praise to balm for the world's smart,
Unfilled of prayer and praise be every hour
Nor God transfigures praise and transmutes prayer to power."

So went the years: the flowers blossomed now
Untrampled by the dusty, weary feet;
Unbroken hung the green and golden bough,
For none came now to ask for fruit or meat —
For ghostly food, or common bread to eat;
And dreaming, praying, the monks were satisfied
Till, God remembering him, the beggar-porter died.

Then they had covered up the foolish head
And on the blind and loving heart heaped clay,
"Which of us, Brothers, now," the Abbot said,
"Will face the world — to keep the world away?"
But all their hearts were hard with prayer, and "Nay,"
They cried, "Ah, bid us not our prayers to leave,
Us — Father! not to-day — for this is Easter eve!"

And while they murmured, to their midst there came
A beggar, saying, "Brothers, peace be still!
I am your Brother, by Our Father's name,
And I will be your porter, if ye will,
Guarding your gate with what I have of skill."
So all they welcomed him and closed the door,
And gat them gladly back unto their prayers once more.

But lo! no sooner did the prayer arise,
A golden flame athwart the chapel dim,
Than came the porter, crying, "Haste, arise,
A sick old man waits you to tend on him;
And many wait — a knight whose wound gapes grim,
A red-stained man, with red sins to confess,
A white-faced mother who brings her child for you to bless."

❦

The Brothers hastened to the gate, and there
With unaccustomed hand and voice they tried
To ease the body's pain, the spirit's care;
But, ere the task was done, the porter cried,
"Behold, the Lord sets your gate open wide,
For here be starving folk who must be fed,
And little ones that cry for love and daily bread!"

And with each slow-foot hour came ever a throng
Of piteous wanderers, sinful folk and sad;
And still the Brothers ministered, but long
The day seemed, with no prayer to make them glad.
No holy meditative joys they had,
No moment's brooding-place could poor prayer find
'Mid all those hearts to heal and all those wounds to bind.

And when the crowded sunlit day at last
Left the field lonely with its trampled flowers,
Into the chapel's peace the Brothers passed
To quell the memory of those hurrying hours.
"Our holy time," they said, "once more is ours!
Come, let us pay our debt of prayer and praise,
Forgetting in God's light the darkness of man's ways!"

But ere their voices reached the first psalm's end
They heard a new, strange rustling round their house.
Then came the porter: "Here comes many a friend
Pushing aside your budding orchard boughs.
Come, Brothers, justify your holy vows;
Here be God's patient, poor four-footed things;
Seek healing at God's well, whence lovingkindness springs."

Then cried the Abbot in a vexed amaze:
"Our brethren we must aid, if 'tis God's will,
But the wild creatures of the forest ways
Himself God heals with His Almighty skill.
And charity is good, and love — but still
God shall not look in vain for the white prayers
We send on silvery feet to climb the starry stairs."

❦

"For, of all worthy things, prayer has most worth,
It rises like sweet incense up to Heaven,
And from God's hand falls back upon the earth,
Being of Heavenly bread the accepted leaven.
Through prayer is virtue saved and sin forgiven,
In prayer the impulse and the force are found
That bring, in purple and gold, the fruitful seasons round.

"For prayer comes down from Heaven in the sun
That giveth life and joy to all things made;
Prayer falls in rain to make broad rivers run,
And wake the seeds in earth's brown bosom laid;
By prayer the red-hung branch is earthward weighed;
By prayer the barn grows full, and full the fold,
For by man's prayer God works His wonders manifold!"

The porter bowed his head to the reproof,
But when the echo of the night's last prayer
Died in the mystery of the vaulted roof,
A whispered memory in the hallowed air,
The Abbot turned to find, still standing there,
The porter, and his face was still bowed down
As when it humbly bent before the Abbot's frown.

"Brother," the porter spoke, "I crave thy leave
To leave thee — for to-night I journey far —
But I have kept your gate this Easter eve,
And now your house to Heaven shines like a star
To show the Angels where God's children are;
And in this day your house has served God more
Than in the praise and prayer of all its days before.

"Yet I must leave you — though I fain would stay —
For there are other gates I go to keep
Of houses round whose walls, long day by day,
Shut out of hope and love, poor sinners weep;
Barred folds that keep out God's poor wandering sheep;
I must teach these that gates where God comes in
Cannot be shut at all to pain or want or sin.

"The voice of Prayer is very soft and weak,
And Sorrow and Sin have voices very strong;
Prayer is not heard in Heaven when those twain speak;
The voice of Prayer faints in the voice of Wrong
By the just man endured — oh, Lord, how long! —
If ye would have your prayers in Heaven be heard
Look that Wrong clamor not with too intense a word!

"But when true love is shed on want and sin
Their cry is changed, and grows to such a voice
As clamors sweetly at Heaven to be let in —
Such sound as makes the saints in Heaven rejoice —
Pure gold of prayer, purged of the vain alloys
Of idleness — that is the sound most dear
Of all the earthly sounds God leans from Heaven to hear.

❦

"Oh, Brother, I must leave thee, and for Me
The work is heavy and the burden great.
Thine be this charge I lay upon thee: See
That never again stands barred thy abbey gate:
Look that God's poor be not left desolate.
Ah, me! that chidden My shepherds needs must be
When My poor wandering sheep have so great need of Me!

"Brother, forgive thy Brother if He chide.
Thy Brother loves thee — and has loved. For see,
The nails are in My hands, and in My side
The spear-wound; and the thorns weigh heavily
Upon My brow. Brother, I died for thee —
For thee and for My sheep that are astray,
And rose to live for thee, and them, on Easter Day!"

"My Master and my Lord!" the Abbot cried.
But, where that Face had been, shone the new day.
Only, on the marble by the Abbot's side,
Where those dear Feet had stood, a lily lay —
A lily white for the white Easter Day.
He sought the gate — no sorrow clamored there,
And, not till then, he dared to sink his soul in prayer.

And from that day himself he kept the gate
Wide open; and the poor from far and wide,
The weary and wicked, and disconsolate,
Came there for succor and were not denied;
The sick were healed, the repentant sanctified.
And from their hearts go up more prayer and praise
Than ever the abbey knew in all its prayer-filled days.

And there the Heavenly vision comes no more,
Only, each Eastern morn, a lily sweet
Lies white and dewy on the chancel floor
Where once stood the belovèd wounded Feet;
And the old Abbot feels the nearing beat
Of wings that bring him leave at last to go
And meet his Master, where the immortal lilies grow.

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Under Royal Patronage

By F. FranKfort Moore

ZE QUEEN shall be mate to know of it," cried Madame Schwellenberg in her shrillest tones. Her "rating" tones alternated between the extremes of shrillness and hoarseness. When she set about upbraiding Miss Fanny Burney, which she usually did twice before dinner and several times between teatime and the hour when Miss Burney was rung for to put the good Queen to bed, Madame Schwellenberg forgot all that she had ever learned regarding the delicacies of pronouncing the English language, and as Miss Burney faithfully recorded in those pages of her diary which have given immortality to the virago, interchanged her b's and p's, her d's and her t's, and compromised with every "th" on a simple "z." "Ze Queen shall be mate to know of your conduck, my fine latey, Mees Purney! Goot Himmel! One of Her Majesty's suite a goquette—a wicked goquette! Such a things have not been ever known since I gome hither! Have ze finker of scorn once ever been point to me as a goquette? Tell to me zat, matam!"

Miss Burney looked at the blazing face of the small, stout and stolid German, and laughed quite pleasantly. Little Miss Burney had a few years ago been accustomed to hear herself alluded to as a genius; but being a woman in spite of being a genius, she felt more flattered in being called a coquette than she had ever been when suffering under the other accusation.

"Madame Schwellenberg," said she, with the footprints of her laugh still on her face, "I do not think that your worst enemies, if you have any, would ever dare to say that you were a coquette. I beg of you not to suggest that I have been guilty of conduct unbefitting one of Her Majesty's ladies."

"Put I will suggest it, matam," shrieked the German. "I will suggest it at the top of my voice, so zat all ze world hears of it. I will zay zat ze young woman who entertains alone in a room in ze Balace an aide-de-camp is a wicket and heartiless goquette, and ze Queen shall be mate to know of it. 'Ole you tongue, matam; to not panty words mit me, matam."

"I will not bandy words with you, Madame Schwellenberg," said Fanny. "I will content myself by assuring you that if you say to the Queen that I was guilty of any coquettishness in regard to Colonel Willoughby you will say what is grossly untrue. But why should I take the trouble to tell you what you are well aware of yourself?"

"'Tis droo—droo, matam!" cried Madame Schwellenberg, craning her head forward until her face almost touched Fanny's. "I tell you again and again zat 'tis droo; and more zan zat——"

But what more the virago Schwellenberg meant to tell Miss Burney was never revealed to the latter, for the Queen's bell rang and Miss Burney ran to the looking-glass and straightened her hair, with provoking composure, before hurrying off to make Her Majesty's toilet for the night. The duty demanded the exercise of a certain delicacy of touch as well as some patience, but it did not call for a display of many of those gifts of imagination or description by which Miss Burney had been able to produce the most celebrated novel of her generation.

It was about this same novel, Evelina, that Colonel Willoughby had been talking to her when he had met her alone in the equerries' room at Windsor Palace a few hours before the Schwellenberg had begun rating her, and it was this that the Schwellenberg had made the excuse for her vehemence.

But in spite of the vulgar vehemence of the German dragon, Miss Burney, all the time she was confiding the Queen's curls to the guardianship of the Royal nightcap, was thinking with pleasure of the half-hour which Colonel Willoughby had passed with her in that room, before the equerries had assembled to drink tea and to eat cake. She had found him pleasanter than any of the equerries—nay, she had found him so pleasant that the thought of him prevented her, when she went to her own apartment, from having a single thought of the unpleasantness of the Schwellenberg.

She had met him at Oxford a short time before, and he had been very kind to her during a day of shocking neglect when she had been starved and wearied with the other ladies of the Royal *entourage*. At that time he had promised to call upon her, if she would allow him, at the Palace. She had given him the permission that he craved, and he had written to tell her that he would do himself the honor to visit her at a certain hour. She had no chance of letting him know that she preferred his calling when the equerries would be drinking tea—the time that he named was half an hour before tea-drinking—but as a matter of fact she preferred having him all to herself.

So he had come, with rigid punctuality, and now the first interval to herself that she had was filled up with the reflection that the half-hour which she had spent with him was the pleasantest time she had passed under the roof of Windsor Castle. She forgot all about the Schwellenberg's rage—all about the Schwellenberg's insolence—all about the Schwellenberg's threats; as Moses' rod swallowed up the rods of the wizards at Pharaoh's Court, so her thought of Colonel Willoughby's half-hour with her swallowed up remembrance of the rage of the witch who was in the habit of bullying her daily.

He had talked to her of her books—he had read them carefully—and his appreciation of them was quite as just as Doctor Johnson's, though he expressed it in phrases which were scarcely so well balanced, but which seemed to her to be quite as spontaneous as those which had been conceived in Fleet Street and matured on the way to Mrs. Thrale's at Streatham. No one at the Palace seemed to remember that she had written Evelina—no one except the Schwellenberg, and she remembered the fact only to reproach her with it. The feeling that generally prevailed at the Castle was, however, a kindly one to the effect that, although Miss Burney had written a book or two, she would, by leading an exemplary life as one of the Queen's dressers, eventually succeed in living down the reproach. But Colonel Willoughby had spoken with enthusiasm of her writing, and expressed the belief that the Queen herself must be very proud of having some one near her who was not only beautiful, but the most highly gifted of writers as well.

Oh, yes; he had not omitted to refer to her beauty, but Miss Burney, the writer of novels in which the emotions of young women were analyzed, believed that it was his reference to her talents that caused her to feel that the half-hour spent with him was the pleasantest she had known for a year.



"HAVE ZE FINKER OF SCORN ONCE EVER BEEN POINT TO ME AS A GOQUETTE? TELL TO ME ZAT, MATAM!"

She was unable to sleep for some hours, and when at last she fell into a doze she did not cease to dream of the sweet possibilities that had been suggested to her when lying awake. When she awoke in the morning she was conscious of a certain exhilaration that came with the thought that he would come to her again before the end of the week.

It was when she was in attendance upon the Queen before lunch that she was made aware of the fact that the Schwellenberg had carried out her threat. Her Majesty was grave and kindly. She told Fanny that she was very sorry to hear that she had so forgotten the etiquette of the Court as to receive a male visitor without permission.

"Your Majesty has surely been misinformed as to the facts of this matter," said Fanny boldly. "Colonel Willoughby only sat with me for half an hour in a room that is far from being a private apartment. As a matter of fact, General Gwyn came into the room twice while Colonel Willoughby was there with me; yes, and I do not doubt that Madame Schwellenberg had alternately her eye and her ear to the keyhole during the few minutes that the door was shut."

The Queen frowned and shook her head. The frowning of Her Majesty was regarded by the courtiers with something akin to horror, and her shaking of her head with real dismay.

Twenty-four hours earlier Miss Burney would have so regarded Her Majesty's expressions of displeasure, but then she had not heard the voice of Colonel Willoughby telling her that she was beautiful as well as a genius.

"I humbly ask Your Majesty's pardon if I have offended Your Majesty," she now said, folding her hands and casting down her eyes. "I was presumptuous enough to think that Your Majesty might care to know the truth. I promise you not to err again, madam."

"Madame Schwellenberg is an old and valued servant of mine, Miss Burney," said the Queen very gravely. "She is not new to her duties, and I expect that any suggestion made by her will be received with respect by the other ladies of the Court. You owe Madame Schwellenberg an apology for what you have just said about her."

"Does Your Majesty command me to make an apology to Madame Schwellenberg?" asked Fanny in as grave a voice as that of the Queen.

"I have already said that you owe her an apology," said the Queen. "I am not accustomed to be asked by one of my maids to be more explicit, Miss Burney."

"I implore Your Majesty's pardon," said Miss Burney, "and I promise Your Majesty to offer my humble apologies to the lady who slandered me to the Queen. I venture to ask Your Majesty for leave to withdraw."

The Queen gave her a nod of majestic coldness, and Miss Burney, after sinking in a curtsy, went backward to the door.

She hastened to her own room, but she was not able to hold back her tears until she had flung herself down on her bed. She fled along the corridor with her handkerchief to her eyes, and was soon sobbing on her pillow. She had never been so humiliated in all her life. She recalled the compliments which she had received from Johnson, from Edmund Burke, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, from every member of the literary circle at Streatham—she recalled the deference that had been paid to her by the innumerable distinguished persons who were accustomed to assemble at her father's house in St. Martin's Street, and, finally, she recalled the enthusiastic words that were spoken to her only the day before by Colonel Willoughby, and she wondered, weeping, if ever a woman of beauty and genius—those were his words—had been so badly treated, even by a Queen.

She felt that if she had been one of the most ordinary of Her Majesty's subjects she should be entitled to justice at least, but being one of the Queen's maids it seemed that she had no right even to protest against the Queen's assuming that what that insolent and vulgar wretch Madame Schwellenberg had said to her discredit was true.

But the Queen had not merely done this; she had in addition commanded her, Fanny Burney, to apologize to the woman who had slandered her. The reflection caused a fresh outburst of tears, but gradually her heart began to harden. She rose from her bed and dried her eyes and smoothed her hair. She would go to the Schwellenberg with scrupulous neatness; she would not give the horrid old woman the satisfaction of perceiving that she was ruffled by what the Queen had said.

"Madame Schwellenberg," she said on entering the room, "I am commanded by Her Majesty to offer you an apology for having endeavored to clear myself from the disgraceful slanders which you spoke against me."

"Goot," grunted the Schwellenberg. "You was a fool; put you are young and I forgif you, if you promise not to do it ever again once more."

"Her Majesty did not command me to make any promises," said Fanny. "But she told me that you would be able to keep me right on all points of Court etiquette, and that is why I now beg of you to have the goodness to let me know into whose hands I shall place the resignation of the post which I hold in Her Majesty's household. Shall I send it to the Queen direct or through the Comptroller of the Household?"

The Schwellenberg gazed at the girl who stood demurely before her. Her jaw fell. She was unable to speak for some moments, and when at last she made the attempt to do so the result was an undignified splutter.

"Your resignation—your—— Ach! You are a fool—an ungradeful young fool!" she managed to gasp after several false starts.

"I have been a fool too long, madam," said Fanny. "I have submitted too long to your whims and your tempers and your vulgarity, but I shall be a fool no longer. This Palace

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has been a prison to me, but I have yet to learn that in taking service with the Queen I forfeited my rights to that liberty which is enjoyed by all Her Gracious Majesty's subjects."

The Schwellenberg stared at her. The idea that any human being could look for anything higher than to be in the service of the Queen was new to her. If Miss Burney had declared herself to be a revolutionary agent, and had just announced her intention of murdering the whole Royal family, she would not have astonished the Schwellenberg more. But the Schwellenberg was not so astonished as to be unable to perceive that she herself would be blamed by the Queen as the primary cause of the disloyalty of Her Majesty's favorite maid. She knew that the Queen was sincerely attached to Miss Burney, and would regard her disappearance from the Court with the greatest regret.

The reflection was not pleasing to her.

Fanny made a curtsy and went to the door.

"To not go, Mees Purney," faltered Madame Schwellenberg. "Surely you will not go away for so schmall a zing. You will be sorry while you lif—dot is droo, pelieve me. Ach, no, you will zink petter of ze matter. You will stay?"

"I have already made up my mind, madam," said Fanny. "I love the Queen greatly; but I love liberty better, I love justice better, and I decline to submit to a tyranny such as a Muscovite would rail against. I shall hand in my resignation to-morrow."

She made another curtsy and left the room with dignity.

She felt elated at the discomfiture of her enemy; and when Colonel Willoughby came with his friend, General Gwyn, to drink tea that same night she greeted him in the presence of Madame Schwellenberg with the utmost cordiality. She had a sense of freedom such as she had never before experienced under the eye of the Schwellenberg dragon.

She found Colonel Willoughby more than responsive. He talked to her once again about the charm of her books, and asked General Gwyn if anything finer or fuller of ennobling sentiments than Evelina had ever been written in England. But General Gwyn, who had been a friend of Oliver Goldsmith, and who had recently married the beautiful Miss Horneck, only smiled and said that Evelina was indeed a work of genius.

Before he left the Palace Colonel Willoughby contrived to say a few words in Miss Burney's ear alone, and that was why Miss Burney's eyes were a good deal brighter than usual when she went to the Queen's room later in the night.

Before she slept she had written out her resignation of the office which she held as the Queen's dresser, and had sent it to the room of the Comptroller of the Household. She had frequently intended leaving the Palace, but a few words of kindness from the Queen had invariably prevented her from carrying out her intentions. Now, however, that the hour of her release was drawing nigh, she felt that she would be a poor creature indeed if, after being a prisoner for so long, she were to consent to remain in bondage simply because her jailer had become attached to her. In a month—she took it for granted that she had to give a month's notice—she would be free—free to receive the visits of Colonel Willoughby in her father's house in St. Martin's Street, off Leicester Fields. (That was really the sum of her aspirations after liberty.)

The next day she found Madame Schwellenberg in an amazingly good temper. She smiled with a vigor and a breadth that would have startled a stronger person than Miss Burney, and that would certainly have shocked any one who had not become acclimatized, so to speak, to the temperament of the Schwellenberg. She even went so far, in the exuberance of her good nature, as to offer Miss Burney a peppermint lozenge from her sweetmeat box. But Miss Burney declined the delicacy with dignity. She was not going to barter her principles for bonbons.

"You are never coing to leaf us, my tear," said Madame Schwellenberg, when Fanny was going out of the room.

"I decline to discuss my intentions with any of the household," replied Fanny with increased dignity.

The attitude of Madame Schwellenberg, when she had left the room, was quite free from any charge of dignity that might be brought against her. As a matter of fact, she both kicked the furniture and swore strongly in her native tongue at Miss Burney for an "impudent chit." And Miss Burney, having an elementary knowledge of human nature, came to the conclusion, on hearing the German compound oaths, their rough edges worn off through the distance of the corridor, that Madame Schwellenberg was somewhat annoyed, and that her annoyance was due to her failure to carry out the Royal decree that Miss Burney was to be conciliated. Fanny was convinced that such a decree had been issued to Madame Schwellenberg by the Queen, but she had no idea of submitting to be conciliated through the adventitious medium of a lozenge, however highly pepperminted.

In the evening she received a letter from Colonel Willoughby. On its being put into her hands she felt her heart sink; he was not coming that evening, so she would not see him. The reflection saddened her; but reading his letter caused her face to brighten once more, for its phrases fell little short of the direct avowal of a lover. They told her that the writer had passed a miserable day thinking that it was impossible for him to see her until the next evening, and assuring her that his only consolation consisted in counting the hours until he should be with her, though only for a few moments—"those few precious moments," said his letter, "are to my life what a few grains of sugar are to a dish of tea: they pervade it until every drop tastes of their sweetness."

Miss Burney, the writer of novels, felt that all her heroes were wooden things compared to a real lover. She had never created a lover capable of uttering so beautiful a sentiment. She read the letter once more before going to attend upon the Queen that night. She felt that she would need all the moral support of that letter to enable her to hold out against the Queen's pleading to her to withdraw her resignation.



Drawn by H. Martin Justice

BEFORE HE LEFT THE PALACE COLONEL WILLOUGHBY CONTRIVED TO SAY A FEW WORDS IN MISS BURNEY'S EAR ALONE

And she was right. Her Majesty condescended to tell her that she was very foolish to entertain so unworthy an aspiration as to hope for freedom, and to assure her that if she continued to serve Her Majesty her loyalty would have its reward. She commanded Miss Burney to believe that she was sincerely attached to her, and would even go so far as to grant her a week's holiday every second year so long as she remained a member of the Royal household.

Miss Burney knelt while she kissed the hand of her gracious mistress; but she did not withdraw her resignation. She only assured Her Majesty that she was deeply moved by Her Majesty's condescension.

In her own room she read (for a third time) Colonel Willoughby's beautiful letter, and the result of reading it was only to strengthen her resolution. She felt that though she might, on her own account, be inclined to withdraw her resignation, she owed it to her lover—she had already come to think of him as her lover—to gain her freedom before accepting his attentions. She had been assured by Madame Schwellenberg that it was contrary to every precedent of the etiquette of the Court for one of the Queen's *entourage* to accept the attentions even of an aide-de-camp, and she gave a hint of this in the letter which she wrote to Colonel Willoughby by the light of her candles before going to bed. It was rather a stiffer letter than she would have allowed one of her heroines to write in similar circumstances, but she could not omit stating in it that she had derived great pleasure from Colonel Willoughby's visits, and that, like him, she was counting the moments that must elapse until they should meet again.

She had the next day a good deal of the strange gladness of the maiden who has confessed her love, and this sensation caused her to bear up against the coldness in the Queen's attitude toward her and the more disagreeable cordiality of Madame Schwellenberg. It was plain that the Schwellenberg had hopes of inducing her by elaborate but quite artificial acts and words of cordiality to promise to withdraw her resignation. Fanny responded to her advances only with the most chilling politeness, and hastened to dress herself for her daily walk on the Slopes, carrying with her her letter—the first love letter; after all, it was not quite a love letter—which she had ever received.

She felt her cheeks becoming warmer as she read once again the sweet protestations which it contained, but they became much warmer when she raised her head and perceived that she was being watched by a young woman who was also walking on the Slopes. She hastily put away the letter, and the moment she did so the young woman approached her as if she wished to speak to her. She was a very good-looking girl, and she had the gait and the dress of a gentlewoman.

"Miss Burney, may I take the liberty of speaking a word or two to you?" she said with great nervousness.

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance, madam," said Miss Burney. "Still, what can you possibly have to say to me? I will listen to you."

"My name is Dorothy Leigh," said the girl. "I ventured to come hither because I fear—that is—I—I am afraid that—oh, Miss Burney, you will pardon my presumption, I know, when I tell you that I have promised to marry Colonel Willoughby."

Fanny did not give a start. Curiously enough, the only thought that she had at that moment was that it was marvelous how she could have been so foolish as to make one of the young women in a story which she had written fall to the ground in a swoon the moment she learned that the man who, she fancied, was her lover, was already married.

Fanny became very pale. She looked coldly at the young lady and, after a pause, asked in a chilling voice:

"Why have you come to tell me this, madam? Pray, how does your information, interesting though it be, concern me?"

"Ah, I thought—I feared," the girl began; she broke down, however, and burst out crying. Fanny, with dry eyes and a dry heart, watched her, but did not speak a word. After an interval of sobbing the girl was able to resume.

"Pray forgive me, madam," she said piteously. "I know that I have no right, only—ah, Miss Burney, you are clever; you know what an ambitious man is—you know that a man will stop at nothing in order to gratify his ambition; while we think only of love, men are absorbed by ambition. He heard from General Gwyn that you have the ear of the Queen—he has set his heart on becoming one of Her Majesty's equerries—he hoped to win you to plead for him, and I feared that perhaps you might think—that is, oh, it must have been a foolish thought of mine, only—oh, I cannot say anything more. I love him; he loves me—but, you will forgive me, Miss Burney?"

"There is nothing to forgive, my child," said Miss Burney. "When I see Colonel Willoughby—if I do see him again—I will congratulate him on having obtained the affections of so charming a young lady, and so I wish you good-day, Miss—Miss Dorothy Leigh."

"Dear Miss Burney," said the Queen that night, "you look very pale, and I dare swear that you have been weeping. Ah, let me hope that these signs, which I clearly perceive, mean that you are no longer obdurate. You will not forsake me. I like you better than you know. I would grant you anything you ask—a week's holiday—nay, I will make it ten days—and a new frock—a stiff taffeta—pink—you look well in pink."

She held out her hand, and Fanny fell on her knees as she kissed it.

"Madam, I do not want a holiday—I do not want a frock; but one favor I would beg of your Majesty," she cried. "I hope 'tis not too great a thing I ask."

"I am certain that it is not," said the Queen. "Pray tell me what it is."

"Colonel Willoughby—it is for him, madam," said Fanny, and the Queen frowned. "'Tis for him and—and another I plead to Your Gracious Majesty. He is in love with a sweet girl—her name is Miss Dorothy Leigh, and they will be happily married if only he finds sufficient favor with Your Majesty to give him the post of extra-equerry."

The Queen looked narrowly at the girl who stood before her with clasped hands. There was a long pause before she gave a laugh, saying:

"Heavens! What a fuss! I fancied you were going to tell me that—that—pshaw! I will give him the post to-morrow. Dear Miss Burney, I would make your respectable father, who is, I hear, a doctor of music, an equerry to-morrow, if only you would promise to stay with me."

Once again Miss Burney was on her knees, kissing the Queen's hand.

In another instant she was sobbing, with her own hands hiding her face.

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THE MAKING OF A RAILROAD MAN

THE VIEWS OF THE PASSENGER CONDUCTOR

By J. H. Wicks, Assistant Superintendent Hudson River Division, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

THERE has been a marked change in the character of railroad employees since I entered the service of the Hudson River Railroad—now the Hudson River Division of the New York Central Railroad—on February 23, 1867. This change has been for the better, decidedly. The class of men now seeking employment is more advanced in education and higher in intelligence, and the service is drawing to itself every year more men who seek in it careers with the same remuneration and chances for advancement that they might find in other walks of life. As an illustration, I put to work as a freight brakeman not long ago a young man who is the son of a clergyman and has a college education. He is not a black sheep, and he has not led a wild life. He goes into the operating branch of the railroad because he sees chances for advancement commensurate with his abilities. He has taken up railroading as a profession.

THE UPHILL HAUL TO PROMOTION

When I began my railroad work freight brakemen were, as a rule, hired by freight conductors. Whenever a conductor found himself short a man he was at liberty to pick up one wherever he pleased and to set him at work. The conductor was responsible for the train and could hire whom he pleased in his department. After he had picked out his man he sent his name to the Superintendent, and if his work suited, after a term of probation as an extra man, the newcomer was put on the pay-roll at forty dollars a month as a regular. He was subject to discharge, however, by or on the recommendation of the conductor.

His promotion also depended almost wholly on the voice of the conductor. But as I was only a boy, and had had no experience whatever, my uncle, who was a freight conductor, first obtained the sanction of the Superintendent before setting me at work. But, in spite of this unusual form of appointment, I was, like my fellows, entirely under the direction of the conductor, who held my future in his hands.

This rule of employment passed out of existence more than twenty years ago, and since that time the Superintendent or his assistants have had the sole appointing power of brakemen on this line, but the young brakeman must still do his work to the satisfaction of his conductor or he will find his time of service short.

It is easier now for a man to find work on a railroad than then, in every department, because there are more railroads and more work; but, in spite of this fact, the number of vacancies never catches up with the number of applications. I suppose I have five applications every day of the year for work. Of this number I do not hire more than one per cent. But so carefully are these selections made, not only by myself but by the other officers of the road, that out of one hundred men who go into the railroad service in the operating branch (I speak chiefly of the brakemen and conductors) ninety per cent. remain in the service, and most of them are promoted.

When I began my work, the path to advancement was undeviating, and the steps were arduous. It took years to reach a point now attained in as many months, but I am not sure that the old-time, all-round experience did not have a value that the present method of specialization may lack. The rule was to begin as a freight brakeman and then to go into the passenger service in a like capacity. After that the novice went back to the freight as a conductor, and finally was given a passenger train, beginning generally with a mixed freight and passenger, or the old-style immigrant train.

THE DANGERS AND HARDSHIPS OF THE OLD SCHOOL

This routine presented hardships that the railroad man of the present time knows nothing of save by hearsay; but it certainly broadened a man's experience, hardened his nerves and muscles, strengthened his resolution, and gave him a certain firmness and decision which only prolonged hard work, coupled with responsibility, can give.

For three months I was a freight brakeman, and learned to know what hard work was from the very start. In those days all the freight cars were provided with platforms through which the brake staff ran. On these platforms the brakeman stood, and all he could do was to handle two brakes. There were no air-brakes in those days. They were the old-fashioned hand-twisters, and it took strength to turn them. The brakeman rode outdoors on these platforms, no matter what the weather might be. In winter it was the worst. The brakeman was so heavily clothed, to keep from freezing, that he could hardly climb over the cars. Of course, for work of this kind only men who were physically strong could be employed, and therefore brakemen were of a hardier class than they are to-day. Then it was more a matter of muscle than of mind. It is different to-day. As a natural result, the beginners of that time did not have the ambition that the young railroad man has to-day. Few of them thought beyond the end of the month, and the most that the majority looked forward to was a freight conductor's berth.

To-day all this is changed, and for the better. Now a man makes an application through the Superintendent or his assistant for a place as brakeman in either the freight or the passenger service. As there are more vacancies in the former than in the latter, most applications are for the freight. The applicant must be twenty-one years old, according to law, and if he is over thirty he does not stand much show of getting work, unless he is an experienced hand. He fills out a blank, which is a rather comprehensive affair, and contains an examination of the essentials in train work. There are two hundred rules of the road, for instance, which the applicant must study, and he must pass an examination on them in his application paper. In addition, he must furnish references extending back at least five years. So it is plain to be seen that the Superintendent has something to base his judgment on when he gives a young man a chance. Preference in appointments is given to the sons of conductors and engineers of the road, everything else being equal, and young men are chosen from the towns along the line of the road where it is possible. This is done to secure men who will not leave the service of the road at the first opportunity and go elsewhere. Most well-regulated roads want to retain the men whom they have trained, and every precaution possible is taken to exclude men who have a roving disposition. Home ties are among the strongest to hold a man, and therefore we take men who are joined to us by neighborhood bonds whenever we can.

HINTS FOR THE YOUNG MAN WHO WOULD RISE

An applicant must be physically strong and healthy, and his habits must be of the best. He must not drink intoxicating liquor while either on or off duty. I discharged a man the other day who had been with the road for a number of years because he came into my office under the influence of liquor. He was not on duty at the time, but I figured that if he would drink at one time he might at another time, and we have no room for drinking men.

The applicant must write a fair hand and be a good speller. These two characteristics will give an excellent idea of his education, and these, together with his appearance and his references, decide his chances. After he has been accepted he is placed at work on the extra list. Let us say that he enters the freight service. He is first sent over the road with a certain conductor. He is not put regularly to work until this conductor reports that he is qualified.

The young brakeman who wants to rise in his business must start out with two things firmly fixed in his mind. These things are, first of all, a willingness to work and, secondly, a determination to do more than he is paid to do. Untiring industry and strict loyalty to a road always bring advancement when joined with intelligence, no matter how slim the chances may be at the commencement of a railroader's career. The brakeman, when on the extra list, is not obliged to report at the yards except when he is called, but he must keep the office constantly informed of his whereabouts. If he leaves his home he must leave his address, so that if he is sent for he can respond at once.

When he comes down to the yard he must attend to business from the start, and it is a business that bears close watching. No brakeman can expect advancement who does not qualify himself in every particular to merit it. The brakeman who is in the line of promotion is a man who takes nothing for granted; who sees that everything is attended to himself, no matter whether the other brakeman or the conductor has done so before him or not. And there are many things to be attended to.

First, the brakes must be in good working order; the car seals must be in proper shape; the car doors secured; the car numbers and seal records noted, and the equipment for the trip, which is kept in the caboose, and consists of lanterns, frogs, chains, waste, oil, torpedoes and tools and so on, must be complete. In addition, the coupling between the cars must be made, and car trucks and wheels carefully inspected for breaks. Before the train starts the conductor walks down one side of the track along the forty-five or more cars that make up the outfit, and takes note of the seals and numbers on his side. On the other side of the track a brakeman walks, calling out the numbers on his side, so that when the tour is ended a complete record of the cars and their condition is made. The remaining brakeman has plenty to do looking after the equipment, brakes, coupling and running gear. It is a good half hour's work, and upon the care with which it is done depends the safety of the train. This has been proven time and again in practical railroad work.

The conscientious brakeman sees after these details himself. He not only does the work that he is ordered to do by his conductor, but all the other work that falls to his hand. When the train stops for water or fuel the alert brakeman is out on the track examining the cars to see whether they have been tampered with or not.

KEEPING A LOOKOUT FOR THIEVES AND TRAMPS

In describing the routine of the work of the brakeman I am including that of the conductor, because they should act as one man. Upon the activity and alertness of the brakeman the success of the conductor largely depends. One of the chief dangers which confront a freight train is robbery, and that exists even in the East, where every mile of track is guarded by watch towers and policed by officers.

Sometimes it is tramps who break into cars while the train stops and loot the contents for food and clothing, and sometimes it is organized bands of robbers who seek entrance in the same manner, but solely for purposes of theft. It requires constant vigilance to prevent these depredations, and it is seldom that a train is safe without a watch.

These robberies seldom result in fights between the train hands and the marauders, because, where the forces are equal, the latter usually run away at the former's approach, and where the trainmen are outnumbered the best course is to telegraph to the next station for police assistance. But once in a while a fracas occurs, and then the brakeman who is not a coward has a chance to distinguish himself. As a rule, however, it is an unnecessary risk, for men who are prepared to rob a train are usually prepared to commit murder. The chief use for physical force is in putting tramps off trains. A determined stand on the part of trainmen generally serves to clear the train, but when this fails a few well-directed blows carry the point.

WATCHFULNESS IN ROUTINE AND RESOURCE IN EMERGENCY

After a short probation as an extra man, a deserving tyro is generally promoted to a regular place, and the next step is to the charge of the train. If the ambitious brakeman seeks to relieve his conductor of care and to look after all the details of the work for himself, he finds himself well equipped for the conductorship when that promotion comes. But here he must follow the lines already pursued. However capable his brakemen may be, he must use his own eyes and follow his own judgment in doing his work. In other words, he must never rely upon his assistant for anything that he should know or do himself.

In cutting off cars, for instance, at certain stations or sidings, he should see for himself that this is done. Some conductors allow their brakemen to look after this important detail for them, while they are busy elsewhere, but it is a bad rule. Some day a car will go to the wrong destination, and the result will be a call over the carpet before the Superintendent. This never happens when the conductor relies wholly upon himself.

Of course, in cases of accident, the conductor's nerve and ingenuity, his decision and courage, come into instant play. He should have his men out on the track or tracks flagging the approaching trains, or, in foggy weather, setting torpedoes or swinging the warning lanterns. He must look after his cars and see that their contents are not spoiled by fire or water, or stolen. In case of a breakdown he should be ready with his chains and tools to make quick repairs, or in case he cannot do so in time to clear the track for the next train, he must send word to the nearest telegraph office. These contingencies require quick decision and instantaneous action.

Freight brakemen on our road get $2.10 a day, whether they are extra men or regulars, and passenger brakemen get from forty-five to fifty-five dollars a month.

THE EVOLUTION OF A NEW TYPE: THE TRAINMAN

Having traced the work of the beginner from freight brakeman to freight conductor, I shall now take him into the passenger service. When I began, it was necessary for a man to go through all the branches of the service before getting a passenger train, but nowadays men often begin as passenger brakemen, become passenger conductors, and go even higher, without ever having had experience in the freight service. In the early days the passenger brakeman had very different work laid out for him than has the tidy, trimly uniformed young man of to-day. He was not only a brakeman in that he set the brakes at every station with his own hands, but he called out the names of the stations for the

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of papers begun in the Post of January 6. The series will be continued in subsequent issues.

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passengers, helped passengers to alight and to board trains, lighted the lamps, built the fires in the cars, swept out the cars and even cleaned the windows, and at certain intervals carried around the drinking water in a tin kettle. In those days he was brakeman, porter, cleaner, train boy, and everything else that the conductor didn't have time to be. Besides these manifold duties he had to preserve a smiling and courteous manner with the passengers.

With the modern improvements in train equipment many changes have taken place. The hand-brakes are never used now except when the air-brakes fail to work. The cars are lighted by gas, cleaned by porters and heated by steam. The brakeman is no longer a "brakeman," but bears the official title of "trainman." He has more time than ever to learn the business of the man directly ahead of him, which is the only sure way of promotion known.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE NEW SERVICE

His first duty, of course, is to see that the train is in proper shape, and to protect it from the rear in case of accident or stoppage. Under these circumstances his work is similar to that of the freight brakeman with his flags, lanterns and torpedoes. The passenger trainman, though, finds his scope in other directions very much larger than did his comrade. He now begins to deal directly with the public that pay his wages. In his present line of work he should cultivate a knowledge of human nature. His activity must be tempered by patience, and he must acquire good manners. The comfort of the passengers depends in a large measure upon their treatment by the conductor and his trainmen, and it is for passengers that passenger trains are run. This is one of the points that a go-ahead trainman never forgets.

Whereas once he was only responsible to his conductor, he now finds himself divided between his chief and the passengers he carries. He can serve both loyally and at the same time. Indeed, a trainman who does not serve both is either unfitted for his work or is unfortunate in his conductor. As a passenger trainman, the beginner lays the foundation for the experience which counts most in his promotion. That foundation is the experience of dealing with all kinds of people, and of dealing with them firmly, but gently, politely and fairly. There is no room on any first-class railroad for a grumpy, ill-mannered, bad-tempered trainman. The passengers do not like him and the management will not keep him. No pull is strong enough to save such a man from discharge.

THE ADVANCE FROM TRAINMAN TO CONDUCTOR

In course of time a trainman is advanced to the post of passenger conductor as a vacancy occurs and his fitness is demonstrated. Then he finds that every experience in his past life becomes valuable. Every bit of information gets in. He must now remember that he directly represents the railroad corporation to the public that patronizes it. His actions are official. When he puts a man off the train the New York Central Railroad Company is back of him, and when civil damages for that action are sought, it is against the railroad company and not himself that the suit is brought. In a like measure, when he serves his passengers well, does them favors within his power, preserves the peace between them, adjusts their differences, answers their questions and conserves their comfort, the praise belongs as much to him as to the company that hires him. The conductor is the chief of the train. He starts it, and it stops at his command. His orders are the only ones that are recognized by the crew, and all the responsibility, save that of the engineer in his cab, rests solely on his shoulders. He must run his train safely. He must get away from stations as quickly as possible. That is the only place the conductor can make time. The engineer makes it between stations. These cares, however, are minimized on all well-regulated roads where road tracks are sound and accidents are rare; but the care of looking after the passengers differs with every train that leaves a station as one man differs from another.

QUARRELSOME PASSENGERS AND TEETHING BABIES

There may be sickness on board the train and the conductor is called in consultation. He first canvasses his train for a doctor. Failing to find one, he telegraphs to the next station and stops his train for him. There may be a dispute between two or more passengers. The conductor then acts as peacemaker. This is a tactful task. The conductor must never lose control of his train or of his temper, and the lot of the peacemaker is seldom an easy one.

A man leaves a coat over a seat and goes into the smoker. When he returns he finds the seat taken. Then comes trouble. This should be adjusted with as little bad feeling as possible, and nothing must happen to disturb the peace of the other passengers.

Sometimes a man refuses to pay his fare. There is generally a reason for this. Possibly the man is mistaken as to his rights, or he may be under the influence of liquor. Of course, on the other hand, he may be a dead beat. Here the conductor should use judgment tempered by diplomacy. It is often better to carry a man through to his destination, even when he is wrong, than to use force and put him off the train.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CHIVALROUS CONVICT

A conductor can have a fight on his train every day in the week just as he can on the street, but a good conductor seldom or never has trouble. There are times, however, when it cannot be avoided. I was once bringing down from Albany the night express. At Peekskill I took on a number of brickmakers, who got seats in the smoker. On the same car I had half a dozen convicts going from Auburn to Sing Sing, handcuffed together and to their keepers for safety. When I asked for tickets the first of the brickmakers refused to give one or pay fare either. His example was followed by the others. As I left the car I turned and told the men that when I came back after going through the train I should collect their fare or they would have to leave the train. Before I closed the door one of the brickmakers made for me with a knife. A convict saw him first, and, after calling a warning to me, he rose up and struck the fellow with his hands bound as they were by handcuffs.

The prison-keepers thereupon drew their revolvers and quieted the disturbance, while I continued my tour of the train. When I got back I found the brickmakers very peaceable, and they paid their fares without further trouble.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FLIGHT OF THE LINEN DUSTER

On another occasion, while running the morning express out of New York, I took up all tickets after leaving Poughkeepsie. A big passenger, whose ticket I had taken, claimed that it was for Staatsburg. Now, I knew it was only for Hyde Park, one-half the distance. When I asked for his fare there was trouble. When I told him he would have to leave the train at Hyde Park or pay the extra fare there was still more trouble. In those days conductors wore linen dusters in the summer time, and after my final demand for his fare the passenger and I came together. When I got up I had lost my linen duster, but he got off at Hyde Park all the same. That was a case where I had to fight for self-protection, but with the exercise of discretion such cases generally can be avoided. I can count such disturbances in my years of experience on the fingers of one hand.

The pay of a passenger brakeman in the local service is from forty to forty-five dollars a month; in the through service to Buffalo, about sixty dollars a month. A passenger conductor receives $83.33 on the local service, $100 on the Albany run, and $132 for the run to Buffalo.

Such, in outline, are the experiences of a passenger conductor of to-day. If he attends strictly to his duty and makes himself popular with the officials of the road, his crew and the passengers, he is in the line of promotion.

FROM CONDUCTOR TO TRAINMASTER—ANOTHER STEP

In my case promotion came in the form of a trainmastership. The trainmaster equips trains on his division with their men. He looks after specials of all kinds, and is the immediate superior of the conductors. From trainmaster I became Assistant Superintendent of the same division on which I began as a brakeman.

In conclusion, let me say that the prospects for a man's success in the railroad business were never brighter than they are to-day. The pay was never better, the work steadier, nor promotion surer. The better education a beginner has the better are his chances. If I had my life to live over again I should take up the study of mechanical engineering. If a man wants to become an all-around railroad man, technical knowledge of that sort is almost indispensable. Though many men are advanced to high places from the general offices without possessing any practical experience, and though these men often make most admirable officers, still I find that the greater my responsibilities are the more value my practical experience is. It is impossible for anything to happen in the shape of an accident on my division that I cannot comprehend at a glance. Nine times out of ten I have had a like experience, or, if not, I have been able by foresight and caution to avoid it. In either case I can look at the occurrence from a practical view-point.

WHAT INDUSTRY, GOOD SENSE AND GOOD FAITH WILL WIN

There is nothing in my modest career that any faithful, intelligent and willing beginner may not duplicate. My life has been one of honest, hard and plodding industry since I began as brakeman thirty-three years ago until to-day. As an extra hand I left my address at my home whenever I went out for business or for pleasure. As Assistant Superintendent to-day I never leave my office in the yards that I do not leave my address, so that I can be sent for in case of accident. During these thirty-three years I have never been out of daily touch with the road a single working day. The company has always known where to find me, and any young man who is willing to give that same kind of loyal service to his company, and who makes the best of every opportunity, and regards no duty too small to receive the whole of his attention, can hope for the same or even greater promotion.

The Field Fraternity

By Edwin Markham

WHEN God's dear justice is revealed—
The Kingdom that the Father planned—
His children all will equal stand
As flowers in the field.

There each one has a goodly space—
Each yeoman of the flowery race—
Each has a foothold on the Earth,
A place for business and for mirth.

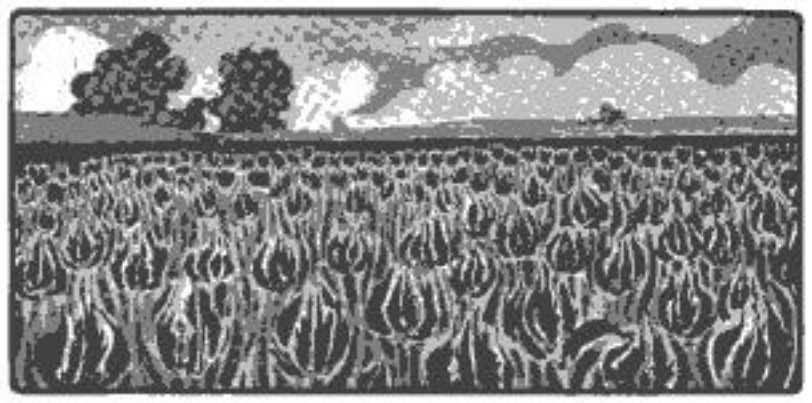
No privilege bars a flower's access
To Earth's whole store of preciousness.
The flowers stand level on God's floor,
With equal nearness to His store.

And flowers, they have no private ends,
But stand together as close friends.
They send their beauty on all things,
An equal gift to clowns and kings.

They worry not: there is enough
Laid by for them of God's good stuff—
Enough for all, and so no fear
Sends boding on their blameless cheer.
This noble blessedness can be
In kingdoms of Equality.

So from the field comes curious news—
That each one takes what it can use—
Takes what its lifted cup can hold
Of skyey rain and beamy gold;
And all give back with pleasure high
Their riches to the sun and sky.

Yes, since the first star they have stood
A testament of Brotherhood.



Two Great Railroad Men in Russia

IN THE awakening throughout Russia some very remarkable men have come to the front. One of them has a history which reads like romance. He was born in 1859 and was of the peasant class. To-day he is in all respects next to the Czar himself in power; in many respects greater than the Czar. This young peasant had a position in the railway service. He gave his thought to the great problems of transportation which he saw would come up in the development of his country. The war with Bulgaria broke out and the getting of the troops to the front was the all-important problem. The usual official orders were issued. He was assistant station master and his chief was away. He disregarded the orders and he was at once scheduled for Siberia, but the investigation of his insubordination did not proceed very far before it broke upon his judges that his genius had saved the Czar's troops from destruction. The work was promptly recognized and he was made a director in the Imperial railway. Then step by step he became the Minister who has not only reformed Russia's finances so that they command the respect and the confidence of the world, but has made possible the vast schemes of railway construction which are one of the marvels of the closing century. The peasant boy's name was Sergius Witte. He is now the great M. de Witte, with the title of Count and the admiration of the world.

Even more important than the railroad development which M. de Witte has aided in Russia is his complete reform of the financial system of the country. With a revenue of considerably over a billion dollars a year, Russia was falling behind several millions annually with nothing specially to show for it. No better indication of the change could be found than the fact that American bankers recently loaned to the Russian Government the extraordinary sum of $25,000,000. This, though a fine sign of confidence, was at the same time a good stroke of business on the part of Americans, for as Russia is purchasing about a million dollars' worth of American manufactures every month, the money will, after all, be kept near home.

The working man of Russia's railway development is Prince Hilkoff, who took the regular course in practical railroading, and who traveled around the world studying all sides of the transportation question before becoming the practical head of Russia's railway system. And it is he who expects this year to make a trip around the world in forty days, going by way of the route he has built across Siberia.

These men are strong in experience, and they have brought a new element of strength to the power of Russia by rigid integrity in official work. Their examples will naturally be followed by many strong men in Russia, and the development will doubtless be followed by large results.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY



Big Things of the Century's End

Just about ten years ago a young woman went around the world in eighty days, and everybody who read newspapers was talking of her performance. Before the present year is over it will be possible to make the trip in forty days, and before the earth is very much older man will probably get around it within the limits of a month. The one tremendous maker of miracles has been transportation, and it is filling this very year with wonderful performances. On the ocean the whole tendency is toward bigness. The North German Line had scarcely finished the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, 13,800 tons and 27,000 horse power, before the White Star Line had the Oceanic, with 17,040 tons and 27,000 horse power, and now two other lines are building ships that will exceed both of these leviathans. Every shipyard in the world is busy. Newport News, which a generation ago was a cornfield, is now a centre of ceaseless activity, with 6000 men building fourteen vessels, some of which have a tonnage of nearly 12,000. There are nearly 4000 men at work on vessels in the Union Iron Works at San Francisco, and in the yards of the Cramps, at Philadelphia, 6000 men are busy. More than 100,000 skilled workmen are engaged at the different yards on the two coasts. In addition to all this, the Government has over 200,000 tons of warships either on the stocks or under contract.

To quicken our commerce, vast schemes are under way, the greatest of them being a canal across the Isthmus, which will save more than 10,000 miles in the trip from New York to San Francisco, and which will cost, according to one of the estimates, at least $125,000,000.

For land transportation the projects exceed everything in the history of the world. The longest tunnel on earth is now being built through the Alps to open a new route between north and south Europe. It will be twelve and two-fifths miles long, will be completed in five and one-half years, and will cost $14,000,000. In this country a great tunnel is to be built under New York at a cost of $35,000,000, for the local traffic of that crowded city.

The Great Railroad Through Africa

Every one understands that one of the certain results of the South African war will be a railroad and telegraph line down the backbone of Africa. A few days ago there arrived at Cape Town a man who had made the entire journey of 5500 miles from Cairo, and he reported that the route was practicable for a continuous line of road. From Cairo south there are now 1100 miles in operation. Then there is a break of 3000 miles. Thence to Cape Town 1400 miles are built, and would be in regular operation were it not for the temporary embarrassments caused by the war. The vast wealth which Africa will yield will easily pay for this great line, and it will not be too much to predict that within five years, or at the outside ten, there will be through trains from the metropolis of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope.

The Wonderful Progress of Modern Russia

Few of us have the slightest idea of the astonishing growth of enterprise and industry which is going on throughout Russia. With characteristic promptness the Americans have recognized the opportunities, and are not only selling tens of millions of dollars' worth of material in that country, but are now planning to invest at least $15,000,000 of American capital in Russian manufactures.

You probably do not know that to-day at Moscow you may take a train that combines the elegance and the convenience of the best modern travel, so that in your trip through Siberia you could not only bathe in a porcelain tub, get all the reading matter you wanted from a complete library, dine sumptuously and sleep comfortably, but that you would have at your command a complete gymnasium where you might take exercise as the train sped along. To many of us the road has simply been a line across the map, but the news comes that it is almost completed and that it will not be very long before trains can run all the way to Vladivostock. Already there are under construction numerous branch lines. Russia has also plans and partial concessions that will take a line thousands of miles through Persia to the Persian Gulf.

Millions for New Railroads in Asia

In Asia there are already 30,000 miles of railroad, and it is a safe prophecy to say that within five years there will be over 50,000. European syndicates have now concessions for nearly 4000 miles in China; Japan is rapidly increasing its 3200 miles, and in the French possessions over 2000 miles are projected. Russia will add thousands more, including a very important line on the left shore of the River Volga, which will connect with the general system, and will be of the utmost importance to the commerce of Russia, Central Asia and Persia. Down in Asia Minor there is an interesting rivalry between several of the nations, but Germany is ahead. The German syndicate will build 2000 miles that will unite the Persian Gulf with Europe, thus giving Germany entrance into the chief markets of the East. Already the Germans control Constantinople and Smyrna. In India, Great Britain has something like 20,000 miles of railway, and thus the great work of opening and modernizing Asia with its hundreds of millions of people goes on.

Transportation Development in this Country

The development of transportation in this country is mostly along railroad lines. The Great Lakes, which almost equal ocean travel in the cheapness of a long haul, will always have an increasing commerce. The tendency there is the same as upon the ocean—big ships that can carry big cargoes. Senator McMillan, who got a large part of his wealth from lake transportation, predicts still greater things in the size and importance of its trade.

Navigation on the Missouri River, which, next to the Mississippi and the Amazon, is the greatest waterway in the world, has been practically abandoned. If any one had predicted this twenty years ago he would have been laughed at, but the railroads, by increasing the size of their trains, and reducing the cost of their operation, have come closer and closer to water rates, and thus what was a wonderful river commerce has been diverted to the land.

The New Cable to the Far East

A few weeks ago the United States Ship Nero, Lieutenant-Commander H. M. Hodges, reached San Francisco after several months of interesting work in the Pacific Ocean. It is perfectly well understood that we must have cable communication with our possessions in the East. Several years ago a practicable route for this cable was established between San Francisco and Honolulu. Rear-Admiral R. B. Bradford, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, after a very careful study of the conditions, laid out a route from Honolulu by way of Guam to the Philippines, and also to Japan. His selection met with opposition from some of the cable authorities; but Commander Hodges, after a careful survey of the whole route, found that Rear-Admiral Bradford was right. The work was a peculiarly difficult one, and was brilliantly performed by Lieutenant-Commander Hodges, so that the whole result was most gratifying.

In the 240 days the ship was at sea she steamed over 30,000 miles. Here is an experience on one of the Midway Islands where there was no human life: "The number of sea birds on this island is infinite. Our visit was made during the nesting season, and on fully half the island the sand was literally covered with sea birds. It was quite impossible to cross it without stepping on the nesting birds and their eggs, unless precaution was taken to drive them away by means of a shrub branch. The noise of the retreating birds as they hovered overhead, screeching and darting threateningly, was deafening."

The bill in Congress to contract with the cable company which is to construct this line, provides that the cable shall be of American make, that the cable ships shall fly the American flag, and that the line to Honolulu shall be completed January 1, 1902, and the line to Manila and Japan by July 1, 1903. This will add largely to the cables of the world, of which there are now more than 170,000 miles.

To Connect the Three Americas

On December 4, 1890, a remarkable gathering took place in the State Department at Washington. It was composed of three of the leading railroad men of the United States, and representatives from Central and South American countries, including Brazil, Venezuela, Peru, Mexico and Colombia. Secretary Blaine called the gentlemen to order, and the Intercontinental Railway Commission began its official existence. Mr. A. J. Cassatt, now President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was elected President. In a few months this commission had organized surveying parties to find out the feasibility of what was then called the Three Americas Railway. Three corps of engineers were sent to South America, and twice the Congress of the United States voted $65,000 for this country's portion of the cost of the work. Contributions of smaller sums were made by the other countries, and altogether something like $200,000 was spent. Nothing very definite came of the labors except a corroboration of the idea that the line is entirely practicable. The engineering difficulties are not so great as those which have been solved in railway construction in the United States, especially in Colorado. From New York to Buenos Ayres is 9000 miles, and to-day more than one-half of this distance is covered by railroads. Mexico has been pushing southward. The Argentine Republic has been pushing northward. Chili has a good railway system, and the time will undoubtedly come when there will be railway service all the way from Alaska to the southern part of South America. As in South Africa, the enormous natural wealth of South America will easily pay for the several thousand miles of line which will one day be built. The extreme cost of the whole work has been placed at $300,000,000.



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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Lord Strathcona's Canadian Regiment

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the Canadian millionaire who is paying the entire expenses of a regiment to fight the Boers, is a brilliant example of a self-made man. All his great wealth has been acquired within the last thirty years. As Donald Smith he came to Canada when a boy and entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company. Until 1867 most of his life was spent on the bleak Labrador coast, collecting valuable furs from the numerous tribes of Indians scattered through that dreary region.

After the death of Sir George Simpson, Mr. Smith succeeded him as supreme head of the Hudson Bay Company, and from that time he came rapidly to the front. During the famous Riel rebellion of '67 he was deputed by the Government to try to settle the difficulties of the half-breeds. He was taken prisoner by Riel and held for some days, but, knowing the character of the rebels well and understanding their grievances, he was instrumental in settling the difficulties notwithstanding. Later, he sat in the Dominion Parliament for some years, and has always been most active where Canadian interests are concerned. He has given largely to charitable and educational objects.

With four or five others Mr. Smith purchased the St. Paul and Minneapolis Railway, a venture which resulted in a profit of many millions to those concerned. Mr. Smith also took a prominent part in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The year of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee he was created Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, in recognition of his many services to the Empire.

In private life Lord Strathcona is a man of simple, almost ascetic habits, but he is fond of entertaining his friends in a truly princely manner. He is now President of the Bank of Montreal, one of the largest monetary institutions in the world, and is High Commissioner of Canada. He resides in London most of the year, though he has a splendid mansion in Montreal to which is attached a picture gallery containing one of the best collections in North America. He also has a Highland seat — "Glencoe" — in Perthshire, Scotland, where in his brief times of leisure he gathers about him a group of congenial friends. Yet even here he keeps in touch with the busy world and has a post office and telegraph at his very door.

Though over eighty years of age, Lord Strathcona works very hard. In appearance he is tall, thin and wiry, and has an essentially Scottish face. His keen, deep-sunk eyes, still having the fire of youth, contrast with his snow-white hair and beard.

The regiment Lord Strathcona has equipped is known as "Strathcona's Horse." It is fitted out and maintained entirely at his expense; the first cost is estimated at over half a million. The men are skilled riders and are chiefly taken from the ranchers and cowboys of the Northwest.

How Lieutenant Peary Retrieved Wild Ducks

Lieutenant R. E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, is a native of Maine. He prepared himself for entering Bowdoin College at Fryeburg Academy, in Fryeburg, in the western part of the State. The following story of Peary's early days shows his method of overcoming obstacles:

One of his fellow-townsmen, while out hunting one day in November, discovered a flock of ducks in a pond about two miles from the village. The man wanted the birds, but knew no way of getting them, even if his shot were effective, for he had no dog, and there was no boat in the pond. On his way home he met Peary and told him about the ducks and why he had not fired at them.

"Now," said Peary, "let's go back to the pond, and if the ducks are still there I promise to retrieve all you kill."

They returned to the pond; the ducks were undisturbed. The weather had been cold for several days, ice had formed around the shore of the pond, and the ducks were bunched out in open water, but within range. Merrill fired and killed two. Without more ado than if he were about to take a dip in the old swimming-hole on a hot July day, Peary removed his clothing, broke the ice with a heavy stick and swam out, picked up the dead birds and brought them to land.

Private Epps and His Seventeen Prisoners

Private Epps, of the Thirty-third Volunteer Infantry, Company B, is to have a medal of honor, and thereby hangs the tale of one of the most remarkable of recent incidents in the Philippines.

It was in the great fight at Vigan — the fight in which the gallant Thirty-third was led by Colonel "Jim" Parker. Out there this battle is on record as one of the hardest-fought engagements of the war. The Tagals, in considerable force, had sought shelter in houses and in all sorts of odd places whence a rifle could be fired at the detested Americanos. It was Colonel Parker's business to clear them out, and the job was a hot one while it lasted.

The Thirty-third Infantry is composed chiefly of Texans — rough and tough frontiersmen — every one of them a practiced marksman. What with their appetite for fighting and their shooting ability, they are probably the most formidable regiment in the army. Private Epps is merely a sample.

On the occasion of this big fight Private Epps suspected that a certain house might shelter some insurgents, so he went to investigate it. The dwelling was in the middle of an enclosure surrounded by a stone wall. He jumped upon the wall, which was about five feet high, and, looking down, saw no fewer than seventeen Filipinos crouching with rifles ready.

Without a moment's hesitation he called upon them to surrender. Five minutes later when Colonel "Jim" came up, he found them disarmed and under guard by Private Epps, their guns conveniently stacked.

When Private Epps was summoned later to headquarters and formally complimented for his achievement, he seemed surprised, and remarked that he couldn't see anything especially notable in his performance.

"Why," said he, "what could they do but surrender? I had the dead drop on them."

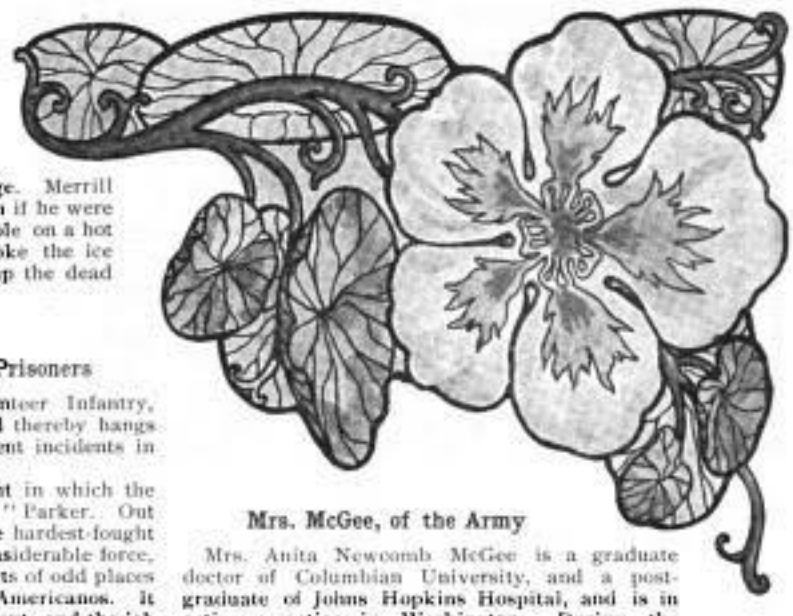
Nevertheless, Private Epps is to have a medal of honor.

Miss Cutter's Ubiquitous Friend

A curious case of mistaken identity took place not long ago, in which Miss Ruby Cutter, a church choir soprano and concert soloist, was the chief actor. She and a friend, also a soprano, were engaged to sing for a church charity the same evening, the latter in Jersey City and Miss Cutter in Brooklyn. They selected about the same repertoire. After supper they took cabs.

When Miss Cutter alighted in the darkness she found, to her dismay, that she was in Jersey City and that in all probability her friend was at her church in Brooklyn. Evidently there had been a mixup in cabs. There was no time to undo the mistake, however, and Miss Cutter went forward, and, without explaining anything, took her friend's place and sang her numbers on the program.

The other singer, on the other hand, was more careful. She told the committee of the mistake but, like Miss Cutter, also filled the bill, but she did it in her own name. The next morning the papers had Miss Cutter's friend singing with great applause in both cities at the same hour.



Mrs. McGee, of the Army

Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee is a graduate doctor of Columbian University, and a post-graduate of Johns Hopkins Hospital, and is in active practice in Washington. During the war with Spain she offered her services, and on August 29, 1898, was appointed Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army. She was stationed in the Surgeon-General's office in charge of nurses. Mr. McGee is the ethnologist in charge of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and is an author of some of the important scientific books of this country. Mrs. McGee spent three years in Europe, during which time she studied in Cambridge, England, and at the University of Geneva. She is one of the most active of American women, being a Fellow and ex-Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and one of the Vice-Presidents-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Kangaroo with the Feathered Tail

Robert Frank, the well-known artist, is a self-made man, and not until he had become self-supporting did he have a chance to pursue the regular studies which most people have in earlier life. When he began drawing for a living, his workmanship was so excellent that he had no trouble in securing orders. One day he delivered some sketches to an employer who said, "By the by, Frank, I want a picture drawn in a great hurry. It is a novel thing, a boxing kangaroo."

"Ja, wohl," answered the artist, "I will have it ready to-morrow for you."

"You know what a kangaroo is, of course?"

Frank must have been thinking of an ostrich, because he answered with a complacent smile:

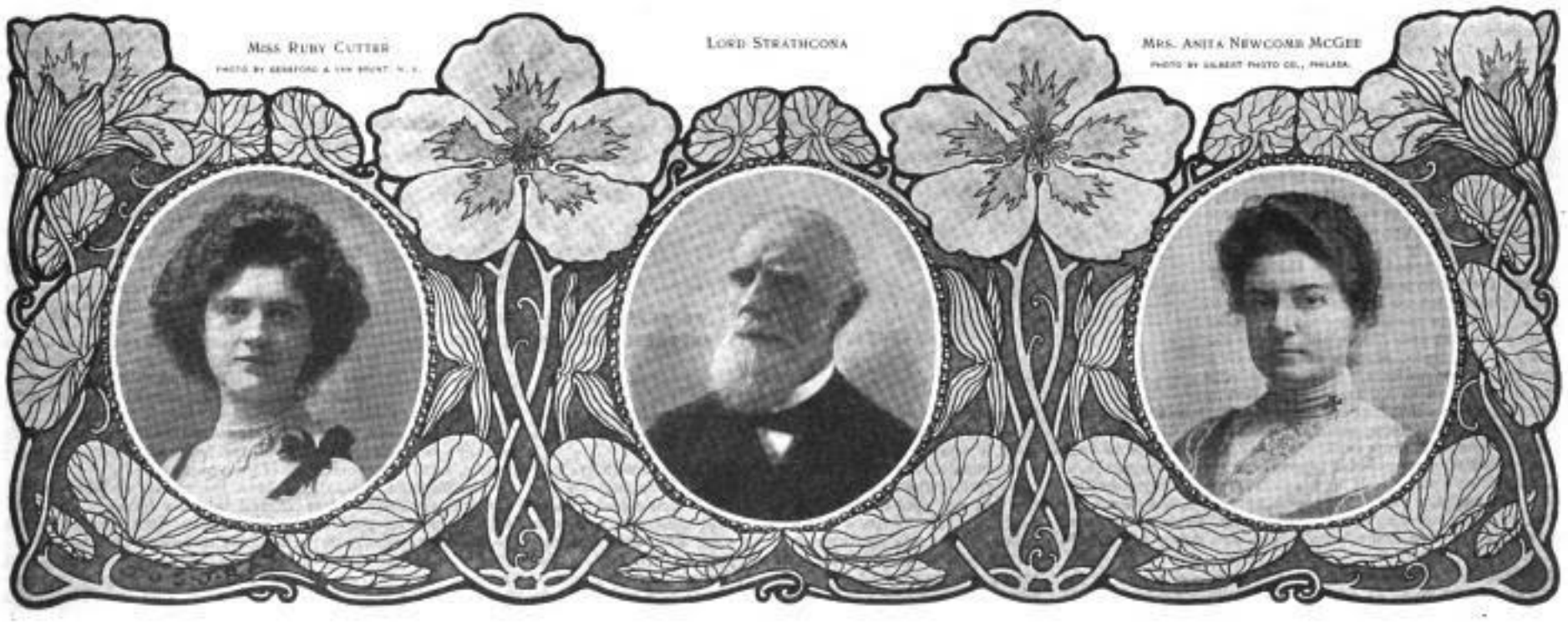
"Ja, gewisslich. It is a long, tall thing mit lots of feddars." And "Feddars" has been his nickname ever since.

A Well-Merited Retort

Ex-Assistant United States District Attorney Sutherland Tenney, of New York, was graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1875, when he carried off the first prize of five hundred dollars. A disappointed competitor congratulated him, and added:

"I suppose it was because your thesis was illegible, as usual, and the judges gave you the benefit of the doubt."

Mr. Tenney, unruffled, replied: "How much better you would do if you adopted that practice in all your work."



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The three men—George, Harris and the author—are touring Germany awheel. A tandem and a safety are the mounts.

Back to Ethelbertha

ANYBODY could rule this country," said George; "I could rule it."

We were seated in the garden of the Kaiser Hof, at Bonn, looking down upon the Rhine. It was the last evening of our trip; the early morning train would be the beginning of the end.

"I should write down on a piece of paper all I wanted the people to do," continued George, "get a good firm to print off so many copies, have them posted about the towns and villages, and the thing would be done."

In the placid, docile German of to-day, whose only ambition appears to be to pay his taxes, and do what he is told to do by those whom it has pleased Providence to place in authority over him, it is difficult, one must confess, to detect any trace of his wild ancestor to whom individual liberty was as the breath of his nostrils; who appointed his magistrates to advise but retained the right of execution for the tribe; who followed his chief, but would have scorned to obey him.

In Germany to-day one hears a good deal concerning Socialism; but it is a Socialism that would only be Despotism under another name. Individualism makes no appeal to the German voter. He is willing, nay, anxious, to be controlled and regulated in all things. He disputes, not government, but the form of it. The policeman is to him a religion, and one feels will always remain so. In England we regard our man in blue as a harmless necessity. By the average citizen he is employed chiefly as a sign-post, though in busy quarters of the town he is considered useful for taking old ladies across the road. Beyond feeling thankful to him for these services, I doubt if we take much thought of him. In Germany, on the other hand, he is worshiped as a little god, and loved as a guardian angel. To the German child he is a combination of Santa Claus and the Bogie Man. All good things come from him: holidays, Spielplatze to play in, furnished with swings and giant strides, sand heaps to fight around, swimming baths, and fairs. All misbehavior is punished by him. It is the hope and aim of every well-meaning German boy and girl to please the police. To be smiled at by a policeman makes it conceited. A German child that has been patted on the head by a policeman is not fit to live with; its self-importance is unbearable.

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The German citizen is a soldier, and the policeman is his officer. The policeman directs him where in the street to walk, and how fast to walk. At the end of each bridge stands a policeman to tell the German how to cross it. Were there no policeman there he would probably sit down and wait till the river had passed by. At the railway station, the policeman locks him up in the waiting-room, where he can do no harm to himself. When the proper time arrives he fetches him out and hands him over to the guard of the train, who is only a policeman in another uniform. The guard tells him where to sit in the train, and when to get out, and sees that he does get out. In Germany you take no responsibility upon yourself whatever. Everything is done for you, and done well. You are not supposed to look after yourself; you are not blamed for being incapable of looking after yourself; it is the duty of the German policeman to look after you. That you may be a helpless idiot does not excuse him should anything happen to you. Wherever you are and whatever you are doing you are in his charge, and he takes care of you—good care of you; there is no denying this.

If you lose yourself, he finds you; and if you lose anything belonging to you, he recovers it for you. If you don't know what you want, he tells you. If you want anything that is good for you to have, he gets it for you. Private lawyers are not needed in Germany. If you want to buy or sell a house the State makes out the conveyance. If you have been swindled, the State takes up the case for you. The State marries you, insures you, will even gamble with you for a trifle.

"You get yourself born," says the German Government to the German citizen; "we do the rest. Indoors and out of doors, in sickness and in health, in pleasure and in work, we will tell you what to do, and we will see to it that you do it. Don't you worry yourself about anything."

And the German doesn't. Where there is no policeman to be found he wanders about till he comes to a police notice posted on a wall. This he reads; then he goes and does what it says.

I remember in one German town—I forget which; it is immaterial; the incident could have happened in any—noticing an open gate leading to a garden in which a concert was being given. There was nothing to prevent any one who chose from walking through that gate and thus gaining admittance to the concert without paying. In fact, of the two gates, quarter of a mile apart, it was the more convenient. Yet of the crowds that passed not one attempted to enter by that gate. They plodded steadily on under a blazing sun to the other gate, at which a man stood to collect the entrance money. I have seen German youngsters stand longingly by the margin of a lonely sheet of ice. They could have skated on that ice for hours and nobody have been the wiser. The crowd and the police were at the other end, more than half a mile away, and around the corner. Nothing stopped their going on but the knowledge that they ought not. Things such as these make one pause to wonder seriously whether the Teuton be a member of the sinful human family or not. Is it not possible that these placid, gentle folk may in reality be angels, come down to earth?

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In Germany the country roads are lined with fruit trees. There is no voice to stay man or boy from picking and eating the fruit, except conscience. In England such a state of things would cause public indignation. Children would die of cholera by the hundred. The medical profession would be worked off its legs trying to cope with the natural results of over-indulgence in sour apples and unripe walnuts. Public opinion would demand that these fruit trees should be fenced about, and thus rendered harmless. Fruit growers, to save themselves the expense of walls and palings, would not be allowed in this manner to spread sickness and death throughout the community.

But in Germany a boy will walk for miles down a lonely road hedged with fruit trees to buy a pennyworth of pears in the village at the other end. To pass these unprotected trees, drooping under their burden of ripe fruit, strikes the Anglo-Saxon mind as a wicked waste of opportunity, a flouting of the blessed gifts of Providence.

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I do not know if it be so, but from what I have observed of the German character I should not be surprised to hear that when a man in Germany is condemned to death he is given a piece of rope and told to go and hang himself. It would save the State much trouble and expense, and I can see that German criminal taking that piece of rope home with him, reading up carefully the police instructions, and proceeding to carry them out in his own back kitchen.

The Germans are a good people, on the whole—the best people, perhaps, morally speaking, in the world: an amiable, unselfish, kindly people. I am positive that the vast majority of them go to Heaven. Indeed, comparing them with the other Christian nations of the earth, one is forced to the conclusion that Heaven will be chiefly of German manufacture. But I cannot understand how they get there. That the soul of any single individual German has sufficient initiative to fly up by itself and knock at St. Peter's door I cannot believe. My own opinion is that they are taken there in small companies, and passed in under the charge of a dead policeman.

Carlyle said of the Prussians (and it is true of the whole German nation) that one of their chief virtues was their power of being drilled. Of the Germans you might say they are a people who will go anywhere, and do anything, they are told. Drill a German for the work and send him out to Africa or Asia under charge of somebody in uniform, and he is bound to make an excellent colonist, facing difficulties as he would face the devil himself, if ordered. But it is hard to conceive of him as a pioneer. Left to run himself, one feels he would soon fade away and die, not from any lack of intelligence, but from sheer want of presumption.

The German has so long been the soldier of Europe that the military instinct has entered into his blood. The military virtues he possesses in abundance. But he also suffers from the drawbacks of the military training. It was told me of a German servant, lately released from the barracks, that he was instructed by his master to deliver a letter to a certain house, and to wait there for the answer. The hours



WE WERE SEATED IN THE GARDEN OF THE KAISER HOF, AT BONN

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each paper is practically complete in itself.

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passed by and the man did not return. His master, anxious and surprised, followed. He found the man where he had been sent, answer in hand. He was waiting for further orders. The story sounds exaggerated, but I can credit it.

The curious thing is that the same man, who as an individual is as helpless as a child, becomes, the moment he puts on a uniform, an intelligent being, capable of responsibility and initiative. The German can rule others and be ruled by others, but he cannot rule himself. The cure would appear to be to train every German for an officer and then put him under himself. It is certain he would order himself about with discretion and judgment, and see to it that he himself obeyed himself with smartness and precision.



—he is worshiped as a little god, and loved as a guardian angel

For the direction of German character into these channels, the schools, of course, are chiefly responsible. Their everlasting teaching is Duty. It is a fine ideal for any people; but before buckling to it one would wish to have a clear understanding as to what this Duty is. The German idea of it would appear to be, "Blind obedience to everything in buttons." It is the antithesis of the Anglo-Saxon scheme, but as both the Anglo-Saxon and Teuton are prospering, there must be good in both methods. Hitherto the German has had the good fortune to be exceptionally well governed; if this continue, it will go well with him. When his troubles will begin will be when by any chance something goes wrong with the governing machine. But maybe his method has the advantage of producing a continuous supply of good governors; it would certainly seem so.

As a trader, I am inclined to think the German will, unless his temperament considerably change, remain always a long way behind his Anglo-Saxon competitor, and this by reason of his virtues. To him life is something more important than a mere race for wealth. A country that closes its banks and post-offices for two hours in the middle of the day while it goes home and enjoys a comfortable meal in the bosom of its family, with perhaps forty winks by way of dessert, cannot hope, and possibly has no wish, to compete with a people that takes its meals standing and sleeps with a telephone over its bed. In Germany there is not—at all events, as yet—sufficient distinction between the classes to make the struggle for position the life-and-death affair it is in England and America. Beyond the landed aristocracy, whose boundaries are impregnable, grade hardly counts. Frau Professor and Frau Candlestick-maker meet at the weekly Kaffee-Klatsch and exchange scandal on terms of mutual equality. The Wirtschaft-keeper and the doctor hobnob together. The wealthy master-builder, when he prepares his roomy wagon for an excursion into the country, invites his foreman and his tailor to join him with their families. Each brings his share of drink and provisions, and returning home they sing in chorus the same songs.

So long as this state of things endures a man is not induced to sacrifice the best years of his life to win a fortune for his dotage. His tastes—and more to the point still, his wife's—remain inexpensive. He likes to see his flat or villa furnished with much red plush upholstery and a profusion of gilt and lacquer. But that is his idea, and maybe it is in no worse taste than is a mixture of bastard Elizabethan with imitation Louis XV, the whole lit by electric light and smothered with photographs. Possibly he will have his outer walls painted by the local artist: a sanguinary battle, a good deal interfered with by the front door, taking place below, while Bismarck, as an angel, flutters vaguely about the bedroom windows. But for his Old Masters he is quite content to go to the public galleries; and, "the Celebrity at Home" not having as yet taken its place amongst the institutions of the Fatherland, he is not impelled to waste his money turning his house into an old curiosity shop.

The German is a gourmand. There are still English farmers who, while telling you that farming spells starvation, enjoy their seven solid meals a day. Once a year there comes a week's feast throughout Russia, during which many deaths occur from the overeating of pancakes; but this is a religious festival, and an exception. Taking him all around, the German as a trencherman stands preëminent among the nations of the earth. He rises early, and while dressing tosses off a few cups of coffee, together with half a dozen hot buttered rolls. But it is not until ten o'clock that he sits down to anything that can properly be called a meal. At one or half-past takes place his chief dinner. Of this he makes a business, remaining at it for a couple of hours. At four o'clock he goes to the café, eats cakes and drinks chocolate. After that he touches nothing for at least three hours. The evening he devotes to eating generally; not a set meal, or rarely, but a series of snacks; a bottle of beer and a Belegete-semmel or two at seven, say; another bottle of beer and an Aufschnitt at the theatre between the acts; a small bottle of white wine and a Spiegeleier before going home; then a piece of cheese or sausage, washed down by more beer, previous to turning in for the night.

But he is no gourmet. French cooks and French prices are not the rule at his restaurant. His beer or his inexpensive native white wine he prefers to the most costly clarets or champagnes. And, indeed, it is well for him he does, for one is inclined to think that every time a French grower sells a bottle of wine to a German hotel or shopkeeper Sedan is rankling in his mind. It is a foolish revenge, seeing that it is not the German who as a rule drinks it: the punishment falls upon some innocent traveling Englishman. Maybe, however, the French dealer remembers also Waterloo, and feels that in any event he scores.

In Germany expensive entertainments are neither offered nor expected. Everything throughout the Fatherland is homely and friendly. The German has no costly sports to pay for, no showy establishments to maintain, no purse-proud circle to dress for. His chief pleasure, a seat at the opera or concert, can be had for a few marks; and his wife and daughters walk there in home-made dresses, with shawls over their heads. Indeed, throughout the country the absence of all ostentation is to English eyes quite refreshing. Private carriages are few and far between, and even the droshky is made use of only when the quicker and cleaner electric car is not available.

By such means the German retains his independence. The shopkeeper in Germany does not fawn upon his customers. I accompanied an American lady once on a shopping excursion in Munich. She had been accustomed to shopping in London and New York, and she grumbled at everything the man showed her. It was not that she was really dissatisfied; this was her method. She explained that she could get most things cheaper and better elsewhere; not that she really thought she could, merely she held it good for the shopkeeper to say this. She told him that his stock lacked taste; she did not mean to be offensive; as I have explained, it was her plan; that there was no variety about it; that it was not up-to-date; that it was commonplace; that it looked as if it would not wear. He did not argue with her; he did not contradict her. He put the things back into their respective boxes, replaced the boxes on their respective shelves, walked into the little parlor behind the shop and closed the door.

"Isn't he ever coming back?" asked the lady, after a couple of minutes had elapsed. Her tone did not imply a question so much as an exclamation of mere impatience.

"I doubt it," I replied.

"Why not?" she asked, much astonished.

"I expect," I answered, "you have bored him. In all probability he is at this moment behind that door smoking a pipe and reading the paper."

"What an extraordinary shopkeeper!" said my friend, as she gathered her parcels together and indignantly walked out.

"It is their way," I explained. "There are the goods; if you want them you can have them. If you do not want them they would almost rather that you did not come and talk about them."

On another occasion I listened in the smoke-room of a German hotel to a small Englishman telling a tale which had I been in his place I should have kept to myself.

"It doesn't do," said the little Englishman, "to try and beat a German down. They don't seem to understand it. I saw a first edition of The Robbers in a shop in the Georg Platz. I went in and asked the price. It was a rum old chap behind the counter. He said, 'Twenty-five marks,' and went on reading. I told him I had seen a better copy only a few days before for twenty; one talks like that when one is bargaining; it is understood. He asked me 'Where?' I told him in a shop at Leipzig. He suggested my returning there and getting it; he did not seem to care whether I bought the book or whether I didn't. I said:

"'What's the least you will take for it?'

"'I have told you once,' he answered; 'twenty-five marks.' He was an irritable old chap.

"I said: 'It's not worth it.'

"'I never said it was, did I?' he snapped.

"I said: 'I'll give you ten marks for it.' I thought, maybe, he would end by taking twenty.

"He arose. I took it he was coming around the counter to get the book down. Instead, he came straight up to me. He was a biggish sort of man. He took me by the two shoulders, walked me out into the street and closed the door behind me with a bang. I was never more surprised in all my life."

"Maybe the book was worth twenty-five marks," I suggested.

"Of course it was," he replied; "well worth it. But what a notion of business!"

If anything changes the German character it will be the German woman. She herself is changing rapidly—advancing, as we call it. Ten years ago no German woman caring for her reputation, hoping for a husband, would have dared to ride a bicycle; to-day they spin about the country in their thousands. The old folks shake their heads at them; but the young men, I notice, overtake them and ride beside them. Not long ago it was considered unwomanly in Germany for a lady to be able to do the outside edge. Her proper skating attitude was thought to be that of clinging limpness to some male relative. Now she practices eights in a corner by herself until some young man comes along to help her. She plays tennis, and I have even noticed her, from a point of safety, driving a dog-cart.

Brilliantly educated she always has been. At eighteen she speaks two or three languages, and has forgotten more than the average Englishwoman has ever read. Hitherto this education has been utterly useless to her. On marriage she has retired into the kitchen and made haste to clear her brain of everything else in order to leave room for bad cooking. But suppose it begins to dawn upon her that a woman need not sacrifice her whole existence to household drudgery any more than a man need make himself nothing else than a business machine. Suppose she develops an ambition to take part in the social and national life. Then the influence of such a partner, healthy in body and therefore vigorous in mind, is bound to be both lasting and far-reaching.

For it must be borne in mind that the German man is exceptionally sentimental, and most easily influenced by his womenfolk. It is said of him he is the best of lovers, the worst of husbands. This has been the woman's fault. Once married, the German woman has done more than put romance behind her; she has taken a carpet-beater and driven it out of the house. As a girl, she never understood dressing; as a wife, she takes off such clothes even as she had and proceeds to wrap herself up in remnants; at all events, this is the impression she produces. The figure that might often be that of a Juno, the complexion that would sometimes do credit to a healthy angel, she proceeds of malice and intent to spoil.

She sells her birthright of admiration and devotion for a mess of sweets. Every afternoon you may see her at the café, loading herself with rich cream-covered cakes, washed down by copious draughts of chocolate. In a short time she becomes fat, pasty, placid, and utterly uninteresting.

When the German woman gives up her afternoon coffee and her evening beer, takes sufficient exercise to retain her shape, and continues to read after marriage something else than the cookery book, the German Government will find it has a new and unknown force to deal with. And everywhere throughout Germany one is confronted by unmistakable signs that the old German Frauen are giving place to the newer Damen.

Concerning what will then happen one feels curious. For the German nation is still young, and its maturity is of importance to the world. They are a good people, a lovable people, who should help much to make the world better.

The worst that can be said against them is that they have their failings. They themselves do not know this; they consider themselves perfect, which is foolish of them. They even go so far as to think themselves superior to the Anglo-Saxon; this is incomprehensible. One feels they must be pretending.

"They have their points," said George, "but their tobacco is a national sin. I'm going to bed."

We rose and, leaning over the low stone parapet, watched the dancing lights upon the soft, dark river.

"It has been a pleasant Bummel, on the whole," said Harris, "I shall be glad to get back, and yet I am sorry it is over; if you can understand me."

"What is a Bummel?" said George. "How would you translate it?"

I thought a moment, listening to the endless voices of the waters hurrying onward.

"A Bummel," I explained, "I should describe as a journey, long or short, without an end; the only thing regulating it being the necessity of getting back within a given time to the point from which we started. Sometimes it is through busy streets, and sometimes through the fields and lanes; sometimes we can be spared for only a few hours, and sometimes for a few days. But long or short, but here or there, our thoughts are ever on the turning of the sand. We nod and smile to many as we pass; with some we stop to talk a while; and with a few we walk a little way. We have been much interested, and often a little tired. But on the whole, we have had a pleasant time, and are sorry when 'tis over."

(THE END)



—he is given a piece of rope and told to go and hang himself

Why Mlle. Chauvin Was Barred Out

MLLE. JEANNE CHAUVIN, who is a professor of law in a woman's college in Paris, has sent a special invitation to the Portias of this country to visit the Exposition. Mlle. Chauvin is slight, pretty and winsome. In her plea before a famous Parisian Judge for admission to the bar she said: "I am a doctor of philosophy, a doctor of laws and a bachelor of literature."

The Judge replied: "I do not doubt your word in the least. You are indeed an encyclopedia in miniature, and we are all so afraid of you that I am sure it will be impossible to admit you to our ranks."

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The Quadrennial Furor

MUCH has been written and said about the disturbing influence of our Presidential elections, and the great advantage which would accrue to the business interests and the moral repose of the country from a constitutional amendment lengthening the official term of our Chief Executive to six, eight, or even ten years. Doubtless such a change in the elections, giving a longer period of quiet between them, would have its advantages; but that it would adequately lessen the worst evils of great popular excitement is not apparent to the intelligent and careful thinker. Probably the longer the Presidential term the higher would rise the flood-tide of agitation when the "campaign year" should arrive with all its apples of discord and all its elements of unscrupulous organization. The prizes of official life increase in seductiveness year by year, and the means for artificially exciting the public mind become better and better understood. What politicians call "the issues of the day" are no longer mere natural points of division for the stream of public sentiment and its attendant interests. These issues are "manufactured to order," and the politicians long beforehand begin "sparring for position" and "skirmishing for advantage," with a view to the greatest possible popular strain of passion; so that by the time the polls are reached by the voters there is a dangerous furor in the public mind.

This sort of thing is not to be regulated by constitutional amendments, nor can it be materially modified by any form of election law. Here, as everywhere else, reform must be reached through educating the masses. The individual voter, the citizen, must be liberated from the passion we call politics. This does not mean that party relations are to be broken, or even partisanship, in the best sense, destroyed; but it does mean that the voter must be trained to ignore the insidious stimulus of mere artificial excitement in politics. Not only is this election furor not necessary to a wise use of the elective franchise, but detrimental to it in the last degree. The voter who goes to the polls drunken with the passion of the campaign prejudice and partisanship does not imbue his ballot with the saving wisdom of patriotism; it counts for nothing but the gratification of a desire originated not in thoughtful study, but by a factitious "issue."

No republic is safe longer than it can count upon the calmest and wisest judgment of its enfranchised citizens. Freedom is not a condition; it is a quality. No matter how much "independence" we may have, or how liberal may be the form of our government, we are no freer than our character makes us. The man whose nature takes naturally to slavery cannot be free—he will vote chains upon his own limbs; he will bind his wife and children to servility by his vote. What our people need is to have their minds liberated from the influences which bring on the furor of politics. It is probably hopeless to attempt radical reformation of the office-seeker until after the plain people have been convinced of the folly of campaign rabies. When the unambitious and patriotic voters shall show that they are not to be influenced by mere campaign wind and noise, and that their ballots are to be deposited calmly, thoughtfully, for a well-understood and perfectly formulated purpose, the politicians will be less and less stimulated to the use of artificial "issues" and stump statesmanship, and our quadrennial fury will be a thing of the past. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

Why the Boss Can't Be Ousted

IN A CERTAIN corner of Michigan is a political boss who has caused the good people of his county many and many a sleepless night. He has done things that these good people deem are outrageous. Some time ago they united to dethrone him. When their organization was complete they sent an emissary to the lieutenants of the boss saying the organization of good men would defeat the party at the polls if the boss was not dethroned. Would the lieutenants promise to dethrone him? The lieutenants promised, and the good ones went their way, happy in the belief that politics would run smoothly forever after, but when the time for the next Congressional convention rolled around the boss was found to be working for a candidate. His candidate won. The boss was still boss. The good ones reproached his lieutenants for failure to keep their promise. The lieutenants with one voice replied:

"We couldn't help it. He merely worked like the rest of us. We couldn't keep him from working, and since he had more influence than the rest of us, he won."

The lieutenants were right. Their only fault lay in making a bargain when they were unable to deliver the goods promised. They had agreed to dethrone the boss. They had no power to do so, since they did not elect him. Nobody elects bosses. They boss because they have the force of character which enables them to make other men do their will.

Men find it hard to realize this fact. "Why does Governor So-and-So have John Doe for his local boss? Why does not the Governor throw him over and choose another boss?" These questions are asked in every county and city in America. The persons asking them declare that John Doe's qualifications are very poor. They point out better men, more intelligent men and more brilliant men, who, they say, could serve the Governor better.

But the Governor did not make John Doe boss. Hence he cannot dethrone him and appoint a successor. The Governor looked around and saw that John Doe was the only man of his political faith who could control the party vote. Therefore the Governor made love to him and secured him for a lieutenant.

Suppose Governor So-and-So should listen to his advisers and say to John Doe, "You are dethroned," and to one of the better, more intellectual men whom the good ones point out, "I make you boss." John Doe would use the powers that made him a force for the Governor to turn men the other way. The newly appointed boss would find that the same lack which has heretofore made him politically inferior to John Doe will keep him inferior still. He cannot control the vote now any more than he could before his appointment.

This experience would teach the Governor that bosses are not created by appointment. They are chosen by natural selection. The only way to dethrone one is to find another person with greater ability to control men, and let him ingratiate himself into the hearts of the people until they will heed his dictates rather than those of the other boss. But the power to do this is conferred neither by election nor appointment. It is inherent in the man. Bosses are born, not made. —LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

There are some men who cannot tell the truth, and there are some women who declare that they never want to be married.

Fairy Stories

GRANDMOTHER GRUNDY is on her rounds again, crying up a fresh reform. She will have us to believe that the reading of Mother Goose and the Arabian Nights and Cinderella and Jack and the Bean Stalk is injurious to the minds of small people. The worthy old dame is curiously credulous as to the credulity of these little ones. She fears they will believe in fairies, and if they believe in fairies they will believe what is not true, and if they believe what is not true it will be to the peril of their souls.

Now, this belief of hers is a more narrowing and foolish, therefore injurious, belief to her supporters than that of the children is to themselves. They have recently come into this wonderful place, bringing with them faint memories of some other world that is bigger and brighter, and they like still to be told of that other where the flowers grow so large, where the houses are of ivory and silver, where fountains gush perfume in the gardens, where people eat nothing but ice cream and cake from golden dishes, where the birds speak, where dogs and cats are servants, where it never rains, where there are no nurses or governesses, where little girls are as lovely as angels, where all the boys are princes, bearing swords with which they slay dragons and monsters offhand, where nobody ever tears his clothes and no one has a stomach ache.

Not only are the children young: they represent the youth of the race. In them live the traditions which were poetry and romance in earlier centuries, which made knight errantry, created chivalry, fostered such literature and arts as the times afforded, which inspired to heroism, to purity and to honor. The chronicles of those early centuries that have come down to us reveal the child character of the people—the simple heart, the open mind, the quick and unchecked passions, the ready credence, the love for good, the scorn of baseness, the wholesome fondness for outdoor life, the admiration of beauty, and withal a stoutness and a heart, that seem to have passed out of our more correct and formal age. In furnishing ideals, in stimulating good impulses, in warming the spirit to enthusiasms, in founding in our human nature a place for poetry and imagery that have ever softened and chastened the deeds and thoughts of men, the stories so popular with our little ones do a service which the older, cruder myths did for our distant ancestors.

The objections of Grandmother Grundy are not well founded, because she confuses symbolism with fact. A truth is as plainly told under guise of a story as in the form of a dry and scientific statement. The child learns to abhor tyranny, harshness and greed quite as much when those passions are personified by Cinderella's sisters, by Blue Beard, or by various giants, witches and wizards, as he does when he learns of them from distant report in his Sunday-school. Probably no single instance can be offered by Mrs. Grundy of tangible harm done to a boy or girl through the reading of fairy stories.

Fairy tales may appeal to a raw and youthful taste, which is soon outgrown; but, whatever is to be said against them, they do not make hypocrites and prigs. The child has a healthy realization of what it needs to limber its mind, to make it grow, to stock it with bright fancies against the needs of the colder, harder years to come, and when supplied with that it will refuse trash. The boy who has Robinson Crusoe will not read Sanford and Merton, and the girl is not going to waste any time over the Elsie books if she has Alice in Wonderland. And if they read books that are sound and kindly and honestly written, they will not care for the coarse stuff, the antithesis of mawkish literature, that is devoted to the exploits of criminals and desperadoes.

Young people require sugar in their reading, as in their food. They read for the joy of reading. The tender stomachs of their imaginations rebel at the harsh and sad, and they are nauseated by the milk and water of the Mary-Had-a-Little-Lamb school of writing. Frank, hearty, laughable nonsense, stirring adventure, fairy tales that create visions of beauty, stories of knights and ladies that embody ideals of nobility and gallantry, even verse, an artificial form to which young readers do not always take kindly, save when it jingles or has a narrative interest, are the proper and natural choice of young readers. Guide them, but do not force them. With advancing years they will outgrow their fondness for the wonderful-impossible, and will be as far engrossed by the possible-wonderful. Let them have the joy of their childhood in the little time while they may, and make them moral by example rather than by precept—at least, such precepts as are found in books avowedly didactic. Keep ghost stories away from them, for they frighten and give pain, and their baneful influence may not be shaken off in a lifetime, but let them have their fill of merry inventions and fairy tales, for their effect is not only innocent but healthful. Never suppose that the child who delights in fairies is not master of his imagination, and will not emerge soon enough into the world of gray realities—the world ruled by Grandmother Grundy. —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

In these modern days Cupid uses smokeless powder.

Reward for Equine Respectability

AMONG articles of incorporation recently placed on file in Brooklyn was that of the Equine Provident Society, the object of which is to "provide a shelter and ranch where horses who have served their masters faithfully can be taken care of in their declining years."

The new society seems to promise a somewhat novel charity, but, if well conducted, it will be no less beautiful on this account. What has a greater claim upon our gratitude than the horse? It promises, too, to furnish much food for thought—especially to horses. This is not to be an indiscriminate charity. Every horse would do well to note the clause, "who have served their masters faithfully." Running away with a master and precipitating him violently into a ditch, balking with a master on the public highway and bringing upon him ridicule and loss of time, kicking a master through the stable window—none of these can be called serving a master faithfully. It isn't even treating a master with common decency. Indeed, though it may be a selfish view, perhaps the best part of this new charity is the good effect it ought to have on horses when intelligence of it spreads generally among them; the most recalcitrant steed may well pause when he has his foot raised to smite his master as he realizes that it will disqualify him for admission to the Provident Society's Home. It will, without doubt, improve the average of behavior among horses. They will have something to look forward to and the feeling that faithful service will bring its reward. The spectacle of an aged horse coming to the Home carrying his "character" from his late master between his teeth will be highly edifying.

There is, however, another view to take of the matter. Is the horse a free agent? Is it not possible that the most vicious horse lives up to his "lights"? If this is so, it is unjust that he should be shut out from the benefits of the Home. This would seem to be a point which properly falls within the province of the trained theologian. Then, too, it seems no more than right that the master be taken into consideration. A horse would have to be a very equine angel to get along with some of them.

It is noticeable that mules do not appear to be included among the beneficiaries of the Home. Are there no good mules except dead ones? Perish the thought! Perhaps another and separate home for respectable aged mules will be established, of bomb-proof construction.

The respectable horse may now felicitate himself something as did the Irishman who observed of the steam-shovel that, though it could do the work of fifty men, it couldn't vote. So of the automobile, though it may serve its master never so faithfully, in the end it goes to the scrap pile, while the conscientious horse passes a green old age in the Home of the Equine Provident Society. —HAYDEN CARRUTH.

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At the English Capital

AMBASSADOR CHOATE tells a story of a visit at a country house among whose guests was the usual wag. They were in friendly discussion upon the one inevitable subject, of course, when the wag suddenly blurted out: "You know, Mr. Choate, really I can't understand Americans. A hundred years ago or so you chucked a cargo of tea into the ocean and your people fought us. Now we pick a cargo of flour out of the ocean and your people want to fight us. Come, now, what in Heaven's name do you want us to do with foodstuffs?"

HECTOR MACDONALD'S REFUSAL OF THE V. C.

That sturdy fighter, Hector Macdonald, has taken up his command of the Highland Brigade in South Africa. Macdonald's career in the British Army has been a remarkable one. It is at no time easy for a man to make his way from the ranks to a commission in our army, but in days of comparative peace the task is ten times more difficult than it is to-day when so many officers are falling. Yet Hector Macdonald has gone forward with wonderful rapidity. He has been so fortunate as to be in the thick of almost every one of our little wars and never served without distinguishing himself. Every honor has fallen to him except the greatest of all. He has not been decorated with the Victoria Cross. But he could have had that crowning distinction had not his canny Scottish nature preferred the practical to the extrinsic. After a fight in India in which the Highlander showed to the best advantage, the General in command sent for him and said: "Macdonald, the only thing I'll say about your conduct to-day is that I'll recommend you for a commission or the V. C., whichever you please. Think it over and report to me." Macdonald thought it over. The V. C. meant a tiny Maltese cross marked "For Valor" and carried with it ten pounds a year, the whole constituting the highest honor that a British soldier, officer or private, can attain. A commission meant the chance of pushing on in the profession. He took the commission, and the V. C. is out of his grasp forever.

The Boers had him in their power once, but let him go. He was at Majuba Hill and was down, badly wounded, when, the fighting being over, a Boer private happened along and began to rifle Macdonald of his belongings. The Highland blood in the wounded man caused him to summon all his strength and to deal the Boer a terrible blow with his fist, sending the burgher reeling yards away. When the Boer regained his wits and feet he grabbed his gun, but as he shot at Macdonald a Field Cornet struck up the gun, and the bullet whistled over the Highlander's head. If it should happen that Hector Macdonald comes out of this war with credit, there will be no position in the British Army that he may not reasonably hope to attain. He has no money except his salary.

THE ROLL OF HONOR OF THE PRESS

Down in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral there is a large plate of beaten brass of stately design. Upon the plate appear about one dozen names, but there is an ominously large space left blank for additions. This space will be materially lessened before the Transvaal War is over, for the plate records the names of those war correspondents who fell in active service. It already bears some prominent names: Powers, who died with Gordon in Khartum; Cameron, of the Standard, shot in the desert march for the relief of Gordon, and Mr. H. Garrett, of the New York Herald, who died in Kitchener's Khartum campaign—his name has been, or is to be, added. I believe his is so far the only American name ordered to be graved upon the brass. Up to date, three English correspondents have fallen, two by bullets and one by fever. The Chronicle's man at Mafeking was accidentally shot. The Morning Post's correspondent in Ladysmith, Mr. Ferrard, was killed in the Boers' determined assault upon that unfortunate place, and best known of all correspondents, G. W. Steevens, of the Mail, has died of fever. Steevens was one of Editor Harry Cust's discoveries. When Mr. William Waldorf Astor bought the Pall Mall Gazette he appointed as editor Mr. Cust, a young Tory member of Parliament. Now Cust did not know an M Quad from a steam roller. Unhampered by the least little bit of knowledge of the production of a newspaper he caused the most wonderful things to be done, and what is more, scored every time. London never before had seen so unconventional a paper, and the Pall Mall was soon in everybody's hands. The Editor spent money with both hands and got value for it, too, but so lavish was the expenditure that it is doubtful whether the sheet could ever have been made to pay. Cust gathered around him a set of young men, nearly every one of whom has made a name in the world, and among the most brilliant was poor Steevens, who has now died at the age of thirty years.

POULTNEY BIGELOW'S BRILLIANT SPEECH

An honor has fallen to Poultney Bigelow that he little dreams of. There was a meeting of the Whitefriars Club, the club that entertained Mark Twain not long ago when the humorist delivered his famous aphorism, "When in doubt, tell the truth," and the night was spent in an on-your-feet discussion of the stage. Grein, the dramatic critic and sometime manager of the Independent Theatre, was the guest of the evening and led off the oratory. He was followed by many distinguished lights—authors, journalists, actors and ordinary mortals. When the debate was at its height there were loud calls for Bigelow, but it was discovered that he had slipped away unobserved. When the evening came to an end it was necessary to decide who had made the best speech of the night. Without a dissenting voice the non-speakers voted the honor to Poultney Bigelow.

PEPPERING THE WAR LORDS WITH MICHIGAN AIR-GUNS

As showing how the same alleged joke arises to a multitude of minds simultaneously this may serve. You may have heard that over here the War Office is coming in for bitter criticism owing to the supposed inferiority of our field guns as compared with the guns possessed by our friends, the enemy. The fact that our guns are field guns, guns that you gallop over ditches and stone walls and things with, and that the Boer guns are guns of position, does not count for anything with the all-knowing public. It so happens that just before Christmas a Michigan firm flooded this United Kingdom with a vicious little air-gun that here costs under a dollar and which bids fair to cause the rising generation of Englishmen to be a one-eyed race. In one week, during the height of the condemnation of British artillery, more than one hundred and fifty of these guns were delivered by parcel post at the War Office, with all sorts of genial letters of advice to the War Lords. If the war continues, Michigan should do as well out of air-guns as Chicago is doing with her canned beef for the British soldier.

THE UNEMOTIONAL ENGLISHMAN RUFFLED

The Englishman is a long-suffering, desperately unemotional, quiet man, even if I say it "as shouldn't." I was traveling in the underground the other morning, a few days after the grand assault on Ladysmith. A day or so before we had read the names of our long list of British killed and wounded in that affair. There were three Englishmen in the compartment and their knees touched those of four Germans, who got in at Hammersmith. For a time the Germans conversed in their own tongue, but one of them, opening a newspaper, hit upon the Boer paragraph giving the burghers' casualties as four killed and fifteen wounded. Instantly he gleefully read out the news in English, and his three companions nodded the one to the other, saying "I told you so," and passing uncomplimentary reflections on the British soldier as a fighter. Not a sign or word came from any one of the Englishmen. The talk went on, and really it was distressingly difficult to sit and bear it. Presently one of the Britishers put down his paper—he was an old man—and, speaking in a quiet voice, said: "Gentlemen, you come of a valiant fighting stock. You are Germans, are you not?"

They admitted the fact with justifiable pride.

"Don't you think, then, that you can afford to appreciate bravery and determination in others?"

One said he always did—when he found it.

"But," said the elderly man, "the Boers *are* valiant."

"We were not reflecting on the bravery of the Boers," answered the spokesman.

"Pardon me, you were. Could you possibly have believed a more belittling thing of the Boers than to think that they would draw back from the assault of a town they desired to take because they had had *four* killed? Perhaps you thought you were belittling the fighting quality of our fellows, but—well, I'll say no more. Excuse me for interrupting your conversation, gentlemen." He retired behind his paper.

—E. W. SABEL.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The employers wonder why it is that their salaried underlings do not manifest an eagerness to work over hours and in other ways sacrifice themselves to show that the interest of employer and employed is one. There are several reasons. First, the interest of employer and employee in the majority of cases is not a unit, and the subordinate is made to feel this from the first day of his entrance into the establishment. Instead of being treated like a friendly assistant, worthy of the confidence of his employer, the clerk in the average big office learns that he is merely a paid automaton, hired to grind out the greatest possible amount of routine work a day of which he is capable, and that he is judged not by individual ability, but by his quickness in converting himself into a well-oiled machine that can be run while it lasts without thought of human weariness and thrown aside as soon as it begins to slip cogs.

Another cause of failure on the part of the employed to work for the interest of the employer is the unwillingness shown by the masters to advance their help according to merit. Not one employer in fifty ever raises the salary of a clerk of his own accord, and if he does it at all it is usually only after the employee has found a better-paying position and announced his intention of leaving. The clerk very naturally resents the injustice and the selfishness that refuses him the money that he knows his services are worth, and he broods and grows angry over the belief that it is the might of the employer that denies the right of the employed.

Now just a word as to the remedy, for I trust employers are not above listening to an honest suggestion, since they are so free in offering them. Let the proprietors of our great industries take the time to make the acquaintance of their subordinates, not as between master and servant, but on a basis of equality as man to man, and I have not a doubt that employer, as well as the employed, will make some very startling discoveries. If there is an immense amount of brain-stifling routine work to be done in an establishment, give each clerk whose duty it is to perform this work at least one hour a day of varied and more responsible employment, that he may feel that he has a chance of eventually working out of his treadmill position into something where cultivated brains will be of service. If the office is connected with a manufactory, give the office force the opportunity three or four times a year of going through the works and studying the other end of the business. And I would suggest further that the shopmen also be granted the privilege of occasionally seeing how the office work is executed. I believe that a half-hour's talk once a week with his clerical force, even down to the office boys, confiding in them as far as is practicable his plans for furthering the interests of the concern and occasionally asking for a suggestion as to ways and means of accomplishing his object, would entirely revolutionize the spirit that now prevails in the average big office.

Furthermore, I believe there should be a regular scale of salaries, permitting of constant, if slight, increase at stated intervals, so that the employee will know that his services are not paid for according to the caprice or the stinginess of one man, but according to their actual worth to the company. Nothing brings out the best in an honest man's work so much as kindly appreciation.

To sum it all up in a nutshell, let the employer treat his men as if he expected each one of them to some day distinguish himself in his employ, and he will no longer have occasion to mourn the dearth of progressive young men. E. A. R.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The primary adjuncts to success in life are health, temperance, honesty and ambition. Perfect health makes a man equal to all emergencies. Temperance in all things helps a man to keep himself physically, intellectually and morally perfect.

Every man measures honesty according to his conscience. What one man will deem dishonest another may consider honorable, because the elasticity of his scruples does not render him competent to appreciate probity in its nicer degree.

I do not believe opportunity comes to a man. On the contrary, the man creates the opportunity and is the sole architect of his life. The boy that is born of humble parentage has an equal, if not a superior, chance with the rich man's son in this American country. The rich man's son, before he is out of his teens, is sent to college, where he acquires tastes and habits that often prove burdensome to him later in life. Care, self-denial and thought for the future are as foreign to him as it is to a well-fed house-cat basking in the summer sun with a full stomach. I believe the men who have made the most complete successes are self-made men.

When I see a young man with a university education working behind a counter or mechanically filling a fifteen-dollar-a-week position, I can safely conclude that he lacks one of the essential qualifications necessary to success. Of course, he will say, and so will his friends, that he cannot get ahead because he lacks influence. This is a mistake, and no young man should throw his time away harboring the thought, for merit, properly exploited, invariably receives recognition. No live business man of to-day is filling his positions of trust with blockheads to oblige his friends.

Go carefully over the career of the self-made man. Witness cash boys who have risen to high places of trust, or the office boy who finally succeeds his employer, and you will learn that they had a faculty of making their employer feel their worth.

Some young men fail because they are too diffident, lack self-assurance. This fault can be charged to their modest ambition. Therefore, I conclude it is better to be egotistical than to underestimate one's ability.

Some young men fail because they do not realize that it is not what a young man is, but what he makes himself. As the progress upward is as imperceptible as the growth of the sturdy oak, young men often become discouraged and give up the struggle, settle down and take things in a matter-of-fact way, when a few years more of hustling would bring them to the goal of their ambition. Many young men who do well in minor positions fail when they take a step higher because they lack executive ability.

But patience is also a wonderful factor in a man's success—patience to wait for results. I have made it a practice to conclude that the difference between what I receive in the way of salary and what I think I ought to get is so much capital stored up, experience being the intrinsic coin in which I am paid. This is also very consoling to the underpaid young man, who, if not counting up this capital, would leave employment that promised advancement for something less certain of improvement.

Young men should bear in mind that it is during the early years of manhood that a reputation is built up, and that the young man who achieves distinction as a spendthrift and dissipater can never hope for a position of trust.

I would earnestly advise young men to read the lives of great men—and especially of self-made men—Lincoln, Garfield, Napoleon, Cæsar, John A. Stewart, and hundreds of others.

Chicago, Illinois. RALPH B. POLK.

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, March, 1900.

DURING this last week I have felt as though I were living between the covers of a three volume novel, and that I was hero, heroine and Fate all in one. Some one has said that "Love is an egotism of two," but I would make that saying read in this present love affair, "Love is an egotism of three," for my part in this romance has been quite as important as Page's, or as Alain de Courcelles'. I have not only had to overcome the heroine's pride and plead the hero's cause, but I have enacted the fairy godmother to perfection. Robert says he is thankful that my attention has been diverted from the iniquities of the Republican party, for the time being at least, and that the Puerto Rican Bill has given place in my mind to the De Courcelles' *billet-doux*.

When we drove home from the Capitol the day that the bill passed the House, I was full of curiosity and anxiety to know what it was that Mr. Morelos had told Page and what it was that the newspaper which he had given her contained. We had scarcely reached home and Page had but just plunged into her reading when the footman brought me a packet which had come in my absence, and which bore a foreign postmark and was in unfamiliar handwriting. While Page was absorbed, I tore open my packet and found inclosed a letter addressed to me, together with one bearing Page's name. They were both from Alain de Courcelles, and were of much import, as I soon found out. In mine was the grave announcement of his mother's death, and also the announcement that he had inherited her private fortune. He then stated that, though such a bereavement was perhaps not the most fitting occasion upon which to follow the "affairs of the heart," he begged me nevertheless, as the person nearest to Page, and as the only one, in lieu of relations, whom he could approach, to make to her a formal proffer of his hand and to give to her the inclosed letter. He went on to say that he would be unable to return at once to the United States as he had to comply with certain formalities under the French law in the settling of his mother's affairs, but that he would come the first moment that he could be released, and meantime would I supplement his letter of pleading with special pleading of my own in his behalf.



SENATOR WETMORE TELLS MANY FUNNY STORIES

I don't remember to have been as much excited over my own affair with Robert in years gone by as I was over this offer of marriage of Alain de Courcelles, but then Robert had not been a French Marquis, with a château in Brittany and a hôtel in Paris. He had been only an every-day sort of man, a dealer in hides and tan-bark, and instead of a château and hôtel had been possessed of a large tannery solely. I looked across at Page. She had just finished her newspaper and also was folding up a letter. She handed them to me without saying anything, but her face was very white.

I glanced at them. The paper contained, just as I thought it would, the announcement of the death of the Marquise de Courcelles. The letter was more remarkable. It was from a notary in the little town in Brittany where she had died, and it was written before her death, as the date of it testified. In this letter the notary, in the most formal and polite manner, desired, in the name of the Marquise, information concerning the young American lady for whom it was alleged the Marquis de Courcelles had formed an attachment. In stilted fashion the full name and age of the young lady and date of commencement of this attachment were asked for, very much as though the coming of love were a matter of the seasons and could be reckoned by the date of the calendar. I ran over this letter hurriedly, then I handed my letter from Alain de Courcelles to Page and watched the alternate red and white color play over her face. At its close she sank down into a chair as though overcome and looked up at me appealingly.

"Well, Page," said I, "I am to act for him, and I make right here a formal offer of marriage to you, in his name. Will you accept?" And I smiled in pleased anticipation.

"Ah don' entirely understan' yet, Mrs. Slocum," she said in bewilderment.

"Page, here is his letter to you, and if I do not mistake, it will explain."

I handed to her the unfolded letter which came within mine, addressed to her, then I mercifully walked away while she read it with trembling fingers. After quite an interval I heard my name softly called. I went back to her where she still sat. She could not trust herself to speak, so I said:

"Was it satisfactory, Page?"

She nodded her head just as a child would have done, and tears stood in her eyes. I was in great hopes that she would show me his letter, but she held it tightly in her fingers as though it were too precious. At last she said reproachfully:

"You've known about it all this time an' kept it from me. Ah don' see why you didn' tell me long ago."

And then at last I told her all that Alain de Courcelles had told me before he went away. I interrupted my recital every little while with the question:

"What will your answer be, Page?"

But she shook her head as though doubtful, and said:

"Ah mus' have time to think it all out."

We talked all the rest of the afternoon and into the deepening twilight and up to the dinner hour, and still Page would not commit herself fully. I knew that she loved Alain de Courcelles, but she would not say it in so many words. Just as we were about to separate to dress for dinner there came a messenger boy bringing a cablegram addressed to Page. She tore it open in an agitated manner, then held it out to me. It read:

"Cannot bear suspense of waiting for letter. Cable reply. Alain de Courcelles."



SENATOR P—— SAYS GENERAL CORBIN HAS NOT CARED WHETHER HE WAS LIKED OR NOT

There was a moment or two of silence. Page had a terrified, half-desperate look on her face, and I stared at her in consternation. We were both in almost a panic. I said at last:

"You will have to send some sort of answer, and, Page, it might as well be the truth."

She seized the blank form of a cablegram and wrote without faltering:

"Yes. Page Mason."

The die was cast, and all the rest of that evening I was planning in my mind what sort of a wedding there should be and what amount of *dot* Robert and I should give this young girl. I ran over the brilliant weddings which Washington high-life had witnessed during the winter, beginning with the Admiral of the Navy and including the daughter of the General of the Army and ending in the Pauncefote-Bromley nuptials. Well, St. John's Church should shelter yet another distinguished bridal party when Page should become Marquise de Courcelles. We decided that not one word should be spoken of the affair until Alain de Courcelles should have arrived in this country and the day had been appointed.

Meantime Lent is well along, and the season for prayer-books and piety, reflection and charity is in full swing, though, as some pessimistic man said, the only thing that keeps Lent persistently, nowadays, is the extra dollar which he had hoped to lay away for a rainy day. One part of society instituted a veritable Lenten penance, however, by giving some theatricals the other night, and Page and I agreed that not even the cleverness of Mr. Reginald de Koven in the chief male rôle could redeem the play sufficiently to make it other than a sacrificial offering of the season. The multitude of smart dinners which preceded the play, however, were charming, as was also the supper after the play given by the Secretary of State. At one of the dinners I was taken out by Senator P——, and he was most amusing and kept our end of the table in high good humor. Both he and Senator Wetmore told many good stories, though it seemed impossible at times to keep the conversation entirely off dangerous political topics, and again and again would the Puerto Rican matter crop up, for it is most evident that signals of distress are flying on the breeze, and it is enough to watch the face of any Republican when the question is discussed to know that some very lively back-pedaling has got to be done if the party hopes to get down the hill in safety. I promised Robert that I would not start the topic myself, nor would I mention to any one the avalanche of letters that has come upon him from his constituents, all more or less threatening. I plainly see defeat ahead for the member from Spruce City, but to this Robert only smiles inscrutably and says:

"Just wait a bit, Agatha; you don't suppose that a whole great party has deliberately gone wrong, do you? If a mistake has been made we are strong enough and wise enough to remedy it, and you must remember that Washington has said of public opinion that 'In a free and republican government we cannot restrain the voice of the multitude. Every man will speak as he thinks, or, more properly, without thinking, and consequently judge of effects without attending to their causes.'"

"That is all very well, Robert, but Bancroft says that 'The public is wiser than the wisest critic,'" I retorted.

I shall be very much undone if Robert and I are destined to quarrel on politics, but I have heeded his request and have not brought up the Puerto Rican question, and at this dinner I turned the subject when some of the others at our end of the table got upon it. I seized with avidity upon the mention of the Senate inquiry into General Corbin's war record, and I found but one opinion, that the attack upon him is cowardly and unjust, and that his letter to Senator Davis is considered to be a fine example of straightforward manliness. Senator P—— says that General Corbin has not cared whether he was personally liked or not, and that his soldier's training has made him rather arbitrary and brusque and unwilling to conciliate even when he wished for promotion, and that that is about all there is behind the attack upon him. Just here the theme threatened to bark

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

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back to the political situation, for it was but a step from General Corbin's letter to Senator Davis—to Senator Davis' proposition to amend the bill for Puerto Rico now in the Senate by substituting free trade for the fifteen per cent. duty clause, but here Senator P—— and Robert both interposed with amusing stories which sent the conversational ball rolling briskly away from the danger point.

Senator P—— spoke of the Lenten season, and then, apropos of it, told a funny story about the predicament the Senate was led into by Senator Voorhees one Ash Wednesday morning some years ago. There was a certain bill which threatened to come up in the Senate, and it was a piece of legislation that the Senator was most anxious to stave off. As soon as the morning prayer was over the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" suddenly remembered that it was Ash Wednesday. So he arose to his feet and, with a gravity and solemnity that would have done credit to the blind chaplain himself, said:

"I wish to call the attention of the Senate to the day. This is Ash Wednesday, and the rest of this week is holy week, with Holy Thursday and Good Friday succeeding each other as days of prayer, and I move that, in deference to this solemn season, the Senate shall adjourn until Tuesday after Easter Monday."

The Senate was taken so unawares and was so amazed, and there were so few Senators present, that before anybody realized what had been done the motion had been carried, and the Senate woke up to find that it had adjourned for six weeks. Senator P—— and Senator Wetmore and Robert led the laugh, and then some one asked:

"But what did they do? Did they stay adjourned for six weeks?"

"Oh, no," replied Senator P——. "They got together the Tuesday after the Senate had been declared adjourned, and corrected the journal and amended it, so that the adjournment appeared to have been made to that day."

From this story the talk suddenly became all about the relative merits of baked beans. It is rather a far cry from Senator Voorhees to baked beans, and some of us at the table were considerably mystified as to what bearing such an edible had upon things in general, but it soon became evident that the Senate restaurant has become famous for hot baked beans served on Sunday morning to various grave and reverend seigniors, and that the bean-pot comes up fresh from the pit of earth under the Capitol, where it has reposed since Saturday covered over with red-hot coals, and its contents disappear like chaff before the wind. I asked:

"Who attend these bean-feasts, Senator P——?"

"Oh, we all take a turn at it. Frye and Littlefield both are to be seen there at times, and Senators Proctor and Cullom sometimes come in, and I often go, of course. I can testify that no other beans taste as these do; perhaps it is the effort of getting there on Sunday morning that makes them so savory, for it is a clear case of 'seeking sauce by labor,' as Horace would say. By the way, does any one know whether Cullom has got away yet?"

And here the talk turned to Senator Cullom and the fight he has on his hands for reelection and the war of extermination which Mr. Tanner is waging against him in Illinois, and, in connection with it, of course, the Hawaiian Bill was talked of.



SENATOR DAVIS WHO PROPOSES TO SUBSTITUTE FREE TRADE

I was in the Senate the day that Mr. Cullom made his pathetic plea for a cessation of debate over the Hawaiian Bill in order that he might get away to attend to Mr. Tanner out in Illinois. The Senate is noted for the tremendous talk-box it keeps on hand, and it only has to turn the crank to let loose a flow of eloquence that can go on, like Tennyson's brook, forever. So when the eloquence on the Hawaiian Bill was about a week old and with no sign of cessation, Senator Cullom arose from his seat and said in a despairing tone, which went home to the heart of every listener:

"Gentlemen of the Senate, there is a matter of importance pressing upon me which I cannot specify on the floor of the Senate, but when I assure you that I am anxious to get away from here and that I cannot go until the Hawaiian Bill is out of the way, you will understand just what I mean, I hope."

This produced an instantaneous effect and forthwith the fountain of eloquence ceased, for every man perfectly understood that Senator Cullom had the fight of his life on his hands, and the Hawaiian Bill, minus the amendment to pay Liliuokalani for her interest in the crown lands of Hawaii, passed without division.

I was much interested in this bill from the beginning, for I knew that it promised unlimited amusement from the time that the clerk should read out the ex-queen's name down to the final disposition of the matter. I had not forgotten his wonderful performance when he had wrestled with the bones in the royal Hawaiian mausoleum, so I lent my most attentive ear, and I was fully rewarded. He rolled out her name in this bloodthirsty style, "Lily-Kill-Annie," and the listener was left with the horrible suspicion that this poor, homeless ex-queen must be possessed of some homicidal mania.

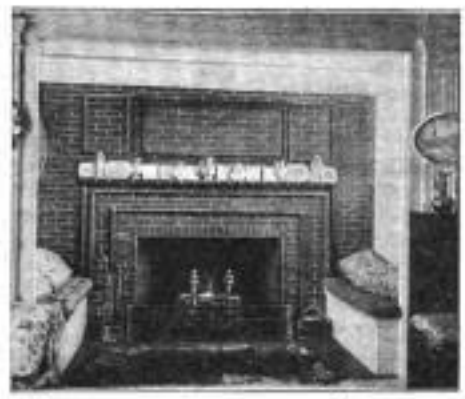
Senator P—— says that he remembers when Liliuokalani made a royal tour through this country during the lifetime of the reigning king, Kalakaua, and that the Government and society received them with all the deference due to their rank as royalties. At that time Mr. Carter was the Hawaiian Minister accredited here, and he gave a brilliant entertainment to which all the officials, together with the most exclusive of the smart set of that day, were bidden, and the princess created a most favorable impression. They were dignified and seemed possessed of that nameless sort of majesty which belongs even to savages, if they hold imperial station.

This description of Senator P——'s illustrates impressively the grimness of human mutability, or, to put it in the language of another:

"All our life goeth like Penelope's web, and what one hour effects, another destroys."

I had a glimpse of this famous ex-queen the other day, and any one who mistakes her for an ordinary negress must be lacking in all discrimination. To be sure, even in the days of her royalty and youth, one could scarcely have applied to her that line from Tennyson, "Queen lily and rose in one," but she possesses dignity to an unusual degree, and in her plain, well-cut black satin gown, in which she is usually attired, she is no insignificant figure. Mrs. Dominis lives quietly here in Washington on Fifteenth Street. She is usually attended by her secretary, Mr. Joseph Heleluhe, and sometimes even by her nephew, Prince David, when he is in this country. When the ex-queen walks upon the street she is attended by a good-looking young Hawaiian girl who is well-dressed and who follows usually a pace or two behind her, and in turn this pair is attended by a trim-looking white maid-servant who carries the wraps and the purse, and walks well behind both mistress and maid. The ex-queen remains here in the hope that the Government will pension her, or make her some small *douceur* in compensation for her dethronement, but in view of the fact that the amendment looking to her relief was laid on the table the other day amid profound silence and indifference, and in spite of Mr. Hoar's amendment to the Consular and Diplomatic Bill for the amelioration of her condition, I am afraid that Liliuokalani has made her last appearance as queen of the Hawaiian Islands before the Senate of the United States.





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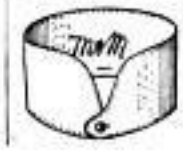
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Tales Told by Handwriting

By Wm. J. Kinsley

THE stories of many cases in the solving of which handwriting has played a prominent part read like romances.

A few years ago a committee from a church brought to the office of the writer several letters written and mailed on different dates from various cities calling the pastor of their church to fields of greater usefulness—at larger salaries—each letter offering a few hundred dollars more than the preceding one. Upon the receipt of each call, a committee meeting was held and the pastor's salary raised to meet the offer of the call. The fourth call within a year caused the committee to decide that they had reached their limit—and also aroused suspicion. When the documents were brought to the writer's office two questions were asked: first, are, or are not, the four letters in one handwriting, and second, are they in the handwriting of the person who wrote the standards (afterward admitted to be the pastor)? It was decided that all four "calls" were written by the same person—and he the pastor. It was decided to let him take the last call.

"Billy" Woodward, alias "Big Hawley," the prince of gamblers and blackmailers, who boasted on the witness-stand that he was "thirty-seven years old and had been arrested thirty-seven times, but never convicted once," was convicted that time—the thirty-eighth—and by his handwriting. This conviction was for blackmail in endeavoring to frighten a wealthy and honorable gentleman into paying $100,000. Woodward always "played for large stakes," as he expressed it. He admitted that in three months he cheated his victims of over $1,000,000. Arrested time and time again, he wriggled out of the clutches of the law by various means—once on an alibi, proving that he was in jail in one town on the day he was charged with a robbery in another city.

The two Davis Will Cases, involving respectively $13,000,000 and $2,000,000, and the Tighe Will Case, involving $1,500,000, are some of the recent instances in which the expert in handwriting has been in the foreground.

A TALE THAT BEGGARS BELIEF

Several years ago the New York courts brought to light a story which equaled in interest the tales of Dumas, Scott or Stevenson. A Boston newspaper writer and art critic of prominence and family, owing to the alleged discovery that he was using his paper to "bull" and "bear" the stocks in which he himself was speculating at the same time, left Boston in 1854. He took with him $70,000, which another man claimed, and quietly established himself in New York.

By investment and speculation this snug fortune grew to a million or more. Yet no one in New York knew that the "Miser," as he was called, possessed enough to buy even the cheapest Bowery meal. He would hang around restaurants and eat scraps and leavings. Clothes he never bought and was always clad in filthy rags. His one absorbing passion was music, and it was the one thing for which he would spend money. He would beg admission and try to induce well-dressed auditors to pay his way in, but if these schemes failed, as a last resort, he would pay for the cheapest seat in the house.

One cold day in the middle of December, 1885, the "Miser" was run over by a cab. When he was taken to the hospital it was found that he had no underwear, no shirt, no vest—only the ragged coat that he had worn for twenty years. He begged to be taken "home"—and such a home—a squalid garret. Here he died a few days later.

A lawyer produced an old power of attorney given him by the "Miser." It was a document which gave absolute power to the attorney. This attorney claimed that the deceased had promised to leave all of his property to his "dearest friend"—naming the lawyer. He had witnesses to prove this; claimed that the old miser's trunk had been rifled and a will leaving the property to him (the lawyer) stolen.

A friend of the deceased remembered that the "Miser" had left a bundle of papers, tied up in a large red bandana handkerchief, in his care nearly twenty years before. The package was taken from the safe, opened and found to contain nearly $400,000. The Metropolitan Bank informed the authorities that it held $40,000 more in the same name which had been idle for nearly twenty years. A large amount in ready cash was found in the hair-covered trunk in the attic. It is not too much to suppose that he was worth from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 when he died.

Upon this discovery the lawyer redoubled his efforts, and the power of attorney was mainly relied on to prove his contentions. An expert examination of the document brought to light that several lines had been added to it after it had been signed, and these added lines made it unlimited instead of limited as it read originally. The handwriting and ink in the added lines were different from the originals and in some places the added writing overlapped the signature—thus proving that this writing was made after the signature. The expert proof was so clear that the claimant lost his case and the property went to the heirs.

A DUMMY BANK AND A VISIONARY CORONER

In another case, certified checks were shown to have been written and certified by one penman, although there purported to be four different handwritings on them. A bogus bank was opened and the first few checks went through the clearing house all right and were promptly paid. When confidence had been established the city was flooded with fraudulent checks which, when presented at the "bank," were found to be forgeries and the bank a dummy.

The case of a coroner in a large city was a unique if not gruesome one. The coroners were paid a certain sum for each inquest held, and in one month the coroner presented bills for one hundred and fifty inquisitions—about ten of them genuine and one hundred and forty bearing forged signatures of jurors and witnesses. Some of the jurors purported to live on streets not in the city, and others at numbers higher than the streets extended.

Forgeries on the nominating petitions of candidates for political offices are of frequent occurrence.

OUR IGNORANCE OF OUR OWN HANDWRITING

Occasionally we see in public prints that certain forgeries are so skillfully executed that even the owner of the name cannot tell whether his signature is forged or genuine. This is considered by some as indicating extraordinary skill on the part of the forger, and also that an expert's opinion in such a case must be of no value, since the owner of the name doesn't know his own handwriting. But there is nothing unusual about either the skill displayed or the occurrence. Writers themselves are usually unacquainted with those tell-tale minor characteristics which form the basis of an expert's opinion.

The writer was a witness in a case some two years ago in which some bankers and others were testifying as experts on the other side. As they claimed to be able to identify, offhand, the signatures of the plaintiff, the writer had the plaintiff write his own name several times, leaving spaces between. In these spaces the writer forged the plaintiff's name. In less than ten minutes the attorney asked the plaintiff which were his and which were forged—so that the opposing experts might be properly cross-examined—and the plaintiff, who but a few minutes before had watched the writer forge his name, was unable to pick out his own signatures, with the ink on them scarcely dry.

So much for knowing one's own handwriting.

THE CRAZE FOR THE ANONYMOUS LETTER

People who, to cast blame on some one else, or to arouse sympathy, write anonymous and threatening letters to themselves, furnish a peculiar study for the psychologist as well as the handwriting expert. Such cases are by no means uncommon. I recall the circumstance of a young woman customer of a large Western store who brought to the proprietors of the store anonymous letters she had received, charging her with being in love with the manager of the store. The clerks, manager and proprietors received similar anonymous letters—all apparently in different handwritings. An examination of the handwriting of every one connected with the store exonerated them all. At last the handwriting of the young woman in question was examined, and it was found that she herself had written all four (apparently) different handwritings, including the letters to herself. It was found that she was in love with the manager, that he didn't know it, and that in her desperation to win him and attract his attention she took this means of arousing his sympathy.

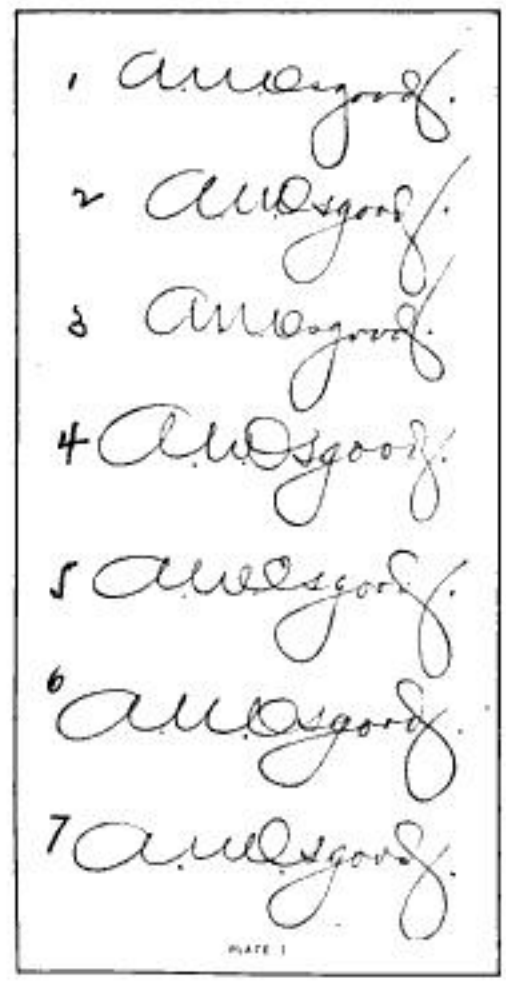


PLATE I

A TEST OF EXPERT SKILL

Plate 1 serves to illustrate two things: first, a court-room test to trip the expert, and, second, to show how even a skillful forger overlooks some marked characteristics. This particular case is selected because of its simplicity, as even a layman can see the differences without study. During cross-examination of the writer by a New York attorney (one of the most skillful offhand simulators of signatures in the country), these seven signatures written in lead pencil were handed to the writer and he was asked to pick out the genuine from the forged. The witness asked the court for an hour's time to study them, and this was allowed. In fifteen minutes, however, he picked out numbers one and three as the genuine and the five others as forged. This was right. The defendant, following this decision, pleaded guilty.

No one can write his name twice exactly alike—that is, so that when one signature is placed over another and the two held up to the light that but one signature appears. When two signatures are found that exactly superimpose it may be accepted as a fact that at least one of them is a forgery. In all handwriting there is a normal, healthful variation.

Tracings are made in various ways; by holding the sheet of paper between the light

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by William J. Kinsley, the first of which appeared in the Post of March 17.

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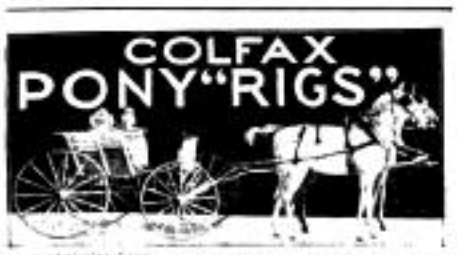
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and the eye with copy to be traced beneath; or by making copy on tracing cloth or paper and transferring it in lead pencil and then inking it over. Photographic reproductions are also sometimes made. Traced writings usually show in the quality of the lines that they are not genuine. The lines look too formal, halting, hesitating—lacking the life of genuine, offhand, cursive writing.

The question of "guided" hand occasionally arises. This term is applied to writing when the writer's hand has been guided by the hand of another. This is done frequently when the writer is ill, and as the person assisting very often injects his or her characteristics into the handwriting of the signer, it raises a dispute as to whether or not the signature was the voluntary act of the signer.

A difficult thing to imitate is the tremulousness of old age—and in several important cases forgers have been unmasked by attempting it. A strong, controlled hand, simulating weakness and uncontrol is certain to betray its strength at some point and almost certain to overdo the tremor at others.

That handwriting, when once thoroughly learned, and beyond the period when thought is given to the mechanical part, is entirely unconscious reflex action there can be no doubt. Even while writing this article the writer has found his mind at times intent on other subjects—yet his pen has been flying over the paper at the rate of thirty-five words a minute.

The question has arisen whether or not a hypnotized person would retain his characteristic handwriting. Checks, notes, deeds and various documents have been signed in apparently natural handwriting of individuals who afterward claimed that they were in a hypnotic state at the time they signed them. On the other hand, it was contended that if these individuals were in other than their normal state their writing would be totally different. The writer investigated the subject, but could find no records of any tests.

The two specimens shown in Plate 2 were written by a young man twenty years of age—one in his normal state, the other in a hypnotic state—in a test made by the writer in 1898. It will be noticed that the characteristic misspelling of the word "speciman" is also the same, and that the two samples of writing are characteristically the same. This is further proof that handwriting is unconscious reflex action.

DETECTING RAISED DRAFTS AND CHECKS

The ink used in the handwriting often takes a decisive part in disputed writing cases. Crossed or superimposed ink lines have settled many a case. Where it is claimed that all writings on a document were put there at one time, and it can be shown that some lines, which, in order of writing, should have been put on the paper first, were in reality put on after others, of course fraud is evident. And if the document purports to be all written in one ink and two or more are found, this, too, is an indication of fraud.

The writer had an interesting case a few years ago where a few words were added to a check after it had been canceled and returned from the bank. It was important to know whether or not these words were on the check when it was given to the payee. The check had been canceled by punching out of the paper the word "Paid." To give the appearance of genuineness to the added words they were run so close to holes made by the punch as to run into the holes. This is where the forger made his mistake. An examination under the microscope showed that the edges of paper—the wall of the punch holes—where ink lines overran, in the disputed writing, were smeared with ink, and there was even a little ink around the punch holes on the back of the check. Where the punch had run through the dry ink lines in the original writing no such phenomena existed.

TRICKS OF CRIMINAL PENMEN

A common trick is to "raise" or alter documents by chemical erasures, additions and alterations. It is an easy matter to change nine to nineteen hundred, or nine thousand or nineteen thousand, and it is frequently done. The Nevada Bank case, where a twelve-dollar draft was altered to read twenty-two thousand dollars, is one of the most recent successful raisings. Another scheme is the erasing, by means of chemicals, of the body of a document—a receipt or short letter—leaving the signature unaltered, and writing a note or obligation over the genuine signature.

The handwriting expert must be an ink expert as well, and must equip himself with the necessary chemicals. He must know the constituents of the many kinds of ink, how erasing fluids and reagents act on them, and know how to restore faded and erased ink lines, etc. Comparatively little is known of the chemistry of ink—even by ink laboratory chemists—and there is much charlatan posing by many so called "ink experts." There is no ink made that is a safety ink—that is, that will withstand the action of chemicals and water. The various "protectors" in shape of special papers, etc., have been found too expensive and cumbersome, and, after all, do not protect.

The paper used in disputed documents often furnishes a clue to a forgery. The water-mark, the ruling, the fibre, all have to be examined, and the expert is expected to be able to do this. The microscope is of great service in examining handwriting, ink and paper. Simulated tremulousness, patched and overwritten lines, the serrations of an ink line, the fibre of the paper and the nerve tremor can all be studied best under the microscope.

Graphology is sometimes confounded with the work of the handwriting expert. The graphologist pretends to read in the handwriting the character of the writer; the handwriting expert reads the characteristics of the handwriting. The graphologist claims to read character only in undisguised writing—some of them even going so far as to say that it is unfair to submit to them even an undisguised specimen which was written for that special purpose. The handwriting expert has to compare disguised with undisguised writing and identify the writer. The graphologist is unable to identify the writer of a document where the writing is forged.

In this, as in other professions, a notoriety-seeking, newspaper-puffed charlatan can do more damage to the calling in a year than many honest and skilled men can repair in a lifetime. And the profession of expert handwriting has attracted to it charlatans who would disgrace and bring odium on any calling.

The writer believes the remedy for this evil and all others is to have official court experts.

When the days of official experts are here we can look for greater confidence in opinions expressed, and the wider use of the identification of the individual by his handwriting. And in that day life and property will be safer.

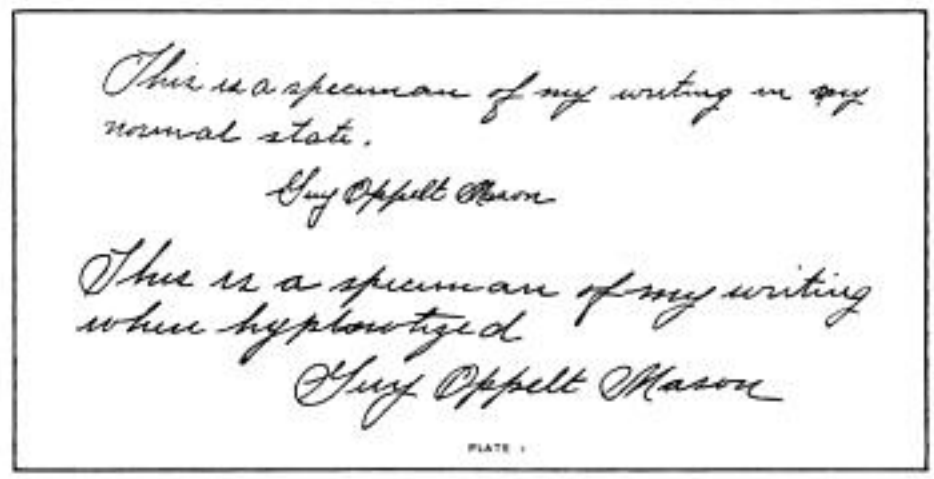


PLATE I



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Sixteenth Chapter

AS SOON as they had drifted some little distance from the Serapis, O'Neill arose, threw off the boat cloak and stepped aft to the stern-sheets, where Elizabeth sat motionless, holding the tiller. He knelt down before her.

"Elizabeth, dearest, we have actually escaped!" he said softly, stooping toward her. "I did not think it possible." Elizabeth released the tiller, took his head in her hands and kissed him in happy exultation.

"Free! Free!" she murmured, "and together—my own, my own!"

"Yes, yes; and with you!" he whispered, giving back kiss for kiss and stretching out his hands toward her. There was a little pause broken by a rough voice, which the owner had evidently tried to render more gentle. In a hoarse whisper the man at the oars asked: "W'ere are ye a-headin' of the boat, Yer Leddyship?"

"I know not," she answered wildly, seizing the tiller again, "only away from that awful ship."

"Who is this man at the oars?" asked O'Neill, sitting down by Elizabeth, and taking the tiller from her nervous hands.

"Well, Yer Honor," said a low, deep voice with a smothered laugh in it, "my name ashore w'ere I was left by Cap'n Jones t'other night to look arter you, mought be Smith, or Brown, or anything else, but yere in this boat it's Price—William P. Price."

"Price!" exclaimed O'Neill in great surprise. "How did you find him, dearest?"

"I found her, please Yer Honor," replied the man. "I seed Her Leddyship a-comin' down to the beach, an' I ups an' captures a small boat from the English, which the man'll be awful disapp'inted like w'en he don't find her to-morrow, an' then I ups an' offers to take her, an' I tells her I knows you an' we fixed it up, an' here y'are!"

They were not yet so far from the Serapis, even by this time, but that the quick ear of the girl detected the confusion on her decks; heard the shrill piping of the boatswain and his mates, the sharp commands of the officers, the trampling of many feet. She clutched her lover nervously, all alert at the thought of further danger to him.

"Oh," she whispered, "they are doing something on the ship. Our escape is discovered; they will come after us."

"Not with the whole ship," he answered smiling.

"I think they're gittin' under way, sir," observed the old seaman. "Listen to the clankin' o' the pawls, Yer Honor."

"You are right. It cannot be after us, though. A cutter or two would suffice for that."

"It'll be fur the Richard an' the rest of 'em. Our weasel ought to be a-comin' up from Flamburry putty soon, now. But if I mought make so bold, w'ere are ye headin' fur now, sir?"

"We head for the Richard, of course," said the young man promptly.

"That's w'ere we b'long," said the sailor joyfully. "I don't want no fightin' goin' on an' I ain't there."

"Nor I," replied O'Neill. "I would put you ashore, Elizabeth, before we go, but——"

"'Whither thou goest, I will go; . . . . thy people shall be my people,'" she quoted softly.

"Oh, to be worthy of it all, to be worthy!" he answered.

William grinned sympathetically, wiped his mouth wistfully with the back of his hand and tried to look away. Presently, unshipping the oars, the two men stepped the mast and hoisted the small sail. The little boat under the freshening breeze began to draw through the water rapidly. In order to win out of the mouth of the harbor they would have to pass in a direction which would bring them once more near the moving Serapis. They could hardly hope to escape discovery. They had, of course, gained a good start on the frigate, but as her great height enabled her to catch the freshening breeze blowing over the hills, which was lost to the smaller craft, she literally rushed down upon them.

A noble picture she made to those in the boat. Ghostlike and eerie in the pale moonlight shining fitfully through the overcast heavens, the great white ship towered above them, her soaring masts covered with clouds of snowy canvas stretching far out on either side on the spreading yardarms. Her sails swept the skies, her keel ploughed the deeps, the wind sang in the top hamper; the white water, shot with sparks, piled up in front of her, bubbled and played around her forefoot, and rolled away on either side in broad sheets of foamy phosphorescence. The yellow lights of the battle-lanterns streamed through her open ports, a drum was grimly rolling the call to battle on her decks. Dark forms passed to and fro; men leaped hither and thither in casting loose the double row of great black guns; sometimes a vivid flash in the moonlight proclaimed a drawn sword. Presently the cries and orders died away, the men settled down at their stations; silently the huge fabric, a splendid example of that power which for twice two hundred years had ruled the seas, swept toward them. O'Neill watched her with generous admiration.

"A fit antagonist even for our great Captain," he cried, all his enthusiasm aroused by the ship. "And nobly handled," he added. "Mark the discipline; see the order!"

"Ay, sir, that'll be a hard one to take, but we'll take her, never fear," said the old seaman, sharing his officer's ungrudging approbation of their gallant foe.

As they drew toward the mouth of the harbor the wind came stronger. The little boat fairly roared through the white-capped waves. She heeled over until the water trickled in on the lee side, but O'Neill resolutely and skillfully held her up to it. He could not afford to lose an inch of distance to leeward, for the water shallowed rapidly in that direction, and abounded in rocks as well. The Serapis was alongside now—they had not yet been observed. The attention of the men on the frigate was fixed upon the approaching ships to the southeast, now plainly visible. O'Neill fairly held his breath as he congratulated himself that they were to be passed by unnoticed. Suddenly a sharp cry rang out just as the Serapis drew ahead.

"Sail ho! Boat ahoy there!" For a moment the small boat lay right in the path of light cast by the brilliantly illuminated stern-ports of the frigate.

"'Tis the prisoner! He that escaped!" shouted a powerful voice.

"Sentry, give him a shot from your piece!" cried Captain Pearson himself, springing on the rail and leaning over toward them. Old Price shook his fist at the frigate in stout defiance. The sharp crack of a musket rang out in the air. The bullet seemed to have struck something forward in the boat. A shudder swept through the little craft, a hoarse cry quivered through the night; there was a splash, the boat struck something, and that something, whatever it was, rasped along her keel as she drove ahead.

"Clear away the second cutter," cried another voice on the frigate.

"Keep all fast," shouted Pearson; "we have bigger game to-night," and then he hollowed his hand and cried out as the Serapis drew rapidly away: "We'll take care of you, sir, in the morning, when we return!" A few more musket shots were fired at them from different parts of the ship. One bullet tore through the sail and whistled by the ear of the young Lieutenant, but did no harm.

"We are saved again," cried Elizabeth.

"But not without a cost," said the young man solemnly.

"What mean you? Are you hurt?" she cried.

"Price!" called O'Neill softly, though he knew it was useless.

There was no answer.

"It was he," added O'Neill gravely; "he was hit by the first shot and went overboard. Did you not feel him strike the keel?"

"He helped us—both of us—in time of need—our way to liberty and happiness seems to be over the bodies of those who love us," she cried piteously.

"So it has ever been in the world; a thousand deaths to make one life, a thousand griefs to make one joy," he answered, laying his hand tenderly upon her head.

"But, come what may," she added, looking up resolutely with all the selfishness of love, "I have you at last, and we are together again."

"Aye, let us pray it may be forever, sweetheart."

They were out of the harbor now, and the Serapis was stretching along to the northeast to gain an offing, with the Scarborough some distance ahead of her and to leeward. The lighter draft of the small boat permitted O'Neill to head her directly for the coming American ships, whose lights, and the ships themselves, were now plainly visible in the moonlight.

Seventeenth Chapter

"THE battle which will take place to-night, yonder, decides my fate," said O'Neill. "I hope to Heaven I may arrive in time to take my part in it. The Richard is fearfully short of officers at best; Landais, who has the Alliance, is crazy and a coward; Cottineau, in the Pallas, is an unknown quantity, and the rest have fled. Jones has only Richard Dale and a lot of midshipmen with him upon whom he can absolutely depend, and there are over two hundred prisoners in the hold. He needs me. If this breeze holds on I think we may intercept the Richard before the battle begins. Pray, dearest, as never before, for the success of our arms. It means life, and you, for me."

"It means life for me as well," Elizabeth answered, nestling against O'Neill and nerving herself up to the inevitable confession. How he would take it she did not know, or rather she would not permit herself to guess. She was conscious only of an impelling necessity to tell him the whole story, though she had deliberately waited until she believed he could do nothing.

"Ah, yes, 'tis sweet of you to say so, but not the same. Me they will hang, but not you," he answered fondly.

"Yes, they will," she replied. "I—I—I must confesseit to you before we go further; it weighs upon me. I also am guilty."

"Guilty! You! Of what, pray? Of loving me too much?" he queried, laughing in pure lightness of heart.

"No, not that," she answered, "but that—that order—your reprieve. It was—the Admiral did not sign it," she added desperately.

The murder was out.

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.



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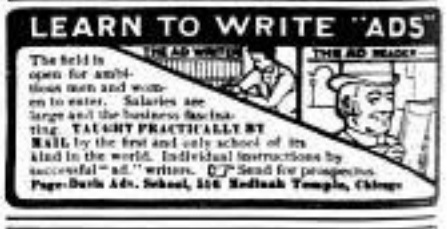
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'And who did, then?" he said, still auspicious of her meaning.

'I did it myself," she answered with rted head.

'It is not possible!" he exclaimed, with- wing from her a little in his astonishment.

''Twas for you — for you I did it — reproach not; nay, you shall not!" she cried, on to defend herself and her love, now the ret was out. "Captain Jones said six irs' delay and you were saved. There no other way. I begged, implored, reated the Admiral — he left me — went ay — I saw the man fixing that block — the es — I ran to him to make one more appeal, I he was not there. On his desk was an er giving me permission to see you, which had intended to give me, and had refused the last moment and left unsigned. His tch was there and his seal. I added the t and signed it myself — do not shrink m me!" she pleaded with changed mood ain. "Your anger — your disapproval — ls me. Is there no excuse that you can l for me?" Her appeal was so tender, affection so apparent, that she was her n justification.

'No man would have done it," he said, vering.

'But every woman would," she replied mptly, pressing her advantage. "Why you silent — your precious honor is safe, l as for mine——"

*

''Twas nobly done," he answered at last, complete surrender. "There is not a man in the world but would honor you for not a man who would not love you. You ve done that which I could not, and for ! My heart before, and now my life is urs, my heart's dearest!"

'I knew you would not like it," she swered, "but there was no other way. onfess I was terrified when Edward——"

"Good Heavens!" cried O'Neill, "he the order?"

"Yes," said the girl, cowering before him ain. In truth, this phase of the transaction d actually escaped her memory.

"Captain Pearson accepted it without questioning him?" he queried. She would have given all the world to lie to him, but even in the darkness she could not be further untrue, in his very presence, though now in a flash she saw it all.

"He — he doubted it," she whispered hesitatingly. "He handed the paper to Edward and asked him if it — it was all right."

"And Coventry?"

"He took it and looked at it, looked at me — I had forgotten him, I must confess," she went on brokenly, "and then he handed it back to Captain Pearson, and — and said it was correct — the signature, I mean."

*

"He knew, think you?" asked her lover with deadly calmness.

"Yes, he knew," she faltered.

"And the sentry — our unheeded escape?"

"Edward took his place; I might as well tell you all now," continued the girl desperately.

"Ah!" he said coldly and sternly; "and do you know, Lady Elizabeth, what the penalty is for such acts as his?"

"No," she replied in alarm; "I never thought. They will not harm him. He is the son of the Admiral — what is it?"

"They will shoot him, or hang him like a dog to the very yardarm prepared for me!" he answered with stern emphasis.

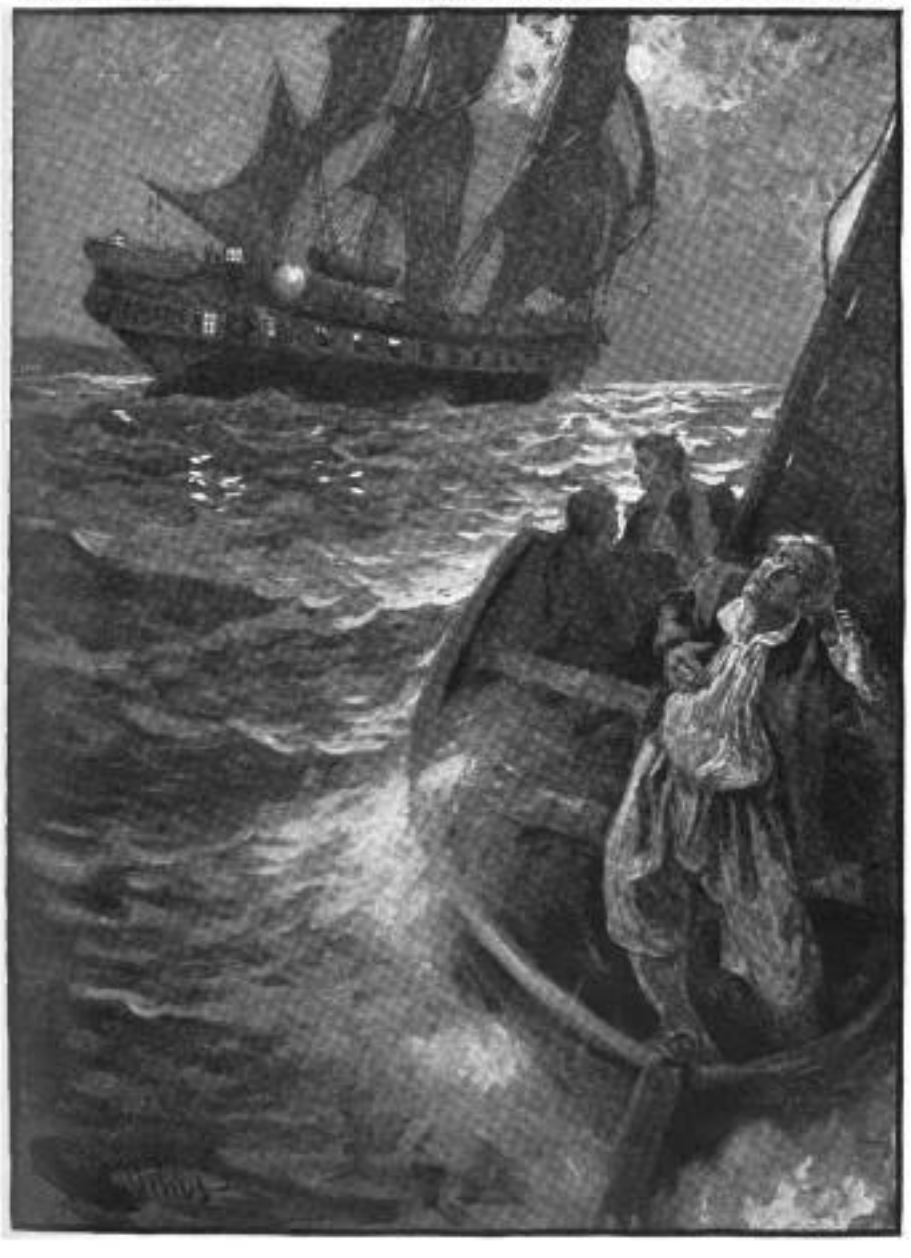
"No, no! It is not possible!" she cried, appalled at the naked fact.

"Aye, but it is," he replied, "and it is through your acts, and my blind acquiescence therein, that this honorable gentleman is done to death. This puts another face on the thing. You have made me a craven — I am dishonored — his life is sacrificed for me!"

"I did not mean to do it; I did not know," she wailed, stricken to the heart by his bitter reproach.

"Aye, but you should have known; but when women meddle in affairs of state the consequences oft exceed their narrow views. Pray God there may yet be time to rectify the frightful happening," said O'Neill bitterly, putting the helm hard over as he spoke.

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The boat swept around, the sail gybed, and they headed for the northeast.

"What is it you would do?" cried Elizabeth, laying her hand on the tiller.

"Follow the Serapis," he answered shortly.

"For what?"

"To give myself up, if possible, and thus insure his freedom."

"I knew—I knew it would be so," she whispered. "I loved him," she murmured, turning away. "I have sacrificed everything for him, and he repudiates, reproaches me. Oh, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!" she wailed in unconscious imitation of a greater sufferer. She drew away from him and knelt down in the boat, buried her face in her hands, leaning upon the weather gunwale. He looked at her a moment, and before the pathetic abandonment of her grief his anger melted. She was a woman; with her, love was all.

"Elizabeth," he said tenderly, "the bitterness of having caused that good man's death, his apparent dishonor, overwhelmed me. I love you, as you know, more than life itself. You are a woman—you see things differently. There is nothing above love in a woman's heart. Come back to me; your place is here, whatever happens. I love you the more for your great sacrifice, but now we must undo it if we can. Heaven has not smiled upon our meeting. Perhaps if we go hand in hand before God together we may find mercy; perhaps joy."

Elizabeth made no answer, but nestled against him, forgiven, contented. For a time they sailed the sea in silence. The clouds had broken and left a clear sky whence the moon had flooded the ocean with her silvery light, but the breeze came fitfully, and gradually died away where they now were, under the lee of the land. It was such a night as lovers dream of. They loved and they were together, side by side, alone, in the soft autumnal night, adrift on a summer sea. There was that in the past which kept them silent, and yet in their very proximity, in the hands that touched and clasped each other, the head that nestled on his shoulder, the arm that encircled her waist, the lips that met, the eyes that spoke, there was a sweetness which neither had ever known before.

By and by Elizabeth slipped down from the thwart and crouched down in the boat at his feet. O'Neill held the tiller with one hand, the other lightly stroked her golden hair. She was peacefully content; everything was out of her heart but him and the present; she was very still. O'Neill could see the soft curve of her cheek resting upon her sweet white hand in the moonlight. After one of the little intervals of silence he looked down upon her again. She made no motion, and did not reply to a word. He discovered that she was asleep.

He did not wonder. The experiences of the past few days would have killed any ordinary woman. How heroic she had been! With what abandon she had put aside everything for the purpose of saving him! She had not hesitated at anything. His love for her was measured by his honor—hers for him was boundless. 'Twas ever so, and he had reproached her, spoken harshly to her, upbraided her, turned away from her. Now his heart yearned over her. He vowed that if God did permit them to escape from the perils which environed them he would make up to her for every unkind word spoken, every reproach, every cutting glance, by an eternity of devotion.

The night, the ocean, the loneliness impressed him. What had he ever done to be so blessed in the love of this noble woman? His life, as he had said, had been an idle one. In the courts he had played at hearts as he played at war on the ships, for the fun of the game. With her a serious purpose had entered his life and was before him. The silence of the night was broken only by the soft splash of the waves, as the little boat rocked gently through them. The gentle wind grew fainter and fainter; presently the flap of the idle sail against the mast apprised him that it had gone.

The white Serapis and her consort were far, far ahead, going fast and leaving a long white wake across the sea. They seemed to have kept the breeze which had failed the small boat. Coming up from the southward he could see the black shapes of the Richard and her attendant ships. What would he not have given to be upon the deck by the side of that dauntless Captain? But even could he approach the two ships that privilege would be denied him, for honor demanded that he present himself upon the deck of the Serapis without delay. It might be that it would be too late even then to save Coventry, but he would go and do his best. When the boat lost way he sat a moment in indecision. He was loth to awaken the tired girl, but it was necessary. Gently he raised her head.

"Why, my dearest," she said, "was I asleep? What has happened? Oh!" It came back to her. "You are going back to the Serapis." Then she looked eagerly forward. The ships were far off now, several miles away, and as the breeze still held with them, the distance was increasing with every passing moment.

"We do not advance," she cried, a note of joy in her voice, as her ear detected the flapping of the sail. "The wind has died out." She laughed triumphantly. "We will never reach them."

"And poor Coventry," said O'Neill.

"I cannot help it," she answered simply; "I think only of you. Now, if I could go back alone and take his place and let you go free, I would cheerfully do that."

"What advantage would that be to me?" he asked her.

"Well, there is little use in our discussing it any more, for you cannot reach either ship now before it is over. The wind has gone over to them, and we are still."

"Ah, but I have another way of getting along."

"How is that?"

"I shall row," he said quietly; "will you take the tiller?"

"No," she replied defiantly, folding her arms, "I will not help you at all."

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" he murmured.

"I will not, I tell you!" she said. "Frankly, I do not wish to. What is Edward, what are those ships, what is the whole world to me beside your safety?"

"I must do it alone, as best I can, then," said O'Neill, leaving her side and going forward and unstepping the mast and thrusting out the oars, which he handled with the skill of long practice and strong arms. The difference of speed between the boat and the two ships was now, of course, less than before.

"Why fatigue yourself unnecessarily?" she said to him at last, after he had been rowing for some time; "you gain nothing; 'tis useless."

"No matter," was his reply as he desperately tugged at the oars, "I shall at least have the consciousness of knowing I did what I could." But after pulling hard for an hour, he leaned over the handles of the oars and, turning his head, looked forward. She was right; it was a perfectly hopeless task. The nearest ships were now ten or a dozen miles away, and going farther, when a flash of light pierced the darkness on the horizon, followed some time after by the roar of a heavy gun.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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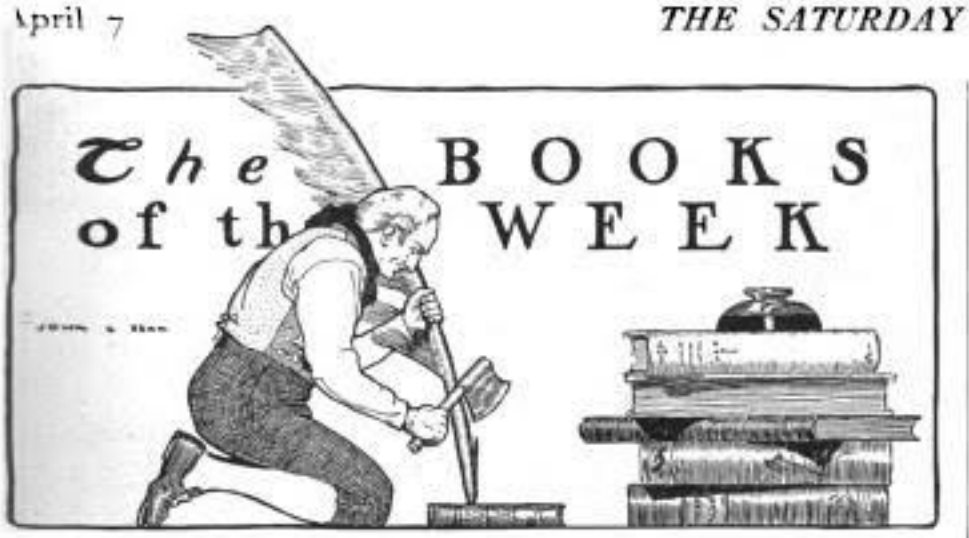
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More About the Anglo-Saxon *

WE HAVE heard a vast deal about Anglo-Saxons during the last few years, and it cannot be claimed that the subject commends itself for freshness or originality; but Aline Gorren has much to say that is interesting, and much that is true. If she does not openly question the superiority of the dominant race—a heresy too frightful to be contemplated in cold blood—she has nevertheless a sneaking preference for Latin civilization which keeps her heart steady and her head cool when she comes to classify and compare. She feels the strength and the momentum of the English-speaking people, the economic greatness of men who have carried the Gospel of Action and the Gospel of Comfort triumphantly over the world; but she is incapable of that popular delusion which accepts "the career of the Anglo-Saxon nations as an object lesson vouchsafed by a Higher Power in order that the other nations of the earth might learn what course to take if they would reach the most exalted dignity."

In fact, the value of this thoughtful little volume lies in its breadth and serenity—I had almost said in its good humor as well. Its author, tracing with infinite pains the early influences which moulded Saxon and Teuton and Celt, finds in each race the qualities essential to its well-being. No one can hope to develop on another's lines, and nothing is less worth while than the flaunting of purely national characteristics, as if they were an example and a necessity to the world. Thus the fundamental formative desire of the Frenchman "to secure mental ease through the play of social activities" is as incomprehensible to the Englishman as his own steady cultivation of the "practical virtues" is incomprehensible to his Gallic neighbor.

French rationalism stands terribly in the way of this practicality. "Tartuffe," says Miss Gorren, "knew that he played a double part—that he appeared to be a saint, and was in reality a low-lived liar. An Anglo-Saxon is not conscious of being a missionary with half a breath and an excellent commercial speculator with the other half. He is not conscious of duality; and if he be ever brought to realize it, he asks 'Why not?' He will not understand that others see an incompatibility, an illogicality which shocks them. For him no illogicality exists."

Equally suggestive are the comments upon Anglo-Saxon humanitarianism, that earnest and dutiful endeavor to help the needy, which has yet never bridged for one moment the deadly chasm between rich and poor; which has never—in spite of rigid truth and justice—bridged for one moment the chasm between black and white, conquerors and conquered. In contrast to this unflinching and unlovely goodness, Miss Gorren points out with a smile "small French missions scattered through the Levant whose modest history is full of a certain characteristic charm of sunny patience, broad humaneness, and debonair philosophy which is very captivating, and which, when it is contrasted with things that we know of our own missionary attitude, might well give us something to think about."

Indeed, there is much food for thought in all Miss Gorren says, and it is the kind of food which may nourish tolerance in place of self-esteem. —*Agnes Repplier.*

* Anglo-Saxons and Others. By Aline Gorren. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

A Ten Years' War *

MR. JACOB A. RIIS is one of those useful citizens who does not know what it is to despair. Without some such as he this world would not be half so good a place to live in as it is; if we had a great many such as he the world would improve by leaps and bounds, instead of creeping so slowly that only the cheerfully optimistic can always remain hopeful and confident.

This new book by Mr. Riis tells of the long battle with the slums in New York. When he and his associates began their war on these plague spots, these beds of crime, these centres of poverty, there seemed to be very little hope that they would be able to accomplish anything. They were opposed by Tammany Hall, the landlords were against them, and even the unfortunate tenants in the slums did not wish to be disturbed; though they were far from happy, there were very many who did not know that there was a possibility of anything better. Those hopelessly submerged by poverty saw in any change a worse condition, for such people are always getting worse off. Then the criminals find congenial surroundings in the slums; they like the filth and the gloom, and find security in the dark places with such picturesque names as Hell's Kitchen and Bone Alley.

Under such circumstances it took bold spirits and brave hearts to accomplish what has been done in the metropolis where the worst of these tenement-house slums have been wiped out of existence.

Mr. Riis gives to the late Colonel Waring credit for having done more to show that slums need not exist than had been previously demonstrated. When Colonel Waring undertook to clean the streets of New York, practical men said that he would not have any measure of success. "He will be able to clean Fifth Avenue and a few such thoroughfares, but when he gets into the tenement house section and the few quarter he will surely fail." But he did not fail. He cleaned the great central thoroughfares, and he cleaned also Mott Street and Hester Street and Mulberry Bend. He cleaned the whole town. And the good men who believed that the city slums were pest holes and schools of vice which menaced the town took renewed courage and attacked them with increased vigor. Now they are gone, and some of the very sorest spots have been changed into public parks with trees and green grass. Where misery used to hide itself and where vice was formerly on parade, fountains now are playing and on summer evenings there is music for all who care to listen.

Mr. Riis tells about the efforts to secure these reforms and changes in most entertaining fashion. He is a very skilful workman and a thorough master of his tools. He never tells too much and he never "slops over." He is entirely frank, but there is still that reserve of strength which makes the reader sure that he might have said much more if he had chosen to do so. Then there is one other charming characteristic about the book. It is lightened and lighted by a naive humor which discloses itself shyly rather than boldly. It is therefore a pleasure to read this book—a pleasure and a profit. It is surely good to know that in this busy and tolerably sordid world there are unselfish men and women who are willing to work long and hard, not for their own personal gain, but for the betterment of the poor and unfortunate. —*Jno. Gilmer Speed.*

* A Ten Years' War: An Account of the Battle with the Slums in New York. By Jacob A. Riis. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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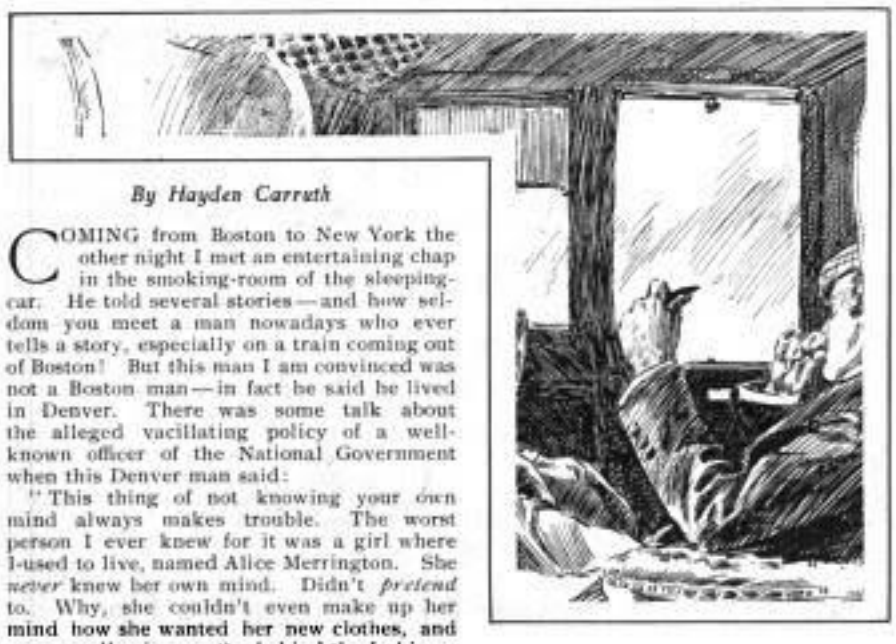
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AN UNDECIDED YOUNG LADY



By Hayden Carruth

COMING from Boston to New York the other night I met an entertaining chap in the smoking-room of the sleeping-car. He told several stories—and how seldom you meet a man nowadays who ever tells a story, especially on a train coming out of Boston! But this man I am convinced was not a Boston man—in fact he said he lived in Denver. There was some talk about the alleged vacillating policy of a well-known officer of the National Government when this Denver man said:

"This thing of not knowing your own mind always makes trouble. The worst person I ever knew for it was a girl where I used to live, named Alice Merrington. She *never* knew her own mind. Didn't *pretend* to. Why, she couldn't even make up her mind how she wanted her new clothes, and was usually six months behind the fashions, just wearing her old clothes, and changing her mind about how it would be best to have her new ones made.

"Well, Alice was a pretty good-looking girl, and you couldn't help liking her, so she had plenty of attention from the young men. Two of them, one named Thornton and the other Ross, got particularly smitten, and pretty soon they both proposed.

"Alice studied over the thing for a long while, but she couldn't come to no decision, so the only way she could see out of it was to promise 'em both. So she done it, but it didn't do much good, 'cause they were wideawake fellows, and didn't cotton to the idea of much delay. They both kept coaxing her to name the happy day, and she soon saw that she had got to do something. She simply *couldn't* make up her mind which she wanted, so there was nothing for it but to give 'em both the same day, and trust to luck for something to turn up to make her decide. As her folks opposed them both, an elopement was the thing in either case, so she told each of them to come at one o'clock Thursday morning. She reckoned like this, that one of them would be certain to arrive before the other, and with him she'd go; and of course the other couldn't blame her, since delays are dangerous, as everybody knows.

"Well, Wednesday evening the girl went to bed at eight o'clock, knowing what an early start she'd got to make the next morning. To make sure, she set the alarm of her clock at half-past twelve. Alarm went off at the right time and she got up and dressed. All ready ten minutes to one, so she turned down the light and waited. She had told Thornton to come to the west winder and Ross to the north—just happened to give 'em different winders. As she sot and thought it over she was glad that she'd done it, 'cause it would be better if the second *should* happen to come before the first had got away—less embarrassment all around. Awful well-meaning girl—no desire to hurt anybody's feelings. So she just sot and waited, naturally her young heart in considerable of a flutter, not knowing but the dog might bark and wake up her father, and also being so uncertain as to which of the young men of her choice she was going to spend the long years ahead of her with, for better or for worse.

"Well, you never seen what luck that girl had. Just as the clock hand p'inted to one she heard a slight rustle outside. The next second she seen the top of a ladder appear at the north winder, and as she turned her eyes to the west winder there was another just looming up above the sill. Something had got to be done, or they'd both be scrambling in; so she just stepped quickly to the north winder and said to Ross in a loud whisper, 'Take the ladder 'round to the west winder, dear,' and then to the other and says to Thornton, 'Take your ladder 'round to the north winder, dear,' and then she just waited and tried to ascertain her true feelings.

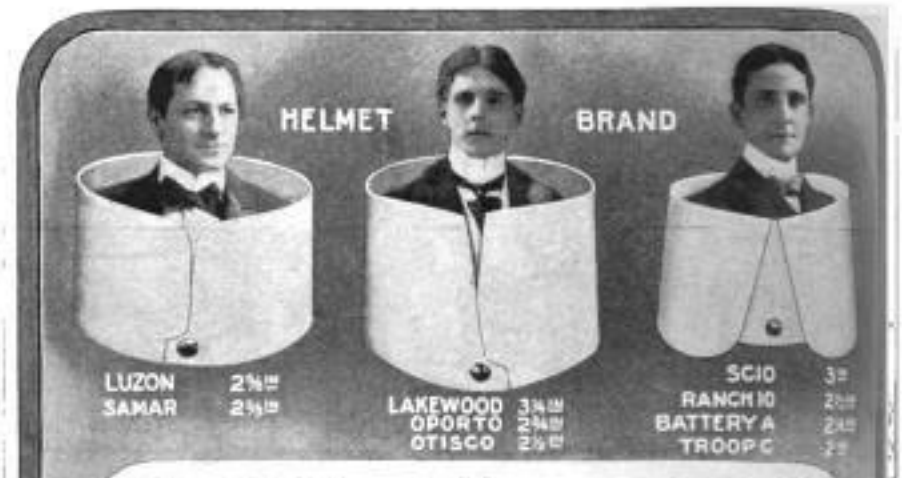
"And while she stood there, torn by conflicting emotions, them two strong men started with their ladders carried straight up, and at the corner they just naturally blundered into each other in the dark, and one ladder slammed ag'in' the house and the other smashed into a cherry tree, and the men, being some surprised, happened both to say something and recognized each other's voice, and, already not being at all friendly, went to fighting most tremendous.

"And in the thickest of the hullabaloo, them two young men fighting scandalous, and nothing quieter 'cept the dog, which was now busy biting, there was a bright flare of light overhead, and the policeman seen that the girl had set off a flash-light and took a snap-shot at the difficulty below, she being a great hand at amateur photography, as I ought to of said before, but I forgot it. So the policeman just arrested 'em both, and hollered to the girl and asked her if she knowed what it was all about, and she, not wanting to be mixed up with any such disgraceful proceedings, said she didn't, but she s'posed they was fighting just because they was horrid men, who always delight to bark and bite and make beasts of themselves. Then she went back to bed and the officer towed 'em to the calaboose, and the next morning the judge soaked 'em good and hard and read 'em a lecture.

"As for the girl, she developed the negative and put the pictures on the local market, where they sold like hot cakes, and brought in a tidy sum; and a month after she married a likely fellow, a sort of a second cousin, with the approval of her folks, and a good wife she made, too, so everybody said, though she never did show much decision, so I heard; but, shucks, what difference does that make—I know women who show too everlasting much decision."



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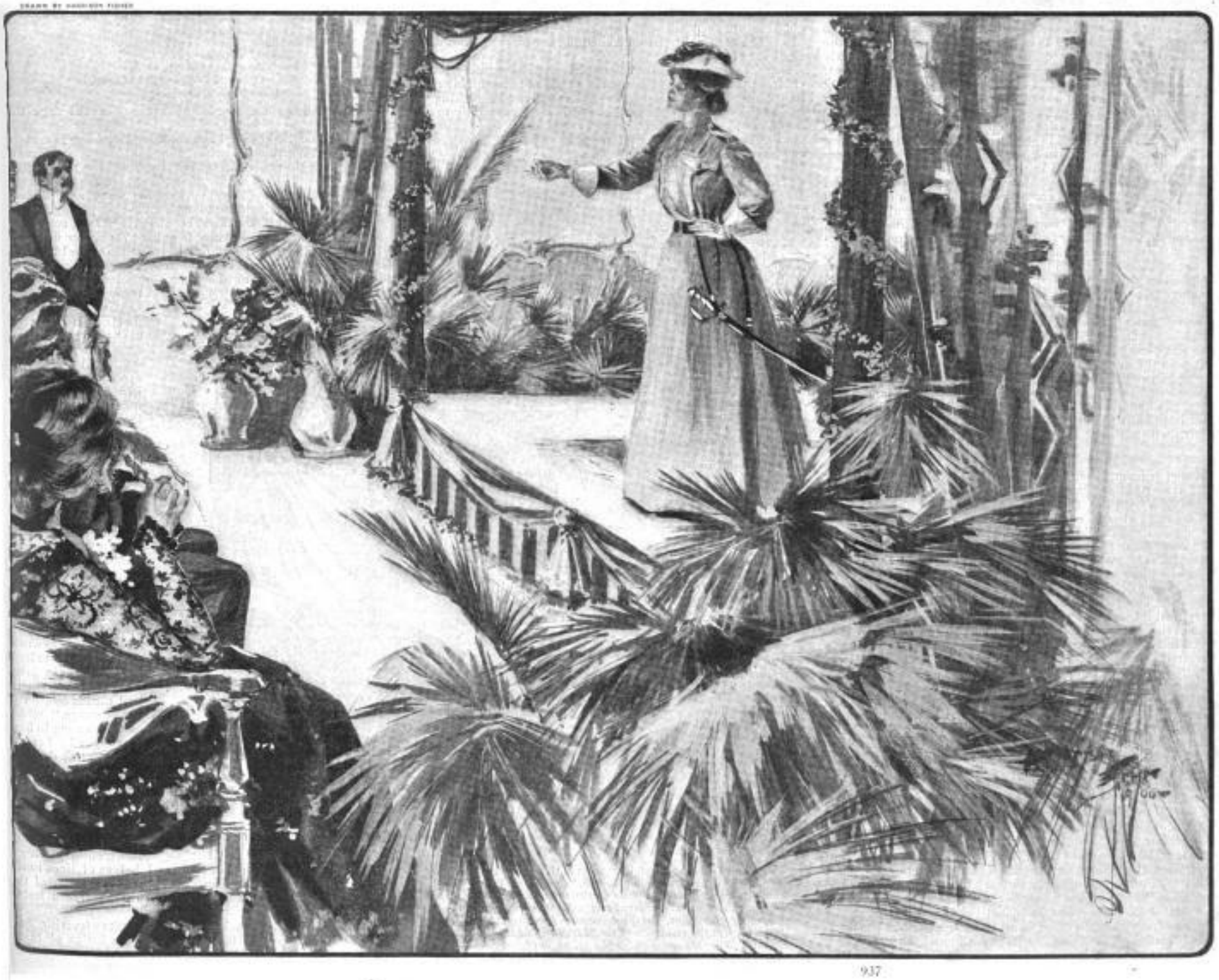
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The Laurels of the Brave

By Marie Corelli



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The Laurels of the Brave

By Marie Corelli



SHE was a thin, tall, "willowy" woman, long-necked, auburn-haired ("Titian Gloire" her *coiffeur* called it on the bottle) and dark-eyed, with a carefully got-up complexion, and an expensive way of wearing her clothes. She never paid less than thirty guineas for a "plain" morning gown and ten guineas for a "simple" hat. The prices of the various other articles of her attire may thus, by these little items, be dimly guessed at.

Whenever she moved, shook her silk skirts, or played with her handkerchief, a faint odor was exhaled from her person, an odor supposed to be "violets," but more like the last trail of a muskrat. She passed for being very romantic and *spirituelle*, owing to a trick she had of clasping her hands and looking up at the sky or the ceiling in a sudden dumb ecstasy. She would do this, often without warning, in the middle of an ordinary commonplace conversation, greatly disconcerting every one else who happened to be present. Good-natured people said it was her "soul-forces" that got too strong for her on these occasions; others shook their heads darkly and hinted that she had "too much brain." As a matter of fact, however, neither soul-forces nor brain power were concerned in her composition, and the rapt pose which she found so effective was the chief stock-in-trade of the leading lady at one of the theatres, from whom she had carefully copied it. Few women studied "histrionic" attitudes as arduously as she did, and the chief object with which she ever attended a play at all was that she might take mental note of the languishing movements, the roll of the painted eyes, and the airs and graces generally of the newest fashionable heroine of the footlights.

Yet with all the trouble she took, and all the nervous excitement she suffered lest any "other" woman of her particular style and contour should turn up and compete with her on her own lines of conquest, she was not so much in the "social swim" as she craved to be. No; there was some fatality about it. She, "the beautiful Mrs. Arteroyd," as she was occasionally called in society paragraphs (she having paid the modest sum of five pounds for this distinction to the enterprising lady-journalist who "arranged" for such special items of interest), was not yet where she fain would be. She had made a poor marriage, or so she considered it. Her husband was only a Colonel in the British Army—just a man with a V. C.

Other women, older and plainer, had "caught" or bought real live Russian Princes. They—the said Princes—had not any V. C., but then their wives were Princesses, and went everywhere, and everybody said: "There is the Princess Rumstuffski!" or "How charming the Princess Numskullskoff is looking!" Why was she not a Princess Rumstuffski? Why had an unkind Fate elected her to be the wife of a mere British officer, with a V. C. won in the prime of his manhood? And with absolutely no fortune! Though, when she first fell in love with him she had considered him very well off, and herself very lucky. He was the only son of a saving father, who had left him an income of about three thousand a year, the result of capital soundly and safely invested. But what was three thousand a year to a "*spirituelle*" creature of super-sensitive intelligence? Nothing!—absolutely nothing! Especially at such a time as the present, when excessive, ostentatious, vulgar, brazen wealth is the only pass-key into what is called "society." Poor Mrs. Arteroyd! She had tried all sorts of ways to obtain a firm footing on that slippery ladder which, like the magic beanstalk of the fairy tale, is supposed to lead aspiring Jacks and Jills to that mysterious region entitled "the Upper Ten" and "the top of the tree," but what success she had won was too perilously like failure to be altogether gratifying.

Sitting in her cosy boudoir she thought it all over, the while she read the morning newspapers sulkily—they were full of war news—nothing but war! war! war! How sick she was of the war! How tired of all the deaths and wounds and blunders and casualties and botherments generally! She skimmed quickly through the list of "killed and wounded," just to see whether her husband was among them.

"And I look my worst in black," she commented, as she glanced from name to name of all those included in the terrible "Death Roll of Honor." But no, Colonel John Arteroyd, V. C., was not mentioned as either slain or wounded, or sick of fever; there was no allusion to him anywhere as being in or out of action, and when she had made herself quite sure of this she breathed more freely. There was no occasion for her to "look her worst" just yet.

"Poor old Jack!" she said; "I'm glad he's all right so far! I don't know why I look for his name in the papers at all, I'm sure, for, of course, I should hear direct from the War Office if—if anything had happened. But I daresay he's really as happy as the day is long. He was mad to go to the Transvaal, and now he's there I hope he likes it. He was made for active service."

Her hard brown eyes flashed coldly up and down the columns of news again, like sharp bits of steel getting ready to cut through the insensible paper; what a number of extraordinary things were being associated with the war, she thought; and what an exceptionally "good time" some of the "leaders" of society were making for themselves out of "Tommy Atkins!"

"Fancy!" she suddenly exclaimed, as she caught sight of a paragraph placed prominently among other items of "court and society gossip." "There's that horrible little fat woman, the Marquise Dégagée, pushing herself everywhere, all because she's getting up a Babies' Fund! What an idea! 'To provide feeding-bottles and perambulators for all infants under twelve months whose fathers are at the front!' And she's going to have a 'Royal Fancye Faire' for *that!*"

In her excitement she jumped up and went to the window to read the objectionable announcement over again.

"Not a mention of Me anywhere!" she said, with a pettish stamp of her foot. "It's too bad! And I'm sure the woman who writes these things actually lives on me. Drops in to lunch, makes me ask her to dinner, takes me to dressmakers, who, of course, pay *her* for bringing *me*, and yet with all my good nature she isn't a bit grateful—she does nothing for me. The fact is, I must do something for myself. But what shall it be?"

She sat down—or rather she "dropped" languidly into a chair with that particular scented rustle of herself which she had long practiced and loved—and meditated. Taking up one of the fashionable weeklies which cater especially to the feminine world, her brows puckered vexedly as on its first page she saw the idealized picture of a lady with a turned-up nose and a tiara, labeled "The Marquise Dégagée," and read the following interesting article:

TOMMY'S BABY

The Marquise Dégagée, who is such a well-known favorite in aristocratic circles ("What a lie!" ejaculated Mrs. Arteroyd. "She was never heard of till last season when Lady Pawperse started 'running' her!"), is organizing a charming "Fancye Faire," which will take place in the rooms of the Hotel Beaumonde early next month. The object of the festival is to raise an "Infants' Fund," which will provide feeding-bottles, bone-rings, teething-pads and other necessaries, including perambulators, for all infants under twelve months whose fathers are at the front. Royalty, always ready whenever a kind action is concerned, has extended its gracious patronage to the function, and Herr Bankumopf, violinist to His Serene Highness Prince Dummer-Esel, will give his valuable services to the entertainment gratuitously. He has graciously signified his intention of being present at the opening ceremony. In order not to delay the useful progress of this deserving charity, all mothers in need of feeding-bottles, "prams," and other baby-comforts are requested to send in their names, together with a copy of their marriage certificate and the number of their husbands' regiments, to the honorary secretary, Miss Jane Muddleup, at the residence of the Marquise Dégagée, Belgrave Square. The Marquise Dégagée is, as everybody knows, a true daughter of the old French nobility, and this generous interest of hers in "Tommy's baby" will do much to improve the somewhat strained relations existing just now between France and England. The Marquise has written a touching poem for the occasion, and one of the special features of the "Fancye Faire" will be her own recitation of it, in that pretty broken English which, as hosts of her social friends are aware, makes her conversation so peculiarly charming. We are permitted to produce one verse of this dainty and delicately humorous lyric:

TOMMY'S BÉBÉ

Hélas! Le pauvre bébé!
What will its muzzer do?
It is *sans la bouteille*
Which it suck all ze day through!
Hélas! Le pauvre bébé!
It can do nozing but cry,
For its fazer, ze "Tommy," has gone,
Saying "adieu," by-by!

We must not forget to mention that Messrs. Shrewd & Sly, makers of perambulators to the Royal family, have kindly given one of their "Empire Model Prams" to be raffled for, for the benefit of the fund. Any one sending a postal order for one shilling will receive an elegantly mounted photograph of "Tommy's Pram," together with a beautiful copy, printed in mezzotint, with a specially designed "Art" cover, of the Marquise Dégagée's appealing verses. We recommend the public to lose no time in sending their shillings to Miss Jane Muddleup, who will, as far as possible, attend to each applicant in turn. No loyal mother and mistress of an English home should be without the picture of "Tommy's Pram" and the inspiring lyric of "Tommy's Bébé."

Mrs. Arteroyd gave a short, contemptuous laugh.

"Inspiring lyric! Stuff and rubbish! What absolute gibberish!"

She read the "appealing" stanza again:

Hélas! Le pauvre bébé!
What will its muzzer do?
It is *sans la bouteille*
Which it suck all ze day through!
Hélas! Le pauvre bébé!
It can do nozing but cry,
For its fazer, ze "Tommy," has gone,
Saying "adieu," by-by!

She threw down the journal in a rage—a real rage this time.

"Detestable little cat!" she said. "I can see her at it! Dressed by Worth, of course, and with all her diamonds on, reciting her trash before that ridiculous old Dummer-Esel, who doesn't know the difference between verse and prose—mincing and smirking and giving herself all the airs of a Paris stage soubrette! And Royalty is going to take *her* up, is it? Not if I know it! It shall take me up first!"

Her eyes flashed. She looked at herself in the glass—ran her white fingers through her "Titian Gloire" hair, and pulled it over on either side of her ears till it looked wild and wonderful, opened her eyelids wide, blinked them to note the effect of her long eyelashes, then smiled languishingly at her own reflection and said:

"I will do a poem!"

In this observation she strictly preserved her honesty. She did not say, even to herself, that she would "think" a poem, or "write" a poem. She said she would "do" a poem. And she did. She shut herself up in her room all day and went to work. She happened to have an unusually large collection of music-hall ditties and "soldiers' songs," which had been sung in happier times by her absent husband. She turned these over, perused them carefully, and eliminated "bits" therefrom. It was hard work, but she persevered and, like a child piecing a puzzle together, she fitted in lines and halves of lines until, by dint of close consideration and painstaking study of the music hall "models," she hit out something like a feeble imitation.

And finally, after making herself quite feverish and thirsty with worry and fatigue and the confusion of brain resulting from "variety" ballad-mixtures, she succeeded in



She said she would "do" a poem. And she did

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"arranging" the following colloquial and effective stanzas, much to her own satisfaction:

Hullo, Tommy! Wheer ye off to?
I'm a leavin' old England's shore,
I'm ordered on active service
An' mebbe I'll come back no more.
I'm bound to polish off Kruger,
'Twill be a tough job, old pal,
I don't want to give no trouble—
But—just look after my gal!

Refrain—Just look after my gal, will ye?
While I'm frontin' the fire an' the foe—
Like a good old pal, look after my gal,
An' Gawd bless ye wheerever I go!

"That will do as a beginning!" said Mrs. Arteroyd, nibbling anxiously at the pencil with which she had "produced" these lines.

She bit her pencil again and thought, then glanced over a few more music hall songs and went on:

She's a fond an' a lovin' creetur,
Not "on the strength" you bet,
An' 'tis 'ard to be leavin' her lonely,
Though I hopes we'll be married yet.
But there's death lurking down in the kopjes,
And graves in the golden Transvaal—
Never mind! It's for Queen and country—
But—just look after my gal!

Refrain—Just look after my gal, will ye?
While I'm frontin' the fire an' the foe—
Like a good old pal, look after my gal,
An' Gawd bless ye wheerever I go!

Having got thus far, Mrs. Arteroyd paused and considered. She looked at the clock and saw that its hands pointed to five, nearly the time for afternoon tea. And she had been "making verses" ever since mid-day, with only a brief interval for lunch! Her face was hot and feverish, her lips dry, her brain—her brain?—yes, her brain was actually getting "fagged." She knew now what literary geniuses suffer when they overtax their nervous forces.

"Positively I look quite tired!" she said, gazing at herself in the convenient mirror to which she always turned in moments of harassment; "I *have* worked hard! I don't think I'll do any more Tommy-poetry now; I can finish it tomorrow. I'd better go to see Mrs. Long-Adder at once. She's 'off work,' and as sick as she can be of not showing herself. I'm sure she'll be glad of a chance to come forward with 'Tommy's Gal.' 'Tommy's Gal!' That must be the title of the thing, of course! That, and no other!" She wrote it down and smiled at it admiringly. "Isn't it splendid! 'Tommy's Gal!' Won't it just draw! All the idiotic women who have managed to get 'left' by Tommies, civil and military, will cry, that is, if Mrs. Long-Adder can be persuaded to recite it. Oh, she *must* do it! With that peaky face of hers, and monstrous Chinese eyes, and thick wedges of all-colored hair coming over her ears, she will be a *succès d'enthousiasme!* And so shall I!"

Her smile widened into an open dazzle of white teeth, which irritable and unimpressionable persons might have called a triumphant grin, and enveloping herself in a mysterious and wonderful cloak, all frills, old lace and sable-tails, she drove off in a quick hansom to a certain little flat somewhere about Victoria Street, which for the moment was the residence of the heart-enslaving, eye-fascinating caprice of the stage, Mrs. Long-Adder. Much of the charm of this lady consisted in the delicious vagueness and mystery of her surroundings. She came "from America." What part of America she came from did not transpire. She had a husband—somewhere—but who he was, and how he "fixed up" things for himself also did not transpire. Mrs. Long-Adder was by way of being an actress; that is to say, she could not act. She wore gowns, and glided about on the stage in them. London went mad over her. Royalty bent the knee. The Spread Eagle Conqueror, a society journal published in New York, called her "our matchless American beauty," like a new sort of cigarette. And she, who was "not received" in the intelligent circles of American culture, had a distinctly "good time" of it in England. Mrs. Arteroyd found her reclining in a long sofa-chair, or chair-sofa, whatever the piece of "art" furniture may be called, arrayed in a serpentine tea-gown of *diamanté* lace over satin *rayonnant*, and if Mrs. Arteroyd smelt like one muskrat, Mrs. Long-Adder smelt like two. The celebrated stage siren arose as her visitor entered, and extended a white hand, admirably manicured. And then both perfumed ladies embraced—that sisterly embrace of social feeling—in which the one woman looks gracefully over the shoulder of the other and breathes a gentle "Cat!" to the neutral air.

"How sweet of you to come!" murmured Mrs. Long-Adder cooingly. "I have been *so* dull! Alone all day! Such an unusual thing for *me!*"

Mrs. Arteroyd smiled discreetly, but said nothing. Sitting down by the chair-sofa she critically studied the woman, who was reported in club parlance to "have old Dummer-Esel under her thumb."

"Not a bit good-looking, really," she commented inwardly. "It's all her get-up. Put her hair quite plain and dress her like an ordinary respectable matron, and she'll be downright ugly. Two of her front teeth are false, I see—and her skin is simply *covered*—*covered* with that new Paris mixture which 'defies detection.' Her hair is certainly *quite* wonderful—she must have tried all the new tints on it in turn. I suppose it's the Chinese eyes that 'take'—horrid Mongolian thing! Anyway, she's the only person possible for *my* business."

And, forthwith, putting on all her own airs and graces, and talking in softly confidential tones, she plucked out the heart of her mystery at once, and asked Mrs. Long-Adder to recite publicly the "poem" she had written on Tommy's Gal.

Mrs. Long-Adder looked at her in a sort of innocent child-like wonder.

"*You* have written a poem?" she said, with just the faintest unkind emphasis on the pronoun "you."

Mrs. Arteroyd flushed and bit her lip. Then she laughed sweetly.

"Yes. It's so easy, you know, to write about Tommy! Everybody can do it."

Mrs. Long-Adder laughed, too. Not because she was particularly moved to laughter, but because she wanted to show how much more artistic and melodious *her* laugh was in comparison to Mrs. Arteroyd's.

"That is quite true," she said, half closing her "Mongolian" eyes. "And 'Tommy's Gal' is a good title. I like it. Have you the poem with you?"

"Only two verses," answered Mrs. Arteroyd. "I thought it better to see if you liked them before doing any more. But I can easily turn out half a dozen ——"

"Oh, no! Please, no. Four will be quite sufficient," said



—and extended a white hand, admirably manicured

Mrs. Long-Adder. "The public, especially the cultured public, will never stand more than four verses of anything. Let me hear the first two."

Thus adjured, Mrs. Arteroyd began, as stagily as she could:

"Hullo, Tommy! Wheer ye off to?"

And Mrs. Long-Adder lay back among her silken cushions and listened, blinking sleepily through her long, black lashes, the while a faint, half-satiric, half-pleased expression came and went on her face, which certain of her admirers called "so *weirdly* beautiful." Before the second verse was ended she arose up to her full height in a dramatic attitude of inspired resolution, while the satin *rayonnant* and the *diamanté* lace fell around her in sweeping, glorious, glittering folds. She saw her game and was prepared to play it.

"That will do," she said. "Yes, it has every chance of a draw. I think I can manage it."

She moved to and fro, softly and swishingly.

"Yes; finish it." And through the tangles of her hair she smiled a bewildering smile. "There's a bazar going to be held at the Gilded Rooms for the benefit of Tommy next week. I'll offer to recite it there, dressed in khaki."

"You will?" cried Mrs. Arteroyd, rapidly considering how that "weird" lady would look "in khaki," and as rapidly deciding that she must have her own way, anyhow. "You really will! And do you think the Prince ——"

"Dummer-Esel? Of course! He will do anything to please me!" said Mrs. Long-Adder. "You may be quite sure *he* will come and hear me. But you know you must give me a hundred guineas for the job."

"Must I?" And Mrs. Arteroyd's face fell a little.

"Why, of course you must! You must pay *me*, and I shall give the money to the Fund. That's how these things are done."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Arteroyd hurriedly. "I don't mind ——"

"I should think you didn't! It will be a splendid advertisement for you—I mean for your pretty poem! Now, do please go home and finish it as charmingly as you have begun; get it type-written and send it to me at once, with your check. I'll manage all the rest for you! It will be an immense success—simply immense!"

"Do you really think so?" asked Mrs. Arteroyd eagerly, as she arose to go.

"I am sure of it! By the way, your husband is at the front, isn't he?"

"Yes. Jack is somewhere near Ladysmith, I believe."

"Ah! That makes it all the more interesting! Now *do* go home and finish 'Tommy's Gal.' My recitation of it will quite take the color off the Marquise Dégagée's Fancye Faire!"

"Ah-h-h-h!" And Mrs. Arteroyd drew a sharp breath.

Mrs. Long-Adder's Chinese eyes glittered—she laughed.

"I hate that Marquise. Don't you?"

For the moment Mrs. Arteroyd felt that she loved Mrs. Long-Adder. But she was discreet.

"She is very—er—very—er—well—pushing!" she said cautiously.

"Pushing! Oh, that's nothing. I admire push. You *must* push nowadays if you want to be anywhere. But she is so—so *vulgar!* So *very* theatrical in private life! Yes!—your poem is lovely! Good-by, dear. What an exquisite cloak!"

Moved by their mutual detestation of the Marquise Dégagée, these dear women kissed each other again—this time without looking over each other's shoulders, and Mrs. Arteroyd departed in high satisfaction.

In a few days everything was arranged as triumphantly as the most ambitious advertisement seeker could desire. Mrs. Arteroyd finished her "poem" effectively, thus:

I ain't much given to blubberin'
But a somethin' blinded my eye
When that there gal came to the station
Last night to wish me good-by!
An' now 'ere I am at Southampton
Under orders from bloomin' Pall Mall,
An' we sails in a hour for Cape Town—
So—just look after my gal!

Refrain—Just look after my gal, will ye?
While I'm frontin' the fire an' the foe—
Like a good old pal, look after my gal,
An' Gawd bless ye wheerever I go!

If I fall, of course I'll fall fightin'
For the honor an' name of the Flag,
An' I'll only be one of ten thousand
Who'll die for that rummy old rag!
But we're off. Good-by, England! I'll trust ye!
The great British Nation's my pal!
Pass the hat round! and say when I'm done for,
"We'll all look after his gal!"

Refrain—Yes, England, look after my gal, will ye?
While I'm frontin' the fire an' the foe—
Be a faithful pal, and look after my gal,
An' Gawd bless ye wheerever I go!

When Mrs. Long-Adder heard the final verse her delight knew no bounds. She at once saw what capital could be made out of calling "the great British Nation" the "pal" of Tommy Atkins, and giving his "gal" in trust to England. What a point for patriotic pathos! She practiced the inflections of her voice before a mirror.

"Pass the hat around!" This, with commanding fervor, accompanied by the instant action of lifting the hat from the head, and holding it out to the audience. "And say when I'm done for." Tears in the voice here, with a quickly effective droop of the head and a faint gasp. Then with a burst of enthusiasm and tenderness, "We'll all look after his gal!"

"It will go like wildfire," said Mrs. Long-Adder to herself, as she tried on her "khaki" uniform. "Simply like wildfire! That woman Arteroyd is too stupid for anything. She thinks she has worked out a good trick for herself, and so she has, in a way, but she doesn't seem to see one bit what a first-rate business she is starting *me* on!"

And, acting on this resolve, she very soon set the ball rolling. London, like a big child waiting to be amused, arose to the occasion; and the forthcoming bazar at the Gilded Rooms, when "the beautiful Mrs. Long-Adder" would recite "an exquisite poem by the gifted Mrs. Arteroyd, whose gallant husband, Colonel John Arteroyd, V. C., is now fighting for England's glory in South Africa," became the talk of the town. The Marquise Dégagée heard of it, and nearly fainted. The bazar would actually take place before her "Fancye Faire"—before she could have the chance of reciting "Tommy's Bébé" in the presence of His Highness Prince Dummer-Esel! This was an unlooked-for catastrophe. And the strained relations between France and England were not improved by the contretemps. However, there was no help for it, and the deeply-disappointed authoress of "Tommy's Bébé" had to conceal her chagrin under an appearance of indifference when the world of fashion poured into her rooms in the kindly way the world of fashion has, and told her of her triumphant rival, of the splendor of the preparations at the Gilded Rooms; how "poor old Dummer-Esel" was really quite off his head with excitement; what interest he was taking in the affair! How Her Highness of Gottdenken was going! How the Countess of Tiddlywinks would be there! How the Duchess of Gloriosa would have a stall!

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How that delightful dancer would assist in the selling of cigarettes—and Mrs. Long-Adder!—oh, yes! Mrs. Long-Adder's recitation would be "the thing of the day!"

"And Mrs. Arteroyd," said the breathless gossips, "is simply wonderful! *She* wrote the poem that Mrs. Long-Adder is to recite!—fancy that! And that poor man of hers at the front! And she's got a gown from Paris that's perfectly gorgeous! And I know the man who does her coiffure, and he told me the other day that he was sure she was going to be a social favorite, as she had just bought three new tails of hair! Think of that!—three new tails! And such a gown! My dear, it makes one's mouth water! And where she gets the money, heaven knows! For that poor man at the front has only got three thousand a year!"

"He may be dead by this time!" said the Marquise with a pretty little shudder. "Poor ting! He may be dead!"

For a moment there was silence. The crowd of fashionable chatterers felt distinctly uncomfortable.

The Marquise smiled; she had made an effect, and she was pleased.

"Yes, he may be dead!" she repeated. "And if ze news come while ze bazar go on, *hélas!* Come and have some tea!"

The noisy voices and laughter broke out again. The sudden spell of horror was dispersed. And a week later the society throng rushed to the Bazar at the Gilded Rooms, to see and to be seen, to watch Prince Dummer-Esel with slavish zeal, to criticise the lovely Mrs. Long-Adder, and to congratulate Mrs. Arteroyd on "Tommy's Gal." And truly Mrs. Arteroyd was in her glory. She was quite clever enough to perceive that Mrs. Long-Adder meant to make capital for herself out of the business, and she had previously determined that having paid a hundred guineas to be "talked about," talked about she would be. And she spared no pains to win her object. Her dress was a "creation" of some wonderful clinging stuff of delicate amber shades softly interwoven, impressing the eye with the suggestion of early primroses, and it fitted like a glove. Men said—poor, dear, deluded men!—"A fine figure of a woman!" And women eyed her with that casual contempt which is the greatest compliment ill-dressed dames can pay to a well-dressed one. When presented to Prince Dummer-Esel she curtsied with a fine carelessness, and gave him an upward smile of childlike, questioning innocence.

"We are going to give you a wreath of laurels, Mrs. Arteroyd," he graciously observed. "He—he—he—ha—ha! We are going to present you with the symbol of fame!—ha—ha! Pretty idea, isn't it?—he—he! Mrs. Long-Adder suggested it—ha—ha—woman of ideas, Mrs. Long-Adder—a woman of ideas! Hum—ha! We shall have a collection for 'Tommy's Gal' in Mrs. Long-Adder's hat after your poem has been recited—in her hat—ha—ha!—the regular South African hat, you know, that goes with the khaki uniform—he—he! I shall put a tenner into the hat—yes!—ha—ha! Mrs. Long-Adder's hat!—he—he—he—he! And instead of a bouquet we shall give you a laurel wreath! You can keep it, you see—he—ha! Hang it up in the drawing-room at home till your husband comes back—ha—ha! He'll have some laurels too, then, I daresay! Got a V. C., has he? Good—good! Yes, very good! Ha—ha!"

And with these royal and distinguished remarks he took his seat in front of the audience, and Mrs. Arteroyd had the satisfaction of being invited to sit beside him. Then there was a flourish of trumpets, a bit of Soldiers of the Queen played by the band, and then—and then, amid a burst of frantic applause, Mrs. Long-Adder stepped upon a platform gorgeous with palms and exotics, and showed herself arrayed in khaki uniform. The plaudits were deafening. Mrs. "Tommy" Long-Adder saluted. Prince Dummer-Esel grew apoplectically crimson with enthusiasm, and she turned one of her Mongolian eyes sideways upon him with a killing brilliancy. Then she began the doggerel lines, "Hullo, Tommy! Wheer ye off to?" reciting them with all the vulgar emphasis of that cheap, forced, sham sentiment which is the only emotional quality that succeeds nowadays in winning the attention of that still more cheap, forced, sham institution known as "smart society."

Away in South Africa, far removed from all "social" hypocrisies, but on the bare, brown veldt, and under the sickening scorch of a pitilessly hot sun, two men, friends and comrades in arms, were exploring the ground together, and anxiously surveying the Boer position. They had made their way cautiously along as extemporized scouts from the British camp to one particular spot which seemed a sheltered coign of vantage, to see if they could form any idea as to the extent of the enemy's defenses. One of them, dark and broad-shouldered, lay flat, chest downward, on the grass, rifle in hand, looking up at his companion, who, tall and fair, and of an imposing figure, stood erect, gazing out far ahead with something of a dreamy expression softening the light of his keen gray eyes.

"I say, Arteroyd, hadn't you better lie low?" said the recumbent man. "You need not make yourself a target for any marksman who may be inclined to try his aim."

"They have ceased firing for the present," and Colonel John Arteroyd, V. C., calmly took out his field-glasses and prepared to adjust them.

"That ridge opposite is deserted."

As he spoke he glanced down at his friend and smiled.



"*Jack!*" *Silence!*

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

"Dandy Ferrers knows how to make himself comfortable, I think, even under possible fire. I shall have to report you at home as a funk. Lie low, indeed! However, you're no safer than I am if a shell comes our way."

Captain James Ferrers, called "Dandy" by all his friends at home, on account of his somewhat curious and capricious taste in neckties, laid down his rifle and took out his cigar case.

"I suppose," he said slowly, as he lit a precious Havana, one of the last he had or would have till he returned to England, if he ever returned, "I suppose you really wouldn't care much? You've got the V. C."

"Yes, I've got the V. C." And Colonel Arteroyd unscrewed and polished his field-glasses with scrupulous attention. "It's the best thing a soldier can have. But it isn't everything."

Dandy Ferrers reddened with a quick sense of compunction.

"No—of course—I forgot—there's your wife——"

Arteroyd looked at him steadfastly.

"Yes, there's my wife; and she is the very reason why—as you say—I shouldn't care much."

"Isn't she good to you, old chap?" queried Dandy sympathetically.

Colonel Arteroyd smiled a trifle sadly.

"Good to me? Oh, yes, I suppose so. But—you see—when I married her—I—I loved her. That is what she didn't understand. When a man loves a woman—really loves her, you know——"

Dandy nodded gravely.

"Well, then, he likes to think of her as something altogether sacred; something removed and different to himself. We don't want women to be angels—no—but very near it. I wanted my wife to love me as I loved her—I wanted to feel that she was proud of me, and that if I could do a good thing at any time she would be glad. A sort of giving her my laurels, you know, if I got any. Well—I soon found out she never would be glad that way. She wanted everything I couldn't get. She went in for society. I hate society. I can't smile when I'm told to. I can't tell lies thirteen to the dozen; and unless you can do that sort of thing society doesn't want you. Then our little child—a boy—died when he was two. He was a jolly little chap—he got very fond of me—used to play with my moustache and kiss me with all his little might——" Here Arteroyd paused and put his field-glasses up to his eyes. Dandy Ferrers puffed a big blue ring of cigar smoke up into the burning sky, and thought it likely that the Colonel was not taking a particularly clear "sight" for the moment.

"Yes, that ridge is deserted," resumed Arteroyd coolly; "I thought I saw a moving speck, but I was mistaken. I believe they've got no more ammunition up there."

"Go on with your story," said Ferrers softly.

"Oh, my story! It isn't much of a story, old chap! The little kiddie died, as I said. That rather knocked me up—left me a bit lonely. Then my wife—well, she was all the time anxious to be a great figure in society. I wanted a home; she didn't care about it. She said that housekeeping was a bore, and that she liked hotels better. And I—well, I felt myself rather in her way. So I was glad to be ordered out on active service. You see, I want her to be happy—for me, nothing matters."

Ferrers was silent.

"I have often thought," went on Arteroyd musingly, "especially since I've been out here on these great, bare stretches of bare, up land, without a tree in sight, that dear isn't the worst part of life. There's a God somewhere, Dandy!"

"Of course there is!" answered Dandy promptly.

"When all the color and gladness have gone out of the world for a man," said Arteroyd, talking to himself more than to his friend, "when he doesn't see any hope or beauty anywhere, and when the one thing—the best thing of all—love—has failed him, and left it all he's done a bit of service to his country and lived as straight as he can—then I think death is often sent to him just in the nick of time to save him from growing hard, and mean, and bitter, and to take his soul to his Maker while it's fairly clean and sweet."

"Ps——st!" A sharp report, a sudden hiss through the air, a small but vivid flash of fire, a smothered cry——

"Look out, Dandy! Take care of yourself! Good-by!"

And Arteroyd's tall figure, erect a moment before, rolled over and over on the ground, and then lay motionless.

Reckless of all danger for himself, Ferrers rushed to his side.

"Jack!"

Silence! A peaceful smile rested on the lips of his fallen comrade, but no sound came from them—no sound would ever come from them again! Shot straight through the heart, death had been instantaneous, and Ferrers, dropping on his knees by the slain man, broke out sobbing, and was not ashamed of his tears. He cared nothing if the same Boer marksman who had "picked out" one of the Queen's bravest officers with such deadly aim, should make for him as well. Almost he hoped for the same fate, and once or twice looked longingly toward the ridge from whence the fatal bullet had sped. But there was not a creature in sight; whoever it was that had hit his mark so well had retired, apparently satisfied, and the unkind sun blazed fiercely and furnace-like through clear and smokeless ether. Like the salt drops of sorrow blistering his cheeks, poor Dandy reverently composed the limbs of the dead, and, crossing the yet warm hands upon the breast, unsheathed the sword that had so often flashed aloft in fight, as a signal of courage and of victory, and laid it, hilt heartward, between the stiffening fingers. Then, planting his own rifle upright in the ground to mark and guard the spot till he could return with help to bear the body into camp, he paused:

"Good-by, Jack!" he said hoarsely, and with a simple boyish tenderness he kissed the dead man's forehead. "Good-by! You said you didn't care much—and—considering everything—I don't suppose you did. But you got your V. C.! And God knows you deserved it!"

The same evening that saw the Colonel's body wrapped in a soldier's blanket and committed to a South African grave "the beautiful Mrs. Arteroyd," as she was now admittedly and eagerly entitled, owing to the proud fact of having been seated next to His Royal Highness of Dummer-Esel, stood a great social success. Her verses, "Tommy's Gal," were received with hysterical enthusiasm, and the collection made in Mrs. Long-Adder's hat, after the recitation, amounted to two or three hundred pounds. An enterprising newspaper proprietor offered to buy the manuscript and "run it up to auction" for one of the Tommy funds, which offer Mrs. Arteroyd condescendingly accepted. And then a classic wreath of laurels, tied with the English colors, was presented to her by Prince Dummer-Esel himself, with his own royal hands, accompanied by the gracious words:

"You must keep your laurels for your husband, Mrs. Arteroyd! Add them to his V. C.! Ha, ha! Add them to his V. C.!"

It was a proud moment! Expanding with her inward sense of elation, she received the garland with a studied affectation of graceful humility, and curtsied beneath the sunshine of the royal smile. Then, swinging the wreath picturesquely on one arm, she raised her head, flashed her eyes and glanced around with an air of amused indifference at the unsuccessful and discomfited women present, and in honey-sweet tones accepted an invitation to a little supper party at which His Highness of Dummer-Esel, with Mrs. Long-Adder, would be present. But——

Unfortunately there is always a "but." And it most often comes in when it is least wanted. Solomon's lament on the vanity of human wishes is the universal daily moan. And the disappointments which sometimes fall to the lot of society schemers and notoriety hunters almost call for a new Solomon to bewail them. Only two days after her triumph, when "the beautiful Mrs. Arteroyd" was just pleasantly engaged in reading a glowing description of herself and her gown in a pictorial weekly, a telegram, not of the appearance of every-day telegrams, was handed to her. Its envelope was red, of the hue of blood. Her heart gave a sudden throb of fear as she tore it open. Its contents were brief:

"Deeply regret Colonel John Arteroyd, V. C., killed Ladysmith."

And Colonel John Arteroyd's widow stood rigid and motionless. Her "society" laurels were withered. She would have to "look her worst in black" after all!

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The New-Rich Element in New York Society

By Mrs. Burton Harrison



—a curiously shifting show

A MYSTERY apparently insoluble by time lies in the methods employed by rich and previously unknown families to get to the front of observation in New York society.

Every decade sees the establishment among us as fashionables of some who in former years were content to play a very modest part indeed in the social scheme. The parterre boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House are, for example, a curiously shifting show; people who once looked up or down at their occupants from less exalted positions in the house with a respect almost amounting to awe are now preening themselves complacently in this coveted coign of vantage. For it is here that they consider it of supreme importance to be seen in order to fix their social status. The boxes above, the stalls below, are equally comfortable, eminently respectable, but of no value by comparison to the Social Strugglers. One has only to sit among the rank and file of the audience at a performance at the opera to hear with astonishment the talk going on in the *entr'actes* concerning the personality of the sitters in this lowest range of the golden semicircle. If they were born royalties the interest could not be greater in identifying them. The mistakes made in fitting the popular ideals read about in the society columns of the newspapers to the people seen are often supremely funny. There is just the same zeal about it, the same eagerness of interest, the same superiority of the well-informed over the ignorant that may be noted in a crowd watching the great ladies of the British aristocracy go by in their carriages to a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace. It seems to be inherent in human nature, this desire to pay homage to the passing show, this reverence for the idol of higher place. Our democracy does not in the least prevent the evil—for evil it is—in a community where the social standards are absolutely superficial and material. And the harm it does is far greater to the youth who are forming their ideas upon it than to mature people who better understand its value.

THE PATIENT WAITERS WITHOUT THE GATES

A parterre box secured from the owners for certain evenings and days of the series of operas does not, however, carry the aspirants very far. A new "great house," built on or just off the Park Lane of Fifth Avenue (on the east side of Central Park) may be reared in the highest style of modern architecture, and decorated within by artists and experts acknowledged to be of the *première classe*. It may hang in its many windows curtains of antique lace of rare and curious web; it may be equipped with a host of well-trained servants; vehicles and horses of correct elegance may every day be marshaled before its portal; but the proprietors still remain outside the pale they long to enter. They patiently come and go like unrecognized spirits. It is pitiful to see their dull and lifeless faces in public. Instead of surrounding themselves with the friends of a lifetime, throwing open their splendid new homes for the entertainment of those who will flock to them with eager homage, they remain in obstinate retirement, sighing for the "unattained, far off and dim" portals of smart society. Truly this weakness, of casting off early acquaintances as soon as the chance presents itself for a step upward on the social ladder, is so common as to be patent to all eyes. And the old friends looking after the Social Strugglers sadly wonder how it can be that they once shared each other's joys and sorrows, and fancied their intimacy was for a lifetime.



But boys—delightful democrats from birth!

Often the siege of society is raised by the persistent occupancy of a dwelling near some fashionable centre of summer life. But one has seen the strugglers, when it is in order for society to remove to Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox and the like, withdraw obediently into their sumptuous cottages at these resorts, and year after year return to town unvisited. When fashion decrees a flight abroad in the springtime for shopping and sight-seeing in London and Paris, the decks of the great ocean steamers behold them assembled in pomp. They go everywhere, are met everywhere, are known by sight and name, yet are never recognized by the fashionable set.

I don't pretend to say that this is right, or just, or sensible. In our Republic it is even a ridiculous state of things. People who have created their own fortunes and carved their own riches should not exclude their followers. Yet, though among us all have equal rights, some fail in establishing those rights.

GETTING INTO SOCIETY THROUGH THE BACK DOOR

Sometimes the Social Struggler enters American society by way of a foreign country. Abroad, as everybody knows, there is a general density of comprehension as to the grades of our optimacy. Provided the American is good-looking and clever, and able to pay his or her way according to the English standard of necessity in the case, no difficulty is made about mere standing at home. English arms open to the elect and the forsaken of Fifth Avenue alike. With the stamp of a Countess' friendship, or a Prince's attentions at a fashionable Spa on the Continent, the aspirant and her mother return home to find a long-sought place. The marriage of an American girl with a foreign nobleman of distinguished lineage sometimes carries the girl's family in on the crest of the wave at home, whilst she herself remains on the other side of the waters. But the spectacle has been seen of the lady, bearing abroad one of the proudest of titles, coming home to consort with her old acquaintances who are not at all in what is called New York society. It is hardly remarkable that they so rarely do "come home." The whole scheme of their life and associations abroad is so much better and less agitating than it was in their native land. Their place is at last defined for them, and nobody questions it. The people with whom their lot is cast, after once accepting them as equals, make no further sign of inquiry on that point. But "at home" the strife still rages; the issue is still uncertain. An opening wedge that has often proved successful is a charitable enterprise shared with leaders of the coveted set. It must be a stony-hearted manager of a Fund who will refuse to smile upon a persistently generous and helpful giver and worker in her field! And if these things are accomplished in the name of Charity, the poor, the sick, the friendless of our great city have only gratitude to yield for the results.

School children have been observed to bring together their elders, long wavering apart in uncertainty of mutual relation. The friendship conceived by girls for each other is unfortunately, as a rule, most apt to follow in the lines laid down by their elders. One listens in sad surprise sometimes to the chatter of little high-bred maidens, to find that they are perfectly cool and calculating as to whom they must know and cultivate. They visit, invite, give to, and receive from only those children they will wish to know in after years, or whom they consider on the same social plane with themselves. But boys—delightful democrats from birth!—select whom they choose for their comrades and associates. They bring to their homes and demand friendly recognition for the "fellow" who has, at school or in sports, proved himself a thorough man. To such special pleading the mother and sisters do not often turn a deaf ear. And through intimacies thus created spring up the *rapprochements* of many different elements.

WHAT A SOCIAL BACKER CAN DO FOR ONE

The family desiring to be known in the most exclusive circles of New York does not generally attain that eminence without a long preliminary siege. There is no such thing as bounding into fashion unless propelled thither by the strenuous efforts of some leader determined that her protégée shall hit the mark. This, after all, is the one infallible method. A fairy godmother, possessed of influence and tact and persistence, can bring her people in anywhere along the line. It is to some such intermediary that one may, in looking back, attribute the introduction of many now shining lights of fashion. To be seen in company with one of the "smart set" is to have the question asked, "Who is she?" (I say "she," since it is more rarely that the males of the aspiring family go to this pains; when they do so they are apt to belong to the category of unconsidered trifles.) The great point of acquiring notice once achieved, the aim of the struggler is next to keep herself, at all costs, before the public eye. If her backer is clever, this is not difficult. Invitations given through the backer to her own friends convene them to entertainments carefully elaborated so as to furnish some things that nobody else has thought of. A spice of originality joined to unbounded expenditure of money have accomplished wonders in a single night. If there is music, it must be by the great artists of the opera. The supper must reveal prodigality in the matter of canvas-back ducks, terrapin and good champagne. If a cotillon brings the evening to a close, gifts and trinkets of actual value are apportioned to each guest. And surrounding every such scene there must be a wilderness of flowers.

The toilets and jewels of the hostess and her daughters are, needless to say, in accordance with all the rest. On this point the backer does not in general have to advise. It is the natural instinct of the American woman in any station to dress up to that above her, and the new-rich lady, on her introduction to society, is decked and glitters like a queen upon the stage. After one or two such entertainments, due and well paid heralding by the newspapers, steady appearance in her opera box supported by ladies of higher degree who possess no opera boxes, and a series of dinners mapped out for her, with guests selected by the backer, the beginner is fairly launched. Presently her sons and daughters intermarry with other longer-established families, and in the course of ten or a dozen years she is able to ask with astonishment, "Where the new people come from?"

SOME OF THE ANOMALIES OF NEW YORK SOCIETY

As to the actual metes and bounds of New York society, it would be hard, indeed, to discover them. So many of the most dignified and distinguished of our citizens have emerged directly from the shop and warehouse of a generation ago, it would not do to talk of excluding trade. Speculators, "plungers," have, before our astonished eyes, arisen from the very ranks to own palaces, world-renowned pictures, yachts and race-horses—and to consort with the high-born of the world. Men who spent all the early days of life barefoot are at present the rulers of gigantic industries, and in the daily habit of an expenditure for the pleasures of their households that seems incredible. Social potentates of both sexes are continually exalted by the too often subsidized press, of whom eye-witnesses declare the humble origin and early years of sordid toil. The quiet old families of New York, possessing moderate means, and of modest ambitions for their children, are deliberately elbowed to the wall by the new régime. They seem silenced and dazed, and unable to speak a word in protest. The professional stratum of society, liberal as are its gains by comparison with the scale of such earnings half a century ago, has no show whatever beside the fortunes of traffic and speculation. It is hopeless for the earthen pots to remonstrate against the iron ones when they jog together down the stream. Either they must give place, or be broken in the crush.

We concede, therefore, that it is only a question of time and cleverness before the new-rich occupy the first places in our land. But it cannot be said that the standards of refinement are advanced in the operation. Rather do we observe an atmosphere of garish vulgarity pervading many quarters of opulence in our town. Often is to be seen a barbaric profuseness in the tawdry display of loot accumulated in predatory forays upon the wealth of older generations. What chance beside it has the nearby gentleness of a modest life of culture and good breeding? What influence upon society have the people who illustrate these virtues? It is even almost impossible for them to instil into their own children the value of refraining from display. The minds of young people under the glamour of the ostentatious pageantry of modern fashionable life are being warped beyond reclaim.



—there are still gifts of the gods not to be acquired by merely signing checks

CASH AS A MEASURE OF SUCCESS

A salient feature of the reign of the new-rich is the habit of estimating a man's success in life solely by the money he has acquired. There are gatherings of society in New York where, if the question were asked about a fellow-citizen, "Has he been successful?" the answer would be in the negative had the person inquired about not accumulated wealth. No matter whether he had served his country as a soldier, statesman or philanthropist, had led the youth of his generation as a college president, had been an educator of the people in school or pulpit, had achieved wide renown as a jurist, had written a great book, had held multitudes enthralled by his poetry, had painted noble pictures, had advanced science or surgery, had created a leading newspaper or magazine! Nothing of all this tells. He is not a "success," because he has not piled up dollars to flaunt in the world's face!

But even in such companies the appearance of an evident gentleman—known to be of a short purse, it may be, but coming of generations of the best education that books and universities and the conventionalities of a society long trained in civilization can afford—makes its eloquent mark. True, some among the assembly of rejoicing, and therefore contented, plutocrats may regard the intruder with an uncomfortable consciousness, even resentment, that he represents what money cannot buy for the first generation. All that they have, all that they are, comes from the cash they have accrued. The wise among them are not slow to perceive there are still gifts of the gods not to be acquired by merely signing checks. And in the perception by such people of that pregnant fact the hope of our future resides.

Practical Politics for Infants

THE ingenious educational system known as the School City was invented by Wilson L. Gill, to whose efforts is largely due its success in Omaha, Chicago, Milwaukee, and other cities. On one occasion a class of urchins was being taught the mysteries of election day. One boy was made a Democratic and a second a Republican inspector; two were made poll-clerks; two watchers; two candidates, and so on. When all the tasks had been assigned a square-jawed little fellow looked up and said:

"Please, sir, I want to be a policeman and club that curly headed poll-clerk."

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The HOLD-UP

By Molly Elliot Seawell

IT WAS a nondescript train that went bumping along on the short line between Wakefield, the little station on the main line where the washout had occurred, and Grand Junction, thirty miles away. It consisted of an express and baggage car, an ordinary day coach, and the special Pullman in which Senator Walford and a party of friends were on their way to the Republican National Convention, in Philadelphia. When the train on the main line had been unable to proceed farther on account of the washout, and it was decided to wait over until daylight, the Senator concluded to cast in his lot with the ramshackle train on the short line. It would enable him to intercept the Chicago express, which would get him to Philadelphia in time.

A concert party, consisting of the soprano, her manager, and violinist, and a professor, with three lady teachers under his wing, on their way to take the steamer for Europe, had also decided to make a strike for the Chicago express, and were ensconced in the day coach.

Although it was the middle of June, the evening was raw and damp, and as Senator Walford looked out of the window of the Pullman he saw around him only the wide expanse of prairie, with nothing to intercept the view between the monotonous landscape and the dull, low-hanging night sky. They were comfortable enough, however, in the Pullman. The Senator did the thing handsomely when he invited a number of his friends to accompany him to the convention. There were a couple of white-aproned waiters to take care of the inner man, and a porter to take care of the outer one. The Pullman appeared to have a good deal of solid enjoyment aboard. There were half a dozen men sitting about, smoking and reading. In the stateroom at the end of the car a party of five delegates to the convention sat around a table, deep in the great American game; and according to the unwritten law that it must be played in the shirt-sleeves, they had taken off their coats. Perfect silence reigned except for the bump, bump of the train over the rough roadbed. Senator Walford—a clean-cut, well-set-up man, dressed with that immaculate care which a bachelor bestows upon his person after passing his fortieth birthday—was looking over some sheets of typewritten manuscript which lay before him on the table. He read with an air of not unmixed satisfaction, and then, turning to a gentleman who was stretched out on the opposite seat, enjoying himself with a novel and a cigar, said:

"These speeches at national conventions are all well enough when the time comes and you see the surging crowd before you, and hear the roar of applause, and find yourself in the midst of the shouting and the captains, but when you read them in cold blood beforehand they seem to be all assertion, pure and simple."

"That's all right," responded the Representative from the Eighth District, who hoped some time or other to stand in Senator Walford's shoes; "men, at a time like that, won't listen to argument. Assertion is what they want, and bold assertion, too. We have to make promises, and then endeavor to keep up to them. Just try a Supreme Court argument upon a national convention and see how it works."

The Senator smiled.

"I understand," he said. "All the same, reading this manuscript over at the present juncture is a good deal like putting on one's evening clothes and starting in to drink champagne at eight o'clock in the morning."

While he was speaking the door of the car which communicated with the day coach opened and a tall, lean and lanky man, with sleek black hair plastered down over his ears, entered. As he slouched forward into the light, Senator Walford was pleased with his face. It had a kind of shrewd simplicity that was evident at a glance, and he came forward with that typical American ease which nothing confounds or abashes. Here was a man who, as Mr. Kipling says, would

> "Greet the embarrassed gods, nor fears
> To shake the iron hand of Fate,
> Or match with Destiny for beers."

The stranger advanced, seated himself with calm familiarity in the seat in front of the Senator, and, pointing to the manuscript, said:

"Speech?"

"Yes," said the Senator, smiling.

"On what subject?" blandly inquired the stranger.

"It's a speech that I am to deliver at the Republican National Convention."

"And," said the stranger, "you are looking over it to see if it's all right. Well, I don't expect to be at that convention myself, but I know how you feel. I myself am preparing an address to be delivered at an agricultural fair, including a baby show, not very far away from here. It costs me a lot of thinking—that speech."

The Senator, with a well-bred smile, indicated that he recognized the relationship between his own speech and that of the lanky gentleman before him.

"This is Senator Walford, I believe."

"It is," replied the Senator, recognizing a familiar Western type.

"And I," said his visitor, with a smile which showed a row of fine, even teeth and lighted up his black eyes, "am Mr. Reuben Smithers. I might, indeed, call myself the Reverend Reuben Smithers, because I once had charge of a church on the outskirts of Chicago. It was pretty near the Missouri line. Great town, that. The Trustees, however, put up the pew rents just at a time when there was a slump in pork, and when pork went down and religion went up my congregation, sir, melted away—just melted away. But I have never lost my interest in religious matters, and I sometimes take, sir, the liberty which I once possessed as a preacher, and that is what has brought me into this car."

The Senator was delighted with his man.

"Go on, if you please," said he. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Smithers, and I hope you will make yourself at home. If you were not a clergyman I should offer you a cigar and something else besides."

"Don't," said Mr. Smithers. "Don't do it. I took the pledge many years ago, and I have never broken it. My present profession is one which demands the utmost sobriety. And as for smoking, it upsets the nerves—I don't care what the smokers say—and in my profession we require the utmost steadiness of nerve." He did not, however, mention what his profession was.

"But now, Senator," said he, leaning forward and laying one hand on the Senator's knee persuasively, "I will tell you what I come for. Over in that coach there is a party of regular parlor-car people—that concert company, three of 'em, and a professor with gold-rimmed glasses, and three maiden ladies tucked under his arm, taking 'em to Europe. The rest of the fellows in there is a regular swearing, spitting crowd, and those parlor-car people are mighty uncomfortable. Now, I hate the thought that them women should be uncomfortable—I don't mind the men so much—and it just occurred to me that if Senator Walford knew about it, with all these vacant seats"—here Mr. Smithers waved his arm around—"he'd ask them in. It's two hours now to Grand Junction, and I believe some of them women will faint if they have to sit in that place any longer."

The Senator was an American gentleman. The thought of women in discomfort gave him acute pain, and the reflection that he could relieve them gave him extreme pleasure. He rose at once.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Smithers," he said, "for telling me of this. Those ladies and their escorts are more than welcome to this car as far as Grand Junction, and as much farther as they need it. I shall have pleasure in inviting them in."

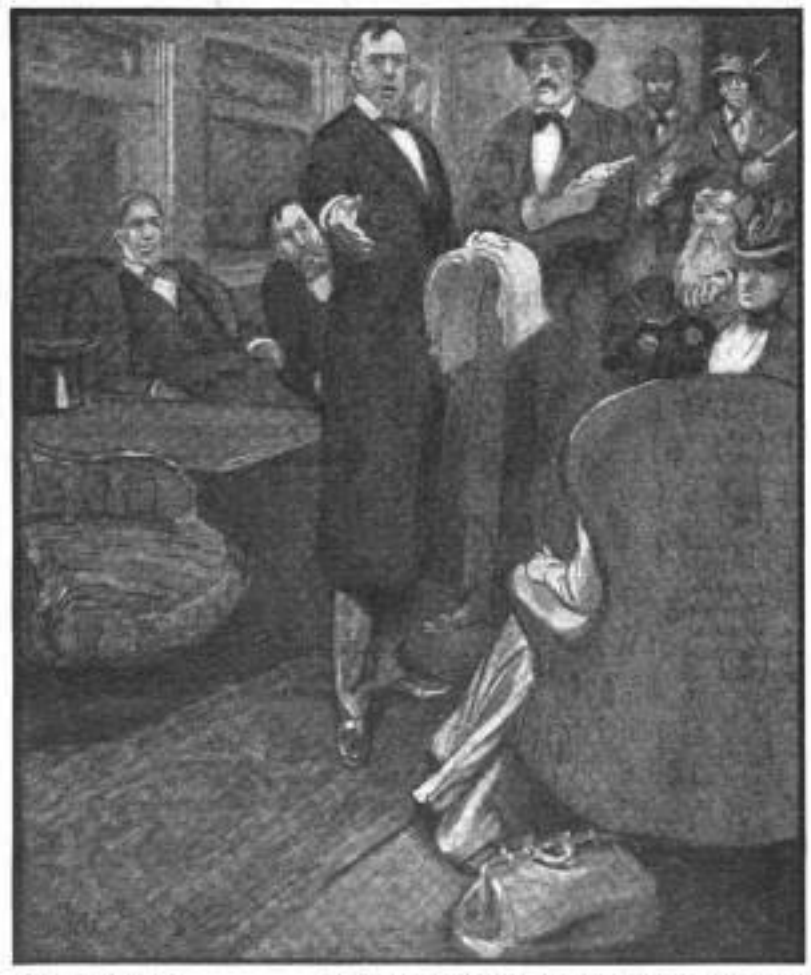
He got up, as did Mr. Smithers, who remarked quietly to the Representative from the Eighth District, "There speaks a man."

The two went forward to the end of the car. When they got to the door Mr. Smithers said:

"You had better let me go into that car, Senator. There's a pretty rough crowd in there; and if they heard you inviting those ladies and gentlemen in here, just as like as not they'll make a rush for the car. I think most of the passengers are going to a prize fight near Grand Junction."

As he spoke his eye caught sight of the poker party at the end of the car, and, laying his hand on the Senator's arm, he said anxiously:

"But, Senator, can you ask those ladies in here with that sinful game going on right in sight of 'em?"



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"WE HAVE BEFORE US THREE GREAT ISSUES"

The Senator looked a little embarrassed. "Ahem!" he said. "Those gentlemen are my guests, and——"

"That's all right," briskly responded Mr. Smithers; "but I reckon they can draw them green silk curtains around 'em."

"Certainly," said the Senator. And the porter, obeying a signal, concealed the group of sinners from the eyes of Mr. Smithers.

He went out, and in a minute or two came back accompanied by the party. The first to enter was the professor, with his spectacles. He introduced himself as Professor Carpenter, of Midland University, and the ladies under his charge—all of them well stricken in years—as Miss Thompson, Miss Carter and Miss Barr. They all thanked the Senator with sincere gratitude for his kindness. After them came the singer, a pretty little woman, who was billed under the name of Signora Bellini; her violinist, a gentleman who looked like a bandit, and hugged his precious fiddle-case to his breast; and the manager, a bow-legged little individual, but who had a pair of eyes that stamped him as an honest man and a gentleman. The little prima donna smiled into the Senator's eyes, gave his hand a tender squeeze, and thanked him in the prettiest manner possible. The manager, Mr. Solomons, alone of the party, quietly remarked to the Senator:

"I am afraid that we are imposing upon your generosity, thanks to our cheeky friend yonder; but these ladies, I assure you, were very uncomfortable in the car."

"Pray believe me," said the Senator, in his cordial, sincere way, "that I consider it a privilege to entertain these ladies, and a pleasure to have you and the other gentlemen in the party. There is, as you see, plenty of room for all."

The gentlemen in the Senator's party, except the poker players, all rose at the entrance of the ladies; and the car certainly had a livelier appearance after they came than before. Three of the delegates to the Republican National Convention surrounded the pretty prima donna. The other two were cut out and had to content themselves with the lady professors; but these latter turned out to be agreeable and well-bred women, and were a real addition to the party.

After seeing them all comfortably seated, Mr. Smithers turned to go out.

"My dear sir," said the Senator, taking him by the sleeve, "you surely do not mean to desert us now when you have been the means of bringing us all together in this pleasant manner?"

"Well, the fact is," said Mr. Smithers confidentially, "I am no parlor-car man, Senator. The day coach is good enough for me, and I feel more at home there. Now that I have done a kind action I am perfectly satisfied. I would like—er—however, one small privilege."

He drew a parcel of tracts from his pocket, and returning to where the beneficiaries of his appeal sat, he sorted over his tracts and then laid one gently upon the lap of Miss Thompson. It bore the title, Are You Ready for the Bridegroom? Miss Thompson colored, and said "Thank you!" in a faint voice. Next he selected one and gave it into the hands of Signora Bellini. This was entitled The Wise Virgin. And finally he handed the Senator one, asking him solemnly, "Can you answer this question?" The title of that one was, Do You Belong to the Devil's Party? To this the Senator casually replied that he didn't know; that he was a rock-ribbed Republican, and meant to vote the straight Republican ticket as long as he lived and moved and had his being.

Then, in spite of the Senator's detaining hand and a chorus of protests, Mr. Smithers modestly withdrew into the day coach with the party on their way to the prize fight.

Half an hour had passed pleasantly. Lemonade and cakes had been served to the ladies—the first call that had been made for either commodity since the party started for the convention—when the train suddenly began to slow up, and as suddenly came to a dead stop.

The Senator opened the window and put his head out. It was annoying to be delayed in that way and thereby miss catching the Chicago express. It was quite dark, and a fine, drizzling rain was falling. There was not a house in sight—only a narrow belt of woods on one side. There was evidently a commotion going on in the baggage and express car, and half a dozen men were passing about.

As the Senator drew his head back into the Pullman (where everybody had been inquiring what was the matter),

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he looked up and saw at the rear of the car a couple of men silently enter, each armed with a Winchester rifle, and a pistol which he held in his right hand. At the same moment two others, similarly armed, appeared at the door which led into the day coach; and then Mr. Smithers walked in. He did not have a Winchester, but carried in his right hand a small, self-cocking, six-chambered revolver. He advanced with the same easy, confident manner in which he had appeared half an hour before, but his errand this time was quite different. He walked up to the Senator and said to him:

"Senator, I hate to inconvenience you. You are a gentleman, and I will give my testimony to that any time you want it. If you are ever a candidate for President of the United States, and want my recommendation, you can have it. But at present I shall be compelled to relieve you of what extra cash you have and your watch. Every word I told you about these ladies and their escorts in that day coach was true. At the same time it was mighty convenient for us to have you all corraled in this Pullman. The fellows in the day coach haven't got anything better than a silver watch among 'em. They're not worth the time and trouble it would take to go through 'em; and so we've just locked the door on 'em and propose to devote our attentions to you. We're just going to take your superfluity—we ain't going to rob you of your credentials as a delegate to the Republican National Convention; but just hand over your wallet."

"Sir," said the Senator, as he felt the cold muzzle of a pistol at his ear, "you are a scoundrel and a deceiver. You passed yourself off as a minister of the Gospel."

"Never mind about that," said Mr. Smithers pleasantly. "It's the neatest job we ever done. It's just five minutes since the train was stopped. We have got the engineer and the fireman tied hand and foot in the cab, and gagged into the bargain. A couple of my lieutenants have got the express messenger sitting down on the floor of the express car with a pistol to each ear. The safe has got a combination that won't open it for an hour yet. We are going to give him that hour, and then, if we are compelled, we can use dynamite. I've got a couple of sticks somewhere about me now. You had better be a little careful jostling me. There isn't any danger of our being stopped. I telegraphed ahead from Wakefield that we had had a washout, too, and the train would be late. There ain't no block system on this line."

The Senator, meanwhile, had coolly taken out his wallet and laid it in Mr. Smithers' hand. Every one in the car had sat perfectly quiet, including the women.

Having disposed of the Senator, Mr. Smithers then walked over to the Representative from the Eighth District, who had quietly, and he thought unobserved, slid his pocketbook and watch down into his shoe. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out some change and handed it to Mr. Smithers, saying with a smile:

"I am not provided with funds, except a check-book. I am a guest on this occasion."

"Sir," said Mr. Smithers with withering scorn, "do you mean to insult me? Take off your shoe this minute."

"I will," replied the Representative; "but you must stop flourishing that —— pistol around my head."

"Sir," said Mr. Smithers indignantly, "how dare you use such language in the presence of ladies? I am ashamed of you, as an American. You beg their pardon or——"

At this he thrust the cold muzzle of the pistol into the Representative's ear, at which that gentleman shivered visibly, as he handed over his watch and money, and mumbled, "I beg pardon!"

"Ladies," said Mr. Smithers, "I apologize for this gentleman's unbecoming and profane language. I have never become accustomed to the sound of blasphemy, and I never shall. No unbecoming word ever passes my lips in the presence of man or woman."

The other men of the party, seeing they had to deal with four Winchesters and five pistols, had quietly taken out their purses. The green silk curtains that screened off the poker party had been drawn aside, and five nervous gentlemen sat, perfectly still, inside, with the muzzle of a Winchester pointed straight at them through the open door. It took a very short time to go through the rest of the party, including the poker players. When Mr. Smithers appeared at the door of the compartment a neat pile of greenbacks and gold lay on the table.

"Is that all, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Smithers, looking around. "On your honor, now!"

And so potent is the word "honor" that those five men each showed unmistakably in his face that he had more money on his person—which Mr. Smithers promptly proceeded to relieve them of, saying meanwhile:

"I haven't the slightest sympathy for you, gentlemen—not the slightest. Poker is a nefarious game. The only difference between you and me, gentlemen, is that I have the winning hand."

And with this he slipped the collection of gold and notes into his capacious pocket.

The whole operation had not consumed fifteen minutes. Mr. Smithers took Senator Walford's watch out of his pocket, and glanced at it, and remarked:

"We have got three-quarters of an hour now to wait for that combination of the safe in the express car to open, and we must pass away the time, if possible, in some instructive and amusing manner. Perhaps Mademoiselle Bellini will oblige us with a song."

"What," cried Signora Bellini, bursting into tears, "I—I—sing, when you have one hundred and forty dollars of my money in your pocket. Oh, you ruffian! Oh, you wretch!"

"Come, now," said Mr. Smithers soothingly, "I have only taken your superfluity. I haven't taken your railroad passes from you."

"That is true," said Signora Bellini with a sigh of relief.



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

—"BE VERY MUCH ON YOUR GUARD WHEN YOU ARE INTERVIEWED CONCERNING THAT HOLD-UP"

"You are very kind to have left us those, and I am very much obliged to you."

"Well, then," said Mr. Smithers with an appreciative grin, "perhaps you will oblige me. My pardners over there are just as fond of music as I be, and them poor fellows are just as tired as they can be. There they have got to stand for forty-five minutes yet, and it would be a charity to the poor souls to sing 'em a little song and remind 'em of the early days of their youth."

The manager, at this, laughed. He was the only man on whose face a smile had appeared during the whole course of the affair, and had given up his money like a man.

Signora Bellini cleared her throat nervously.

"What shall I sing?" she said. "Do you like Faust, or Carmen?"

"No, no," promptly replied Mr. Smithers. "My early education prevented me from ever going to any of them sinful operas; but, if you can, give me something like the New Bully, or the Georgia Camp Meeting."

Signora Bellini, unfortunately, was not acquainted with either one of these classic airs, but agreed, on her manager's suggestion, to sing Home, Sweet Home, which she did standing in the aisle, and her voice echoing tremulously through the car. When the chorus came Mr. Smithers joined in it vigorously, and, in return for Signora Bellini's accommodating spirit, handed her back her watch, a dainty trifle which had cost three hundred dollars.

It was now the Professor's turn.

"May I ask, Professor," said Mr. Smithers, "what is your specialty?"

"Ge—ge—geology," faltered the Professor.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Smithers. "Now, will you kindly tell me what is your opinion, as a geologist, upon the probable age of this planet? I desire to ask the categorical question as to how old you think this old world is."

The Professor cleared his throat. He was used to talking, and finding his voice was composing to him.

"I should say," he remarked, in his most professorial tone, "after having devoted more than twenty-five years to the subject, that it is conclusively proved that the earth is between fifteen and sixty thousand years old."

"You do, hey?" said Mr. Smithers. "Well, I call that a pretty wide margin. I have often noticed one thing about you fellows that are down on Moses—that you don't seem to agree among yourselves; and if one of you is right, all the others are apt to be wrong. Now, if you asked me for an exact statement of how far this pistol would shoot"—here he gently rumpled the Professor's carefully brushed hair with the point of his pistol—"and I said anywhere between fifteen and sixty yards, you would think I was a very inexact fellow; and geology is an exact science, isn't it?"

"It is," responded the Professor.

"Well, then," said Mr. Smithers, "if the science of my profession was as inexact as yours, I would probably be languishing in the penitentiary now."

With this he approached Miss Thompson.

"Madam," he said, "what I demand of you is a thing it will make me very happy to receive, and cost you nothing to give—a kiss."

Miss Thompson screamed and fell back into the arms of Miss Barr and Miss Carter. A murmur went round among the men in the car. Mr. Smithers very coolly took out the watch that had lately been Senator Walford's, and, holding it up before the terrified Miss Thompson, remarked:

"I will give you just one minute to consider. For every minute that you refuse to comply with my very flattering request I shall give you another kiss. Two minutes have already passed."

"Wretch! Villain!" shrieked Miss Thompson, and much more to the same purpose, only stopping to catch her breath.

Mr. Smithers took this all with smiling coolness.

"If your object, madam," he said politely, "is to gain time——"

Here the Representative from the Eighth District spoke up.

"You should be satisfied, sir, with robbing these ladies instead of insulting them. Your proposition is——"

"Mister," interrupted Mr. Smithers, "I take it that you must be from the East. Out here in the West it isn't considered an insult to ask a kiss from a charming lady like Miss Thompson."

At which, without further ado, having noted that five minutes had elapsed since he made the first proposition, he kissed Miss Thompson, in the mouth, five times.

"This is infamous!" cried Senator Walford, rising to his feet. Miss Thompson was nearly fainting.

"Well, now," remarked Mr. Smithers to the Senator, "I think you are rather hard on this lady. She ain't so old and ugly, after all. However, it never has been my practice to force my attentions upon any lady, and I will not demand the toll I have a right to expect from these other two lady professors."

He walked over to where the Senator sat. The manuscript of the speech still lay on the table before him.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Smithers, "I would like, as it will not be in my power to attend the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia on June 19, I would like to have the advantage of hearing your address upon that occasion, and you will oblige me by delivering it with all the grace and elocutionary effect of which I know, sir, you are complete master."

"I will be shot if I do!" said the Senator hotly.

Mr. Smithers placed the muzzle of his pistol on the bald spot on the back of the Senator's head. The feeling of cold steel in the hands of an unscrupulous person and against the bare skin is peculiarly unpleasant. The Senator, without a word, picked up his manuscript.

"Now," said Mr. Smithers, "imagine that we are a lot of enthusiastic Republicans assembled to voice the sentiments of the great party you represent, and give it to us hot. You can't expect me, however, to indorse all of your sentiments, because I am a Democrat."

The Senator cleared his throat and began:

"Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: On this great and auspicious day, when the representatives of the great party of progress and enlightenment, the Republican party, are assembled in this historic place, to name our standard-bearer and to announce our principles, I count myself fortunate in being able to address a few words of encouragement and confident hope to you. We have before us three great issues. First, the maintenance of our currency upon the basis we have established after four years of untiring effort—a basis which makes an American dollar good for one hundred cents the world over. The second is the protection of the American workingman from the products of foreign cheap labor; and the third is the upholding of the honor and dignity of our flag wherever it has been established."

"Hold on," said Mr. Smithers. "Haven't you got anything to say about trusts?"

"Further on," replied the Senator, calmly proceeding with his address.

He read on for about ten minutes, his ringing, clear-cut sentences followed with distinct admiration, if not approval, by Mr. Smithers, as well as the other persons in the car. He then made a severe arraignment of the Democratic party.

"And now, my fellow-citizens," he said, "have you any reasonable ground for doubting that the common-sense of the American people will not prefer that their affairs shall be conducted in the successful and admirable manner of the past four years, and of many preceding years when the Republican

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party was in power, rather than to trust them to a party whose principles no man can define, and whose——"

Just then a terrific explosion shook the car. All understood in a minute what it was. The gentlemen of the road in the next car had got tired of waiting for the slow process of the combination lock and had blown the safe open.

"There, now," said Mr. Smithers, with an air of great vexation, "they have gone and done the very thing I didn't want 'em to do. I don't believe in using dynamite on safes if you can possibly help it. It's as likely as not they will blow everything in the safe to pieces, and every red cent we will get will be just the little you ladies and gentlemen have been able to contribute personally to me. However, I will just go out and see about it."

He walked rapidly out of the car. In a few minutes he returned.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am happy to inform you that the safe has been most successfully busted. Some little damage was done to the contents, but nothing of any consequence. We are now about to leave you, and I bid you a cordial farewell, wishing you good luck, and ask you to excuse me for whatever trouble I have put you to. You have afforded me a great deal of diversion, and I am substantially better off for having made your acquaintance. I think you will be able to get help in about an hour. Meanwhile, I bid you good-evening, and regret that I have not a card about me to give to each one of you in person."

As soon as he was gone the ladies fell into strong hysterics. The gentlemen did everything possible to relieve them, but Senator Walford, as he was in the very act of ministering to the pretty prima donna, whispered to the Representative from the Eighth District:

"We will be on our guard what we tell the reporters about this story. We will just mention the hold-up. But, if you won't say anything about that speech, I'll promise to keep quiet about the purse and watch in your shoe."

"You may depend upon me," said the Representative from the Eighth District.

Two days afterward the special rolled into the Broad Street Station. Besides the party bound for the convention, the Senator had invited his fellow-travelers from the little way-station to Grand Junction to be his guests as far as Philadelphia. They had enjoyed themselves very much. After all, as Mr. Smithers said, he had only taken from them their superfluity. The ladies on their way to Europe, and the professor, still had their letters of credit and their steamship tickets; each of the poker players consoled himself with the thought that he would probably have lost the money anyhow; and all of them, with the Senator at their head, took the event philosophically.

At the station the two parties separated. Senator Walford was overwhelmed with thanks.

"You can do me but one favor, my friends," said he, holding Signora Bellini's little hand, "and that is to be very much on your guard when you are interviewed concerning that hold-up. Recollect, we were stopped by a gang of at least forty men, who did not remain in the car five minutes, and whom we would not recognize, if we should meet again, under any circumstances. We did not exchange a word with any of them, but simply gave up our valuables. One thing is certain—we were none of us at all alarmed. We were perfectly composed."

"Except me," said the little manager. "I never was so frightened in my life."

"Why, my dear sir," said the Senator, "I thought you were the coolest man in the party."

"So I may have appeared," quietly responded the manager; "but I know this much—I would have given all my old boots to be anywhere else, and when that cold pistol touched my ear I came near dropping dead on the spot from sheer terror."

"Strange," said the Senator musingly, "that you were the only man who was frightened."

"The only man who owns up to being frightened," replied the manager. "But I think we behaved very well, all of us, under the circumstances."

To which all present agreed.



Memories of Moody By His Son

William Revell Moody

II. His Early Work in Chicago

DWIGHT L. MOODY began his career in Chicago in the early autumn of 1854. He soon secured employment at Wiswall's boot and shoe house. When a jobbing department was added he found greater opportunities than ever. He led in the size and profit of his sales, outstripping all the other clerks. His methods were unique and his zeal was ceaseless. One of his plans was to watch the depots and hotel registers for possible customers from other places, and the success of this added greatly to his personal showing. Mr. Moody in his boyhood had been trained to hardship, the greatest of all schools for the teaching of economy, and thus he knew the value of money. His ambition in those early days in Chicago was to make $100,000, a fortune which at that time seemed greater than a million would to-day.

He kept on prospering in his new place and in one year, with special commissions added to his regular salary, made over $5000, a very remarkable income for one not yet turned twenty-four. "I have always been a man of impulse," Mr. Moody once said to the writer. "Almost everything I ever did in my life that was a success was done on the impulse, and I suppose when I get ready to die I will be up and off."

By this time, too, he was doing an even greater work than merely succeeding in his business career. After joining Plymouth Church he began to find means for increasing its power and usefulness. As a boy in Northfield he had achieved remarkable results in swelling the attendance at the Sunday-school, and so, arguing from that, he conceived the idea that he could be of much value to Plymouth Church as a recruiting agent. Having come to this decision he hired a pew with the understanding that he was to fill it each Sunday. Like everything else he undertook, he fulfilled his commission with intense earnestness and enthusiasm. He did not wait for the young men to come to church, but he went after them, stopping them on street corners, visiting them in their lonely rooms, and even calling them out of saloons. It was altogether new and strange and the novelty of the whole work had an irresistible effect, with the consequence that in a short time young Moody was renting six pews which he filled every Sunday with his strange and motley guests.

THE OUTWITTING OF THE UNPRINCIPLED COLLECTOR

As a clerk young Moody's success continued unceasingly and his work was appreciated by his employer, who, seeing his qualities of argument and persuasion, decided to send him out as a commercial traveler. In those days the commercial traveler was also the collector for the firm, and the modern assignments, in which all creditors share equally, were unknown. Then, if a firm was on the point of failure, it was the man who got his claim in first who saved the most money out of the disaster. One Saturday afternoon young Moody was dispatched to make a collection from an establishment whose credit was under suspicion. While on the train he discovered that the representative of another firm, to whom the same store was deeply indebted, was hastening to the same place on the same mission. A continuous ride to the town would break into Sunday, and it was one of Mr. Moody's principles not to travel on the Sabbath. It was necessary for him, therefore, to spend Sunday at some point and resume his journey early Monday morning. The other collector did not have such scruples, but planned to proceed, arrive on Sunday morning, and thus secure his claim the first thing on Monday morning, which would probably have shut out Mr. Moody's firm. However, where principle was involved Mr. Moody never hesitated, and yet his business pride was at stake and it was rather hard for him to see the other man win. Consequently he determined to do what he could, legitimately, to get even chances. It was in the early days of railway travel and changes were frequent; so at one of those changes Mr. Moody and his rival took a walk, and Mr. Moody engrossed him so thoroughly in conversation that he missed his train, and thus both men got to the town at the same time on Monday morning.

Though Mr. Moody would not work for gain, or travel on Sunday, it was by no means a day of rest to him. His marvelous energy did not seem to know such a thing. If he were ever tired, a good night's sleep was all he needed in the way of refreshment. To him rest was not inactivity, but a change of occupation. He once said: "How I do pity people who hang about resorts doing nothing all summer. My! It would send me crazy." Thus on Sundays, though his mornings were occupied in getting young men to attend Plymouth Church, he had nothing special to do in the afternoons and evenings, and these hours he decided to give to Sunday-school work. There was a little mission on North Wells Street and he applied for a class. He was told that the sixteen teachers were amply able to instruct the twelve scholars, but if he would provide his own class they would be very glad to have him. This was just what Mr. Moody wanted. Next Sunday there was a sensation. Young Moody opened the door and led in a procession of eighteen little "hoodlums" whom he had gathered from the streets. He let others teach them, feeling in his modesty that they were more gifted for that work, but he knew that he could persuade them to come, and thus he gave himself up entirely to recruiting, with the result that the Wells Street Sunday-school soon had more scholars than it could accommodate. This experience was of great value to him personally, for it not only brought him into contact with life, but educated him in organization and administration. The greatest blessing of all in his connection with this school was the acquaintance and friendship with Emma C. Revell, who at this time was a girl of fifteen and a teacher in the school, and who four years later became his wife.

"I suppose you would like to know what I am doing," he wrote home in a letter at this time. "Well, I am doing first-rate. Shall be on there in the summer, if not before. I came very near going last week. A man offered to pay my way on if I would go with him to buy some goods, but Mr. Wiswall was so driven for help that he could not spare me. I should like to come back to the Bay State once more. Things don't look out here much as they do in Boston. Many stores are kept open on Sabbath-day. It is a great holiday out here."

And on the same day in a letter to his mother he writes: "I have made thirty dollars a week ever since I came out here. Don't let Uncle Samuel get hold of it, but, as it has turned out, I have done the very best thing in coming out here. My expenses are a good deal, but I can make more money here than in Boston. I will send you a bill of fare of the house where I board, and then you can judge whether I shall starve or not."



THE ESTABLISHMENT OF ORDER AT MARKET HALL

From the first Mr. Moody usually went from one success to another, and when he saw the results of his work in the Wells Street school he looked upon it all as a call to a larger sphere, and so, in the autumn of 1858, he decided to begin another school on a still larger scale in a different part of the city. This was the North Market Hall—a big public auditorium over one of the three city markets with which Chicago was then supplied. Mr. Moody, with two friends, began here the work that eventually developed into the Chicago Avenue Church, in which he held membership during the last years of his life. In this enterprise his genius for organization was conspicuously seen. The hall was not attractive either in appearance or in cleanliness, but Mr. Moody crowded it with young people. Mr. John T. Dale has described it vividly. "It was a large, dingy, dilapidated-looking brick building on the outside, while the inside presented a large, grimy hall with blackened walls and ceiling, and as bare and uninviting in appearance as can be imagined," he writes. "But it was soon crowded to the

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of papers which began in The Saturday Evening Post of April 7, dealing with the more important events in Mr. Moody's life.

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doors with classes of boys and girls of a type that was new to me, largely the gamins of the street, bold, restless, inquisitive youngsters, whose only wardrobe often consisted of trousers, shirt and suspenders, and even these were often in a very advanced stage of dilapidation.

"At the close of the school Mr. Moody took his place at the door, and seemed to know personally every boy and girl; he shook hands and had a smile and cheery word for each. They crowded about him in the most tumultuous manner and his arm must have ached many a time after those meetings. It was easy to see the grip he had on those young lives and why they were drawn to that place week after week. The institution was a veritable hive of activity, meetings almost every evening, with occasional picnics and sociables, and services on the Sabbath occupying most of the day."

In this North Market Hall school Mr. Moody filled every office from janitor to superintendent. "Sunday was a busy day for me then," he said. "During the week I would be out of town as commercial traveler, selling boots and shoes, but I would always manage to be back on Saturday night. Often it was late when I got to my room, but I would have to be up by six o'clock to get the hall ready for Sunday-school. Every Saturday night a German society held a dance in the hall, and I had to roll out beer kegs, sweep up sawdust and generally clean up and arrange the chairs on Sunday morning. When it was done I would have to drum up the scholars and new boys and girls. By the time two o'clock came we would have the hall full and then I had to keep order while the speaker for the day led the exercises. We had to keep things going to keep up the children's interest. When school was over I visited the absent scholars and found why they were not at Sunday-school, and called on the sick and invited the parents to attend the evening gospel services. By the time I had made my rounds the hour had come for the evening meeting where I presided, and, following that, we had an after-meeting."

Associated with Mr. Moody in this school were Mr. John V. Farwell, at that time the largest dry-goods merchant in Chicago; Isaac H. Burch, president of one of the banks, and others.

NEW IDEAS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

Mr. Moody was fond of quoting an old Scotch saying: "They say. What do they say? Let them say!" This gives a peculiarly valuable insight into his character. He disliked the traditional methods. He wanted something more effective, something more practical, and thus there were never prearranged programs. The order of exercises was born from the day and the hour. Mr. Moody, or some other helper, would read a passage of Scripture, sing a hymn, tell an anecdote. The time was not only filled up but was made alive by the best interest that could be put into it. If there were unsuccessful teachers they were easily gotten rid of by a plan of transfers from one class to another, ending very effectively in the survival of the fittest. The success of the school was enormous. It reached an attendance of 1500, and new teachers were added and order was brought out of chaos. There were no international Sunday-school lessons in those days, and the teachers and their scholars had only the usual text-books and the New Testament. Denominational lines were not recognized, and a new, vigorous policy prevailed in every department of the work.

THE FORCIBLE CONVERSION OF THE YOUNG BULLY

In his various offices Mr. Moody did not always have plain sailing. As sergeant-at-arms he kept order as well as he could. On one occasion he had trouble. A young bully, the ringleader among the worst element in the town, made persistent and malicious efforts to disturb the meetings. He was a source of great annoyance. After being repeatedly warned he only assumed a more belligerent attitude. It was against the rules ever to turn a scholar out. Grace had failed, and Mr. Moody saw that recourse to other means was inevitable. At last he whispered to Mr. Farwell:

"If that boy disturbs his class to-day and you see me go for him to take him to the anteroom, you ask the school to rise and sing a very loud hymn until I return."

The meeting proceeded. The boy began his interruptions and Mr. Moody made for him. He seized him with a strong grasp, hurried him into the anteroom and locked the door. Then he gave him a thrashing such as he himself had known in his boyhood days in New England, and when he returned there was a flush upon his face, but it had in it an expression of victory. This boy was soon afterward converted, and many years later told a friend that he was still enjoying the benefits of that gospel exercise.

GOD'S REVELATION TO HIS TROUBLED SERVANT

By 1860 Mr. Moody had got seven of his one hundred thousand dollars. The country was filled with great excitement. Abraham Lincoln had been elected President, and along with other young men Mr. Moody was deeply interested in politics. His business took up his time and enthusiasm to a very large extent, but he was keenly responsive to the big questions and activities of the time. It was in the midst of this that the great change in his life occurred. "The greatest struggle I ever had in my life was when I gave up business," he often said afterward. This struggle lasted for three months, but finally it ended in his devotion of all that was in him to religious work. How it came about is best told in his own words:

"I had never lost sight of Jesus Christ since the first time I met Him in the store at Boston, but for years I really believed that I could not work for God. No one had ever asked me to do anything.

"When I went to Chicago I never spoke to the young men about their souls; that was the work of the elders, I thought. After working for some time like that I started a mission Sunday-school. I thought numbers were everything, and so I worked for numbers. When the attendance ran below one thousand it troubled me; and when it ran to twelve or fifteen hundred I was elated. Still no one was converted. There was no harvest. Then God opened my eyes.

"There was a class of young ladies in the school, who were without exception the most frivolous set of girls I ever met. One Sunday the teacher was ill and I took that class. They laughed in my face, and I felt like opening the door and telling them all to go out and never come back.

"That week the teacher of the class came into the store where I worked. He was pale and looked very ill.

"'What is the trouble?' I asked.

"'I have had another hemorrhage of my lungs. The doctor says I cannot live on Lake Michigan, so I am going to New York State. I suppose I am going home to die.'



MR. MOODY'S BODY-GUARD. THE MEN IN THE PICTURE ARE MR. MOODY AND JOHN V. FARWELL

"He seemed greatly troubled, and when I asked the reason he replied:

"'Well, I have never led any of my class to Christ. I really believe I have done the girls more harm than good.'

"I had never heard any one talk like that before and it set me thinking.

"After a while I said: 'Suppose you go and tell them how you feel. I will go with you if you want to go.'

"He consented and we started out together. It was one of the best journeys I ever had on earth. We went to the house of one of the girls, called for her, and the teacher talked to her about her soul. There was no laughing then! Tears stood in her eyes before long. After he had explained the Way of Life, he suggested that we have a word of prayer. He asked me to pray. True, I had never done such a thing in my life as to pray to God to convert a young lady there and then. But we prayed, and God answered our prayer.

"We went to other houses. He would go up the steps all out of breath, and he would tell the girls what he had come for. It wasn't long before they sought salvation.

"When his strength gave out I took him back to his lodgings. The next day we went out again. At the end of ten days he came to the store with his face literally shining.

"'Mr. Moody,' he said, 'the last one of my class has yielded herself to Christ.' I tell you, we had a time of rejoicing.

A TURNING-POINT IN A GREAT CAREER

"He had to leave the next night, so I called the class together that night for a prayer-meeting, and there God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition had been to be a successful merchant, and if I had known that meeting was going to take that ambition out of m.. I might not have gone. But how many times I have thanked God for that meeting!

"The dying teacher sat in the midst of his class and talked with them and read the fourteenth chapter of John. We tried to sing 'Blest be the tie that binds,' after which we knelt to pray. I was just rising from my knees when one of the class began to pray for her dying teacher. Another prayed, and another, and before we rose the whole class had prayed. As I went out I said to myself:

"'O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received to-night!'

"The next evening I went to the depot to say good-by to that teacher. Just before the train started one of the class came, and before long, without any prearrangement, they were all there. What a meeting that was! We tried to sing, but we broke down. The last we saw of that dying teacher, he was standing on the platform of the rear car, his finger pointing upward, telling us to meet him in Heaven."

With the $7000 he had saved Mr. Moody began his life as a missionary and evangelist. He practiced rigid economy. He left his boarding-house, slept in the prayer-meeting room of the Y. M. C. A., took his meals in cheap restaurants, and lived in a way that would have killed a man of a less vigorous constitution. "I was an older man before thirty than I have ever been since," he used to say. "A man's health is too precious to be carelessly neglected as I did mine." But his soul was in his work and he carried out his plans with a diligence that seemed to be inspired. His methods were his own. He would not wait for the children to come to his Sunday-school, but would go to them, often hailing them on the street and seeking an introduction to their parents in order that their consent might be obtained.

THE SWIFT PERSUASION OF AN UNWILLING CONVERT

One Sunday afternoon he met a little girl on the street and asked her where she attended Sunday-school. She replied that she was not a regular attendant anywhere, and then he requested to be introduced to her mother so that the family would agree to her attending his school. The child knew who he was and she did not want him to see her home. She asked him to wait on the corner until she got through her errand. For three hours Mr. Moody waited, but the little truant had gone with no intention of returning. Several days later, however, he saw her again and she recognized him also. Without a word of explanation she turned and ran. At this time the drainage system of Chicago had just been changed, resulting in the elevation of the streets several feet. Some of the property owners not only raised their houses but built new sidewalks, consequently the connections between the old sidewalk levels and the new ones had to be made by steps. Up and down these walks the girl fled, and close behind her was Mr. Moody. Finally she ran into a saloon, and he did not abandon the chase, but followed into a little sitting-room beyond, then up a staircase into a little bedroom where the Sunday-school recruiting officer found the child hiding under a bed. He persuaded her to come out, and, after a talk with the mother, he secured her for the North Market Hall.

During the first year all that Mr. Moody received was about three hundred dollars from friends who became interested in his work. By strict economy he hoped to make his savings last several years, but beyond that he had no plans, feeling sure that either the way would be made open for him to stay in Christian work, or, in case his support failed, he might follow the example of St. Paul, who made tents while doing evangelistic work. If it seemed God's will for him to do so he could go back to selling shoes. His dependence was on God.

From teaching children and getting them into Sunday-school he began to know their parents, and, unconsciously, he was in regular evangelistic work almost before he knew it. It is impossible to state exactly when he commenced the special services in which he became more widely known, for it was a development rather than a sudden departure.

Mr. Lincoln's Quick Study of Mining

MISS LOUISE H. STEVENS, the lecturer and traveler, of Brooklyn, New York, is busy upon the memoirs of her father, the late Professor Stevens, who, among other Government commissions, surveyed the mineral lands of Venezuela, which recently figured in the international diplomatic correspondence.

The scientist had met many distinguished characters in his travels but, he said, by far the most inspiring was Abraham Lincoln. The way he came to meet Mr. Lincoln was interesting. This heretofore unpublished incident Miss Stevens intends to use in her biography. Professor Stevens was working up a mining case for the Government in a Western State where Mr. Lincoln was practicing law. Mr. Lincoln at the time was comparatively unknown in law and politics. When the professor engaged his room in the crowded country hotel he found that a Mr. Lincoln was to occupy one bed in the room as there was no other place where he could be accommodated. After arranging his books, the professor settled down in an easy chair to prepare his brief.

Mr. Lincoln soon came in and made himself known. He said he also had to spend the evening making up an argument upon a mining case, and he knew less about mines than about anything else. In an hour the professor finished his work and retired, but before he did so he granted his roommate the privilege of using all his books, maps and papers upon mines and mining. Then he went to sleep, and when he awoke at seven the next morning he found Mr. Lincoln just where he had left him poring over his books and papers. The lamp was still burning although it was daylight.

As Professor Stevens' case did not come up the next day he attended the court to hear Mr. Lincoln present his arguments. He reached the scene in time for the opening speech by his roommate and he stayed all through the session.

Although Mr. Lincoln spoke for over an hour on the technicalities of mines and mining he did not make a single mistake. He cross-examined some half dozen surveyors and engineers, and in every case puzzled and embarrassed them with his knowledge of the subject. Of course he won the case. But Professor Stevens said that everybody in the court believed he had been graduated in mining engineering and had devoted years to the study of the science.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The May Elections in the Cuban Cities

In May elections will be held in the one hundred and thirty-seven municipalities of Cuba. The suffrage will be restricted to those who can read and write and who have $250.00 worth of property, or who fought in the Cuban Army. After the municipal elections a general convention will be held, and it will submit a scheme of government for the consideration of the United States. Under Spanish rule there was, theoretically, no restriction to the suffrage, and the fact that the Americans have placed qualifications upon the vote, while States in the Union, with few exceptions, do not permit such things, shows that circumstances alter cases.

Good Things the Americans are Doing

So far the best results attained are physical. The fact that the streets of Havana are being better cleaned and at less cost than those of any American city speaks volumes.

It is evident that the populations of our new possessions have the tropical qualities of their climate, and they are not to be handled as easily as some of our own people whose life in colder latitudes has made them more amenable to law and order. The real gain so far in the new government which we are giving the islands has been in the way of honest administration, in the abolition of fees, the dismissal of blackmailing politicians, the correction of corrupt judiciaries and the general cleaning out of the practices which naturally followed many years of Spanish rule. It is a gratification to know that in this revival the strong natives are participating, and are developing fine qualities of character. For instance, the president of the Filipino Supreme Court, recently established by the American Government, was formerly Aguinaldo's Secretary of State. In the Board which General Otis recently appointed to report a practicable plan for municipal government in the Philippines, two of the five members are Filipinos.

The commission which President McKinley sent to the Philippines, just after the war, reported that the most desirable scheme for the government of the islands would be to inaugurate a system of local government based on a suffrage restriction by educational or property qualifications, and supervised, at least in the first years, by a commission of eminent and well-paid American officials at the ratio of one for every 250,000 natives. This is the commission: Judge William H. Taft, of Ohio, President; Judge Henry C. Ide, of Vermont; General Luke E. Wright, of Tennessee; Professor Bernard Moses, of the University of California; Professor Worcester, Michigan University.

The Constitution and the Flag

By a vote of thirty-six to seventeen the United States Senate declared that the Constitution did not extend over the Island of Puerto Rico by its own force. Under this decision it was left for Congress to say just how free our new colonists shall be, or just how little self-government or how few benefits of republican institutions they shall have. The Puerto Rican tariff bill has been a diverting incident in politics. After the President of the United States had declared in his annual message that it was the proper duty to give our new dependencies free trade, the idea of imposing a tax upon an island that had been recently swept by a tornado, and tens of thousands of whose people were absolutely dependent on charity, not only drew an almost universal protest from the newspapers, but created radical difficulties in the Republican organization. There were so many changes in the plan, followed by a special message from the President, asking that all duties collected be appropriated for the benefit of the island, that the whole thing has turned out to be more or less of a farce. Of course we shall hear from it during the campaign, but the only really important and permanent fact that it has developed was the vote on whether or not the Constitution, like trade, followed the flag. Senator Foraker, in a brisk and breezy fight, mitigated the situation somewhat by practically securing civil government for the island. Puerto Ricans complained bitterly of the proposed tariff. Those in favor of the Bill held that it was the practical way to raise the revenue which Puerto Rico needed, and that every penny of the money would be given to the island. Independently Congress voted $2,000,000 to relieve distress in Puerto Rico.

A Trade Gain of Forty Millions

In 1897 our exports to Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii Islands, Philippine Islands and Samoan Islands were $16,922,305, and our imports were $37,919,519. Last year our exports were $41,581,084 and our imports were $60,175,605. This year the figures will be even larger. Senator Beveridge, in his speech on the Philippines, spoke eloquently of the wonderful resources of those islands and of their importance to the trade of the United States, and he made this very



J. B. FORAKER
Photo by Chickering, Washington

BERNARD MOSES
Photo by Pierce, San Francisco

WILLIAM H. TAFT
Photo by Somers, Cincinnati

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
Photo by the Pach Studio, N. Y.

RICHARD OLNEY
Photo by B. F. Keeney, Boston

significant statement: "Manila, as a port of call and exchange, will, in the time of men now living, far surpass Liverpool." He spoke as a man who had carefully investigated the facts, and his prophecy will be remembered. Except Puerto Rico, which was devastated by the storm, all our new possessions are doing well. The bubonic plague is frightening Hawaii somewhat, but the conditions of trade and commerce there are all excellent. Governor Leary has gotten most of the natives of Guam properly married, has imposed a tariff of eight dollars a gallon on ardent spirits, and has started the lazy population on the road to a larger prosperity. And the crops of Cuba are said to be the best that have been known for years. The tobacco crop will alone yield $24,000,000.

Some of the Problems of Expansion

Everywhere the discussion about expansion proceeds. One of its strongest opponents is Mr. Olney, who was Secretary of State under Mr. Cleveland. His views have attracted widespread interest, and he has probably done much to draw the lines for the Presidential contest. And Mr. Bryan is busy denouncing "imperialism."

One interesting difficulty in all the islands is to keep the Government's generosity from spoiling the people. The easiest way in the world to ruin the average man is to give him free food, and the somewhat indiscriminate distribution of provisions by our agents in Cuba and in Puerto Rico has filled the native mind with the happy expectation of existence without work. All that, however, will be gradually reformed, and it must be said, if we are to accept the reports from our officers and representatives, that as a rule the natives are measuring up to their new responsibilities.

Of course, colonial work is entirely new business for us. Heretofore the nearest approach to it we had was far-off Alaska, whose most serious problem generally was the proclivity of the whaling fleet to get lost and demand rescue; but now we have all these islands on both sides of the earth, with alien peoples whose habits and customs are entirely different from our own and whom we must assimilate as benevolently as possible. One big problem was how to manage the church question. Such a thing as a state church is entirely foreign to our ideas and institutions, and it has been interesting to watch how the Catholics and the members of the Administration have been handling the difficulties in executive session, and with such little show of conflict in the secular press. The average American politician would no more think of openly discussing a religious question than he would of committing suicide; and thus it has happened—and it may happen—that the church problems in the colonies will be solved by those skillful processes of church and political diplomacy which take place under the surface. Neither religion nor love is comfortable on the hustings. In the meanwhile many of the churches are doing all they can to extend themselves with a new expansion. We lead the world in denominations and creeds, having between one and two hundred, with new ones constantly forming, and if all of the new colonists cannot find something to their liking they will be indeed hard to please.

American Methods Abroad

One result of the Americans going to the islands has been in each instance to raise prices. The tendency is still upward and General Otis recently, in telling the army officers that it would be better for them to send their families away from Manila, mentioned as one of the arguments that the expenses of living in the Philippines were increasing too rapidly. A new journalism has followed American conquest, and judging from the contents of the papers, both in Cuba and in the Philippines, the greatest interest in the United States is beer. The larger part of their advertising space is taken up by announcements of the various beverages and their flaring accounts of the cafés and restaurants. At the same time it is not fair to judge the new occupation by this evidence. In several of the islands there are absolute orders, signed by the American officers, prohibiting any saloon from selling to the soldiers.

It is against all reason to expect these strange people to adapt themselves at once to American methods, and it is certainly problematical if the Americans will try to become acclimated in their habits. Our people consider themselves the finest products of human civilization, and when we take charge of a new poulation it is not to learn its language or to adopt its habits, but to gradually make it recognize our own merits and to try as much as possible to become like our own selves. Of course, all this means an enormous increase in the spread of the English language, and if any one wants to measure the century there is no better way than to take the fact that, whereas one hundred years ago the Spanish language outnumbered the English by six millions, to-day the English surpasses the Spanish by nearly three to one.

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MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The Assistant Secretary of the Interior

Not so many years ago a somewhat lank, big-boned Pennsylvania boy went to Missouri to try his luck. His name was Daniel Webster Davis. The boys at school used to poke fun at him. He ought to make an orator, they said. This was funny enough, for at that time young Davis was bashful and unpromising. After a while he thought less of his name, and when his intimates forgot the Daniel and cut the Webster down to Web he felt, for the first time, that life was worth living. All the time somewhere within his make-up there was a desire for an effort at oratory. It may be that the taunts suggested something that might otherwise have gone unthought of; but whatever the reason, he began to study "pieces" and recite them. One by one he went through the difficulties of memorizing and declaiming the stock poetic and prose selections, until he knew them all. It was with this training that he set out for himself. At first he talked to small crowds—debating societies and friendly groupings. Then came politics, in which he "took sides."

His lankness gave way to bulk, and when his twenty-fifth year was at hand he was a strong, well-knit, black-mustached fellow with a head full of facts, a stout heart and a weakness for public speaking on political questions.

Daniel Webster Davis is now the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and it was he who arrived in Pretoria in President Kruger's private car.

Down in the southern part of Missouri there are entire counties that yearn for the time when he will come back on a speech-making tour. This is not a party preference, for political friends and foes are alike in their desire to "hear what Web Davis has got to say." Women have pleasant remembrance of a dark-eyed, black-haired man with a big mustache, who knows how to make political speeches interesting. He tells stories that women like to hear, and he speaks of the babies so tenderly and at times so amusingly that his audiences wonder that he is a bachelor.

Mr. Davis is in the thirties, but he speaks and writes as a man having the experience that comes with ripened sixty. When he was almost a youth he was Mayor of the town of Kansas City.

As a speaker, Mr. Davis, in common with most men who talk publicly, has a few tricks, and one of these involves story-telling. In a community where he finds the honest, whiskered farmer whose literature is neither plentiful nor changeful, he is careful not to be too advanced as to anecdote. He uses the old, reliable, moss-grown story that is clear as to point and uncomplicated in construction.

The Only Authorized Version

Linsay Flavel Mines, the poet, started his career, like many other versifiers, as a reporter upon a newspaper which paid its writers according to the space their work made and not by regular salary. One day he was assigned to report the ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone of one of the new public buildings in downtown New York. Dreams of a long, column article, and possibly two columns, flashed through his mental vision as he went from the office to the function. When he arrived there he found to his consternation that the business methods of Wall Street had affected the affair and that it was to be exceedingly brief. Bishop Potter lent dignity to the occasion, and after a few remarks began reading from the Episcopal liturgy. When the audience was dismissed Mr. Mines approached the Bishop as he was getting into his carriage and asked him where his prayer was taken from.

"From our prayer-book," replied the Bishop.

"I wish you would lend it to me so that I can copy it, because I'm certain there is not one in our office."

Those who know the Bishop and his dealings with reporters, and the fact that he never gives an interview to any of them, can imagine the look of surprise that he concentrated upon the young man, but it was only for a moment, and he silently handed the book to him.

The reporter had taken it and was turning away when the Bishop called him back, and in his solemn way said: "You know the charge that is made against most book borrowers? You will return it to me, will you not?"

"Sure," said Mr. Mines.

And his paper the next day was the only one that had that prayer precisely as it was prayed.

A Note from Leedle Yawcob Strauss

Living happily in Roxbury, one of the suburbs of Boston, is Charles Follen Adams, whose Leedle Yawcob Strauss is one of the imperishable characters in the humorous literature of America. This month—that is to say, on April 21—he will celebrate his fifty-eighth birthday. He was in the Civil War, and was wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg. His pen has lost none of its facility. The other day a letter from this office was sent to Mr. Adams on a business matter, and it was by mistake addressed to Charles *Follen* Adams. Very promptly came the following:

"*Dear Editor:* Below you will please notice my *protest* regarding the manner in which you have spelled my *middle* name, both in letter and on envelope. YAWCOB.

ADAM'S FALL

'In Adam's fall
We sinnèd all,'
Not only *Sirs* but *Madams:*
Though this be true,
'Tis wrong for you
To call me *Follen* Adams.
CHAS. FOLLEN ADAMS."



J. A. TAWNEY
Photo by Sanderson, Winona, Minn.

SARAH COWELL LEMOYNE
Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS
Photogravure by Hastings, Boston

G. P. WETMORE
Photo by Parker, Washington, D. C.

VIOLA ALLEN
Photo by Sarony, New York

Two Americans Who are Stars

One of the most successful players of the theatrical season which closes this spring is Miss Viola Allen, who by her acting has made the fortune of "The Christian," and also that of Mr. Hall Caine. The play is far more successful in this country than in England, mostly because of Miss Allen's fine work as Gloria Quayle. Miss Allen was born in the South. She began at Madison Square Theatre, New York, in "Esmeralda," in 1882, and the year following she became the leading lady in John McCullough's company. She played with Salvini, Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence, and she was leading lady at the Boston Museum.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyne was known for many years as a public reader, but before that she was on the stage, and in her early days played in "The Banker's Daughter," in which she had ten entrances and five lines, and had her pride somewhat hurt by a reference to her "Lady Macbeth strut." Mr. LeMoyne, her husband, was the Captain of a Massachusetts company during the war, and he returned to the stage after the hostilities were over. It was largely due to his suggestion that Mrs. LeMoyne became a star. Mrs. LeMoyne recently said: "What ability I may have as an actress, since I had had so little actual experience on the stage, must be largely owing to my training as a monologue reader, but fundamentally to hard work. I dare say I was fitted temperamentally for acting."

James R. Keene's Loyalty

One of the strongest traits of character of James R. Keene, the Wall Street multi-millionaire operator, is his loyalty to his friends. He is said never to forget one when trouble comes. Among his early associates after he came to New York from the West is an elderly man, now broken in health and fortune. Years ago, side by side, they fought the strenuous fight. After one victory came a defeat. The other could not rally, and all that he had was lost—all except Mr. Keene's remembrance. It is said that he receives at regular intervals an income sufficient to relieve his necessities from a "forgotten investment" made with the California broker years ago. Another instance of his staunchness happened not long since. A well-known man "on the Street" who had been intimately connected with Mr. Keene and his associates, lost all of his accumulations in an outside venture. He was more than sixty years old, but self-reliant and hopeful. "I think I can endure the Klondike," he said bravely to Mr. Keene. "There's no use hanging around the old scenes."

"Come in and see me to-morrow," replied the millionaire.

That evening Mr. Keene mentioned the sturdy resolve to a group of old friends, and the next day he turned over to the man who was down a sum of money sufficient to defray expenses in the Klondike for two years. "If he strikes luck," said Mr. Keene to his friends, "we'll all be glad, and our money will come back. If he fails, we won't regret the money. That show of the right spirit is worth it twice over."

It is two years since then, and the latest news from Alaska is that the old prospector has located claims worth something like a quarter of a million dollars, and intends paying New York and his friends a visit.

Two Popular Men in Congress

Senator George Peabody Wetmore, of Newport, was born in London during the visit of his parents abroad. He was graduated from Yale, has been twice Governor of Rhode Island, and was elected to the United States Senate by unanimous vote.

Hon. James A. Tawney, who represents the First District of Minnesota in the House of Representatives, was born in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in 1855; he learned the trade of a machinist. He left Pennsylvania in 1877 and went to Winona, where he was employed as a machinist for four years. Then he began the study of law and subsequently entered the law school of the Wisconsin University. He was elected to Congress, and he has been reelected three times.

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Moving the Big Show

By W. C. Coup * * * * Edited by Forrest Crissey

IT REQUIRES several months of hard labor to prepare any show for the road, even those already organized, for, as a rule, all shows "lay off" during the winter. With few exceptions the horses are allowed to "run out," and all the wagons and paraphernalia are stored in convenient winter quarters provided for the purpose. The wild animals are taken from their traveling cages and placed in more commodious ones. The manager then decides on his route for the coming season. This, in itself, is an arduous labor, for the cost of transportation becomes, necessarily, a most important consideration in his calculations.

The manager of a large show, however, can do this with comparative ease, since he does not fear opposition so much as does the manager of the small show and, consequently, may choose his own territory, while his small opponent must skirmish around to get out of the way of the larger show.

Therefore, the route of the big show is completed on paper not later than the first of February, and the first agent, usually the railroad contractor, begins his duties. Such a show as I am describing is perfectly safe in laying out its route thus early and advertising its days and dates for months in advance. And, having done this, woe betide any smaller concern which elects to show in the same neighborhood, for the larger show will immediately send an advance brigade and literally flood the country with their bills. Brigades of this kind are called "skirmishers," and are kept in readiness to jump to any point where their services are needed to fight any kind of opposition. They thus uphold a sort of monarchical right in the territory and prevent, if possible, the success of the lesser attraction. This makes it really far more difficult to manage a small show than a large one, as the latter has the "right of might," while the lesser shows are continually forced in each other's way, to their own detriment and often to their complete financial disaster. A large concern in a prosperous season clears an immense amount of money, but, on the other hand, a disastrous season is bound to result in an enormous loss.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO MOVE A CIRCUS BY RAIL

A few weeks before the time for opening the circus season the horses are taken in, stabled, groomed and fed with grain to get them "hard" and in good condition for work. The wagons are overhauled, painted and gilded, and, if necessary, new ones are built. The various agents are by this time hard at work, each having his particular duties to perform.

Previous to 1872 the "railroad circus" was an unknown quantity. Like all other circuses of that day, the big show of which I was the manager traveled by wagon. During our first season our receipts amounted in round numbers to $400,000, exclusive of side shows, concerts and candy stands. Of course we showed in towns of all sizes and our daily receipts ranged from $1000 to $7000. Finding that the receipts in the larger towns were frequently twice and three times as much as in the smaller ones, I became convinced that we could at least double our receipts if we could ignore the small places and travel only from one big town to another, thereby drawing the cream of the trade from the adjacent small towns instead of trying to give a separate exhibition in each. This was my reason for determining to move the show by rail the following season.

To this end, therefore, I at once telegraphed to the superintendents of the different railroads asking if they could accommodate us and guarantee to get us to the various towns in time to give the exhibitions as advertised; and in order for us to do that it was necessary, I informed them, that we be landed in a town as early as six A. M. From some of the railroad superintendents came the reply, "Cannot furnish switch room," and from others, "Give further particulars." After a great deal of correspondence I went to Philadelphia and interviewed the officials of the Pennsylvania Company. I urged and argued and argued and urged, until they said I was the most persistent man they had ever seen, and even told me they would pay me if I would leave them in peace. This, however, did not suit my purpose, and I hung on until I finally made arrangements with them.

After much preparation we eventually fixed upon New Brunswick, New Jersey, as our first loading place. We were new at the work and so commenced loading at eight P. M. and finished the job at eight A. M. with no extraordinary incidents except the breaking of one camel's back—the creature having the misfortune to slip off the "runs." From New Brunswick we went to Trenton, where I had hired Pullman cars for our performers and band, and cheaper cars for our laborers and other attachés.

THE SPARTAN HABITS OF THE OLD-TIMERS

Our experience with the vast crowds of the season before had given us the idea of building two rings and giving a double performance. This, of course, doubled our company, but it kept the audience in their seats, since they were precisely as well off in one part of the canvas as in another, whereas in the old one-ring show we found it impossible to prevent the people who were farthest from the ring from standing up. They would rush to the front and thus interfere with many other people. This two-ring arrangement seemed to obviate this difficulty, and, as it at once hit the popular fancy, it proved a great drawing card for us and others, for within a few months smaller showmen all over the country began to give two-ring performances. Indeed, from that time it seemed to me that the old one-ring show was entirely forgotten.

It was quite laughable, during the earlier portion of the season, to watch the expression on the faces of our performers when they came on to join us and were shown the Pullman cars which were to be their homes for the next six months. "It is too good to last," remarked one. "The expense will break the show," said another. To their surprise, however, it lasted that season and has lasted ever since. Previous to that they had been in the habit of taking breakfast at any hour from midnight to four P. M. according to the number of miles they had to travel; but now all is changed, and an era of luxuriant comfort has become established for them. For many months, however, at the dawn of this epoch, the performers viewed their regular meals and sumptuous surroundings with a comical seriousness most ludicrous to behold.

Small shows had, prior to this time, traveled to a limited extent by rail; but not with accommodations like ours. Such shows consisted of seven or eight cars, whereas ours numbered sixty-one. All of these, with the exception of the sleeping cars, we had hired from the railroad company.

SEVEN HEARTBREAKING DAYS ON THE LONG ROAD

It has always been a mystery to me why the railroads build themselves cars scarcely any two of which are of uniform height. Our heavy wagons would be pushed up on "runs," and, on being pushed from one car to another, would frequently crash through the rotten boards composing the bed of the car. This would cause vexatious delays.

The reader cannot possibly form any idea of the amount of labor involved in teaching our men to become proficient in loading and unloading. It is a positive fact that I never took the clothes off my back from the time of first loading until we reached Philadelphia, our seventh stop! During all that time I was constantly teaching the men the art of loading and unloading, giving attention to the moving of all the wagons, chariots, horses, camels, elephants, etc. We reached Philadelphia tired and exhausted with the seven days' hard work.

I was also mentally fatigued by my partner's opposition and his requests to abandon the scheme; but at this point I realized more than ever the benefits that would accrue from this great departure, and I determined to stick it out to the end. I went to the superintendent of one of the railroads on which we were to travel to Baltimore and Washington and told him I must have a lot of cars of uniform construction at any price. These he succeeded in getting after considerable trouble. I then made up my mind to try it as far as Washington, and if I could not by that time get everything to run smoothly I would abandon it. We reached Wilmington without mishap and gave our exhibitions—three each day. It must be remembered that we had advertised three shows daily and so far had given them; indeed, we did throughout the season, but that was the first and only year that such a feat was attempted.

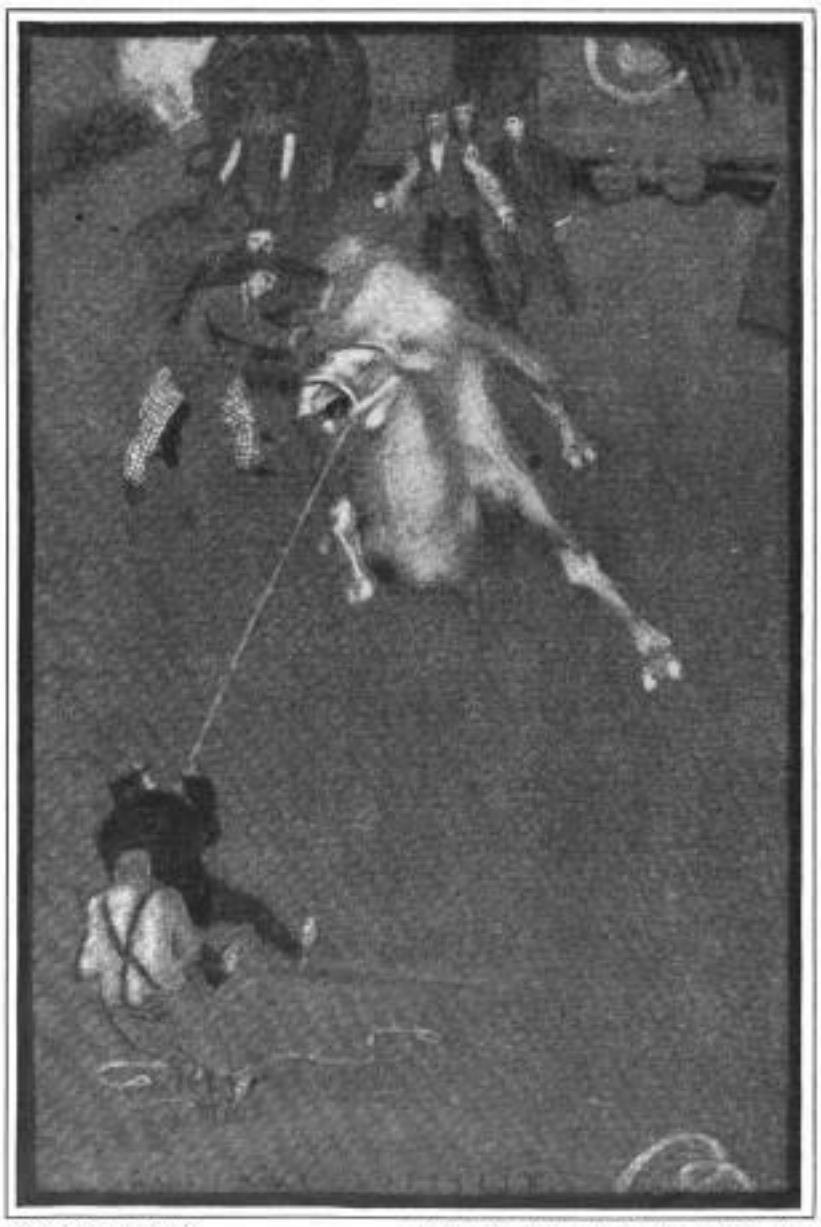
I told the railroad superintendent that if we could manage to load in Wilmington by two A. M. and reach Baltimore at five A. M. it would be a success. He ordered the road cleared, and we arrived in Baltimore with the first section only a little late, and, with a little extra energy, we had the parade out on time and opened the doors to the morning performance at ten A. M. The trip from Baltimore was easily made, but from there we had to run over heavy grades up and down to Frederick, Maryland. In order to load we had to remove all the brakes, and this the yardmaster refused to do. I showed him my contract, wherein the company had agreed to remove all brakes, but he still refused, so I finally resorted to strategy.

I invited him to a restaurant, and while we were absent, by a prearranged movement, Baker, the boss canvas-man, wrenched the brakes off, and by the time the yardmaster and I returned the train was almost loaded. Of course I pretended to be very angry at such conduct, but our point was gained. As the brakes were easily replaced we made the next stop all right.

PERFORMING BY DAY AND TRAVELING BY NIGHT

I determined to have a train of cars built for our special purpose, and accordingly visited all the shops in the East; but I could find no one willing to undertake the job on such short notice. Finally, at Columbus, Ohio, I made the acquaintance of a thorough man of business. He was conducting the car shops there and was prepared to execute any order I might give him. In a short time I had made a contract with him, and in thirty days a train of cars was built. They were of uniform height, with iron extensions reaching from one car to another. These improvements made the loading and unloading mere play. I then heard of some palace horse cars at Cleveland. These I bought. I had them freshly painted and lettered, "P. T. Barnum's World's Fair."

When our men, as they came into Columbus to exhibit, saw that train awaiting them, they sent up such a shout as has seldom been heard. Now we had Pullman cars for the artists, sleeping cars for the laborers, box cars for the extra stuff, palace cars for the horses and other large animals, such as were required for teaming, parades, etc., and platform cars for wagons, chariots, cages and carriages. Thus the Herculean task of putting the first railroad show of any magnitude on its own cars was successfully accomplished.



DRAWN BY GASTAVE VERBECK

—THE CREATURE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SLIP OFF THE "RUNS."

Little, indeed, do the managers of the present day know of the untiring energy and indomitable perseverance necessary to accomplish that feat. The railroad people themselves were utterly ignorant of our wants, as we ourselves were in the beginning. Frequently, as at Washington, the yardmaster would order us to load one car at a time, then switch it away and commence on another. To load a train in this way would have taken us twenty-four hours! Finally, however, system and good order came out of chaos. Once properly launched on our season, we were able to give three performances daily, and quite often made jumps of one hundred miles in one night. The scheme, as I had predicted, completely revolutionized the show business, and has been adopted since, not only in this country, but by the French and English circus proprietors in their travels in Germany. It also greatly advertised us, vast crowds assembling at the depots to see us load and unload.

ON A RUNAWAY CIRCUS TRAIN

I once had a very thrilling experience while riding in the cab of the locomotive pulling our train from Indiana, Pennsylvania. This station is on one of the branches of the

Editor's Note—The first of Mr. Coup's papers appeared in the Post of November 18, 1899. The series will be continued in subsequent issues. Each paper is complete in itself.

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Pennsylvania Railroad, high up on the mountain, the grade there being exceedingly heavy. It is, I believe, conceded to be one of the steepest grades on that system. There is also a horse-shoe bend, or curve, similar to the well-known one on the main line. While standing on the platform, about the time the last car was being loaded, I was accosted by the engineer, who inquired if I had ever traveled on a locomotive and if I would like to take such a trip. I replied that I would like to do so, and boarded the engine with him. A few moments later the signal bell was rung and we pulled out into the darkness. I placed myself so as not to be in the way of the engineer and fireman and was soon lost in meditation.

The sensation was indescribably weird and thrilling. The scene was shrouded in darkness, and, as we flew along the road, the only discernible objects were the trees, which seemed to me like giant sentinels saluting as we flew past. Now and then we caught glimpses of lights in the mountain valleys, but they passed by like a streak of lightning, so rapidly were we going.

"How far can your practiced eye discern objects on a night like this?" I asked the engineer.

"Only a rod or two," he answered.

"In that case," said I, "you could never stop the train to prevent a collision should an obstruction present itself?"

"No—not with these brakes," he replied.

As he said this his face blanched and he whistled hard for down brakes. Finally I heard him exclaim: "God help us! We're running away!"

On, on we sped down the decline at a speed that was something frightful. The engine rattled and shook, and several times appeared to be almost toppling over. It was impossible to stand, and I held on by the window ledge for dear life. Down the mountain we sped altogether helpless! We had no control over the train, loaded down, as it was, with toppling chariots, with horses, animals, elephants, camels and human freight.

PANIC AMONG THE ANIMALS

Evidently the animals instinctively knew the danger, for above the rattle and roar of the train could occasionally be heard some of those strange trumpetings which proceed from an animal only in moments of danger—often just before a storm or cyclone. Momentarily I expected the whole train to be thrown from the tracks and down the mountain side. By the occasional streaks of light that flew past us I could see the blanched faces of both the engineer and fireman, and knew that they fully realized our awful danger. Both of them, however, kept perfectly cool and I tried to imitate their example. How far I succeeded I do not know, but I do know that my nerves were strung to a higher pitch than they ever were before.

A blinding rainstorm added to the horror of the situation, and, with the speed at which we were traveling, each drop seemed to have the penetrating power of a shot. Quick as a flash the thought passed through my head: What if we meet a train? Just at that moment we sped past Blairsville at the junction of the branch road and the main line. The station lights seemed mere specks. As we struck the switch the engine jumped and almost left the track. Looking back we could see the rear lights of our train swaying in the path like a ship tempest-tossed at sea. Our speed seemed to increase as we flew along the main line.

We had gone twenty miles when a whistle was heard ahead.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Another train," replied the engineer; "it will pass us now," and as he was speaking the reflecting lights of its engine appeared, apparently not six rods from us. With lightning rapidity the trains passed each other and the "windage," to use a nautical term, nearly took my breath.

During all this time, which positively seemed hours, my thoughts were not of the pleasantest. On, on we dashed, the engine frequently jumping as it struck something on the track. It seemed to me a miracle that the train did not lurch sheer over some one of the terrible embankments. The fireman was not engaged in tending the fire. It was unnecessary. We were all mute spectators of the scene being enacted by this silent machine—the marvelous and lifelike invention of man. Gradually, at last, our speed began to slacken. We had reached a grade. The danger was past and our lives were saved!

A SINGLE TRACK AND A BROKEN RAIL

We were still moving ahead at the rate of thirty miles an hour when—crash! through the window came some object. Once more the whistle sounded "down brakes," and in less than a mile the train came to a stop. Shortly afterward we heard shouts in our rear, and the man who had flung the missile through the cab window came running breathlessly, and said that less than a mile ahead of us was a broken rail that would undoubtedly have wrecked our train. Knowing that the express train was due in about an hour he had been running back to the station to detain it, when he had met our "wild" train and, realizing the danger, had done all he could to prevent a catastrophe.

Back sped the man to the station to warn the express, leaving us between what were undoubtedly two horrors. The station was fully a mile away. Suppose he could not reach there in time! There we were on a single track, a broken rail ahead of us, an express train due at any moment behind us. Slowly we pulled up to the broken rail and at once replaced it with a new one, for we always carried extra rails on our train for cases of emergency. The track walker succeeded in getting to the station in time to stop the express, though luckily it was not quite due. We ran back to Blairsville and switched on to a side track.

There we found that the second section of our circus train was due at nearly the same time as the express train, and it was an anxious quarter of an hour that we spent in righting things. When, however, the second section did come in, I found that they had been more fortunate than the first section. They had taken the precaution to add to their train several cars belonging to the railroad company, which were fitted up with better brakes than ours, some of them being supplied with both new air and common brakes. Then as a consequence of these precautions the train had descended the mountain under perfect control. I learned a lesson from that experience and lost no time in fitting all our cars with air-brakes. I wish I could remember the name of the engineer. A braver man never handled an engine or went into a battle.

It may not be generally known that all well-regulated roads employ a certain number of men as track walkers, whose constant duty it is to patrol every inch of the road and report the slightest irregularity of rails, road-bed, etc. On this particular night the track-walker's lantern had gone out and the only expedient he could think of was to throw a stone through the cab window. I have often shuddered to think of what the consequences might have been had not his aim been a true one.

THE BRONCHOS' CHARMED LIFE

On another occasion, while going into Clinton, Iowa, with the biggest show I ever owned, we were running about twenty miles an hour, when the locomotive jumped the track and struck a tree. The shock threw all the cars of that section on their ends. The Mississippi River was on one side of us and a springy hill on the other. Here in this narrow place stood the cars, laden with animals of all kinds. It was truly an awful situation. We began to break up the cars in order to extricate the poor dumb brutes. We were compelled to hitch ropes about the horses' necks and pull them out, only to find perhaps that their legs were broken or that they were otherwise hopelessly injured. No fewer than thirty-five of my best horses were thus lost. The reader must remember that, as the cars had been thrown on their ends, in each horse car twenty horses were thrown into a struggling heap. Strange to say, the broncbos seemed to have charmed lives, for not one of them was hurt, and I was enabled to give a performance that day in spite of the accident.

The elephants were piled up in much the same way as the horses, and in order to extricate them it was necessary to strip the cars completely—a labor in which those huge animals assisted us. The camels were unhurt. The loss, in crippled animals and destruction of cars, amounted to several thousand dollars.

I cannot leave the subject of moving the big show without going back to some of my earliest pioneer experiences.

No other human being can realize like the showman the volume of dread hardship and disaster held by those two small words, "bad roads." At the time of my breaking-in we were passing through a section of country in the Southwest, over such wretchedly constructed highways that the slightest fall of rain was sufficient to convert them into rivers of mud. The heavy wagons would sink to their hubs in the mire and the whole train would be stopped.

Then followed a scene too picturesque to escape the attention of even the poor fellows who were half dead from lack of sleep. By the light of flaring torches a dozen big draft horses would be hitched to the refractory wagon. Inspired by the shouts, curses and sometimes the blows of the teamsters, the animals would join in a concerted pull that made their muscles stand out like knotted ropes. But often a battalion of six teams would fail to start a wagon.

OLD ROMEO TO THE RESCUE

Then the shout would go down the line for Romeo. In a few minutes the wise old elephant would come splashing through the mud with an air that seemed to say, "I thought you'd have to call on me!" He knew his place and would instantly take his stand behind the mired wagon. After he had carefully adjusted his huge frontal against the rear end of the vehicle the driver would give the command, "Mile up!" Gently, but with a tremendous power, Romeo would push forward, the wagon would start, and lo! the pasty mud would close in behind the wheels like the Red Sea.

So vividly did this oft-repeated picture impress me that it is as clearly before me now as it was forty years ago. Sometimes, when an elephant was not available, the wagons would be literally pulled apart, and when the break came the horses would fall sprawling into the mire, only their heads visible above the surface of the mud.

But the poor horses were not the only sufferers from bad roads. The men came in for their share. Very distinctly do I remember the night when we were about to cross a slough. Some of us were dozing in our saddles, others sleeping soundly on the tops of the wagons which carried the tents. Suddenly the shout was heard from the man in the lead, "Help, there, boys! I'm going down in the quicksands! Throw out a line, lively!"

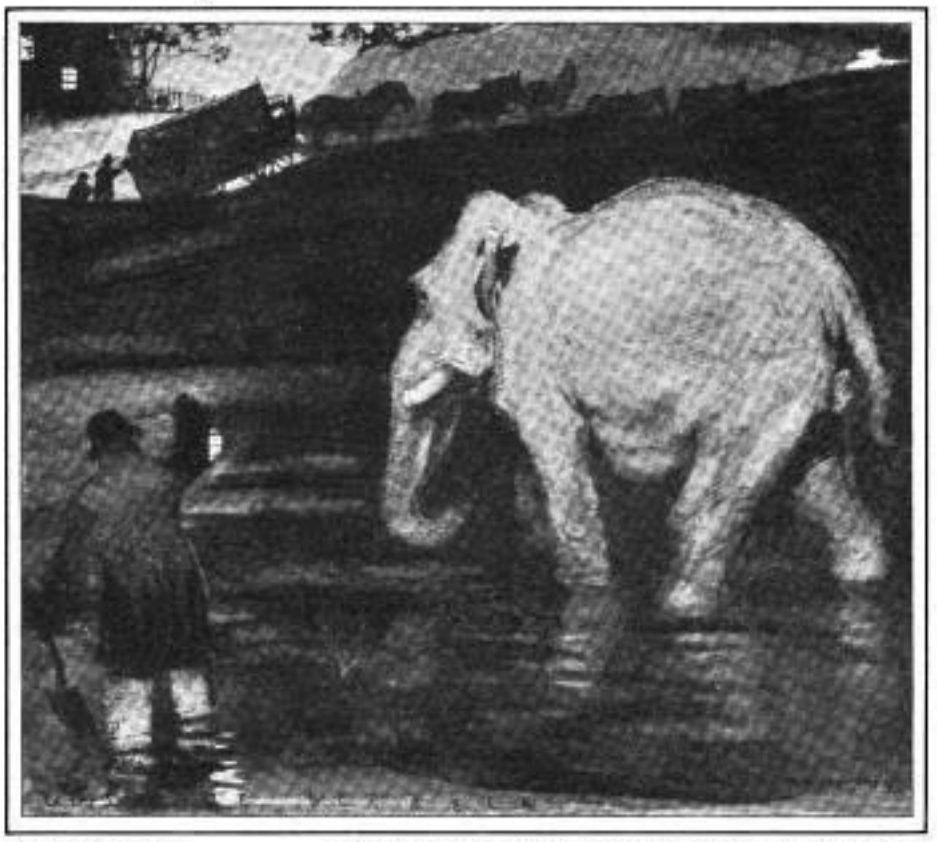
We knew the voice. It belonged to Hickey, the wagon boss, who was a favorite with the men. Instantly the fellows tumbled from the wagons and rushed forward. The torches showed Hickey sunk to his armpits. A man of ready wit and action threw a rope and the sinking man caught it and passed the noose over his head and under his arms, knotting it so that it could not slip and cut him in two. By that time a team of horses had been hitched to the other end of the rope.

"All right! Easy now!" came the order from Hickey, and the team was carefully started. Watching those horses strain on the rope made me hold my breath in expectation that the poor fellow would be actually drawn in two. But, finally, the grip of the mire loosened and he was hauled out to safety.

AN UNEXPECTED MIDNIGHT BATH

Perhaps the most disheartening of all bad-road experiences is that of losing the way—a thing which happened with perverse frequency. Just imagine yourself a member of such a caravan. You have slept four hours out of sixteen and are crawling along in the face of a drenching, blinding rainstorm—soaked, hungry and dazed. The caravan has halted a dozen times in the forepart of the night to pull out wagons and repair breakdowns. But it halts again and the word "lost" is passed back along the line of wagons. This means retracing the route back to the forks of the road miles in the rear. Many an old circus man has wished himself dead on hearing the word "lost" under these conditions.

After one of these disheartening experiences, when we were obliged to "right about face" and drive the poor, jaded horses back over the same road along which they had made their useless but painful pilgrimage, I clambered up to the top of the tent wagon, stretched out on the jolting, shaking heap of canvas, and was soon oblivious to fatigue and discouragement. My next conscious impression was that of a sudden crashing of timbers, the squealing of frightened horses and the sensation of falling. Then I felt myself plunging into the icy waters of a little stream into which the heavy show wagon and all its contents had been precipitated by the breaking of a bridge. It seems almost miraculous that I should have escaped falling under the mass of tents on which I had been sleeping, but in some way I was thrown to one side and contrived to reach the shore in safety.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

THEN THE SHOUT WOULD GO DOWN THE LINE FOR ROMEO

Judge Farrell's Wasted Eloquence

THE Honorable Robert Farrell, Judge of the City Criminal Court of San Francisco, who is familiarly called "Bob," prepares his public speeches with great care. The cause of this is an oration he made a number of years ago which was a noted piece of flambovant eloquence. It began, "From where Mt. Shasta lifts her snowy peaks in air to where San Diego sits by the waters of the ever-smiling sea."

The next day letters came in directed to "Mt. Shasta Snowy Peak Farrell," and "Ever-Smiling Sea Farrell."

It took months for him to escape the effects of his oratory, and he vowed never to commit the crime of eloquence again.

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How to Make Good Aldermen

THERE are Committees of One Hundred that issue manifestoes signed by five-score distinguished names—and accomplish nothing. And there are smaller committees—of five or six, let us say—whose names are not often heard and might not be widely recognized if they were, yet whose collective owners accomplish miracles. The Municipal Voters' League, of Chicago, is a case in point.

And it is all a matter of organization—organization stripped of superfluities and directed very exactly and intently to a sole, definite and limited object.

The Municipal Voters' League handles nothing but aldermen and is in active business but six or eight weeks in the spring of the year. Yet this suffices; a handful of men have given Chicago its first decent Common Council in a quarter of a century. A Council made decent and kept decent—such is their single aim. When that body legislates for two million people—in numbers a nation—such a purpose is adequate and success in it is magnificent.

Half a dozen men—a stationer, an architect, a real-estate dealer, an ex-alderman and so on—say to the passive but well-disposed citizen: "Help us with a small subscription, and we will keep the town fit to live in. Ten thousand dollars will do it." Seven thousand did it in 1899. "We will give our time, taken from our business, and will begin where we ought to—at the beginning." Nay, before the beginning.

Before the primaries, that is to say. At the very first rustling of the campaign, when names of intending or intended candidates are but barely syllabled. The agents of the League—half a dozen salaried men, all told—penetrate every corner of every ward, and full particulars regarding the character and record of every candidate are got from those who know him best; each spring scores of suckling statesmen, more willing than deserving, are strangled in their cradles.

Every would-be alderman receives a summons to call at League headquarters. He comes? Always. He finds himself face to face with earnestness and experience. Bumptiousness and swagger ooze away. He is interrogated; he puts himself on record. "Can we depend upon you to favor one measure? To stand out against another? What are your views and ideas on this, that, the other?" Then the League, wholly non-partisan, pronounces for or against. Its verdict carries weight in the primaries. If there is a slip here, the League will enter a candidate of its own. It is detested and feared by the old-school politician. With reason. Three years ago a Common Council of sixty-eight members contained ten honest men. To-day almost two-thirds of them deserve that epithet—a state of things that has even made practicable the organization of the body on a non-partisan basis.

"You cry out against the machine," shouts the exasperated professional, "but you are a machine yourselves—one of the worst sort!" "One of the best sort," rejoins the League, "for we have no private axes to grind—our one object is to promote the general good." The children of darkness are angered to find themselves laid by the heels, their skulduggeries combated, their tricks forestalled.

To be an alderman in Chicago has ceased to be a reproach. Aldermen now openly appear advocating good causes among good people. The saloon-keeper retires; the young professional man begins to look in. The public servants now dine at a new club of their own and discuss municipal matters in an atmosphere of mutual esteem.

All this because a handful of earnest men have known how to do the right thing at the right time in the right way, and have done it—with all the private sacrifices, too, that such a service involves. As small a number would have saved Sodom. But they were not forthcoming. Will they be forthcoming in New York, in Philadelphia, in St. Louis? The mere method seems simple and efficacious—the men themselves once found. —HENRY B. FULLER.

Reform in politics would prosper better if the reformers had less appetite for the loaves and fishes.

The Democracy of the Schoolroom

EVER since the years in which emigration to the United States became the most significant movement of Europeans, there have been among us many patriotic yet timorous souls who have feared the effect of the influx of great masses of humanity unlike us in speech, social customs and political beliefs, and most of them far below the American standard of intelligence. Doubt could not be allayed by study of other nations that had received large bodies of aliens, whether by conquest or peaceable annexation, for mighty Rome was destroyed by races that she was supposed to have absorbed and made part of herself, and alien peoples have been the cause of almost endless trouble to the modern European nations: they have stood apart, remained clannish, complained, conspired, often rebelled.

Yet in the United States it is a fact—it is a mystery also to observers from the outer world—that our immigrants, of whom we have received about twelve millions, soon became loyal Americans, while their children and grandchildren cannot be distinguished except by name from the descendants of the first settlers of the colonies. The explanation is to be found in our common-school system. The schoolhouse is generally the first public building erected in a new settlement; it precedes the church, for while Americans differ theologically to a degree unknown anywhere else in the world, they are as one in the demand that their children shall receive elementary education.

Not only is the school free to all, but in States which are most intelligent and prosperous school attendance is compulsory. The schoolroom is the cradle of equality and freedom, for in it there is no distinction between foreign and native-born, rich and poor. Every attendant must learn the language of the country, and his standing from year to year depends not at all upon favor or privilege, but solely on his own intelligence and application.

To Americans all this may seem a matter of course, but to the immigrant it is an astounding revelation. No matter how dull and common the parent, he knows that ignorance was one of the bars that kept him from any contact that was not servile with the better classes in the land of his birth. Here, however, for several hours of the schoolday his children are side by side with those of the richest, wisest and best families of the vicinity. Children are as observing as the animals; they are adaptive and receptive, too, and therefore unconsciously, slowly, but nevertheless surely, they acquire some of the qualities of those whom they admire and with whom they associate. There is no democracy so genuine and assimilative as that of the American schoolroom and its playground, so at the end of the period of school attendance it would be a wise man indeed who could differentiate the children according to the races from which they sprang.

One evidence of this result of common-school training is that the system's most enthusiastic supporters are the men and women who know best. They have a missionary spirit like that of the church in its most proselyting days. When we occupied Cuba and Puerto Rico and began the conquest of the Philippines, teachers were as desirous as traders to go to the new lands. Through the influence of American individuals and societies twenty times as many children are at school in Cuba as there were a year ago, and scores of competent and energetic teachers are demanding as a right that they shall be permitted to establish our school system in the Philippines. Undoubtedly they will have their way, nor do our remaining half-million teachers doubt that at a not distant day the schools will transform the rising generation of Filipinos, Hawaiians and Puerto Ricans into enthusiastic Americans, or that the children will draw their parents after them. —JOHN HABBERTON.

The man who merely skims does not always get the cream.

New Issues for Old Parties

THE student of political science will see in the discussion of questions arising out of our war with Spain a possible reorganization of American politics along entirely new lines. So seeing he will be pleased, for he knows that frequent reorganization is necessary if political parties are to be made instruments of the greatest possible good.

Every great party is organized primarily with one chief end in view. It labors for that end until it succeeds or fails and the issue is settled. When this happens we see two parties which include practically all the voters of the nation. They have been divided on one great question. Some millions of people belong to party Number One for the reason that they were in favor of the issue involved. Some other millions are in party Number Two for the reason that they did not favor that issue. Party Number One has accomplished its purpose. Party Number Two has given up and admits defeat. Now it is that a reorganization is needed.

It is needed for the reason that after they have accomplished their object or failed to do so the two parties are useless so far as accomplishing any other great object is concerned. They are lined up for or against a dead issue and harp on the past without representing any active, living principles. If a new issue of great importance should come up there would be no hopes that all the men in party Number One would agree upon it as they did on the issue that brought them together. The leaders know this. As a result they hesitate to embrace such an issue. Instead they bring up as the principles of their party minor matters upon which no one feels so strongly that failure to agree will drive him away. They keep real issues obscured and make politics, instead of a great conflict where principles are involved, a mere game where each player strives to win for the sake of winning. The men of earnest purpose, the men whom the nation needs, have no time for such a game and drop out, while those without high principle or purpose get a chance and play the game for the sport and for the winnings. The latter are the spoils of office.

But when a great issue, an issue of sufficient importance to compel a new organization of political forces, comes before the nation it revitalizes politics. Men line up anew. Old parties are broken up. Men who were in party Number One are now in party Number Two, and *vice versa*. Now politics is no longer a game. It becomes work—work for earnest men with high principle. The spoils-seekers are crowded out by men who believe so earnestly in the issue involved that they will spend time and energy fighting for it. There is none of the old ill feeling, for now old enemies are working side by side. The strife we see now is fresh and sharp. It means something.

But when this issue has been decided the same evils will follow, until a new issue arises to reconstruct party organization and revivify politics. —LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

Conservatism carried too far becomes dry rot.

Free Speech for Muzzled Officials

TRUTH is the greatest thing in the world. Possibly that is one reason why it is so hard to get at. In our modern methods and restrictions we have made access to it tortuous and difficult. Red tape leads through many labyrinthine paths. The men in administrative life and the officers of the Army and the Navy ought to be allowed to speak their sentiments with the greatest freedom, but they are all tied up by custom and convention. It is even worse abroad than it is in this country. A delightful instance of it was the case of Lord Charles Beresford. He was a member of Parliament for York, but in January gave up his political career and reentered the British Navy as second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron. Two days before he left politics, however, he made a speech.

"As I am not yet active in service, but still a member for York, I may express myself. Two days hence I will be on full pay, and must then drop politics," he said. That is, he could speak his convictions as a member of Parliament, but he must keep his mouth closed as an Admiral in the Navy. And he dealt his blows straight from the shoulder.

May it not be a good idea to detach some of our bureaucrats or officers and put them in Congress for a short time so that they might be as frank as Lord Charles was in his farewell speech? We abuse politics for a great many evils, of which they are undoubtedly guilty, but we should not forget that they offer our best means for getting at the truth. Even when the politicians talk too much it is better than if they did not talk at all. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Creeds endure, but every saint worships better in new clothes.

Parchments that Mean Something

AT LAST there is a possibility that the college degree in America will amount to something. In the United States there are nearly five hundred universities and colleges which issue these degrees, and as far as the general public is concerned there is little difference as to their relative values. The D. D. from a certain agricultural college, which made a business of degrees, looks just as big in the newspapers as if it had been conferred by the greatest theological institution of the land. Masters of Art have become as common as Colonels in Kentucky; Bachelors of Art are too numerous to mention; and a Professor may be anything from a bootblack to an astronomer. In Europe, where the degrees have their certain values, there has long been a disposition to regard all American distinctions of that kind in the light of suspicion or of jest.

Our educators very naturally appreciate the importance of reforming this evil, and the movement is rightly begun in the meeting in Washington of the representatives of the largest universities in the country. The Presidents of Harvard, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, the University of Chicago, and the University of California invited the Presidents of Clark, Columbia, Cornell, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Wisconsin, Yale, and Leland Stanford, Jr., to meet them in Washington, and to consider plans for making more uniform the graduate degree in America, and for improving its reputation abroad. By raising the standard in the best institutions necessarily the weaker colleges will be persuaded to increase their own value and usefulness. —WEBSTER WALLACE.

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Americans *in* Paris

MRS. MARGARET SPICER-SIMSON, whose home is in Washington, whose studio is in Paris, and who paints mostly in London—art is a wretchedly cosmopolitan affair—will be represented at the Exposition by a number of her marvelously painted miniatures.

In connection with one of them there is a charming story. There was a very old lady in London—almost as old as the century—Mrs. Money-Coutts, a sister of Lady Burdett-Coutts, whose charities are known all over the world. Although Mrs. Money-Coutts was well over ninety, she had never had a picture of herself made. Her children tried to persuade her to have a photograph taken, but she would never consent. At last one of her granddaughters entered into a not unkind conspiracy with Mrs. Simson. Winter afternoons they visited the old lady and chatted with her, and Mrs. Simson made thumb-nail sketches. Christmas Day the little ivory miniature was finished. It was given to Mrs. Money-Coutts for a Christmas gift. She looked at it for a long time with her bright old eyes, and that night she gave it to her son—you must know Money-Coutts, the poet. The next day she died; and now all that is left is her memory and that sweet old face, immortal on ivory.

A very charming story I think—and yet I cannot tell why.

THE PET SUPERSTITION OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS

In my youth I was told it was bad manners to talk of a rope in the house of a man whose father was "hangit." There used, also, to be a point of etiquette to remember in visiting the Théâtre Français—so long the home of the French drama, founded by the first of the Bourbons, managed by Molière, reformed by Napoleon, and burnt under the Republic. Recently one of the *sociétaires* had taken me back to that wonderful green-room which was, perhaps, the last salon in France. On the walls pictures of Talma, Rachel and Mars; a wood fire chattering on the great marble hearth; a grand piano and age-old chairs; the famous players of the Comédie Française—some of them in the costumes of Le Marriage Forcé of Molière, others dressed in the fashion of fifty years ago—a few authors in evening clothes; and so for a little while we talked and bowed and walked to and fro as in a comedy.

"Would you like to see the stage?" my friend asked; and she was Mademoiselle Morêno.

We passed down a broad pair of steps to the stage. It was between acts, and the stage hands were dragging away——

"Beg pardon," I said, "I almost tripped over that rope!"

Mademoiselle Morêno wrung her hands with anguish; the stage manager turned away blackly; the actors in the wings eyed me with disfavor.

"It is forbidden," said my friend, "don't you know? For four hundred years it has been forbidden to mention—you know what—on the stage!"

And even as she spoke a stage hand came up bringing me a small bouquet of flowers, on top of which was a snip of the rope. I knew what that meant, and I paid my golden fine and put the flowers in my buttonhole—they were artificial, very artificial! When we had escaped into the corridor (which is a picture-gallery) I tried to learn why one must not speak of a rope in the house of Molière.

"I suppose it is only a superstition," my friend explained, "but you should go now before the house burns down or something awful happens."

I did not want Molière's play to fail, so I went away like the young man in the parable. With what success, for the four hundred years preceding, the management of the Théâtre had met in muzzling garrulous strangers I cannot say, but should any one ever quarrel again with well-seated custom, why here is history to give him the lie to his face.

THE SECRET OF BELASCO'S LUCK

Of course the theatrical people of America have quite as interesting a collection of superstitions. They know as well as you or I do that if the final line of a play is spoken during the rehearsals the play will fail. Only in America there are prophylactics against bad luck. The best of them is that practiced by Mr. David Belasco. He makes it a rule to pick up every piece of coal he sees on the street. They are better, he believes, than horseshoes. When he takes off his overcoat after coming in from a walk it rattles like a Noah's ark. In his library there is a whole corner filled with these offerings to luck. A few hours before one of his plays was to be produced I was walking up Fifth Avenue with Mr. Belasco. After we had gone a half dozen blocks I noticed he was troubled.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I think I saw a piece of coal—we were talking so intently I am not sure, but let us go back."

We went back five blocks and found a little three-cornered piece of coal. Mr. Belasco's face brightened.

"It will be all right now," he said; and it was.

Should you ask him now the reason of that play's extraordinary success he would tell you it was due to the fact that Mrs. Leslie Carter carried that piece of coal when she went on the stage. And to-day it is set in gold. I have never tried coal; I have no faith in black cats; but horseshoes——

THINGS NO GENTLEMAN SHOULD DO: WHISTLER'S CODE

After all, there is only one American in Paris, and that is Mr. Whistler. You might not think it should you see him, for his fluffy white hair, his eye-glass, his coal-black moustaches are very French; you might not think so should you hear him, for his speech is anything but American. It is a sort of singsong English.

(Ten years ago, when he was living up the Fulham Road, in London, he remarked in a moment of confidence: "I could never get to talk this blawsted English accent, but I can sing it!" And he does.)

He chants English in a way that makes other foreigners in London—George Moore, of Ireland, and W. E. Henley, of Scotland—mere banglers at the art.

But this paragraph is about Mr. Whistler's luncheon. It came off a few days ago. He asked eight people—the proper number for a luncheon—to come to his studio in the Rue du Bac at one o'clock. They were men of letters, artists, journalists—all of them Mr. Whistler's good friends and admirers. They put on their longest frock coats, they had their best hats ironed, they bought violets for their buttonholes, they took cabs—and arrived happy and hungry at the studio.

One o'clock. The sombre English servant took their hats and coats as they came in.

They filed into the studio—all except Monsieur Davray, who was ten minutes late. Mr. Whistler, in a very long frock coat, came up beaming.

"Good, y'know," he sang, "so good of you to come, oh Smith and Brown—feeling fit, Brown?—and Jones and Robinson?—wife better, Robinson?—and Jenkins. D'lyghted, D'lyghted!"

In his enthusiastic welcome Mr. Whistler dropped his eye-glass; it splintered on the arm of a chair; imperturbable, he took another from his waistcoat pocket and screwed it into his eye.

(Ten years ago when he was living up the Fulham Road, in London, he said: "No gentleman ever has a string on his eye-glass—if it falls he takes another one from his pocket and puts it in his eye." He said also: "No gentleman ever wears detachable cuffs or a shirt that opens behind.")

"Glad you're all here—where's Davray? Oh, he'll come nipping along after a bit," Mr. Whistler chanted. "Come over here to the table—I've got something—one of those queer American things, and, I say, it's jolly. Listen!"

It was one of those phonographic affairs, with a sort of long, broad-mouthed tube to exaggerate the voice that issued from it. I think it is called a gramophone. Mr. Whistler inserted a disk and turned the crank. There came out a grisly, queer voice, which sang Yankee Doodle. Mr. Whistler beat time and smiled; every one else smiled—it was half-past one and no sign of luncheon. Mr. Whistler put in another disk. The song that came out, in a queer, gruff voice, was:

"Honey, yu'z ma lady luv,
Yo' eyes are bright
As de stars above—
I'll sing dis song
Me whole life long—
Yo-se me-ah, la-ady luv."

Every one said, "Good, good! Bravo! How curious! Isn't it odd?"

And Mr. Whistler laughed.

"Don't you want to hear it again?" Mr. Whistler sang politely.

Every one said "Yes." It was two o'clock.

At three o'clock Mr. Whistler by request was still making that beastly machine sing Yankee Doodle and the nigger song—appetites were clamorous, and every one, save Mr. Whistler, was eating cigarettes or gnawing at paint-brushes.

"Isn't it extraordinary?" said Mr. Whistler—this was half-past three—"Sha'n't I turn it once more?"

Every one said, "Yes—yes—capital—again—again!"

Mr. Whistler turned the crank. Yankee Doodle came first; then came "Yo—az ma La—a—a—ady Luv"—and it was four o'clock.

Enter the sombre English servant: "*Messieurs sont servis.*"

"Ah, luncheon is ready," said Mr. Whistler, and the eye behind his monocle was full of wicked humor; "I hope you gentlemen have an appetite."

The eight men filed in and sat down to a luncheon such as only an artist and epicure—like Whistler—could order; and as they speared the oysters they wondered who the joke was on.

—VANCE THOMPSON.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In your issue of February 24, Colonel A. K. McClure, in his article, How We Make Presidents, says: "On the popular vote Tilden received 250,761 majority over Hayes, and in the electoral college, as the popular vote was cast in the States, Tilden received 203 votes to 196 for Hayes. On the morning after the election Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, who was Secretary of the National Committee of which Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was Chairman, announced that Hayes was elected."

I have seen this statement before in the press, but never over the signature of Senator W. E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, or from any one who had authority to speak for him. I heard the inside of that campaign related to Assistant Postmaster-General Hazen, in his office in the Post Office Department, one afternoon by one who was close to Senator Zachariah Chandler. In that conversation I heard the Hayes Administration and its ingratitude to Senator Chandler portrayed in a masterful manner, and incidentally a famous dispatch that was sent all over the country by Zach Chandler, as Chairman, was referred to. The conversation so impressed me that when I returned to my home, Lynchburg, I wrote to Hon. Zachariah Chandler under date of April 6, 1877, inclosing an original telegram, and asked him whether or not he was its author. The telegram follows:

"To J. B. Work: Hayes has one hundred and eighty-five votes and is elected. (Signed) CHANDLER."

In reply I received the following autograph letter:

"J. Birney Work, Esq., Lynchburg, Virginia.

"*Dear Sir:* Your letter of the 6th ulto was duly received and should have received earlier attention. My dispatch of November 8, 1876, saying 'Hayes has one hundred and eighty-five votes and is elected,' was true, but had those words not been said and said at that time Hayes would never have occupied the Presidential chair.

"But for the most indefatigable exertions and unyielding determination that right should prevail, the Democrats would have stolen a vote or a State somewhere, and thus given Tilden the Presidency. Very truly yours,

"(Signed) Z. CHANDLER."

This being the first time I have ever seen over the signature of any responsible author the statement that Senator William E. Chandler wrote this famous dispatch, I submit Senator Zach Chandler's claim to authorship. J. B. WORK.

Chicago, Illinois.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Strictly speaking, there is but little difference between combination or corporation and trust, since combination, according to Webster, is a union or society, and corporation is a society acting as an individual. And what is a trust? Simply a corporation of greater magnitude, a more hideous evil covering a wider scope.

Within the past few months trusts have been organized involving capital to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars. Notice the effect of one great trust last winter in the city of Chicago alone: 1950 men were thrown out of work.

A friend of mine built himself a new house last summer. A year ago this last fall he purchased a part of the nails necessary for the construction of the building and paid one dollar and eighty-five cents a keg. During the winter the nail trust went into effect, and in the spring, when he purchased the rest of his nails, he paid three dollars and fifty cents a keg.

I have another friend whom I met a short time ago on the street. He is a trust disciple. In the course of our conversation he said: "Look at the consolidated street railways; by means of their consolidations we are enabled to ride all over the city on one fare."

"Yes," I remarked, "that is true; and if it were not for consolidated street railways we, to-day, would be having three-cent fares. At least two-thirds of the street railway patrons have no use for transfers. Street railway lines are so numerous to-day that most of them can obtain car service in front of their homes and ride to their place of business on the same line, but it is five cents just the same."

Mr. Flint speaks of railroad combinations that have increased their reserves in times of prosperity that they might be able to pay dividends in times of financial depression. To whom do they pay these dividends? To the stockholders of the various companies? or their employees? Certainly not to the latter.

Grand Rapids, Michigan. H. O. SHARP.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I would like to ask through your columns, because it will come before many people, the reason why the endowment of schools and universities by rich men fails to accomplish the purpose intended—namely, to give the people the advantages of well-equipped schools and colleges and well-trained faculties.

I am deeply impressed with this because of an incident that happened some time ago.

A young man was desirous of taking a course in French. He wrote to the correspondence department of the University of —— for terms, etc. In reply he was informed that the tuition for one term by mail would be twenty-one dollars, that he must pay postage both ways, and furnish books, etc. Not being able to pay so much he communicated with a school of languages in New York and found that he could take the whole course, as many months or years as he liked, for five dollars, including books, postage free.

Now, the university has received many millions of dollars in the last few years, and the language school is a self-supporting institution of excellent and world-wide reputation.

Of what use is the endowment to the *people*—I mean the common people? Of course it is not necessary to the rich, because they are always able to secure the best and pay for it.

Fort Benton, Montana. H. E. ROBBINS.

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife



REPRESENTATIVE BROSIUS' VOICE ECHOES AND ROLLS AROUND THE GALLERIES

WASHINGTON, April, 1900.

EVERY one at the bottom of his heart cherishes vanity; even the toad thinks himself good-looking, 'rather tawny perhaps, but look at his eye!'" Could anything be more delightful in the way of application than this saying to the recent exposition of this amiable weakness which our statesmen, politicians and public men, from the highest in position down to the humblest, have laid themselves open to here in Washington within the last few days? All the town is laughing, and Robert, who was one of the victims, is so sensitive on the subject that I scarcely dare to join in the laugh, and all because a clever woman had offered to mold the hands of statesmen to be used in the line of her so-called "manu-psychological" researches, engravings of which were to be used in a book called Hands that Have Built Empires.

When Robert received an engraved card correctly and elegantly setting forth that Mrs. Blank desired the honor of casting his hand in plaster, to be used in a historical manu-psychological book entitled Hands that Have Built Empires, I could have told him, had he shown it to me, that it was some clever scheme; but no, Robert did not show it to me. He was so inflated with the idea that his hands were molding an Empire that he swallowed the bait whole. He hunted up a manicure establishment and had his hands put into glistening, pink-tinted shape. He forwarded a check to the fair prophetess, gave the desired sitting for the cast, went about for several days with a pleased smirk and—held his tongue! along with other Representatives, Senators and big wigs from every station and calling here at the Capital. When the "murder was out" and the molder of hands had left behind her all manner of casts, purporting to be the hands of the high and mighty, the town burst into one huge laugh. I asked Robert what she had told him when she modeled his hand. He shamefacedly admitted that she had talked great nonsense.

"What did she say?" I persisted.

"Oh, well, there was a lot of stuff about there being 'rhythm' in my hand."

I looked at Robert's square, blunt fingers and said:

"Oh! she mistook you then for a poet? She told you, no doubt, that 'words become luminous when the poet's finger has passed over them its phosphorescence?'"

Robert laughed rather half-heartedly over this, and I said reflectively:

"Well, she knew how to play upon your vanity. She certainly understood well that 'Man's vanity is the only passion that gives him no respite.'"

"Oh, come now, Agatha! How about the time not long ago when so many of you women were taken in so cleverly by the débutante who advertised that she was 'An orphan, rich, well-born and attractive, would be glad to have a desirable chaperon for a season in Washington and would give handsome salary for same. References exchanged. All correspondence strictly confidential.'"

"That's not a case in point," I replied testily.

"Well, I don't see why not. Did not some of these would-be-smart matrons here enter into correspondence with the 'rich, well-born, attractive' débutante? Did not they have interviews, and in one or two instances enter into an agreement, for a handsome sum, to pilot the débutante through the shoals of a Washington winter? Answer me this?"

"Y-e-s," I admitted reluctantly.

"And did not these ambitious matrons find their interviews all exploited in a yellow journal very shortly thereafter? Was not the 'rich, well-born, attractive' débutante a clever reporter of that same journal out for copy?"

"True," I said meekly. Then, gathering up my spunk, I said:

"How about the button-mold tariff amendment that was offered in the House, for which so many members were willing to lobby without informing themselves whether there was such a thing as a button-mold interest, or without knowing that button-molds have not been in use for twenty-five years in this country, and that there's not a factory to-day that I know of that produces button-molds? How about the good-looking young woman who came here in the interest of this button-mold business, and who interested so many in the amendment which she wished to have tacked on to the tariff bill? How about the champagne supper that was given, and the money that was paid out for printing, typewriting and incidental expenses to get it put in shape to be introduced? And how about the dénouement? How about this famous button-mold amendment when, after it was actually introduced and was before the House, it was all exploited in a certain enterprising newspaper, with the names of members of the House given in full?"

"I hoist the white flag," exclaimed Robert; "that button-mold performance was enough to kill every tariff bill which may be introduced for the next fifty years, but, Agatha, that happened before my time, back in the Wilson Tariff Bill, and was the work of an unscrupulous lobby which took advantage of the hurry of the times to slip in that amendment. It was luckily not disastrous, and the country saw at once the state of the case."



SENATOR SPOONER



SENATOR BURROWS

"All very true, Robert, but such doings are enough to make free-traders out of every one who wants honest legislation, and it makes one question very seriously this Puerto Rican bill with its sop to the Northwest in the shape of its proposed amendment of free breadstuffs——"

"Oh, Agatha," interrupted Robert impatiently, "I do wish you would not get on to that everlasting old cry. Ever since James Madison introduced into the First Congress the first tariff bill there has always been a commotion which in those days was styled 'shrieks of locality,' and these 'shrieks of locality' have to be heeded and will never cease to be heeded so long as the National Congress lasts, justifying General Hancock's famous, though disastrous, characterization of the tariff as a 'local issue.'"

"I have seen a good deal since you have been in Congress, and why—if this measure has been so entirely for the good of Puerto Rico, and so munificent and wise on the part of the Government—should there be so much explaining and apologizing, none of which seems to hang together, and why should the great and wise Senator Davis have come to the front so hurriedly in the Senate with his free-trade clause?"

"Agatha, I tell you you know nothing about it. You can't understand politics nor anything of political expediency, nor of the ways and byways of parliamentary proceedings. I commend you to what Jo Bailey has just written about women in all parliamentary matters."

"Oh, yes," said I in my most nettled voice, "Mr. Bailey had probably been attending the meetings of the D. A. R., and he rushed into print in a periodical exclusively run by women and exclusively run for women, in which he said that women fail as parliamentarians because they 'lack the mental calibre,' and because 'the feminine temperament is constitutionally opposed to the perfect mental poise absolutely indispensable to success in governing a deliberative body.' He must have printed this just after his own parliamentary methods of filibustering failed so signally and were snubbed so decidedly in the House the other day when the Chair advised him to 'keep cool.'"

Robert laughed at my vehemence. He had steered me away from the tariff bill. He went on:

"I agree with Brosius. I am tired of this yell against our party measures and against the Republicans."

"That reminds me, Robert, that while Mr. Brosius was speaking in the House the other day some one made a funny comment about his voice. You know what a penetrating, reverberating voice he has, and how it echoes and rolls around the galleries, and some one said out loud:

"'Dear me, how he does go on, to be sure. He thinks he's making a speech, but it sounds more like boiler-making.'"

"I'm going to tell Brosius that," declared Robert in high glee.

"And I heard something else," said I; "you know, Robert, what a magnificent talent I have for hearing things. Well, I heard something anent our political outlook which I thought was very witty. Senator P—— said that he went to a dinner the other night, given exclusively to men, and Corporal Tanner was among the guests. Of course the talk was almost wholly of politics and of the big measures which are before Congress. Some one asked Corporal Tanner what he thought the effect of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and the Puerto Rican Bill would be, if they became law, on the November elections, and what chances we had of a Republican House.

"'Oh, well,' said he gravely, 'in view of our treaty with the Sultan of Sulu I think

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that we ought to carry Utah at the November elections without doubt.'"

Robert laughed at this and said:

"Why, Agatha, no one need really feel any fear seriously about the main chances next fall for the Republicans. The party will stand together solidly, for it has hardly ever been the history of our party to have a serious split. Do you remember that wise old war horse who gave advice to a young politician how to treat a threatened bolter from the party? He said: 'My son, try with the party bolter what is known to practical politicians as the postponement treatment. By this skillful treatment I kept Podgers, in my district, from scratching or bolting for thirty-six years. When I first began to reason with his discontent with the party, it was a Presidential year and the canvass was on. 'Podgers,' said I, 'as you love your country, do not bolt this year. Never mind what our party has done. Consider the far-reaching and vital importance of the issues involved.' Podgers concluded to postpone. The following year I accomplished my end by



SENATOR WOLCOTT IN HIS AUTOMOBILE

reminding him that 'this is the first, and therefore the most critical, year of an Administration which you have indorsed, Podgers, and you must make some sacrifices to sustain it.' He concluded to postpone. The next year I said to him, 'My dear Podgers, you must vote the straight ticket this year. Do you realize what year it is? Of course you do. It is the prelude to the campaign year, and its significance is tremendous and far-reaching.' Podgers concluded to postpone, and the next year was again campaign year and I but repeated my argument first mentioned, and so on for thirty-six years; and that is the way I kept persuading Podgers to postpone. And this is the way it will be, Agatha; we will persuade the threatened bolters that, no matter how evil some things may seem to be in our party policy, they will be less than those of our adversaries, and you will see that, in spite of all this croaking, we shall pull the machine through; not only through, but up on to high, firm ground."

"We'll see," I said in a voice that croaked like Cassandra's.

Meantime I am seeing, with both eyes wide open, the cross-currents in Congress. I am watching the struggle of United States Senators to come together upon some firm, common ground upon the great problems before them. Senator P——, who has been looking worried lately, tells me that it is not unlikely that the officials of the Government will defeat the treaty themselves if the amendment is adopted, and that the State Department is showing the cold shoulder to all politicians who approach the sacred edifice with questions as to how the British Government will act if the treaty goes through with the amendment. He says there is more feeling at the Department than there has been in years, and that it is almost impossible to learn anything, and that there is about the whole building a vague atmosphere of threat.

"I am reminded," said Senator P——, "of the complaints which Polo made of the State Department just before the Spanish War broke out. He would go there almost breathless every day, in the frantic hope of getting some word of promise, or of information even, and one terribly hot morning, after a fruitless expedition, he said to Sir Julian Pauncefote, 'The Honorable Secretary, Mr. Sherman, cannot understand me, so I go to Mr. Day, but Mr. Day he cannot talk at all; it must be that he cannot speak either English or Spanish; then I try Mr. Adee, but alas! Mr. Adee he cannot hear, and so I try Mr. Cridler—well!' And so," continued the Senator, "it is to-day. No one up there will either talk, listen or understand. But I believe the treaty will go through amended, and I also think that the British are quite as likely to ratify it as not."

"What about Mr. Quay?" I asked.

"I shall emphatically vote to seat him upon constitutional grounds. Not to seat him will make a dangerous precedent. Besides, we shall need Quay before the campaign is over. He can do things that no one else can or will do, and there will be plenty of work for him. Quay used to have the funniest way of attaining an end in the Senate. Whenever he used to get a hint that any of Pennsylvania's industries were in danger of losing protection during a former tariff struggle he would produce book after book from under his desk, and solemnly read hundreds of pages for hours at a time, all about steel and glass, until half the Senate would flee and the others would purchase his silence by granting him whatever concession he wanted. I believe that he kept those books as a sort of bogie to threaten the Senate, for they were always under his desk."

Meantime I have persuaded Senator P—— and Robert to join Page and me and the rest of the smart world in Lenten pilgrimages to Chevy Chase, there to indulge either in the chase of the poor, spiritless bagged fox, or the poorer substitute chase of the festive aniseseed. Robert did not wish to go, but I had previously made him become a member of the club and impressed upon him that, even if he did not feel "like a fairy, sportive and gay," he must affect to feel so, for all Washington is sporty in the spring season.

Page, who has been feeling very joyous lately, because of the love letters and cable messages she receives, decided to follow the hounds the other day, and Robert actually perked up and got himself up in correct riding garb and attended Page to the meet. Senator P—— drove with me in the cabriolet. Page has not been brought up in a hunting county of Virginia for nothing, and the way that girl took the stiff fences and wide ditches was wonderful.

I was as much entertained by the occupants of the carriages as by the hunters themselves, and enjoyed the items of gossip—yes, gossip—which Senator P—— indulged in for my express benefit. He pointed out to me the silver member of the House from Nevada, Mr. Newlands, who, as he expressed it, "is one of the boys." I could think of no one, as I looked at Mr. Newlands, but "Colonel Sellers" in The Gilded Age, for he is the counterpart of John T. Raymond as he was in his stage make-up. Mr. Newlands is a promoter of sports as well as a promoter of legislation, and can make as good a speech on either side of any subject as any man in the House, or he can take a fence, or send a ball spinning across the links with equal skill. Mr. Newlands was not following the hounds that day, but jogged along on a comfortable cob.

Next came Senator Wolcott whizzing by us in his automobile and nearly upsetting us in the muddy road. A moment after that General Corbin came dashing along, with a smart young woman perched high beside him on the box-seat of his vehicle. I remarked:

"What a sport and ladies' man General Corbin is getting to be."

"Yes," remarked the Senator dryly. "He's being badly treated, but he's working along on the plan of the consolation prize."

Just then almost the entire hunting field swept across our line of vision, then disappeared over the brow of a hill, and we pushed on to the little old-fashioned club house where the hunters were to meet when the run was over.

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3. Each paper is complete in itself.



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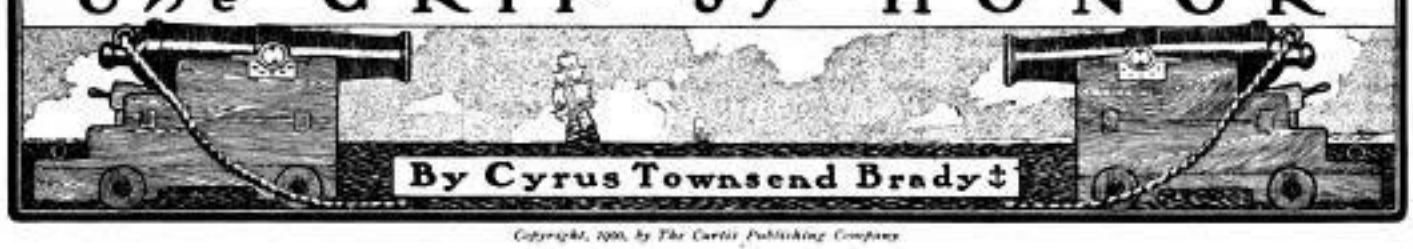
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The GRIP of HONOR



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Eighteenth Chapter

THE ship is clear, sir," said Lieutenant Richard Dale, saluting smartly. He was a handsome, dashing young sailor, the picture of sea gallantry, as he ran lightly up the ladder from the main-deck and stopped before the little Captain of the Bon Homme Richard, who was standing on the weather side of the poop, keenly surveying the scene.

"Very good, sir," replied the little man, nodding but not turning toward his executive officer. "Look yonder," he added, pointing toward the shore. "What do you make of that, sir?"

"It cannot be the Alliance!" exclaimed Dale.

"'Tis indeed she," rejoined Jones sternly; "I have repeatedly signaled to Captain Landais to follow in our wake—to form line ahead. If we get out of this thing safely——" He stopped, compressing his lips passionately in a way which promised trouble for Captain Landais and the Alliance, a new and handsome frigate, the best of Jones' squadron. After a momentary pause the Commodore, a man of few words in time of action, turned toward the stern of his ship.

"Look aft there, too," he commanded.

"It should be the Pallas, of course," said Dale, as his eye fell upon a smaller ship which was following the Bon Homme Richard. "And the Vengeance, sir?"

"There! Hull down on the horizon, fleeing like a coward," exclaimed Jones bitterly.

"And those two white fellows forward there, reaching out from the harbor?" queried Dale.

"Are the Serapis and the Scarborough, if the information sent us by O'Neill be correct."

"Would he were here!" exclaimed Dale.

"Yes, he is himself a host," asserted Jones sadly. "We are fearfully short-handed. O'Neill gone, and Henry and Cutting Lent, our third and fourth officers, both absent. The Frenchmen are an unknown quantity. I have only you, Dale, and Stacey, and Mease—and the boys—but I can depend upon you."

"Upon me—upon all of us," replied Dale gallantly, "to the death itself."

"I know it," returned the Captain smiling and laying his hand affectionately upon the young man's shoulder. "They are very young, though," he continued gravely, "for such desperate work as this."

There was a little pause.

"Messieurs," said Jones, turning toward a little group of French officers who were standing on the lee side of the poop. At the Captain's word they stepped forward and saluted gracefully.

"Colonel de Weibert, you have served in the artillery, I believe?" queried the Captain of a fine-looking veteran. The Frenchman bowed. "Will you assist Lieutenant Dale in working the battery on the main-deck? It is an unusual place for a soldier, but we are very short of experienced officers. You understand the handling of great guns. It would be a great favor."

"Any place which enables him to fight the enemy is a good place for a soldier, my Captain. I am at Lieutenant Dale's service," answered the old soldier.

"You, Vicomte, and gentlemen," continued Jones, turning to De Chamillard, who was attended by several subalterns, "will take charge of the soldiers on the quarter-deck and forecastle. I desire a continuous small-arm fire to play upon the decks and tops of the English ships."

"Sir Captain," smilingly answered De Chamillard, a dapper, dainty little officer, "not a man shall escape my marine infantry, I answer for them and for my friends here as well," he added, indicating his gayly clad lieutenants.

"Remember, gentlemen," exclaimed Jones, his face lighting, "'tis for the honor of America—and of France. . . . Mr. Brooks," he said to an alert young midshipman who was acting as his signal officer and aide, "signal the Pallas to edge off to the east and engage the smaller ship of the enemy. . . . The big fellow is our game, messieurs. See! they are forming line ahead and are waiting for us. Brave fellows! Quartermaster!" he cried, stepping to the break of the poop and looking down at the old seaman and his mates stationed at the wheel, "d'ye see those two ships?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the veteran tar, peering eagerly ahead, "I see's 'em, Yer Honor."

"That's well. The one ahead, nearest the shore, is our mark. I intend to round to on her port bow. Mind your course!"

"Very good, sir," answered the steersman, giving a knowing squint at the lifting sails, and shifting the wheel a few spokes.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the Captain, "to your stations all. But stay. . . . Mr. Brooks, direct the sailing-master, purser and the junior officers to come up on the quarter-deck."

In a short time the two older officers and a little band of youths whose ages ranged from twelve to seventeen years stood before the Captain and saluted. His eyes fell tenderly upon the boys; so youthful and immature were they to be charged with the heavy responsibilities of the coming hour, which would have devolved upon older men but for their unfortunate absence.

"Young gentlemen," he said quietly, "accident has thrust you into positions of great responsibility which otherwise you might not have been called upon to fill for years. We are about to engage two powerful ships of the enemy. The Richard is heavily overmatched in everything except in the spirit and courage of her officers and men. I am determined—nay, we are all determined, are we not?—that the flag which floats above us shall never be struck. We may be sunk, but we will not surrender. I shall try to do my part; you will, I doubt not, do yours?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Count on us to the death, sir," broke forth from the impetuous youths who clustered about the Captain.

"I enjoin upon you the utmost vigilance and care. Give implicit obedience to the orders you receive from Mr. Dale, Mr. Stacey, or from me, and exact the same compliance with your orders from your men. They are a hard lot to handle; don't lose control of them." He paused a moment, scanning the intent faces of the lads close about him, and then continued: "Remember, too, we have more than one foe to fight—the prisoners below, the enemies yonder on the sea, and disobedience in our own squadron. Who keeps guard over the prisoners in the hold?"

"I, sir, with the master-at-arms," answered Payne, a resolute-looking youth of fifteen; "I wanted to be on deck in the batteries, sir, but——"

"You could have no more important station, my lad," replied the Captain. "Keep them under hatches. Do not hesitate to shoot the first man who makes a move to break out! They must not be allowed to gain the deck. At all hazards, keep them down! I repeat it, sir, keep them down!"

"Yes, sir," gravely answered the boy, awed by the emphasis of the Captain's manner.

"You, Mr. Mayrant, with Mr. Mease and Mr. Brooks, will remain on deck with Mr. Stacey and me," continued the Captain. "You, Mr. McCollin, will take charge of the old eighteen pounders on the berth-deck. You, too, have a post of danger. Be careful of them! I distrust them greatly, yet they must be tried."

"Ay, ay, sir. Thank you, sir," said the young midshipman, delighted at being thus distinguished.

"Mr. Casewell," added the Captain, turning to the largest and oldest, "you will take charge of the forecastle. Mr. Fanning, I confide the maintop to you. The rest of



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you will command the several divisions in the main batteries and the other tops. Now, young gentlemen, before you go to your stations I would take you by the hand, and so," lifting his cocked hat reverently, an example all present followed, "may God guard the right!"

The sun had just set and the gray twilight of late September was stealing over the sea. Battle-lanterns were lighted between decks on the Richard, the yellow flickering radiance from which glimmered on the sinewy, half-naked, sweat-covered bodies of the stalwart men at their quarters.



"Don't do it, sir; it'll blow up with ye, as the others ha' done"

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

It was a varied assemblage of about three hundred men that manned the guns and filled the tops. The crew had been made up in France out of such material as came to hand. There were about seventy-five tried and true American seamen, most of them veterans of many a hard fight and bold adventure. These commanded the different guns and filled the more important stations. There were, perhaps, one hundred and fifty veteran French soldiers—old artillerists—some of whom had volunteered at the guns. A few of the most expert marksmen among them were stationed in the tops, but the greater portion was divided into two large bodies drawn up on the quarter-deck and forecastle. The rest of the crew had been gathered from the riff-raff of all nations; perhaps a tougher, rougher, harder, more desperate body of men never fought a ship.

But in the presence of the enemy these men, whose passion it was to fight, forgot their personal grievances and, mindful of the finished skill and superb courage of their Captain, looked favorably upon him and eagerly anticipated the conflict. Rude jests and bits of sea pleasantry—usually permitted in moments like this—flew up and down the line between the Captain and the ruffians under his command, as he passed them in review.

He carefully examined every part of the ship. The young midshipmen, deeply impressed by their new opportunities and responsibilities, were pacing restlessly up and down, scrutinizing every detail of their several commands. On the berth-deck, standing before the hatch which led into the hold in which over two hundred English prisoners were confined, the Commodore found young Payne on guard, attended by the master-at-arms, two American seamen and three French soldiers.

"Ah! I am glad to see you at your station," said the Captain, raising his voice as the young midshipman, full of pride, saluted him. "You remember my orders, sir—to shoot the first man who shows his head above the hatch?"

There was a hoarse murmur from the prisoners beneath the gratings at this speech of the Captain's, which was, as he had intended, clearly audible to them.

"Ay, ay, sir. I'll do it, never fear," answered the lad in his boyish treble.

"Remember, sir, that I regard your station as one of the most important on the ship. Those men must not be allowed on deck!"

"They shall not be," answered Payne. "If the ship goes down, they go with it!"

There was another harsh roar from below. "Silence there!" shouted Jones. "Do what you can," he continued, turning to McCollin, "with the old eighteens."

"They shall be fought as long as they exist, sir," answered the young officer.

Nineteenth Chapter

THE Captain, not ill pleased at this and other manifestations of hearty spirit which had met him on every hand, mounted the ladders and resumed his station.

Anything less like a war-vessel than the Bon Homme Richard could hardly be imagined. She had been an old-fashioned, high-pooped East Indiaman with a towering forecastle. This antiquated makeshift had been pierced for thirty-six guns, twenty-eight twelve pounders on the main-deck and eight nine pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle. In utter desperation at her entire inadequacy, Jones had recourse to the dangerous experiment, not often resorted to, of mounting six eighteen pounders in ports pierced for them on the berth-deck very near the water line. The guns were all of an obsolete pattern and much worn by use, the eighteen pounders being especially bad, as dangerous, in fact, to friends as foes. Bad as they were, they were all he could obtain, and, with characteristic determination, Jones resolved to make the best of them.

The Serapis, with which they were about to engage and to which they were rapidly drawing near, was a brand-new, double-banked frigate, mounting fifty guns on one uncovered and two covered decks, twenty eighteen pounders, twenty nines and ten sixes. She was manned by three hundred and fifty well-drilled able seamen and commanded by one of the best officers in the English navy, ably seconded by a full quota of capable and experienced subordinates.

Pearson had no more doubt of winning the victory than he had of the rising of the sun next morning. Leaving one factor out of a comparison of the opposing forces, his confidence was absolutely warranted. But Jones had no more doubt of winning the victory than Pearson had. Pearson knew his ship and his crew—Jones knew himself. He was the neglected factor that vitiated Pearson's conclusions.

All the busy notes of preparation had died away. There had come over the hearts of all, in that moment before the approaching crisis, a little silence which bespoke a recognition of the gravity of the fight to come. The mellow-toned bell forward was striking the time: two, four, six, seven bells in the second dog watch, half after seven o'clock.

The breeze freshened slightly, and as the Richard drew nearer the Serapis the latter swung her ponderous main-yard and slowly filled away. The two ships were sailing at right angles to each other, the Richard slightly ahead of the Serapis, which was moving to cross her bow.

"Shall I go to the batteries now, Captain?" asked the First Lieutenant.

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"Yes, I think you would better," answered Jones. Then, to young Brooks: "Pass the word quicky for the men to deliver their fire promptly and together at the word. Not a gun is to be discharged until the order. After that, as rapidly as possible."

As the fleet-footed midshipman ran along the decks a murmur of excitement arose.

"Silence fore and aft the decks!" came the clear voice of the Captain.

The murmurs died away as young Brooks sprang up the ladder and reported that everything was ready. Down on the berth-deck in front of the hatchway little Payne looked to the priming of his pistols. There on the starboard side his young messmate and friend, McCollin, gave another careful inspection to his three old eighteen pounders.

They were nearer now. Suddenly came the sound of a hail from the English ship, the words of which were indistinguishable.

"I don't understand you," cried Jones. Then he turned to the quartermaster:

"Over with the helm! Hard-a-starboard!" As the wheel was put over the great ship swung slowly to port and rounded off the port bow of the English ship.

The Englishman hailed again.

"This is the United States Ship Bon Homme Richard," shouted Paul Jones in reply, at the top of his voice, springing up on the rail the while. "Stand by!" A quiver and shiver went through the ship from her tops to her very vitals. "Fire!"

Streams of light leaped out on the darkness, clouds of smoke arose at once from the sides of the Richard only to be brushed away by a broadside which had been delivered no less promptly from the English ship.

The desperate men ran the huge guns in and out and loaded them with frantic energy and kept up a continuous cannonade upon their foes. The roar of the great guns drowned every other sound as the two ships sailed side by side in bitter conflict, but the trained ear of the American Captain had detected another sound coincident with the first broadside which told a tale of disaster. When the loggerheads had been applied to the priming of two of the eighteens they had exploded, killing or wounding nearly every man of their crews.

McCollin, who commanded the battery, was struck by a piece of iron and received a dreadful wound. He remained at his post, however, clinging tenaciously to a broken stanchion until he recovered himself a little. As the frightened and appalled men shrank away from the remaining gun of the battery, not yet discharged, he seized the hot iron from the dead hand of the captain of number one gun and, setting his lips grimly, staggered over to the last cannon.

"Don't do it, sir," hoarsely cried the old boatswain's mate who served under him, "it'll blow up with ye, as the others ha' done." There was no reply. McCollin was beyond words. With set lips and grim face he wavered on before the awestruck men. With tottering steps he reached the gun and applied the iron. There was a blinding roar, and the gun whirled inboard in rapid recoil from the force of the discharge.

"Load it again," gasped the boy, striving to stop the blood with his hand against his side. Before the men, who had sprung eagerly forward, could reach the piece, an eighteen-pound shot from the Serapis' lower deck struck it fair on the trunnion and dismounted it. That battery was useless.

"All the men alive of this division," said McCollin thickly, "will find places at the divisions on the gun-deck."

A few moments later a powder-blackened, blood-stained little figure appeared out of the smoke before the Captain.

"I have to report, sir," said the boy, "that two of the berth-deck guns blew up, sir, and the other was dismounted."

At this moment a round shot struck the lad fair in the chest. With his hand still at salute he was whirled across the deck and thrown against the taffrail, a broken mass.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PRACTICAL MUNICIPAL POLITICS *for* YOUNG MEN

By NATHANIEL C. SEARS

II. HOW CAMPAIGNS ARE CONDUCTED

THE young man who is willing to do his full civic duty will seek to make his influence felt in the election as well as at the primaries. After having performed his duty by taking part in the selection of delegates and in the choice of candidates, he naturally wishes to do what he can for the success of one of the tickets to be voted for; and naturally, too, the ticket for which he will work is the one in the selection of which he has taken a part.

The management of the campaign is usually vested in either a special campaign committee appointed for the occasion, or in the city central committee of the party. The city central committee of a party is made up of a representative from each ward of the city. The special campaign committee is chosen by the candidates from among men prominent and efficient in party work. Whether the work be done by the one or the other of these bodies, the method is the same. The general committee is divided into sub-committees, among which are the committee on halls and speakers, the committee on finance, and the committee on printing. Through these sub-committees the routine work of planning a series of public meetings, of distributing campaign literature, and of obtaining funds for the carrying out of these undertakings is accomplished.

THE WATCH ON FRAUDS AND REPEATERS

There is usually another sub-committee created for the purpose of detecting and preventing fraudulent action in connection with registration and voting. This committee undertakes the task of ferreting out such fraudulent schemes as the registration of persons not entitled thereto, and the colonization, in the saloons and boarding-houses of the worst districts, of tramps and vicious characters not entitled to vote, who are given a temporary residence to enable them to register fraudulently as residents and vote. The vigilance of each political party is directed to possible frauds by the other party; and the existence of these committees, organized to detect and prevent such action, operates as a great check upon these abuses. As a result of party vigilance, more stringent primary and election laws and a more thorough enforcement of them, the extent of such frauds has been greatly lessened.

THE WORK OF THE WARD COMMITTEE

The committee plan a series of public meetings, extending over the period of the campaign, which is usually of not less than five and not more than ten weeks' duration. Meetings are thus held in every ward of the city, and frequently several in different parts of the same ward. The purpose of the meetings is twofold—to keep up interest in the election and loyalty to the party by means of public speeches, and as well to give the candidates for the various city offices opportunity to meet the voters and address them. By means of music and the attraction of good speakers, it is sought by each district to make its particular meeting a successful one in comparison with those held elsewhere. The committee engage as many speakers of ability and reputation as the nature of the campaign will allow, who go from meeting to meeting each night and address as many as the time will permit. The same speakers thus appear before several meetings in different parts of the city upon each evening.

Aside from this plan of campaign carried out by the committee, the candidates must make a personal campaign.

In all our political system there is no campaign so difficult in point of labor on the part of the candidates as is the one incident to a general city election. In the case of elections to other executive offices, the work

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three papers by Judge Sears, begun in the Post of March 31. Each article is complete in itself.

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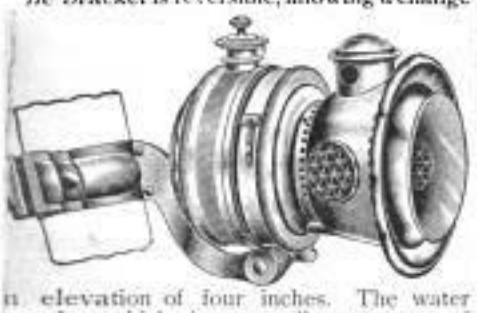
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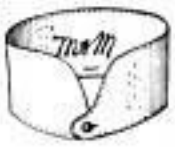
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necessary to be done by the candidates, if great in the aggregate, is at least spread over a considerable period of time. The nominee for gubernatorial office proceeds in dignified and leisurely manner to canvass his State, and he rarely begins until months after the nomination. He makes public addresses only at the more important points in the State, and it is seldom that he is able to speak to more than one audience in one evening. The candidate for the Presidency preserves a still more dignified silence and permits others to speak for him. But the candidate for the chief executive office in the large city has work of the severest kind before him during every day of the brief campaign. Fortunately such campaigns are brief, for otherwise few men could endure them.

TRIALS OF THE TRIMMER AND TRICKSTER

The work of the candidate begins with the convention which nominates him. He must there announce the principles upon which his candidacy is to stand. The convention adopts a series of resolutions, which constitute the party platform. But in a mayoralty campaign the people look to the public utterances of the candidate rather than to the party platform for the basis of their judgment. If the candidate be a sincere and straightforward man, he can, without difficulty, declare the lines upon which he will act and the principles by which he will be guided if elected. If, however, he be a demagogue, intent only upon success at the polls, his task is more intricate. There are many diverse and conflicting interests embraced within any political party. A policy of administration which would please some would offend others. If the candidate is willing for the sake of office to become a trimmer and a trickster, he will avoid any public utterance of a well-defined nature upon such subjects, and will endeavor in private to persuade each faction or class that he favors that particular interest. Many committees representing different classes of business wait upon the candidate in a mayoralty campaign to obtain from him, if possible, assurance as to his policy in relation to such interests. He is also asked to address meetings called in special interests, and to announce his position in relation thereto. It requires some degree of firmness unflinchingly to state that which it is known will alienate the interests thus presented. But the embarrassment comes only to the insincere, and to him, if he be elected, it must come.

There is, also, much importuning of the candidate for promises of appointment. The minor appointments are usually made upon recommendation of the ward clubs, but there are also a few positions, somewhat akin to the cabinet offices of an executive, which are of great importance, and are usually made with great care of selection. The success of an administration depends largely upon the integrity and capacity of these appointees. It is pledges of such appointments that are for the most part solicited during a campaign, and as an implied condition of support. The only safety of the candidate lies in a refusal to make any promise. He cannot make intelligent and wise choice of such officials in the heat of a campaign. He should not allow the incidents of the campaign to determine so grave a matter. Aside from this ground of moral objection, it is unwise from the standpoint of policy. Unless the candidate be willing to falsify and promise all things to all men, he would soon exhaust his possible pledges and antagonize all seekers save those to whom promises were given. By firmly declining to promise any one, the candidate avoids immediate and future trouble.

THE CAPTURE OF THE RELUCTANT VOTER

The labor of the candidate includes attendance upon the various public meetings and the making of public addresses to them. Usually the candidate in a mayoralty campaign will address from 150 to 200 of such meetings. This involves, in a campaign of only five or six weeks, the necessity of speaking at several meetings in one evening. To do this, the candidate must begin the night's work by appearing as the first speaker at one public hall, leaving it as soon as his speech is concluded, and driving as speedily as possible to another hall, speak there, and so on until his last meeting for the night has been thus attended. In this manner as many as six or seven meetings are sometimes attended in one night and as many addresses made.

After the last public meeting of the campaign has closed there follows the work of the election day. With this work the candidates have but little to do, as it is cared for by the organized body of party workers. Aside from the judges and clerks of election and challengers, representing each political party, there are others of the party workers busy in the voting precinct. The work of the judges, clerks and challengers is to see that the voting is legally conducted. The attention of the other party workers is directed to the getting out and polling of the full party vote of the precinct. To that end they are provided with lists of all registered voters of the precinct, and as each one votes the name is checked off upon the list.

If in the latter part of the day it becomes apparent that many of the party are neglecting to vote, strenuous effort is made to reach them and bring them to the polls. Carriages are hired and driven to their homes, and in a thoroughly managed precinct every voter known to be of the party is reached if possible, reminded of his duty and urged to perform it. There has been in the past much of barter and purchase of votes in the municipal elections of large cities. There is at the present time comparatively little of such abuse of the franchise. The improvement is partly due to more stringent laws and largely due to the adoption of the Australian ballot. If one were dishonest enough to buy a vote, it must be from one also dishonest, and there would be no way, where a secret method of voting was in use, by which the one knave could know if the other had kept faith. Then, too, the abuse was largely practiced in the interest of some one candidate and was effected by a system of pasters, or by scratching one name from a ticket and substituting another. The voter sufficiently base to barter away his vote does not, as a rule, possess enough intelligence to enable him to make changes upon the Australian ballot without thereby making it entirely invalid and ineffective. The money used at the polls in the municipal election of to-day is largely expended in employing men and carriages for the purpose of bringing known adherents of the party to the polling place.

PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS IN POLITICS

How, then, can the young man, entering upon political work, do anything to make his influence of force and account in a municipal campaign thus conducted? If the nominees of his party are men of good character, and if the principles for which they stand are such as he can heartily support, he can make his individual effort of much avail. As a rule, he must be willing to enter the ranks as a private. Here, as elsewhere, it is difficult to enlist as an officer of the line. This fact deters many from entering into politics. But working in the ranks there are many things which he can do, and should be willing to do, if he feels that the success of his party will be for the public good. It is the detail work which is of value. To talk for party, or brag for party, or bet for party, does not take the place of work for the party.

From the methods of the campaign which have been outlined, it will be seen that there are many ways in which this detail work can be done. The young man can see that his friends and neighbors do not forget to register. Together with a few others, he can divide up the territory of his precinct and thus perform this task systematically and thoroughly. During the campaign he can see that meetings are arranged wherever most needed in his ward. The general committee are likely to overlook the needs of particular localities unless their attention is called to them. He can, with his friends, arrange the details of such meetings, obtain good speakers for them, through the general committee, and see that the meetings are thoroughly advertised throughout his district. He can aid in preventing fraudulent practices at his polling place. If he be of capacity as a public speaker, he can readily obtain opportunity to speak at such meetings in his own ward and elsewhere. But the detail work is more important than oratory. Just as soon as he has demonstrated by detail work that he is in earnest and willing to do other and less attractive things than mere public speaking, his worth and influence will be recognized by his party. As his labor becomes more apparent in results his influence within his party will grow and he will be able, with the cooperation of others of his kind, to keep out of the transactions of his party within his district anything which savors of dishonesty or demagogism. In other words, he can largely help to make the politics of his district so clean and repatable that no man could feel that he was likely to be contaminated or degraded by participating there in the rights and duties of his citizenship.

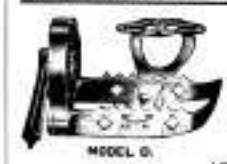
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THE BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Love and Laughter Now and After*

ONLY the best of literary workmanship has raised above mediocrity the stories included in By the Marshes of Minas, the latest work of Professor Charles G. D. Roberts. The themes of the tales are of the highest character. There is no complexity of plot nor of character to attract either the mystery-loving reader or the student of human nature. Yet from beginning to end the book is readable: first, and I think mainly, because of Professor Roberts' beautiful diction; second, because of the picturesqueness of his background; third, because of a certain feeling of sincerity and belief-in-his-work-on-the-part-of-the-author that Professor Roberts has infused into this work; and fourth, because of several attractive young women.

The scenes of these stories, as of The Forge in the Forest and A Sister to Evangeline, Professor Roberts' novels, are laid in Acadie, during the early stages of what is known in American school histories as the French and Indian War. The events depend upon the struggles of the French to regain Acadie, or at least to hold the allegiance of the settlers to France. The constant figure in most of the stories is Father la Garne, the Black Abbé, a character taken doubtless from the celebrated Abbé le Loutre, whose notoriously well-trained Indians shot Captain Howe. He and his Micmac savages are the powers of evil in these short stories as in the longer narratives. Other characters from the novels have small parts to play in the short stories—indeed, By the Marshes of Minas is chiefly made up, as it were, from incidents in the careers of the author's greater characters which did not influence their life histories strongly enough to be worthy of mention in the longer works.

Both land—the "deep bosomed" country, as Professor Roberts has somewhere called it—and characters are particularly suitable as material for romantic stories. Acadie in those times of stress was a rather sparsely settled country where feats of valor or of wit might easily win from men or maidens love at first sight. The heroes are tall and stalwart men of action. The heroines—there is a certain similarity among them—are not only marvelously beautiful and brave, but also quick-witted and alive with coquetry. Their piquancy is one of the chief charms of the book.

But its lasting charm is the charm of workmanship. It is said that the author wrote these tales in a hurry. Neither in their style nor in their construction, however, does a trace of his haste appear. His plots are compactly set forth. His clauses are well ordered, his words have been aptly chosen—yet they are not so striking as to give the effect of artificiality. Moreover words, clauses and sentences follow each other in that indescribable beauty of cadence which is the finishing touch of elegant diction. It is to be found but too rarely in recently written prose. —*Albert White Vorse.*

Miss Wilkins' Short Stories†

MISS WILKINS has broken faith with realism, and entered the ranks of the romanticists. She has abandoned her sad-eyed spinsters, with their shabby gowns and patchwork quilts; she has turned away from the narrow, upright, melancholy life she portrayed with such pitiless exactitude; from trivial incidents, and minute detail, and simple emotions; she has wearied apparently of the "known truth," which is seldom gay, and, in all the fervor of conversion, has plunged deep into pretty but fantastic extravagance.

Of the five stories comprised in this last volume, one is a mere sketch, inserted probably to help fill up the book, and one is a Revolutionary tale, brimful of heroism and adventure. The remaining three are far more important, both in substance and in treatment. They deal with episodes as wildly improbable as those of the Arabian Nights, yet they narrate these episodes with such conscientious fidelity, and with such sober adherence to little facts, that we are well-nigh deceived into believing what we are told. In The Love of Parson Lord, a stern, half-ossified minister openly denies his motherless child the innocent pleasures of her age, even the possession of a rickety old doll given her by a sensible grandmother, while he secretly buys her a splendid new doll and muslin frocks and all the giddy paraphernalia of youth. On the same principle he connives at her meetings with her lover, while refusing his consent to their union, and is only extricated from his difficulties by a trick on the part of the Squire, who naturally fails to understand the situation.

This is improbable enough, but in The Tree of Knowledge we have a middle-aged woman writing anonymous love-letters to a young sister, whose emotions are fed for months on these amorous though dignified epistles. As a result of the deception, the girl takes a gentlemanly highwayman and burglar for her unknown correspondent; and, being singularly innocent, is not even aroused from her delusion by the suspicious circumstance of her supposed lover's making his way into the house at midnight through a parlor window, a method of paying a first call sufficiently unusual to have startled any less guileless young person.

The burglar, however, is, like so many burglars of fiction, well born and well bred. He is touched by the unexpected warmth of his welcome, falls instantly in love with his fair hostess, swears to mend his ways, keeps his word, and in two short years returns with a flourish of trumpets to marry and be happy ever after.

Further than this it would be hard for the spirit of romance to stray. The last story, One Good Time, is the best of the three. It is the Heir of Linne on a small New England scale. A country girl, reared in pinching poverty, inherits fifteen hundred dollars, and spends it all in gewgaws and frippery in six days. Of course we know that Narcissa never would have done anything of the kind; but it is delightful to be told she did, and to realize that Miss Wilkins is a veritist no longer. —*Agnes Repplier.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

PROFESSOR EDWARD KIRK RAWSON, Superintendent of the Naval War Records, has chosen from the great sea fights of the world Twenty Famous Naval Battles—his title—as specially suited both to literary treatment and historical study. In the annals of our own navy, the duels of the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis, the Constitution and the Guerrière, and, sixty years later, of the Kearsarge and Alabama, Professor Rawson, with his sources of information, has been enabled to make peculiarly interesting. *T. Y. Crowell & Co.*

Mr. E. W. Kemble, more than any one else, perhaps, has the faculty of getting into his black and white drawings the warmth of the true darky laugh. Under the title of Coontown's 400 and with appropriate text, he has gathered thirty drawings of the darkest side of social aspiration. Mr. Kemble's humor is always true to itself and to its subject. There is nothing ill-natured about this latest satire—how could there be! *Life Publishing Company.*

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* By the Marshes of Minas. By Charles G. D. Roberts. *Silver, Burdett & Co.*

† The Love of Parson Lord and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins. *Harper & Brothers.*



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The Coming Thaw in Siberia

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX is reported to be about to set out on a journey which is sure to result in several books. He is to travel in Siberia along the route of the great Trans-Siberian Railway and has been accorded official permission to visit all penal settlements, mines and prisons in Siberia. Books of fiction and fact are to be written, but it is hoped that Mr. Le Queux will not mix the two carelessly. As a writer of wildly exciting novels he has shown that he possesses an imagination heated enough to make one wonder whether the Russian Government is wise in opening Siberia to such an investigator.

Frankfort Moore's Seventeen Refusals

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE has no sympathy with the young novelist who is discouraged because his second or third book does not bring him fame and fortune. "I published thirty-one books," he says, "before the literary public knew anything about me."

Mr. Moore was a journalist in Belfast, and a hard-working one at that, but he managed to find leisure time to produce in twelve years thirty-one books for boys, rattling tales of adventure of all kinds by land and sea.

Mr. Moore was never discouraged, for he thought he should know quite well when his time came. He finished writing I Forbid the Banns, and, as he was leaving home for his office, one evening, said quietly to his wife that, now the story was completed, he should resign his position that night and they would move to London.

"Is it as good as all that?" asked Mrs. Moore.

"I think so," replied her husband; "you might read it." Shortly after they went to London.

In a few months the novel had been rejected by seventeen London publishing firms. Finally some one was found to try it, and in the first six months Mr. Moore's royalties amounted to £1000.

The Secret of a Successful Interview

MR. MOORE says that he has only seen two interviews with himself which were satisfactory. One was done by Mr. Clarence Rook, author of The Hooligan Nights; the other he wrote himself.

One day there came to him a sad-looking little woman who said that she was quite new to journalism, but that she had got an order for an interview with him. Mr. Moore expressed himself as being willing to submit to the process. But the lady was hesitating, and was apparently competent to interview a mouse, but scarcely any one more important. "Perhaps," Mr. Moore said, "it would be better if I sent you a few notes."

The reporter departed, intensely relieved.

Then Mr. Moore, scenting a joke, sat down and wrote the interview from "As I entered Mr. Frankfort Moore's cheerful study . . . " to the usual end, and sent it to the bashful reporter. She seemed to catch the humor of the thing. She copied it upon the typewriter and sent it back to Mr. Moore, saying that she inclosed the interview she had written and that she submitted it to him, hoping that he would find nothing in it to offend him. He made a few trifling alterations and sent it back. When it was printed he sent a note to the editor congratulating him upon the interview and saying that he liked it better than any which had ever been done. And the editor replied politely, saying that he had liked it himself, and had been encouraged and pleased to find the little woman could do such good work. But six months later, meeting Mr. Moore, he said: "It's curious, you know, that interview with you is the best thing that woman ever did; it's almost the only good thing. She can't reach it again. You must be a most unusually sympathetic chap to interview."

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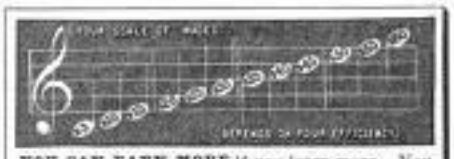
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The Extreme Peevishness of Little Bo-Peep

THOUGH she was only a shepherdess,
Tending the meekest of sheep,
Never was African leopardess
Crosser than Little Bo-Peep.
Even apathetic, impassible
People described her as "That
Wayward, contentious, irascible,
Testy, cantankerous brat!"

ROUSED from some dream of Arcadia,
Little Bo-Peep, with a start,
Answered him, "I ain't afraid o' yer!
P'r'aps you imagine you're smart!"
Then he received such a blow as he
Never entirely forgot.
Weep for a page of sweet poesy
Stained with this horrible blot!

YET, as she dozed in a grotto-like
Sort of a kind of a nook,
She was so charmingly Watteau-like,
What with her sheep and her crook,
"This is a dryad or nymph," any
Person would probably think.
Poets pronounced her a symphony
All in the palest of pink.

ALL of it's true, every word of it,
I was not present to peep,
But, if you ask how I heard of it,
Please to remember the sheep.
There is no need of excuse. You will
See how such scandals occur.
If you recall Mother Goose, you will
Know what tail-bearers they were.

THUS it was not enigmatical
That the young shepherd who first
Found her asleep, in ecstatical
Sighs of felicity burst.
Such was his sudden beatitude
That, as he peeped at her so,
Daphnis gave vent to this platitude:
"My! Ain't she elegant, though!"

MORAL: That Daphnis was blamable
Probably you will deny,
Calling Bo-Peep irreclaimable,
Crying reproachfully, "Fie!"
But make a careful inspection if
Thus to conclusions you'd leap:
He *must* have made some reflection, if
She saw a little bow-peep!



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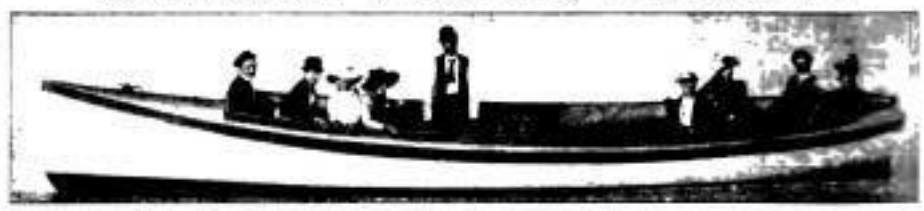


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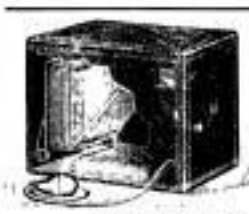
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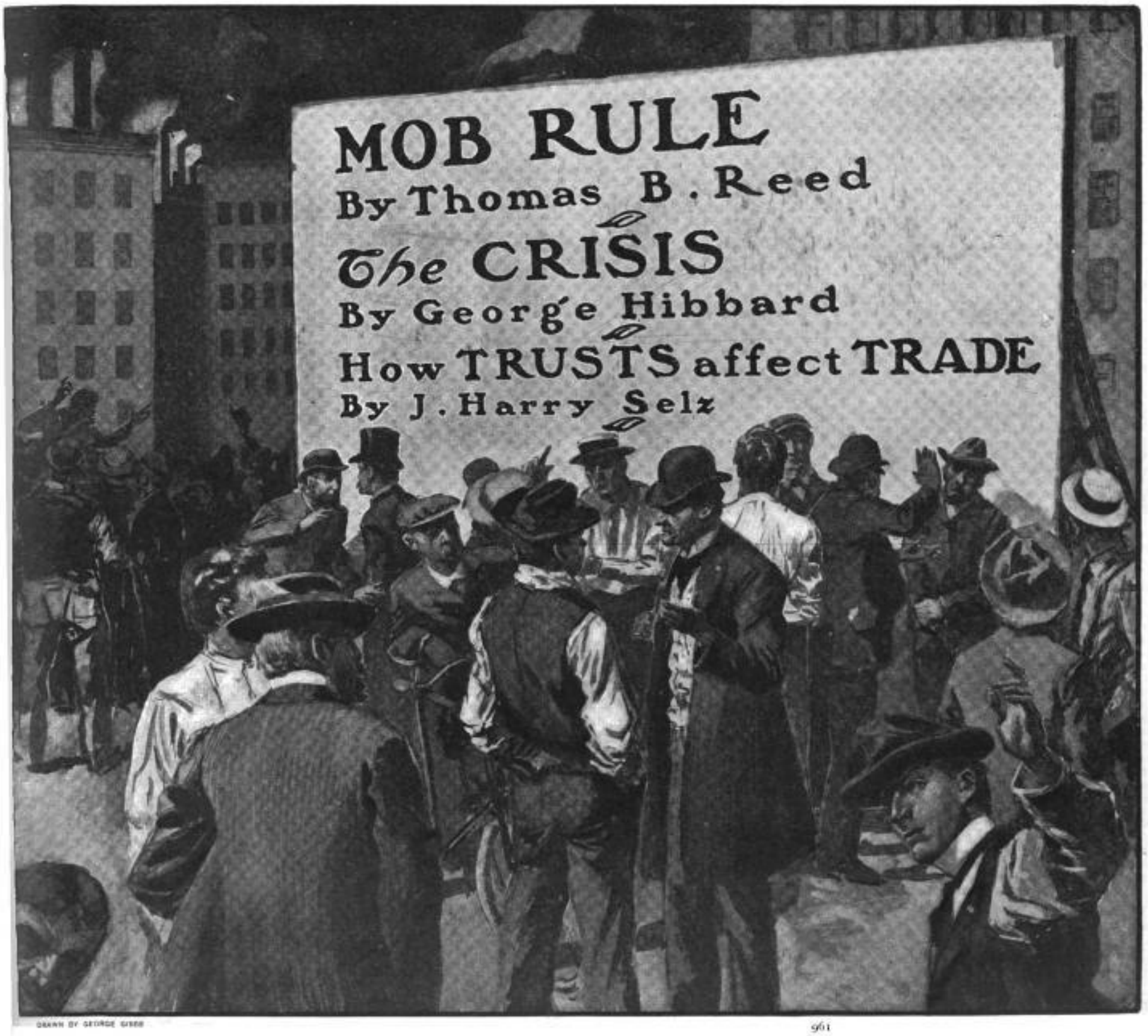
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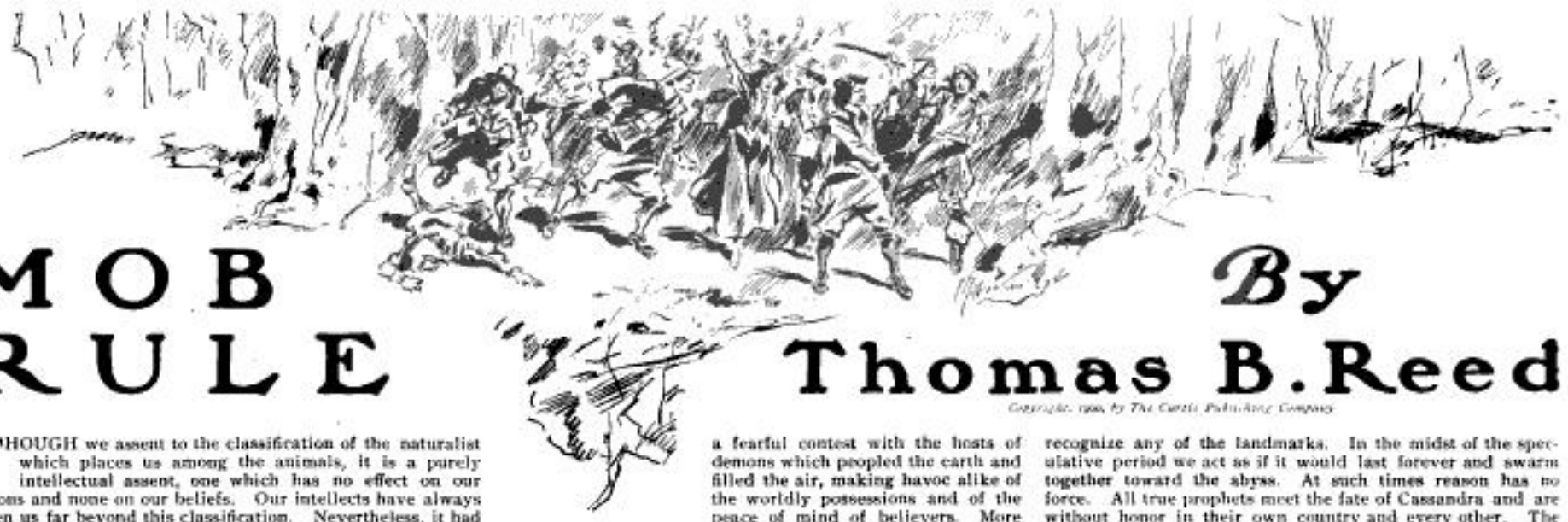
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MOB RULE

By Thomas B. Reed

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THOUGH we assent to the classification of the naturalist which places us among the animals, it is a purely intellectual assent, one which has no effect on our actions and none on our beliefs. Our intellects have always taken us far beyond this classification. Nevertheless, it had better not be forgotten. Even the unlearned persons know that there is but one type of skeleton and flesh throughout the animal kingdom, that man and beast and bird and fish, and perhaps even reptile and mollusk, are built on the same plan.

The learned and undevout have gone to the length of serious intellectual faith in our ascent through monkeys from ascidians, whatever those last may be. Notwithstanding all this, we never consider ourselves as animals when we are contemplating our own actions. We deem ourselves always creatures of reason, acting from the dictates of something which we call mind, a something distinct from our animal natures, above them and beyond, immortal as well as invisible. And yet it must be that we are not all reason. There are too many points of resemblance between us and the brutes that perish for us to claim superiority in nature, though we hope for it in degree. In the smallest things as well as the largest we show our origin and never quite realize it. When you disfigure an animal or put him in some unusual condition and send him among his fellows; when you singe a rat, for instance, cut off his tail and let him go, his kind treat him very much as we treated the woman who invented the bloomer costume, or as we treat men who discover new religions or part their hair in the middle.

Some of the Crazy Lurches of Mankind

However, it is not of these minor matters, of which any one may suggest many instances, that this discourse will treat. Our animal origin manifests itself in greater matters when we are doing our worst and, while we are doing it, pride ourselves that we are doing our best. The way in which men go in throngs and crowds always seems to have something essentially animal in it. That men should unitedly go in the right direction is not at all strange. Reason, it would seem, ought at all times and in all men to be the same. It ought to lead to right results, to right thinking and to right action, and it ought to do so in the whole mass of men. Nevertheless, every age and every century witness some crazy lurch of mankind, memorable enough in its consequences almost to absorb history by its details. When later generations, wholly free from its influences, come to study it, it seems to be a riot of unreason.

In the first Crusade three hundred thousand men, women and children left their homes and kindred and marched toward Jerusalem through hostile and desert lands, enduring the most grievous toils, privations and sufferings, and strewing their bones and unburied bodies all along the route. They had sold out their possessions, given up their lands, turned their backs on their country, and started by unknown and devious ways toward a city of whose geographical situation even they were entirely ignorant. This great company of human beings was set in motion not by their reason, but by the harangues of an ignorant monk, ill-looking, low of stature, half crazed, of whom history afterward took so little account as to forget how or where or when he died.

Of course it is not to be disputed that many causes contributed to this result, that, at another time, Peter the Hermit would have preached in vain; but the wonder is that the human race, endowed with reason, could ever have been in such condition of feeling as to make the first Crusade, exactly as it was, possible. There were not wanting men who resisted, but sometimes the very men who resisted one day were the craziest of the crazy the next. The ten men who were blind, by mere force of numbers led the one who saw into the very ditch of which his eyesight warned him. It is this influence of mere numbers that seems to be animal. The force of it we all acknowledge. The fact we all acknowledge. Our greatest men we excuse for their failings on the plea of the shortcomings of the age they lived in. We might in justice go a great way farther and excuse the actions of many great men by the unanimity of temporary public folly.

Witchcraft and its Long Reign of Terror

History is full of examples of the tumultuous swarming of men's minds as strange as the swarming of the hosts that marched to the deliverance of the Sacred City. The witch mania was in every way as remarkable. For four centuries that portion of the race of man that believed in Christ was engaged in a fearful contest with the hosts of demons which peopled the earth and filled the air, making havoc alike of the worldly possessions and of the peace of mind of believers. More than twelve generations of men lived and died under the conviction that at any time they might be assailed and overpowered by demon satellites of the Prince of the Power of the Air.

It is not, however, this steady belief which concerns us now so much as the occasional paroxysms and incidents of it. Sometimes people lived as if they had no such faith. At other times on a sudden they would lash themselves into bloodthirsty fury about practices which never existed and never could exist. Reason then became useless. Men refused to follow it. Wise men hid their thoughts and the foolish had their day. It is curious to think what must have been the state of the public mind when, in 1644, Matthew Hopkins, styling himself "Witch-finder General," traveled through four counties in England in great state, at public expense, finding witches and bringing them to the stake, killing as many as sixty in one year. His method was simple. He tied them and put them into a river. If innocent they sank and were drowned; if guilty they floated and were burned. At the end of three years the public mind changed and they tried his own medicine on him. Just what happened is obscure, but the probabilities are that he was innocent and did not float, and so came to an end.

That ebullition of popular frenzy which we call the Salem Witchcraft took place among a people who believed in demonology before the episode and after. For years the belief had caused no more disturbance than the belief in ghosts, but suddenly, at the beck of two or three hysterical girls, the whole colony was thrown into convulsions. Deacons and ministers, the President of Harvard College and Judges of the Supreme Court vied with each other in such persecutions of poor wretches that twenty were put to death and the jails filled with more than two hundred others. How great was the fury we may understand from the fact that the Judge who condemned the first victim was man enough to make public profession two years afterward of his sorrow and repentance, and to set aside for the rest of his life the anniversary of that unhappy day as a day of penitence and atonement. The jurymen, also, publicly acknowledged themselves carried away of the devil. They were right in part. They were carried out of their senses, but not at all by the devil. However, in those days it was *omne ignotum pro diabolo*. They still believed it was the devil, only they now thought they were his victims as well as the hysterical girls.

The Chronic Credulity of the Business World

But this swarming of mankind is not confined to historical examples. It seems to be a part of every-day life. It is a phenomenon of constant recurrence in financial matters. The business of a nation seems to tread one everlasting round. After a crash and after a spasmodic effort to relieve ourselves in some other way, we set to work, living within our incomes, and by safe investments begin to accumulate, grumbling all the while and longing for the flesh-pots of a speculative Egypt. By and by our accumulations outrun all tried and safe investments and we start out into new and unknown fields. And just here begins our craze, just here wisdom and self-restraint seem to desert us. We are sure to go in a body after something which will not only waste the surplus which we desire to invest, but a good deal of the safe earnings we never meant to disturb.

What the next speculative delusion may be nobody can tell. In 1873 it was railroads, last time it was industrials, the next time it may be balloons. Whatever it is, it will pull us along apparently happy and prosperous until we are landed by another crash upon another hard times. Then we shall spend a few years discussing whether it was the Currency or the Money Power, the Speculators or the Shylocks that did it, and end, if we are wise, in finding that it was human nature that did the most of it after all.

As a race we don't like to work. Unless the sweat of the brow was the necessary precursor of eaten bread there would be very little perspiration except on horses. We would all of us rather swap jackknives than dig potatoes. Hence, when there are accumulations beyond safe and tried means of investment, the tendency is to leave off production and go to swapping. Not that we all leave off, but a good many do; and that, with the waste of misdirected effort, the making of things we do not want and cannot use soon eats up our store and brings us back to work again. Now, although we go over the round twice or thrice every generation, we never recognize any of the landmarks. In the midst of the speculative period we act as if it would last forever and swarm together toward the abyss. At such times reason has no force. All true prophets meet the fate of Cassandra and are without honor in their own country and every other. The fever has to run its course. Nor is this feverish behavior confined to those great crises in monetary affairs which require about twenty years to complete the cycle. It shows itself in similar fashion through shorter intervals. The ups and downs of Wall Street do not bear relation to actual values alone. If they did, life would be calmer, but perhaps less interesting. Human swarming comes in there also. At one time everybody crowds to Wall Street to make purchases and at another time to make sales, while the values may be identical at both times. Nor is the swarming confined to business. Two years ago the bicycle made the streets dangerous, and everybody felt himself unhappy if he was not balancing himself in the midst of danger between two wheels swiftly rotating. Now, the golf links is the only field of honor.

A curious instance of this swarming of mankind was the year of slander known as the year of our Lord 1876. When Congress met in December, 1875, the Independent Press, which, from the nature of its existence, must be chronically critical, since criticism which excites suits all of us who are readers better than praise which cloys, had fully prepared the public mind for the wickedness of Grant's Administration. Committees were instantly set to work, and from that time until August 18, 1876, no scoundrel who had a lie, original or second-hand, no scamp with a grievance need lack transportation to Washington or fame after he got there. Although the investigations were ostensibly secret, somehow or other the blackness of it all dripped into the newspapers and smeared the minds of us all.

Nobody escaped. The public were greedy for news and prompt of belief. The newspapers teemed with accusation and testimony. And yet only one trial was the outcome of it. Hundreds of volumes lie mildewed in Washington, filled with stuff that stirred the indignation of the people, but containing not one proven case that anybody, however inflamed by party zeal, dared bring to the calm scrutiny of a court of justice. The passions and prejudices of that year have entirely subsided, and we should now wonder at the spectacle we then presented as we wonder at the abuse of George Washington, if we had not forgotten all about the whole transaction. This was only a quarter of a century ago, and yet nine out of ten of my readers will puzzle themselves in vain trying to remember anything about it.

Titus Oates and the English Riot of Unreason

Our history is full of just such unreasonable swarmings, and so is the history of every other land. Two hundred years ago England was convulsed by a wild and almost unbelievable fury. A man called Titus Oates, after a life of exposed profligacy, had for his followers the whole English nation. Such a devil's dance was never seen before nor since. At the mercy of this wretch and the associates whom his success created were the lives of hundreds of honest men whose standing and dignity would have been at any other time the sure safeguards of their innocence and acquittal. For nothing has the law of England been so remarkable as for its protection to a man accused of crime. In other countries he has been exposed, unprotected, to all the resources for conviction of skilled prosecutors. In England his rights have been the first care of the law. Yet only two hundred years ago in that land of liberty the most preposterous self-convicting perjury prevailed alike against high character and the clearest proofs of innocence.

To us who look at it from a distance, with all the facts revealed, as time can always reveal them to those who search, it would seem impossible that for two years charges without anything in the nature of support should have produced the same results as honest, straightforward, reliable testimony supported by facts and proofs and documents. During these years the utterers of the most transparent falsehoods were maintained sumptuously at the public expense and surrounded with honors and the outward respect of all. The chief rogue, though imprisoned and beaten with sticks which were meant to kill, survived, had his pension restored, and died at the good old age of eighty-six.

How could such a thing be possible? How could men be so bereft of their undoubted sense? It was simply another one of those periods of the riot of unreason where the animal took possession of the man and a whole nation went back again to the dens and caves of the earth. Was it Sydney Smith who said that a mob was a mob even if made up of

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Editor's Note—This is the seventh paper in a series of articles by Thomas B. Reed. Other papers by Mr. Reed will appear in early issues of The Saturday Evening Post.

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bishops? England was at that time a mob. The nation had been roused and frenzied by a combination of circumstances not common in its history. Cromwell's Commonwealth had been too much in advance of the world. His great and powerful mind had alone been strong enough to maintain the nation far above the level of its real thought. When he died England fell from her proud height and was for a time well content with the low level of Charles the Second.

A Trio that Shamed History

But the influence of Cromwell and those whose thoughts he represented was not dead. The divine right of kings had received a shock from which it was never really to recover. Unquestioning loyalty received James the First out of even the alien kingdom of Scotland, but doubt and distrust awaited the possibility of James the Second. Charles was becoming frail and had no children. England, just rescued from Presbyterians and Independents, was terrified at the prospect of Catholic domination. A dim idea was also beginning to dawn upon men of the horrible shame, afterward so clearly revealed, that the nation which, under Cromwell, had held a lofty head among the nations of the world, was but the puppet moved by France—a land hated by every true Islander for long centuries. When, therefore, the Duke of York, next heir to the throne, became a Catholic, the cup of terrible unreasoning terror and dull foreboding was filled to the brim. What might happen none could tell. That nothing could be done but wait was the last and most unendurable addition. The soldier actually fighting drinks delight of battle with his peers, but the soldier under fire and with no chance to return it is either in fear or frenzy, or both. Then, if ever, comes panic, terror and wild alarm.

Upon such a scene as this stepped the Reverend Titus Oates, already thrice or four times disgraced. To him were added Bedloe and Dangerfield, as interesting a trio as ever made history ashamed. Their theme was the great conspiracy of the Roman Catholics to compass the killing of all prominent Protestants and the conversion of the rest, and the renewal of the sway of the Pope. As declared by Daniel De Foe, himself a dissenter, all this fright and panic terror set in when there was not one Catholic in ten in the remotest regions, not one in a hundred in most counties, and not one in a thousand in the city. Judges were frightened into silence on the bench, and statesmen, fearing for their own lives, were vociferous in the Parliament. But at the end of two years the majority came to their senses and mourned over their cowardice and folly as did the Massachusetts judge and jury. Meantime worthy men among the best in England had been put to a shameful death, and more than two thousand had languished in prisons and jails.

The Significance of the French Revolution

It would not be at all just to class with the incidents already mentioned that tremendous phenomenon, the unconscious servant of which was that child of fortune, Napoleon Bonaparte. We call it the French Revolution, but in its origins, which are so fully depicted in the first volume of Louis Blanc's history, and in its results which have filled all histories ever since, it was so far-reaching in all directions that it ought to be called the World's Revolution. That Revolution, as a whole, was no temporary wildness and riot of unreason, but the great proclamation of the rights of man. There were special incidents which might be classed among the examples given, but the whole phenomenon answers no such description.

Of the tendency of mankind to swarm in a state of ungovernable rage, examples might be multiplied to an extent limited only by the patience of readers. Every capital in Europe, from Paris and The Hague to St. Petersburg and Constantinople and Jerusalem, shows its places of the skull, its Golgothas, where the savagery of mankind has burst all bounds, and demonstrate that any nation at certain times may be liable to go wrong suddenly, wildly, not from the result of reasoning, but from something lower, from the animal natures we think ourselves so much above.

The Only Way to Secure Toleration

When such events as have been described assume sufficient proportions they make their own places in history and excite the wonder of the very creatures whose ancestors did the deeds, the like of which they themselves will do under similar provocation. We all believe in tolerance without limit. This is theory. No harm can come of full discussion, we declare. The truth is mighty and can be trusted to prevail. In language this covers everything. In actual life it covers nothing. We are tolerant of all the things we care nothing about, never of anything we are interested in. If you want your opinions tolerated have enough people of your way of thinking to make it uncomfortable for those who desire to be intolerant. Never expect toleration from a crowd which has other views, and has them vividly. If any one shall say, what is the use of dwelling on these lower manifestations of mankind? I answer: much, every way.

Every man who, without cynicism, contemplates the probability of unreasoning outbursts of public opinion and action, helps his own level good sense and diminishes by more than one the very probability he contemplates. We make more progress by owning our faults than by always dwelling on our virtues. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Knowledge of ourselves is its onward march. Mortifying to our pride as a race as are these outbursts of popular fury, it is some consolation to know that, as out of the fire that sweeps the woodlands come the ashes which fertilize the earth for a richer growth, so out of these desolations come some of the elements of future progress. Out of the wrongs of man come the lessons which erect institutions which preserve the rights of man. The martyrs are the seed and the Church is the harvest.

The CRISIS
By George Hibbard

WITHIN a short period—it would not perhaps be defining the time too closely to say within a few years—there came upon this country several weeks of great and threatening financial disturbances. The times had long been "bad," but there was a critical fortnight of momentous importance. Confidence was destroyed. Capital was anxious and afraid. A panic was imminent. It was not only in Wall Street that men held their breath, wondering what the next day, the next hour, might bring; all over the country there was doubt, apprehension, dismay. Everywhere every preparation was made, every resource strained to meet the expected shock. Money was "tight" in a way that had hardly been known before. The banks would not lend, and well-known business men, who were undoubtedly good, were going under, because they were unable to obtain absurdly small sums—small in comparison with the magnitude of their interests—with which to tide over some momentary stress. One failure more and it seemed that the worst would come. One more serious break in the price of some great speculative stock and all must go. It needed but the toppling of the one brick and the whole row would come down.

It was but a short time before this financial reign of terror that Percival Scawen had become a part of the active force of Berners, Garrard and Company. It had been all arranged by old Mr. Tippits, Percy's uncle, and "Sam" Berners one afternoon in the club window. Mr. Tippits had observed, with that fine old gentlemanly pessimism that was peculiar to him, and which was always heightened by his first cocktail, and grew deeper and darker with every succeeding one, that he was condemned if he knew what to do with his nephew. Berners, on the contrary, who was fresh and florid, and amply filled the chair in which he sat, was invariably strengthened in his exuberant optimism by the like means. Therefore he had said in the carelessness of his expansion that Mr. Tippits had better give the young rascal to him. So the matter was settled, and "Percy" Scawen was sent, not unwillingly, into the office of Berners, Garrard and Company to acquire business habits and business instincts.

It must be confessed that he was painfully lacking in any of these, as Berners, Garrard and Company too soon discovered. His life had not been such as to encourage methodical ways and, so far, his only experience had been in spending money, not making it. He had a small income which Mr. Tippits had doled out to him sparingly while he was in college, and for a few years afterward, but for some time he had been at perfect liberty to do what he had pleased with his own.

What he had pleased had not pleased Mr. Tippits. There had not been anything very desperate in the young man's extravagances, but he was a yachtsman—not with longings for palatial steam yachts which were quite beyond his means, but with a distinct liking for fast sailing boats which he could manage very well himself. But even this had cost money, and when Percy had gone in with three others to build a "cup winner," and proposed to go on a "mug-hunting" cruise, Mr. Tippits was naturally alarmed, and did what he could to stop such proceedings. That Percy agreed so readily with his suggestion that he should take the position mentioned was something of a surprise to him, but then Mr. Tippits did not hear *all* the gossip of the clubs.

Juliana Berners was conceded to be a very charming young girl. That she was very pretty was undoubtedly something that logically should not be ascribed to her as a merit, for certainly she had nothing to do with it. But in looking at her the world was apt to forget this and quite unjustifiably to accord it to her as one of her chief virtues. That she was exemplary in her conduct would undoubtedly be a very just reason for granting her admiration, seeing that her own conduct was entirely under her own control. But then, as it happened, she was not exemplary to any very perceptible extent, for the way she flirted was almost beyond precedent. Still such is the inconsistency of the world, that after bestowing its approval when it was unearned it did not withdraw it when it was undeserved. Thus it will be clearly seen that there was no possible excuse for the very extravagant things that were always said and thought about Juliana.

This view of the matter, however, had not occurred to Percy Scawen, for to him she seemed absolutely perfect. He never stopped to consider whether she was responsible for her prettiness or not. She was very pretty indeed, and that was enough for him, or rather, to be strictly accurate, was altogether too much for him. As for her flirting—why, the most of it—not quite all of it, alas—was done with him, which made it quite different. But, in truth, everything had run along very smoothly. "Sam" Berners, the great and good-natured financier, had liked Scawen, and had fully made up his mind to give his consent to Percy's marriage with his daughter when it should be asked, and as Juliana had no living female relatives, this was all there was of it.

But one day Percy was seized with an idea of his own unworthiness, and an ambition had grown within him to deserve and "win" his Juliana. Young men who are very much in love are frequently attacked with such fancies, and Percy was certainly very much in love. He became disgusted with the idle life he was leading, longed to do something, and it was at this time of doubt and dismay that Mr. Tippits had insidiously approached him with the suggestion that he should "go into" Berners, Garrard and Company. Scawen jumped at it. He would prove to Juliana's father that there was something in him. He even had heroic fancies in which he secretly cherished a picture of himself as winning a distinction—not specified—on a battle-field—not localized—under the eyes of his commander, who was always represented as the famous and florid financier. But as he was here called upon to imagine that personage in the plumed hat of a field marshal, the image was broken, the illusion destroyed, and he said nothing to Juliana about such aspirations, which perhaps was just as well, as she would most assuredly have laughed at him. So Scawen went into Berners, Garrard and Company and did his best.

As has been said, Percy had been thus employed for only a short time, but already the results of his action had begun to be manifest. At first he could hardly believe what he saw, but gradually the facts became too unmistakable to be overlooked. Berners had always been kind to him and cordial, but now Percy noticed an alteration in his manner. For some time he did not mention his discovery to Juliana, but one afternoon he suddenly burst forth.



DRAWN BY C. CHASE EMERSON

"DON'T MAKE IT DOUBTFUL," HE BEGGED

"Why—why did I ever go into the office?" he wailed. "Your father used to think I was a decent enough sort of harmless fellow, and everything was all right, but now——"

"But now," said Juliana anxiously.

"I believe he thinks I'm a driveling idiot, with hardly brain enough to stick on postage stamps. You should see the way he looks at me——"

"Oh," exclaimed Juliana, "perhaps that is why——"

"Has he been abusing me?" broke in Percy. "No doubt. He thinks I'm good for nothing, now that he's seen me

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down there where I don't belong. I thought there might be some chance once—that he'd perhaps consent to let me marry you," Percy murmured, "but now I know I haven't the faintest ghost of a show in the world."

"He did ask me the other day if I didn't see you very often," Juliana admitted.

"That's it," Scawen exclaimed desperately. "The next thing will be that he will forbid my seeing you altogether."

"And," continued Juliana thoughtfully, "I remember now that he said something about not being able to realize how worthless the young men of the present day were until you tried them."

"There," continued Percy helplessly, "you see how it is. I have ruined myself with him. If I had been contented to go on as I was doing he would have thought that I was all right, but this accursed ambition of mine has played the mischief with me. He has found me out," he concluded helplessly, "and it's all up."

"Couldn't you do something," suggested Juliana anxiously, "to reinstate yourself—to bring him to believe in you—to make him think better of you than he did before?"

"You don't know what you're saying," replied Percy, shaking his head despondently, "just as I didn't know what I was doing when I went into this. I supposed that a common humanity made people able at least to understand any state of existence, but I tell you a business life's different. Perhaps there isn't anything in it common to humanity. I don't know. Anyway, it's worse for me than being dropped in a foreign country where I don't know the customs, can't speak the language, and seem to have a hereditary feud with all the inhabitants. Send me to Mars or Jupiter and tell me to distinguish myself. I might, but," and Percy again shook his head dolefully, "don't ask me to do anything in a business community."

"What is the matter?" asked Juliana solicitously.

"Every one seems to know all about me—to wonder what I am doing out of the club, and only curious as to why in the name of the evil one I don't go back there and stay there."

"You must show them that they are wrong."

"And just at this time, too," continued Percy, "I do not quite understand what it is, but something seems to be the matter. Every man is in a hurry, even when there is not the least reason for it, and jumps a foot if you speak to him suddenly."

"Papa told me the other day," said Juliana, "that the state of the country was very precarious."

"If it gets much worse," mused Percy, "their tempers won't stand it."

"But, Percy," said Juliana slowly, "you mustn't blame papa; he has a great deal to make him nervous."

"What?"

"I don't think it can make any difference if I tell *you*," she almost whispered, after looking carefully around. "But there is a huge scheme in which papa is interested and which he wants to carry through. I don't know what it is exactly, but there are millions and millions involved, and, of course, he is anxious."

"I wonder if that is what they mean," said Percy.

"What?" she asked.

"Their talk about a 'disturbing influence,' a 'hidden cause,' an 'unknown quantity' that is at work."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit," said Juliana. "Papa is certainly not at all himself."

It was with a very heavy heart that Percy, on the following morning, made his way down town. It had been his custom since he had been a business man to walk briskly down Fifth Avenue, cross Washington Square, and, mounting to the "Elevated" at Bleeker Street, betake himself to the offices of Berners, Garrard and Company. In the first days of his experience he had strode along sharply in the morning procession, distancing the veterans who were getting their exercise before settling down for the day's work and passing even those of his own age and experience. But gradually his steps had begun to lag—the most venerable millionaire kept ahead of him—and, finally, on this particular morning he dragged along at a very inactive pace.

He was oppressed with the idea that something unpleasant was going to happen. As he glanced at those whom he knew, he saw little in their countenances that helped cheer him up. A threatened panic in Wall Street soon makes itself known in the aspect of the town, and in many faces Scawen read doubt and dismay. Financially he was aware that he had little to fear, for what money he had came from real estate upon long lease, and his own prospects could be little affected. Still, the consternation that he felt was general, communicated itself to him, and heightened the feeling of apprehension that mastered him. Even the brightness of the early summer day in Washington Square did not raise his spirits, and dolefully enough he walked up the steps to the elevated station. In the car two old gentlemen were talking very mysteriously. Although their tones were low, Percy was so near that he could not help hearing the greater part of what they said.

"It has all centred about that particular stock," said one.

"Yes," said the other; "it's the test."

"That's the critical point. If Z. and N. should break, then everything would go."

"But will it?" said the other anxiously. "It seems to have unlimited support."

"It's too much for any one person or any combination to carry through in these times," answered the first, frowning grimly.

"I don't know," said the other; "whoever has been doing it so far seems to have plenty of pluck and I hope he can hold his own."

"So do I," said the first devoutly. "I tell you the financial prosperity of the country depends on it."

Scawen left the train, his ill-defined fears rather increased than diminished. Nor was the aspect of the offices one to quiet his distressed spirit. What the difference was it would be hard to say, but there was a difference. In every face there was an evident restless expectation of something that was most disturbing. Percy sat down at the desk that had been given to him, and, as he had nothing to do, did it. But he was not allowed to remain long in suspense. Almost immediately a messenger informed him that Mr. Garrard would like to speak to him. Percy at once obeyed the summons and entered Mr. Garrard's private office.

The position held by Mr. Garrard in the firm was apparently at times one of singular prominence. Then it seemed that his was the preponderating influence—that his will ruled, that his word was law—but this was not always the case, and it was noticed by the observant that this only happened when it was necessary that something unpleasant should be done. On such occasions "Sam" Berners affirmed that no matter how much he might wish it, that he could do nothing with his associate; at such times Mr. Garrard boldly stated that he felt obliged to disregard Mr. Berners' best-known wishes, and act according to his own judgment.

"Mr. Scawen," he now said, "I very much regret that it is necessary for me to speak as I must. Indeed, I have hesitated some time, but"—he coughed slightly—"I cannot see that it will be advantageous for either of us to have this go on. We derive no good from such an arrangement, nor do I believe that you do. I must beg that you will consider your connection with us closed."

"I'm turned out," said Percy briefly.

"The arrangement does not seem to be all that it promised," said Mr. Garrard coldly. "Mr. Berners has said much, but he cannot make me see it in a different light, and in this instance I fear that I must go against his particular desire. You are no use here, and, indeed, your ignorance of business methods is most demoralizing—has a most harmful effect upon the others in our employ."

"Very well," said Percy, "I'll go."

"At Mr. Berners' request," continued the other, "I long refrained from taking this step, but I really can delay no longer," and as Percy left the office, Mr. Garrard followed him. "I hope that you will derive some advantage, Mr. Scawen, from your very brief experience of business life."

But Scawen had gone out and shut the door.

"The old beggar," Percy said that afternoon when he recounted the interview to Juliana; "he talked just as if he thought I didn't know that he was doing exactly what he was told to do, and as if I believed he really had some voice in the matter."

"You think it was papa sent you away?" asked Juliana apprehensively.

"Sure of it," asserted Scawen. "Every one knows that old Garrard's nothing but a stalking-horse."

"Papa," said Juliana, "is fearfully disturbed. He walked up and down the library all last evening, and I don't believe he went to bed all night. I have found out what it is. There is a stock——"

"Z. and N.," said Scawen quickly.

"Yes," she answered, "whatever that means," and she added admiringly, "but how did you know?"

"Never mind," he replied quickly; "the security of the country depends on it."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, much impressed.

"If it breaks, everything will go," he said.

"And papa thinks that you don't know anything about business," she said with reproachful wonder. "Well, it seems that he has got the whole weight of it on him. He had to talk to some one last night, and so he talked to me," she hurried on. "I know I ought not to tell, but you don't count. One of the family"—a sudden heavy blush spread across her face—"that is, almost one, perhaps."

"Don't make it doubtful," he begged.

"You know what I mean," she said swiftly, "of course. You interrupt me so foolishly. Papa has been carried along—gone in deeper and deeper—and now is in altogether. Percy," she said, "we may be poor."

"I've got something," he replied.

"That may be all then, dear, if this doesn't come out right. And—and there's more danger. There is another man—a bear."

"You don't like him?" said Scawen.

"I don't mean it that way," she retorted contemptuously. "I mean, in a business way."

"Oh," he said humbly, "you remember that you have such a way of calling people animals——"

"But I'm serious now," she responded, "and you do make it so difficult for me to tell you. Papa is in an awful position. He has to keep up the price of Z. and N. or he is ruined. And he could if it were not for Mr. Scrice."

"David Scrice!" cried Percy in amazement.

"That may be his first name," said Juliana.

"David Scrice," repeated Percy slowly; "that is serious."

He had been long enough in the "Street" to have that name mean a great deal. Had he not heard men, great in the financial world, almost whisper it in their awe? And did not all live in terror of its owner? Great as "Sam" Berners was, David Scrice was much greater, richer, more experienced, and plenteously endowed with that wizard-like reputation that a great and successful operator gradually acquires. A superstitious assurance of his certain success in all he undertook had gradually mastered his associates, and any one who opposed him seemed to them foredoomed. And Percy felt the full force of this presentiment.

"You don't know what that means," he went on. "He can do anything."

"Then everything is lost," said Juliana helplessly, "and we—no," she continued, "I won't believe it. I won't believe it. It must come out right. Papa told me that what Mr. Scrice was doing was horrible—trying to bring ruin on all the country—just so that he could make money out of it—though how he could do that I don't see."

"He knows," said Percy ominously. "But tell me all you can about it—everything he said."

"He was with papa in this until just now, but papa seems suspicious and doesn't know what he'll do."

"Things are in a bad way everywhere, and every one is anxious," said Percy, remembering the pale, set faces he had seen in the afternoon. "There isn't anything to do except to wait and grin. I don't know enough to do anything, and I shan't be in the office after to-morrow."

"Papa says that to-morrow is the crisis," Juliana went on. "If Mr. Scrice turns traitor there will be a panic, papa will lose his fortune, and the consequence to the country will be fearful. Thousands will be ruined, and it will need years to bring back prosperity again."

"The little beggar ought to be hung!" exclaimed Percy energetically.

Even before he had reached the office the next morning Scawen noticed that the excitement had increased. Another day had only given another twist to affairs, and the tension was tighter. The crowds in the street were larger and more shifting—coming together and breaking up with more rapidity. The noise was greater—a broken tumult, the result of the feverish activity. The careless morning greetings were shortened, and no man paused with another for an idle chat. Such words as were spoken came sharply, nervously, and were generally short questions and merely monosyllabic answers. Several whom Scawen knew very well passed him without recognizing him, and one or two almost ran him down in their haste.

There was a strange feeling of unrest. The very air seemed charged with some new quality at the same time exciting and depressing. A fear of coming disaster had attacked all men, and the common terror seizing the masses made any rout and panic possible and only too probable.

Although Percy knew so little of the detail of the situation, a sympathetic fear seized him, and, excited and bewildered, he entered the offices and approached his desk. There, too, all was different. Discipline was relaxed, and nobody except one old, gray-headed, withered clerk, who had lived through many flurries and furies, was doing anything. In fact, very few of the clerks were there, many in the sudden emergency having been dispatched by Garrard on unexpected messages.

A certain middle-aged employee with whom Percy had struck up something of a friendship spoke to him as he passed swiftly out.

"I tell you," said he, "I've been here since I was a boy and I've never seen a day open like this. Old Garrard's beside himself, and Mr. Berners hasn't come yet."

"I should think he'd be on hand early at such a time," said Percy.

"So should I," replied the man as he hurried away. "He's needed badly enough, but he's not here, and it's near the time of opening."

Percy had hardly sat down when Garrard looked from his room, and called to the only person left in the place—the venerable bookkeeper.

"I wish you would go at once to Mr. Packard, in Nassau Street, and tell him I should like to see him immediately."

The man arose as quickly as his old bones would permit him to do, and Percy was left entirely alone. From outside came a dull murmur of voices, and the hurried, unending, increasing sound of tramping feet. Scawen felt himself drawn more and more into the fierce agitation of the moment. The madness was contagious, and he could not sit still. He arose and paced up and down the empty office. Again Garrard's head appeared at the door.

"Oh, it's you," he said slowly; then he added quickly, "Have you seen anything of Mr. Berners?"

"Not to-day," said Percy.

"Well," replied Garrard snappishly, "did you think I meant last week? Why doesn't he come?"

As Percy was wholly unable to furnish any information, he remained silent.

"I can't act without him, and something must be done."

On an ordinary occasion Percy was the last person in the world to whom Garrard would have confided any difficulty, but at such a time no rules held. It was like a shipwreck, a fire—positions were altered, dignities were forgotten.

"He's got to come," continued Garrard impatiently.

"Perhaps he's been detained," suggested Percy idiotically—as he felt at once.

"A man whose whole fortune's at stake," said Garrard, "and who's carrying market, too, doesn't have anything that's more important."

In the stillness of the offices the exceptional turmoil in the street was strangely noticeable.

"You hear what's going on?" said Garrard feverishly.

The windows, which were in the first story, were open, and, as Percy listened, the monotonous noise of the street was suddenly broken by a new sound—one rather unusual in that place—the rapid rumble of wheels over the stones. The clatter grew louder, and it was clear that a carriage had suddenly drawn up before the building.

"That must be he," said Percy.

The big door swung open and with a rush some one entered. But it was not Berners—but Juliana, flushed and breathless, who came in. She sped across the floor and stood with her hand on her heart before the two men.

"Mr. Garrard," she gasped, "papa had an accident getting into the brougham this morning. The horses started, and his leg is broken. He can't stir, and he told me to come and tell you and give you this."

Garrard seized the note, tore it open and seemed to read the lines at one glance.

"I must do what I can," he cried. "We've got to keep this thing going and I must get money. Berners has found out from one of Scrice's fellows that he's thrown us over and we must be ready to meet him." Garrard paused, his hat on his head. "You stay here."

He had spoken the last words at the door and was already gone.

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"Percy," cried Juliana excitedly, "isn't it awful?"

"Pretty bad," he answered ruefully.

"What can we do?" she said.

"Nothing," he replied; "but it's a queer fate that leaves us in command at such a time. See," he said, pointing through the door of the private office to the dark depths of the huge vaults, the massive door of which stood widely open, "even the safe isn't shut."

"Now would be the time," she said in a low voice, "for you to show papa that he was mistaken."

"Yes," replied Percy, "there's no doubt about the time; it's the doing it. The hour comes oftener than the man in history, and I'm afraid even if the moment has come the man hasn't."

"I won't believe that," she said adoringly. "I believe that you could do anything."

"As far as I can see, the important thing," mused Percy, "is to gain time."

"Yes, yes," said Juliana, "that's what papa told me. He said that if he could only get safely over to-day he would be all right. That Mr. Scrice's betrayal has weakened him, but that in twenty-four hours he could fix everything."

"The question is how to gain twenty-four hours."

"Yes," she said.

Percy glanced up at the big clock. The hands, racing on, had reached a position indicating five minutes to one. Going to the stand where the "ticker" slowly wound out its snaky coil, he glanced at the changing figures.

"Z. and N. has lost nine points," he said.

"Is that bad?" she asked.

He nodded gloomily.

"Another point off," he said, after a pause of intense absorption.

"Can't they stop it?" asked Juliana.

"There isn't any way unless we buy, or Scrice stops selling."

"Why don't we buy?"

"Mr. Garrard hasn't the means, probably."

"And won't he stop selling?"

"I'm afraid there's no way of making him," said Percy, picking up the thin slip. "Another drop."

Slowly the minutes passed as Scawen watched the stock in its downward course—point by point—until the figure which all must remember was almost reached. Other stocks, too, were affected, and Z. and N. was dragging all down with it into dire destruction.

"If it goes a point or two more," groaned Percy, "it can never recover—I know enough to know that—and all will be up."

He had hardly finished speaking when the main door was quickly opened.

"Who is it?" asked Juliana.

"Scrice," whispered Percy in an amazed tone. "Scrice himself."

A small, wiry, active man hustled into the room where the two had betaken themselves.

"Mr. Berners?" snapped the straight, thin mouth.

"Not down this morning," answered Percy affably.

"Not down!" ejaculated Scrice in evident astonishment, but then, as if time were too precious to be lost in idle surprise, he jerked out: "Mr. Garrard?"

"Just stepped out."

"Well, who is here?" asked Scrice.

"I am," said Percy modestly.

Scrice glanced at him and then at Juliana uncertainly.

"Most remarkable!" he said half to himself; "I really can't understand." He hesitated. "Of course you are not in a position to know about anything," he went on. "Mr. Berners and I are connected in some transactions, and it is important I should have certain papers at once. They are in the safe."

Scrice took a step toward the open vault. Instantly Percy had thrown himself before the open door.

"You want them, Mr. Scrice?" he said.

"Yes," replied the little man; "I must have them at once."

"I don't know about that," said Percy boldly.

Juliana, who was watching the scene with parted lips, wide-open eyes and quickly coming breath, stood motionless.

"Don't know," stuttered the small man, "don't know! I tell you my connection with Mr. Berners gives me a right to them."

"Perhaps it *did*," said Percy, and Juliana gazed upon him in fascinated wonder, "but I don't know that it does."

"What do you mean?" cried Scrice.

"If I am not mistaken, Mr. Berners has learned some things that make a difference," Scawen continued.

"I don't know what you mean," Scrice said, "and I haven't time to discuss it. I must have the papers at once."

He advanced a step farther, but Percy did not stir.

"You can't," he replied firmly.

"Get out of my way," sputtered Scrice furiously. "Young man, I haven't any time to lose."

"I know," said Percy. "I can read it all there," continued Percy, pointing to the tickers; "Z. and N. is falling, and every stock with it."

Scrice jumped to the instrument, and was drawing the ribbon through his fingers.

"It isn't!" he cried with a short oath; "it's rising; it's risen three points while I've been gone."

He turned to go.

"Mr. Scrice," said Percy firmly, as he laid his hand on the other's arm, "do I understand that you are going back on the floor?"

"I'm going about my business," said the enraged man, "and if you have any you'd better go about yours."

"My business," said Percy quietly, "just now is right here. You say the market is rising; if you go your action will cause it to fall—how far I do not know, but far enough financially to destroy very many—to give a serious blow to the prosperity of the country."

"Let go my arm!"

"Not until you promise that you will not bring on this disaster."

"Let me go!" screamed the little man, jumping up and down in his passion.

"Not just yet."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Scrice angrily.



DRAWN BY C. CHASE EMERSON

"I'LL SHOW YOU," SAID SCAWEN QUICKLY

"Keep you here," Percy responded with steady decision.

Juliana, looking on, clasped her hands and uttered a quick exclamation.

"Keep me here?" stammered the infuriated man. "Don't you know that we are only a few feet from the street—that the windows are open—that I have only to call?"

Percy stood embarrassed and silent. What Scrice said was only too true, and he felt helpless, baffled, desperate.

"What are you going to do now?" sneered the little man triumphantly.

"I'll show you," said Scawen quickly, as he picked up the struggling millionaire in his arms.

Percy's education had certainly not been such as to fit him for Wall Street upon any ordinary occasion, but much hauling at ropes and steering on stormy seas had given him firm muscles, and Scrice was absolutely helpless. Swiftly Percy bore him across the room to where the safe stood open, gently put him down within the vault, and, before the astonished man could make the slightest movement, had shut the massive door upon him. Turning, he locked it and stood leaning with his back against it, gazing at the frightened girl before him.

"Percy," cried Juliana, "what have you done?"

"I don't quite know," he answered desperately, "but it seemed the only thing to do, and I hope it's all right."

At that moment one of the clerks entered the office.

"I say, Hawkins," called Percy hurriedly, "go as quick as you can and find Mr. Garrard. Say to him that it is all right. He may act just as if nothing had happened and Mr. Berners were here."

"I don't understand," said the man.

"It isn't necessary," replied Percy. "Go and do what I say. There isn't a moment to lose."

"All right, sir," said the man, moved to obedience by the short, sharp words of decisive command, words spoken with a force that had brought quick action for Scawen in many a critical moment when the big sails were bellying above and the waves rushing by below, and something had to be done instantly upon which the winning of a race depended.

"How will it end?" Juliana asked almost in a whisper, as the man hurried out.

"I don't know," Scawen answered doggedly. "Something had to be done."

"But won't it hurt him?" gasped the girl; "won't he suffocate?"

"No danger of that," Percy replied. "The place is as big as a room, and there's air enough to keep him for any decent time."

"I can't hear anything," she continued in increasing terror.

"You couldn't hear a pistol shot through those doors, much less a man's voice. He's safe for the present. And if time's all that's needed, we've got it."

The next were anxious moments for the two as they stood hardly daring to move. The noises of the active street appeared terrifyingly near, and it seemed that something must happen. But all was quiet within the deserted offices. The sunlight fell brightly on polished wood and gleaming brass; still its calm radiance was without quieting effect upon the two conspirators. Scawen walked the floor, his hands cold and his brow feverish, while Juliana sat with her heart beating as it had never beat before in her short life.

"Hadn't you better let him out?" she said as time passed.

"Not yet," replied Percy. "See, the market is only holding its own. There would be a chance to set all back before closing."

As he spoke two excited men opened the office door and rushed madly into the private room.

"Mr. Berners, or Mr. Garrard?" they exclaimed together.

"Not here just now," said Percy promptly.

"Do you know where they are?"

"Mr. Berners is at his house, but about Mr. Garrard I know nothing."

"Can he be with either of them?" said one of the men to the other.

"Impossible," he replied, and then he turned to Percy. "Mr. Scrice left us a short time ago to come here to see Mr. Berners and Mr. Garrard. Have you seen him?"

"Yes," said Percy.

"He came here?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Percy.

"But you must. We are associated with him," said both. "It is most important."

"I cannot tell you," repeated Percy decidedly, "and if you are connected with him I tell you that you might as well hold on in what you are doing."

"That's all bluff," said one impatiently, and the two hurried out of the office as rapidly as they had come in.

"It won't be much longer," said Percy, glancing at the clock as he resumed his walk.

Again the outer door swung hurriedly open, and this time Garrard entered breathless.

"What is it?" he cried. "What has happened? They've failed in their raid altogether. It all seemed to weaken and go to pieces in a moment."

"Yes," said Percy; "Scrice wasn't able to be there to help."

"Wasn't able to be there?" exclaimed Garrard. "What was the matter? Where was he?"

"Shut up in there," said Percy, pointing to the door of the safe, "where he is now."

Garrard sat down abruptly in the nearest chair.

"*Now*," cried Juliana, coming forward, "don't you think that Percy is good for something? Hasn't he proved you were wrong?"

"He has saved the country," answered Garrard slowly.

It has always been a financial mystery why there was not a panic on that particular day, and the commercial world has never known what saved it from impending destruction. It has also always been a matter of surprise at the club that "Sam" Berners, after abusing Scawen as he had fallen into the habit of doing, should so soon have accepted him as his son-in-law, and should ever afterward have spoken of him with such extravagant and unqualified praise.

Grant Allen's Sense of Justice

MRS. GRANT ALLEN, wife of the late author, Grant Allen, will open a book store in Hanover Square, London, in the interest of bookmaking. Mrs. Allen was devoted to her husband, and her writings upon his life and work, upon which she is laboring, will be a valuable addition to the data already in print of this many-sided man.

A peculiar incident concerning one of Mr. Allen's scientific articles illustrated his nearness to his animal friends. He had written a paper upon insects and bugs and sent it to his publisher. In it he minutely described both the bad and good sides of his subjects. Several days after he had dispatched the manuscript he wrote to the publisher:

"Return at once proofs of chapter on bugs. I have found out that I have done one of them an injustice. I dreamt about him all one night after I mailed the matter to you, and he looked at me with reproachful eyes and said I had made him out worse than he was. In looking up his history from a later source I have found out that he was right."

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How Trusts Affect Trade

By J. Harry Selz

IN A RECENT number of The Saturday Evening Post there appeared a plausible and skillful argument on behalf of the trust; an article most interesting in every detail and one that must have set every reader thinking on this most important subject. In attempting to present something of the other side of this question I shall not hope to command the theoretical forces of the problem with the masterful ability of the writer of the previous article. Instead, I will willingly concede at the outset that if "trusts," "business combinations," "corporate consolidations," or whatever we prefer to call these aggregations of industrial and capitalistic enterprise, were half so beneficent in practice as they appear in the eyes of the clever writer above referred to, this modern phase of business would deserve to be received as one of the best fruits of nineteenth century civilization. More than this, I will concede that it is the intention of that class of "captains of industry" represented by the eminent gentleman who wrote the previous article, to operate their vast interests in a manner to benefit the shareholder, the jobber, the wholesaler, the consumer and the employee.

How the Trust Works Out in Practice

This brings us to the main issue: Does the trust work out in actual practice the legitimate and beneficial results implied in the plans upon which it was originally shaped? My experience and observation are to the contrary. It seems to me that this gentleman speaks of the trust as it should be, not as it is. We must come back to the logic of existing conditions, so often enforced by the old rector of Sevenoaks, in that "We must take things as they air."

It is my profound conviction that no trust ever organized has actually been operated upon as fair and as unoppressive lines as its founders intended. It is not in the nature of things that it should be otherwise. The defect is inherent in the very constitution of the trust. In attempting to point out some of the dangers and defects of the trust system, I wish to be clearly understood as considering the subject from the standpoint of the merchant.

Not the greatest, but still a very important menace to the public good is the power of the trust, if so disposed, corruptly to influence legislation. The "sugar scandal" at the National Capital is too fresh in the minds of the people to require a further array of cases in point. So universal is the recognition of the fact that an extensive "lobby" of high-priced men is maintained at Washington by the trusts that I do not feel it necessary to offer definite instances in proof of that statement. That much, I am sure, will be taken for granted. These "attorneys" are the ablest in the country. Most of them have held high political positions and all are familiar with the currents, rocks and shoals of "business legislation" and "practical politics."

The Ediers of the Third House

It is not easy for the outsider to realize the extent of this "Third House," much less to grasp an understanding of its power. But the trusts have a keen realization of this influence and pick the men who represent them to do their work so quietly, so secretly, that their names are never on the lips of local gossipers, nor their figures pointed out to visitors by resident office-holders as "big lobby men." There is nothing spectacular in their appearance. They know their business and perform it with a skill and power which makes resistance almost impossible.

This might result in a general debauching of the legislators, to the despoiling of the people's rights and interests. The honest testimony of any man who has had an opportunity to see the inside of business legislation in Washington will sustain the possibility of this ever-increasing danger. The opportunity presented for the debauching of the public conscience is so flagrant that it simply appalls any man of good, sound business morals. How is this growing power of the trust to be curtailed? The remedy most frequently suggested is that the protective duty be removed from all articles made by any trust or combination. This measure seems very unlikely of adoption, for the reason that the trusts are heavy contributors to the campaign funds of both the political parties. The managers of the great combinations are too shrewd to put all their eggs in one basket.

The Fraud of Water Ballast

A prevailing evil of the trust is the fraud practiced on the investor by means of over-capitalization. Personally I am not a believer in the principles of paternalism and am slow to favor the interference on the part of the Government in a matter of this kind. However, as trusts appear to be the order of the day, and as National and State Governments have passed wise legislation for the protection of depositors in chartered banks, the same action seems to be equally in order for the protection of investors.

In laws compelling the fullest and most exact publicity of the affairs of trusts and combinations is the greatest safety to be found. The vital facts which a prospective investor should know concerning a corporation or a trust are: the extent of its capitalization and to what the capital is applied; its actual earnings or losses and its distribution in dividends and to accumulated funds. A Federal law compelling the periodical publication of a sworn statement giving all these facts in full detail would be very effective. It should make a false statement or a failure to comply with its provisions punishable with imprisonment as well as a heavy fine. Moreover, it should be required that these statements be sworn to by all the members of the board of directors. This seems to me an important detail. No board of responsible directors is sufficiently unscrupulous to perjure itself.

Provision should also be made for an official examination of books and accounts, this work to be done after the manner of the supervision now exercised by bank examiners over State and National banks. The law recognizes the weakness of human nature and tries to protect it against the gambling den, the pool-room and the lottery. Now, if the stock exchanges do not arise to equal enlightenment, why should not the law step in and protect the investor against fraud?

The Loss of Individual Initiative

Whenever a manufacturing plant becomes the property of a trust or combination, a change takes place in the spirit of the men, particularly of the young men, in its employ. The hope of securing a proprietary interest is gone and with it the ambition it inspires. From the manager to the cheapest laborer, all who are actively identified with the work of the trust are employees. To be sure, some of them command imposing salaries, but there is no escaping the uninspiring consideration that they are servants and must remain servants, doing the bidding of a "board," of an impersonal master. There is little in this prospect to fire the ambition of the typical American, who loves personal liberty and independence, and who would prefer to be his own master and the proprietor of a humble enterprise expressing his own individuality than to hold a position of large responsibility and limited authority in the service of a combination.

The loss of individuality is very frequently apparent to the merchant who deals with a trust. Formerly, when there were individual companies, he dealt with a principal: now he deals with a board of directors, or with some individual who is controlled by this board, and to whom all questions of importance must again be referred before action can be taken on them. Trusts are impersonal; no one person is given full power to act. They prove the truth of the late Lord Beaconsfield's famous remark when he spoke of a "soulless corporation which had neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned." This also results in red-tape rules, sometimes autocratically enforced, causing vexatious delays, both obnoxious and galling to the energetic merchant.

The Inevitable Squeeze of Labor Interests

The advocates and makers of trusts have said much on the effects of combination upon labor, but I cannot agree with their statements and arguments. All their utterances have been from the standpoint of their own companies. Generally the iron and steel business is the one to which they point by way of illustration and proof of the statement that a combination has increased instead of reduced the price of labor. Let this be granted, for sake of argument. How about scores of other industries? Apply the inquiry to the shoe business.

Material, machinery and labor are the three things which enter into the cost of a shoe. The conditions governing the first two elements largely dominate the third. If materials and machinery are high, the chances are that the cost of the labor will be the first to be depressed in order to give the shoe manufacturer any profit. What is the actual situation? The materials used in the manufacture of shoes are practically controlled by a trust. The competition of the independent companies in this line amounts to very little, and the result, is that all manufacturers who have good credit must pay the same price for materials, irrespective of the amount purchased.

Most machines for the making of shoes are in the control of a trust and are rented, not sold. The initial payment on a machine is usually more than its total cost, and a royalty must also be paid for every pair of shoes produced. These two elements entering into the cost of a shoe are obtainable only on a closed market and are not subject to competition, to the ordinary laws of supply and demand. This leaves labor only to be had on the open market, subject to competition. What is the result? Labor, having a flexible price, must bear the burden of the two elements having an arbitrary price. There must be flexibility somewhere, and therefore the compression which would naturally be distributed over the three elements must be borne by the third alone. Inevitably labor is the sufferer from these conditions, which are the direct result of combination in materials and machinery.

Paring the Corners Off the Wage List

Here is the course which the shoe manufacturer runs in buying on a closed market and selling on an open market: competition at first compels each manufacturer to sell at the lowest margin of profit; then he strives to increase the value of the shoe without increasing its price. This may be by way of improving the style and appearance of the product or actually putting better material into it. One maker, however, does not get far in advance of another on these points. Each advantage scored is quickly taken up and met by competitors. This brings matters into very close quarters, and the shrewd shoe manufacturer finds that the inflexibility of the price of materials and machinery force him to the question: "Can I take a shaving off the labor end of this dilemma and thus score a point over my competitors?"

Quickly he comes to the conclusion that this can be done. At first there is no reduction in the price of labor or increase in hours, but a sharper crowding in the demands under existing hours and wages. High pressure in every department at length actually results in a reduction of the cost of a shoe. This enables the manufacturer to undersell his competitor by just so much and the latter becomes bewildered. Knowing that the cost of materials and machinery is the same to all, the unscrupulous competitor recognizes that the advantage scored by the first manufacturer must be in reducing the cost of labor. Then follows a more drastic effort in this field. What the first manufacturer accomplished by "good management" the latter achieves by a direct cut in wages. This precipitates a general reduction of wages, directly due to the rule of combination prices.

Why this movement has not become general is due to the fact that this country has had a season of remarkable prosperity ever since trusts became the order of the day. When the next period of financial contraction begins to appear there will be altogether too clear a proof of this summary of the effects of the trusts upon labor. Not always will the Kansas farmer take down his shotgun in order to compel his creditors to accept payment of a note previous to its maturity for the purpose of saving interest. When the awakening comes, the trusts will make their weight felt upon the whole body of labor.

Jobbers Between Two Fires

The shoe manufacturer and jobber today has to deal with ten different trusts and combinations. In other words, as I have already indicated, he is obliged to buy on a closed market where there is no competition, and sell on an open market where competition is keen and severe. There can be but one result from conditions of this character: the weaker house goes to the wall.

Some trusts are engaged in selling a manufactured article which in turn is sold by the jobber, the jobber being asked to sign a contract that he will not sell the goods below a stipulated price. In other words, he is forced to pay an arbitrary price for his goods, but he is not allowed to make his own price in selling. This combination of limitations, growing out of trust methods, places the jobber at a greater disadvantage than he would be as a mere distributing agent. In the latter capacity he would be at liberty to return all unsold goods, but as a jobber, dealing with a trust, he must make his return on the goods whether he sells them or not, he cannot sell them below a stipulated price, and he cannot get them unless he agrees to that price; either this or he is placed where he must choose between the two evils of having no control over the selling price of his goods, or he must sell them without profit, owing to the unrestricted competition which is sure to follow the carrying of the same goods on the part of his competitors in all other jobbing centres. Both these expedients have been and are still being constantly tested, and neither is found satisfactory. When the jobber has arisen in rebellion against this arbitrary control of his business he has found a "branch store" opened in his territory, and this speedily brought him to terms.

Before the days of trusts and combinations, the individual companies for which the jobber acted as agent had their own particular brand of goods. Each manufacturer took a personal pride in maintaining the standard of his own brands, and this certainly had a direct and strong influence in stimulating the maintenance of high quality in almost every line of goods. The jobber worked hard to push a certain brand and the manufacturer reciprocated by keeping up the quality and making close prices. Under the combination system all this is changed, the brand loses its individuality, the spur of competition is gone, and prices are arbitrary.

The Outcome of Combination

This takes all the zest of individuality out of the business and forces the jobber to consider various expedients, all of which are distasteful. The one which seems to commend itself quite as much as any other is the proposal that the jobbers shall get together and demand of the trusts with which they deal certain concessions in the matter of profit and in the manner of handling the products. This has, in fact, been tried in one instance and has worked fairly well, competitors naturally antagonistic to each other working together with one common impulse brought about by the very desperateness of their own situation. Were this carried one step further and jobbers and manufacturers brought into consolidation, a new condition would thus arise, and we should have two sets of trusts instead of one with which to deal. The retailer would then find himself buying on an absolutely closed market and selling on an open one. He would therefore be forced to follow the examples set by manufacturers and jobbers, combining all his fellow-retailers into as close an organization as any from which he is compelled to buy. Unless this happens and the trust form is carried out from start to finish, the manufacturer, the jobber and the retailer buying from the trust may eventually go and the trust become its own distributer direct to the consumer.

Another point which cannot well be overlooked is the fact that under present conditions the inventor whose device enters the field dominated by the trust is completely at the mercy of the combination and compelled to take whatever the trust manager may choose to offer, or nothing. In many cases, if he rebels, it is the latter, and the inventor finds that his device has been practically stolen by some small company organized for this purpose and the capital stock of which has a par value of much less than the real value of the invention. What he does not always learn is the fact that the small company manufacturing the machine—supposing the invention to be a mechanical device—is owned by the trust controlling the product the manufacture of which the machine is designed to assist.

In conclusion, allow me to reiterate what I have said at the commencement of this article, that I have tried to present the facts simply as they appear to the merchant, and in the light in which many of us think they should be viewed.

Editor's Note—This article is in the nature of a reply to The Benefits of Business Combination, a paper by Mr. Charles R. Flint, which appeared in the Post of January 6. Mr. Selz is a member of a large manufacturing and jobbing firm in Chicago.

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To the Third and Fourth Generation

By Clinton Ross

I

THE Admiral was at his afternoon nap. The sun through the low window fell over his grizzled face—the strong face of a man who had sailed the seas over, and in his day had made history. The room was filled with souvenirs of many seas, and places, and battles. It was a record of the Admiral himself: a frame for his face. From outside came the midsummer-day hum, the lullaby of the Great Mother, who takes us in the end to her bosom, and holds us close in endless blessing, after strife, turmoil, effort.

A bulldog came lazily in and licked the Admiral's hand, and then lay down to rest by his master's side. How long the two might have slept one can only guess, for there came a shuffling of boots in the hall that aroused the two sleepers, and there entered a stout, small boy, much roughed and tumbled, with a face all bloodied. The dog arose to meet him, while the Admiral opened his wise old eyes on the situation.

"Hum," said the Admiral. "God bless me! Been fighting again?"

"Yes, sir. Come to report. Got licked. But he couldn't make me say surrender."

"That's good," said the Admiral. "Are you ready for punishment?"

"Yes, sir; of course."

The Admiral arose slowly and took from the mantel a dog whip. The boy stood still while the Admiral swished him about the legs, not lightly, but the boy did not flinch. At last the Admiral stopped, placed the switch on the table, sat down in the great chair by the window, took a cigar from the case and lit it, and then, with a twinkle in his shrewd gray eyes, turned to the boy.

"You have conducted yourself creditably, sir, in this affair. What was it about?"

"About Bill, sir. Jim Prindle——"

"Eh, the grocer's boy? He's twice as big as you."

"I didn't care. He said his dog could whip Bill."

The bulldog, as if understanding, gave a low growl.

"I said he couldn't. He cuffed me. I hit back. He didn't have an easy time, either. He's a bully. I caught him kicking a small boy once, and I have had it in for him since. It wasn't so much about Bill, you see."

"Oh, I see. But you'd better have Sarah wash you up a bit. You show the effects of the action."

"Very well, sir."

When the boy had gone the Admiral chuckled and then laughed loudly, uproariously.

"Eh, Bill?" he said to the bulldog, "Oliver shows the stock." As Bill wagged his tail understandingly, the Admiral sobered. "Yes, he is his father over again."

At this moment the Admiral's sister, a spinster of fifty, was washing the boy's wounds, and scolding him, and almost crying over him. The men of her family were always fighting. Her two brothers had been killed in the Civil War, doing leal service, as became a Kent. And Sarah Kent had not the heart to reprove the boy too strongly.

He was a remarkable boy, with a face that could be strong, and again violent, and again soft and pleasant. To Sarah Kent he was the dearest boy in the world. But the Admiral was the master; the house his ship, and his sister and the boy his crew. And in his later life Oliver owed a deal to that training. For he had in him passion, impulse that had wrecked more than one man of his line. He was filled with weakness and with strength; he had in him the elements of utter, dismal failure or of far-reaching success.

As the years went by he grew to be a simple, honest-hearted youth, who might have been quite different. He was the apple of the Admiral's eye. The Admiral, in his well-known corner of the club, was never tired of telling of the boy. Ah, how many other yarns the old sailor spun!

The years passed. Oliver, of course, went to the Naval Academy. That school, in the Admiral's idea, was the only fitting one for a gentleman such as he intended Oliver to become. When he graduated a strange thing happened:

"No, sir; you are not to serve in the American Navy."

"Not to serve? But I want to," Oliver cried.

"But you are not; d'ye understand?" the Admiral said decisively. "Eh, but it's a pity," he muttered low.

"And why?"

The Admiral turned, with a quaver in his voice:

"I have my reasons, and good ones, though I'll acknowledge you would make a pretty officer."

"Can't I have them?" said Oliver.

"No," thundered the Admiral. "No." And then his voice fell low. "Not until after my death."

"What am I to do? Law? Business?"

"No."

"But I am your son," Oliver insisted.

The Admiral turned away. He was fighting a hard battle.

"Wherefore you are to obey me," he said at last.

Habit had left disobedience out of the question: he was the one man Oliver never disobeyed in all his life.

"What am I to do?"

"Go in for horses and yachts, and that sort of thing, if you want to—only, don't trust too much to the fair craft."

Now Oliver was not susceptible, but himself was dearly liked by the entertaining sex. Then he was eligible, for the Admiral's wife, a Van Orand, had brought him a fortune—so it was said. As for horses and boats, he cared for these, but preferred a sturdier career than they offered. But he settled down to horses, and some travel, and big-game hunting, and incidentally became a rather well known man-about-town.

But there came a day when the unsusceptible one met Mary Manners; and to him she was the one woman, and for her he became the one man. This was the spring of the Spanish War. The call attracted Oliver so strongly that this time the Admiral yielded and obtained him a commission. Everybody knows how he distinguished himself at Cienfuegos, and there is no need of repeating it here. How eagerly the Admiral waited for news in those days! How he told over what the boy had done, and how he wanted to see him! When Jim Prindle was brought back wounded he was taken to the Admiral's house, and Miss Sarah treated him like a hero—because he had been Oliver's shipmate. This was the same Prindle who had whipped the small Oliver, and whom Oliver, two years later, had himself subdued.

When Oliver at last returned it was Prindle who first met him and broke the news to him. Two afternoons before the Admiral had fallen asleep in his chair at the club, and had gone on the voyage to the far Land of Peace.

That night Miss Sarah, sad-eyed and quiet, came to Oliver as he sat in speechless grief. Handing him a sealed document she said:

"He wished me to hand you this when—when——" She sobbed, and Oliver took her into his arms and kissed her.

After a time he slowly broke the seals.

"He couldn't bear you should know while he was alive that you were not his son," she said slowly.

"Not his son!" Oliver cried, aghast.

And he pointed to the picture of the Admiral's wife.

"Nor was she your mother, nor am I your aunt," said Miss Sarah with a sob.

"And that was why I should not serve?"

"Read," said Miss Sarah, and leaned over and kissed him, and then, looking back again and again, went out.

Dazed, Oliver spread before him the sheets from the dead hand and read:

"*My Dear Lad:* You will not love me less if you know I am not your real father. He left you to me, to be brought up away from that career which has crushed strong men of your race. He loved you so that he could not bear the thought of that thing for you. He was a sailor and a good one, and we met in Hongkong first, and then in some trouble on the Corean Coast where once I was so fortunate as to save his life. I have tried to carry out his wish for you. Your mother was dead at your birth, and he took you from your surroundings. But it was his will. He gave you to me to bring you up as an American gentleman. Only in one respect, I believe, have I violated his wish. You were to know when you came of age; but I could not bear you should know until I should be dead. My lad, it was as well, perhaps. When you read this I shall be speaking to you for the last time. Aye, good-by, dear laddie. I have loved you."

For a long time Oliver sat over that letter, and before he broke the seals of that other letter from his own father he went into the room where the Admiral lay, bound on his last voyage, and bending over, he kissed him on the brow.

"Good-by, dear father," he said.

II

THEN he read what the dead English sailor wrote to him out of the past:

"Your own name was honorably won, but there were vices in the blood that again and again dishonored it. In any career, hearing your own name you will meet with that which men may not forget—that which brought trouble to your grandfather, to your mother, to me—something that, bearing the name, you cannot escape.

"I was stubborn; I chose to fight it; but luck is against me—if there be luck, if it be not instead something predestined through inheritance. You need have none of this to men's knowledge, yet, knowing that accident may bring it to your knowledge, I have chosen that you should know."

Some lines in the Admiral's hand followed:

"He, however, wished that you never should serve against England, because you are of a line of men that have fought England's battles—who won the highest distinction, and yet who in two cases sank to the most utter disgrace. It is very curious, but six months after writing this your father met his death under circumstances that presupposed the greatest gallantry, or the greatest ignominy. And the world, because of the old odium attached to the name, said it was ignominy.

"It is fair that you should know this, and that the name you would bear in England because of one man's fault, and through a singular course of mischances to his descendants, is not now an honorable one."

Here the reader paused and thought over it all. But why had his father wished that he should know? Had he thought that perhaps he might go back to try to take the stain from those dead men's names?

An old memory came back.

Again it was a midsummer afternoon in a Westchester house; again the boy went unflinchingly, as he had been taught, to take the punishment that awaited him; again the Admiral's face and words were before him.

And Oliver said: "He wished to keep me from this because he loved me, and yet he taught me to take my punishment—their punishment, for I came from them."

Late that morning Miss Sarah found him.

"My dear, you have not been to bed."

"No, for I have had much to think of, and I am trying to think rightly."

And then on a table he saw in a pile of letters one of Mary Manners'—a tender little note of sympathy.

And that afternoon he saw her, and thanked her for her note, and told her that something was known by him that made him wish to release her. But Mary Manners, who understood him, made him tell her of what the letters had told him.

"Is that all?" she said at last, with a sigh of relief.

"Is it not enough?"

"I am not sure. And—what are you going to do?"

"What the Admiral would have me do."

"Yes, I think he would have you release me. He would have you do as he taught you to do. As for me, you can't release me unless I accept the release."

"Ah, but you must!"

"There are women who don't admit 'must'!"

And she went on: "Oh, don't you see?—he wanted to keep you from that burden because he loved you, and yet he taught you to bear your burdens."

"Even the burden of those dead men?"

"Why did your father wish you to know at all? Was it alone because he thought accident might tell you the truth in such a way as to hurt you the more?"

"Do you think that he thought I might go back and bear the name?"

"And perhaps lift the burden those dead men have put on it," the girl said. And then in a low voice she went on:

"Yes, I would have you take the punishment God has put on you as the Admiral taught you to take punishment."

"And *you* say this?"

There lay a light in her eyes that shone into his soul.

"Yes, because I love you even more than they, and you must be strong."



DRAWN BY HAYDEN FISHER

"YES, BECAUSE I LOVE YOU EVEN MORE THAN THEY"

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Memories of Moody By His Son
William Revell Moody
III. First Years as an Evangelist

DWIGHT L. MOODY once said: "I believe in the Young Men's Christian Association with all my heart. Under God it has done more in developing me for Christian work than any other agency." From 1861 to 1870 Mr. Moody was the most active and persistent leader of Chicago in the work of the Y. M. C. A. During a part of this time he was the Librarian, a position which afterward became the General Secretaryship. From 1865 to 1869 he was the active President. The first years which he devoted wholly to Christian work he gave to this organization.

> "It is impossible to estimate the value of his services," says the Memorial Tribute to Mr. Moody, adopted by the Chicago Association. "This Association long claimed him as its greatest single champion. For years he was its leading delegate to Association conventions. During the dark days of the Civil War he was the leading spirit in making the Association a power for good in the armies of the Union as well as at home. He was active in securing its first, second and third buildings. The first Farwell Hall, which was also the first Association building in the world, was opened in 1867 while Mr. Moody was President of the Association. Four months later it was burned to the ground. 'When the flames were fiercest the call for prayer was sounded, and the daily prayer-meeting gathered in the lecture-room of the Methodist Church at the usual hour for prayer.'"

It was in connection with this Association that he became interested in the work of relief during the war. After Fort Sumter was fired upon, Camp Douglas was established near Chicago, and among the recruits were many of the "Moody boys" of the North Market Hall. A company was also formed among Mr. Moody's friends and former associates in business. He believed strongly in the Union himself, but he would not become a soldier. "There has never been a time in my life," he said, "when I felt I could take a gun and shoot down a fellow-being. In this respect I am a Quaker." But in other ways he did notable work. With J. V. Farwell and B. F. Jacobs he formed an Army and Navy Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and they began their work, holding services among the soldiers. At one time there were 12,000 men in the camp, and the Young Men's Christian Association had its own chapel. There was an Army Hymn Book with the American flag on the front page, and the workers visited the men in tents and barracks. They would offer to exchange hymn books for their playing cards.

War Experiences: The Soldier's Last Message Mr. Moody went to the front nine times, either as a member of the Christian Commission, or at the request of the Sanitary Commission, or the Chicago Citizens' Committee, to take supplies to the wounded. After the battles of Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh and Murfreesboro he was on the ground. He was also with the army at Cleveland and Chattanooga, and was among the first to enter Richmond. Mr. Moody's methods were direct and enthusiastic. "Now or never" was his famous argument with the stricken soldier. General O. O. Howard, in whose command Moody carried on part of his work, said that he was a fresh and hearty worker, full of enthusiasm, and popular with the men. In a letter to his mother at this time Moody wrote:

> "I am now at work among the soldiers a good deal. I had a good time in Kentucky. The boys wanted to have me become their Chaplain, but my friends will not let me, so I will remain in the city. I would like to see you all and talk about my Saviour, who seems so near to me. Oh, what would life be without Christ! I sometimes get to looking down in this dark world of sin, but when I look to Jesus it makes me look up."

After the battle at Pittsburg Landing the following incident occurred, the narrative being in Mr. Moody's words: "We must not let a man die on the boat this night without telling him of Christ and Heaven. You know the cry of wounded men is 'water! water!' As we passed along from one to another, giving them water, we tried to tell them of the water of life, of which, if they would drink, they would never die. I came to one man who had about as fine a face as I ever saw. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I went to the doctor and said:

"'Doctor, do you think that man will recover?'

"'No; he lost so much blood before we got to him on the field that he fainted while we were amputating his leg. He will never recover.'

"I said: 'I can't find out his name and it seems a pity to let him die without knowing who he is. Don't you think we can bring him to?'

"'You may give him a little brandy and water,' said the doctor; 'that will revive him if anything will.'

"I sat down beside him and gave him brandy and water every now and then. While I was waiting, I said to a man near by:

"'Do you know this man?'

"'Oh, yes; that is my chum.'

"'Has he a father and mother living?'

"'He has a widowed mother.'

"'Has he any brothers or sisters?'

"'Two sisters; but he is the only son.'

"'What is his name?'

"'William Clark.'

"I said to myself that I could not let him die without getting a message for that mother. Presently he opened his eyes, and I said:

"'William, do you know where you are?'

"He looked around, a little dazed, and then said: 'Oh, yes; I am on my way home to mother.'

"'Yes, you are on your way home,' I said; 'but the doctor says you won't reach your earthly home. I thought I'd like to ask you if you had any message for your mother.'

"His face lighted up with an unearthly glow, as he said: 'Oh, yes; tell my mother that I died trusting in Jesus!'

"It was one of the sweetest things I ever heard in my life!

"Presently I said: 'Anything else, William?'

"With a beautiful smile he said: 'Tell my mother and sisters to be sure to meet me in Heaven,' and he closed his eyes. He was soon unconscious again, and in a few hours his soul took its flight to join his Lord and Master."

On returning to Chicago, Mr. Moody at once looked up the widowed mother and two sisters and delivered the message from this dying son and brother. As he was leaving the house one of the sisters, only a child at the time, came to him and placed in his hand the small savings of her sister and herself with the request that he purchase a Bible to give to some soldier. On returning to the front Mr. Moody related this incident, asking who wanted the Bible that the child had sent, and there were a number of petitions.



THE NORTH SIDE TABERNACLE IN CHICAGO AS REBUILT IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE GREAT FIRE

When the Court Adjourned for Prayer-Meeting These war experiences brought Mr. Moody prominently before the whole country and people from all sections of the land sent in requests to his meetings for prayers on behalf of husbands, brothers and sons. When the war was over Mr. Moody returned to Sunday-school work in Chicago. It was planned to hold a Sunday-school Convention at Springfield, Illinois, and Mr. Moody and two friends attended. After breakfast at the hotel they set out in search of a quiet place where they might have a prayer-meeting to themselves. The Baptist Church suited them and they entered by way of a basement window. While they were kneeling in prayer the pastor entered saying, "You are welcome, brethren, whoever you may be." From that grew a great revival which reached every part of the community. Mr. Moody made a tour of the State and had crowded houses wherever he went. Sometimes he filled two churches, speaking in both the same evening. A revival started at Pontiac, Illinois, in a very peculiar way. Mr. Moody went through the town on a muddy day, and talked to every man, woman and child he met. The result was a remarkable religious movement, in which several lawyers joined the churches, and the court had to adjourn at ten minutes before twelve to attend the noon prayer-meeting. In his Sunday-school work Mr. Moody did much to introduce the lesson system, and out of this agitation grew the International Series of Bible Lessons. All this time his interest was still maintained in the work which he had begun in the North Market Hall, which continued to grow in size and activity. The little mission grew into a church and became the Illinois Street Church, with a seating capacity of 1500. It was the centre of a large variety of Christian enterprises, one of which was the holding of open-air services during the summer.

"Some of the happiest nights I ever had were in the children's prayer-meetings," Mr. Moody used to say. "Some people don't believe in early conversion. 'If they have a father or mother, let them take care of them,' they say. Then they complain, 'If you do get them and they are converted, they won't hold out.'

"Well, that is not my experience. Some of the most active men that I had to help me in Chicago were little barefooted boys, picked up in the lanes and byways. Some of the most active men in the church there to-day were boys that went to church then. I was once sent for by a mother who was on her deathbed. She had been married twice and her husband abused her son.

"'Now I am dying of consumption,' she said. 'I have been sick a long time and since I have been lying here I have neglected my boy. He has got into bad company and he is very, very unkind, and he is given to swearing. Mr. Moody, I want you to promise me that when I am gone and he has no one to take care of him, you will look after him.' I promised that I would. And soon after that mother died. No sooner was she buried than that boy ran away and they didn't know where he was. The next Sunday I spoke to the children in my Sabbath-school and I asked them to look for him and if they found him to let me know. For some time I did not hear from him; but one day one of my scholars told me that he was a bell-boy in a certain hotel. I went to the hotel and found him and talked with him. How well I remember that night! He had no father or mother, and his step-father abused him. There was no place where we could be alone in the hotel, so I asked him where we could have some seclusion. He said the only place he knew of was on the hotel roof. There on the top of that hotel I spoke to him about Christ, and what He had done for him, and how He loved him. The tears trickled down his cheeks. I prayed with him there and he became a Christian. Below was the tumult of the city. It was the night before the Fourth of July and they were firing off cannon and sky-rockets. But there upon that roof at midnight this boy was praying and calling upon God for light and aid and comfort. Many years after I met him again and he is now an active Christian man."

Days of Rough-Water Sailing During these times Mr. Moody did not always have fair sailing. One man tried his best to break up his meeting. On a certain evening Mr. Moody was standing at the door of the inquiry-room. The entrance was on a landing on the stairs to the large hall, and below, to the vestibule, were several steps. While thus engaged a man approached Mr. Moody and deliberately and grossly insulted him. He never would say just exactly what this insult was, but it must have been of unusual indignity, for he thrust the man from him, sending him precipitously down the steps to the sidewalk. Happily the man was not injured, but Mr. Moody felt keenly his guilt in giving way to his passion. One who was present tells the rest of the story:

"When I saw Mr. Moody give such evident expression to his temper, although I could not but believe the provocation was extraordinary, I said to myself: 'This meeting is killed. The large number who witnessed the scene will hardly be in a condition to be influenced by anything more Mr. Moody may say to-night.' But before Mr. Moody began the second meeting that night he arose, and with a trembling voice made a most humble apology.

"'Friends,' he said, 'before beginning to-night I want to confess that I yielded just now to my temper, out in the hall, and have done very wrongly. I want to confess my wrong before you all, and if the man is present here whom I thrust away from me in anger I want to ask his forgiveness, and before you all I want to ask God's forgiveness. Let us pray!' There was not a word of excuse or vindication for resenting the insult. The impression made by his words was wonderful, and, instead of the meeting being killed by the scene, it was wonderfully blessed by the consistent and straightforward confession of Mr. Moody."

Editor's Note — This is the third of a series of papers, begun in the Post of April 7, dealing with the important periods of Mr. Moody's life.

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On one occasion he was invited to the opening of a great billiard hall and saloon, and he went to the men and prayed with them, and prayed that their business might go to pieces. They did fail, and later one of the men became converted. In the early sixties he worked among all classes and conditions. Sometimes he would take a well-trained choir to the low drinking saloons and they would sing songs and distribute tracts while Mr. Moody would preach and pray. In preaching on How to Reach the Poor he once said:

"We don't make our services interesting enough to get unconverted people to come. We don't expect them to come—would be mortified if they did. To make them interesting and profitable, ask the question, 'How shall we make them more interesting?' and then ask some man that never takes a part to tell how he would do it. You will wake him up. If you can't talk, read a verse of Scripture, and let God speak. Bring up the question, 'What more can we do in our district?' Get those who never do anything to say what they think ought to be done, then ask them if they are doing it. Don't get in a rut. I abominate ruts. Perhaps I dread them too much, but there is nothing I fear more."

The Lightning Christian of the Country

All the children on the street seemed to know him, and very often in his walks he had in his pockets candy which he freely gave to his little friends.

In this period of his life he was very successful in securing appropriations for buildings. The Young Men's Christian Association wanted a building of their own. While the election which resulted in the choice of John V. Farwell as president and Dwight L. Moody as vice-president was going on, Mr. Moody was out getting pledges, and before night there were assurances of a hall with a seating capacity for 3000 people and with rooms for the committee meetings and offices. The first cash subscription was $10,000 from Cyrus McCormick. Some of the larger subscribers, appreciating Mr. Moody's effort in raising the money for the building, declared that it should be named after him. Mr. Moody learned of this plan and at the proper moment made a short but thrilling appeal, demanding that the audience name it Farwell Hall in honor of the chairman of the building committee and of one who had given so liberally to the cause. The proposal was carried with a shout, although Mr. Farwell claimed afterward "that the audience acceded to the only mistake that Mr. Moody ever made in connection with this enterprise." Four months afterward Farwell Hall was burned down. It was said that Mr. Moody, by his quick decision and well-directed efforts, secured subscriptions for the new building before the old one ceased burning. Rev. David Macrae, of Scotland, who was visiting Chicago at that time, called Mr. Moody "the lightning Christian of the city." The second Farwell Hall was larger and better, but it also was destroyed in the great fire of Chicago in 1871. The third Farwell Hall was erected while Mr. Moody was in Europe, but it was he who afterward raised the money necessary to clear the building from debt. This third building gave way to the present Farwell Hall, which exceeds in value any Young Men's Christian Association building in the world.

Mr. Moody's methods all this time were those of swift appreciation and incessant effort. He was quick to use those men with whom he came in contact. He was always ready in his replies. At one convention he always began by reading a verse from his Bible. A man exclaimed: "I am glad you keep to your chart."

"There is nothing else to keep to," replied Moody. "If that goes, everything goes."

Very often he would station himself at the entrance of the Association Rooms and distribute invitations to the noonday prayer-meeting, and many conversions came of this work. He was a great student of the Bible. "We need more Bible in our meetings," he often said. He did all he could for the prisoners and often visited the jails.

Common-Sense Treatment of the Charity Problem

At the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association in Baltimore, in 1879, Mr. Moody was elected president with great enthusiasm. In this convention he said some of the things that are quoted to this day. When asked if it was advisable to appoint unconverted men on committees, he replied: "Well, if you want to carry a corpse, put them on. A man that is dead has to be carried. I think one man with Christ in his soul is worth a thousand of those without Christ."

Again, he said: "When any one came to me and bored me, when I was secretary in Chicago, with some hobby to be worked in the Association, I would say—if it was good in itself—'Yes, that is a good thing to do. I will appoint you chairman of a special committee to work that out. You fill up the committee with several others and go to work.'"

The question of the unemployed he solved in this way: "First of all, to seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness, believing His promise, which I never knew to fail, that all things will be added unto them. Second, to pray to God for work. Third, to be as patient as possible during these times of hardship. Fourth, to look earnestly for work. Fifth, to take any honest employment that offers itself. Sixth, to study economy. The laboring-men should own their own homes.

"We used to have men coming in all the time and asking for work when I was secretary in Chicago. They would tell about their sufferings and how they had no work and wanted help. At last I got two or three hundred cords of wood and put it in a vacant lot, and got some saws and sawbucks and kept them out of sight. A man would come and ask for help. 'Why don't you work?' I would ask. 'I can't get any.' 'Would you do it if you could get any?' 'Oh, yes, anything.' 'Would you really work in the street?' 'Yes.' 'Would you saw wood?' 'Yes.' 'All right;' and then we would bring out a saw and sawbuck and send him out, but we would have a boy watch and see that he did not steal the saw. Then the fellow would say: 'I will go home and tell my wife I have got some work:' and that would be the last we would see of him. During the whole winter I never got more than three or four cords of wood sawed."



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THE OLD FREIGHT STATION IN PHILADELPHIA WHERE MOODY HELD MEETINGS

An Enthusiastic Welcome from England

Mr. Moody's first visit to England was brought about largely by the fact that Mrs. Moody was a sufferer from asthma and her physician had suggested a sea voyage with an entire change of air.

As soon as Mr. Moody reached England he was invited to speak at an anniversary meeting of the London Sunday-school Union in Exeter Hall. Mr. Moody was assigned to move a vote of thanks to the chairman of the evening, who was the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull gives this account of what happened:

"Toward the close of the meeting the chairman yielded his place to the vice-chairman, in order that such a resolution might be offered. The vice-chairman announced that they were glad to welcome their 'American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody, of Chicago,' who would now 'move a vote of thanks to the noble Earl' who had presided on this occasion. With refreshing frankness and an utter disregard of conventionalities and mere compliments, Mr. Moody burst upon the audience with the bold announcement:

"'The chairman has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the "Reverend" Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sabbath-school worker. And then I'm not your "American cousin!" By the grace of God I'm your brother, who is interested, with you, in our Father's work for His children.

"'And now about this vote of thanks to "the noble Earl" for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois, he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty, and they had tried to do theirs. He thought it was an even thing all round.'"

Shortly after his return Mr. Moody met Mr. Sankey, who was a delegate to the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at Indianapolis in 1870. In one of the meetings there was some difficulty with the singing and Mr. Sankey led with the familiar "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." Afterward followed the interview in which Mr. Moody told Mr. Sankey that he must give up his business and join him in evangelistic work.

Mr. Sankey tells this story about one of their experiences, before he had decided to join Mr. Moody in his work. Mr. Moody had asked him to meet him on a certain street corner. He did so and this is what followed:

"Without stopping, Mr. Moody walked into a store on the corner and asked permission to use a large empty box which he saw outside the door. This he rolled to the side of the street and, taking his stand upon it, at once asked me to sing the hymn, 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross?'

"After one or two hymns, Mr. Moody began his address. Many workingmen were just then on their way home from the mills and factories, and in a short time a large crowd had gathered. The address that evening was one of the most powerful I had ever heard. The crowd stood spellbound by the burning words which flowed from the speaker's lips and many a tear was brushed away from the eyes of the men as they looked up into the honest face of the speaker. After talking about fifteen or twenty minutes, he closed with a short prayer and announced that he was going to hold another meeting at the Academy of Music and invited the crowd to follow him there. We sang the well-known hymn, 'Shall We Gather at the River,' as we marched down the street.

"It took but a few minutes to pack the Academy, Mr. Moody seeing that the men were all seated before he ascended the platform to speak."

There are many interesting facts about the large sums of money raised by Mr. Moody for religious work, but of them all there is no story more remarkable than the success of the Hymn Book which appears under the name of Moody and Sankey. This volume was in some respects an evolution from Philip Phillips' book called Hallowed Songs. Mr. Sankey used Mr. Phillips' book and at the same time sang from his private selections. Finally a new selection resulted called Sacred Songs and Solos, which sold in large quantities at sixpence a piece, for Moody and Sankey were then in England. Some months later a small book of Words Only was published, and sold for a penny. The first advertisement of Sacred Songs and Solos appeared September 18, 1873, and soon the book was known all around the world. The royalties were placed in the hands of a committee and were devoted to religious work. At the close of the Moody and Sankey campaign these royalties amounted to $35,000, and, on the suggestion of English friends, the money was devoted to the rebuilding of the Y. M. C. A. building in Chicago.

When Mr. Moody returned to America in August, 1875, a new collection of hymns was arranged for by Mr. P. P. Bliss and Mr. Sankey, and the name was changed to Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs. The royalties from this book were first paid over to a committee of prominent business men in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. Mr. William E. Dodge, of Chicago, was chairman. The money was devoted to religious, philanthropic and educational purposes in many parts of the United States. Out of this fund were erected many buildings, including three fine structures at Northfield and one at Mt. Hermon. These royalties are now paid to the trustees of the schools at Northfield and Mt. Hermon. Mr. Dodge made this statement:

Hymn Books as Money Makers

"The sale of the various editions of the books so prepared greatly exceeded expectations, and, although the royalty was small on a single copy of the book, as trustees we received up to September, 1885, the large sum of $357,388.64. All of this was carefully distributed among various religious and educational institutions. It was finally determined that the entire royalties of these books should be turned over to the trustees of the schools at Northfield, and this was accordingly done.

"During all these years neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey had any fixed income. Mr. Sankey, especially, had given up copyrights which would have brought him in a large yearly sum, and opportunities to hold musical institutes and conventions which would have substantially added to his income. Neither of them, during the whole continuance of the trust, received one dollar of personal advantage.

"In closing the trust I consulted a lawyer of very high national reputation—the leader of the bar in New York. He was greatly interested in the form of the trust and had but little sympathy in the religious work. He gave a large amount of time and thought, and, after receiving his opinion, I asked him to be kind enough to send me a memorandum, so that I could personally send him a check, which I supposed would necessarily be a large one. He told me under no possible circumstance would he accept a cent: that the unselfishness and splendid quality of men who could make such a sacrifice was a new revelation of human nature to him, and made him feel better disposed toward mankind."



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NORTHFIELD IN WINTER

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The Nation's Servants Abroad

Of all the departments of Government employment, the consular service seems to be about the worst. A consul at one of the important cities of Europe has recently made a statement that only about two out of every twenty-five consuls which each Administration sends to that particular country bring back any money with them when they are superseded, and these two do it only by wretched parsimony. It is a fact that many of our consuls turn up afterward as agents of foreign interests or representatives of other countries, and sometimes as workers of rather questionable schemes. The consular work in the far East during the war with Spain is still a matter of comment and criticism, while at the point of all points where during the past months a good level-headed American was needed—that is, at Pretoria—the American Consul packed up and came home.

There has been a vast improvement in our Ambassadors and Ministers in the diplomatic part of the Government, because the positions have attracted men of wealth to whom the small salaries were no special consideration; and so we have a number of excellent gentlemen serving the richest nation on earth and spending many times their salary each year in order to maintain their proper pride and to uphold the dignity of their Government.

But in the consular service it is different. This branch is commercial. It is kept up for trade and money and the men enter it for salary. The absolute necessity of having trained representatives in this age of world commerce is apparent, but the ridiculous part is that district politicians make the selections. Fancy, if you can—you a manufacturer—needing experts in every branch of your establishment, discharging your superintendents and welcoming a new lot of nondescripts who had been sent to you on recommendations of politicians. How long would your business last? And yet in the broader and greater business of the whole nation that is the plan followed—the plan that has been followed for over a hundred years.

It seems absurd, but it is true.

What Harry Garfield Has Done

Sometimes it seems that there could be no reform, especially in politics, if it were not for young men. The first consul to represent this country was commissioned in 1789, and in the 111 years since then only one bill has been passed by Congress to improve the consular service, and it accomplished practically nothing. There are many young men who would like to serve their country in foreign places, and there are other young men who want to open the way for them. For some years the agitation has been going on, but it was not until the young men took hold of the movement that it reached important proportions—men like William Rockhill, Gaillard Hunt, Representative Adams, all formerly in the foreign service, and others, who are doing good work for the Government. The one to whom the most credit is given is Harry A. Garfield. He was President of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce and he saw the need of reform.

The Bill to Make Better Consuls

In the past several years eight or nine different bills for the improvement of the service have been introduced into Congress—all failures. The movement never had much real life until Mr. Garfield threw his energy into it. Thus we have the new bill, 9661 in the Senate list, which was introduced into the Senate on January 23 of this year by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, and which is entitled, "A Bill to Remodel the Consular Service of the United States." It is the matured product of the Cleveland business body. It provides for the appointment of four consuls-general at $8000 per annum; thirteen at $6000, nineteen at $5000; thirty-seven consuls of the first class at $5000, thirty-five at $4000, sixty at $3000, forty at $2000, thirty at $1800, fifty at $1500. It abolishes the fee system and commercial agents. Consuls shall be subject to examination and they must stand the test of competency. The consul-general or a consul may be transferred from one post to another; he is the Government's agent. Appointments shall be made by promotion, and the merit system will prevail. "No one shall be examined who is under twenty-five or over forty-five years of age, or who is not a citizen of the United States, or who is mentally, morally or physically disqualified to fulfill properly the duties of consul. The scope and method of the examination shall be determined by the board, but among the subjects shall be included either the French, German or Spanish language, and questions designed to ascertain each applicant's knowledge of the commercial resources of the United States." After a service of twelve months in a consulate no consul shall be dismissed from the service except for due cause.

Three Benefits that Would Follow

If the movement which is now being actively pushed, and which is interesting the business interests of the entire country, should be successful it will do three great things. It will remove a scandal from our politics. To appreciate how great this is we have only to examine the figures of recent Administrations. Mr. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, when Assistant Secretary of State, did much to hasten the movement by his complete turning over of the consular equipment. He dismissed Republicans and put in Democrats wherever he could. But though the record under the Cleveland Administration was pretty bad, it has been even worse under McKinley. With 272 consulships of $1000 salary and over there have been 238 changes made by this Administration, and of the grade below $1000 twenty-one out of forty-eight were changed. These figures tell their own story.

In the second place, it will open new possibilities for the really deserving young men of the country. Of course, we do not expect appointments to office to be entirely free from personal influence any more than we expect the millennium next week; but by inaugurating the merit system and giving the young man practical assurance that so long as he does the work well he will keep his office, the consular service will be made attractive to the right sort of applicants. It will, in the nature of things, become the kind of school from which may be graduated our future diplomatists. In the third place, it will be a capital thing for the commerce of the country. Much can be done by having trained and efficient consuls at every point in the world.

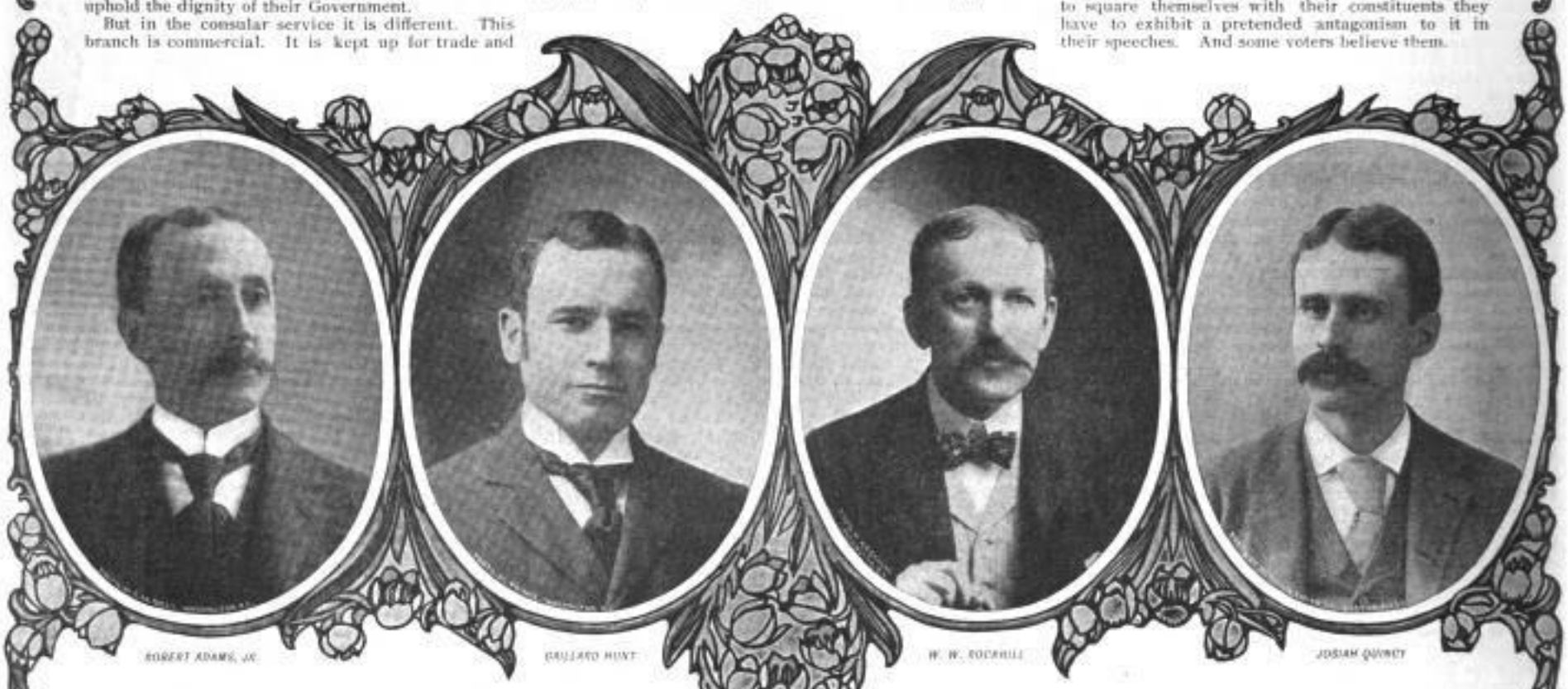
The Fight for the Loaves and Fishes

It would seem that when all the business interests of the country, when all the unselfish efforts of good citizens, and when the best sentiment of the press and pulpit are in favor of a reform there ought not to be any difficulty in its accomplishment. But in politics the evident right is often the slowest to find recognition.

The little politicians in both branches of Congress and the little bosses behind them will not give up a single loaf or a single fish willingly. The merit system interferes with their style of statesmanship. Naturally they do not like it.

It is popular to deride Civil Service Reform as a movement against the plain people, whereas it is the only plan that offers perfectly honest assurances that a poor man may get into public service without compromising his reputation by irregular campaign practices or bending the knee to a boss. There is no farce more pitiable than that annual and sometimes semi-annual acting in Congress when a few of the Representatives make their sham fight against Civil Service Reform.

The funny part about it is that they are the very ones who are protected by the law. They use it as a constant and never-failing excuse for not carrying out their campaign promises; but then, of course, to square themselves with their constituents they have to exhibit a pretended antagonism to it in their speeches. And some voters believe them.



ROBERT ADAMS, JR. GAILLARD HUNT W. W. ROCKHILL JOSIAH QUINCY

A Simple Story of a Wise Young Man

A man who represents the United States at one of the important capitals of Europe offered the position of secretary to his son who had just graduated from a leading university. The young man asked time for consideration and then replied:

"It is mighty kind of you, and I know that I should have a good time for four and possibly for six or eight years, and should meet many people whom I would like to know; but after it is all over what should I be good for?" It was the question of a young man who thought.

The father pointed out that the salary of $2000 was a consideration, but the young man wisely shook his head and said:

"I would spend every cent of it, and at the end of the time I should be worse fitted for the responsibilities of life than I am now. I should like to go with you, but I do not see how I can."

It is unnecessary to say that the father was proud of the decision. This son is now struggling along on much less salary, but the drilling and the experience which he is getting will be paying large dividends when the diplomatic salary with a change of Administration would suddenly cease. It takes nerve to turn the back on the attractions of one of the capitals of the world, but it shows the kind of common-sense which distinguishes the really level-headed and successful American. And yet why should this be the case? Why should not this young man be able to enter the service of the Government with the same feeling of confidence as in ordinary business employment? There is no explanation except the evils of spoils politics. That is what the new consular bill seeks to reform.

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Made Cleveland Change His Mind

Joseph J. Little, President of the New York Board of Education, has been filling an unusually large place in the public eye for more than a year past. For a strictly peaceable man he has been engaged in more controversies than fall to the lot of most fighters. First, Mr. Holt, the publisher, engaged in a contention with him, and later Comptroller Coler has been questioning the accounts of his department in a remarkably unpleasant manner. But in spite of these diversions, Mr. Little manages to preserve the equable and smiling demeanor that makes him one of the most popular men in New York public life. It was this quality that enabled him to make Mr. Cleveland change his mind.

The President had been invited to attend a Democratic harmony dinner to be given in New York and had accepted the invitation. Later, other guests were invited without consultation with Mr. Cleveland, and when he heard of it he declined to be present. Now the sending out of these invitations had been intrusted to Mr. Little and he felt a personal responsibility in the matter. He had announced that Mr. Cleveland would be present and he felt that his reputation was at stake. A day or so before the dinner he called on Mr. Cleveland.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Little?" inquired President Cleveland pleasantly.

"Mr. President, you've known me for a good many years as a printer and as a Congressman. You never knew me to break my word in my life. What I say I do. What I promise I fulfill. I invited you to be present at this dinner and you accepted my invitation, and I have announced it to every other gentleman who is to be present, and I expect you to keep your word to me just as I would keep my word to you."

"But," began the President, "you have invited some people there that I don't want to meet."

"That makes no difference, Mr. President. Nothing was said about that when you accepted the invitation, and besides that, what is the use of a harmony dinner among friends?"

Half an hour later Mr. Little left the house with a new acceptance from the President in his pocket and the dinner took place as was originally planned.

Interviewing the Princess of Wales

The only newspaper woman who ever interviewed the Princess of Wales is an American girl, Miss Mary Penfield. It came about in a curious way. A new drama was being presented at a leading London theatre, and Miss Penfield, her editor and the playwright were occupying a box. Suddenly there was a round of applause and into the royal box came the Princess of Wales and a lady.

The playwright looked at his friends and exclaimed, "I wonder how the Princess likes my piece!"

Miss Penfield more in joke than in earnest replied, "I'll go and find out."

She was promptly challenged to do it, and rather than be accused of fear, rose and left the box. As required by London etiquette she was in evening toilette, better dressed, in fact, than most of the audience. At the royal box the official looked at her inquiringly, and when she nodded he opened the door and bowed her in. She advanced two steps and bowed to the Princess, who motioned her to a chair. She seated herself promptly and listened to the Princess' comments upon the play. Undoubtedly she had been mistaken for some one else, because at the end of fifteen minutes the box door opened to admit a lady who resembled her in face and figure. Miss Penfield thereupon rose, bowed humbly and returned to her friends, to whom she repeated the criticisms.

How Suzanne Adams Saved the Day

Suzanne Adams rescued a performance of Les Huguenots by the Metropolitan Opera Company on the briefest notice.

At twelve o'clock noon she received a telephone message in New York asking her to sing the part of the Queen in a matinée performance to be given that day at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. By a quarter to one she had completed preparations and boarded the train. She arrived during the performance, just in time to take her place on the stage. Madame Nordica, originally cast for the rôle of Valentine in the presentation, had been suddenly taken ill. For a time it was feared that no one could be found to sing in her place until the discovery was made that Madame De Vere would undertake the part. But she had been cast to sing the Queen and a new difficulty confronted the management.

Les Huguenots was the only opera for which music and costumes had been brought to Philadelphia. It was Les Huguenots or no performance at all, and to have found a Valentine only to lose a Queen failed to help the situation.

The stage-manager caught Mr. Grau in New York by the long-distance telephone. Five minutes later he was asking Miss Adams to save the performance by singing the Queen.

Miss Adams had not sung the part in several seasons and she was consequently uncertain of both words and music. To meet the first difficulty it was telephoned to Philadelphia to begin the performance three-quarters of an hour late; to master the second Miss Adams studied her rôle on the train. Not a moment was left to consider the difficulties to be faced.

On her arrival she literally stepped from her carriage to the stage. The first act of the opera was ending as she reached the Academy of Music a little after three o'clock.

When the curtain rung up on the second act she was in her place on the stage, self-collected and cool. She sang brilliantly, and the audience, having learned that she had saved the performance, gave her an enthusiastic welcome.

The Father of the Senate

Last month Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa, completed his twenty-sixth year as a member of the United States Senate. Since the death of Senator Morrill, of Vermont, he has been called Father of the Senate. For over thirty-four years he has been in the public service, for before he was elected to the Senate he was for eight years a member of the House of Representatives. Senator Allison has passed his seventieth year, but so well has he lived that he is one of the sturdiest and most faithful members of Congress. Recently some old Washingtonians at a dinner voted upon the various qualities of the leaders in both branches of Congress, and at the end of the verdict it was unanimously conceded that Senator Allison wielded more authority than any of his colleagues.

Rosebery's Treacherous Stockings

At one time when Lord Rosebery was visiting relatives in Dumferline he was one of a house party who gave a number of amateur performances. Whyte-Melville, author of The Gladiators, was another member of the party, and also something of an actor. Indeed Lord Rosebery used never to lose an opportunity to take part in private theatricals. For many years Mr. Melville has entertained his friends with stories of the plays they put on during his stay with the Premier.

Here is one of them:

In Rob Roy Melville took the part of the famous brigand and Rosebery was a chieftain of the triumphant clan. At the last minute it was found that Rosebery had no plaided socks to go with his kilt, and a stage hand painted the nether extremities of the now famous statesman in the required plaided colorings and all which marked his clan. Toward the middle of the second act Rosebery warmed up considerably to the part, and he could feel the paint trickling down to the floor from his limbs in great drops. But he was not prepared for the remark which greeted him from the front row at the opening of the next act, when an old Scotchman said:

"Say, Dougal, hoot there, man! Your plaid is getting mighty traitorous. If you don't put some ice on yourself your colors will be running into each other, and you'll be worse than a Campbell in the last act." It almost broke up the performance.



W. B. ALLISON



SUZANNE ADAMS



MRS. DANIEL MANNING



HAYDEN CARRUTH

The Making of a Humorist

Hayden Carruth was a country school teacher in Wabash County, Minnesota, twenty years ago. Then he went out West. In Sioux Falls, South Dakota, he started a weekly paper.

In 1887 he wrote some humorous editorials for the Chicago Tribune and sent some others to the New York Tribune. Both were accepted and he went to Chicago. Here he was offered fifty dollars a week to join the Tribune's staff. But the price did not suit him and he went to New York. There he hunted up a newspaper friend.

"I'm going over to see the Tribune people," he said. "Now, what ought I charge?"

Knowing the rates of compensation in the newspaper business, his friend suggested forty dollars.

"How did you make out?"

"Oh! all right, but I wish I had asked more."

"Do you think you could have got fifty dollars?"

"Fifty? I asked them seventy-five, and they took it so quickly I'm sorry I didn't make it a hundred."

The President-General of the D. A. R.

There are eight patriotic women societies in this country and all of them have large memberships. One of the most important is the Daughters of the American Revolution which has 27,000 members, and chapters in all the States, and even in Hawaii. The headquarters are in Washington and the President-General is Mrs. Daniel Manning. Mrs. Manning takes a prominent part in the official life of Washington, where as the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury under the first Cleveland régime she won wide popularity.

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Pratt's Cats

By W. L. Alden



THERE'S some folks," remarked Captain Baker reflectively, as he laid aside the Nantucket Gazette and wiped his spectacles, "that has ideas, and some that hasn't; and it's them that hasn't that are lucky. Now, I never had any ideas, beyond doing my duty as a sailorman in whatever situation I might happen to be. The consequence was that I got on peaceably with everybody, and never made more than a middling-sized ass of myself at any one time. Then there was Captain Hank Pratt, of the Natchez. Some people used to say that he didn't know anything whatever except seamanship and the Bible; and so, in a way, he didn't. But he was chock-full with ideas, most of which went to show that he ought to have confined himself to seamanship and religion. He was, take him by and large, the best able-bodied, A 1 Christian I ever heard of, but when he tried to bend his ideas on to his innocence, it was like bending a three-inch cable to the signal halyards, and trying to anchor with the lot.

"I often think of the time we had in the Natchez with Captain Pratt's cats. I was first mate of the ship at the time, and we were lying in Boston harbor, filling up with New England rum and cotton goods for Singapore and Canton. We had taken in about all she would hold, when Captain Pratt says to me, 'Mr. Baker, you've been ashore several times at Singapore?'

"'It wasn't my fault, sir,' I says—for, next to Port Said, Singapore is the measliest place in the whole East.

"'I wasn't asking why you went ashore,' says the Captain; 'if so be that you got into difficulties, I'm afraid that it came from your not being a pious man'—which I wasn't at that time, I'm sorry to say. 'What I want to know,' continues the Captain, 'is just this: Did you ever see a cat in Singapore?'

"'Well, sir,' says I, 'I don't remember any particular cat, but then I haven't much opinion of cats, and I might pass half a dozen without noticing them. You'd better ask the carpenter; he was ashore at Singapore last voyage, for, if you remember, we were delayed twenty-four hours hunting him up.'

"'I did ask him,' says the old man, 'and he said that while he was at Singapore he'd seen the finest collection of variegated monkeys, mostly blue, that any sailorman ever saw, even after a month ashore in London, but he couldn't swear to any cats.'

"'Might I ask,' said I, 'what your particular interest in Singapore cats is pointing to?'

"'It's this way,' says he. 'I know from what I've read that there ain't a single solitary individual cat in all Singapore. I've got it in print in a book down in my cabin, and you can't deny what's in a book. Now, Singapore is just overrun with rats and mice, and the dogs and some other small animal, whose name I can't lay my hand to at this particular minute, don't begin to do their duty toward the vermin. What Singapore needs the worst way is cats that have been brought up to know their duty in regard to rats and mice, and will do it. Why, if the Singapore people could lay in a good supply of cats, their property would improve in value at least ten per cent. Now, I've been studying over this cat question for some time, and I've come to the conclusion that the man who carries a cargo of cats out to Singapore will make a lot of money.'

"'How so?' says I.

"'Look at it from a business point of view,' says the old man. 'What's the market value of a cat here in Boston? Just nothing at all, says you, and right you are. Now, what ought to be the market value of a cat in Singapore, where there ain't a cat of any kind, and where the mice and rats couldn't be reckoned up with any table of logarithms that was ever yet printed? My idea is that a good article of cat, laid down at Singapore, would fetch an average price of fifty cents in our money. Very good. I calculate to take in about a thousand cats between now and the day we sail. The boys on the wharf will catch them for me, and be glad to do it, for five cents a cat. I shall sell those cats at Singapore for fifty cents apiece, which will be a clean profit of forty-five cents per cat, their keep while on board ship not being worth mentioning, considering that we've got a fair supply of rats with us, and if the rats run short the cats will eat what the cook generally throws away. That's my little scheme for turning an honest penny in a new way, and I'd like to hear your opinion of it.'

"'Begging your pardon, Captain,' says I, 'I haven't any opinion of it whatsoever. Likewise the same is my opinion of cats, which are an animal that no man can trust. You'll find long before you're off the Cape that you've made the biggest mistake of your life in meddling with cats. I've heard my mother say that there ain't a cat mentioned in the whole Bible, from beginning to end. You just lay that to heart, and have nothing to do with cats.'

"This was speaking a good deal plainer to my superior officer than I generally spoke, but I knew his cat idea was the worst sort of foolishness, and I wanted to have him give it up. But, of course, he wouldn't do anything of the sort. He was determined to take a cargo of cats to Singapore, and, accordingly, the more I might say against it the more he'd stick to his idea.

"Well, that very day Captain Pratt went to work to collect cats. He agreed with a warehouseman on the wharf to keep his cats for him till the day we sailed, and he offered a reward of five cents to every boy who would get a cat for him. Cats were thick in Boston in those days, and boys were mighty smart. They turned to with a will, and cats fairly poured in, as you might say. I told the Captain that there wasn't the least doubt that nine-tenths of the cats were private cats that the boys stole from their owners, and I put it to him, as a pious man, that he hadn't any right to encourage boys to steal. But he wouldn't listen to me. He said that the boys looked to him to be good, honest boys, and he wouldn't insult them by suspecting them of stealing.

"About an hour before we sailed the cats were all brought on board and dropped down the main hatchway to the 'tween decks, where the old man calculated that the beasts would be comfortable. We took away the ladder from the hatchway so that the cats couldn't come on deck, and there were two or three pannikins of fresh water waiting for them below. The crew seemed considerably amused when they saw the cats coming aboard—that is, all except the carpenter. He was a good man, the carpenter, so long as he was at sea, though a bit grumpy in temper, but he always stopped ashore when we were in port, and I'm afraid that he wallowed a good deal in the intoxicating bowl.

"He came aboard just after we had taken in all the cats, and he happened to look down the hatchway and saw the cats. He sort of staggered back and took hold of the fiferail to support himself. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he felt a little faint. 'By-the-by, Mr. Baker,' said he, 'is there such a thing as a cat aboard this ship, for it would be mighty unlucky to go to sea without one?'

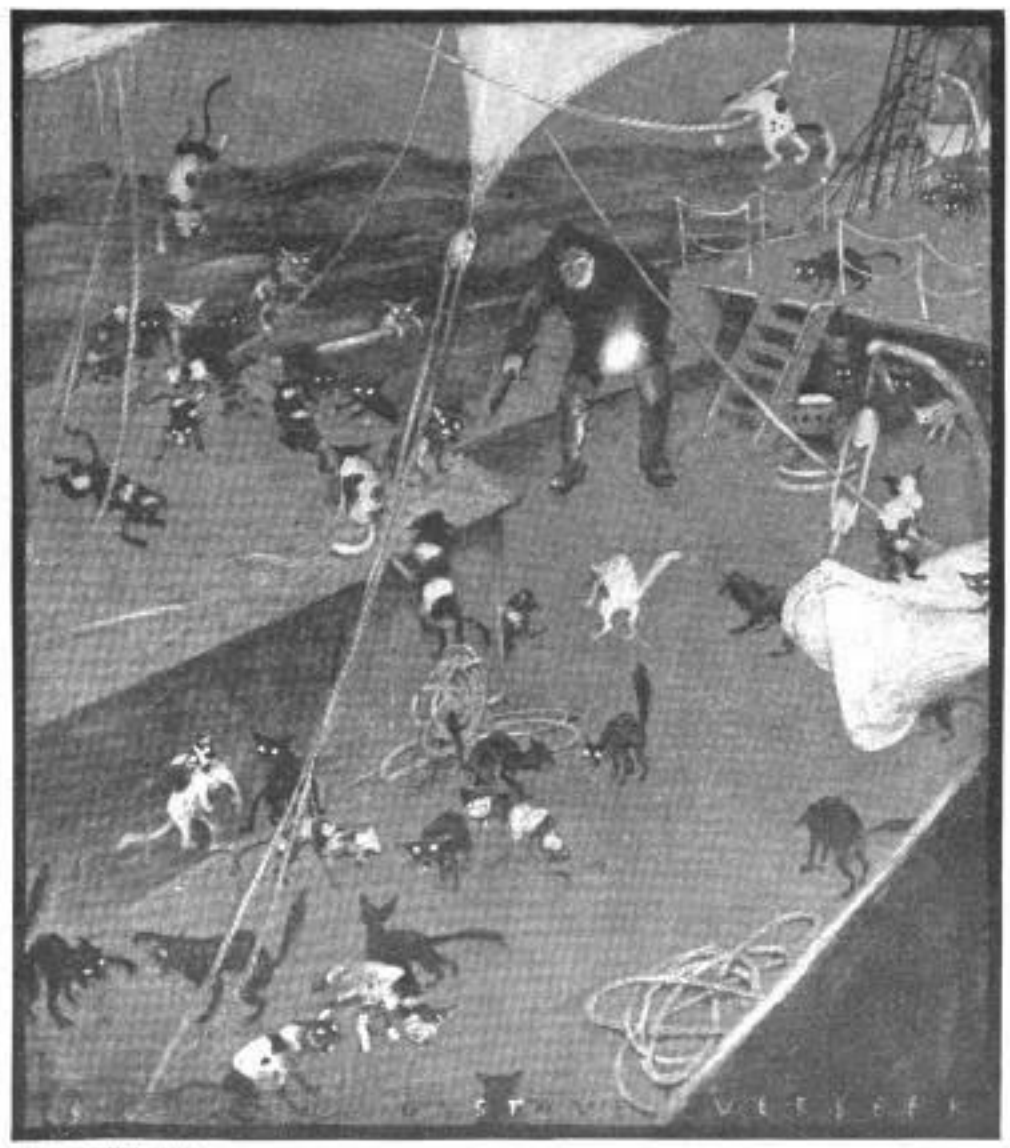
"'Cat!' said I. 'Why, man, there's a thousand of them in the 'tween decks, that the Captain is taking to Singapore on speculation.'

"You never saw a man look so relieved. 'Oh,' says he, 'If they're real cats, that's all right. I don't mind real cats.'

"Well, we got on very well with the cats for the first twenty-four hours, though the cabin boy, whose bunk was close to the bulkhead that divided him from the cats, said he never slept a wink owing to the awful fighting that went on among them. But the next day the second mate, who wanted something got up from below, had the ladder put down the hatchway, and the cats, supposing that it was meant for their accommodation, went on deck in such a hurry that before anything could be done to stop them the whole gang took possession of the main deck, and the quarter deck, and the fo'c's'le, and the spars and rigging generally. The second mate ordered the men to catch the cats, but beyond catching two or three that were either sick or particularly tame, not a cat was caught. Then our troubles began.

"You'll say that a cat isn't dangerous, but just you try going aloft, especially at night, and meeting cats in the tops, and the crosstrees, and on every blessed yard-arm—particularly if the cats have got the notion that the top-hamper of the ship belongs to them, and that every man who goes aloft is trying to catch them. The moment a man's head came over the edge of the top he'd get two or three pairs of claws right in his face, and the wonder was that every man Jack didn't lose his eyes. If you laid out on a yard for any purpose, there would be a cat waiting for you, and she'd swear and claw at you till you was glad to give it up and slide down by a backstay, singing out that you were half killed. Why, there was three of the heaviest and best fighters of the lot—wild toms that had been champion fighters along the wharves—that took possession of the main topgallant-yard, and for three days we couldn't furl that sail, though it was blowing altogether too hard for any prudent man to carry it. When the halyards were let go, and the sail brailed up, the cats sat in the slings of the yard and waited for the men to come up and furl the sail. There was no knocking them off the yard, for they'd hang on with their claws and teeth like grim death. Whenever a man tried to get on the foot-rope they were ready for him, and let him have it right in the eyes. The end of it was that the men refused to go on the yard, and we had to hoist the yard up, and sheet the sail home to prevent it from being lashed into ribbons.

"The old man was the only one who wasn't in a rage with the cats. He said that the poor animals were only having a little innocent play, and that as soon as they got used to the ship they would be as gentle and polite as so many women. Perhaps they would have been, had they been fed properly, but as it turned out there wasn't any proper food for them. The only fresh meat we had on board was three or four pigs and about a dozen chickens, and the old man wouldn't have any of them killed for the first fortnight, because, as he said,



IT WASN'T SAFE TO BE ON DECK AT NIGHT WITHOUT A LANTERN IN ONE HAND AND A BELAYING-PIN IN THE OTHER

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he had so much fresh meat ashore that he was tired of it and wanted nothing better than salt horse. Now, a cat will eat most anything that isn't salt, but hates salt worse than poison. But salt pork one day, and salt beef the other day, were all the provisions the Captain would serve out to the cats. He said that what was good enough for him and his officers and men was good enough for cats, and if the cats didn't like it, they could turn to and catch rats. That sounded fair enough, but the truth was that there wasn't a rat on board. They had all bolted in Boston as soon as they realized that we were filling up with cats.

"What with being half-starved, besides feeling themselves insulted by being offered salt meat, those cats got more and more savage every day. It wasn't safe to be on deck at night without a lantern in one hand and a belaying pin in the other, for you were liable to have a cat jump out at you any minute, and carry off a piece of your leg or your hand. They stole into the fo'c's'le, and tried to bite the watch below, so that the men didn't dare to go to sleep without setting one man to guard the hatchway. After we had been about three weeks out, and had just passed the line, owing to having had fresh breezes on the port or starboard quarter ever since leaving port, the men came aft, all hands of them, in the first dog watch, and told the old man that they'd had all the cat they could stand, and that it was the wish of all hands that he'd heave the cats overboard. The old man was as sweet as new milk. He told the men that the conduct of the cats had been regular outrageous, and he gave them permission to heave every cat overboard then and there. You see, he knew what he was about. There was no catching any of those cats, as I said a little while ago, and giving the crew permission to heave them overboard, while it sounded reasonable, didn't amount to anything.

"After we passed the line we stood over toward the South American coast, so as to get the trade wind. The cats kept making their usual disturbance, and never seemed to sleep while there was the least chance for any mischief. Luckily the wind had been pretty steady after the first three or four days, and we didn't have much to do except to brace the yards up now and then. The men were terribly discontented, but they couldn't help themselves. You'll naturally ask why the Captain didn't shoot the cats. Perhaps he would have tried it if it hadn't been that he had nothing to shoot with. You see, he was principled against carrying a revolver, and used to say that when he couldn't control his men by fair means he'd give up going to sea.

"We all came to the conclusion that there was nothing to be done but just to endure the cats until we got to Singapore; but the lookout wasn't a pleasant one. Those cats, as you might say, regularly besieged us, and we who lived aft never could leave the door of the companionway, or any side light that was near the mizzen chains, open for a minute, for fear that the cats would get down below. The old man had a bright idea one day. Says he to me: 'Mr. Baker, those cats are actually more than a Christian man is required to bear. I've made up my mind to poison them.'

"'All right,' says I. 'I'm glad to hear it. But where are you going to get your poison from?'

"'Ain't there a medicine chest in the cabin?' says he. 'And ain't medicines mostly poison? I'll give them all a dose of horse salts to-night, and we'll see what that will do for them.'

"Now, it's one thing to give a sailor medicine, and another thing to serve it out to a cat. A sailor has a natural taste for medicine, and will take anything you give him, from salts up to castor oil—but a cat has more sense. The old man left pannikins of salts in all three of the tops that night, and calculated that the majority of the cats would be dead before morning, but they never turned a hair. Not one of them would touch the salts. So we had to give up the idea of poisoning them.

"We'd been out of Boston just about five weeks when the cats began to go mad. There wasn't any doubt that either the salt food or something else had given them the hydrocephalus, as those scientific doctors call it. Any way, mad they were, and behaved accordingly. They fought among themselves; they tried to bite every man who came within reach, and they rushed up and down the deck and up and down the rigging, yelling and cursing and spitting as if they didn't believe there was any hereafter, and didn't care whether there was or not.

"Pretty soon the men understood what was the matter with the cats—which they found out through the second mate being foolish enough to tell them; I don't want to say anything against the second mate, but it can't be denied that he was young, and when a man is young he is naturally foolish. I was foolish myself when I was a young man, and I don't doubt that you were, too—begging your pardon, and not meaning any offense. Well, when the men knew that the cats had gone mad they were dead sure that they would all go mad, too, most of them having been chewed up considerable since the cats first came aboard, and it being well known that the bite of a mad animal is certain death. The Captain did his best to quiet them by telling them that if they were bound to go mad there was no help for it, there being no medicine that could do them any good, and, consequently, the best thing they could do was to say their prayers regular and do their duty to him and the owners.

"I judged that he made a mistake in this. He ought to have told them that he had a medicine which was a certain cure for hydrocephalus, and then he ought to have ladled salts into them, with, say, a little tar mixed in with it to give it a flavor, and then the men would probably have been satisfied. But there's the inconvenience of not being able to tell a lie! I can't really blame the Captain for it, but it would have been a sight handier if the Natchez had happened to have a Captain who was a first-class liar, and could have quieted the men down, and avoided any serious trouble with them.

"I don't say that I wasn't nightily afraid of those cats myself, for I never liked the idea of going mad; and to go mad in consequence of a cat was more aggravating than it would have been if the cats had been dogs. I never went on deck without a heavy bit of wood in my hand, and when I saw a cat coming my way I generally went the other way in double-quick time. Two of the men were caught by the mad cats, and the way they were bit up was a sight. Finally the men broke into open mutiny, and swore they would stop below in the fo'c's'le till the Captain would promise to put into the nearest Brazilian port, which was then only about 300 miles to leeward. The old man gave in and promised, for there was nothing else for him to do, and we braced up on the starboard tack and headed for Pernambuco. The men seemed to be more or less satisfied; but that night, soon after the second mate came on deck in the middle watch, I having gone below and the old man taking all night in, three or four of them jumped on him from behind as he was leaning over the rail, and gagged him and made him fast to the wheel. Then they tossed some provisions and a breaker of water into one of the quarter boats, and having backed the maintopsail, the breeze being light at the time, they got into the boat, all hands of them, and lowered away, and that was the last that any man ever saw or heard of them.

"The men had worked so quietly that neither the Captain nor I woke up, but after a while the old man, happening to awake and look at the compass over his berth, saw the ship was heading about north, and knew that something was wrong. So he rushed on deck and loosed the second mate, and told him to call all hands. There was nobody to call except the carpenter and me and the nigger cook and the cabin-boy, but when we were all mustered on deck we braced the yards up again, and put her on her course. The second mate was wild with anger and fright, for several times while he was bound hand and foot and couldn't help himself, or even sing out, cats had come up and investigated him, but curious as it may seem, nobody bit him. I calculate that this was on account of the tobacco that he used to use, which was the worst that I ever smelt. Anyway, it showed the advantages of using tobacco, and I've often thought of it when my wife talked to me about the evils of smoking.

"In three days' time we ran into Pernambuco, and the minute the ship was fast to the quay the cats bolted. They went along that quay like a streak of black and tabby lightning, and the natives ran and yelled that a whole regiment of devils had been let loose on them. We never saw any more of those cats, though I did read in the Boston papers after we got back to Boston that an epidemic of hydrocephalus had broken out at Pernambuco, and that the people were that scared they were leaving the town.

"We shipped a new crew—and a scaly lot of Dagos they were—and pursued our voyage to Singapore and Canton. I never mentioned cats once to the old man, for I could see that he was a good deal cut up about the failure of his speculation; but one day, while we were lying at Singapore, he said: 'Mr. Baker, you warned me not to put my trust in cats, and I laughed you to scorn. You were right, and I beg your pardon. Cats are an irreligious and an unscrupulous animal, and no Christian man, let alone a Christian sailor, ought to have any dealings with them.'"

The New Mother Goose

By Guy Wetmore Carryl



The Wandering Propensities of the Garrulous Gander

A GANDER dwelt upon a farm
And no one could resist him,
And had he died, such was his charm,
His master would have missed him.
His cheerful hissing day by day,
His scorn for any loud display,
Would win your heart in such a way
You almost could have kissed him.

This bird was always nosing 'round;
It may as well be stated,
Wherever open doors he found
They were investigated.
He loved to poke, he loved to peek;
In every knot-hole, so to speak,
He quickly thrust his prying beak,
For what was hid he hated.

The farm exhausted, "Now," said he,
"My policy's expansion.
When one's convinced how things should be,
The proper course one can't shun."
His mind made up he followed it,
Relying on his native wit,
And soon had wandered, bit by bit,
Through all his master's mansion.

"At least," said he, "it's not my fault
If everything's not seen to.
I've been from garret down to vault,
And also in the lean-to,
And everywhere I've chanced to stop,
A supervising glance to drop,
I've looked below, I've looked on top,
Behind, and in between, too!"

One thing alone he found to blame,
And thus his time he squandered.
For, seeing not the farmer's dame,
Into her room he wandered.
And mounting lightly on the bed,
"Why, bless my careful soul!" he said,
"These pillows are as hard as lead.
Now, how comes that?" he pondered.

The farmer's dame, for half an hour
Had watched the fowl meander,
And, finding him within her power,
She leaped upon the gander.
"Why, how-de-do, my gander coy?"
She shouted. "What will be my joy
To dream to-night on you, my boy!"
(This was no baseless slander.)

For with a stoutish piece of string
Securely was this fool tied,
And by a leg and by a wing
Unto an oaken stool tied:
And, pinning towels around her gown,
She plucked him with relentless frown,
And stuffed the pillows with his down,
And served him up for Yuletide.

The moral is: When you explore,
Don't try to be superior.
Be cautious, and retire before
Your safety grows inferior.
'Tis best to stay upon the coast,
Or some day you will be like most
Of all that brave exploring host
Who've gone to the interior.

An Idyllic Breakfast

RICHARD WHITEING, who is still rather the London celebrity of the moment, does not exactly write immortal verse, but people are still talking of his novel, No. 5 John Street, and wondering what his next book will be like. His is a personality that would not lose a particle of its charm even if one did know what his favorite recreations are, which he has never been weak enough to disclose. At the present moment recreation has a delicious significance for him, for, having at last severed a connection of many years with the Daily News, he is realizing what it means to be a bondsman no longer.

"I go to bed at twelve and rise with the lark," he was heard to say to a friend the other day with a twinkle.

"The London lark?" inquired the friend rather unkindly.

"I don't know," answered the great man, chuckling, "but it is the lark that gets down to a ten-o'clock breakfast."

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The Absent-Minded Beggar

JOHN BULL and his absent-minded beggars are becoming just a bit of a bore. No one seriously objects to the gentle looting of the "smart set" for any mildly charitable object that may appeal to its snobbishness as promising a fair return in notoriety at home or dinner invitations in England. Nor, though it is a matter to be weighed more seriously, can one carp loudly at the Americans who are contributing their coppers that wells may be driven and corn-laden ships sent out to relieve thirsty and starving India—a British dependency and trust. For despite the qualifying millions of Teutons, Slavs and Latins that Europe has disgorged on these shores since England sent its first lean handful of Puritans, there is more than a dash of British blood in our veins. And because of this we have half forgotten our earlier fights and later quarrels, and entered into a pact of friendship.

A sweet and beautiful thing is friendship, but it implies reciprocity. And so it would seem to be eminently proper at this time for Mr. Markham to descend from Parnassus and write a little rag-time lyric, dedicated to the absent-minded friend and brother and—beggar—across the seas, reminding him that it would be a graceful thing to inaugurate a series of pink teas and parti-colored concerts for the American fighter in the far East. With it could go a consignment of actresses and "society leaders" to try their blandishments on the Lion. And then, through British press and pulpit an appeal might be made for starving Cuba and tornado-swept and tariff-harried Puerto Rico. For while friendship is a very sweet and beautiful thing, its essence is reciprocity, and a final test is the pocketbook. And Great Britain should at least have the chance of proving herself, even though those of us who have had experience of international charity—as exemplified in the old ocean steamer concert, where Americans gave the money and British orphans got it—have small hope of collecting anything in England for American charities and colonies, except with a shotgun.

We look for universal peace, but will common-sense ever win its war against fashion?

Our Immediate Responsibilities

IT IS the custom of some people to escape for a while from a sense of their own responsibilities by concerning themselves with the affairs of their neighbors, and a number of Europeans are consuming much ink and paper by expressing doubt as to the ability of the United States to manage the lands and peoples that have come under the American flag in the last two years. The doubters remind the world that we have no colonial office, no system of colonial government, nor any class of men trained and qualified to rule races that are not of our own blood, so what is to become of the Philippines, Hawaii, Guam, Puerto Rico and their peoples, and, incidentally, what is to become of us while we are experimenting?

We might retort by saying that pots shouldn't call kettles black, for no nation in Europe has any dependencies of which it has great reason to be proud, nor has any of them acquired firm hold of any conquered territory except by much slaughter and other abuse of the natives, nor of any territory of which the remaining natives do not dislike the ruling country.

The most successful of the colonial powers is Great Britain, who is intensely hated by all India and has disgraced herself unremittingly in Ireland for more than two centuries. The only dependencies creditable to British rule are those in which the home government allows the people entire freedom in the management of their own affairs, but the plan did not originate in England; it was adapted from the States Rights system which was elaborated by the aggregation of colonies that declared themselves free and independent on July 4, 1776.

Holland's labor exactions have made her disliked by the people of Java.

Spain has slaughtered, robbed and failed contemptibly wherever she set foot, and the other South European nations have been uniformly incompetent as managers of "annexed" countries.

As for Germany, the newest aspirant to colonization, she seems to have learned little or nothing from the blunders of her predecessors.

But let all that pass. Regarding our new dependencies, we shall do as we have done in the many new and unexpected experiences of our short, but eventful, national career—that is, we shall meet our responsibilities bravely, promptly and honestly. Thus far we have lived up to the principle that what should be done shall be done, and we have never failed to find the men and the means with which to do it. Fortunately we have purged our blood of the insular, and also exasperating, affectation of superiority to all peoples acquired by conquest or otherwise, we are destitute of the insolence and arrogance which have been the most visible features of German attempts at colonization, and we have no trace of the rage for murder, theft and oppression that has blackened the colonial records of all South European peoples.

Congress may be slow, uncertain and stupid at times, but our military and civil representatives in the new countries are not.

The first great duty of conquerors and colonizers is to disarm suspicion, and the second is to win the respect and esteem of the conquered. We began both in Cuba, even before the war ended, by establishing free hospitals for the sick and feeding the hungry, making no distinction between Spaniards and Cubans. We did it by hurrying thousands of tons of food to Puerto Rico when a hurricane made the people destitute. In scores of cities and towns of the Philippines the smoke of our skirmishers' rifles was still in the air when Lawton, MacArthur and other commanders called the non-combatant natives together, requested them to form local governments and assured them of sympathy and protection. Not a penny of the revenues of any of the islands has been sent to the United States, or expended upon our army or navy, or used for the benefit of any American. There have been no executions, no confiscations, no forced loans or forced labor, no increase of taxes, no personal abuse nor any meddling with personal affairs.

To govern peoples who are uniformly well treated has never been a difficult task, so we may yet astonish our critics by showing that we need no special increase of skill to fit us for managing our new dependencies to their benefit and our own credit.

—JOHN HARBERTON.

A man may lose time by going slowly, but if he keeps on he will get there.

A National Park at Lake Itasca

AFTER all, unselfishness abounds; the rarity is the man who believes this, accepts it as a working basis, and organizes the scattered forces of altruism that exist unconscious, for the most part, of their own abundance and strength. The number of sunrays is infinite; they merely await the burning glass that shall bring them to focus.

All this shows forth clearly enough in the movement lately set on foot for a national park at Lake Itasca—a matter that is presently to engage the attention of Congress itself.

A private gentleman in Chicago, professional man and sportsman, conceived, as the result of several fishing trips to the head waters of the Mississippi, the idea of rescuing the Minnesota forests from the unscrupulous devastations of rapacious lumbermen, and of securing the last remaining great tract of primeval Nature in the Mississippi Valley for the perpetual use and pleasure of the whole American people. And with a single-minded enthusiasm that the simile of the burning-glass but faintly typifies he set to work.

Only at the very beginning were doubters and cynics met, and these but few. "What is there in it for you, for me?" asked the puzzled self-seeker, his eyes still fixed from long habit on the main chance—asked, only to be ashamed of his own question: there was nothing in it for anybody—except everybody. And everybody arose gratefully to the occasion. Here was a chance for generosity, for disinterestedness, even for unabashed sentiment.

A pause came in the drear grinding of the wheels of profit. A copious dew of altruism suddenly descended upon the arid and stubbly fields of mere dollar-getting, and everybody seemed gratified and refreshed.

A working organization was rapidly effected—Congress should view the field in person. North, South, East, West and Northwest were all represented in the roster of officers—college presidents, jurists, foresters, representatives in the State and National Legislatures, men high in commercial and professional life.

Congress came—at least a notable part of it—and spent a week in the woods. There were charges to meet, bills to foot. The railways, whose heads were frankly approached in the spirit of sentiment, did all gratuitously and almost unurged. Publicity was essential. The proprietors of the newspapers in Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, addressed as men not yet lost to grace, promoted the plan with unlimited allowances of space, and the manager of the Associated Press lent his great engine to celebrate the excursion to the widest. Hospitality was desired. The Boards of Trade and the Women's Clubs of the Twin Cities came forward with open hands—and with open minds and hearts as well. Even the great lumbermen acknowledged the merits of the cause and cordially cooperated, and the more rustic and reluctant of Northwestern statesmen were brought to the line by the gentle push of public sentiment.

The plan is up to Congress. There is nothing to say against it; everything for it. If naught else were to result the disclosure of so widespread and disinterested a generosity as has accompanied these endeavors should be a satisfaction to all associated in them, and a sufficient reward to the originator of the enterprise. He has helped to make it plainer that we stand on the threshold of a better day and are beginning, as a people, to breathe a higher and purer

—HENRY B. FULLER.

Every park added to city or nation is a new breathing place for crowded humanity.

The Heroism of Woman

IT IS easy to believe, in the noble yet wretched tragedy which is being enacted in South Africa, the statement that the Boer women in the last struggles of the fight for home and freedom will take their places in the trenches. Without in any way slighting history under other forms of government, it is nevertheless true that there is something in Republican institutions that brings the flower of womanhood into its finest bloom. There have been heroines and great ones upon thrones and in the shadows of monarchies, but all of them put together, with all the frills and trumpery of regal romance, do not and can not equal the female figures that stand forth in the pages of liberty.

We have had it in this country, and in every war woman has done her part. From Molly Pitcher of the Revolution down there has been an unbroken list of heroines. If it had not been for the great patience and enthusiasm of the women that most wonderful of conflicts in the world's history, the Civil War in America, would not have lasted nearly as long as it did.

And it is not only in great things that woman shows her nerve. The other day in Naples two Boston ladies were leaving a shop. A man seized the purse of one of them whereupon she took him by the throat, gave him a good shaking, slammed him upon the ground, recovered her property, and then in her cool New England way told him to move on. We can scarcely pick up any newspaper without finding a story of a woman capturing a burglar, stopping a runaway, or doing something of the instant sort that is the very essence of nerve; and we should not forget in this the perfect category the Connecticut widow who, although dreadfully afraid of mice, upon finding a lion from Mr. Barnum's show in one of the stalls of her stable, deliberately whipped the beast away and sent him cowering down the road.

But this is really not the best test after all. When Kimberley and Ladysmith were relieved it was rumored that although the women had undergone great privation, great suffering and great anxiety, not one of them had uttered a word of complaint. The same story was told from the firing-lines. The men might have their faultfinding, but from the women on either side not a single syllable of dissatisfaction was heard. Doctor Robinson used to say, "There are times when God asks nothing of His children except silence, patience and tears." These are indeed the supreme moments and in those crises woman is high over all. Heroism of the battle is aided by the delirium of the conflict, but in the long, dreary hours of waiting, when there is no excitement to help, no active replying to stimulate, the quality of character that can endure quietly and resignedly represents the very highest bravery that human nature is capable of, and in this greater heroism woman has almost a monopoly. It was a Frenchman who said, "Women are even in extremes; they are either better or worse than men." In their heroism they are always better.

It is very difficult to get away from the familiar ultimatum of George Eliot that "the happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history." But there are times when we might doubt this, for with all her suffering and all her tenderness the true woman finds joy in the greater things of life as she knows more every year how much she is the inspiration of every great movement in civilization. Individually the men wear the laurels. The generals weighed down with medals march at the head of their hosts, but behind it all is the sweet womanly patience that makes a man a hero whether he wants to be one or not, and that looks at death with a clear eye and a smile on the face.

George William Curtis said that the test of civilization is the estimate of woman, and, knowing that this is true we may feel that in spite of all other defects of the wars that are trampling upon human rights and offending the will of God; in spite of our own shortcomings and weak purposes, the constant progress and upward movement of womanhood in all parts of the world is the true measure, the real life of mankind.

By this criterion we are getting a better opinion of the world than by wars and commercial reports. There was something noble in the way Lord Roberts received the surrender of General Cronjé, just as there was in the meeting at Appomattox between Grant and Lee a quarter of a century before. But somehow the thing that touched even more deeply was the message of sympathy which the Queen of England sent to the widow of General Joubert. It was another proof of the fact that women are better in the higher things of life, for it touched the tender chords which seem to be beyond man's reach.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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At the English Capital

THOSE Americans who are in the habit of coming across the Atlantic to join in the gayeties of the London season will perhaps do well to stay away this year. There will be no season, as season is understood. Already a large number of our society people are in mourning, and those who have been so fortunate as to escape quite realize the heavy task that lies before the British Army. A sadness is over the United Kingdom, a great sadness and a heavy anxiety.

In these circumstances it is not to be supposed that London should be gay. At every turn the mighty change is to be noticed. The theatres are doing no business, the pantomime season has been a flat failure, on every hand those who have money to spend are sending it to the innumerable war funds that have been opened, there is little dining out, there are no lances. There is no lack of prosperity in the country—workshops are as busy as ever—but those businesses which depend on frivolity or vanity for their support, such as the great shops of Regent Street, are doing no trade.

The shadow of Continental complications has combined with the shadow of the South African difficulty to darken the land, to make men more serious and women more sad. The Queen, it is well known, has been deeply distressed. She has reached an old age, and for long years has prayed for peace to reign until her closing day. Even at this late hour it is not definitely known whether or no Her Majesty will allow the customary Drawing-Rooms to be held, although it is said that, solely in the interest of those West End tradesmen who are passing through so harsh a time, she will sanction two Drawing-Rooms, at neither of which will she personally appear. She will receive the Diplomatic Corps later in the year. No, London is not likely to be a cheerful city this spring and early summer.

The Scorching Wit of Tommy A.

IF ONLY the swarm of letters from the front that reach England could be collected, what interesting human documents they would be! The newspapers get possession of many, but they are chiefly from private soldiers, and Tommy Atkins' idea of humor is not of the highest. Officers do not care to see their letters in print at all, and have serious objections to allowing their names to be connected with such communications as do see the light. Thus, most of the amusing incidents of a campaign—grim enough for the greater part—do not come to the notice of the public.

Two letters that I have seen contained some good things. One was from an officer in Ladysmith who managed to get it through the iron circle that ringed that unfortunate Natal town. He wrote that, passing along a street, he beheld a private with a huge stone in his uplifted hand, ready to smash it at a rat that was trying for some food. Just as the stone was about to leave the hand a cockney Sergeant-Major bawled out: "'Old 'ard, there! Let the bloomin' rat grow fat; we'll want 'im later on."

The other letter was from an officer who survived the blistering day at Magersfontein. It will be remembered that a portion of the troops lay out there on the parched, sun-baked plain for many hours, unable to get forward or back, and without a drop of water to wet their lips. The officer, who is a very rich man, was lying with his men, his tongue swollen for want of water, when a Tommy, genial ever, wearily turned his grinning face to the officer, slid his hand up, touched his cap and said: "Beg pardon, sir; but 'ave you the price o' a drink about ye?" "When I heard that London cadger expression out there," wrote the officer, "I thought of my estate, securities and every penny in the world that I possess; I said to myself I'd be jolly glad to lump them all together for one cool quart of water, but I realized that, in fact, I had *not* 'the price o' a drink.'"

The Exit of the Old Aristocracy

THE world has lost an eccentric character in the death of the Marquis of Queensberry. He was one of the old sort of aristocrats—the sort that predominated in the eighteenth century, but which has all but disappeared in England. He cared no fig for popular opinion; good reputation was nothing to him; he said what he thought, did what he liked, associated with whom he pleased, and generally managed to shock the good people of these isles with a great big shock. He was a free-thinker, and did not care who knew it; he loved prize-fighting, and, indeed, there lived no finer judge of the noble art of self-defense, nor any one who personally knew more amateur and professional fighters than Queensberry. The rules which he drew up for the governing of fights are in operation wherever fists fly.

Eight years ago, when Tennyson's rather flabby drama, The Promise of May, was put on at the Globe Theatre, Lord Queensberry added a scene of his own to the play by suddenly arising in the stalls and denouncing the character Tennyson had drawn of a free-thinker. The noble Lord could use language when he tried, and on this occasion he did not spare his brother Lord, the Poet Laureate. He roundly declared the whole affair an abominable caricature.

He was twice married, and each wife again freed him by way of the divorce court. One of his sons, Lord Sholto Douglas, will be well remembered in America owing to what was here considered his strange marriage.

Treating of Mr. Astor and the Prince

THERE has lately appeared in the London newspapers a cablegram from New York stating that the Prince of Wales coerced Mr. William Waldorf Astor into heading one of the war funds with a five-thousand-pound donation. Don't you believe it. The thing is absurd on the face of it.

The Prince has other things to do than to coerce any one to contribute anything. His Royal Highness is a rare good beggar when money is wanted for any charity, but he does not use his social position to force unwilling contributions; if he did his life would soon become unbearable. As matters stand he has a hard enough row to hoe in opening buildings and bazars, and listening day after day to absurd addresses from all sorts of civic nonentities, and so is right glad to have a circle of friends to retire to, among whom he can cast social rank aside and breathe easily. I believe Mr. Astor is counted one of those friends.

Besides all this, Mr. Astor is no fool. He is living the unostentatious life of a country gentleman over here; he makes no attempts to flash his millions in the eyes of the British public, and is in every way proving himself a good citizen.

Possibly few Americans who visit London know Mr. Astor's estate office, although the building is quite one of the most beautiful, architecturally considered, in London. Mr. Astor secured a choice niche of ground fronting upon the Embankment, and immediately beside the Inner Temple, so rich in associations and so honeycombed with quaint passages and turnings. On this plot he had a dainty building erected, which harmonizes admirably with its historic and architectural surroundings. Around this is one of the most beautiful wrought-iron fences to be seen anywhere, and altogether the building and accessories are well worth a visit by any one with an artistic eye. In that building, too, Mr. Astor has of late become accustomed to give choice little tea parties to his intimate friends. Many a good citizen has England given to America, so surely the great United States can afford to let us have one of her most renowned citizens for a change.

British Scholarship Under Boer Tuition

WHEN General Buller was chosen to lead in South Africa, and before he had sailed, I wrote to The Saturday Evening Post that he was a man who believed in hard knocks and that there would be little *finesse* about his generalship—that he would lead his men against the front of the foe and trust to their courage and relish for slogging to pull him through. This was done, but we find out that against modern arms courage does not count for so much as it formerly did.

In olden days when Tommy could get within two hundred yards of his enemy without coming under fire, his officers could trust him to do the sprint, and, as Tommy hath it, to "get among 'em"; but no man can sprint a mile and a half. So we'll simply have to cultivate "slimness." The Ladysmith garrison had plenty of time to think matters over, and as a result there were played some few tricks almost worthy of the Boers themselves. One night a party of soldiers obtained permission, and, under cover of darkness, slipped to a neighboring kopje, and built a rough fort. Then they retired. When morning dawned the Boers espied the fort, and at a considerable waste of good shells shattered the fort. When the guns ceased to fire an ambulance party scudded to the "fort" and returned with some of the party's own men in the stretchers as "killed and wounded."

Next night the fort was rebuilt, and again the Boers demolished it. But by the third morning the Boers had discovered the "slim" dodge, and simply heliographed congratulations to Sir George White's men, telling them that they were getting on, and, if they could hold out long enough, under Boer tuition would undoubtedly develop into pretty fair soldiers.

Mr. Winans' First Suit of Clothes

I DO NOT know just how many years ago Mr. Winans shook the dust of America from his feet and betook himself over here to corner our deer forests, raise Cain with our Scottish crofters, ruin all our revolver-shooting championships, import and popularize trotting horses, and otherwise spend his money in his own way. His flitting from America must have taken place about twenty years ago, I should think.

Mr. Winans is a serious, eccentric man, and is not given to grinning, but the other day he grinned. He received a most politely written letter from a West End tailor, the opening sentence of it running as follows: "We note your arrival in this country, and doubtless during your stay you will require a tailor." Even the Government, which does not note things any too soon, noted Mr. Winans' arrival two decades ago, when his deer-forest escapade almost upset the country, and as Mr. Winans intends to reside permanently in England he quite agrees with the tailor that the chances are that during his stay he *will* require clothes.—E. W. Sandt.



LETTERS to the EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Here is an individual reason for the dislike of drudgery shown by those who have been educated and have learned to think.

All drudgery and common work are generally done by ignorant people, and for that reason a kind of stigma attaches to all who do it. But it is not that alone. It is the mental isolation and the loneliness that it brings.

When through books you have learned to see anew every flower and insect, every pebble in your way, and you have learned from great minds to think and reason about the minds around you and the universe, and your lot in life is cast with those to whom all this is as though it did not exist, you feel so much alone that you will try every means to escape it.

Speaking from individual experience: I could not name one of my acquaintances who could or would appreciate an essay of Emerson's or a poem by Tennyson; as for Spinoza, Kant, Mill, etc., they do not even know that these ever existed. I never could persuade any one of them to read even Dickens, Scott or George Eliot. Some read The Duchess, Bertha Clay, etc.—that is, the girls; the young men don't read anything.

One can do all the drudgery and take pride in doing it well, and then take down a favorite author and lose one's self in thought with Spinoza or Tennyson, or follow the psychological analysis of one of George Eliot's characters.

Books are very good friends, but you long intensely for living, thinking friends also, and in an environment of drudgery and common work they are rarely found.

Unfortunately, the very fact that you do common work closes you out from contact with refined, educated people, because, socially as well as financially, you cannot be of their class, and nothing is left but to remain alone and adapt yourself to your environment, or strain every energy to get out of your environment and do the work that will give you a chance to come in contact with educated people. And this cannot always be done, as you may have parents and relations in consideration for whom you must remain where you are.

I know quite a number of people who believe the sky is a solid roof and that Heaven is immediately above it, and who believe in witches. They are Democrats or Republicans, Roman Catholics or Protestants, just as their parents before them. They have never learned to think, and do not feel any necessity to strive toward the realization of any ideals, because they have none.

Any one of these who ever learns to reason and think, and yet is compelled to go on with the drudgery, would not object to the work if there were intelligent minds with whom to discuss matters and exchange ideas. It is then that one longs intensely for the realization of Bellamy's theories, where all would work and all would be educated. It is these common minds who learn to think and yet are compelled to keep on with the drudgery and ignorance around them that are at the beginnings of revolutions and reforms.

If all were educated the drudgery would still have to be done, only it would be done by educated people, and consequently better methods of doing it would be evolved; and if educated people could be found to do it the stigma would pass off from it.

M. M. Reenan.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

One reason why the young man fails is a lack of appreciation and encouragement from his employer in the way of a just reward for his efforts, and his own realization of his poor pay and his employer's or his employer's manager's selfishness and neglect of him.

Here are a few examples: A young man works day and night, every day in the year, and often without vacation or any hours of recreation, using every personal effort and contributing by his ability and gains largely to his employer's interest and success, never failing to do work after customary hours or favors of any kind if asked by his employer or required by his manager—all the year trying to assist and forward the interest of his employer. When the end of the year comes and the year's business is figured up, and the employer finds he has shown an increase of twenty-five to fifty per cent., he will swell up and tell his friends of his success, and in his office will express his selfish pleasure at such a happy state of affairs and expect his employees gleefully to congratulate him. It never seems to occur to him they could enter into his pleasure a little more heartily if he would voluntarily go to them and say: "My success has been fine this year. All of us have worked hard, and I wish to show my appreciation of your efforts by an increase in salary—in other words, I wish to divide the success and rewards with the man or men who have helped me make it."

But instead of this, too often the manager is called and is told that by rearrangement and putting more work on those retained two or three employees may be cut out and the expense lessened. If in some special or isolated case a salary is raised some pitiful amount it is done so begrudgingly. All incentive to continued good exertion is killed.

Again: A young man may work all day and one-half the night and keep it up all through the busy season, and some morning on account of lack of sleep he five minutes late. His employer tells him if he wants to keep his position he will have to get there on time. Or if he should ask for twenty minutes to go and attend to some urgent personal matter he is told that such matter must be attended to outside of work or office hours, and office hours or work hours are from 7:30 or 8 o'clock A. M. to as late as you can stand up or keep your eyes open. In the very next breath the same employer will ask this same employee to do something outside of hours, and dismiss him if, for any reason, he refuses.

One could write page after page of this unfairness and the majority of employers would have to recognize the truth. And yet the young man is asked to watch closely and conscientiously his employer's interest to become competent and valuable in it. He may do so for a while until, year by year, he sees it is of no use, and grows cognizant of the fact that the employer has but little disposition to be fair or appreciative, and that he is expected to work as hard and as long as possible for as little return as possible. Can you expect the majority to adopt any tactics other than those suggested by the employers—to take every advantage possible?

Never while the sun shines will the employee stop watching the clock and become truly interested, and quit the hypocrisy of pretending to be interested that he may hold his livelihood, until he gets a reasonable and just return for the interest and efforts he puts forth. This lack of fairness breeds incompetency, and while it is, in a way, a great loss to the employed, the employer also greatly feels it, for the more competent and coöperative his organization the greater his possibilities.

James L. Curtin.

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, April, 1900.

GOETHE tells us that "fools are never uneasy"; furthermore, that "uneasiness is a species of sagacity." This is certainly of great moment to me, for I have been uneasy almost to the point of panic, and my consolation is that if his saying be true my uneasiness not only smacks of sagacity but of downright prescience, and it is all because of this miserable Puerto Rican business and Robert's recent vote in the House thereon. This precious bill, which has twisted and turned so many times that the beholder rubs his eyes and asks, as did the bewildered Congressman, "Where am I at?" bids fair to become a regular Old Man of the Sea, not only around the neck of the public, but around the neck of the individual as well. In looking back over the past few weeks a good deal of light has dawned upon me, and I can see that Robert has been troubled and anxious ever since he voted, and I now recall that when the bill was first sprung upon the House he was emphatically against it, but, nevertheless, he voted for it. I also recall that immediately he began to receive letters from his district and from his State protesting against his vote, and that in our principal home newspaper, the Spruce City Flapjack, Robert was being roasted, almost burned in effigy. The Flapjack, of course, is not to be respected nor taken seriously, for it has ever been noted for being on any side of any question that would be to its own advantage, or even on both sides, for like the genuine flapjack for which it is named, it can be browned on one side nicely, then turned dexterously over and browned on the other, so that both sides look equally fair. But when it accuses Robert of having been influenced from high quarters by the promise of unlimited patronage if he would vote to tax the Puerto Ricans, this is too much, and Robert has packed his bag and gone to Spruce City to reckon with the Flapjack. Just what he expects to accomplish I know not. I said to him as he was leaving:

"What do you mean to do out there?"

"I mean to see State Senator Z——, and Mr. A——, of the lower House."

I was startled by this and exclaimed:

"Why, Robert, it cannot be necessary to explain yourself to the Legislature—unless——"

"That is just it, Agatha, unless——"

We were both silent. We both understood that unless Robert's vote could be explained satisfactorily to the Legislature and the rumpus in the State quieted, when the Senatorial vacancy should occur, in 1901, Robert John Slocum would not be the choice of that Legislature to come to the United States Senate. I said uneasily:

"Robert, tell me, it is not true that you were dragooned into voting as you did? And it is not true that you were promised unlimited patronage if you would vote for the bill, is it?"

"Agatha, my vote was not coerced by anything beyond argument that was convincing to me. I voted as I thought was right at the time. The Flapjack has ever been against me. You must not pay attention to its lies."

"Oh, I'm not uneasy because of what the Flapjack says, Robert, but I have been uneasy, in the light of all this clamor, when I remember how many times you were closeted with Mr. Blank and with Senator X——, and when I remember the mysterious way you were sent for to attend a secret conclave which lasted more than twenty-four hours, from which you emerged troubled and anxious. All this comes back to me with force and makes me remind you that 'a straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.'"



MR. PROCTOR IS ONE OF THE LONG-HEADED, WISE MEN IN THE SENATE

"I'm perfectly willing to stand upon my vote before my constituents. I did what I thought right for the party and I've made up my mind to face the music."

"A Spanish proverb sayeth, 'When a fool has made up his mind the market has gone by.'"

Robert laughed out at this and went speeding away to Spruce City, and I am left with uneasiness and doubt tugging at me, which not all the Lenten dinners, nor the Friday morning sewing class, nor the gossip about the new engagements, nor the ball in contemplation at the White House, nor Page's radiant, overflowing happiness can assuage. Page says that I take politics ridiculously to heart, but it is not politics in general, but Robert's in particular that I am taking to heart. I was trying the other day, in looking around upon the House and Senate, to find comfort in the reflection that among the older members of both branches of Congress there were various ones whom I could count who have not found their way there, nor kept their places there, by either trading or dickering, but their number was not so very large. In conversation with Senator P—— I confided to him the result of my observations, accompanied by some trenchant comments thereon. Senator P—— answered in a way which gave me a new view:

"You are still trying to get to the heart of the great American mystery, I see, Mrs. Slocum? But in order to do this you must brush aside the Utopian idea that a representative government is any better than the society it represents. You must see things as they are, not as you think they ought to be. You cannot expect legislators to be either better or worse than the society for whom they legislate, for it would not be really worth while to be any better, and they could not possibly be any worse." He laughed cynically, and then added:

"Washington said that 'it ought to be the end of all government to promote the aggregate happiness of society, and that is best done by the practice of a virtuous policy.' This might almost be so, perhaps, if this virtuous policy were the demand of a virtuous society, but——"

"Your belief would be, 'purify society and you purify government,' then? I don't believe it; why not go at it the other way and begin with government first?" I asked.

"That would be an artificial means and would invite defeat," he said emphatically.

But I could not see it the way Senator P—— did, and I said as much.

"I cannot see that society or the social structure is directly to blame for the buying up of Legislatures which induce the scandals of these contested cases. I cannot see that it is responsible for the dickering and trading in our national honor. I cannot see that it necessitates——"

"Well," he interrupted, "I cannot see for my part any great line between the lavish use of money to unlock legislative doors and secure political preferment, and the lavish use of money to open smart doors and secure social preferment."

And this audacious and wily man, looking the picture of middle-aged innocence, smiled blandly into my face. What could I do? Get angry? Oh, no! He had carried the war into Africa and I was tickled by it. I laughed, but I got off the subject of political morals at once. I asked him why the compromise committee on the Puerto Rican bill had been made up with only one advocate of free trade on it in the person of Mr. Davis.

"Why did they not put Mr. Proctor on the committee? He is one of the long-headed, wise men in the Senate. Or why did they not put you on it?" I asked.

"Well, I suspect they were afraid of what they might get, as the negro minstrel was who was describing, with great show of bluster, an insult he had received. He was talking to the interlocutor thus: 'Why, sir, he up an' hit me on the baid with a tomatus.' 'And you courageously demanded instant satisfaction?' suggested the interlocutor. 'No, no, sir, I mought ha' got it, sir.' And if Proctor and I had been put on the committee, together with Davis, why you see what they might have got. So it was better to put Kean, Spooner, Hale, McMillan and Warren on."

"Especially as I understand that Mr. Kean offers to convert anybody to his way of thinking in five minutes, as he has an unanswerable argument in favor of a tariff, and another of the committee boasts of holding one and the same opinion with the President on the subject: if so, could anything be shrouded in a more impenetrable mystery?"

"Oh, well, they all talk that way; that's what they were selected for, and Hale, the Chesterfield of the Senate, is the most pronounced of the bunch. Though as to Hale, he is a mighty good fellow even if he has gone a bit wrong on these questions. I remember some years ago, when Hale's mother-in-law was building their handsome house, that he was awfully uneasy lest that same pretentious mansion should be the means of cutting off his Senatorial toga above the knees, and he's never got over the surprise of his escape; for even to this day there is a feeling among constituents that it is bad policy for a Senator to own a handsome house. Why, do you know, Mrs. Slocum, that when William E. Chandler was Secretary of the Navy, by way of injuring him his enemies had the whole of the War, State and Navy building photographed and distributed as pictures of Mr. Chandler's private residence? And poor Senator Van Wyck at one time had the misfortune to live in a corner house with similar houses radiating from it, and the whole corner as far as the camera could reach was sent out as a picture of his mansion."

"How abominable! but how, then, have ex-Senator Sherman and Senator Foraker escaped? They have two of the magnificent houses in Washington."

"They haven't escaped," said the Senator grimly. "Nobody

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escapes. When Windom was Senator and built his home here, it cost him his reelection and ultimately was one of the causes of his early death. Perhaps you will begin to admit the justice of my standpoint of purifying society before you can hope to purify the Government, Mrs. Slocum."

"Perhaps so," I said doubtfully. But I had no idea of letting the Senator hark back to the morals of politics, so by way of diversion I spoke of being in the House the other day when the rubicund and rosy Mr. Wise, of Virginia, was excluded from the floor.

"I was looking on from the gallery and the order had scarcely been given to the doorkeeper when Mr. Wise promptly retreated to the cloakroom; thither he was pursued by the relentless doorkeeper, and the eager spectators expected to see him forced to emerge into the chamber again on his way to the floor. Not so, however, for with the agility of an acrobat he sprang to the little window of the barbers' corner, pushed up the hasp, poised himself on the sill, then squeezed his portly proportions through the aperture. Fancy the amazement of those who were promenading out in the long public corridor when they saw this object being projected into their midst, not knowing where he came from or what ailed him. Once on his feet outside Mr. Wise coolly resumed his cigar and awaited the verdict of his brother's contested case. I wish I could have seen him get through that window! It was disgraceful, but very funny. There ought to be some way of putting an end to these perpetually contested cases."

"There is a way to end them already in sight. The House has a resolution before it to abolish the $2000 which the Government allows for these contested cases. Very few contestants would care to come all the way here to make the fight if the expense came out of their own pockets. Wise is himself an ex-member, as you know, and a very witty man. I heard him make a stump speech once when he was interrupted at almost every word by the most trivial questions from some hayseed, and at last, when he was all out of patience, he exclaimed, 'Now see here, my friend, do you suppose I came here for no other purpose than to chase ants up mullein stalks?' He was allowed after that to finish his speech, and a rattling one it was, too."

"It seems to me that between the scandals of these contests and the doings and sayings in the caucuses the gentleman with the hoofs and horns is kept rather busy, and the old adage is being pretty thoroughly worked out, 'He who sets all knaves at work must pay them.'"

The Senator laughed and said, "Oh, as to caucuses, they are as old as our Government itself. We used to nominate our Presidents in caucus until there were so many scandals that the convention plan was adopted; and in 1788 some one, in consequence of a particularly turbulent and tricky caucus, got off this parody on Gray's Elegy:

That mob of mobs, a caucus to command,
Hurl wild discussion round the maddening land."

"How finely that applies to the caucuses of the Senate lately. They certainly have hurled wild discussion round the maddening land.' Luckily there is a delightfully naïve and innocent side to you politicians, Senator P——, when you are off guard."

"How so?" asked he.

"Well, it is a liberal education to see a voted statesman gyrate down the centre aisle, and just when you expect him to pause and fling defiance at an opponent see him pull out a big red apple from his pocket, pluck off the stem, look it all over carefully, then set to upon it. The other day Mr. Cameron, apple in hand, met Mr. Linney, orange in hand. The place of meeting was the centre aisle of the House; a speech on the Wise-Young case was in progress. The galleries were looking on. Well, the orange and the apple, amidst facial contortions and prodigious bites and squeezes, had a fine time of it and only parted when a core and a few seeds were left. And the confiding way in which Senator Gear hangs his hat up on the floor of the Senate in the middle aisle, and the way in which everybody kicks it down the aisle and then goes back and apologizes, is too amusing. I should suggest that the Senator put a brick in his hat; this would at least stay it in its mad career toward the Vice-President's chair, and might cause discomfiture to those who so often start it on its travels."

"Good Heaven! Mrs. Slocum, how thankful I am that I do not eat apples. I shall never dare to stir hereafter, and I never mean again to venture either up or down the middle aisle, but shall steal silently around the outer edge of desks, and if I have occasion to address the Senate I will do so in The Record."

We both laughed, then the Senator asked, apropos of nothing:

"What has become of that pretty 'Bobby Shafto' fellow who went to sea?"

"You mean Mr. de Courcelles, of the French Embassy?"

"Yes; I always called him 'Bobby Shafto.' He seemed that sort."

"Well, your 'Bobby Shafto,' as you call him, is coming back to marry—not me, as the pretty song goes, but Page. He expects to be here soon and then we are to have a wedding."

"Wasn't there any American good enough for her that she should have to take up with this diplomatic chap?" asked the Senator almost querulously.

"Oh, come now, Senator P——, what is the matter with all you Senators? You seem to have a sort of jealousy planted in your breasts toward every diplomat, no matter what his country or his standing. I have noticed it in every Senator I have ever talked with. It seems to be an intolerance that is often strongly marked, and it seems to be particularly active against everything British. The present Ambassador is altogether delightful and is seemingly more in accord with us than any of the former ones have been. You all dine and wine him, but the feeling is there. Explain it!"

"I don't admit that we have any such feeling as you describe, Mrs. Slocum. If it is there, as you say, it springs unconsciously from the inborn democracy in the breast of every one of us, for democracy is the government of the people, by the people, for the benefit of—United States Senators, and there is a danger always that the British may not understand this political principle of ours, hence——"

There was a twinkle in Senator P——'s eyes as he went on.

"And these foreign diplomatic chaps regard us as a type of the utmost pragmatical, pig-headed self-assurance, combined with the narrowest education and experience that could possibly exist in any considerable government, and accordingly they despise us, Mrs. Slocum; but as to this young 'Bobby Shafto,' why, bless me! I've no feeling against him. I only think that almost any American is worth two Frenchmen. But come, tell me what your smart world is doing. What is going on?"

"Oh, my smart world is in that utterly beatific state of mind when 'first daughter to the love of God is charity to man.' And our mornings are made up of meetings of the society for the Circulation of Patent Ear Warmers and in attending to the subscription list for the Home for Sick and Decrepit Dogs. Then there is also the Friday morning sewing class, where the Lenten penance is the shaping of garments that are fearful and wonderful to behold. We are taught that 'dress is the table of our contents.' If this be true, alas for those who shall fall heir to the Friday morning productions! The anatomists would shudder at their outlines, for they bulge and hump in miraculous fashion, until I am forced to believe that the human frame differs according to condition. Besides these charity sewings there are all the dinners, for we are still eating. We have been eating steadily since December and I have six weeks of dinners ahead of me yet. I am almost converted to the new theory of sustaining life by means of the concentrated food capsule. Just think of the convenience of consommé in a capsule, and of terrapin and pâté de foies gras served in a pill the size of a pea! Could anything appeal more to the jaded palate?"

"But what would become of your beautiful accompaniments of orchids and orchestras, to say nothing of the faithful Jules?" laughed the Senator.

"Oh, we should need our chefs just the same, for the texture and tint of the capsules and the importance of their contents would require artists, and would require the orchids and the orchestras, too, for that matter, to help them down."

"Well, what else is on hand by way of diversion?" asked he.

"There are these readings, with incidental music, one of which was held at Corcoran House, where, for the sum of two and a half dollars, I listened with half an ear to Little Boy Blue, keeping the other half strained attentively upon the gossip around me, while my eyes feasted upon Senator Depew's household gods, taking stock of them and appraising them at their true and untold value. Then there was the ball at the German Embassy. Besides this ball there are all the promised festivities at the White House, which will be but preliminary to the wedding festival of the favorite niece, and then there are all the weddings, those that have been and that are to be, including those of statesmen and authoresses."

"By statesmen you mean one of my Senatorial colleagues, do you not? I doubt if he assumes the yoke again. And by authoresses I judge you are thinking of Mrs. Burnett. I remember Mrs. Burnett when she was a fresh-voiced, fresh-cheeked young matron, scarcely recognizing or believing in her own ability. At that time, when I used to visit her home continually, I should have predicted that Doctor Burnett would be the one to bring fame and fortune knocking at their door, for Doctor Burnett has always been intellectual and brilliant; but it seems that I have been all out in my calculations. Mrs. Burnett has made the name, the fame and the fortune. She became restless with this same restlessness that seems to come to all our women nowadays sooner or later. Then she began this nomad way of living partly in England, partly here, with the inevitable result.

I met her the other day just before she sailed and I thought her very much changed. My fresh-voiced, fresh-faced matron was gone. In her place was the elaborately dressed woman of the world, fully conscious of what she had achieved with her Lady of Quality and her De Willoughby Claim. I was not surprised when I read in the papers the other day of her marriage to Mr. Stephen Townsend, of London. As you remember, he had been her private secretary.



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Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in the Post of February 3, and will be continued through succeeding issues. Each paper is complete in itself, and may be read without reference to those preceding it.



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The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

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CHAPTER XX

THE battle had been maintained with the utmost fury for nearly three-quarters of an hour, and both ships had sustained severe injuries, the Richard being in much the worse condition. The heavy shot from the long eighteens of the Serapis had played havoc with her. Pearson naturally thought that it was about time for Jones to surrender, though the hour when Jones thought it time to surrender would never strike. The sudden silence which had fallen upon the conflict was broken by a voice from the British ship. In high interrogation it rang over the waters in the moonlight: "Have you struck?"

From the Richard came Jones' immortal answer: "*I have not yet begun to fight!*"

A roar of wild exultation, an Homeric laugh broke from the throats of the crew of the Richard as the reply of the Captain was passed from deck to deck, until the whole ship from truck to keelson quivered with responsive joy. It was a joke the character of which those blood-stained ruffians could well appreciate; but their Captain was in no mood for joking. He was serious, and in the simplicity of the reply lay its greatness. Surprising answer! On a ship shattered beyond repair, her best guns exploded and useless, her crew cut to pieces, ringed about with dead and dying, the Captain has not yet begun to fight! But there was no delay after the answer, no philosophizing, no heroics. The man of action was there. He meant business! Every moment when the guns were silent was a wasted one.



"Back!" shouted the midshipman fiercely, pointing his musket at him

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

The helm was shifted to starboard and the headsails shivered. The Richard slowly swung off to port and gathered headway again. The Serapis had lost an opportunity of tacking and raking. In order to bring the guns to bear more quickly, and perhaps to prevent a raking by the enemy, Captain Pearson threw all aback, and the two ships, one backing, and the other reaching ahead, slowly drew abreast each other, the batteries speaking again as the guns bore. The wind was very light and the motions of both ships were sluggish in the extreme, so that they practically lay side by side, steerage way almost gone, slowly drifting until there came a sudden, temporary breath of wind.

The position was most advantageous for the Serapis, as with her heavier and more numerous guns she could deliberately knock the Richard into a cocked hat. She was much the speedier and handier ship and might reasonably hope to choose her own distance and, having selected a point of vantage, maintain it to the end. Pearson's game was to fight at long range until he had sunk his enemy; no difficult task that last—she was half sinking now!

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

What the Richard lacked in mobility and direction she made up in her Captain. Jones did things instinctively; Pearson had to think about them.

Jones' only hope was in getting to close quarters and making use of the disciplined French soldiery upon his decks. They had done good service already in clearing the spar-deck of the English.

Therefore, as the Richard, gathering way, gradually forged ahead, her helm was shifted to port and the vessel slowly swung across the bow of the Serapis which had just begun to fill away again, as Pearson saw that he had nearly backed out of action. The bow of the Serapis struck the starboard quarter of the Richard, the jibboom thrusting itself violently through the mizzen-rigging. There was a terrific crash at the moment of impact. A second later and the English, cheering frantically, jumped upon the heel of the bowsprit and clambered upon the rail of their ship.

They were led by a tall, distinguished-looking officer who attracted double attention as he wore the red uniform of the English Army. As their heads appeared over the rail, the powerful voice of Jones could be heard shouting. "Boarders away!" Not waiting for the men who came springing up on the quarter-deck in obedience to his summons, the dauntless Captain seized a pike from the rack and hurled it through the air at the leader of the Englishmen. Good fortune guided his hand and the steel head of the lance struck fair in the bosom of the soldier. The British wavered a moment as their officer fell and Jones discharged his pistols full among them.

Then De Chamillard and those of his marines left alive upon the deck, by a well-directed pointblank volley, drove back the boarding party of the English.

The two ships were grinding against each other, and the wind on the after sail of the Serapis slowly forced her around until she swung parallel to the Richard. The jibboom snapped off short under the strain and her starboard anchor caught in the tangled rigging of the American frigate. Stacey, the sailing-master, sprang to lash the ships together. The officer snatched a heavy rope from the raffle on the deck and strove to overhaul it. It was tangled and he found great difficulty in clearing it. An impatient man at best, and now greatly excited, he swore roundly as he tugged at the vexatious rope.

"Don't swear, Mr. Stacey," said Jones calmly, coming to his assistance. "In another moment we may all be in eternity, but let us do our duty."

With his own hands Jones passed the lashing.

On the gun-deck below the batteries were being fought fiercely. The two ships were lying side by side, one heading in, the other out, the bow of one by the stern of the other, the starboard side of the Serapis closely touching the same side of the Richard. In the hope that the Richard would drift clear, Captain Pearson now dropped his port anchor.

In vain; no bulldogs ever clung to foes with more tenacity of grip than did those two ships in deadly grapple joined together. The Richard and the Serapis were fast locked for good, and the two ships swung to the tidal current, the wind being again almost entirely killed. In that position they lay for the next two hours, or until the battle was over.

As the Englishman had not hitherto engaged on the starboard side, the port-shutters had not been opened and the close contact of the two ships rendered it impossible to open them then. The Serapis' men were therefore compelled to fire through them, blowing off the port-lids. It was necessary for the men on both ships to extend the long handles of the rammers and the sponges of the guns through the ports into the other ship in order to load properly their own cannon. Badinage, of a character easily imagined, passed back and forth between the two ships, though nothing interrupted the steady and persistent discharge of the batteries.

The battle below was literally a hand-to-hand conflict with great guns, all the advantage in number and size being with the English.

At this juncture a new note was added to the conflict.

Jones, whose eyes were everywhere in the battle, observed a black shadow come darting athwart the two fighting ships, shutting off the moonlight.

It was the Alliance.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "Landais has seen the folly of his disobedience and has come to our assistance."

As the American ship, with her French Captain and half English crew, loomed up between him and the moonlight, he thought of course that she would range down upon the unengaged side of the Serapis and with a few broadsides compel her to strike at once. But no, the Alliance under full sail stood on. Her men were at quarters, ports triced up, lanterns lighted. She was passing

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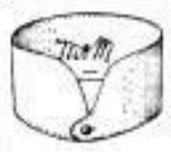
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the bow of the Serapis now. Why did she not fire? The insane and treacherous Landais held steadily on until he was standing squarely across the stern of the Richard. Now she was drawing past them as well. A command rang out. What was that?

Jones was petrified with astonishment when, at short range, the Alliance poured in a raking broadside of which the Richard received the brunt, though it was apparently discharged impartially at the two ships. As Landais drew past the stern the helm of the Alliance was shifted. She swung in parallel to the Richard, poured in another broadside, circled the Richard forward and raked her again! The last discharge was a frightful one. The shot at close range swept the crowded decks of the American ship which seemed actually to quiver and flinch from this treacherous blow. This broadside did much damage, killing and wounding many on the forecastle, among them Midshipman Caswell, mortally. Shrieks, groans and cries of startled surprise and dismay arose with increasing volume.

"The Alliance, the Alliance——"

"Treachery! We are betrayed!"

"The English have got the ship!" came from every side in wild confusion.

"This is the Richard," shouted Jones at the top of his voice at the first fire. "Hold your fire! Show the private signals there!" he cried hastily to the faithful Brooks; but the Alliance paid no attention to these and other warning cries. As the three broadsides were delivered by the American frigate, the men, in their perfectly excusable terror at this blow in the back, actually began to break from their quarters and leave the guns. That was never to be thought of under any circumstances.

"Back!" shouted Jones promptly, "back to your quarters, every mother's son of you! Shoot the first man that flinches from the guns!"

Dale and De Weibert and the midshipmen gallantly seconded his orders, and the Alliance sailing away toward the Pallas and delivering no more shots upon them, the conflict was resumed. That the men could be got to the guns again after this frightfully unsettling attack was supreme testimony to the quality of their officers.

Upon the part of the Serapis the battle had never been interrupted. The long eighteens of her main battery had simply silenced and dismounted nearly all the twelves on the main-deck of the Richard. The starboard side of the American had been beaten in and the port side beaten out by the heavy fire at close range, until the British were literally firing through a hole, the shot hurtling through the air and falling harmlessly into the water far on the farther side. The underpinning of the upper decks of the ship was, of course, nearly knocked to pieces. Why the decks did not fall in and the whole thing collapse was a mystery.

There had been no fighting at all on the berth-deck since the bursting of the three guns; but poor little Payne had hung grimly to his post. One by one the men of the guarding squad had been picked off by stray shot until there was none left but him and the master-at-arms. Several shot from the British had entered below the water line of the Richard and she was making water fast. There was nearly four feet of water in the hold then, and it was rising. The prisoners were in a wild state of terror. Imprecations, curses, appeals to which the young lad had turned a deaf ear had come up through the gratings over the hatchway.

To the other dangers of the battle, fire now added its devastating touch. In fact both ships were aflame in several places. The burning gun-wads had lodged in the chains and other inflammable positions, and writhing, tossing, serpent-like torches threw their hot light over the scene of horror. As the smoke drifted down the hatchway the prisoners in the hold could stand it no longer. There was a sudden rush below toward the opening, the gratings were splintered and broken by the thrust of a piece of timber, a head or two appeared in the clear, hands clutched at the combings.

"Back!" shouted Payne, trying to steady his boyish voice.

"No! D—— your baby face!" shouted the first prisoner furiously, clutching desperately at the combing while he was being lifted up in the arms of the men below. "D'ye think we'll stay here and be drowned like bloody rats in a hole!"

With white lips and a sinking heart the boy thrust his pistol full into the man's face and with a trembling finger pulled the trigger. He did the like to the next man with a second pistol. To seize the musket of a dead marine and point it at the third was the work of a second. Awed by this resolution and the promptitude of his action, the other prisoners fell back for the time. The sweat stood out on the forehead of the young midshipman. He had shot a man—two men—in cold blood! It seemed like murder. But he had done his duty. The words of the Captain rang in his ear, "Keep them down!"

It was hot—hot as a furnace—on the berth-deck. The smoke poured in thick, suffocating clouds between decks. The wavering reflections from the flames on every side accentuated the horror. He longed to throw down his weapon and fly, anywhere, to get a respite from the infernal demand upon him. But he was a sailor, the son of a race of fighters. He held on. The deep roar of the guns above told him that the battle was still going on. Suddenly out of the smoke appeared the burly form of the carpenter, wounded, blotched with red and gray, leaping forward, crying in terror-stricken accents:

"We're sinking, we're sinking! Four feet of water in the hold!"

The gunner and his mates, apparently equally terrified, came running from the magazines as they caught the contagion of the moment. They sprang to the gun-deck and thence to the spar-deck, repeating the carpenter's cry, "We're sinking, we're sinking! Quarter! Quarter!"

"We must release the prisoners," cried the master-at-arms, turning toward the little officer.

"Not while I live," answered Payne resolutely, all his courage coming back to him.

"The ship is sinking—make way!" returned the burly master-at-arms springing toward the hatchway.

"Back!" shouted the midshipman fiercely, pointing his musket at him—the boy's blood was up now. "Here they stay and here we stay. The orders of the Captain——"

He never finished his words; a grape shot struck him fair in the forehead.

The master-at-arms tore open the hatch cover. "On deck!" he cried.

In panic terror, crowding and trampling upon each other like a herd of wild beasts, the maddened prisoners scrambled up the hatchway, and, yelling frantically, ran pell-mell for the gun-deck. The body of the brave midshipman was spurned, crushed and broken beneath their feet as they ran.

CHAPTER XXI

ON THE spar-deck things had gone better. Though De Chamillard and his marines had been driven from the poop by the fire of the English, the men in the tops had more than evened that reverse. As the two ships lay side by side, the interlocking yards made a convenient bridge from one to the other, over which a bold man might pass. It happened that some of the choicest spirits on the Richard were stationed in the maintop. Fanning, who had been busily engaged with small arms, saw his opportunity. As the little parties in the tops exchanged volleys the midshipman threw his men on the yard, and when the smoke cleared away the astonished British saw the Americans rushing toward them.

The first and second men were shot down and fell to the deck of the Serapis; the third, a gigantic man, by a desperate leap gained a foothold in the top. Before he was cut down Fanning and another had joined him over the futtock shrouds; two men took the defenders in the rear by way of the lubber's hole, the rest came swarming. The force of their rush carried everything before them. The English, unable to stand the irresistible onset, were shot down or thrown out of the top. No quarter was asked or given. The Americans, having effected this lodgment in the maintop of the Serapis, now turned their fire upon the fore and mizzen tops, and enabled boarding parties from their own ship to gain possession of all the upper-works of the enemy.

It was at this moment that the gunner and the carpenter reached the deck, crying that the ship was sinking and proffering surrender. The gunner ran aft shrieking, "Quarter! Quarter!" intending to lower the flag. Jones, who had been superintending the working of the quarter-deck guns which were without an officer since Mease, who had been fighting heroically, had been severely wounded, heard the noise and turning about saw the gunner running for the flag. Fortunately the flag had been shot away, and as the gunner was seeking it, fumbling over the halyards in the darkness, Pearson, hearing the cries, called out again: "Do you ask for quarter?"

Jones had taken two long leaps across the deck to the side of the gunner. Raising his

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discharged pistol he brought the butt of it heavily down upon the forehead of the man, cracking his skull and silencing him forever.

"Never!" he shouted in reply to the Englishman.

"Then I will give none," cried Pearson—an entirely superfluous remark, by the way.

It was at this juncture that the Alliance was seen coming down again, as before. Jones had time for but one glance of apprehension when he heard the noise of the leaping prisoners below. He sprang to the main hatch.

"The prisoners have been released," cried De Weibert, meeting him; the Frenchman had been toiling like a hero on the gun-deck. "The battery is silenced, we have not a single gun to work, the ship is afire. We must yield," he exclaimed.

As the frightened men came crowding up the hatchways, Dale, who had just fired the only gun on the deck fit for action, took in the situation at once. He stayed the rush in the nick of time by voice and action. He sprang into the midst of the panic-stricken prisoners, threatening them, striking them, beating them down, driving them back with his sword. It was a magnificent display of hardihood and courage, presence of mind and resource.

"To the pumps," he cried with prompt decision, "for your lives, men! The English ship is sinking and we will go down with her unless you can keep us afloat," he shouted in thunder tones with superb audacity. The battle lost was won again in that minute.

"Well done, Richard," shouted Jones, leaping through the hatchway and seconding the daring ruse of his noble Lieutenant by his own mighty voice and Herculean efforts, crying masterfully: "Get to the pumps, men! Lively! The ship is sinking under your feet. The English ship is going!"

It was unparalleled assurance, but it won. The two officers actually succeeded in forcing the English prisoners to man the pumps, where they worked with a frantic energy born of their persistent daze of terror. This left the regular crew of the ship free to fight the fires and to do what they could with the remaining guns. As Jones sprang back to the quarter-deck, the Doctor, covered with blood, came running toward him, crying:

"The ship is sinking, sir. The cock-pit is under water. I've no place to stow the wounded. We must surrender."

"Strike! Strike!" cried De Chamillard, who was wounded. "We can do no more."

"What! Gentlemen!" cried Jones, "would you have me strike to a drop of water and a bit of fire? Up, De Chamillard. Here, Doctor, help me get this gun over."

The surgeon hesitated, looked around again and, not liking the appearance of things about him, turned and ran below, but not to his station—for that was under water. His mates had been killed. He wandered up and down the decks doing what he could—which was but little—for the wounded where they lay. Assisted by two or three of the seamen, with his own hands Jones dragged one of the nine pounders from the disengaged side of the deck across to the starboard side to take the place of a dismounted one; and, while the heavy battery of the Serapis continued its unavailing fire below, these three small guns under his personal direction concentrated their fire upon the mainmast of the Serapis.

The fortuitous position of the Americans in the enemy's tops enabled them to pour a perfect rain of small-arm fire upon the spar-deck of the Serapis with little possibility of effective return. Man after man was shot down by the side of the intrepid Pearson—who, whatever his lack of other qualifications, showed that he possessed magnificent personal courage—until he remained practically alone upon the deck—alone, but undaunted.

It is not within the power of words to portray the situation, after over two hours of the most frightful and determined combat. No two ships were ever in such condition, no battle that was ever fought was like it. The decks were covered with dead and dying, bands of men in different directions were fighting the flames; the smoke in lowering clouds hung heavily over the ships, for the wind had died and there was scarcely enough to blow it away. The pale moonlight mingled with the red glare from the flames and threw an added touch of lurid ghastliness trembling over the smoke-wrapt sea. From below came the steady roar of the Serapis' guns, from above the continuous crackling of the Richard's small arms. The noises blended in a terrible diapason of destruction. The prisoners, still under the influence of their terror, toiled at the clanking pumps. The water gushed red from the scuppers. Order, tactics, discipline had been forgotten. Men glared with blood-shot eyes, set their teeth beneath foam-flecked lips and fought where they stood—fought in frenzy against whatever came to hand, whether it was the English ship, or the roaring flames, or the rushing waters. They recked nothing of consequences. In their frantic battle-lust they beat upon the sides of the other ships with their bare hands and bloody knuckles and knew not what they did. Their breath came quick and short, the red of battle was before their eyes, they had but one thought. Slay! Kill! One would have said that the brute instinct was uppermost in every heart. But in scenes of this kind, it is not the greatest brute that wins, but the greatest soul, and the one man who still preserved his calmness in this orgy of war was the man to win the battle—Jones.

The Alliance had repeated her previous performance, but the men had been worked up to such a pitch that they never heeded it; many of them did not know of it. Both ships were thoroughly beaten. It was only a question as to which would realize it first, who would first surrender. Nay, there was no question whatever of Jones' surrender under any circumstances whatsoever. Pearson would give up under some conditions, and those had at last arrived. That was the essential difference between the two men.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Uncle Remus, Poet

IN THE early seventies occasional poems appeared in the Savannah News over the modest initials, "J. C. H." They were good poems, and it was known that their author was a young man" who had come from the country" to edit the State news department of the Savannah paper. He was a very young man with a bright, keen intellect, auburn-haired, and with a perfect poetic pallor. He was known to his associates as Joel Chandler Harris. His office work was the writing of editorial paragraphs and running comment on odd items of State news.

The future "Uncle Remus" had not then branched out in the line of fiction. His ambition was to be—a poet. He is that to-day, though he no longer sings in musical numbers. The following is one of his earliest poetical efforts:

JULIETTE

[Laurel Grove Cemetery, Savannah, Georgia]

Lo, here the sunshine flickers bright
Among the restless shadows,
And undulating waves of light,
Slip through the tranquil meadows.

The hoary trees stand ranged about,
Their damp gray mosses trailing
Like ghostly signals hung hung out
For succor unavailing.

And marble shafts rise here and there
In immemorial places,
Embalmed in Nature's bosom fair
And chiseled with Art's graces.

'Twas here, Juliette, you watched the skies
Born into evening's splendor,
And saw the sunset's woudrous dyes
Fade into twilight tender.

And saw the gray go out in gloom
Upon the brow of Even,
And watched to see the young stars bloom
In the far fields of heaven.

So comes the winter's breath; and so
The spring renews her grasses—
I lift my dazzled eyes, and lo!
The mirage swiftly passes.

Dear child! for many a weary year
The rose has shed her blossom
Upon the tablet resting here
Above thy tranquil bosom.

And many a season here hath brought
Processions of new comers,
And many a wonder death hath wrought
Through all these fervid summers.

And naught remains of thee, Juliette—
Thy face, thy form Elysian—
Save what the whole world will forget—
A dreamer's dubious vision.

"I'm glad I had the good sense to stop then," Mr. Harris said recently, "for if they had given me a little more encouragement I might have published a whole book of it!"

Misleading Titles of Books

By William Mathews

ONE of the puzzling problems connected with the publication of a book is the choice of a fit and attractive title. Upon the tact and judgment shown in this depends much of the success of the work. An incident that occurred about half a century ago strikingly illustrates this. In 1850 Dr. O. M. Mitchell, Director of the Astronomical Observatory in Cincinnati, gave to the press a volume entitled The Planetary and Stellar Worlds. The book fell dead from the press. The publisher complained bitterly of this to a friend, saying, "I have not sold a single copy." "Well," was the reply, "you have killed the book by its title. Why not call it The Orbs of Heaven?" The hint was accepted and acted upon, and 6000 copies were sold in a month.

An account of the blunders to which the modern system of naming books has led would be curious and amusing. Who that is unfamiliar with Horne Tooke's famous philological treatise would expect to find The Diversions of Purley—which at the time of its publication was ordered by a village book club under the impression that it was a book of amusing games—to be one of the driest and toughest books in the language; or who would suspect Urban Bees, by Leo Allatius, to be a volume made up of biographies of great men who flourished during the pontificate of Urban VIII, whose family carried bees on their coat-armorial.

Some years ago at a public sale of books in London, Drew's Essay on Souls was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the other bidders, asked the auctioneer if he had "any more books on shoemaking to sell." Not long ago the corporation of a North-of-England town decided to erect a new cattle market. The Mayor of the town, who was on the lookout for suitable plans, ordered a copy of a work then recently published, entitled, On the Construction of Sheepfolds. Fancy his astonishment when he received from London by return post a treatise on religious denominations by Mr. Ruskin.

The same gentleman once saw MacEwen on the Types—a theological work treating of the types of Christianity in the old law—vehemently contended for at an auction by a compositor and a burly farmer, the latter thinking that it was "a buik upo' the tups" (rams). Mrs. Edgeworth states that a gentleman who was much interested in improving the breed of Irish cattle, on seeing an advertisement of a work on Irish bulls, sent for a copy. "He was rather confounded by the appearance of the classical bull at the top of the first page, which I had designed from a gem; and when he began to read the book he threw it away in disgust." He had purchased it as Secretary to the Irish Agricultural Society. Not less keen was the disappointment of an inexperienced young English farmer who, wishing to be well grounded in agricultural knowledge, bought a book called Ploughing and Sowing, and found it to contain a minute account of a lady's benevolent operations among the laborers of a country district in Yorkshire.

It is said The Ancient Mariner, when first published, was sold largely to seafaring men, who concluded from the name that it had relation to nautical matters. Of Wordsworth's Excursion expensive copies were sold to tourists and to keepers of country inns and boarding-houses, as likely to be of especial interest to excursionists and sightseers.

That a Frenchman should be misled by the title of an English book is not surprising. An amusing blunder was made some years ago by the Paris Constitutionnel, in a biographical sketch of Mr. Broderip, the English naturalist. In naming his books, the writer said that he contributed to the Quarterly Review an article on *Le Traité de la Construction des Ponts du Dr. Buckland* (Dr. Buckland's Treatise on the Construction of Bridges). This treatise owes its existence to the French writer's mode of translating the title of the celebrated Bridgewater treatise by William Buckland, D. D., F. R. S.

To conclude, the name of a book should be unambiguous, and should avoid extremes—neither promising too much nor too little. When Bentley, the London publisher, was about to issue his projected magazine, he consulted one of the wits of the day about a title. "How say you about calling it the Magazine of Wit?" asked the publisher. "That promises too much," said his friend. "Well, then, suppose I call it Bentley's Magazine?" "Ah," replied the wit, "that promises too little."



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PRACTICAL MUNICIPAL POLITICS for YOUNG MEN

By NATHANIEL C. SEARS

III. INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES AS A FACTOR

ANY one guided by experience, in directing a young man to political usefulness, would advise him to attach himself to one of the established parties. But no thoughtful man, earnest in his love of country, could advise a young man to give himself up to such slavish adherence to any political party as would involve the support of bad men or bad measures. When moral duty and partisanship conflict, the loyal citizen must throw partisanship to the winds and let patriotism stand in lieu of it. The announcement of Mr. Seward commanded the respect of all sincere men when he said: "So long as my party shall be firm and faithful to the Constitution, the Union and the rights of man, I shall serve it, with the reservation of that personal independence which is my birthright, but at the same time with the zeal and devotion that patriotism allows and enjoins."

There is much of allurement in the word "independent." It has a good sturdy sound. It must be easier and more self-satisfying to the average man, when compelled to leave his party, to enlist under such colors, than to support the political party which he has been accustomed to oppose. But the only logical ground of choice is one based, not upon sentiment or pride, but upon the end to be attained. Presumably one will not leave his own party except it be clear that the defeat of that party is necessary for the good of the community. If that defeat is necessary, his duty lies in the course which will accomplish the result with most certainty. He should no more permit pride of partisanship to deter him from aiding his former adversaries than to let it hold him in the service of a bad cause. In deciding the question he must, therefore, look into the character of independent movements in municipal politics, the motives of them, and the scope of their usefulness.

The Motives of Independent Movements The national parties will not, and can not, abdicate the field of municipal elections. It is true that the principles of policy involved in city elections have little or no bearing upon national questions of policy, and, conversely, national issues have no relevancy to municipal questions. Yet it is absolutely impossible for either of the national parties to permit its forces to disorganize and separate even for the brief period of a municipal campaign. In a skirmish between two opposing armies, the particular bit of ground contended for may be of no strategic importance to either, yet success in the conflict for it may be of vital importance to each.

The present relation of the vote of our large cities to the vote of the State, and the rapid growth of such cities, make it a matter of earnest consideration as to how long it will be before the political action of the Republic will be dominated by the political action of the cities. Under these conditions it would be as wise for a commanding officer to order a retreat and submit to a defeat at a Shiloh, merely because its possession had no particular geographical relevancy to the city of Washington, as for either of the great political parties to abandon a municipal election in a city like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia or Boston, simply because no questions of national policy were involved in such election. They have heretofore declined to do so; it is safe to predict that the same policy will prevail in the future.

Objectively the motive of independent movements is always the effecting of the defeat of one and the success of the other of the regular parties, and by the same reasoning it is never the election of the independent ticket. To elect an independent ticket in a general municipal election in any one of our largest cities is practically impossible. It is so in reason. It has been amply demonstrated by experience.

The favorite watchword of the independent movement is, "Down with all machines," and it is a watchword which gains much support, because there has been much to merit popular disfavor in the methods of party organization. The independent movement must start without any organization. If it becomes organized and continues organized from one campaign to another, it loses the distinguishing feature of all independent movements; it is no longer a political spasm and it has become a machine. Hence the conflict between the independent movement and the regular political party is always a struggle between forces organized and forces comparatively disorganized.

The Logical Weakness of the Independents The logical result is obvious. Logical rules are just as forceful in politics as elsewhere in the world. Here, as everywhere, the success of a large body of men, striving for a common end, requires organization. The leaders of the independent movements do not altogether ignore this fact, and the first step in their undertaking is an attempt at some sort of hurried organization, by which of necessity leaderships are created and conferred. The hostility to political organization is limited to systematic and continuous organization; it does not extend to spasmodic organization.

Each of the established political parties has its large following throughout the city, its body of men associated in each precinct, among whom the campaign duties are divided. This following, attached to the party by family tradition, or long personal service, or influence of office, or devotion to party principles, cannot easily be drawn away. There is a large party following in each party which can always be counted upon to vote the party ticket. If one party is torn and disrupted for the time by factional strife, so that this strength is broken, the fact simply adds for the time to the strength of the other regular party.

Temporary conditions may be safely depended upon at times to aid in the defeat of one of the parties; such conditions do not arise at the same time in each of the parties. They cannot, from the very fact that the one gains by the loss of the other. The weaker members of that one of the regular parties which seems to be losing ground through the opposition of the independent movement leave their party to go over, not to the independent faction, but to the other regular party. This class of quick deserters in the face of defeat is made up of men who always wish to be found upon the winning side. When convinced that their own party is defeated they seek the probable winner.

The Triumph of Party Organization The independent movement has, therefore, in any election, to meet and oppose at least one thoroughly organized force, which presents the strength of long, continuous and systematic training. It is not reasonable to expect that this strength can be overcome by an organization of a few days' or weeks' creation. That it is not in fact to be so overcome has been repeatedly demonstrated.

One instance will suffice for illustration. No independent movement was ever conducted under more favorable conditions than those incident to the last mayoralty campaign in New York City. The people were convinced of municipal corruption and thoroughly aroused to the need of reform. The independent candidate for Mayor was a man of attractive personality, a citizen of high character and reputation, a ripe scholar, a profound thinker upon public questions, and, withal, somewhat of a practical politician. No more popular candidate could possibly have been chosen. It seemed that he would receive the hearty support of the masses. But the two regular political parties proceeded in the routine method of party action. One of them was torn by factional strife, and lacked even the hearty support of the national party organization. It seemed to be, and proved to be, an easy victim. The vote which it polled was considerably less than that of the independent faction.

Yet, under all these conditions, what was the result? Precisely what every thoughtful and sincere man knew that it must be. The independent movement defeated one of the regular party candidates and elected the other; and—significant of the irrational motive of the movement—the one defeated was the one whom the majority of the independents would probably have preferred to the one elected.

The voter, forced to leave his own party for the time, and obliged to choose between giving his support to the opposite political party or to an independent movement, must, after candid thought, conclude that the choice is merely of the direct or the indirect method of working for the same result.

The candidates of the political parties are at least as high in character as is demanded by the reason and conscience of that part of the community which takes part in political action. If these candidates present no fair choice to the voter, the cause of the default is apparent, and it is one for which there is no possible excuse.

Business Methods in Municipal Politics A few years ago we had an object lesson in the application of the business men of a community to public works. To the management of the World's Columbian Exposition business men of fine ability gave freely of their time and energy. Great results were worked out in the best and speediest manner. Funds were neither squandered nor pilfered. The public reaped the benefit of an application of the reason and conscience of the community to its affairs. The same sort of service, applied systematically and continuously to the politics of our great cities, would make of each of them a "white city."

The independent movement does not open the way to such systematic and continuous service. On the contrary, it is the gateway through which many a young man passes to a life of political sloth. With independent movements he runs his one or two quixotic tilts, realizes their inefficiency and uselessness, and then, renouncing his right as a freeman and his duty as a citizen, abandons politics forever. It is very safe to assert that if a young man wishes to make his influence felt and his service of use in the political action of his community, he can do it best by working continuously for the purifying of the political parties which he finds existing, rather than in occasional attempts to build up new ones. To thus give a little of his energy all the time will work out greater and better results than to give all his energy for a little time to any independent movement.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last paper in the series, Practical Municipal Politics for Young Men. The first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of March 31.

Reed Call for April

Madison Cawein

WHEN April comes and heaps with buds,
With buds and blooms, each orchard's space,
And takes the dogwood-whitened woods
With rain and sunshine of her moods,
Like your fair face, like your fair face:
It's honey for the bloom and dew,
And honey for the heart!
And, oh, to be away with you
Beyond the town and mart.

When April comes, and tints the hills
With happy colors that rejoice,
And from her airy apron spills
Sweet laughter of the winds and rills,
Like your young voice, like your young voice:
It's gladness for God's bending blue,
And gladness for the heart!
And, oh, to be away with you
Beyond the town and mart.

When April comes, and birds and girds
The world with warmth that breathes above,
And to the breeze flings all her birds,
Whose songs are welcome as the words
Of you I love, of you I love:
It's music for all things that woo,
And music for the heart!
And, oh, to be away with you
Beyond the town and mart.

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IF A YOUNG man starts in life with a good physique and with a sound morality he starts with the best chances of success. In these days of activity and opportunity his *mental* equipment will be well cared for. In fact the danger both in school and college is that it will be too well cared for—driven to excess. Culture carried too far polishes all the force out of a man; all his vitality is spent in the development of one organ of the body—the brain. Most educators fail to recognize the fact that the best brain is not entirely developed by conscious cerebration in the tasks of the class-room, but in large measure by an unconscious cerebration—by the natural use of the brain in supervising the work of the body. Before the brain is ready for conscious work it is fatal to its integrity to neglect this unconscious work; the brain is stunted both in growth and vigor. Body brain-work, or the use of the brain in every will-directed effort of the body, is the most important element in the education of the brain. The movements of the muscular system are as necessary to the development of the brain as the guidance and government of the brain are to the growth and health of the body. Brain and muscular system are developed by reciprocal action. "All our study hitherto has led us to emphasize greatly the influence upon mental development of the constitution and functions of the muscular system. The condition and action of the muscles stand in reciprocal relation to the senses and feelings which form the necessary effective accompaniment of the senses. Furthermore, the striated (or so-called voluntary) muscles are organs of the will. In the complicated sensory motor apparatus all the most primary foundations of the intellectual life are laid." (Professor George T. Ladd in his work on Psychology.)

Scholar and Athlete in After Life

Just at the time when young men come to college, when all their bodily organs are approaching maturity, this body brain-work is put in full force by athletic sports. By this means the reciprocal action between body and brain is steadily maintained, so that both are strengthened to endure the strain put upon them by the competitions of the college world and by the still harder competitions which they meet in the larger world of life. The young man who has been trained in athletic sport has a stronger probability of life than the man who slights its opportunities. Forty years ago the training of athletes was very crude. The diet prescribed was, to say the least, not suitable to the demands of the work done. Yet of all the members of the Yale University crew of 1860, every one appears on the list of living graduates, while of the five highest scholars of the class graduating that year, only one is living, and he rowed in that same University boat.

At certain seasons of the year one often meets squads of college men running bareheaded about the streets dressed not in the highest fashion of the day. They are getting up lung power by short runs in the open air preparatory to the training in the gymnasium for the athletic events of the year. To their minds the immediate object of all this work and discipline is an honorable place in the University or class organizations of some particular athletic sport. If it were an exercise made compulsory by faculty authority, their hearts would not be in it. Yet they submit to it under the authority of their fellows—an authority of their own choosing. In other words, moved by the hope of a reward which only a few of them can ultimately gain, they are induced to submit to a training which, without this hope, all the rules of hygiene, however convincingly presented, would not persuade them to adopt. In addition to the exercise they are required to bathe, to give plenty of time to sleep, and to avoid all irregularities and indulgences which would be detrimental to their highest vigor. They are really training themselves in the very best way to reap the final reward of a healthy physical life, a result which will stay by them even if they never attain the reward which is the immediate object of their striving. But this is not all. They are cultivating brain and will power. The regularity of their training of itself involves a moral effort. And there is the added moral effect of self-denial. When the preparatory training is over and the men go into the boat or on the field there is a still further extension of the mental and moral effort—greater or less according to the sport which they enter.

An Aid to Academic Order

In all the sports, obedience to recognized authority is cultivated. Thus the system of athletics, by furnishing occupation to the physically active young man who must have some outlet for his superfluous life and energy, is conducive to the good order of a college or university. Before the days when athletics were followed as assiduously as they are now, this superabundant life found its outlet in frequent conflicts between classes, or in rows between town and gown. Now it is worked off in training or in athletic contests. It is brought under the control of law and order. Again, it furnishes a healthy topic of interest outside of the class-room. It is too much to expect of the student, who is often tired of study, that he should not seek some other topic in his times of recreation than the one which he hears in the lecture or class room. The inhabitants of the college world are like the people of the outside world in this respect, that when off duty they find interest in other subjects than those of their regular occupation. They naturally seek some excitement with which to vary the monotony of attendance on recitations and lectures. The athletic contests supply this want, and prevent many a man from looking to dissipation or mischief for relief from the daily drudgery of college life.

To sum up the results thus far claimed, the tendency of athletic sport is, first, to give the best kind of physical training under the best circumstances—that is, to give symmetry of development and to prolong life. In the second place, it tends to cultivate the mind in certain ways not cultivated in the college curriculum, and to develop the brain so as to give its possessor the best physical basis for an intellectual life. It tends, in the third place, to cultivate character by its development of moral qualities. In the fourth place, it tends to good order in the University, and is also an antidote to excessive culture.

A Stimulus to Freer Fellowship

There are two other directions in which its tendency is good. It tends to keep up the *esprit de corps* by binding together in a common sympathy both graduates and undergraduates, increasing the loyalty of both. This is all the more important in the larger universities where the wide range of choice, by means of which men of different classes are distributed under different instructors, helps to dissipate the chances of those bonds of fellowship which were possible when each and all came under the same instructor at some period of their college career.

The enthusiasm which the college contests awake in the partisans of the contending athletes tends to good, not only on account of its influence in binding together graduates and undergraduates, but also on account of its influence on the interior life of the University itself. It counteracts the tendency to a dry intellectualism, which in some scholars seems to be almost bloodless. This enthusiasm enables those instructors who share it to come closer to their students and to do a better work with them.

The tendency of athletic sport is to make a healthier race. An influence has gone forth from the college athletic associations which has penetrated to every school in the land, and has been instrumental in the organization of the athletic clubs which, with all their shortcomings and excesses, are yet better than none at all. It has increased the attendance at the gymnasiums, and in fact largely created the demand for gymnasiums.

The influence of the sports for good came at a time when it was necessary to have

Ex-President Grover Cleveland

Mr. Cleveland has written especially for the College Man's Double Number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an able article for young men who are leaving college and getting actively in touch with the wider world of business and politics.

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something with strong motives to counteract the influence on the young of the demoralizing forces of city life. Just as athletics began to develop, population in the cities began a rapid increase—more rapid than the increase of the population of the country. Is it not a fortunate circumstance that at a time when the disintegrating forces of city life with its luxuries were introduced in increasing measure, an antidote to their poison entered our schools and colleges to counteract them? The present system of athletics helps to keep boys and young men from late hours, from excesses against self and against society, and is therefore to be welcomed as an ally of the best education. It not only saves men, but forms them. It aids our schools of learning to send out not mere scholars, but men of force, men of a character which only comes from the rare union of strength of body, energetic will and cultivated mind.

The Source of National Power In all races which have shown power in any direction the main sources of that power have been physical. At least their force has had a physical basis. For instance, consider the Greeks. For a long period they were a conquering race, masters of the world. But the influence of the Greek has extended far beyond the day of his power and the limits of his state.

"It is no disgrace to a nineteenth century American to go to school to the Greeks. They are still, in their own lines, the leaders of mankind. They are the masters. Attica was about as large as Rhode Island. Rhode Island is a noble little commonwealth. Yet it has enjoyed liberty longer than the democracy of Athens lasted, and in the blazing light of this much-lauded century. What now is or will be the influence of Rhode Island on the world's history compared with the immeasured and imperishable influence of Athens? Whence the difference?" (Professor George P. Fisher, Princeton Review, March, 1884.)

The causes of the difference were manifold. One cause was their complete system of physical culture. Hand in hand with their mental discipline, which was simple but thorough, went physical training. "Until the time of Alexander the main subjects of education among the Greeks were music and gymnastics, bodily training and mental culture. . . . The first duty of a Greek boy was to learn his letters, a feat which was also coincident with learning to swim. . . . By the fourteenth year the Greek boy would have begun to devote himself seriously to athletics." (Educational Theories, by Oscar Browning.) Could such a careful and continuous training of the body fail to have its effect upon the mind? While it gave the body strength, it gave vigor to the brain. When in the course of their conquests wealth and luxury came to them, the Greeks met the usual fate of nations weak in the moral sense, and they went down before the stronger race.

The training of the Romans was largely physical. It was a training for war. But when they relaxed their discipline and gave themselves up to lives of luxury, they gave up also their martial games and athletic exercises, and hired gladiators for their sport and mercenaries for their battles. They, too, were overcome by the stronger races.

An Ancestry of Physical Force The English have in their veins the blood of those old sea-rovers who were the terror of the coasts of Europe in the early centuries of the Christian era, mixed with the blood of that vigorous native stock, to subdue which, though it was furnished with only barbarian arms, was no easy task to the Roman legions. Their physical force is still maintained by vigorous athletic sports. Wherever the race goes it carries with it the love of exercise and the practice of it. The vigor of the stock never decays. Out of its island home it goes to conquer and colonize the globe.

The muscle of one generation is the source and support of the brain-power of the succeeding generation. "What else accounts for the prodigal activity of the early settlers of this country but the fact that, obliged, when cast on a land like ours, to battle with the elements and conquer the forests by their own bodily strength, they lived an outdoor life, in the main, and stored up an immense capital of vitality" (S. Weir Mitchell in Wear and Tear) which they handed down to their posterity?

As to individuals, if you find a really successful man who builds and keeps either a reputation or a fortune by honest hard work, he is generally a man of originally vigorous body. "All professional biography teaches that to win lasting distinction in sedentary indoor occupations, which task the brain and nervous system, extraordinary toughness of body must accompany extraordinary mental power." (S. Weir Mitchell in Wear and Tear.) Again: "To attain success and length of service in any of the learned professions, including teaching, a vigorous body is wellnigh essential." (President Eliot in his Annual Report, 1877-78.)

Possible Abuses of Athletics So far we have considered only the tendency of college sport toward good. It is only fair to take up some of its tendencies toward evil.

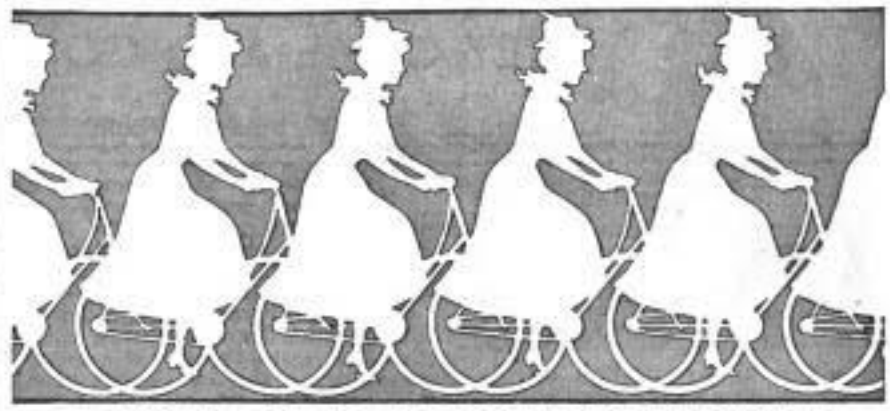
It is affirmed by the opponents of the present system of athletic sport that it requires an excessive amount of time from its devotees and draws them too much away from study. Undoubtedly the assertion is true with respect to some athletes. Some students also give too much time to study, ruining their health, and thus defeating the purpose of their college course, which is to prepare them for life, not to unfit them for it. Of the two excesses—excess of study and excess of exercise—the dangerous pressure at present is toward excess of study, because it does not admit of any rules to restrain it. Excessive devotion to athletic sport is restrained in all institutions of recognized standing by requiring a scholarship standard for the athlete high enough to make certain that he gives a fair amount of time to his proper college work. If he does not come up to the requirements he is not allowed to compete in athletics. Not only this, but every athlete must be regular in his attendance on college exercises. To this end the public events are cut down within limits narrow enough to insure his presence at lectures and recitations.

Then there is the evil of betting. This is not an evil peculiar to athletics. Games and races do not create betting. They simply divert it from other channels. If athletics were prohibited gambling would increase.

It is said that athletics set before the college a false standard of excellence—namely, one entirely physical. But that assertion will not stand the test of truth. The standard of good scholarship remains. It is often maintained by the athletes. The lately elected captain of the Yale football team is one of the best scholars of his class. The standard of good conduct remains. The college world still respects any of its number who approach these standards, but it thinks the better of a man if he has a vigorous body as well as a scholarly mind and upright character.

The Movement to Check Extravagance The tendency to extravagance in expenditure, though not existing to the extent often asserted, does nevertheless exist. The importance of college sport in a financial light will be revealed to many persons who fail to comprehend it in any other way. At Yale the total expenses of all the sports were, for the season of 1896-7, $43,625.25; for 1897-8, $64,685.33; for 1898-9, $55,384.24. Since for the seasons of 1897-8 and 1898-9 there were unusual outlays on the athletic field, particularly so in 1897-8, the expenses for 1896-7 would be nearer the average yearly cost of the sports: $43,625.25 represents the interest at four per cent. of an invested capital of $1,090,631.25. That amount is greater than one-fifth of the total permanent funds of the University, viz., $4,554,829.45, as given in the report of the treasurer for the year ending July 31, 1899. In 1881-2 the total expenses for the athletic sports were $17,476.04. There was, therefore, an increase of one hundred and forty-nine per cent. in the expenses during the period between the two seasons. During the same period there was an increase in membership at the University of one hundred and thirty-nine per cent. The difference between the two percentages does not show a greatly increased tendency to extravagance. But, nevertheless, it is idle to deny that there is extravagance which ought to be checked. There is a very general feeling, even in the student body, that this evil should be remedied. It is largely owing to the prevalence of this feeling that a movement is on foot to make the officer here known as the Graduate Treasurer of the Financial Union (a body which handles all the income of the college sports) also an appointee of the Faculty, authorized to supervise the accounts and to check unnecessary expense. When this movement is completed it will put an end to the only evil which threatens the integrity of college sport.

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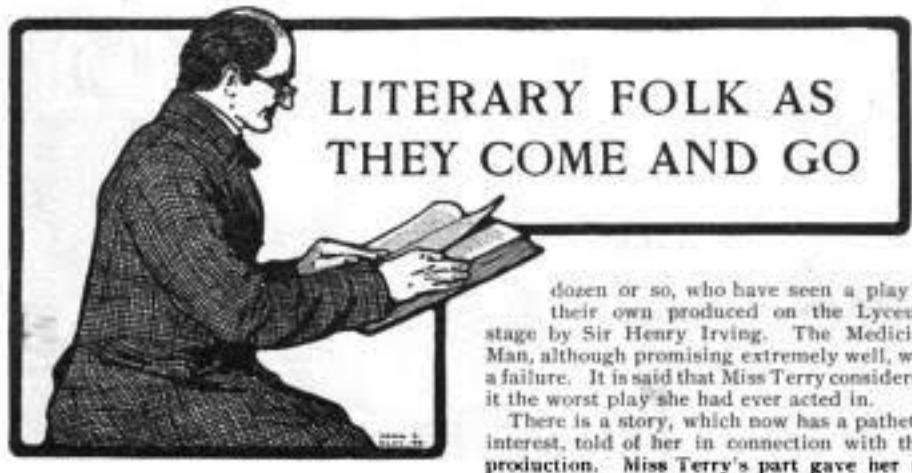
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LITERARY FOLK AS THEY COME AND GO

JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S new book, The Money Sense, is likely to be popular, for it is almost as vulgar, though by no means so witty, as Dodo. In this novel Mrs. Arthur Stannard deals with the rise and fall of a most disagreeable type of young lady, who may possess the money sense—whatever that may be—but has no grain of any other sort. Mrs. Stannard has lived now for some years in France, at Dieppe, where she is the centre of an English coterie of friends of pseudo-literary tastes. Living so much abroad she has lost touch with English manners, and her last novel is thought, in England, to be more the work of imagination than of observation and knowledge.

Some incidental characters, however, are of the nature of caricature, and there seemed a chance of amusement, if only of a personal nature, in the introduction of a lady novelist and a husband who objects to being called "the novelist's husband." But these drift and fade, even in the author's mind, for on one page they are called the Geoffrey Hilliards, and ten pages later they are spoken of as the Galbraiths. It was permitted Thackeray to kill his Helen Pendennis in one number of his novel and bring her to life in the next. But Mrs. Stannard is not yet quite Thackeray—although Bootles' Baby, it is said, was warmly admired by Ruskin in his declining years—and when she forgets the names of her characters it rather seems to give the show away to the reader.

Richard Whiteing's Long Shot

RICHARD WHITEING is a great man in every sense of the word. Tall and ponderous, with a massive head and strong features that are in nowise out of proportion to his magnificent physique, he is some one not easily to be overlooked, however crowded the drawing-room in which he appears. Kind with the kindness that belongs to Nature's giants, he is forever giving the struggling author a hint or a helping hand.

"Do not waste yourself over small efforts," he is fond of pointing out to the beginner: "a book is a long shot, but it kills more in the end than a volley of musketry!" It is easy to trace the hidden emphasis in his words to a retrospective glance over the years when the "volley of musketry" kept his own "long shot" from being fired.

A Playmate of Longfellow's Children

MRS. HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, the author, is a daughter of the late Richard H. Dana, Jr. She says the most interesting period of her life was her schooldays, which were passed with the children of Longfellow and other New England celebrities. She obtained glimpses of the eminent poet and his friends which showed them in the pleasantest of all lights, that of the home circle. Longfellow had a great love for children and took a particular delight in reciting to them little poems, nonsensical improvisations and quaint little stories. Her friends have often suggested that she should make a memoir of these matters. At present Mrs. Skinner is deeply interested in patriotic movements in Detroit, where she resides.

The Death of H. D. Traill

THE English papers have had long accounts of the career of Mr. H. D. Traill, whose sudden death at fifty-seven years of age has robbed literature in general of a most valuable supporter, and literature in particular of its distinguished and gifted editor. Mr. Traill, apart from his literary work—and in connection with it, too—was a most delightful man. A strong sense of humor salted his outlook upon life.

Mr. Traill only once attempted a stage play, and that with the collaboration of Mr. Hichens. He was one of the few men, a half dozen or so, who have seen a play of their own produced on the Lyceum stage by Sir Henry Irving. The Medicine Man, although promising extremely well, was a failure. It is said that Miss Terry considered it the worst play she had ever acted in.

There is a story, which now has a pathetic interest, told of her in connection with this production. Miss Terry's part gave her no chance; there was no possible *coup de théâtre*. At one rehearsal, when she was overwrought, nervous and disappointed, she turned upon her admirers, Mr. Traill and Mr. Hichens, and poured out her disapproval in a half humorous, half severe tirade. "For such a play," she said, pointing to Hichens, "may you be cut off in the bud of your youth, and you," pointing to Traill, "in the flower of your prime."

Alas! for once the word in jest has come true. All who knew his work and all who knew the man, young at heart though nearing sixty years, will mourn for H. D. Traill these many days.

It is curious that Mr. Traill's most characteristic work, The New Lucian, should have appeared in London in a new and enlarged edition almost on the day of his death.

Paul Dunbar's Gifted Wife

LITERARY marriages are by no means the rule, and that the foremost writer of his race should be rivaled in the telling of short stories by his wife makes the appearance of Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar in the field of literature a matter worthy of note. Mrs. Dunbar has written a volume of short stories, The Goodness of St. Rocque, which is meeting with a favorable reception from the book-buying world. The scenes are laid in the New Orleans of George W. Cable, and much of the charm of description which belongs to the novelist of the Creoles has been caught by the writer. Until recently Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar lived in Washington, where the poet held a clerical position in the Congressional Library. They are now living in Colorado.

An Involuntary Horse Thief

THERE is no fun in being a criminal, even though it be by accident. George H. Jessup, the novelist and playwright, who has now a big place in Cabinteely, Ireland, once lived in San Francisco. There was an epidemic of horse-stealing at that time which was followed by a sympathetic attack of lynching. Vigilance committees were everywhere, and strangers on strange horses were viewed with suspicion.

Jessup and a friend were out driving one day and took part in a picnic where they knew nobody. They passed several pleasant hours at San Mateo, where the festival took place, and then remembered an important engagement. They left the crowd and went to the neighboring grove where the horses were tethered, and unfastening their own rig, as they supposed, jumped in and drove off. The horse had trotted two or three miles when the friend said:

"George, this isn't our horse. It's a larger and better animal."

Jessup looked at the steed carefully and replied, "Upon my word, you are right. This isn't our carriage robe either."

It was a handsome affair and they looked at it with some curiosity. On the inside of it was sewed a piece of cloth bearing the name and address of the owner. The friend gasped:

"George, do you know the owner of this rig is the head of the vigilance committee?"

Mr. Jessup broke into a cold perspiration as he replied: "Let's drive to the nearest telegraph station and wire him."

They drove like mad, and when they reached the station made arrangements at the hotel to have the horse and wagon cleaned. Then they sent a dispatch, and waited their fate.

In due time the irate owner arrived, and to their inexpressible joy he came in their own vehicle. There were explanations and apologies, and, according to California custom, the luckless Jessup was compelled to "treat the house," an act which kept him poor for the remainder of the month.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

By Richard Henry Stoddard



I HAVE sometimes regretted that it did not occur to me when I was young that it might be worth my while to keep a diary, not for the purpose of filling its pages with details about myself and my own doings—things in which I can never remember to have been much interested—but for the purpose of preserving an accurate record of the times when, the places where and the circumstances under which first met certain persons whom I was proud to meet, either for what they had done, or for what they were, and whom I am fain to recall now through the impression they made upon me then, clad in their habits as they lived, rather than from the fading tablets of a blurred and uncertain memory. Such a record, if I could have persuaded myself to keep it, would have been illuminated with several names which, popular or famous then, have since become illustrious, unforgetable, immortal; and chiefest among them would be the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

I made the acquaintance of Hawthorne through the kindness of a member of a Boston firm who were his publishers, and, in a small, unprofitable way, my publishers, Ticknor, Reed & Fields. They were not a great firm, nor an old firm, in the sense that the Harpers and the Appletons are old and great, but they had a position among the tribe of tradesmen to which they belonged, which may almost be called unique, it was so uncommon and so precarious. They published nothing that was not sufficiently literary to merit the exacting demands of the most select corps of American readers, the best literature of the time, "books which are books," as Lamb phrased it, their list of which was blazoned with the names of such poets as Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and such prose writers as De Quincey and Hawthorne. They made no display of the treasures they disposed of, as is now the wont of their guild, in marble structures of their own, but were content to occupy an old brick building on the corner of Washington and School Streets, a little shop with a door on each thoroughfare, the larger one opening on the former, with windows on both sides, through which a leisurely passer-by might note a line of intending buyers within, standing, book in hand, at the wide filled counters, and, if the gods were propitious that day, a glimpse of two or three of their writers, Longfellow, perhaps, or Emerson, but most likely little Doctor Holmes.

This old book store was a Mecca to me at this time, as it has since been to hundreds of others, but more literally to me than to many of these, for in order to visit it I had to make an actual pilgrimage from New York to Boston, a nightly pilgrimage on the lumbering Sound steamers, where, scantily supplied with scrip, but amply sustained by enthusiasm, I whiled away the lagging hours in anticipating my arrival. There was a corner in this old book store, at its left-hand back end on School Street, and in this corner, opposite a dingy window, stood a tallish, upright desk, where, hidden by a green curtain from all but pilgrim eyes, was the Kaaba of this Mecca—Mr. James Thomas Fields. He was the younger member of the house, its literary representative, the reader of manuscripts offered for publication, the selecter of its choicest reprints, inquisitive in the discovery of new writers and sagacious in the recovery and reanimation of old ones like De Quincey. He had an instinctive love of books, which was enriched by the education that comes from reading only the best, by correctness of taste, catholicity of judgment, and, what does not always accompany these qualities, intelligent sympathy with, and kindly regard for, their makers. He had also an inclination to share their pursuits, which he occasionally exercised in the shape of a gentlemanly gift of versification which was believed to resemble that of a well-known English publisher, Edward Moxon, and which led to his being called the American Moxon. It was not a complimentary epithet, whatever it was meant to be, for his verse was what Moxon's sonnets never were; it was poetry, though not of striking and showy kind. Courteous, considerate, friendly everywhere, Mr. Fields was never so charming to me as during these pilgrimages of mine to Boston, and never so interesting anywhere as when standing at the upright desk, behind the green curtain I have spoken of. Busy as he must have been, he always found time to take me there, and tell me of the literary folk whom he had lately met in London, for he was constantly going to and coming from the mother country—how they looked, what they said, of what they were doing, and, better still, to read their last letters to him, letters from Barry Cornwall, from Miss Mitford, who knew of me through him, and other famous pen people whose names I have forgotten. Older than I was by some eight or ten years and more conversant with the usages of the world than I was ever likely to be, we were as companionable as boys, giggling or making giggle at everything, and chaffing each other so freely that no listener, had there been a listener, would have believed that one was a poor young author and the other a middle-aged, prosperous publisher.

I remember one of these pilgrimages more distinctly than many others which preceded it and followed it, and I had abundant reason to do so, for it led to my acquaintance with Hawthorne. It was in the summer of 1852—about the middle of July, I think—and I had wandered to the old corner book store to have a chat with Mr. Fields. He saw me when I entered, gave me his usual salutation, and, taking me behind the green curtain, closed it carefully and pointed to a package of manuscript on a corner of his desk.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The Blythedale Romance," he replied softly and handed it to me guardedly, as if it had been a costly treasure, with a sense of satisfaction in his voice and the joy of possession in his eyes. I received it in the same spirit, though it was not a sightly object, for the fingers of the compositors who had set it up had left dark smears along the lines of fine, clear writing.

"See how they have smudged it!" he cried, "and I told the varlets to keep it clean."

I was curiously interested in this manuscript, more so, perhaps, than I might have been on another occasion, for I was fresh from reading The Blythedale Romance, and writing about it in a staid, old New York journal, the editor of which, a prosaic, elderly Englishman, occasionally (and gratuitously) permitted me to exploit my crude, critical judgments in his columns, after subjecting them to fussy supervision, which, professing to correct my slovenly construction, generally emasculated my meaning and often destroyed my sense.

While I was examining this soiled manuscript the green curtain was thrown aside by an attenuated hand and the owner of this hand entered hurriedly. It was Mr. Edwin Percy Whipple, a personal friend of Mr. Fields, and, I presume, a serviceable friend of his firm. A professor of the ungentle craft of criticism, he had recently published two volumes of Essays and Reviews, from the reputed excellence of which he was christened "The American Macaulay." A careful reader of many books and a cautious, conventional judge of all, his *dicta* were anxiously looked for and (when of novels) widely quoted. Mr. Whipple was an authority.

"Stoddard, my boy," said Mr. Fields, "Ned and I are going to see Hawthorne and you are going with us. A military person whom he wishes to see, or wishes to see him, is to call here and accompany us. It is something to do with the Life of Frank Pierce, I suppose; for this person, I am told, was on his staff in Mexico."

"I understand," I replied.

But I did not in the least. I knew from the newspapers that Hawthorne was supposed to be writing a Life of General Pierce, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, but I did not know that General Pierce, who had been a student of the same college as he and was a life-long, valued and loving friend, had earnestly desired him to write this life; nor did I know that, even in New England, it was a heinous political sin for a Democrat to be nominated for the Presidency, and elected, if he could be! Mr. Fields knew what Hawthorne's feeling in this matter was, for some six or seven years after his death he printed one of his personal letters, within about a month before my visit, in which he said:

> "General Pierce, of New Hampshire, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, was a college friend of mine, as you know, and we have been intimate through life. He wishes me to write his biography and I have consented to do so; somewhat reluctantly, however, for Pierce has now reached that altitude when a man, careful of his personal dignity, will begin to think of cutting his personal acquaintances. But I seek nothing from him, and therefore need not be ashamed to tell the truth of an old friend."

While the American Macaulay and the American Moxon were discussing somebody *sotto voce*, a well-trained servitor of the latter approached the sanctum with a stranger.

"Colonel Whipple, whom you are expecting."

Colonel Whipple, as I remember him, was somewhat tall and sparely built, of an erect figure and soldierly bearing, of dark complexion, with keen, sharp, black eyes.

"Colonel Whipple," said Mr. Fields, "here is a namesake of yours. You know Mr. E. P. Whipple?"

"I know Mr. Whipple very well by reputation, sir."

"And Mr. Stoddard, the poet?"

"Whom I do not know, though I hope to have that pleasure."

I bowed, as in duty bound, and took the hand which he suddenly extended. It had a strong, firm grasp—a friendly,

PHOTO BY GEBFORD & VAN BRUNT, NEW YORK

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD IN HIS STUDY



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hearty, manly, soldierly grasp—and I liked it, as I did the man himself the moment I set eyes upon him.

"We wait your orders, Colonel," said Mr. Fields, lifting his hand to his head as if he were an orderly.

"Forward, then, gentlemen," commanded our Colonel, and offering his arm to Mr. Fields he marched to the door on Washington Street, and, followed by Mr. Whipple and myself, we proceeded to the Concord Station.

I have forgotten where it stood, but it does not matter, for wherever it was then it is now, fronting some dusty, crowded business street, lined with loading and unloading trucks, the sidewalk obstructed with long skids, across which we stepped briskly, watchful of descending and ascending bales, crates, casks and barrels, and the jostling rush of travelers inward and outward bound.

Mr. Fields guided us to the right car, in which we were fortunate enough to find four unoccupied seats grouped together, into which we hurried, the Whipples taking the front two and Mr. Fields and I the rearward two, into which we dropped heavily, wearied with our brisk walk, heated with the July sunshine, and more than ready for our well-earned furlough of quiet shade and light conversation.

We reached Concord on time and sauntered leisurely along its old road until we came to the house in which Hawthorne was living and which he had named The Wayside. He met us at the gate in the low fenced railing that inclosed it from the rest of the town and led us into the front yard—a grassy plot of ground crossed by several well-worn foot-paths. Mr. Fields introduced me to him. He gave me a cordial handshake, and said a few words which placed me at once at ease. Then, with a kindly nod, he disappeared in the house with Colonel Whipple, leaving the rest of us to take care of ourselves in his grounds. Mr. Fields played our guide here as elsewhere, but with less success, for though he had often been in Concord he was not yet familiar with the innings and outings of The Wayside. What was it like? I will not try to recall it as I seem to see it through the misty recollections of nearly half a century, but let Hawthorne himself describe it, as it was at the time of our visit, in a letter to his quondam friend at Brook Farm, Mr. George William Curtis: "My dear Howadji: I think (and am glad to think) that you will find it necessary to come hither in order to write your Concord sketches; and as for my old house, you will understand it better after spending a day or two in it. Before Mr. Alcott took it in hand it was a mean-looking affair, with two peaked gables; no suggestiveness about it, and no venerableness, although from the style of its construction it seems to have survived beyond its first century. He added a porch in front and a central peak and a piazza at each end and painted it a rusty olive hue, and invested the whole with a modest picturesqueness; all of which improvements, together with its situation at the foot of a wooded hill, make it a place that one notices for a few moments after passing it. Mr. Alcott expended a good deal of taste and some money (to no great purpose) in forming the hillside behind the house into terraces and building arbors and summer-houses of rough stems and branches of trees, on a system of his own. They must have been very pretty in their day and are so still, although much decayed, and shattered more and more by every breeze that blows. The hillside is covered chiefly by locust trees which come into luxuriant blossom in the month of June and look and smell very sweetly, intertwined with a few young elms and some white pines and infant oaks, the whole forming rather a thicket than a wood. Nevertheless, there is some very good shade to be found there. I spend delectable hours there in the hottest part of the day, stretched out at my lazy length with a book in my hand, an unwritten book in my thoughts. There is almost always a breeze stirring about the sides or brow of the hill. From the hill there is a good view along the extensive level surface and gentle hilly outlines, covered with wood, that characterize the scenery of Concord. We have not so much as a gleam of lake or river in the prospect; if there were, it would add greatly to the value of the place in my estimation. The house stands within ten or fifteen feet of the old Boston road (along which the British marched and retreated), divided from it by a fence and some trees and shrubbery of Mr. Alcott's setting out. Whereupon I have called it The Wayside, which I think a better name and more morally significant than that which, as Mr. Alcott has since told me, he bestowed on it—The Hillside. In front of the house, on the opposite side of the road, I have eight acres of land—the only valuable portion of the place in a farmer's eye—which are capable of being made very fertile. On the hither side my territory extends some little distance over the brow of the hill and is absolutely good for nothing, in a productive point of view, though very good for many other purposes. I know nothing of the history of the house except Thoreau's telling me that it was inhabited a generation or two ago by a man who believed he should never die. I believe, however, he is dead; at least I hope so, else he may probably appear and dispute my title to his residence."

Such, in the summer of 1852, was The Wayside, the master of which reappeared with Colonel Whipple after a short time, which we had spent in rambling about his environments, under the confident guidance of Mr. Fields. He invited us to enter and we followed him into the hall, where we removed our hats which we hung up on a little stand, whence we were ushered into a room on the left where a midday meal awaited us, and where, as the only stranger present, he introduced me to his wife. Never, I fear, an accurate observer of others, and certainly not a close or curious one, at a first meeting, I will not try to describe the personal appearance of Mrs. Hawthorne, whose presence I rather felt than saw. Five or six years younger than her husband, who had just passed his forty-ninth birthday, she was a fine-looking gentlewoman, with courteous, refined manners and a motherly air which became her. Whether any of her children were actually present I am not sure, though I think I saw the youngest, Rose, a baby in her second year. Mrs. Hawthorne sat at the farther end of the table, opposite her husband, who sat at the head; on his right hand sat his spare military guest, whom she saw for the first time that day, and on his left his prosperous publisher, with whom she was well acquainted. Hawthorne seated me on his right, Mr. Whipple seated himself on his left, and thus grouped we partook of this meal, which was a simple one, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton with the usual esculents, a pudding, or perhaps a pie afterward and a bottle of claret, the solitary sentinel of hospitality, which seldom quitted its post of duty at our end of the table.

At last Hawthorne arose, feeling no doubt that he had sufficiently performed his part as host, offered me a cigar, and, lighting one himself, proposed that we should go outdoors and have a talk. The proposal delighted me, for beyond the customary social courtesies when I was introduced to him and our desultory nothings at the table, no conversation had passed between us. Never a volunteer of speech with my betters, I divined the wisdom of silence now, and resolved to hold my tongue until encouraged to use it. My respect for Hawthorne as a man of letters, the most eminent one I had met, restrained all forwardness on my part, and almost restrained me from observation of his face and person. I might perhaps have recognized him from some resemblance in the portrait by Thompson, prefixed to the new edition of his Twice-told Tales, which I had lately been reading, but I should not, I could not, have known him from that portrait, which was, I imagine, what painters would call an academical one—that is to say, a superficial likeness of his features in repose, well composed in form and color, with the right light and shadows and the proper expression of a well-bred sitter, correctly conscious of himself and what was expected to be seen in his counterfeit presentment. Outdoors I saw for the first time the kind of man that Hawthorne was. More than handsome, more than fine-looking, there was distinction in his face and form—the distinction of manly beauty in the one and manly strength in the other. Nearly six feet in height he did not appear tall, his shoulders were so broad, his limbs so shapely and well-proportioned. His head was large, harmonious in its outlines and noble in its bearing: there was an air of grandeur about it, the certainty of reserved power in its repose. And his eyes—those large, deep-set, dark, luminous eyes that saw such visions and read such secrets—I will not try to describe them here. And happily for me I do not need to, since our common friend, Mr. Fields, accomplished that baffling task in his illuminating recollections of Hawthorne a few years after his death. "I remember to have heard in the literary circles of London," Mr. Fields wrote, "that since Burns, no author had appeared there with so fine a face as Hawthorne. Old Mrs. Basil Montagu told me, many years ago, that she sat next to Burns at dinner, when he appeared in society, in the first flush of his fame, after the Edinburgh edition of his poems had been published. She said among other things, that although the company consisted of some of the best-bred men of England, Burns seemed to her the most perfect gentleman among them. She noticed particularly his gentle grace and deferential manner toward women, and I was interested to hear Mrs. Montagu's brilliant daughter, when speaking of Hawthorne's advent in English society, describe him in almost the same terms as I had heard her mother, years before, describe the Scotch poet. I happened to be in London with Hawthorne during his consular residence in England, and was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered the room. His bearing was modestly grand and his voice touched the ear like a melody."

Emerging from the porch of The Wayside and taking a worn path in the grass-grown yard, Hawthorne leading the way, we passed along and around the right front of the house into the rising and wooded grounds in the rear. Not sufficiently conversant with forestry to distinguish, nor under the circumstances to care for, the leafy populace there, I rather scrambled after than accompanied the strong, alert figure of Hawthorne as we ascended his terraced hill. He helped me lightly up its steepest ascent, and when we reached an old summer-house on its crest I found myself clinging to his arm and out of breath. We seated ourselves in a couple of willow chairs beside the remains of a rustic table, whereon I suppose the philosophic Alcott in summers gone by regaled his reverent disciples with esthetic tales and orphic sayings, and baring our brows to the grateful caresses of the light, cool breeze we fell to talking.

Not hesitatingly and tentatively, like two new-made acquaintances, but naturally and easily, frankly and freely, with a sense of personal understanding on the part of each as if we had been comrades for years. In the course of our talk Hawthorne spoke of an early poem of mine, and with a circumstantiality of remembrance which showed a careful reading, and which in itself was, I felt, a distinction from Hawthorne. "How did you come to write The Castle in the Air?" he asked. Whereupon I proceeded to divulge the germ, the conception and the metrical embodiment of my airy architectural diversion.

"In the fall of 1848" (I said in substance), "Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes published the Life and Literary Remains of Keats, a poet with whom I felt more intellectual sympathy than with any modern English poet with the exception, perhaps, of Byron, and I was greatly impressed with a fragment among his posthumous poems which somebody, probably Mr. Milnes, had christened The Castle-Builder. It consists of forty or fifty lines and was written, I judged, from its versification, in careless, slovenly couplets, after he had finished Endymion, and before he began Hyperion, and was rather the suggestion of a poem that he meant to write at a later day than the actual commencement of a poem that he seriously contemplated writing then—a hasty outline of picturesque effects in a chamber at night, let us say a lady's chamber in a romantic, medieval period; a secret alcove, where all manner of costly and splendid things were heaped and scattered in profusion, where the summer moonlight struggling through the embowered casement discovered the personality of its occupant in a tambour-frame, a guitar-ribbon and a glove, and where her lately vanished presence still seemed to linger, adding its sweetness to the fragrance of the flowers without, which the enamored air was perpetually smuggling into this enchanted chamber.

"Admiring the prodigality of color which Keats had lavished on this fragment of castle building, and deploring the unlucky chance which arrested his hand before he could finish it, I determined some day to build a castle of my own on the same scale of magnificence. Some day! Days passed, months passed, I watched, I waited, and the happy day did not come until a little more than three years ago, and it was a May day. What May days were in the old Puritan time you have told us in The May Pole at Merry Mound. What they have dwindled to in our time I once had a transient glimpse of in a little basket of flowers hung stealthily over night on the knocker of an old house at Hingham where I lived when a boy. We still observe May day, however, in New York. Indeed, we have to, we poor people, for we lease our houses, our tenements, our apartments only for the twelve months between one May and another, and when the second comes, willy-nilly, we have to move. You should see us then, the streets thronged with trucks, carts, wagons, vehicles of all sorts loaded with our household stuff, chairs and tables, bedsteads and bureaus, pots, kettles, pans landed together anyhow, some of us mounted on top of the furniture to keep it in place, others with fragile, breakable things in baskets and boxes straggling along behind the mourners at a funeral. Outcoming and ingoing tenants jostled in the dingy hallways and mingled with one another in the disordered room beyond.

"Escaping from such a hurly-burly, my people were beginning to settle for the twelvemonth in an old house into which we had managed to gain admittance a day or two before. It was the first of May and a Sunday, dismal outdoor and uncomfortable within. The sky was dark with clouds, and rain now began to splash against the dusty panes; gusts of wind shook the rattling casements and banged and battered the dilapidated shutters. Either because we had forgotten it, or perhaps from a shortage in the finances, there was a scarcity of fuel in this wintry house. Wrapping a blanket around my shoulders, I retreated to the room where my few books were, and a table with pens, ink and paper, and seating myself sullenly, shivering with cold, I determined to divert or benumb my mind by reading or writing. I picked up the volume of Keats' Remains, which happened to be on the table, and turning once more to the fragment of The Castle-Builder I looked over it until I saw a way of completing it with a castle of my own. I would not begin with its interior, as Keats had done in his brilliant picture of the sumptuous moon-lighted chamber, but reversing his impression method with its exterior, its architectural appearance and natural surroundings, and so work my way within doors, a process of gradual description which afforded an opportunity for the exhibition of my uninjured architectural taste and my confessed ignorance of the fine art of landscape gardening and other and ampler opportunities in other misadventurous directions, which I embraced and abused. I wrote and wrote until the pen dropped from my tired fingers, and not altogether in vain, for whatever might be the result, this mutual exercise of mind and body had quickened my languid circulation and imparted something like warmth to my fireless room.

"What did I think of it when it was finished? Certainly not so well as I would have some two or three years earlier, and not so well as I might have done now if I had possessed a sanguine temperament and more confidence in myself. I saw its faults when I saw it in print, one of the worst of them, I hope, its too great length, to begin with, its superabundance of description, its unceasing fluency, its long, billowy succession of words, words, words, words, its excess of pictorial effects, the sense of over-muchness everywhere, the extravagance, the immaturity! No. The Castle in the Air and its builder were shadows, fleeting shadows. The Wayside and its Master are solid realities this happy summer afternoon!" Here I heard the word, "Stoddard!" shouted without and from somewhere below, "Stoddard! Stoddard!" It was not one of those airy sounds that syllable men's names, of which Milton sung, but the insistent voice of Mr. Fields, who, model of punctuality that he was, had come to tell me it was time for us to take the train back to Boston. I started up hastily, Hawthorne helping me down as he had helped me up, and I was soon at the porch of the house, where the rest of our party were waiting. Paying our parting respects to Mrs. Hawthorne, we took our way to the station, reached it with time to spare, seated ourselves on the shady side of the train and, chatting as we rode, returned to Boston, where we parted company, my new-made military friend to return to his Presidential principal in New Hampshire, my older literary friends to return to their respective Lares and Penates, and myself to the humble lodgings of a boyish acquaintance who was hospitable enough to house me occasionally, during my very short pilgrimages to the old corner book store.

A month or so after my return to New York I had occasion to write to Hawthorne on a matter of literary business, in which I hoped he might be somewhat interested, since it concerned him as well as myself. It was to write about him in a new periodical, The National Magazine, which, following the demise of The International Magazine, of which Doctor Griswold had been the unsuccessful editor, had possessed itself of some of its assets, the most important of which consisted of several portraits of popular writers drawn on the block, big burly John G. Saxe being one, little insignificant Buchanan Read another, and Hawthorne a third. Would I care to write anything for our pages relating to these blockheads? inquired the gravely clerical editor of this national-international projection of fertility into our sterile literature.

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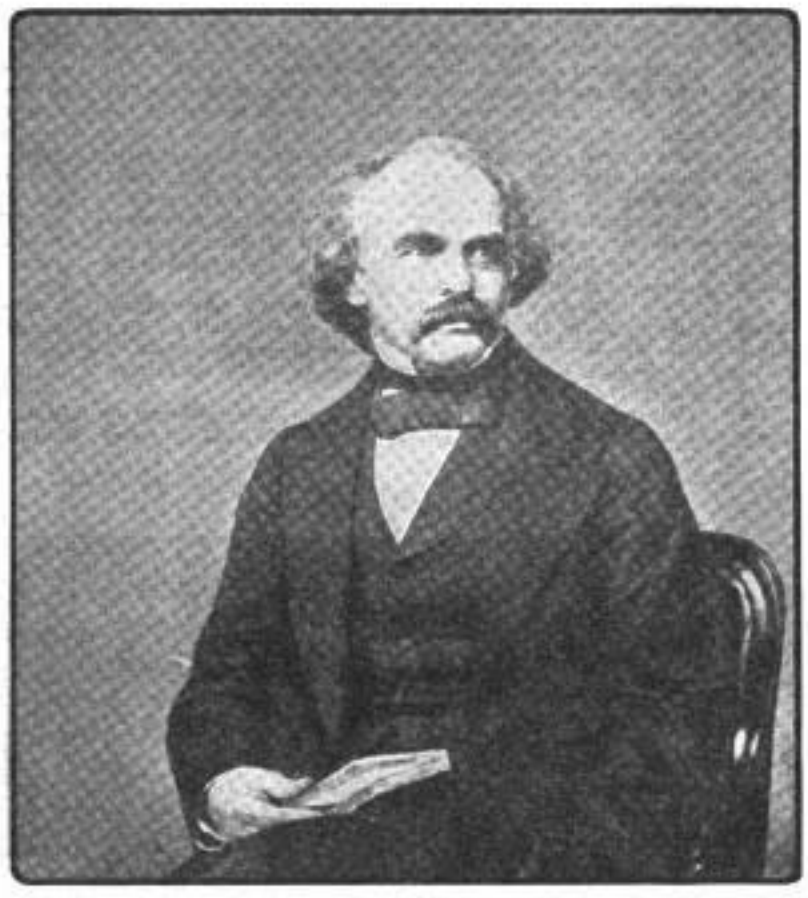
I said I would, and out of the number which he showed me I selected the three I have mentioned, and wrote to Hawthorne asking him, if he were not averse to coming into my unskillful hands, whether he would not kindly write something about himself which, or the semblance of which, I might incorporate in my proposed sketch of his life and writings. In a few days I received a long letter in reply, containing more than I had a right to expect, an unhesitating, frankly communicative piece of personal biography, written in his own simple, matchless, perfect style.

An extract from this letter, which appeared in due time in The National Magazine, must, I think, have interested its literary readers, as showing a more intimate knowledge of the ancestry, early years and personality of Hawthorne than anything that had yet found its way into print.

> "I was born in the town of Salem, Massachusetts," he writes, "in a house built by my grandfather, who was a maritime personage. The old homestead estate was in another part of the town, and had descended in the family ever since the settlement of the country; but this old man of the sea exchanged it for a lot of land situated near the wharves and convenient to his business, where he built a house (which is still standing) and laid out a garden, where I idled on a grass plot under an apple tree, and picked abundant currants. This grandfather (about whom there is a ballad in Griswold's Curiosities of American Literature) died long before I was born. One of the peculiarities of my boyhood was a grievous disinclination to go to school, and (Providence favoring me in this natural repugnance) I never did go half as much as other boys, partly owing to delicate health (which I made the most of, for this purpose), and partly because much of the time there were no schools within reach. When I was eight or nine years old, my mother with her three children took up her residence on the banks of the Sebago Lake, in Maine, where the family owned a large tract of land; and here I ran quite wild, and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece; but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and the Pilgrim's Progress, and any poetry or light books within my reach. Those were delightful days: for that part of the country was wild then, with only scattered clearings and nine-tenths of it primeval woods. But by and by my good mother began to think it was necessary for her boy to do something else, so I was sent back to Salem, where a private instructor fitted me for college. I was educated (as the phrase is) at Bowdoin College. I was an idle student, negligent of college rules and the Procrustean details of academic life, rather choosing to nurse my own fancies than to dig into Greek roots and be numbered among the learned Thebans. It was my fortune, or misfortune, just as you please, to have some slender means of supporting myself; and on leaving college in 1825, instead of immediately studying a profession, I sat down to consider what pursuit in life I was best fit for. My mother had now returned and taken up her abode in her deceased father's house, a tall, ugly, old, grayish building (it is now the residence of half a dozen Irish families), in which I had a room. And year after year I kept on considering what I was fit for, and time and my destiny decided that I was to be the writer that I am. I had always a natural tendency (it appears to have been on the paternal side) toward seclusion; and this I now indulged to the utmost, so that for months together I scarcely had human intercourse outside of my own family; never going out except at twilight, or only to take the nearest way to the most convenient solitude, which was oftenest the seashore — the rocks and beaches in the vicinity being as fine as any in New England. Once a year, or thereabouts, I used to make an excursion of a few weeks, in which I enjoyed as much of life as other people do in the whole year round. Having spent so much of my boyhood and youth away from my native place, I had very few acquaintances in Salem, and during the nine or ten years that I spent there in this solitary way, I doubt whether so much as twenty people in the town were conscious of my existence. Meanwhile, strange as it may seem, I had lived a very tolerable life, always seemed cheerful and enjoyed the very best bodily health. I had read endlessly all sorts of good and good-for-nothing books, and in the dearth of other employment had early begun to scribble sketches and stories, most of which I burned. Some, however, got into the magazines and annuals, but being anonymous or under different signatures, they did not soon have the effect of concentrating any attention upon the author. Still, they did bring me into contact with certain individuals. Mr. S. G. Goodrich (a gentleman of many excellent qualities, although a publisher), took a very kindly interest in me and employed my pen for The Token, an annual. Old copies of The Token may still be found in antique boudoirs and on the dusty shelves of street book-stalls. It was the first and probably the best — it could not possibly be the worst — annual ever issued in this country. It was a sort of hothouse, where native flowers were made to bloom like exotics. From the press of Munroe & Company, Boston, in the year 1837, appeared Twice-Told Tales. Though not widely successful in their day and generation, they had the effect of making me known in my own immediate vicinity, insomuch that, however reluctant, I was compelled to come out of my owl's nest and hoot in a small way. Then I was gradually drawn somewhat into the world and became pretty much like other people. My long seclusion had not made me melancholy or misanthropic, nor wholly unfitted for the bustle of life! and perhaps it was the kind of discipline which my idiosyncrasy demanded, and chance and my own instincts, operating together, had caused me to do what was fittest."

I visited Hawthorne a second time, probably after the appearance of my paper about him in The National Magazine, and upon a personal matter which proved of considerable importance to me then and for several years to come. It was the getting of a position under the Government which had passed into the hands of his friend, General Pierce. Who first suggested the bettering of my private circumstances by public employment I have forgotten; the idea was too brilliant, I think, to have originated with myself, for never exacting in my demands, nor sanguine in my expectations, but on the contrary, inclined to accept whatever came in my way, I was content to cultivate literature on a little oatmeal. "Contented wi' little," like poor dear Bobbie Burns, I never hoped to be "cantie wi' mair." Some common friend, possibly Mr. Fields, must have intimated to Hawthorne the desirability of my procuring an office and the certainty of my securing it with his help, for I never would have ventured to ask such a favor. I would not have ventured to make another visit unless I had known beforehand that I would be welcomed, nor then, except on the day and hour that he might appoint.

I made this second visit to Hawthorne in the late winter or early spring of 1853. It was a dull and dreary afternoon; the sky, which had been overcast since morning, threatened snow, and the wind, what there was of it, a stealthy consciousness of cold, penetrated to the marrow of one's bones. That I was expected was evident from Hawthorne's meeting me at the door and taking me at once into his writing-room, which was on the right side of the hallway, directly opposite the dining-room, with windows facing leafless shrubbery and the frozen wagon ruts of the yellow road. We seated ourselves in two old easy chairs, in front of a bright, warm wood-fire, and talked and talked and talked. Not about the personal business which had brought me there, which was so well understood by both that reference to it in words seemed unnecessary, but chiefly



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY HAWTHORNE TO THE AUTHOR

about three men of letters in New York whom I knew, and concerning whom he manifested considerable curiosity. They were early friends of his, his comrades and brothers in exile at Brook Farm — Mr. George Ripley, Mr. Charles Anderson Dana and Mr. George William Curtis.

"What are they doing now?" he asked me. "They are working on the Tribune," I answered, "in different capacities. Dana, I believe, conceives and controls the conduct of the paper, directs its policy from day to day, its minor politics, local party issues; Ripley, I know, is its literary editor, author of its heavy reviews, writer of its light book notices — Jeffrey of the hour; and Curtis is its music and art critic in one — Orpheus at the Opera House and Ruskin at the National Academy of Design."

"But what do you think of them," he continued, "personally and intellectually? Do you like them?"

"You have given me a very hard question," I said, "three very hard questions. Can't you give me something easier? Personally I think I like them; I ought to, for they always seem to like me. Intellectually, I am less certain what I think of them, they possess so many advantages which have been denied me, the incalculable advantages of education, to begin with. They are college bred, I take it, conversant with the Greek and Latin classics and able to read French, German and other modern European languages. They know so many things of which I know nothing, I feel abashed in their company, humiliated with a consciousness of my ignorance. Ripley is, I imagine, the most learned — learned, that is, in more directions than Dana and Curtis are — in divinity and philosophy, metaphysics and physics, philology and psychology and all the other ologies that constitute and consummate bookish wisdom. Smiling and suave, polished and agreeable, Ripley charms me with his double personality — now as the round, oily man of God and now as the perfect man of the world. Dana looks the man of business that he is, pleasantly intelligent, prompt and clear in speech, with a frankness that borders on the brusque. His mind being already made up, he spares others the labor of convincing him. He does what he can, well or ill, as well at one time as another, and always ready, never hesitates. Woman may be lost through deliberation, he never will. Curtis is a more complex character. More elegant of person and more formal appearing, there is that in him — a cultured courtesy, a considerate graciousness — which embarrasses me. They tell me it is only his manner; he was born with it, it is his birth-mark, his hall-mark, and it may be so. But, all the same, I do not like it, I cannot accustom myself to it, it is so like patronage. He has much talent as a writer, but so far, it appears to me, ill-directed. His Howadji books may be good of their kind, but I cannot think the kind a good one for prose. They are too mellifluent, too over-languaged, too purposely pictorial, and altogether too riotously sensuous. They are written, I opine, as the early verse of Keats was written — from their enamourment of words — rich, rare, ripe words which the young poet rolled like sweet morsels under his tongue. I knew of Curtis before I met him from Dana, who, when he was abroad, showed me a little manuscript volume of his verse. It was like his prose, only more so, flushed with fancied feeling, uncertain and inept of technique, and as crabbed and unmusical as some of the clumsy lyrics in Browning's Bells and Pomegranates. This much for my elders and betters. For myself, sir, you are quite right in not liking my book of childish stories and I thank you for telling me so plainly. The title, as you say, is a pretty one, Adventures in Fairyland; but it was not mine, it was suggested by Mr. Fields, and it is certainly not an appropriate one, since there are no fairies in the book, and consequently no adventures. I don't know how to write prose. It is a jargon, a dialect which I have not learned; my native speech is poetry. But poetry generally spells poverty, and, in my case, if I should persist in it, it would spell positive privation. I must live, however, though you may not see the necessity for it, so in order to live I tried to write prose and failed as I feared I might — how badly I am beginning to know."

Here, conscious of the personal egotism of my talk, and noting by the flickering light of the fire that it was growing dark without, I arose, and refusing Hawthorne's hospitable offer to house me till morning, said I must go, bade him good-night and departed, plunging down the dark road against the sharp east wind that whirled the snow in my face, threatening to blind me and throw me down before I could reach the station. I returned to New York, where, after an interval of eight or ten days, I received a delightful letter from Hawthorne, who — begging my pardon for not writing before, having been very busy and not particularly well — proceeded to enlarge on the object I had in mind during my late visit and to advise me as to the best means of obtaining it. I was to roll up and pile up as much of a snowball as I could in the way of political interest, for there never was a fiercer time among office-seekers, and I had better make my point in the custom house at New York, for, from what he could learn, there would be poor chance of clerkships in Washington. He inclosed a letter to me to the Honorable Charles G. Atherton, Senator from New Hampshire, who had a good heart, at least for a politician of a quarter of a century's standing, and if he were certain that he could not help me he would probably tell me so. Perhaps it would be as well for me to apply for some particular place that had a literary fragrance about it — librarian to some department, the office which Lanman held. Then, diverging from generalities to specialties, like a wise and friendly physician who questions an intruding patient with careful carelessness before he prescribes for him, he asked me:

> "Are you fond of brandy? Your strength of head (which you tell me you possess) may stand you in good stead at Washington; for most of these public men are inveterate guzzlers and love a man that can stand up to them in that respect. It would never do to let them see that you could, however. But I must leave you to find your own way among them. If you have never associated with them heretofore you will find them a new class and very unlike poets."

I pondered this light paragraph seriously, wondering whether it was not meant as a caution to me, and wondering also if I stood in need of it. I thought not, though I might be mistaken. The next paragraph brightened me up with a glimpse it gave me of Hawthorne personally:

> "I have finished The Tanglewood Tales and they will make a volume about the size of the Wonder Book, consisting of six old myths — the Minotaur, the Golden Fleece, the story of Proserpine, etc., etc., etc., done up in excellent style, purified from all moral stains, re-created as good as new, or better, and fully equal in their own way to Mother Goose. I never did anything so well as those old baby stories."

Armed with Hawthorne's letter to Senator Atherton, I did not delay to roll up and pile up preliminary political snowballs in New York, but hastened to Washington. I was favored, however, while on the train by an unexpected

(Concluded on Page 1016 of this Number)

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The Love Chase

By Van Tassel Sutphen

FOR twelve years Blondel Hardinge had served as Honorary Secretary of the Marion County Golf Club, and for thrice that period of time he had been the particular pet and pride of his two maiden aunts, the Misses St. John. Add that he was a bachelor and the pen portrait is complete. Up to the psychological moment at which this story begins, there was absolutely nothing more to be said about Mr. Blondel Hardinge.

When a man has reached the age of thirty-six years without complicating his existence with matrimony, he may with some justice consider himself immune. But that very sense of security may be in itself a source of danger, and the Misses St. John had never been able to feel quite easy in mind about their favorite nephew. From their simple standpoint, to know him was to love him, and the dear boy seemed so pathetically unconscious of the daily peril in which he stood. At any cost he must be guarded against a mistake which might have serious consequences upon the whole of his future. When the woman came along who might be trusted to make Blondel happy, why, then it would be time enough to make other arrangements.

"You understand, Joanna, that there cannot be two opinions upon a matter of such importance. Blondel must be protected, and, if necessary, even from himself." Miss Honor St. John spoke as one having authority and Miss Joanna hastened to acquiesce.

This was the theory promulgated upon the occasion of Blondel's first tail-coat, and it had never been discarded; these excellent women had never for an instant lost sight of their self-imposed trust.

They had their reward, for their guardianship had been wonderfully efficacious. Here was Blondel Hardinge at the age of thirty-six absolutely heart-whole. There was no smell of fire upon his garments; his lips had never even approached the magic cup of Love's elixir. It is true that the draught had often been described to him as exceedingly pleasant, and perhaps he might have been tempted into taking a sip had it not been for the elder Miss St. John's terrifying description of the serpent lurking at the bottom of the vessel. She had looked over the edge more than once and had seen the monster distinctly.

Blondel was conscious of being short-sighted and he knew that his Aunt Honor possessed excellent eyes. So, being a proper youth, he would not allow himself to be dazzled by the seductive sparkle of the love philter. The homely draught of the soda-water fountain was quite enough in the way of effervescence, and, if he really felt thirsty, he had only to wend his way to the Dovecote, where a brew of Soochong "golden tips" was always at his service, fragrant, non-inebriating, and prepared by the hands of Aunt Honor in person.

Yet once or twice during the critical decade of the twenties the guileless Blondel had strayed uncomfortably close to the danger line. There had been moments in his quiet youth when he had been strangely stirred by the flash of a dark eye, the cadence of a silvery laugh. Several times he had happened in the company of young ladies who had seemed to him to converse remarkably well and whose artless natures were unspeakably attractive to contemplate. But Blondel's Aunt Honor always succeeded in dispelling these illusions before they had time in which to cloud, permanently, his sensitive mind. He learned that soulfulness, as well as beauty, may be only skin deep, and he was soon able to distinguish infallibly between angel plumage and ordinary goose feathers. With Aunt Honor at his elbow, Blondel Hardinge was not likely to make any mistake in his bargaining at the matrimonial counter, but the years had rolled on without even a purchase on approval. It is possible, of course, to be too particular and so to end where one began—with nothing.

Being wise in their (past) generation, Blondel's aunts had realized that something must be found for idle hands to do. It was not necessary that he should actually work for a living, since he possessed a comfortable income in his own right and was heir to the St. John estate, but clearly Blondel ought to have some vocation in life. The Army and Navy were manifestly out of the question, and in the Church there were pitfalls innumerable of the sentimental variety. The confinement of ordinary business would certainly injure his health, and he had no inclination for a professional career. What was to be done?

It was at this critical moment that golf suddenly became a fixture on the national calendar of sports and the question was answered. Blondel Hardinge went in for golf, and for twelve years had filled the honorable post of club secretary.

But Blondel Hardinge was something more than a golfer—he was a sportsman as well. And as a sportsman he had no use for the "ulterior motive," whether it concerned the future welfare of his liver or the present disposition of a fifty-cent piece. To him the game was the thing; and the sentiment was all the more creditable, considering the fact that Blondel Hardinge *had* no game worthy of the name.

Having taken up the sport after the impressionable days of childhood had gone by, he was emphatically a self-made golfer, and a poor job at that. But he looked at life bravely from the platform of forty in the club handicap list, he had no illusions about the length of his drive (even the clean hits), and he never allowed himself to disparage another man's game. As a consequence, Blondel Hardinge was popular with his brother golfers, and no picked-up foursome was complete without his cheerful presence and inimitable foozling. To paraphrase one of the late Mr. Ruskin's genial characterizations, Blondel Hardinge by his golfing life and actions had earned the respect always accorded to honest, helpless, hopeless imbecility.

As a bachelor and golfer he had lived for thirty-six years a pure and blameless life; so far as human foresight could determine, he would probably round out his threescore and ten under the same equable conditions. He played his daily match at golf without even a glance in the direction of that unattainable prize list, and the Misses St. John kept his linen and his affections in unimpeachable repair. A simple, wholesome, normal existence, but already Destiny was knocking at the gate.

The automobile, that very latest toy of Fashion's jaded fancy, had made its appearance in Lauriston. Challis and Alderson and Robinson Brown and Rivers and all the rest of them had, one by one, been drawn away to worship at this new shrine, and in the erstwhile crowded temple of the goddess of golf the faithful might now be counted upon one's fingers. It was disgraceful!—this wholesale defection. Blondel Hardinge resented the schism with a feeling almost personal. Twice now he had been obliged to hold over the regular monthly handicap for want of a qualifying number of entries in the several classes; if this sort of thing went on, the course might as well be closed up and presented to the moles and rabbits in perpetual fee simple.

"To the deuce with the automobile, anyway! Granted that you *can* go to Hackensack at an expense of half a cent a mile, why the dickens should you want to go there at all?"

In Blondel Hardinge's opinion there could be no reasonable reply to this clincher.

But in spite of all opposition the automobile continued to multiply itself in Lauriston. Whereupon did Blondel Hardinge, heroic champion of a dying cause, inaugurate a campaign of extermination. Under the highway laws an automobile could not be excluded from the roads, but its owners could be held legally responsible for all the willful damage that it might cause. So Blondel borrowed of the Misses St. John a ramshackly "one-hoss shay," and hired a wall-eyed equine brute, familiarly known as "the Limb," from a local liveryman. Thus prepared he sallied forth on the Monkton road to meet the enemy.

Within a week he had taken part in eight different smash-ups, and in every case the courts had awarded him substantial damages as against the offending automobile. A remarkable record, and yet Mr. Hardinge's plan of operation was simplicity itself. He made no attempt, directly or otherwise, to bring on a collision; on the contrary, he did his utmost to avoid it. Whenever an automobile hove in sight Blondel immediately pulled "the Limb" into the gutter and waited patiently for the horseless carriage to go by. Strange to say, this apparently harmless procedure always aroused the suspicious temper of the automobile and caused it to wobble in its mind.



"What the deuce," it would say, "does this impertinent fellow insinuate? The road is wide enough for three vehicles to pass; does he doubt my ability to steer clear of his wretched vehicle? Why, dash it all!"——but at this point in the argument the automobile invariably ran plump into the "one-hoss shay," and it was in order for the *chauffeur* and Blondel to exchange cards.

As time went on, however, the amateur stokers began to fight shy of Blondel Hardinge and of his terrible "shay" that fell to pieces at a touch, and yet was always on hand for the next customer by four o'clock of the following afternoon. And so the automobilists got in the habit, whenever they saw Blondel in the distance, of turning down convenient side streets or of pulling into the gutter themselves until the "one-hoss shay" was safely past. The heart of Blondel Hardinge flamed with a vindictive satisfaction. "Now to carry the war into Africa," he said to himself.

The buckboard was constructed on ice-wagon lines, and in point of solidity it would have compared favorably with a South African armored train. It was guaranteed for heavy work, and after two or three trials Blondel was so well satisfied with its powers that he would not have hesitated to tackle a steam roller or road ditcher.

One after another the Lauriston automobiles had met and gone down under its terrible iron tires, the hunter had become the hunted, and in less than a week there was not a horseless carriage in commission throughout the whole of Marion County. The damage suits were now piling up on the other side, but Blondel did not care. He could stand a good deal of legal pounding, and Miss Joanna St. John had offered to back him up to the last penny of her fortune. To Aunt Joanna the automobile was an accursed thing. The steam carriages might be expected to blow up at any moment, the storage-battery affairs were always looking for a chance to run away, to say nothing of the ever-present danger of electrocution, the gasoline machines—well, nothing would ever convince Miss Joanna St. John that the odor of carburetted gasoline could be a healthy thing to breathe into your lungs, and dear Blondel had always had tendencies, etc., etc. And so the merry war went on, and it was Thursday, the fifteenth day of May.

Blondel Hardinge, lifting up his eyes, could not believe them for the moment. An automobile had turned in from the side road and was actually bearing down upon him. What impertinence! Blondel drew his whiplash smartly across "the Limb's" flanks and pulled into position for the encounter that was now inevitable.

"The near back wheel," muttered Blondel Hardinge, and so neatly had the calculation been made that he got it without even a turn of the wrist. There was a shrill cry from the driver of the automobile as the axle snapped. Then the motor car lurched heavily to one side, and the unfortunate *chauffeur* went flying, like a stone from a sling, clean over a hedgerow and into a field that lay beyond. Such accidents were bound to happen now and then, they were part of the fortunes of war, and Hardinge did not pretend to any hypocritical regrets for what he had done. Still he could do no less than proceed to the assistance of his vanquished foe; he must at least leave a card upon him.

The automobilist lay quite still where he had fallen and for a moment Blondel's heart beat tremulously. But a hasty



DRAWN BY E. MARTIN JUSTICE

—IMMEDIATELY PULLED "THE LIMB" INTO THE GUTTER AND WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE TO GO BY

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examination showed that it was only a faint; the *chauffeur's* winter costume of heavy furs had saved him from broken bones or serious injury, and a cupful of water would soon bring him around. A little brook gurgled within a few paces. Blondel saturated a pocket handkerchief and clumsily belaved the pallid forehead. The teeth were clenched and he tried to force them open that he might get down a few drops of brandy. With an impatient hand he unfastened the clasp of the high sable collar and a tendril of golden hair twined itself about his finger. . . .

It was too late to think of flight, for the soft hazel eyes were looking straight at him.

"Where am I?"

"With friends," answered Blondel vaguely. He was conscious of a genuine desire to set himself right in this young person's esteem, and, after all, he did not know who owned the field in which they were.

Mademoiselle Incognita sat up very straight and contemplated Blondel with judicial eyes.

"I've seen you somewhere"—she spoke hesitatingly. And then with positive conviction. "You are the—the imbecile who ran into me just now. How could you have been so stupid?"

Blondel winced. She seemed willing to accord him the amnesty of contempt, but this he could not accept. Better the mark of Cain than the stigma of the incapable.

"Pardon me, but I did it on purpose, don't you know. If you'll let me explain——"

"Pray do."

He told her the story of this modern crusade, omitting nothing and varnishing nothing, and she listened with a flattering interest.

"A latter-day Don Quixote," she commented with cruel distinctness. "Really, Mr. Hardinge, egotism in you has reached its perfect and consummate flower; thank you so much for permitting me to inhale its exquisite perfume. And now, if you please, we will discuss the question of reparation. What do you propose?"

Hardinge reddened. "Of course I will have the material damages made good, and you must know that every apology that language can convey——"

"To me personally, yes; but how about the great and glorious cause that you have so persistently vilified and attacked?"

Blondel Hardinge mumbled some unintelligible words.

"I thought so," she continued pitilessly, "and I shall therefore reserve the forgiveness for which you plead. It shall be yours only on the day that you bring me the Monkton Cup."

The Monkton Cup! It was nothing less than the open road-race trophy of the Marion County Automobile Club, and it had just been put up as an annual fixture by the genial president of the organization, Mr. J. Robinson Brown. The first contest was to be held on Saturday, July 3, and *chauffeurs* from all over the country would be present to compete for what was already regarded as the blue ribbon of automotor achievement. This, then, was the price that my Lady Disdain set upon the forgiveness to be accorded Blondel Hardinge. His face paled as he listened, but he did not attempt to protest. In silence they passed through a convenient stile and proceeded to the scene of the wreck.

"If you will accept a seat in my buckboard," said Hardinge stiffly, "I can have the automobile sent for later and taken to the machine shop."

"Not on any account," returned his implacable antagonist. "Our house is only five minutes' walk, and nothing would induce me to ride behind such a dangerous animal as a horse. Good-day, Mr. Blondel Hardinge, and Heaven send you the understanding with which to interpret the handwriting upon the wall of progress. Perhaps a term at night-school—but take your own way about it. And so again, good-by."

Blondel Hardinge watched the lissom figure out of sight, and then drove homeward in a mood so abstracted that he never noticed a gas-motor tricycle that was performing its impertinent evolutions under his very nose. And yet the olfactory organ is generally sensitive to the odors arising from the imperfect combustion of gasoline vapor.

"I don't believe that Blondel has been near the golf club this week," said Miss Honor St. John to Miss Joanna a few evenings later as they were about to sit down to their solitary tea. Blondel, as usual now, was dining out.

Miss Joanna started guiltily. She was thinking of a discovery that she had made that afternoon while engaged in putting away Blondel's shirts. In the upper bureau drawer lay a newly purchased scarf, its color—an automobile red.

"Honor must never even suspect it," thought Aunt Joanna miserably.

"Those new people, the Edmunds," said Aunt Honor to herself. "There's a girl in the family, a minx named Clarice—Blondel took her out to dinner at the Alderson's. Joanna must not know; it would break her heart."

The two old ladies looked at each other stealthily. "It's golf elbow, dear," said Aunt Honor with a little gulp. The Recording Angel wiped away a tear.

Blondel Hardinge and Clarice Edmunds had met not once but several times since that fatal Thursday, but their relations continued to be coldly formal. Miss Edmunds was a young woman of character, and she quickly gave Hardinge to understand that she had meant every word she said. He tried to persuade himself that he did not care, but failed miserably, and the revelation of his weakness was as though the solid ground had been cut away from beneath his feet.

At the end of the fortnight he informed the Misses St. John that he should stay in town for the month of June. Business was the specious plea, and, though the excuse deceived no one, it answered its purpose in staving off discussion.

"Anything to keep him out of Lauriston while this ridiculous automobile fever is raging," said Aunt Joanna to herself. "I am confident of the strength of dear Blondel's principles, but it is better to avoid temptation altogether."

"He won't see that minx for a month," was Aunt Honor's mental comment, "and time is everything just now."

So, receiving their blessing and a six months' supply of shirts, Blondel kissed his aunts good-by and took the train for town.

Arrived at the metropolis he registered at an obscure hotel under an assumed name, and forthwith avoided sedulously the principal thoroughfares and the club and theatre centres. Blondel Hardinge had come to the city for a purpose, and the very next day he arranged with a celebrated French professional for a course of private lessons in the noble art of stoking a gas engine. At the end of the first lesson he was constrained to admit that there was something more in this



DRAWN BY S. MARTIN JUSTICE

"OH, A LOVING CUP!" HE SAID EAGERLY

"*feuf-feuf*" business than he had supposed; he even found himself comparing it with golf, and to the latter's disadvantage. There is a problem here, but its solution is not a difficult task for even the amateur in psychologic research. For example:

It had been the artless and yet baffling simplicity of the game of golf that had originally fascinated Blondel Hardinge and had kept him enthralled through so many years. There *must* be a secret somewhere; he *would* find it. And so he might have worked on to the very end of the chapter, for, as all the scratch players know, there isn't any secret in golf except just to hit the ball clean and hard. But it *seemed* mysterious to Blondel Hardinge and it gave him an aim in life, something to work at, a riddle to solve, a secret to discover.

And yet what child's play it had been! all this inutile wrangling about stance and grip and follow-on, when compared to the ordinary, every-day exigencies of running a petroleum motor-carriage. A golf ball might have moods and tenses, the gas engine had its "accidents" as well, and sometimes the *chauffeur* got mixed up with the latter and an ambulance call would be found necessary. It was the element of personal risk that made the pursuit of knowledge in the automobile field so fascinating, and Blondel Hardinge was quick to feel the insidious seduction. At the end of the week he would not have stepped down from the box-seat of his newly purchased gasoline mail-cart to fill the shoes of any golf champion on earth. Reduced to philosophic terms, Blondel Hardinge's mental attitude was a remarkable illustration of the expulsive power of a new affection. *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!*

It was the third of July and the appointed day for the first annual road race in competition for the Monkton Cup. Public interest in the event had been growing steadily, and the race had already been acclaimed as the great sporting fixture of the year. At all events, it was indisputably a novelty, and as such it commanded universal attention. Over one hundred entries had been received; all the important newspapers were represented by their ablest space writers; enormous crowds blocked the starting and terminal points and stood three deep along the entire line of the course; all was color, noise and animation, a gala day indeed!

The course, as laid out by the committee of the Automobile Club, ran from Addison, in a neighboring State, to a point directly opposite the entrance gate of the Marion County Golf Club, in Lauriston, and was exactly one hundred miles in length. The road was macadamized for the most part, but there were several stretches of unimproved highway and some rough hill work. It should be an admirable test of all-round endurance and some of the contestants considered it too severe; but any excuse will serve a competitor who realizes that his chances are small, and the malcontents would probably have scratched in any event. Still the percentage of withdrawals was unusually large, for out of the hundred entries only twenty-two vehicles put in an appearance at the starting post in Addison. Among them was the Butterfly, a charming white and gold gas-phaeton, driven by Miss Clarice Edmunds, and the Avalanche, a business-looking petroleum nondescript with Mr. Blondel Hardinge at the levers.

It had been a keen shock to Blondel when he realized that Clarice herself was among the competitors. According to the conditions of the contest each vehicle must carry one passenger and he had cherished the insane hope that Miss Edmunds might occupy the right-hand box-seat of the Avalanche. But here she was driving her own trap and her companion was that odious Major Topham, a beast who sported impossibly luxuriant Dundreary whiskers and who was suspected of corsets. Blondel's heart was heavy and sore. Surely the chances of his success had been small enough without her taking a hand against him.

"But anything, I suppose, to keep me from a win," thought Blondel Hardinge. "How she must loathe me, and I—I who was fool enough to think——"

Bang! went the gong and the contestants prepared to get into position. The conditions governing the race were few and simple. The carriages would be started separately at two-minute intervals, which should permit them to get well away. Each contestant was provided with an ordinary coach whip, and if he could get near enough to touch with this whip any part of the vehicle ahead, that touch was to be considered equivalent to the "bump" of an English rowing race. The "touched" vehicle was thereupon to give way instantly and allow a free passage to its conqueror. The first carriage to arrive at the golf club in Lauriston would win the cup, proper allowances being made, of course, for the handicaps in the starting time.

The first carriage was sent away at exactly ten o'clock, and with any kind of luck the contestants should all be on hand at Lauriston for tea at five o'clock.

Morgan Gordon had hoped for great things from his new electric seven tonner. But his tires went flat at the last moment and he was glad to accept Hardinge's invitation to the box-seat of the Avalanche. By this time half a dozen of the contestants had been sent away, and Miss Edmunds was No. 8, Hardinge being almost at the tail end with No. 19.

As the Butterfly puffed up to the starting line she glanced over at him. It was six weeks since they had met and she seemed surprised to see him here. It was only then that Blondel realized that he might have been a trifle hasty in his previous judgment. Now that he thought of it, he had left Lauriston without giving her any hint of his intentions. No wonder that his appearance as an actual competitor for the Monkton Cup was somewhat disconcerting even to so well-poised a young woman as Miss Clarice Edmunds. She blushed unmistakably as she bowed to him, and the heart of Blondel Hardinge bounded in his breast with the exuberant elasticity of a toy balloon.

"No. 8!" bawled the starter and the Butterfly dashed over the line, with Major Topham in the act of kissing his hand to the admiring multitude. "Beast!" muttered Blondel Hardinge, his fingers closing involuntarily about the grip-stock of his coach whip.

Twenty minutes later the Avalanche was started, and for the first few miles Blondel kept a restraining hand on the speed lever. One hundred miles is a long course, and machinery, like a horse, should be warmed up gradually to its best work. He even permitted the Ghost, a vulgar steam runabout, to "touch" and pass him, but five miles farther on the Avalanche stopped for a moment to pick up the senseless form of Bob Challis, erstwhile stoker of the runabout. The Ghost itself had vanished into thin air; the disappearance, indeed, was so complete that the Society for Psychical Research heard of the case and sent up a commission to investigate it. (See the journal of the society for 1900, page 21 *et seq.*)

By noon the Avalanche had got into her stride and was fairly eating up the miles. Strange to say, Blondel had not been obliged to "touch" a single competitor although he had now gained eight or ten numbers upon his original position. Rivers, in his acetylene dog-cart, had been put out by the Addison fire department immediately after the start. Traphagen, using compressed air and unparliamentary language, had barely managed to cross the State line, and six electrics had perished in a bunch at the first piece of sandy going. By four o'clock in the afternoon the goal was but

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fourteen miles away, and, judging from the *disjecta membra* of valuable machinery that the Avalanche had been passing for the last two hours, it did not seem possible that even one practicable automobile besides their own could be still in the race.

"Go it, Avalanche!" shrieked J. Robinson Brown imprisoned under the wreck of his hopes, a *beau chauffeur* who was being slowly poisoned by his own carbureter.

"Anybody ahead?" asked Morgan Gordon as the Avalanche swept by.

"Only the Butterfly."

"And behind?" But already the Avalanche had gained the crest of the divide and they had only to look back for the question to answer itself. Hardly a mile away and coming strong was a long, low machine of the four-cylinder, balanced-motor type. An umbrella-like cloud of dust hovered above the monster and marked its progress.

"Talfourd Jones!"

"The Jolly Roger!"

The exclamations broke simultaneously from the lips of Morgan Gordon and of Blondel Hardinge. "Tchick!" and the speed lever of the Avalanche rattled into the last notch.

Twelve miles farther on and the Butterfly was not more than a hundred yards ahead. Evidently the continuous strain had been too much for Miss Edmunds, for she had changed places with Major Topham and the latter was in charge of the levers. Now the Avalanche was within striking distance and Blondel cracked his whiplash smartly against the tail-board of the Butterfly. According to the rules governing the contest, Major Topham should instantly have pulled over to the right and permitted Blondel to pass. But instead of doing that Topham actually drove the Butterfly diagonally to the left, thereby closing the road completely. Believing it to be a misunderstanding Blondel again gave the required signal and again he was coolly and unmistakably blocked off. For an instant Blondel felt a wild desire to wind his whiplash about the villain's shoulders, but soberer reflection prevailed and he slowed up to consider what he ought to do.

Could it be possible that Clarice—Miss Edmunds—did not desire a reconciliation, or, what was even more incredible, did she value a bauble like the Monkton Cup above his friendship? She had apparently made no effort to interfere with Topham's unwarrantable proceedings; her face, as he had seen it, had been like marble, the lips tightly pressed together. What ought he to do?

The Butterfly had been lost to sight around a curve, and as the Avalanche rounded it in turn Morgan Gordon raised an exultant whoop. The Butterfly, apparently disabled, stood motionless in the middle of the road.

It was the simplest and yet the most irremediable of disasters—the gasoline tank had been permitted to run dry and the parable of the Foolish Virgins had received its truly modern application.

Without a word Blondel caused the Avalanche to come into gentle contact with the rail-board of the Butterfly and the two automobiles moved forward again. Not the faintest suspicion of his surpassing magnanimity entered Blondel Hardinge's mind; it was enough that Miss Edmunds wanted the Monkton Cup—well, Major Topham had only to keep the Butterfly straight and she should have it. And the goal was now but a short mile away.

There was the rumble of flying wheels, the clank of machinery working at its highest speed. Blondel glanced over his shoulder. Talfourd Jones and the Jolly Roger were a scant two hundred yards in the rear and coming like the wind. The Avalanche was working at its utmost power, but it was carrying a double load and the struggle was a hopeless one. It would be Jones then—maddening thought!—who would carry off the coveted prize.

The mind of Blondel awoke to a supernatural alertness. The two leading vehicles were already on the crest of the gentle quarter of a mile slope leading down to the golf club. A vigorous parting shove and the Butterfly went spinning on alone. It, at least, was sure to arrive at the goal. Blondel turned to Morgan Gordon; an old principle of golf strategy had occurred to him.

"Did you ever play a match with Jones?"

"Why, yes; but——"

"Supposing that the game was all square at the eighteenth tee and you sliced your drive out of bounds, what then?"

Morgan Gordon grinned. "It would be a hundred to one that Jones' ball would be found within a foot of the first one."

"Exactly. Hold on tight!"

The Avalanche swerved with a sickening lurch into the ditch. Crash! and it brought up squarely against a telegraph pole and turned completely over, its wheels still feebly rotating. Smash! and the Jolly Roger had added itself to the scrap-pile.

Talfourd Jones crawled out of the wreckage. His face was white with passion and he drew his whiplash threateningly through his fingers.

"Imitation," remarked Blondel Hardinge coldly, "is the sincerest form of flattery."

The committee could do nothing less than award the cup to Miss Clarice Edmunds, driver of the gas-phaeton Butterfly. Talfourd Jones entered a protest of foul play, but what was there to be said? The committee would cheerfully disqualify Mr. Hardinge, but how would that help Mr. Jones, it being admitted that neither of the gentlemen had finished the prescribed course? The only one to arrive had been the Butterfly and the committee could not go behind the returns. And that was positively the last word—good-day, Mr. Jones.

Blondel Hardinge had witnessed the presentation of the trophy, but his spirit was ill-attuned to the gayety about him. Hardly knowing what he did, he went to his locker, took his favorite niblick and an old ball and made his way to that famous bunker, "Grimshaw's Grave." With furious, feverish strokes he began again upon the old, hopeless task; after all, this was his *métier* and he should never have left it.

A shadow fell athwart the yellow sand and Clarice Edmunds stood before him. In her hand was the Monkton Cup; she held it out to him.

"No, no!" and Blondel hastily backed away.

"As you will, but"—pleadingly—"don't you see that it has double handles."

Blondel Hardinge had a brilliant inspiration. "Oh, a loving cup!" he said eagerly. Miss Edmunds blushed rosily.

The crunching of wheels on the gravel drive of the "Dovecote" aroused the Misses St. John from their blameless post-prandial somnolence. "Blondel!" exclaimed Aunt Joanna looking out of the window, and then in a still, small voice: "A white and gold gas-phaeton! Oh, Honor!"

"That minx!" ejaculated Miss Honor, drawing herself up stiffly.

And yet time works wonders. To-day the Butterfly and niece Clarice stand second only to Blondel himself in the affections of these estimable women. Miss Joanna has several times been induced to take a little spin in the Butterfly and she has privately decided that the sensation is delightful. As for Miss Honor, has she not formally bequeathed to Clarice her hitherto unpublished collection of household receipts, including the priceless formula of the celebrated St. John blackberry jam? Indeed but she has, and she knows that her treasures are in the right hands.

"Golf, the automobile and now me," said young Mrs. Hardinge one day. "How can I be sure, Blondel dear, that your wandering fancy is fixed at last?"

Blondel colored. "But there never was any real secret about golf, you know, and as for a gas engine, why once you have taken it apart——"

"I see," said his wife decisively. "As with all other men, it is only the pursuit of the apparently unknowable that attracts you. I shall have to protect myself by always keeping just around the corner."

That was five years ago and Blondel Hardinge is still running—breathlessly. But everybody says that he is the most devoted husband in all Lauriston, and the Blondel Hardinges are certainly a happy couple.



DRAWN BY CARL HUBSCHMANN

At the life-saving station

The Humorous Side of Politics

By Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls

CHARLES SUMNER had no more sense of humor than a hippopotamus, but there was something excessively humorous about his colossal self-consciousness, of which it is no paradox to say he was apparently unconscious.

His egotism was inordinately vast, though innocent in its simplicity. It was far from conceit and led to no disparagement of his associates. Indeed, I doubt if he ever instituted comparisons.

Probably Grant, whom he hated and abused, came the nearest to sizing him up when he said: "The reason Sumner doesn't believe in the Bible is because he didn't write it himself!"

He had large intellectual powers, but not so large as he imagined. He had no influence on legislation. He was unable to endure opposition. If he could not have his own will he would do nothing. But this is not intended as an analysis of his work or his character. I started out to say that soon after I entered the Senate we were riding up the Avenue in a street car, and by way of conversation he asked me about my predecessor, Senator Pomeroy, who had met with an accident politically. He spoke of his early fidelity to the cause of freedom and the unusual degree to which he held the confidence of his associates till the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

"Indeed," he continued with great gravity, "had he died before that time Kansas would have owed him a monument, and *I should myself have pronounced his eulogy!*"

Roscoe Conkling in the Meridian of His Power

The self-consciousness of Roscoe Conkling was quite as egregious as that of Mr. Sumner, but his egotism was tinged with vanity and compounded with scorn, contempt and disdain. He was a past-master in the gentle art of making enemies and well versed in the vocabulary of derision and hatred. Hamlet might have had him in mind when, in his soliloquy, he mentioned, among other things that make life not worth living, "the proud man's contumely." The hinges of his knees were not pregnant and he had none of the thrift that follows fawning. When I first knew him he was in the meridian of his great powers. He possessed an extraordinary assemblage of physical and intellectual attributes that made him by far the most prominent, picturesque and impressive figure in public life.

His presence was noble and commanding; his voice and elocution were superb; his bearing and address somewhat too formal, but marked by dignity and grace. His vocabulary was rich and ornamental, sometimes almost to the borders of the grotesque, but fertilized with apposite quotations and allusions that showed wide reading, especially in poetry, romance and the drama. Some hostile critic described one of his speeches as a "purple earthquake of oratory." But he was always heard with delight on any theme.

Had he possessed greater flexibility of temper, been less inexorable in his animosities, and learned how to forget where he could not forgive, there was no height he might not have reached, even the highest in the people's gift. But he would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder.

In that state of moral typhoid which always follows great wars, an era of profligacy, of sudden wealth at the price of honor, of *crédit mobilier* and Star Route scandals, he was not contaminated. He walked through the furnace with no smell of fire upon his garments.

Toward the end of his career in the Senate he fell out with the newspapers, and sometimes, when he arose to speak, every reporter in the press gallery closing his notebook, the whole crowd would rush noisily out into the lobby, leaving every seat without an occupant.

He flushed at the insult, but speaking of journalism afterward, he was moved to remark in his propitiatory way that the only people in the world authorized to use the first person, plural, "we," in speaking of themselves, were "editors and men with tapeworms!"

His allusion to Governor Cornell as "that lizard on the hill," and to President Arthur, after his refusal to abdicate in favor of Mr. Conkling, as "the prize ox in American politics," and his refusal to speak for Blaine in the campaign of 1884 on the ground that he was "not engaged in criminal practice," are well-known illustrations of his methods of compelling his political associates to be either his vassals or his enemies.

But Jove did not always sit on Olympus. Sometimes he descended to the plain, though never quite on terms of absolute equality with mankind. He was inclined to "jolly" those whom he did not feel disposed to bully.

When Thurman once asked him in a debate on some legal proposition why he kept looking at him all the time, Conkling replied with elaborate raillery that he turned to him as the source and fountain of the common law as, at the call of the Muezzin, the Mussulman turned to Mecca.

The Elephantine Inertia of Judge David Davis

Another favorite bust for his chaff, banter and ridicule was Judge David Davis, a native of Maryland who migrated early to Illinois, where he laid the foundation of an immense fortune by sagacious investments in farming lands. He was an original friend of Lincoln's and a delegate to the convention that nominated him for the Presidency. Riding with him once from Bloomington to Quincy, he gave me a most interesting inside history of the movement for Lincoln, one of the extraordinary facts being that the entire expense of his nomination, including headquarters, telegraphing, music, fare of delegations and other incidentals was less than seven hundred dollars.

He was a Falstaff in proportions and good nature, and the best guesser in American politics. Lincoln appointed him Justice of the Supreme Court in 1862. The greater part of his active life was passed on the Bench, where he was accustomed to have the last word and to delivering opinions rather than defending them—which is not a good preparation for the deliberations of the Senate.

He was an inveterate compromiser and composer of strife, which led Conkling to allude to him in debate as "the largest wholesale and retail dealer in political soothing syrup the world had ever known!"

Later, in the discussion of the same measure, Davis interrupted Conkling by way of correction or anticipation, which Conkling resented by quoting *ore rotundo* two lines from one of Watts' hymns:

> "He knows the words that I would speak
> Ere from my opening lips they break!"

To Davis' elephantine attempt to smooth over his break by some far-fetched eulogy, Conkling replied:

> "Praise undeserved is censure in disguise."

The stenographer did not recognize the quotation, so that one of Alexander Pope's most polished lines stands as an original, extemporaneous phrase of Mr. Conkling's.

The Vanished Magic of Roscoe Conkling's Name

It seems incredible that a personage of such vast and unusual powers, who for twenty years was a most prominent actor in the great drama of public affairs, who filled so large a space in the thought of the people, who was caricatured, lampooned, praised and reviled without stint or measure, should have faded so

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absolutely from the memory of men. Even to those of his contemporaries who survive he has already become a gorgeous reminiscence.

Patriotic, arrayed always for truth, right and justice, his name is identified with no great measure, and his life seems not so much an actual battle with hostile powers as a splendid scene upon the stage, of which the swords are lath, the armor tinsel, the bastions and ramparts painted screens, the wounds and blood fictitious; on which victories and defeats are feigned, with sheet-iron thunder, and tempests of peas and lycopodium—and the curtain falling to slow music, while the audience applauds and departs.

The Genial Urbanity of Senator Evarts

William Maxwell Evarts came to the Senate in 1885, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a candidate in 1861, and waited twenty-four years for the realization of his ambition. The interval was opulent in noble achievements at the bar, in statesmanship, in oratory, and the highest civic and social activities.

He was Attorney-General of the United States under Andrew Johnson, and his counsel on his impeachment. He represented the Government before the Geneva tribunal of arbitration on the Alabama claims. He was the leading attorney for President Hayes, in behalf of the Republican party, before the Electoral Commission, and Secretary of State from 1877 to 1881.

He was a scholar without pedantry, and a man of the world in the highest sense, without cynicism or frivolity.

There is always a dull suspicion in leaden, opaque and barren minds that wit, brilliancy and imagination, and the corruscations of the intellect are incompatible with great mental power and solidity of judgment.

Mr. Evarts refuted this fallacy, for in addition to his triumphs as a lawyer, in politics, and as a practical man of affairs, he was altogether the most brilliant and versatile talker of his time.

The characteristic of his conversation was a genial and humorous urbanity. He never wounded or stung. He seldom told stories or related anecdotes. His wit was like a spring that makes the meadows green. He appreciated what was best in society, art, literature and life, and had the keenest interest in the virtues and foibles of humanity. His manner was refined and suave. He never posed, nor monopolized, nor strained for effect; and as he never hurt self-love by irony, nor vanity by ridicule and satire, so he never shocked the devout by profanity, nor offended the modest with impudicity.

The Story of Washington and the Silver Dollar

Probably the *most* of Mr. Evarts most widely flown concerns the apochryphal feat told of George Washington in "jerking" a silver dollar across the Rappahannock.

The story goes that a party of tourists, visiting the haunts of Washington in Virginia, came to the spot, where the anecdote was related by some local antiquary, to illustrate the prodigious strength of the man whom Providence made childless that he might become the Father of His Country.

Aside from the unlikelihood that the thrifty George would throw a silver dollar over the river when a pebble would have done as well, the distance was so great that the skeptics were incredulous, and another legend seemed on the edge of being destroyed when Mr. Evarts came to its rescue with the suggestion that "a dollar went much farther in those days than now!"

The explanation is so simple and so satisfactory that the wonder is it occurred to no one before.

Among the guests at a dinner to Daniel Webster in New York was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. Mr. Evarts united these two great men in a volunteer toast to "Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth: the pillars of the Constitution!"

Objections had been filed with the Judiciary Committee to the confirmation of a nomination on account of the dissolute habits of the appointee.

When the case came up for consideration the chairman called for the affidavits. The clerk produced a number from the files. Consulting his docket, Mr. Edmunds thought there were more, and others were found. A search disclosed another batch that had been overlooked or mislaid.

"The papers in this case," said Mr. Evarts, "appear to be more dissipated, if possible, than the candidate!"

Senator Evarts' Reply to His Critics

Mr. Evarts was a *bon vivant*, an inveterate diner-out, and giver of most elaborate and artistic dinners himself. To a lady who expressed surprise that one of such slender frame and fragile physique could endure so many feasts with their varying viands and different wines, he replied that it was not so much the different wines that gave him trouble as the indifferent ones.

President Hayes was a total abstainer—at home. Scoffers said he only drank the "O. P. brands." His State dinners, otherwise very elegant and costly, were served without wines. The only concession to conviviality was the Roman punch, flavored with Jamaica rum. Evarts was accustomed to allude to this course as "the life-saving station!"

Rising to address informally the guests at a Thanksgiving dinner, he began: "You have been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to consider a sage stuffed with turkey."

When he was Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Hayes the struggle for places in the diplomatic service was very active. As he was leaving the elevator at the close of a very busy day, he said the conductor since noon had "taken up a very large collection for foreign missions"; and when asked what had been done, he replied, "Many called, but few chosen."

As an orator Mr. Evarts was not limpid. But he confounded the critics who condemned his long sentences by saying that, so far as his observation went, the people who objected to long sentences belonged to the criminal classes.

General Grant was popularly supposed to be habitually grave, reserved and taciturn, but on occasion was very vivacious in conversation, with a keen sense of dry, quiet humor.

One evening, after a stag dinner at the White House, the company assembled in the library to smoke. Talk fell upon the happiest period of life—childhood, youth, manhood, age.

Grant listened, but said nothing till asked for his opinion.

"Well," he replied after a pause, "I believe I would like to be born again," which indicated that he had found existence enjoyable all the way through.

Mr. Edmunds' Quotation of St. Paul

One of Grant's Secretaries of the Navy was George M. Robeson, of New Jersey, for whom Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, a great jurist and advocate, conceived a violent dislike. His mildest definition of Robeson was that he was "a great lawyer among sailors, and a great sailor among lawyers."



DRAWN BY CARL ALEXANDROFF

"A dollar went much farther in those days than now!"

Some one took Thurman to task for having referred rather contemptuously to the beneficiaries of a certain measure as "things."

"Things," replied Thurman testily, "why we are all things——" "'To all men,'" interrupted Mr. Edmunds before he could finish his sentence, and the discussion ended.

Holman, of Indiana, for many years waged vigilant and unrelenting war on amendments to appropriation bills, which gave him the name of the "Watchdog of the Treasury." He was very strong in his district and had an unusually long service, which gave him great power and influence in the House, by his knowledge of the rules and practice.

Toward the end of his term an amendment was offered in which a near relative was much interested. The familiar "I object" was not heard and the amendment went through with his support; whereupon a member sitting near exclaimed:

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home!"

Nothing brighter and more apt has been said in either House of Congress since the inauguration of Washington.

The Reporters of the House

BY APPOINTMENT of the Speaker, an additional official stenographer will soon be added to the staff of the House of Representatives, making the number eight in all. This step has been rendered necessary by increase of work, the labors of the shorthand men being so extremely arduous that three of them have actually died of nervous prostration within the last few years. It has come to be a saying that each great tariff debate costs the life of a reporter. Messrs. McElhone, Edwards and Lord have succumbed successively to the stress of such legislative struggles.

McElhone was the head of the reportorial corps, and as such drew a salary of $7000 a year; but when he died this ranking position was abolished, and now all of the official stenographers have the same status. Each of them gets $5000 a year, and their places are held for life, inasmuch as they can be dismissed only for cause and by a resolution of the House. Five of them report the House debates, while the remaining two attend to the proceedings of committees.

The casual observer, looking down upon a debate in the House from a vantage point in one of the galleries, might be puzzled for some time to discover any evidence of reporting in progress. He would see nobody writing at the so-called "reporters' table," which, as a matter of fact, is practically not used at all for such purposes by the official stenographers, inasmuch as the hall is too large to make it possible to hear from any one point whatever may be said in various parts of the chamber. After a bit, however, the stranger may notice that whoever may be speaking at any length, there is always to be perceived a man standing or sitting with notebook in hand not far away. This man, indeed, is one of the reporters, who for the time being is taking down everything that is said on the floor.

The task which the reporter is engaged in performing is one of the most difficult imaginable. Remarks are interjected by members here and there; there are frequent interruptions, and to a person unfamiliar with such scenes it is a veritable Babel. But the shorthand man must not miss a word, and the best he can do is to keep near the Congressman who has the recognition of the Speaker. Thus he is in the centre of the disturbance, and, while faithfully reporting the discourse of the speech-maker of the moment, has his ears open to catch replies or comments from this side and that.

The strain is very great, but fortunately it only lasts for a few minutes, the official scribe limiting himself to one thousand words, which represent a page of the Congressional Record. He knows just about how many leaves of his note-book are required to make this stint, and the moment he completes it he holds up his thumb, another reporter, conveniently at hand, taking up the thread where he drops it. Two of the five reporters of debates, as they are called, are always present while the House is in session, one working while the other waits to relieve him. Having finished his thousand words, Number One hastens downstairs to a room on a floor below which is set aside for the exclusive use of the stenographers. There he seats himself before a graphophone, and dictates into it the "stuff" just recorded in his notes. So soon as he is through, an amanuensis transcribes it from the cylinders into clean print on a typewriter.

Meanwhile Number Two's place on the floor of the House has been taken by a third man, who picks up the thread of the discourse as soon as Number Two has finished. Then Number Two goes downstairs and dictates his thousand words into a graphophone, and in this way the business steadily proceeds, the reporters succeeding each other in regular order. As fast as the matter is dictated from the notes it is converted into typescript, and thus the whole of it is ready for the printer within a few minutes after the close of the day's session. An assistant puts all of the "copy" together in proper order, and hands it to a messenger who carries it on his bicycle to the Government Printing Office, four blocks away. It reaches there usually about six o'clock, though in case of a night session the last of it may not be delivered until one A. M.

One department of the Government Printing Office, as large as the composing-room of a big newspaper, is devoted exclusively to the Congressional Record. Indeed, the Record is "set up" and sent to press just like any newspaper, being delivered every morning to about nine thousand subscribers. Each Representative in Congress gets twenty-two copies daily, while a Senator is entitled to forty-two. Anybody may subscribe, the price being a dollar and fifty cents a month; but the publication is not directly profitable to Uncle Sam, inasmuch as it costs $125,000 yearly.

The oldest of the reporters of debates for the House, in length of service, is David W. Brown, who has held his honorable post for thirty years. Next in point of seniority comes John H. White, whose employment dates back twenty-five years, and after him A. C. Welch, Fred Irland and Reul Small. The two reporters for committees are Will J. Kehoe and George C. Lafferty. Messrs. Welch, Irland and Small took the places made vacant by the deaths of Messrs. McElhone, Edwards and Lord. All of the stenographers are appointed by the Speaker of the House, but merit, and not favoritism, rules in their selection.

Up to 1848 the only record of what was said in the House of Representatives or in the Senate was kept by newspapers, which, very naturally, took memoranda only of what happened to be useful from their view-point, and it was not until 1873 that stenographic experts were officially attached to Congress, the daily paper written and edited by them, known as the Congressional Record, being started simultaneously.

In 1812 Joseph Gales and W. W. Seaton began the publication of the National Intelligencer in Washington, and for some years they took the only regular stenographic notes of the doings of the Senate and House for their paper. But for Gales, the famous reply of Webster to Hayne would have been lost to posterity, the speech, it is said, being recorded by him at the request of Webster himself, though at that time Gales had dropped out of active service. His original notes, with a transcription in the handwriting of Mrs. Gales, together with Webster's rough notes made in preparing the speech, and also the revised version of the latter in the orator's own hand, were bound in a volume which is now in the Boston Public Library.

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The American Spirit in British Society

By Lady Jeune



IT IS no exaggeration to say that among the many wonderful changes that have come over England during the last fifty years, none are so remarkable as those which have altered what was the most exclusive and aristocratic society in the world into the most cosmopolitan and democratic that has ever existed. Nothing could have been more narrow, more *borné*, than the circle which fifty years ago represented the highest, as well as the best, political *milieu* in England; and the change has been so sudden as to have almost amounted to a revolution.

There was an unwritten law that good society was the privilege of birth and descent only; riches or power constituted no right, ability or beauty no pass, into its sacred precincts, and whatever of social life then existed outside that order was not worthy of the dignity of being styled society. The change that has come has been so sweeping that only those who remember it can have even a faint conception of the contrast. Perhaps what can best convey an idea of the difference is to read a list of the presentations at Court, or of those who were then, and now are, invited to Court functions—of course eliminating from that list the official guests who are present ex-officio.



Where there was a dull propriety is a spritely license

It is hardly necessary to describe the constitution of that society, or the laws which governed it—there are so many facilities open to every one to acquire that knowledge; but they were, roughly speaking, those which limited and curtailed the independence of women, their interests and occupations, and which exacted a greater stiffness and formality in the intercourse of life; and they were, no doubt, strengthened by the political power being in the hands of two aristocratic factions. Decentralization was the pervading tendency of thought and life, and the great change that was coming was hardly appreciated. Like all the great social and political changes which have swept over our country, this deluge has been overwhelming. Where there was a dull propriety is a spritely license; where there was exclusiveness is a cosmopolitanism exceedingly comprehensive, and where there was a class distinction there is now only a distinction of talent, or ability, in some form or other.

The Contrast Between the New and Old Orders

Now that we have accepted the new order of things, and are beginning to realize its defects, as well as its advantages, we naturally turn, in the true, analytical spirit of the age, and endeavor to discover the causes, or influences, which have brought about such a totally different condition of life. And various are the answers to the problem we have set ourselves. The predominating forces are very evident, but we will deal with them later, and, for the present, mention but one, and one which has been made to bear the brunt of the lamentations and abuse of those who regret the disappearance of the "old order of things."

The "Americanization" of English society is a very plausible and claptrap expression, for it has an undoubted ring of truth; and our society has altered just as, in the same way, the lives, amusements and occupations of persons change, as their children grow up. The most staid, serious parents find an atmosphere of gayety and frivolity surrounding them, as their children become men and women and enter into the life of grown-up people. The father finds his study invaded, the furtive perfume of tobacco lurking in rooms hitherto sacred to the most profound erudition and reflection; the mother her nights interrupted by the necessities of chaperonage, the early hours of the day devoted to a slumber which she is only able to obtain as the sun throws his rosy, early beams over a sleeping town, and the sacred precincts of her boudoir relegated to the occupancy of her daughter's partners.

Many of us have gone through such a phase, for the influence and fascination of the young is so strong that we throw ourselves into their life, really enjoying it as much as they do and carried away by their vigor and sense of happiness. Perhaps the analogy may be permitted, and we may compare ourselves and our grown-up child across the Atlantic to the young lives which govern every happy household in England; and there is no doubt that much of the change we are describing is due to the strong, virile influence of American thought and life on us in the old country. The cry, "You are Americanizing our institutions," was more often heard some fifty years ago than now, for in those days, when old ideas and sacred beliefs were crumbling around us, it had a ring in it which appealed strongly to the mother country, whose daughter was just making her real début among the nations, and showing them, in her wild, untrammeled, glorious youth, what her influence over life and thought was to be.

Undoubtedly she was the cause of the cry, but the conditions of social and political life in England were ready and prepared to carry on the crusade she had inaugurated; and, having given the impetus to the movement, it was certain to spread among a people as adaptive as the English undoubtedly are. In discussing the changes in England which are due in some measure to your influence, we must be allowed to criticise, and point out where we have been benefited, and where we have suffered; because the whole movement has not been one of unmixed advantage to us.

The Revolution in English Journalism

The influence of the American on the English press is perhaps the most striking example of the subject we are discussing, for the whole character and tone of ours has altered absolutely during the last twenty years. The increase of population, the postal facilities and the spread of education have increased the demand for cheap newspapers, which have in turn multiplied indefinitely; but that in itself is not a sufficient reason to account satisfactorily for the alteration in the literary character of English journalism. The change is more easily explained by the fact that we have adopted the weakest points of American journalism, while closing our eyes to other aspects which we might have studied with advantage.

Another influence which no one will dispute is distinctly American, and which has introduced an entirely new element into journalism, is the system of interviewing which has added a new terror to life in this country. For the interviewer is ubiquitous, and it needs an almost superhuman ingenuity to escape him. Every person of any importance, social, literary or political, lives in public, for whatever concerns them is considered public property, just as are telegrams, sporting news, or any other subject which interests the community at large. And alas! the curtain is not drawn down at any door at which the interviewer will not seek to enter. At the bedside of the dying, at the most sacred, joyful, painful moments of life, he must be present. Hitherto the new-born infant only has escaped his scrutiny, and that solely because he would be unable to give him any information which would do for "copy." The adoption of interviewing has taken away much of the privacy and secrecy of life, and made some of its most trying moments almost unbearable. For the purposes of advertisement, however, it has its advantages, and has grown into the system it now is partly because many find it a useful way of introducing themselves to the ignorant or indifferent public, and often obtain undeserved notoriety by using it.

The American Reporter in British Politics

The newspaper reporter, who is twin brother to the "interviewer," is almost as ubiquitous, but he is content with much less; his powers of expanding information, however, are marvelous, and he can deal with subordinates while the interviewer must get his copy "first hand." It would be unfair to lay the blame of this very disagreeable system on America alone; its adoption was due, doubtless, to American example; and though there are persons who do not object to profit by the so-called advantages of being known, the interviewer and reporter will flourish. But while discussing the influence of American life and example on England one cannot overlook this very distinct innovation which we have adopted absolutely from our American brethren, for what is called the "Americanization" of English life springs largely from this cause. Our politicians have adopted it when desirous of expressing their opinions, also our literary men, our doctors, our actors, and, at last, a Royal Duke has consented to give his opinions to an American review by means of an interview, though the interviewer is an Englishman and a late member of Parliament.

The practice is increasing, and behind the scenes in the life of many successful men and women it is very entertaining to see how carefully, and with what good results, the system has been worked. Public men of high position like Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, and the other political men in England, have kept clear of it, and avoided any communication with the new movement, feeling how deeply the dignity of a country is dependent on the silence and isolation of its public men, but it does not require much imagination to see how easily the system might be adopted by less scrupulous politicians to "fly kites" at a moment of national excitement. Even our distinguished Generals, on returning from a successful campaign, are besieged at Dover, and questioned on the most important and delicate points of strategy, but we have hardly yet brought the system to that perfection it has attained on your side of the Atlantic—though probably it will surpass it in time, for no one can deny that the influence of American thought and life is dominating the English press daily more and more, and the increasing competition among English newspapers must tend still more to develop it.



—until English men married American women

New Leaven in the English Social Loaf

The adoption of trade as a profession by the upper classes in England has, I think, been also due in great measure to American influence, or rather, its more general adoption, for Englishmen have always had a tendency to "dabble" in business, without seriously adopting it as a means of livelihood. The inauguration of the railway system in England, and the speculation which it gave birth to, was utilized by the upper classes, who speculated deeply, though not successfully; but commerce and business were, until English men married American women, almost exclusively the monopoly of the middle class. The American wife who required more in her life than the English woman gave the impetus to her husband's endeavors to continue to her the luxury she had been accustomed to in her own country, and the facility with which large fortunes were made by Americans stirred Englishmen to adopt the same mode of life. The upper classes in England had already, by their intermarriage with the daughters of those in trade, in a few cases, perceived the wisdom of opening up a new profession, but the quickening influence and the strongest was undoubtedly transatlantic.

Some of our literary purists affirm that much of the slipshod writing and modes of expression of to-day are also the result of American influence, and that, though the new words and phrases we have in use are exceedingly piquant and expressive, they lack the grace and dignity of the mother tongue. No one will deny that the conversational English of to-day is largely affected in this direction, nor will they, I apprehend, also deny that there is a directness and appropriateness about many of the more familiar Americanisms that have grown into our mother tongue, and been largely adopted. Our language has become so interspersed with slang and colloquialisms that it has lost the polish of its classical days, but no one objects to calling certain railway operations "a shunt," and the still more well-known word "boss" expresses to our minds the idea we wish to convey with simplicity and quickness. The tendency of modern thought and life is to abbreviate everything, and the pressure of to-day does not give us time to round our sentences; therefore, we strive to express our thoughts in the shortest and most forcible manner.

The peculiar humor of the American people appeals to us very strongly, and their literary humor has influenced our literature not a little. The dry, quick character of American expression has a peculiar charm for the staid, sober Englishman, whose own sense of humor is less acute and subtle; and though, as a young country, America can hardly claim to have created a great literature, she has among her writers many men whose works are characterized by a delicate humor, which appeals strongly

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to us, and which is influencing, and will go on influencing us more than, perhaps, is generally conceded. There is an increasing class of readers of American books in England, and every new work of any importance is eagerly read.

A Powerful Influence in English Letters

In discussing the literary influence of America on England it is impossible to pass over the name of one who has interested English readers perhaps more than any other during the present century. Captain Mahan's writings on naval matters have had an effect that is most striking here, and have riveted the attention of every class. His books on naval subjects appeared at a moment when the attention of the country was being seriously directed to the wants of our navy, and there are many thousands of Englishmen who feel that we owe our increase of naval power to the indescribable strength and force of his writings. Hardly any writer of modern times has made so profound an impression, and it is a remarkable instance of how American opinion and observation appeals to us when it comes from so weighty a source.

It is in the social aspect of life in England that American influence is most obvious. The hurry and pressure of existence has increased here as across the Atlantic, and our life has been forced to conform to it. Its excitement, bustle and energy increase every day, and whether or no we owe it to the direct influences of the nervous organization of America, one cannot decide accurately (the influences that have brought it about there are also at work here); but we are inclined to think that the change is due more to the modern conditions of life which influence both countries, though, being the older, we are hardly as susceptible to them as the younger community.

The First Attitude Toward the Fair Stranger

That the American woman is also a new factor we readily recognize and admit. Her influence on dress, society and life is most obvious in certain sets, and though the set is a small one and somewhat peculiar from its composition, its influence is out of all proportion to its numbers. And the greater freedom of life which women enjoy in England in every way is in a great measure the result of the constant interchange of thought and ideas with the Americans, and we can trace many of the changes that have come into the lives of women here to that source alone.

There is a peculiar quality about your women which is singularly attractive, and which appeals very strongly to us, because their whole mode of life and their way of regarding it is so strangely at variance with anything we had seen or imagined before. The emancipation of their life, the originality of their ideas, their camaraderie with men, and the general atmosphere of freedom which surrounds them give a charm and piquancy which are irresistible. There was a good deal at first which frightened and alarmed our strongly conservative and deeply rooted ideas about women, and our forebodings as to the effect the American woman would have on English women were endless. We did not dread her influence over our married women, because, with all the freedom and intimacy of her relations with men, her standard of morality is high and her nature is colder and less passionate than ours; but the baneful effect of it on our girls was what we feared, for the American girl represented all that was attractive, but dangerous, in maidenhood.

The idea of friendship between young people of opposite sexes, based on a perfect equality of tastes and amusements, the disappearance of the chaperon, the weakening of parental control, and the complete arrangement of the lives of the young being handed over to themselves, was such a reversal of all we held sacred that no wonder we felt the foundations of society tottering to their fall, or that the American girl in these early days was spoken of with bated breath, as a siren too dangerous and seductive for us to contemplate her appearance here with composure.

The March of Thought Toward the Ideal Type

We made ourselves unnecessarily anxious in those days, for the character of English women and the traditional tone of society here rendered the complete adoption of the American mode of life for girls an impossibility. There was no attempt to deny the peculiar charm of your girls, nor that the liberty and freedom of their lives was perhaps one of the most potent causes of that charm, making them more self-reliant, and capable of acting with greater independence in the arrangement of their lives, but the strong conservatism of English opinion about women was too much in opposition to any movement or influence which would materially alter their lives or character.

The railway and the telegraph, however, which have brought all the world into touch, were the most powerful allies of the new order of things, and it was impossible for the Old World to remain entirely unmoved by the evolution of her young offspring. It was not, however, the American nation which affected the change we are discussing, nor the American girl, beautiful, emancipated, willful as she is, which has altered our lives, but the stern, inevitable march of thought, and the distinct tendency of modern life to throw off the trammels of an older society, and adapt them to the new conditions of society.

With the last years of the century, the influence of the young seemed to absorb and divert into new channels what vitality there was left to the old and, in its overbearing strength and vigor, to sweep away all that was conventional and old-fashioned. Your type of woman represented the ideal, and gave a personal exposition of the new aspiration of women all over the world. In France the movement affected them differently; in Germany very little change has been made; in Russia the tendency has been revolutionary, but in England it affected neither their religious nor their political position, but has taken the form of a determination among women to attain to some of the independence of their sisters across the ocean, and made them less willing to submit to the restraints and customs which suited their mothers and grandmothers. Among the middle classes of women it has enabled them to earn their living by developing them intellectually, and given a great stimulus to education, and among the upper classes its tendency has certainly been to allow greater freedom of intercourse between the sexes, which has admitted girls to a position of independence and a freedom of speech and conduct unknown before.



—a good wife and good mother

To contrast the lives of girls twenty or thirty years ago with those of to-day is perhaps the best object lesson one can see. It does not appear to have injured them, and it has no doubt made their position at home happier, and one of much less subjection to the parental authority, while it has lessened the desire to marry early, which was formerly so strong a characteristic of English girls. The independence and happiness of home life has in these times made marriage much more of a restraint than a liberation from control. Formerly marriage meant a wider, freer life, and greater independence, but in these days a girl often enters into bondage when she leaves her home. The marriage of American women and English men was the beginning of the change, for, though at first we were a little startled, and rather anxious as to the influence of the young American bride, we consoled ourselves by the reflection that a woman generally becomes one of her husband's family and adapts herself to their ways of life.

Loyal American Women and True English Wives

The American woman, however, has never really become acclimatized in her conjugal capacity here; she is beautiful, charming, affectionate, a good wife and good mother, tolerant of our prejudices and broad-minded as to our opinions, but she is always an American, and about her own home is the subtle atmosphere of her American antecedents; and her influence is strong and unmistakable. The American woman in England—that is to say, the woman who has "Americanized" our life—belongs generally to one set in society, one that is considered the smartest, because its members have nearly all large fortunes which they spend with great lavishness and generosity, and so give a tone to the society into which they live. And when we talk of the particular aspect of English life which we are discussing, and which we think is the effect of American influence, we cannot but confess that it is only in its exaggerations and excrescences that it is harmful; it may be that it has been brought about by other causes too numerous or obscure to enumerate here.



Among the middle and intellectual classes of women

In hasty generalization one complains that the extravagance and luxury of English life is due to American influence, but we are not prepared to admit that it is more to blame than the Jews and Anglo-African millionaires, who now also form a large and powerful element in English social life. One often wishes that some of the exclusiveness of real American life could be engrafted here, and that money was not one of the most potent passports into English society.

There are, however, many American wives in England whose names rise to our mind, and we see them adopting the customs and habits of the old country, throwing themselves into the pursuits and ambitions of their husbands, and making the most attractive and dainty châtelaines; women who have devoted the dower they have brought to the country of their adoption for its benefit, realizing to the fullest extent that the interests and objects of the two countries are the same, and that no better rôle can be given to a woman than to bear an honored name, one respected in the annals of both lands, and in reality belonging to each. We prefer to look on the Americanization of England from this point of view, not grudging or deploring its power, for some of the most beneficial changes in the lives of women in England are the outcome of American influence, especially as regards education, professions and mode of life.

The alterations in women's lives were inevitable, were in fact beginning—the influence of America has only accelerated their adoption. The steady tide of progress, the awakening of new ideas, the adoption of new ways of life has been the silent creator of these changes, which were accepted by America with all the alacrity of youth and, after a period of uncertainty, with some modification by England.

The Americanization of England is only, after all, the superfluous energy of the child who likes to sweep its parent along the same road, and at the same pace as himself.

The Reorganization of Chautauqua

By Waldon Fawcett

A NEW era of usefulness is dawning for that unique educational movement which has been the outgrowth of the Chautauqua Assembly. The general reorganization of the main institution and its branches, which has been in progress for a year past, opens a field of far vaster scope than any which they have heretofore occupied.

To those not familiar with the Chautauqua movement its manifold phases are likely to appear a trifle confusing. First and foremost there is the Assembly, the annual gathering in "the city in the grove," which is now entering upon the first year of the second quarter century of its career. Next in importance is the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles, an organization to promote systematic home study, hundreds of the members of which regularly make Chautauqua the Mecca of their summer vacations. This organization came of age last summer. Finally, there are the courses of instruction by correspondence and the summer school, offering courses in a number of departments of study, both newer adjuncts of the great project.

Something of the scope of the Chautauqua work may be imagined from the fact that more than forty thousand persons have graduated in the course prescribed by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. A quarter of a million names are to be found upon its roll, while more than half a million people have been participants in one way or another in Chautauqua projects. There are branch organizations in Great Britain, Australia, Russia, Japan, Mexico and South Africa, and students in India, China, Persia, Korea and almost every country on the globe. Even in the Hawaiian Islands and our other new possessions the novel movement has gained a foothold. Finally, Chautauqua has been the pioneer in a great movement of national scope. There are in this country alone at the present time more than threescore summer assemblies which have been patterned after Chautauqua.

But to return to the subject of the rejuvenation now in progress. Up to within a year ago the general offices were located at Chautauqua, New York; the headquarters of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle at Buffalo, and the publication office of the Chautauquan magazine and books at Meadville, Pennsylvania, while the principal officers had places of residence widely scattered. Now all of these interests, or nearly all of them, have been consolidated at Cleveland in a magnificent new fireproof building, designed with especial reference to their needs. This concentration of departments means not only added facility in the transaction of business, but a reduction of the expenses of which all the members will be given immediate advantage.

The Leading Spirits of Chautauqua

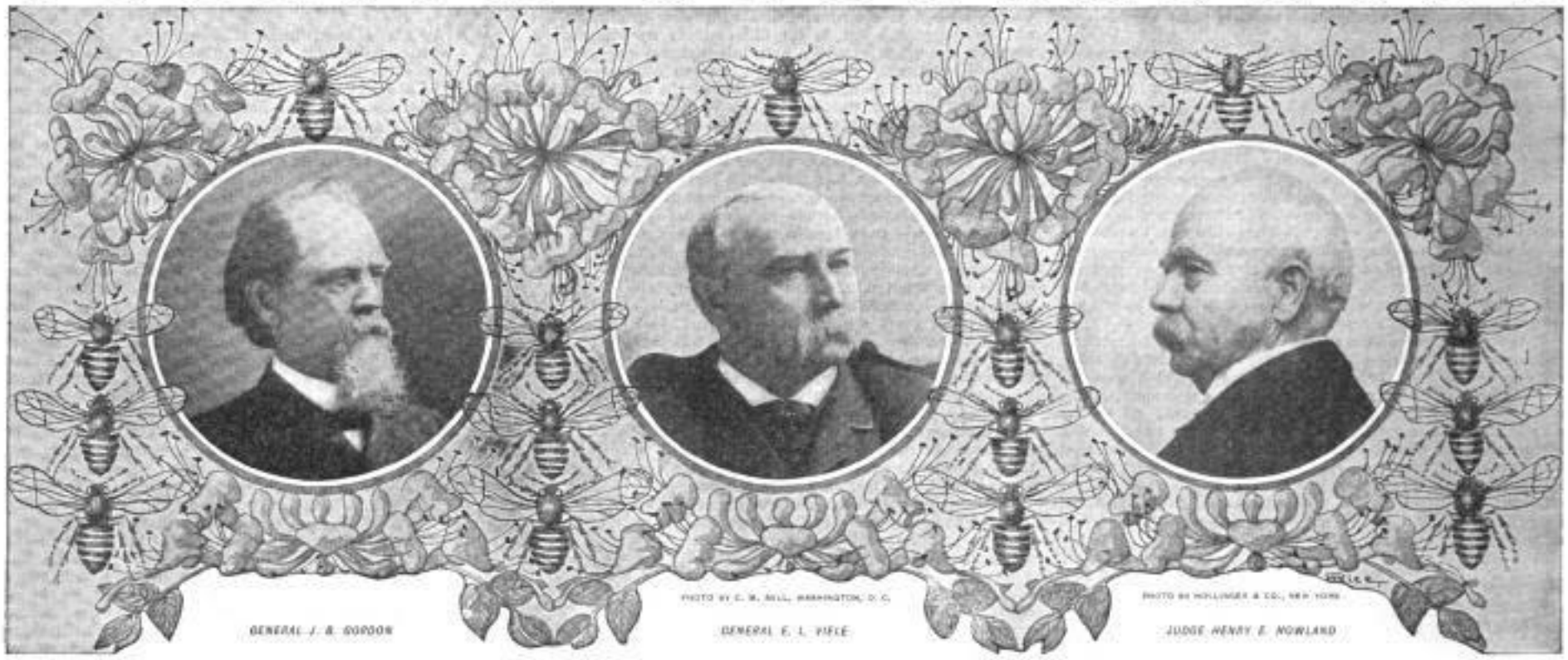
The men who have been given places of authority in the reconstructed organization are business men. Foremost is Clem Studebaker, who has just been elected to the presidency. The new president is a striking example of the self-made man, and his life story ought to prove sufficient to fire the ambition of any young man starting in life with few advantages. Mr. Studebaker as a boy learned the trade of a blacksmith. Later, he and his brother operated small blacksmith shops in various places and finally established one at South Bend, Indiana, where they made a specialty of wagon repairing. From this small beginning, and with practically no capital at the outset, there developed a great plant which to-day gives employment to thousands of workmen.

Possibly the most interesting figure among the men into whose hands the destinies of Chautauqua have passed is Wilson M. Day. At the opening of the present year, Mr. Day was chosen first vice-president of the organization and chairman of the executive board, but as the general direction of affairs is in the hands of this board he is in reality the general manager, and upon his business acumen will depend much of the success of the project for "a new Chautauqua." Mr. Day, who is a man of fifty, is a clergyman's son, but the greater part of his life has been spent in the printing shop, first as a newspaper-man and later as an independent publisher. His side duties would have been sufficient to occupy the entire time of a less industrious man. He has been president of banks and manufacturing companies and commercial bodies; was one of the World's Fair Commissioners, and took an important part in the compilation of the manufacturing statistics of the eleventh census.

Bishop Vincent, who has been aptly termed "the very pulse of the machine," is now approaching his seventieth year. As a mere boy he gave up dreams of college and entered the ministry. The inception of the idea of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was due primarily to his realization of the defects of its few forerunners in the field of home reading upon prescribed courses. Bishop Vincent continues as Chancellor of Chautauqua, but much of the work in which he has heretofore been active will devolve upon his son, Dr. George E. Vincent, of Chicago. The latter, who has literally been in Chautauqua work since he was old enough to read, is officially designated as Principal of Instruction.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



A Decade of American Patriotism

In discussing the questions that have led to the broadening of American interest and character and the increase of patriotism, it would be very foolish to give the whole credit to our present experiences in the far East, or to the events which led up to them. As a matter of fact, the great work has been done, and is being done, in our own country. We are rounding out the greatest decade of patriotism that we have ever known, and it has largely sprung from the organization of societies which, by associating the descendants of persons who played active parts in the Colonial and National life, have directed and stimulated that larger feeling which has become a power in the land. It has improved education, increased real charity, and given more interest and value to the thought and conversation of society. Furthermore, it has helped wonderfully to kill sectionalism and to strengthen the common loyalty. There are to-day more than half a million good people who are members of these various societies, and the number is increasing every year. The ordinary tendencies of these organizations are for improvement, but even better than that are the active influences that they exert upon the life and thought of the day. They did much to arouse enthusiasm in the war with Spain, and to help the wounded and suffering.

Possibly the work of these patriotic organizations offers one of the best offsets to the enthronement of the almighty dollar in this age of trusts. It is a good thing to be rich, but there is something better than money. It may not always be ancestry, but ancestry has its value. At any rate, it offers the stimulus to, if not the means for, culture, and it is the antithesis of plutocracy. It is thus that the patriotic societies have their value in the economic problems of the day, and the keen rivalry between some of them, which often affords entertainment to philosophers, only helps to increase their activity and the attention they attract from the general public.



Perpetuating the Names of Our Heroes

It gives us a larger idea of our history to view the number of patriotic societies which have taken up the periods and persons of American history. They cover almost every chapter from the settlement of the country to the close of the war with Spain.

When the Continental Army was on the Hudson at the close of hostilities in the Revolutionary War, in May, 1783, the American and French officers formed the Society of the Cincinnati, and since then it has stood possibly first among the patriotic organizations of the United States. The conditions of membership at the beginning prescribed officers who had served with honor for three years, and since the membership has descended to the eldest lineal male descendant. The first President-General was George Washington, and it is noteworthy that, in the 117 years since, there have been only ten President-Generals, the present one being the Hon. William Wayne, of Pennsylvania. On somewhat similar lines is the Aztec Club of 1847, of which General Egbert L. Viele, of New York State, is President. The society is composed of officers of the United States Armies who served in the war with Mexico, and it was formally organized in the City of Mexico in 1847, in order to keep alive the memories and traditions of that war. The membership is exclusively confined to officers who served in the war or their blood relatives, and at present there are 240 members. There are several societies of the War of 1812 where the same line of policy is carried out. Still better known is the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, of which Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield is Commander-in-Chief. Its membership is confined to officers and ex-officers who took part in the Civil War, and, as in the other societies, the membership passes to the eldest direct male descendant. This order has a membership at present of over 9000, and the little button which is its distinguishing badge is highly prized by its members.

War Organizations that Help the Needy

It is not generally known that the Southern States are paying in homes and pensions over a million dollars to old Confederate soldiers. One of the greatest organizations in the country is the United Confederate Veterans, of which General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, has been President for several years. There is a membership of 45,000, and this year the reunion is to be held in Louisville, Kentucky. Another Confederate society is the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. Of large importance also is the order of United Patriots of the Confederacy, which has over 400 chapters in the United States and 8000 members. The work of all these organizations is along social, historical and benevolent lines, and it is largely due to their activity that the Confederate veterans in the South are cared for at the expense of the public.



Of course, the Confederate Society is nothing like as large as the Grand Army of the Republic, which has a membership of nearly 290,000, but it is an interesting illustration of the coöperation that is going on all through the country. Both North and South the old soldiers are not only caring for their unfortunate brothers, but they are erecting monuments to their heroes and are doing much to save the battlefields and make them attractive. There are a half dozen different societies of Union soldiers, and now we have a new organization called the Sons of Veterans, in which the descendants of the old soldiers take keen interest. There is the National Society of the Spanish-American War, and the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War, and the Society of Santiago de Cuba, and the Rough Riders' Association, and the Naval Order of the St. Louis, and the United States Veteran Navy; all of which came out of the war with Spain. The Philippines are yet to be heard from, but it is quite certain that they will supply their quota of patriotic orders.

All Kinds of Patriotic Societies

It seems that almost every phase of our history and development is covered by a patriotic society, and more are constantly being formed. There is, for instance, the Society of Mayflower Descendants, which has a membership of 2000, and of which Judge Henry E. Howland is President. There is the Huguenot Society of America. There is the Irish National Federation of America. There is the American-Irish Historical Society, whose special aim it is to study the part the Irish element has played in the growth of the nation and the formation of American character. There is the Scotch-Irish Society of America—it claims as its patriots such men as Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun and Sam Houston. The first society of Tammany, or Columbian Order, began 111 years ago, and even it is nominally historical and charitable, although Tammany Hall has monopolized its name. The last century in the matter of patriotism is thoroughly covered. There are other parts of the country's history which are well organized as far as patriotism is concerned, including the War of 1812 and the Mexican War and the Indian Wars, and the various societies of men and women, both Union and Confederate, that are connected with the Civil War. All have their particular interests.



Some Revolutionary Societies

There is an abundant list of Colonial and Revolutionary societies, from which any one with the necessary ancestry may select. If you want to join the Society of Colonial Wars you must be an adult male descendant of one who fought in battle sometime from the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, to the Battle of Lexington in 1775, or who served officially in the service of the Colonies or under Great Britain. If you prefer it you can enter the Order of Founders and Patriots of America—a more recent organization which takes in the first colonists and their ancestors and descendants. Then there is the Settlers and Defenders of America, a hereditary order formed last year. Two of the best known societies are the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution, the rival organizations which cover practically the same ground. The first has a membership of 7000 and the second of between 9000 and 10,000.

The Patriotism of the American Women

Even more zealous than the men in the patriotic memories of the past are the ladies, and in various societies they have interesting competitions that have caused the wits to enter the lists of the critics, but which have all worked toward a broader appreciation of the history of the country.

The Colonial Dames of America, of which Mrs. John Lyon Gardiner is President, was organized in New York in 1890. It was the first society of its kind in this country. Its purposes are for the advancement of patriotism and education, and it designs to collect and preserve relics, manuscripts, traditions and mementoes of the founders and builders of the thirteen original States of the Union and of the heroes of the War of Independence, and to promote celebrations of great national events. Distinct from this is the Colonial Dames of America, another organization of the same name, of which the President is Mrs. Justine Van Rensselaer Townsend. It has State societies in thirty-five States and a membership of nearly 4000. Its membership is through Colonial descent; the ancestor must have lived in this country prior to 1750 and his name must be distinguished for something in the early history of the country. Next is the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Daniel Manning is President-General. This is probably the largest of the women's societies, its membership exceeding 27,000. It has chapters in all the States and Territories of the Union. A woman to become a member must be eighteen years old and must be descended from an ancestor who was a patriot in the Colonies. Next is the Daughters of the Revolution, of which Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow is President-General, in which membership is confined to the lineal descendants of participants in the Revolutionary War or in the Continental Congress.

Then there are the Dames of the Revolution, of which Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers is President, and to which those only can be admitted who are descended from the patriots during the Revolution from April 19, 1775, to April 19, 1783.

These five organizations with their various conditions of membership offer opportunities to all who are so fortunate as to be descended from the early fighters and workers.

For the War of 1812 there is one national organization called the United States Daughters, 1812, of which Mrs. William Gerry Slade, of New York, is President, and it not only takes in that conflict, but allows its membership qualifications to begin with the descendants of ancestors who distinguished themselves any time after the close of the War of the Revolution. This gives it a large constituency.

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR



Senator Elkins' Account with Blaine

One of the warmest political friends of the late James G. Blaine was Stephen B. Elkins, Senator from West Virginia. Their friendship began this way. Early in the seventies, when Mr. Elkins was a Territorial delegate to Congress from New Mexico, privileged to speak but not to vote, he wanted to make a speech upon a subject dear to the hearts of his constituents. Mr. Blaine was Speaker of the House and Mr. Elkins was a new man and, being unknown, was without influence. He determined to be heard, nevertheless, and planned to meet the Speaker privately. As luck would have it, one night while Mr. Elkins was dining in Welker's restaurant Mr. Blaine walked in and took a seat near him. Waiving all formality, the young member introduced himself and laid his case plainly before the Speaker.



"All right," said Mr. Blaine, when he had ended. "As soon as you get your speech ready I'll recognize you and you shall be heard."

And heard he was. The speech was in a small way Mr. Elkins' political beginning, but it was of even more importance to Mr. Blaine, for the young man promptly pushed himself into a commanding place in national politics and soon afterward married a daughter of Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia. He became a Senator from that State. From the date of that speech until 1892, when Senator Elkins marshaled the forces of President Harrison at Minneapolis, he was among the foremost champions of Mr. Blaine's presidential candidacies.

All of this is history and has been written, but the following has never before been printed. The Post's informant is the gentleman who mailed the letter that aided in making Mr. Blaine Secretary of State and in paying to the last iota the political obligations incurred more than ten years before. General Harrison had delayed naming his premier. Mr. Blaine was the leading name mentioned for the place. In December Mr. Elkins wrote to the President-elect saying that nine-tenths of the Republicans throughout the country would be greatly disappointed if the giving out of Mr. Blaine's name as Secretary of State were delayed much longer. This letter was mailed from a post box uptown in New York, and two days later, to the assembled reporters in Indianapolis, General Harrison announced that Mr. Blaine had accepted the post of Secretary of State in his Cabinet. The letter had had its effect.

Quick Success of an Editor-Novelist

Will Payne, author of Jerry the Dreamer and The Money Captain, is putting his powers to a severe test in a new novel dealing with what is popularly regarded as the most commonplace strata of metropolitan existence—the life of the clerk, the accountant and the stenographer: the slaves of the counter and the desk. Mr. Payne, however, is rarely equipped, both by instinct and experience, to delineate modern commercial life. His boyhood and youth were spent in Morrison, Illinois, and in Nebraska, from whence he went to Chicago and became a reporter upon the Daily News. Soon he was given a more attractive class of "general assignment" work. Next he wrote editorials, and finally was promoted to the city editorship. His keen scent for financial news and his ready grasp of its scope and significance caught the eyes of his superiors and he was advised to make this his special field. He did so and with brilliant success. When Mr. Frank Vanderlip was called from the editorship of the Economist to Washington, his position on that journal, which is often spoken of as the financial authority of the West, was offered to Mr. Payne and accepted.



The eye of the young novelist is as quick, however, in the course of a day "on change" or among the brokerage offices to see an artistic possibility or a pathetic situation as he is to read the meaning of a movement in stocks. His first novel was accepted ten days after it was sent to the publisher.

William Winter's Copy

William Winter, the dean of the dramatic critics of New York and the poet and essayist of the Tribune, is spare and short, with wavy gray hair, and his smooth face is singularly youthful. He belongs to the old school—the school of Greeley, George Ripley, Bronson Howard and Cogden—and until recently he always climbed the stairs to the Tribune editorial rooms instead of using the elevator. But one night, which was colder and stormier than usual, he rode up on the elevator and put his copy on the desk. His handwriting is neat, but almost undecipherable to the ordinary man.

That very night a new man was reading copy—a fresh young man just out of college—who did not know Mr. Winter's copy went direct from the man who received it to the printer who put it in type, and that it was only read in proof and in the paper. No one had told him that with Mr. Winter's copy corrections were sacrilege and criticisms rank blasphemy. So, in his ignorance, he began to transcribe and edit the hieroglyphics. At a quarter to one o'clock the night editor, full of trouble and anxiety and looking for this identical copy, came across the young man at his task.

"I have been waiting for that just one hour," he said.

"Well, you will have to wait another hour. I was not employed to translate. I have struck a sentence in this copy that paralyzes the English language, and I will straighten it out if I——"



"The sentence you struck," returned the night editor as he lifted up the copy and started with it upstairs, "will be in the managing editor's plainest English, and you will receive it to-morrow, unless I am mistaken."

Mr. Winter's copy as heretofore goes direct to the printers.

Mrs. McLean's Beautiful "Piece"

Mrs. Donald McLean is Regent of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is one of the most active and most earnest of the workers in the patriotic societies of this country, and her name is well known in every part of the United States. She takes a great interest in all that appertains to American history. Several times she has been almost elected head of the national body of which she is one of the most distinguished ornaments. Mrs. McLean is a daughter of the late Judge Ritchie, of Maryland, and she holds an enviable place in the social life of the metropolis. Among Mrs. McLean's varied charms is the gift of oratory. She is a forceful and eloquent public speaker, and her addresses upon patriotic topics would make a small library in themselves.

Last winter there was a meeting of the national order in Washington and, of course, Mrs. McLean was present. She spoke in various places, and one of them was the Adams school where she appeared by special request. The mother of one of the pupils knew of this engagement and impressed upon her little daughter the need of remembering every word that Mrs. McLean said. When the child returned home her mother asked her how things went.

"Beautifully," replied the little one.

"Did Mrs. McLean make an address?"

"Indeed she did. She just spoke her piece beautifully. You ought to have heard it."

Mr. Lauterbach's Convenient Telephone

The trials and tribulations of the Third Avenue Railroad, of New York, have brought again into prominence its legal adviser, Edward Lauterbach, once President of the New York County Republican Committee. While holding this office Mr. Lauterbach, who is one of the busiest and most prosperous lawyers in the metropolis, was overrun with applicants for political places. Their perseverance would have driven a less wily man to the bad, but Mr. Lauterbach rigged up a dummy telephone, of which this is the first written description. The wire was grounded, and secrets poured into its receiver were as safe as if spoken in a tomb without witnesses.

A man would come into Mr. Lauterbach's office and query him thus:

"How about that job in the appraiser's office, Mr. President?"

"Let me see, your name is——?"

"Jones—Thomas J. Jones, of the Ninth District."

"Oh! yes. I remember perfectly. Haven't you heard from that yet?"

"Not a word."

Ring, went the dummy telephone bell, and the following single-handed dialogue between Mr. Lauterbach and himself took place:

"Hello! Central. Give me the Republican County Committee. Is that you, Mr. Manchester? I'm Lauterbach. All right. How about that job in the appraiser's office for Jones, of the Ninth? Eh? More delay? I'm surprised. I told you I wanted that fixed up a month ago. Get at it at once. Well, it is time. What's that? You think there is something better in view if Mr. Jones can wait? That's good. You will write to him about it? All right. Don't let any more delays occur. Mr. Jones is one of our best men and we can't afford to keep him waiting. I'll ask him to call down and see you next week about it. Good-by."

Ten minutes after Jones, of the Ninth, left the office, his chest inflated with honest pride, while Secretary Manchester was reading a hastily written note from the President, and was wondering whether the supply of plums would hold out until all the hungry patriots had their fill.

The Goddess of Liberty at the Photographer's

The tallest woman on the American stage is Miss Mary Tull, who, besides her decided histrionic talent, has won world fame as the favorite model of some of the foremost American sculptors for their recent goddesses of liberty. Miss Tull's height, which is considerably over six feet, naturally limits her field of endeavor on the stage, but in her especial line of parts it is not exaggerating to say that she stands head and shoulders above her rivals. On a Western tour some time ago a program printer misspelled her name, calling her "Miss Mary *TALL*." The management at first declined to pay the printing bill, but after the program man, who was also the manager of the local theatre, had visited the show and seen the actress he refused to deduct a cent, claiming that if Tall was not her name it ought to be.

Last fall, in New York, Miss Tull was photographed as the Goddess of Liberty in a Broadway studio, and in answer to a telephone call, she hastily left the gallery and went into the adjoining building, neglecting, meanwhile, to remove her classic draperies. As she stepped on the street a small crowd gathered to view the unusual sight. She was only in evidence a fraction of a minute and then she returned. A man asked a boy what the excitement was.

He replied: "They've moved the Bartholdi statue from the bay and are making a picture of it in the gallery."

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The Man from Montana.

By Ellen Mackubin

WHEN Madame de Poix announced her sister's engagement, the world to which they belonged—the world of self-exiled Americans which vibrates between Paris or the Riviera and Switzerland or Homburg—was volubly amazed.

"It is the old story of the porcelain pot and the iron kettle, disguised as a bit of bric-à-brac and a silver nugget," somebody suggested. "Silver comes from Montana, does it not?"

"But beauty is not improved by growing *rocaro*, as is bric-à-brac," somebody else laughed. "Madame de Poix doubtless feels even Montana a good haven after Claire's extended voyage."

"Claire will never go to Montana," still another declared. "Nevil is multi-millionaire, and Madame de Poix will settle him in Paris; she is such a capital manager."

The lady who deserved this eulogy was that moment occupied in her own apartment with the costs of her sister's trousseau.

"He really is delightful, Claire," she was saying complacently. "He could not be more anxious to hurry the marriage and arrange things as I desire if he were a romantic boy, instead of a man who has made a fortune which might justify him in some exactions."

"I am afraid he is rather romantic," Claire answered, looking up wistfully from a contemplation of her superb engagement ring. "He talks so much of—of love."

"What else should he talk about, you foolish dear? Especially as you can still blush as charmingly as when you were eighteen!" Madame de Poix laughed.

"But I am twenty-eight, and love seems as far from me as——"

"As the next room," her sister interrupted gayly, while a servant announced that Monsieur Nevil was in the salon.

"Duty," Madame de Poix added gravely—for duty, according to her perception of it, was as entirely the law of her life as of a soldier's—"duty will make love for your husband as easy for you as it has made it for me."

The color deepened yet more in the delicate oval of Claire's cheeks as she arose.

Though hitherto her sister had been confessor to every action and nearly every fancy, she could not tell Adelaide that Nevil had received her promise to marry him with a fervor she was sure Baron de Poix could neither have uttered nor understood, and which she felt to be, if not beyond her own comprehension, yet quite beyond her repetition.

Six weeks since, in the perfumy Swiss garden where chance of travel had brought together two whom every law of environment and circumstance had set far apart, she had shrunk from this new interpretation of that which she had been taught to believe a merely necessary episode in every woman's life.

"I—I do not think what is called 'love' can be as worth trusting as liking," she faltered to the big man who held her slim fingers in his strong grasp and smiled at her—a smile so confident, yet so tender, that something fluttered oddly in her throat. "I—I am not a girl; I have heard of 'love' before, but it never really meant much—and affection such as my sister's is strong—oh! the very strongest thing I know!"

"But not so strong as the love I shall teach you," he declared. "How am I sure? By my own heart! You have been asleep all those years, like the Princess in the fairy tale, and I thank God for it—because love woke her at last, and I love you enough to make a plain man from Montana into a Prince who will rouse you from dreams to realities. Only give me time, my Princess," he added, his eager voice steadying as she turned away.

All her life Claire Sylvester had been a beauty, a treasure wherewith her mother and sister hoped to retrieve a lost fortune. Gentle, reserved, she yielded herself to this home affection which formed the centre of her existence within the pageant of gay flattery which surrounded her abroad. But marriage for a portionless beauty, however admired, is difficult of achievement in continental society, where every bride is expected to bring a dower; and there had been no marriage offered to Claire which either mother or sister could press upon her fair youth. Four years since the mother had died, and Adelaide had unexpectedly married an elderly Baron, who condoned her lack of "dot" for the comfort so excellent a *ménagère* would bring to his widowed household, where soon there would be a couple of daughters old enough to require a chaperon. Faithfully, during the succeeding seasons, Madame de Poix had taken her sister from one fashionable resort to another, and Claire, her heart aching for her mother's loss, had grown weary of this exhibition, though justifying it as a woman's natural vocation, because Adelaide so considered it—and Adelaide was the wisest, the most conscientious of beings.

Then, in the previous summer, the eighteenth birthday of the Baron's eldest daughter had forced Adelaide's unwilling admission that her appearance in society must mean Claire's retirement, as financial reasons forbade toilettes for two *demoiselles*.

And on that very day came the man from Montana!

Possessing a fortune and a reputation which his bankers and the American Minister alike vouched for as being beyond question, eager to make a settlement for Claire, he seemed, if not the titled ideal of Madame de Poix's fancy, yet a husband with whom her sister's future would be safe. She had welcomed him as answer to prayer, and without doubt of Claire's content.



"Tell me that I have not hurt you!" he exclaimed

Their wedding day was only a week distant on a certain afternoon, when Claire found in his greeting something beside the joy at sight of her with which his glance was always eloquent.

Presently he grew silent, gazing into the fire with such preoccupation that she spoke twice before he became aware of her speaking.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "Do you mind saying that again?"

Claire was not used to divine the moods of even those most familiar to her, but she understood the troubled eyes which six weeks since had been a stranger's.

"I am afraid you have had bad news," she began.

His eyes brightened swiftly.

"Does that fear bring you nearer to me?" he asked, lifting her hand to his lips, and Claire found that she was bending toward him as he sat beside her sofa. "It is worth considerable anxiety to see you stir a little, my Princess."

"There is bad news, then?" she insisted, and did not withdraw her hand.

"No news at all, since I have asked for it," he answered, while his look of anxiety returned. "There are rumors in to-day's papers of a big crash in Western mining stocks, and a mention of my name as the chief victim. But, though I cabled at once and there has been more than time for a reply, I have heard nothing."

"A big crash? You a victim?" she repeated confusedly; "surely you are safe?"

"You remember my doctors sent me over here for a thorough holiday after a close call with typhoid fever?" he said slowly. "Well, my partner, whom I trust as I trust myself, has acted for me in every deal during nearly half a year, and I am responsible for his losses, even as I profit by his gains."

"If one trusts, I think one's trust should not be shaken by a rumor," Claire murmured, her glance drooping to the clasped hands lying on her knees—his so brown and strong; hers so white and fragile.

"That theory is worthy of your sweetness," he said, and the subtle doubt in his voice brought Claire's glance back to his eyes again, "and you are little given to theories. Is it because those you hold are well tried, or because——?"

He arose restlessly.

"I'm going to my hotel," he exclaimed. "I did not tell my man to bring a cablegram after me, and one may come at any moment."

He stood frowning at his boots for an instant, while Claire gazed at him wistfully. How vigorous, how courageous he looked. Yet how much he wanted comfort just now—and wanted it from her!

Claire was accustomed to have comfort bestowed upon her with caresses and soothings. But to have comfort sought from her, with such dumbly obvious desire, was a new experience, and one which fluttered her breath to speechlessness.

"Will Madame de Poix let me come back after dinner?" he asked, picking up his hat. "I daresay I shall have news by then which will make me better company."

"Of course you may come," she answered, and, coloring softly, she held up her cheek to him in dainty, deliberate, French fashion.

"*Au revoir!*" she said.

He turned from her with an unsteady laugh.

"That is not the way the Princess awoke!" he exclaimed, and left the room.

Again Claire withheld her confidence from Adelaide. She felt vaguely that in her sister's esteem the anxiety which disturbed Nevil would discredit him, and she dreaded that lady's astute conjectures thereupon. Never had she been so impatient of the slow movements registered upon the drawing-room clock. Yet slow as the moments seemed, eleven sounded at last, and Madame de Poix, whose nap came to an end at the same moment on each of their stay-at-home evenings, arose with a yawn.

"*Chérie*, did you quarrel with him this afternoon?" she asked gayly, while Claire put away her embroidery.

"He had correspondence which probably detained him," Claire answered serenely.

But she stared at her image in her bedroom mirror with curiously shining eyes.

"That is not the way the Princess awoke!" she repeated half aloud—and hid the shining eyes.

When Nevil's card was brought to her next day she entered the salon by one door as her sister appeared by the other.

He took Madame de Poix's offered hand briefly, and turned to her.

"You have heard?" she exclaimed without greeting. "You——"

"I have heard that my partner is dead and that I am ruined," he said.

He was exceedingly pale, and there were lines under his blue eyes which had not been there yesterday, yet his glance was calm, his voice was steady. Emotion and uncertainty had vanished together.

"Ruined!" gasped Madame de Poix; "surely that is impossible! A fortune of millions does not disappear in a night like Aladdin's palace!"

"It did not disappear in a night," he said gravely. "It has been weeks, perhaps months, in going. I do not know the details, but the result is certain."

"Good Heavens!" cried Madame de Poix. "This is very terrible!"

She looked from the stern truth written in his face to the startled wistfulness of Claire's mien.

"*Chérie*," she said, "you know nothing of business, and Mr. Nevil has, of course, some business to discuss with me. Wait a little in your own room and I will send for you—if necessary."

"Please do not go," Nevil exclaimed. "I have little to say, because I have heard little, yet your sister, Madame, is entitled to be told that little by me."

He paused. He grew visibly paler.

"The bitterest loss with which this news confronts me is not the collapse of my fortune, nor even the death of my friend: it is that I am in honor bound to offer your sister release from her promise to marry me."

Claire's beautiful frightened eyes flashed one glance at him, which saw in his steadfast gaze only a somewhat haughty composure.

She turned away, covering her eyes with her hands.

There was silence.

"Your words, Mr. Nevil, anticipate my request," Madame de Poix began presently. "They are all that can be said by an honorable man, who, I am willing to believe, was as deceived as we concerning the condition of his affairs when he led my sister into this unfortunate position."

Nevil made a step toward Claire:

"The wealth I have lost shall be mine again before I am five years older, and I do not shrink from the struggle!" he cried. "But you—perfect flower of luxury and of cultivation—you would droop in sharing such a struggle. Unless you found strength where other sweet women have found it who have gone into exile with the men they loved." His voice sank.

Madame de Poix—her own eyes dim—prayed that Claire might not see the passion of tenderness and longing which transfigured him, and her prayer was granted.

Claire neither spoke nor lifted her face from her shielding hands—and how should Nevil guess that her silence was guarded by a dread that, once away from the pain of this parting, he would be gladly rid of so helpless a burden?

"We do not blame you, Mr. Nevil, for a disaster which, we are convinced, finds you as unprepared as ourselves," Madame de Poix said smoothly, "but, both as our due and from sincere friendliness, I must ask some explanation of how such a calamity has been brought about."

Claire sank into the nearest chair, her arms upon its tall back, her shut eyes pressed against her arms.

She heard his voice, firm though monotonous; she heard questions and ejaculations from her sister, but of the words

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either spoke she heard not a syllable. She, who never in her life had thought for herself, was bewildered in this chaos of fast-crowding thoughts. He was going from her, he whose presence during six weeks had dimmed her memory of the years which had gone before his coming. He was going, and she could not keep him. He did not even ask her to go with him. He who had been sure that the love of which he talked so much was a worker of miracles. He accepted without dispute a belief that her silly, helpless self could never find place in the struggle for which he was already eager.

The voices ceased. An instinct that he was beside her roused Claire. She arose to her feet and faced him as he stood holding out his hand.

"Tell me once, that I may repeat it to myself a thousand times—tell me that I have not hurt you!" he exclaimed.

But Claire was dumb. The strange language her heart was learning is no easier to utter in its first lessons than others which mean less.

A great yearning—a great surrender, burned in his gaze.

"A little more and I should have won you, my Princess, but as it is—good-by!"

He caught her in his arms. Quivering kisses, which until now had reverently touched her fingers, rained on lips and cheeks and brow.

"Forgive me, sweet!" he panted. "Next week you would have been my wife!"

Then she was free—and a door closed heavily.

How long was it before Claire became aware of her surroundings again? She found herself mechanically drinking orange-flower water in her bedroom, while Adelaide, busy with the same French panacea for disordered nerves, regarded her with kindly anxiety.

"Say something, *chérie*," she implored. "Such a change in your life surely needs some words."

"I have just learned them," Claire said slowly; "I will write them to him."

"What will you say?"

"What a woman must say to the one she loves when he is troubled—'Come to me!'"

"Loves?" repeated Madame de Poix. "You who yesterday declared that you knew nothing of love?"

"To-day I know only the beginning," Claire answered humbly, "but he has taught it to me, and he—I think he will be glad to go on with the lesson."

"Nonsense! He is fond of you, naturally—you are very charming—but his mind is too filled with money getting for his heart to ache——"

"Adelaide, if the Baron should lose his fortune, would you give him up?"

"It would be my duty to stay with him. I am his wife."

"And next week I should have been Nevil's wife," Claire said dreamily.

Adelaide sat down beside her. She was very kind, very sensible, and though after half an hour of argument in a circle she was also very much vexed, yet she remained the careful sister whose will had been law to Claire for nearly thirty years.

Nevil was gone, Madame de Poix in substance remarked. There should no blame be said of him which her influence could prevent. He had behaved like an honorable man of the world in releasing Claire without more ado. It was not his fault that he had left her in a position which it was difficult to contemplate calmly. The trousseau, for example, had advanced too far to be countermanded, and must be paid for. Yet, with alterations, some of the dresses would do for Elise, and perhaps, if God were good to them, Claire might yet require a trousseau with another bridegroom. But she must not fret. She must bear her position with dignity and without tears—tears which faded a complexion and dimmed eyes uselessly.

There were no tokens of such devastators as Claire listened, her head drooping a little, and all she said was a murmur between the pauses of Adelaide's eloquence:

"I must see him again!"

After a while a servant announced the carriage for *Madame la Baronne*, and Adelaide arose at once. She never kept the horse waiting—he was a well-bred horse, though past his prime, and the Baron, with perhaps a fellow-feeling for him, did not like his time in harness wasted.

She kissed Claire with a sigh and went away. To-morrow everybody would know, and therefore it would be unseemly that Claire should have been seen driving in the Bois on the day of her fiancé's departure.

When her sister was gone Claire remained motionless half an hour longer, while the light which had dawned in her soft eyes burned steadily.

She paused again after she had opened her desk.

She meant to tell Nevil all her heart held for him. Yet nothing was written when she sealed her note but the three words she had told Adelaide she should send him.

Then she rang—once—twice. There was no response.

This was an obstacle she had not anticipated.

Nevil was to leave Paris that evening, Adelaide had said. Some messenger for her note must be found at once. She dared not risk delay and she walked to the door. It was locked.

Claire stood staring at the white panels, a flush, which was the red flag of her first revolt, stealing into her pale cheeks.

Adelaide had resolved that her will should rule in the future as it had ruled in the past. The past had been ruled in kindness. Kindly should the future be ruled also. But between the past and the future Nevil stood.

"I *will* see him again!" Claire cried aloud.

Through the stillness which followed that cry there floated up from the courtyard the voice of a woman singing. Though the air ran riot and the voice was coarse, Claire's soul thrilled to it.

The *concierge* was sitting outside her *loge*, in full view of this bedroom window. The *concierge* owned keys of every apartment and of each room in the apartment.

Claire possessed that boon bestowed upon those who lack imagination: if she saw but a little way she saw that little very clearly and quite unperplexed by cross lights.

"*Bon jour, Madame Martin*," she cried from her window.

"*Bon jour, Mademoiselle*," the *concierge* responded.

"I cannot find my key, nor can I make the maid hear my bell. Will you come up and free me?"

"At once, Mademoiselle."

Five minutes later, drooping her discreet eyes that they might not betray her perception that Mademoiselle had been obviously a prisoner, the *concierge* took the note and promised its immediate dispatch.

Claire went into the drawing-room and stood watching the clock on the chimney.

Nevil's hotel was only half a mile distant, near the Arc de Triomphe. His train, which must be the "Calais Express," would not start until eight. There were yet several hours before his departure. Suppose the messenger did not find him in his rooms? Suppose Adelaide returned before he came to her?

Claire's heart beat yet faster. Not easily does a gentle soul fling aside the fetters of a will which has hitherto held it imprisoned—none the more easily when those kindly meant fetters have scarcely been felt until now.

Yet the delicate lips set themselves; the light burned steadfastly in the soft eyes.

Face to face with Adelaide she would say to him——

Dear God! What should she say to him? She who grew breathless at the sound of a closing door and of a quick step in the corridor. Within the threshold Nevil paused.

"I know why you sent for me," he said hurriedly. "You were frightened this morning. Not until I was gone did your conscience remember that you owed me some faithfulness—or protest of faithfulness—you who were to be my wife next week! You sent for me to tell me that you are ready to fulfill what would have been your duty a few days later——"

He broke off. He stepped nearer, flinging out his hands with passionate repudiation.

"I release you from any claim or fancied claim of duty. To know that you were so bound to me through the years of struggle which must come would make me helpless for that struggle. I will not accept your self-sacrifice——"

She had doubted what she should say to him. She had trembled at the saying of it, but now, in the very presence of his vehement rejection, she doubted no longer.

She went swiftly to him and put her arms about his neck.

"Was this the way the Princess awoke?" she murmured—and kissed him.

When, somewhat later, Madame de Poix entered her salon she displayed that rare endowment of experienced generalship which bears defeat in such manner as to give it some appearance of victory.

Perhaps she was not sorry to have her sister's future provided with a happiness of which Claire permitted no doubt—since her own responsibility for its wisdom had been forcibly prevented. At all events, a quiet marriage took place in her apartment a couple of days earlier than that fixed for the ceremony—and the world, when it heard fragments of the story, declared the man from Montana to be more classic than barbarous, since he had inspired a fair statue with life.



DRAWN BY WILL GREFE

"RUINED!" GASPED MADAME DE POIX; "SURELY THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE!"

One Disposal of the "Unearned Increment"

NOT long ago a young man in St. Louis attracted some attention by refusing to accept $2000 sent to him by the managers of an estate in which he was interested. He said that he did not want the money for the reason that he had not earned it. Certain property had increased in value to such extent that there were profits to divide. In the payment of dividends the check for $2000 was sent and refused. The young man, whose name is James Eads How, a grandson of the man who built the St. Louis bridge and the New Orleans jetties, and son of James How, for many years Vice-President of the Wabash Railroad Company, said that he preferred that the money should be given to the poor. He suggested that a committee of five men should dispose of the fund in the interest of the needy. The committee was selected and the money was so distributed.

Mr. How was genuinely sorry that the story got out. For two years he had worked quietly, spending his time and money in St. Louis and other cities where it would do the most good. He had abandoned the profession of his father—railroading—in order to devote himself to actual work among the needy. He left the home of his family and took up lodgings in a part of St. Louis where it was possible for him to be in daily touch with the subjects of his interest.

Mr. How does not believe in organized charity as the phrase is generally applied. He wants to know for himself whether this or that family, if intelligently helped, will be the better for it. If not, he wants to know the reason, for its value in estimating the worthiness of another case. Labor and its reward form the basis of all of Mr. How's reckonings. He believes that the unequal distribution of wealth—even granting that the man of wealth applies his talents and his energies, and that the exceptionally poor man fails to master his opportunities—is subject to correction. His practical experiences and observations may help him to work out a solution of the problem that has disturbed all of the thinkers of the century. Mr. How thinks that, as a rule, large inheritances are not good for the fortunate beneficiary, and he is quite sure that their bestowal upon a young man is not good for community interests.

He believes that much of the great wealth of the land should pass to the community. Distribution should begin anew, always with the consideration of fitness and worthiness in mind.

Mr. How contends that alms given right and left cause an increase of crime and pauperism. The community brings wealth to the individual, and it is this community and its intertwined workings, he thinks, that should be considered by the individual in the redistribution.

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The Ordeal of Laughter

SINCE Thersites attacked the great son of Atreus, and would have prevailed through ridicule had not Ulysses beat him about the shoulders with his sceptre, every man who has aspired to a high place, every statesman who has argued for a great cause, every scientist, inventor and discoverer who has blazed out a new path for progress has had to dread the shafts of ridicule more than the attacks of ignorance.

Trial by fire is a hard test, but trial by laughter is the supreme ordeal. Men will face death when they would run from ridicule. A serious attack on a new movement serves but to solidify it, where a sneer would often disperse its forces. And so laughter has become the logic of unreason; a sneer its final argument. For it is hard to think and easy to laugh, and most men fear not to laugh with the crowd lest it turn and laugh at them.

In religion, in literature, in politics, what man would destroy he first makes ridiculous. Ingersoll, laughing and sneering at religion, crowded the lecture-rooms of the country, where Ingersoll, serious and logical, would have faced empty benches. Hobson, the hero, was swallowed up and forgotten for the moment in the great guffaw that greeted his indiscretion. It is not the abilities, but the waistcoats of Woodruff that are attacked; not the record, but the teeth of Roosevelt that serve the cartoonist in good stead. In the Senate, a few weeks ago, it was not the able argument of Beveridge that was answered, but his mannerisms that were burlesqued. Thersites was on hand, and the Senate roared at a bit of humor as crude as its own peculiar idea of courtesy.

All this is as it should be. A great idea or a great man is never laughed down and out. In the end the sceptre of common-sense prevails. For, though the crowd loves its laugh, it usually distrusts the man who provokes it, and unconsciously begins to respect the one who perseveres in his purpose despite it. And if ridicule has its abuses, it has its uses. It punctures the sham for all time and strengthens the real to its final triumph.

Success or failure is more a matter of character than of cash, more a case of doing than of dollars.

The Right of Private Opinion

THERE is a growing feeling among persons of culture that a man's private convictions are sacred, and that it is impertinent to question them. Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, when asked by a meddlesome person if he had any religious belief, replied in the same spirit, "None to speak of."

Every individual, however humble, should insist strenuously on the right of private judgment, and repel the assumption that there is any culpability in not absolutely accepting the prevalent political or religious beliefs.

I have been surprised at the number of intelligent people who publicly echo the current beliefs for fear of social odium, though confessing grave doubts regarding them in private.

The dread of sweeping criticism makes cowards of us all, and prevents honest expression of convictions. People applaud the accepted doctrines, yet all the time, like the ancient augurs, they are laughing in their sleeves. They expect men to say conventional things in public, and then complain that they talk platitudes.

Therefore it is wise not to meddle with individual opinions. Even children should not echo their elders' views like little parrots. Every rational man should read John Stuart Mill On Liberty, and cultivate a tolerant spirit toward those who entertain contrary opinions. Otherwise, democracy is a failure and freedom of thought impossible.

We should display "sweetness and light" in argumentation, and concede that there is a reverse side to the shield, and that others may be at least partly right. It is idle to bandy epithets or to brand men as "traitors," "infidels" or "anarchists" because they differ from us.

Sagacious persons decline to discuss politics or religion in mixed gatherings to avoid hard feeling. Franklin's tactful and suggestive manner should be imitated by every one who seeks to persuade. Matthew Arnold practiced the same suave and insinuating methods, and Gladstone converted his bitterest opponents by his candor and fairness.

—CHARLES F. WINGATE.

It is easy to revere friendship—it is hard to trust it.

How Figures Lie

"I DO NOT believe in theories; I believe in facts and figures," says the practical man. Here is an individual who can be made to believe anything. Suppose he should say, "I do not believe in logical processes that lead to conclusions, but I do believe in facts that may be misrepresented and figures that can be juggled," you would say, "The man is a fool." And he is.

Let this individual open part three of the census of 1890. He will find that there are 79,032 more married males in the United States than married females! As the widowed are separately tabulated and as the women of Utah would incline the balance the other way, the numbers, making deductions for Utah, should exactly correspond.

A few months ago the Rochester Herald took the annual report of the New York State Board of Charities, where it is stated that the inmates and other beneficiaries of State institutions number more than 2,500,000, and said that "two and a half million people in a population of 7,000,000 receiving charity may well create a surprise in the foremost State in the Union." Indeed it may, but it is not nearly so surprising as the Rochester Herald's failure to see how such figures are obtained. Obviously there are a number of individuals who figure more than once.

That very curious conclusions can be made to follow from statistics may be illustrated in those which deal with pauperism. England has the greatest number of paupers in the world (twenty-eight in each 1000), and Italy very nearly the lowest (ten in each 1000). This ought to prove to your devotee at the feet of the statistical Buddha that Italy is more prosperous than England! All it does prove is that organized poor relief in England is more systematic and thorough. In the United States paupers will not number more than two or three in each thousand, but this would not be a measure of our prosperity over England, for we certainly are not four times as prosperous as England. Sig. Lombroso not long ago stated that "wealth leads to crime," and this is the way he proved it: Rhode Island, the richest State in the Union (with an estimated wealth of $2200 to each inhabitant), shows a high percentage of crime, while Dakota and Alabama (the first having thirty dollars, the second twenty dollars to each inhabitant), show the very lowest percentage of criminality!

Another wonderful fact which the statistician has discovered is that so few great men have great sons, and this, in common understanding at least, has been established as one of the laws of heredity. But look at it. If great men had great sons there would soon be an overplus of great men, or, to have great men at all, the level of greatness would have to be raised much higher. If a large proportion of the sons of great men were idiots, *that* would be an important fact, but as most of them are, like most of the rest of us, men neither greatly above the average in ability, nor greatly below it, the equilibrium which Nature strives to preserve is not seriously imperiled. If we consider the proportion of great men to the rest of us, the number of those who have had offspring greatly endowed is not small.

It used to be thought that the sons of clergymen were apt to be worthless "ne'er-do-weels," and there were statistics for that. But De Candale, the distinguished French *savant*, says that the sons of ministers have contributed to science more eminent men than has any other class. He might have added, too, that they have also swelled the ranks of the poets, theologians, and not a few of the military heroes of the past.

On statistical absurdities such as these great reputations are built. Belief in them is a world-wide superstition; Germany is probably most profoundly deluded by them, but England and America are not far behind. I do not say that statistics have not their use; the contention I advance is that everywhere they are made to supply the place of pure reasoning, and that to multitudes of minds they stand for conclusions almost always irrational, and not infrequently immoral.

—JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

Keep the dollar moving, but don't let it roll too far away.

Going with the Current

A GREAT French poet, in a moment of exhilaration, exclaimed, "Fear nothing, man: Nature knows the great secret and smiles"; but a smaller French poet, not able to interpret universal life, felt only the hindrances to his own selfishness and cried out, "I have arrived too late in a world too old." The point of view makes all the difference.

Each man takes his stand where his own character finds most congenial footing. In religion, politics, philosophy, art, we obey the law of personal gravitation. Voltaire would have perished had his intellectual nature been fed upon what nourished Gladstone or Bismarck. Darwin moved the intellectual world with a lever so different from that used by Martin Luther, or Milton, or Leibnitz, that we can scarcely grasp the extremes of influence. Napoleon I rearranged the forces of civilization; so did George Washington; but how antagonistic were the currents of energy going out of those two batteries! Contemporary, mutually repellent, yet working together like mighty cog-wheels in a vast machine, the tyrant and the father of freedom unwittingly joined their forces to urge forward an era which should represent the splendid materialism of one and the exalted philanthropy of the other.

It is worth while to be serene and thoughtful in a time when all around us the cables binding us to the past are snapping like rotten whipcord. Let us not be hasty in concluding that any one force is breaking the old lines. "Nature knows the great secret and smiles," even though some of us may have "arrived too late in a world too old." It is of little moment, indeed, what any one of us thinks or needs; the movement of things proceeds by a law of majorities. What the prevailing aspiration dictates is the trend of civilization.

Many of us may fondly dream that Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and Franklin set the bounds of republican institutions and chalked out the periphery of political permanence. But the gravitation of life is greater than the wisdom of any generation of statesmen. We individuals may differ touching what ought to be; yet what will be is the resultant of all the world's forces, good and bad. Europe's conflict of interests permitted us to set our flag on many islands and to thrust a splinter of freedom deep into the Orient. To save its own equilibrium for a brief time, the Old World stood by and saw a thing done which makes certain a general disturbance of its cherished plans for the future. Press the crust down here and it will rise yonder. England helped us to add a great importance to our civilization—she waved a hand of restraint in our behalf when powerful nations threatened interference—and now the inevitable reciprocity makes it sure that British civilization will inundate Africa.

We may have our qualms; some of us may feel that we have "arrived too late in a world too old"; but the cables will continue to snap under the strain of a resultant composed of all the world-influences. Call it Destiny, call it Progress, call it Decadence, call it the waxing of Maturity; but, by any name or no name, the movement goes on irresistibly, to glory it may be or to cataclysm. This is not fatality; it is the flow of life, the current of which obeys the prevailing aspiration of the world.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

The modern temptations: for men, politics; for women, bargain sales.

The Essence of Good Judgment

GOOD judgment is a perfect balance struck between intuition and reason. The masculine mind is capable of good judgment when to its indigenous reasoning powers is added the intuitive sensibility of a woman—to a moderate degree. A woman has good judgment when to native intuition she prefixes and affixes temperately masculine logic. To Hermia's lament, "I would my father look'd but with my eye," the intelligent Theseus replied, "Rather your eyes must with his judgment look."

There are two distinct methods of making worldly success: one is by means of bold, speculative strokes; the other by patient accumulation; but one way is as dependent upon good judgment as the other. Before a speculator is worth his wage his mind must both feel and think, whether he deals in wheat, pig-iron, copper or manuscripts—the latter being perhaps the most uncertain of all quantities.

The deliberate accumulator must judge wisely in order to balance one stone while adding others to the pile he is building. The successful stock-broker says he "feels the market"; the politician "feels the pulse of the people"; the publisher "feels the public taste"; but all of this feeling would be no more conclusive nor productive than that of the woman who in argument insists upon a fact being so "just because," were not the stock-broker, the politician and the publisher familiarized with speculative cause and effect by a variety of previous experiences pertaining thereto. On the other hand, if these gentlemen claimed their impulses entirely, depending solely upon reasonable conclusions in the matter, great opportunities would invariably be lost, and frequently minor ones.

If the mother of a son who has acquired a harmful smoking habit were able to sort out in her own mind the floating ends of conviction from intolerable prejudice, she could strike a balance of temperate judgment enabling her to assist her son to control his weakness wisely, easily, instead of goading him into worse intemperance by indiscriminate nagging and opposition.

Good judgment in minor daily matters hinges upon a clear understanding of the relation of things gained by experimental comparison of order with disorder, harmony with the inharmonious. Judgment is invariably bad when colored by prejudices confining our vision to one standpoint—that at which we have arrived by means of arbitrary personal inclination irrespective of extraneous motives and standpoints bearing pertinently and logically upon the matter.

Good judgment may be pronounced deliberately or swiftly, according to the temperament of the judge, and quick judgment need not necessarily be bad judgment, although it often is so. Any fair-minded person with an eye for both sides of a question can cultivate good judgment.

—ANNA FARQUHAR.

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Americans in Paris

THE most popular comic artist in France, I really believe, is F. M. Howarth. There is not a comic paper from the Sourire to the little Illustré Amusant that does not reproduce his grim and extraordinary little pictures without words. In the French "Comics" for this week he figures five times. You might not think that Mr. Howarth's humor was essentially Parisian. It had never struck me that it was. But, after all, your Parisian is a good deal like other men, a home-keeping, amiable creature, fond of a joke with harmless merriment in it.

And when he is done with Mr. Howarth, the average Parisian, it would seem, reads Marion Crawford. Two of Mr. Crawford's stories are appearing serially in the daily newspapers. I have heard so much of our great American writer, "Monsieur Crav-fore," that I have come to believe that Poe, Hawthorne, and all the rest are not worth remembering.

Queen Wilhelmina's Marriage Problem

JUST at the present moment it is Mr. Robert W. Chambers who is having his hour of success. Every really intelligent Frenchman comes at you with: "*Changbare! quel génie!*" As that is a little my own opinion I bought La Vie Illustrée yesterday and read an installment of Les Conspirateurs—part of the tenth and eleventh chapters. Now, there is nothing so fascinating as finding yourself in the middle of a stirring novel, without quite knowing how you got there. For instance, in Mr Chambers' conspiracy I found a German Prince and a young American Captain who looked so much alike that even the Grand Duchess herself couldn't tell them apart. On the next page I discovered that the Prince loved either the Queen of Holland or a peasant lass who looked so much alike that you couldn't tell one from the other—at least in photographs. Will Prince Edric marry the Queen of Holland in the last chapter? And what will become of the peasant lass? I do not know. Probably I never shall know. And that is the charm and beauty of it. For months, it may be for years, I shall go through life hypnotized by Mr. Chambers' problem. And when in time the Queen of Holland marries some one (as I shall see by the newspapers), I shall always wonder whether it is the Captain disguised as the Prince or the Prince masquerading as the Captain.

Unless—but I do not know—still it is not impossible—unless the Prince and the Captain are one; and the Queen is really the peasant girl, changed in the cradle; it is possible. At any rate this is the problem that is keeping all Paris awake these rainy days and nights.

Huck Finn a Boulevardier

THERE are two American names that you can conjure with anywhere in Europe—Mark Twain and Bret Harte. Huckleberry Finn is as well known to the small French boy as he is to the tanned youngster of the States. And perhaps it would surprise you—though it should not—to know that the great French critics consider this the best book written in America since Hawthorne's day. They will explain to you that it is not only fine literature, but that it is, as well, essentially racial and American. As for Bret Harte, he has almost been adopted into French literature. All this is agreeable to the right-minded American. He is pleased to see the spread of American ideas and grateful to the men of letters, those torch-bearers. In this connection I should say that The Red Badge of Courage will shortly appear in a French translation—the work of Monsieur Henri D. Davray, an accomplished translator—and thus Mr. Stephen Crane will become, vicariously at least, an American in Paris.

General Kitchener's Optimism

A FEW months before the Transvaal war broke out General Kitchener was in Paris. A French journalist whom I know called on him and brought away a very definite impression. General Kitchener is a calm, self-centred, steely man, who has only one passion and one aim in life—his business of being a soldier. His opinion of women is anything but flattering—probably because he is not married. In Egypt he used to assure his young officers that "falling in love ruins more good soldiers and spoils more promising careers than anything else." It is the old theory of the painter who "loved his art" and feared that, should he marry, his paint-brush might be jealous of his wife.

"What do you think of the project of disarmament and universal peace?" General Kitchener was asked.

"I don't think of it," said the General.

"Do you think there is any chance of a European war?"

"Well," said the General thoughtfully, "this confounded peace has been so violent it can't possibly last much longer."

The Awful Weight of a College Education

IN THE offices of the American Commissioner to Paris there are ten or fifteen—they flit about so I've not been able to count them—slim, young college boys, with brushes of football hair, yellow shoes, creased trousers and other appurtenances American. They feel the dignity that weighs upon them as representatives of the land across the sea, and are doing all they can to spread the United States language in Paris. Underneath Mr. Peck's offices in the Avenue Rapp there is a big and new and spick-and-span café. It has become almost an annex to the offices above stairs. I dropped in there yesterday to see Mr. John B. Cauldwell, the head of the art department. He was chatting with some of his friends, so I sat down, ordered a cup of coffee and waited. A half dozen of the college boys came in and took a table near me. One of them wanted ginger-ale. He asked for it calmly: "Oh, give me a bottle of ginger-ale."

The unhappy waiter shook his head.

"Ginger-ale," the young man repeated crushingly.

The waiter waved his hands in helpless agony.

"Why, don't you talk French?" one of the young fellows asked; "I thought you could talk French."

"So I can," said the other indignantly; and he added, "Garsong, coffee!"

It was a compromise.

Where Mr. Woodward Got His Accent

THE one man in the American delegation to the Exposition who speaks really good French is Mr. Woodward, the associate commissioner. He has attended dozens of meetings and banquets since he has been here and on almost every occasion he has been called on for a speech. He gets up, smiles, says the prettiest things imaginable in a French that is at once academic and perfect—perhaps just a bit too perfect to be a Frenchman's French—and then he sits down and is applauded. The other day at a breakfast of the foreign commissioners he made quite a hit.

"His French is capital," I said.

"Yes," said a Parisian confrère, "but he has that—that American accent."

Mr. Woodward overheard the remark.

"Yes," he said with the air of one disclosing a secret, "I'm an American."

It was a wise remark; I have never understood why an American should be expected to infect his French with a German accent or Japanese inflections.

Mr. MacKenna's Misadventure

THE youngest of the American correspondents in Paris is Mr. Stephen MacKenna, who represents a syndicate. He has a theory of life that, to me at least, is peculiarly attractive. His idea is that a young man should get through life on his own legs. When the Greek war broke out he decided that one who could read Homer should go and fight the Turk. When he landed in Athens an amiable Greek picked his pockets—taking watch, money and letters of credit. Mr. MacKenna set out on foot for the scene of the war. One day he came upon a little troop of Greek soldiers. The lieutenant could talk French in a way, and Mr. MacKenna explained that he had come to save Greece. The lieutenant kissed him on both cheeks and made him a corporal. They went to battle.

When the fighting was over the corporal was mustered out and paid off. While saving Greece he had earned eighteen dollars. When he reached Marseilles he discovered he did not have money enough for a ticket to Paris. He determined to walk. Day after day he tramped along the pleasant roads of France, conning Greek poetry. One evening as he entered a little village the peasants shouted:

"There he is—that's the man!" and fell upon him, tied him and stowed him away in a dungeon under the church.

The next day they put him in a cart and drove him to the nearest town. As they jolted along the peasants would come and poke him with sticks and say, "Assassin!" At last he was arraigned before some tufted official, and without much trouble convinced him of his identity. They had taken him for a murderer who made a specialty of killing lonely shepherd lads. A few days later he walked into Paris and returned to the university.

Mr. Whistler Again

A COLORADO millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who is getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac. He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—"symphonies" in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green.

"How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines.

"Four millions," said Whistler.

"What!"

"My posthumous prices," and the painter added, "Good morning."

—VANCE THOMPSON.



PIERROT'S RETURN

By Bliss Carman

Over the roofs of the town
The smoke-red moon goes down.
The winter settles on the lost sky-line
And on this heart of mine.

The days are come, Pierrot,
Wherein thou must forego
The broad green open world and mountains blue
Thy happy summer knew.

No more the whispering leaves,
The rain-drops on the eaves,
The woodland voices of hill-brooks at noon,
The leisurely wind's rune.

No thrushes now for thee
At break of day, to free
The *largo* of their silvery interludes
Through the green solitudes.

No sea-turn from the shore
Will come with pebbly roar
And lull, where the quiet marshes bright and wide
Are brimming with the tide.

Wood-path and orchard air
Exchanged for street and stair,
The simple habitude of old earth's joys
For motley and madcap noise

Immured within a room,
Pierrot, must thou resume
The customs of the city, gray and cold,
That make thy spirit old!

Freedom and air and light
And golden age, good-night!
Ah, lonely moon, where heaven and roof-line blend,
Be thou Pierrot's friend! . . .

A step on the entry floor?
And pausing at my door?
Surely my comrades cannot have found me yet
Entrez . . . Pierrette! Pierrette!

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Aquatic Gardening for Amateurs

By René Bache

WATER gardening—a branch of horticulture hitherto neglected and almost unrecognized—is beginning to attract a great deal of attention in this country as well as abroad. One beneficial result of the new departure is the awakening of popular interest in an extensive though little-known class of plants which possess characteristics of form and beauty peculiar to themselves. An immense variety of such "aquatics" can be grown so easily in any pond that it seems a shame to leave any water surface in a landscape bare, for with the help of only one or two water plants the ugliest mudhole in a meadow may be transformed into a patch of blossoming loveliness enchanting to the eye. The cultivation required is so simple as to demand little labor and no special skill, while the seeds of all plants desirable for this kind of gardening are readily obtainable, only a few—such as the seeds of the Victoria Regia, which cost five dollars a dozen—being expensive.

Half a century ago water gardening was practically confined to a few show places in Europe, such as Chatsworth, the country seat of the Duke of Devonshire, where the first Victoria Regia fetched from Brazil unfolded its incomparable blossoms; but not until twenty-five years later was the art introduced into the United States. Since then, however, it has made rapid progress, and to-day water plants are under cultivation in most parts of the country. In fact, the propagation of them has become an important industry, several firms making a specialty of growing aquatic plants for public parks and for sale to private individuals.

Any area of fresh water is rendered so much more interesting by green and flowering growths that it is rather unusual at the present time to find in a pleasure ground an artificial lake destitute of vegetation, while even the fountains in most city parks are made beautiful in summer with vari-colored lilies and other plants—aquatic gardens, one may call them, on a small scale. Some of the earliest experiments in this kind of horticulture were begun twenty years ago at the Government fish-ponds near the foot of the Washington Monument at the National Capital, and now the half-dozen glassy lakelets are fairly covered each summer with lilies of nearly every hue of the rainbow, only a few of them being native to the United States. Doctor Hessel, the superintendent of the ponds, is an enthusiast on the subject of water plants, and he has effected a number of crosses between tropical water lilies and hardy Northern varieties, obtaining hybrids that will winter out-of-doors in this latitude.

These lilies are easily crossed, and many very beautiful and striking ones have already been produced by such artifices, the most notable achievements in this line being credited to a Frenchman named Latour-Narliac, after whom one of the most exquisite hybrids is named. But the finest of all was originated at Chatsworth—the superb *Devoniensis*. The first blue water lily was fetched to Europe from Zanzibar twenty-one years ago, and the loveliest pink ones are likewise African, but some of the latter hue are native to the United States. Of hardy varieties now under cultivation, six are white, four pink, four yellow and one is dark crimson. Of tropical kinds, five are blue, from sky to very dark; three white, three red, and one pink. Five varieties open their petals at night, about eight o'clock, and shut them at 10 A. M., each blossom unclosing itself three nights in succession.

The first public park in America to make attempts at water gardening was that of Fairmount in Philadelphia, but since then the beauty of Central Park in New York has been greatly enhanced in this way. There are now two aquatic greenhouses in Pittsburg and two in Chicago. Formerly there was such a hothouse attached to the Executive Mansion in Washington, but it was destroyed by fire during Andrew Johnson's Administration and it was never rebuilt. In the White House conservatories there are two or three brick tanks filled with water, in which rare blue lilies from Australia, purple ones from Zanzibar, red ones from India, and yellow ones of domestic breed are propagated for the fountains. It is an interesting fact, by the way, that the first Victoria Regia that bloomed in the United States was grown in the White House aquatic nursery.

The Victoria Regia, which may fairly be considered the most remarkable of all aquatics, is a native of Brazil, where travelers first found it blooming in streams tributary to the Amazon, its leaves, six feet in diameter, looking like enormous trays, with edges turned up four inches all around. Indian women in that part of the world, while gathering the seeds of the plant for food, put their children upon the floating platters, which afford so good a support that a single one of them is capable of upholding an ordinary man. It is said that the leaves grow sometimes at the rate of half an inch an hour, or eight inches a day, while the flowers attain a width of more than a foot—in fact, they can be made to reach fifteen inches if the water is artificially warmed. They are white when they first open, and exhale a delicious perfume resembling that of pineapples; but on the second day they turn pink. One of them will serve very well as a corsage bouquet—or might do so were it not for the prickles which cover the stalk up to the very petals.

Landscape gardeners nowadays are accomplishing wonders with waste water spaces and bog holes which happen to offer themselves for utilization. If you are so fortunate as to have a pond on your premises, you may choose for your gardening among many kinds of ornamental aquatics. There are water poppies, with bright, lemon-colored flowers; water snowflakes, whose blossoms look like star-shaped snow-crystals; beautiful blue water hyacinths, and parrot's-feather plants of exquisite foliage; wild rice, with panicles of bloom on stalks six or eight feet high; and, by no means to be forgotten, the famous Egyptian papyrus. This last is a kind of reed, from which in ancient Egypt the inner rind was cut lengthwise in strips. The strips being laid parallel and close together, another set of strips was placed transversely across them, and thus was formed a sheet which, after being pressed, hammered and dried, presented a fair surface for ink.

The seeds of all these plants may be bought from dealers, as well as those of a number of curious and interesting floating ones which have no roots in the soil, but gain their sustenance from the water, being upheld by bulbs filled with air. These latter, indeed, are among the oddest of vegetal species, possessing as they do no fixed habitation, and spending their lives in drifting about, like so many aquatic tramps. Another queer pond-dweller is the lattice-leaf plant, the living skeleton of the vegetable world. Its long, fleshless leaves consist simply of a midrib and the primary nerves.

The most interesting and beautiful of all water plants, however—with the possible exception of the Victoria Regia—is the lotus, which seems originally to have been native to India, though, perhaps through transplantation, it grew wild on the banks of the Nile before the earliest of the historic dynasties.

In ancient times the people of the Nile Valley made bread of its big seeds, which were called "Egyptian beans" by the early Greeks and Romans. At feasts the guests wreathed their heads with lotus flowers, and at a funeral it was customary to give one blossom to each mourner. The lotus, indeed, was considered sacred, being an emblem of the Nile and the symbol of the creation of the world from the waters. Its influence on architecture has been enormous, its leaves and buds appearing in the capitals of classic columns and in every sort of antique decorative carving, while in sculpture it is a constant *motif*. The art of Japan, into which country the plant was imported long ago, is inspired by it to a greater extent than by anything else in Nature.

A single seed of the lotus, thrown into a pond, will soon cover the water surface with a wealth of huge leaves and superb blossoms, the latter resembling gigantic pink tulips. When the petals fall they leave behind them seed-cups, which in appearance are curiously like the "rose" in the spout of a watering-pot, each hole containing one large seed.

Mr. E. D. Sturtevant, an authority to whom the writer is indebted for much of



PHOTO BY LOTHROP, RIVERTON, N. J.

VICTORIA REGIA — HENRY A. DREER, RIVERTON, N. J.



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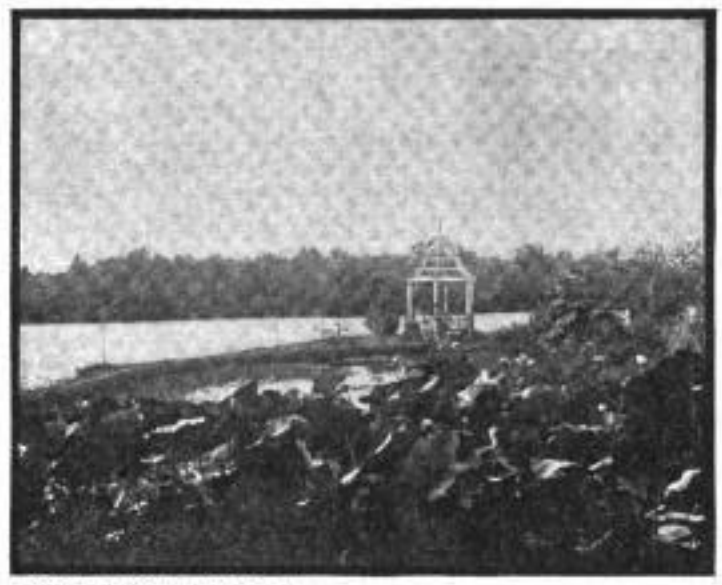


PHOTO BY J. H. HALL, JR., RIVERHEAD, N. Y.

WATER GARDEN IN THE ESTATE OF TIMOTHY W. GRIFFING, ESQ., AT RIVERHEAD, L. I.

the material of this article, says that "the hardiness of the lotus having been demonstrated, there is no reason why it should not be made to cover shallow ponds from Cape Cod through all the coast region of the Middle and Southern States; or why it should not become as conspicuous a feature in American life and art as it is in Japan."

If you are an aquatic horticulturist, and feel so disposed, you may build in your pond a miniature island, just a few inches higher than the surface level of the water, and on it you may cultivate various interesting bog plants, among which the most curious are certain carnivorous species, such as the "vegetable butcher," known to science as the *Dionæa muscipula*. This last is the famous plant, found only in North Carolina, whose every leaf is a trap—a pair of gaping jaws that wait patiently to capture any fly or other insect which may walk in attracted by the sweetish stuff inside. A victim once enticed thus far, the jaws close with a snap, and the "butcher" digests its prey at leisure.

Not less remarkable are the various pitcher plants, likewise at home in boggy places, which distil alcoholic liquors in graceful receptacles and make drunk the hapless cockroach or the imprudent bluebottle and afterward devour them. There is a pitcher plant in Borneo, by the way, that captures frogs and eats them—nor is this a fable, be assured, though it sounds like one.

Supposing that you have no natural pond convenient for your aquatic farming, you can always construct an artificial one. You build it of stone or brick—say, thirty feet long by twenty wide, and two feet in depth—and for the bottom of it you use old brickbats or broken stone, overlaid with cement. Into this tank, when filled with water, you put boxes of mould, covered with an inch or two of clean sand; but the soil must be very rich, for in Nature water lilies grow in shallows, where alluvium full of plant nutriment is deposited, their roots, often as thick as a man's arm, forming a network over the bottom. Of course, the artificial pond must be in a warm and sunny place, and the water must be freshened often enough to supply the waste of evaporation and to prevent it from becoming stagnant.

Some water lilies may be propagated from seeds in shallow earthen saucers overflowed with water, and, after they are well sprouted, should be planted separately in pots of rich earth. From the pots, when big enough, they are to be transplanted to the boxes in the tank, and thereafter they will manage their own affairs. Other kinds are raised from bulbs, while some hardy species native to this part of the world are reproduced by chopping up the roots and planting the pieces. The Victoria Regia may be grown in the simplest fashion by putting the seeds, which are as big as peas, into a tumbler of water and leaving them to sprout, after which they should be potted. This ought to be done in early spring, and the water must be kept warm, at a uniform temperature between eighty and ninety degrees Fahrenheit. In June the young Brazilian wonders are ready to be transferred to the tank or pond, when they will develop with astonishing rapidity, a single plant covering a space thirty feet in diameter.

Requiring so much room, the Victoria Regia is better adapted to a natural waterspace than to cultivation in a tank; but lesser water lilies will make a fine show in an artificial pond of the size described. In autumn the boxes should be removed from the tank, the lily roots being then divided and placed anew in pots of fresh loam, so as to be ready for planting out again in spring. The tubers of tropical species, however, in order to remain alive and dormant, have to be kept over the winter in damp moss in a place where the temperature is not over fifty degrees. If the latter precaution is neglected they are likely to sprout prematurely.

Speaking of building an artificial island in a pond suggests a word or two about the celebrated "floating gardens" of ancient Mexico, which represented a very singular and interesting development of aquatic horticulture. A century or two ago these gardens were quite common on the lakes of that country, being made raft-fashion, with a wicker substructure overlaid with earth, in which plants, and sometimes even trees, were made to grow. They were used chiefly for purposes of pleasure, being anchored out and fastened by means of long poles driven deep into the bottom. Usually they were rectangular in shape, averaging forty feet in length by fifteen feet in breadth—though some of them were much greater in size—and on the larger ones there was apt to be a small hut in which the cultivator lived. The soil spread upon the rafts was exceedingly rich, being scooped up from the lake bottom, and, being continually moistened by the water from beneath, produced a wonderful luxuriance of vegetation, including the choicest vegetables and most exquisite flowers.

These raft-gardens must have been very beautiful, but none of them are now to be found in Mexico. The so-called "floating gardens" of these days which are so great an attraction in the neighborhood of the City of Mexico do not float in reality, but are formed of strips of solid ground intersected by canals through which visitors are propelled in canoes. They are made by heaping up the earth to a height of two feet above the water, and yield plentiful crops of vegetables, fruits and flowers. In the canals beautiful water lilies often line the way, while many of the gardens are one mass of vari-colored flowers.

VIEW OF SECTION OF WATER GARDEN WITH LOTUS IN BLOOM—HENRY A. DREER, RIVERTON, N. J.





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The Island of the Innocent

By Elia W. Peattie

I HAD just buried my treasure.

This was the most important event in my life up to that time—more important by far than the mere acquirement of the treasure. Many boys of eight—I was eight—as well as other persons, have treasures, but few, since the time of Captain Kidd, have had the charming sense to bury them.

We were leaving home and going to a far-off place. It was not at my suggestion nor even with my approval. In permitting it I was merely indulging a whim of my father and mother. But, as a provision against future poverty, the sensible thing for me to do was to bury my treasure.

This treasure was interesting. It consisted of three silver dollars, gloriously large, of fifty cunning little dimes, of a gold bracelet made in semblance of a serpent, and all springy openwork so that it nearly scared me to death when I put it about my arm, because it seemed to leap and coil and cling; and a silver snuff-box, set with red and blue garnets in imitation of the American flag.

Hiding a treasure is not a thing to be done in open daylight. No, no—no, no! It should be done in the mysterious hours. I knew that. I slept but little the night before my great incident. There were reasons.

On ordinary occasions two brown earth urchins came trudging down out of the Hills of Silence and sat themselves hard upon my lids and stayed there immovably the night through. But on the eve of great events, such as Christmas or the Fourth of July or my birthday, these little friends of mine had, apparently, to go off about their own business, and they sent to me, in their lieu, two fluttering, inconstant sisters from the world of opening and shutting flowers, and these pretty creatures seemed no sooner to poise upon my eyes than they were off again and my naughty lids flew open with as much energy as the cover of my beautiful snuff-box. The comfort of all this was that I became acquainted with the gray thoughts that come hooded in the night, and the curious misshapen dwarfs called fears that skurry about the bed of a child who sleeps alone. Moreover, I had been enabled to see the sky in the early dawn when it was like one of my mamma's Japanese prints—gray like a dove's dark breast, with two broken bars of pale pink marking it. It seemed to me that Nature was often very Japanese.

The morning of the treasure-hiding I arose at four. That is what the clock said—four. There were some stars out, and a large, low, yellow one in the West looked at me very hard. I ran out my tongue at it. No star could scare me.

The apple trees had been in bloom a trifle the day before, but something had happened over night—I had heard the wind calling to me like a big boy in the dark—and now the orchard was all pink and white. As the warm air came creeping up from around the earth I saw the white veils of the blossoms part and the pink faces look out. There was perfume all about me and the wind kept blowing it to and fro.

I cannot tell what made me do it, but I sat my treasure—it was in a pretty tin box—down on the ground and ran up and down the orchard as hard as I could, and I laughed so loudly that a number of birds advanced to the utmost twig of their home-trees and reminded me that the sun was not yet up.

But in the very thick of these reproaches the sun advanced a ruddy face above the hills and shamed them, and reminded me that it was time to be at work.

I climbed a tree which stood, by actual count, exactly in the centre of the orchard, and crept out on the longest branch till I got to a certain hollow knob.

"It will be easy to remember that hollow knob," I said to myself, "and when I am old and poor I shall come back here and climb out on that branch—I shall be all in rags, with a long white beard—and drop my head and find my treasure."

I sat still for several seconds thinking about this, till a squirrel came from his hole and questioned me from a neighboring tree. Then I sank my plummet, let fall my line, and dropping after it recklessly, I dug and dug till I had an impressively deep hole.

Then I buried my treasure and scattered twigs and leaves and blossoms over it, refraining, with a wood-craft which commended me marvelously to my own approval, from overdoing it. Then I went back to my home, and, by the exercise of all of my will, forced myself to eat breakfast as if my life were the same open book it had been only yesterday.

The next week I and my parents moved away. We went very far and settled in a place where I could no longer hear the sea. Neither could I see apple trees in bloom, nor hills flushed with green. There were hills, it is true, but the smoke of many smelters—blue and green smoke, corrosive and evil—quenched the glory of the hills and forbade the trees to grow.

I learned many new things and became acquainted with some new boys, and, almost before I knew what was happening, I grew up.

Growing up has its penalties. I was sent away from home to college, but instead of going East as I had expected I would, I went West and studied at the university nearest the sunset. I met a dear girl there whom I married later, and, as I had no wander-year after my college course, I and my young wife started around the world together.

I told her about the treasure one night when we were sailing up the Yang-tse-Kiang. She clapped her hands gayly.

"We will go dig it up together," she said. "We will do it by moonlight. Can you hear the surf from the orchard, Ted?"

"Oh, quite plainly! And, if the moonlight is not too bright, we can play that the treasure consists of 'pieces of eight' and Spanish doubloons."

"No, no!" cried my dear. "It is not necessary to pretend anything. This is one of the first times in my life in which I have found everything so delightful that I do not need to pretend."

"Very well," I laughed, "then what we shall find will be a red tin box containing three dollars, gloriously large, fifty cunning dimes, a serpent of gold that springs and coils and clings, and a silver snuff-box set with blue and red garnets in the pattern of an American flag."

My dear young wife died before our long marriage-journey was completed, and I, dreading to go back to the town where the sulphurous smoke killed the green things and poisoned the air, determined to begin seriously the work for which I had endeavored to fit myself at college.

Metallurgy had been my study, and now I turned all my attention to it, and, because my energies were so concentrated, I presently made something of a mark for myself. I began to receive commissions from institutions of one sort and another, and so it came about that, in the course of the next thirty years, I traveled much.

I got into a foolish way—because my life was so nomadic, I suppose—of thinking a great deal about the time when I was a boy and really had a home. I had entered a formula in the first notebook which I ever possessed, of the place of the buried treasure, and I never got a new notebook without devoting the top of the first page to this entry:

"Centre tree of apple orchard—long limb pointing to the South—directly under hollow knob—seven paces from the tree."

I planned to go some time and forget all the knowledge that burdened me and the people I knew and the work I had to do, and follow these directions explicitly and dig till I came to my treasure. It seemed to me that when I found it the labor and pain of the years would slip away like a river that flows to the sea.

The time came at last. I had two months for a vacation before setting off for the Andes. So I went to the old town and up the dusty road—it was late in the summer and the grapes were ripe—to the house. It looked ludicrously mean. I laughed aloud when I saw it. I went in and told the woman who lived there who I was.

"You are quite welcome, Mr. Barton," she said. "You must stay right here with us, of course."

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"You have a son?"

"He is back of the house. See him yonder. He is marching up and down with a wooden gun over his shoulder."

"I am going out to speak to him," said I.

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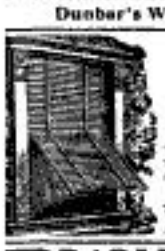
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salute. He presented arms with his wooden gun. "Lieutenant, what is your name?" I asked. He grinned, delighted.

"Ted," said he.

"No!" I cried, "it can't be!"

"Why not, sir?"

"Because that is my name. At least it used to be." I thought of how it looked now, Edward Thomas Burton, with a lot of joyless titles strung after it, and sighed. Times had been much better in the days when I had been called Ted.

"Come, walk in the orchard," I urged.

"The orchard is no good any more," said he. "It is too old."

"But I am as old as the orchard, Ted, yet I hope I am some good."

He was shy and said nothing, and I felt that he was thinking that he had not yet made up his mind.

"Did you ever search for buried treasure?" I inquired.

A light came into his eyes. "No," he exclaimed.

"I know where there is some," I said.

"Where?" he half whispered. I opened my notebook and read:

"Centre tree of apple orchard—long limb pointing to the South—directly under hollow knob—seven paces from the tree."

"In this orchard?" queried Ted.

"In this and none other!"

He began to run and I followed him. But when we had got to the heart of the orchard I had a good deal of trouble in identifying my tree. Some of the dead trees had been cut down and the centre of the orchard was no longer a thing definitely to be determined. I decided upon my tree with hesitation, for the long branch which I had expected to find had been broken, some prodigal season, with its weight of fruit.

"I fear we shall have great trouble in finding our treasure," I said. I took seven paces from the tree, and then I remembered that my present pacing must be at least a third greater than the pacing of my short legs in that unforgotten dawn.

"Ted," I directed, "you pace."

He did and we drove a stake.

"But we must not think of making our search by daylight!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Arrange for me to sleep in your room to-night and we will creep out by moonlight."

We were too excited to say more. We waited for the night. We were clever—our ingenuity and cunning were really unsurpassed. We secured permission to sleep in the same room, I in the bed, Ted on a cot.

At four I arose and put on my clothes.

"Come, Ted, come! The moon is high, the tide rising. We must be gone."

Ted sprang out of bed dizzily and I helped him into his clothes. Passing the mirrors the bright moonlight afforded me a glimpse of my whitened head.

"Out upon it!" I muttered. "Can a man never forget?"

I crawled out upon the woodshed. Ted followed me. I had desired the sensation of an awful drop, but my feet touched the ground when I let myself over the lowest end of the shed.

We started for the orchard, stopping every few steps to listen.

"No sound of a keel grating upon the beach, messmate?"

"No, sir."

"No hoof-beats on the highway?"

"No."

We went on to the place. By my directions Ted had brought his wooden gun.

"Pace you here!" I commanded. "The success of this adventure depends upon your watchfulness." I dug for ten minutes. Then I relieved the sentry.

"I will watch and you may dig," I said. I put the gun over my shoulder and began my beat. Suddenly there was a cry.

"The box, sir!"

I no longer had need to feign an interest. I dashed to the spot.

"Give me the shovel," I commanded, earnestly this time.

"Must I go on guard?" asked my little friend wistfully.

"No, no! We may both be needed to exhume this mighty treasure."

We did, indeed, together lift the tiny box from its resting place. I pried back the rusted lid. We bent our heads together in our eager curiosity. Within were three dollars, gloriously large, fifty cunning dimes, a snake of gold that leapt and coiled and clung, and a silver snuff box set with blue and red garnets in the pattern of the American flag.

"Who does it belong to?" whispered Ted. It seemed great riches—a king's bounty.

"Half and half," I replied. "It is ours by half and half." We divided with amicable agreement. Then we crept through the orchard, past the pump, past the chopping block, to the shed. I paused there.

"No keel grating the beaches?"

"No, sir!"

"No hoof-beats on the road?"

"No."

"Our treasure is saved!" I cried devoutly.

I lifted my messmate to the roof and climbed up after him.

The next day I left to visit my people in Montana. I might have stayed longer in the shadow of the orchard. But something warned me to hasten away while the dew was fresh on my delight.



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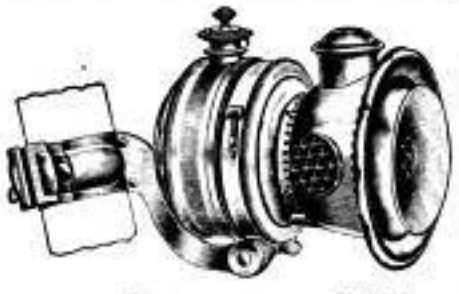
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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, April, 1900.

THERE is no Canaan in politics," declared Wendell Phillips, and I think from present indications that there is scarcely a Republican in Congress who won't heartily indorse Wendell Phillips. I know for certain that Robert will, for his experience in explaining himself to his constituents and to the Legislature proved a Herculean task; for the more he explained the less they understood. I was becoming very uneasy after Robert went out to Spruce City when I received from him an urgent telegram that was in the nature of a desperate appeal for help. It read thus:

> "See Senator P——. Ask him to get permission from headquarters to reveal source and reason for coercion of my vote in House."

I was almost paralyzed by this telegram, for it was proof positive that there was something more under all this business than any politician has yet admitted, and it proved that Robert had been dragooned in his vote in spite of his denial to me, and that his position in consequence was trying, even untenable. I wasted no time in thinking over the situation, for it is only a fool who stops to think at the wrong time. I made an impressive toilet. I masked my uneasiness with a bland, sweet smile, for I felt that my face should be "no February face, full of frost and storm." I called my carriage and drove forth like any damosel of old to do battle against the wicked for my liege lord. I made up my mind that I would face the whole Committee of Ways and Means, or the "peace committee," or even the Napoleon who is thought to have the Senate in the hollow of his hand and to command the party and its mercenaries. I might, perhaps, even be driven to beard the Caucus in its den. I assumed a bravery I was far from feeling, and decided not to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would."

When I reached the Senate Chamber I found no Senator P—— anywhere visible. I sent to his committee-room to no avail, and finally I had recourse to the ever-delightful, obliging Mr. Ransdell, the Sergeant-at-Arms, who promised to unearth Senator P—— if he were in the Capitol. So I took up my place in an inconspicuous corner of the gallery and idly watched the Senate while I waited. There was not much to engage the attention unless it was the spick and span new spring suit of Senator Wolcott with its glimpse of pink and white striped shirt. I found myself trying to decide which was the better set-up man in the Chamber, Senator Wolcott or Senator Hale. The latter looks like a well-to-do Wall Street broker dressed in the height of fashion, and while I was comparing these two men a third one entered who pushed them both closely as to style and get-up. This was the new Secretary of the Senate, Mr. Bennett, who was resplendent in a brown suit with a shirt that was decorated with wide bars of sky blue.

From these three exponents of spring styles my attention wandered to Senator Hanna, who always gives the beholder the idea of being the most rushed man in the chamber. His mail was just being brought in when my eye chanced to light upon him. He clutched at it with his chubby hands, tore it open, snatched at his eye-glasses in a breathless sort of way, adjusted them, and then began to roll his eyes from side to side all down the pages of his voluminous letters. When he was at last through with his correspondence, from the débris of crumpled sheets and torn envelopes that lay all about him one would have supposed that a paper manufactory had been wrecked close to his desk.

But I was not long diverted by the Senate, for just here I heard my name spoken and found Senator P—— beside me.

"Still searching for the mystery of it all, Mrs. Slocum?" he asked in debonair fashion. Then he added abruptly:

"You've heard something that worries you?"

Alas! for the mask that I thought I was wearing, for this keen-eyed man had penetrated to my anxiety at once. I answered:

"I'm in that perplexed state, Senator P——, which somebody says is worse than worst necessity, and I've come to you with 'What shall I do?' on my lips," and I handed him out Robert's telegram.

He read it once, carefully, then again, and folded it between his fingers while he contemplated me gravely.

"Come down with me to the café. We'll talk it all over while you take a cup of tea."

At this I laughed, for the idea of taking a fateful cup of tea, knowing the reputation that tea served in cups has in the Senate restaurant, was most amusing. The Senator laughed at his own little slip and said:

"Oh, well, you know that I did not mean literally tea; tea is only the generic name with me for luncheon. Will you come?"

"No, not to-day. I feel that I must work, not play. I do not know what is at stake perhaps, and Robert needs help. Can you help him?" I asked.

"I will do my utmost. Did he tell you the exact position before he went away?"

"No, that's just it; I am working wholly in the dark."

"That is only what most of us are doing, Mrs. Slocum. I think I know exactly what the position is, for we had talked this thing all over. I think I know what pressure I can bring to bear to secure this permission, and I will use it."

"But what of me?" I asked, seeing that my rôle was to be cut.

"Well, you would better go home and on your way telegraph him that you have left it all in my hands, and that I will wire him and keep him advised all the afternoon of what I am able to accomplish. I will report to you later in the day of my success or failure."

"Senator P——, you do not believe it possible that Robert could have been led into anything by all this pressure that will impugn his——" I hesitated to put it into words.

The Senator answered heartily:

"By no means, Mrs. Slocum. His only error, if there be any error at all, has been that they applied the party lash to him, and he has been made to believe that there is nothing more powerful or worth while than party allegiance. It is only when we are old and tough and thick-skinned, and have nothing more to lose, that we learn to defy the party lash, and to pretend that there is something stronger and better than party allegiance."

"And that is ——?"

"National allegiance."

"I will send Robert a telegram that everything is in your hands and that you will wire him, and this evening you will come and dine with Page and me and you will tell me all that happens?"

"I will tell you all that I can, but I may not be able to give away the secrets of the prison house in their entirety, Mrs. Slocum."

This was agreed upon, after which I left the Capitol.

All that afternoon Page and I roamed from one end to the other of the District of Columbia. By roaming I mean, of course, driving. Page, seeing that I was anxious, tried to divert me by telling me many interesting things about the District. My attention was attracted to a crowd of negroes in which there was a sprinkling of white men, and I exclaimed:

"It is a fight, Page."

"Ah reckon that's jus' what it is, Mrs. Slocum. They're jus' havin' their primaries."

"Primaries!" I echoed in surprise. "Why, Page, I thought there was no voting in the District of Columbia?"

"Neither is there, Mrs. Slocum. We're a Te'itory. We sen' delegates to the convention who mos' always disgrace us. You see, in the District it's like the old cause of complaint, it's taxation without representation; an' when people get all outdone with the way things go an' kick an' kick against what they think are wrongs, why then Congress jus' steps in an' wipes it all out, all 'cept the taxes. We never heard of their wipin' out any of the taxes."

"But why doesn't somebody get up in Congress and introduce a bill to change the form of government and give you the vote?"

"Oh! my gracious, Mrs. Slocum, we don' wan' to vote. That would be only pilin' up our miseries. But we would like somethin' like home rule here. Why, mos' all our local offices are filled by outsiders. You see it's jus' like this," and Page waxed eloquent

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife was begun in the Post of February 3. Each paper is complete in itself.



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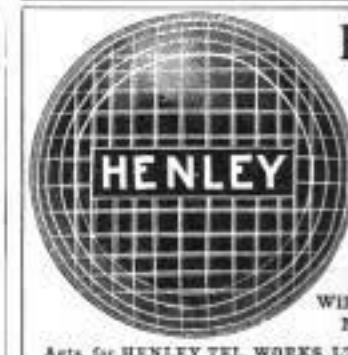
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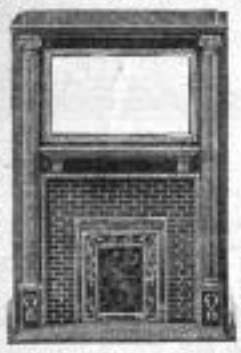
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as she turned to me in her explanation. "You see, Mrs. Slocum, there ain' really anythin' here for men to do, no openin'. There's no business but the small trades that supply the town, an' the professions hol' little or no inducements. No lawyer can get beyond a local reco'nition; they never can hope for the Supreme Bench, nor even hope for an o'dinary district judgeship."

"I don't see why not," I said.

"You ain' goin' to catch any President makin' a local appointment, if he can help himself, for he has always a political debt to pay, or a political future to think of, an' what's the use of wastin' anythin' on a community behin' which is no State an' no vote. An' this hol's good with every position in his gif'."

"What a queer state of affairs! I don't see why men stand it. I should think that this condition of the local offices could be remedied if you had the vote," I said.

"Ah think the las' state would be worse than the firs'. But you jus' ask Senator P—— about all this, an' see if he don' tell you the same thing. Look at the young men growin' up here. I don' recall many native-born men who have attained anythin' in the District. There seems to be a lazy, pa'alyzin' atmosphere here which kills any ambition any one might have, an' then there ain' any openin's if there is any ambition. I don' know jus' where the mischief is, but it's somewhere in the sixty square miles that make up the District of Columbia."

I was depressed by Page's outlook and gazed at her dismally. She added laughingly: "One thing, Washin'ton is the pa'adise of all womankind. We have equal rights with men, for if we can't vote neither can the men, an' another blessed good thing, women who own real estate can sell it if they want to without so much as yea or nay from a husban', while no man can sell a stick or stone of his prope'ty without his wife's consent."

When we got home that afternoon the time seemed interminable until night and the dinner hour arrived. I had been in hopes of having a telegram from Robert, but none had come for me, and the evening papers contained no news of any change in the situation at the Capitol, save that the "peace committee" had been discharged and that several hot speeches had been made in caucus, one of which had been by Senator P——, in the course of which he had done some plain speaking.



SENATOR HALE LOOKS LIKE A WELL-TO-DO WALL STREET BROKER

Scarcely had Senator P—— arrived and dinner been announced when Page and I were all eager attention. Senator P—— looked faded and careworn, and I would not begin the subject that was uppermost with me until his face had relaxed its tension somewhat. Finally he said:

"Well, Mrs. Slocum?"

"Well, Mr. Senator?" I returned. Then I asked, "What success did you have?"

"Well, my success has been of the sort that Henry Ward Beecher says is 'full of promise till you get it,' and that has been about the way of it to-day. I have sent various telegrams to your husband this afternoon and am expecting one final one from him here to-night."

I could scarcely wait to have the Senator tell his tale in his own way and rushed precipitately to the main issue.

"Will they permit him to tell the true inwardness, or the truth in this matter?" I asked anxiously.

His face darkened, and he said slowly and dubiously, "Yes."

I drew a long breath of relief and was about to speak, when he interposed:

"Your husband is to explain to his constituents by telling the truth, and telling it so that no one will understand or be any the wiser."

Silence fell upon the table, and I suppose I was looking very downcast, for Senator P—— spoke again in a cheerful and confident voice:

"Mrs. Slocum, when I found how things were going this afternoon and that I could get no satisfaction at headquarters, I determined to take the matter into my own hands. I've seen too many young politicians turned back in their careers by this fetich of party obedience, and so I mapped out a course of action which I have telegraphed your husband in all its details, and if he follows it out I think that all will go well and that no serious harm will have been done him. I am expecting to hear from him again to-night. I asked him to wire before midnight so that you should know the best or the worst before you sleep."

I don't know that I ever before felt such a lump of gratitude as rose in my throat. I was about to rush into a volume of sentimental though genuine thanks, when a furious peal of the bell, followed by the appearance of my footman with a card, changed the scene. I put out my hand for the card, but the man passed on to Senator P—— and said:

"Some gentlemen in a carriage, sir, are waiting at the door and would speak with you upon something urgent." And he handed out the card.

Senator P—— looked at the written message on the card. A hard, determined look settled upon his face. He spoke in a quiet, even voice:

"Say to the gentlemen that I am engaged and that I shall not attend—— Stay, though I will write it," he added.

He hurriedly scribbled something on the card, and as he wrote a dark flush mounted to his face. It was clear that he was controlled by some powerful emotion either of anger or resentment. When he held the card up to read what he had written, I saw plainly on the other side of it a name. It was that of the "Napoleon" who is thought to be pulling the strings of the legislative puppets. I said hesitatingly:

"Do not let us interfere with your——"

He shook his head, and when the footman had left the room, said:

"It is a plan laid to force me into a compromise, but I gave them my ultimatum to-day. I will neither be coerced nor shaken from my position."

Page brought out her banjo and half-sang, half-crooned quaint negro melodies, until all three of us were soothed into a peaceful frame of mind, from which we were roused late in the evening by Robert's dispatch to the Senator.

While he was tearing off the cover I was breathless with a half-dread of what it would contain. The Senator drew a long breath and ejaculated a satisfied "Ah." Then he handed the telegram to me. It read:

"Have put your plan in operation. It will work. I shall pull out. Will wire to-morrow."

The Senator rose to take his departure and I tried to express to him my gratitude for what he had done for us, but he bluffed me off as men generally do when it gets down to that part of a transaction. It was only after he had gone that I realized that I had been all day in an atmosphere of plots and counter-plots, that Robert had committed a blunder, had been pilloried, had been saved, and not one blink of the truth did I have. Truly, "there is no Canaan in politics."



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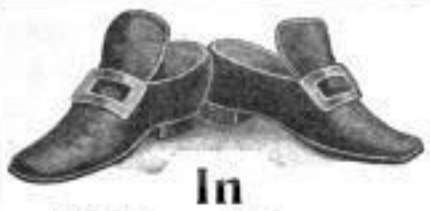
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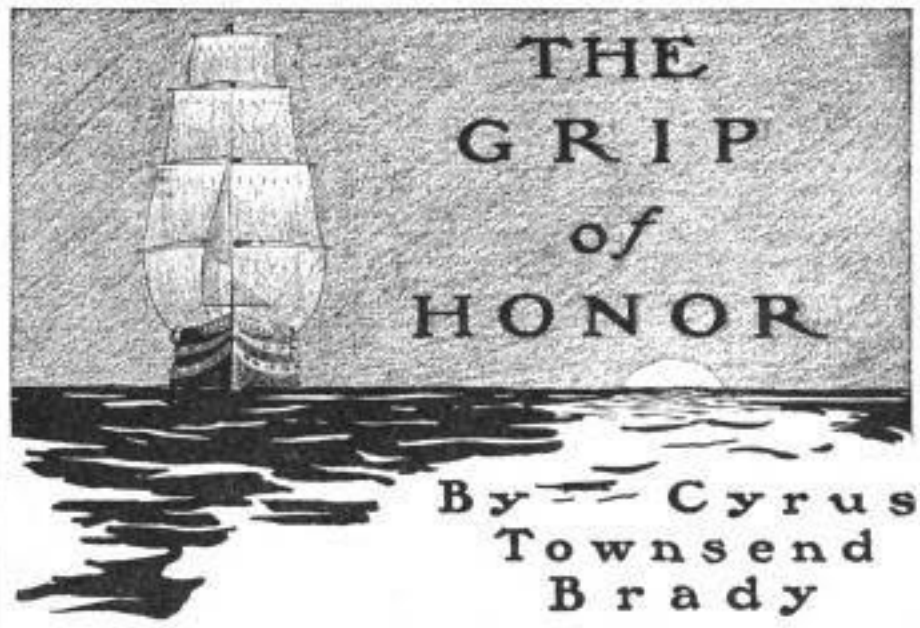
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CHAPTER XXII

AND now happened the incident which finally decided the battle. By Jones' order, quantities of hand grenades, a small, highly combustible and explosive shell, about the size of a large apple, had been placed in the tops. After the battle in mid-air, in which the Americans had gained possession, he shouted out that they be used in accordance with his instructions. Fanning sent a man with a bucket of grenades out on the extreme end of the mainyardarm. Wrapping his legs around the yard he sat down and, leaning against the lift, deliberately threw his bombshells, one by one, down the open main hatchway of the Serapis. The powder boys of the latter ship had been bringing charges of powder for the various guns from the magazine, and, as many of the guns had been put out of action by the American fire, the supply had been greater than the demand. A large pile had been carelessly allowed to accumulate upon the deck. One of the grenades caromed against the hatch combing and fell into the centre of the charges.

There was a detonating crash, so loud, so terrific, that it actually seemed to annihilate even the roar of the battle. Twenty or thirty men were killed or badly wounded by the explosion, and the rest of the English seamen were dazed and driven from their stations by the concussion. The clothes of many were actually ripped from their bodies so that they stood naked and wondering, though they were otherwise unhurt. A long moment of ghastly silence followed this catastrophe on the Serapis. Men everywhere paused with bated breath to wait the issue. The Serapis, dragging the Richard, reeled and rocked under the shock. The last calamity broke the strength of Pearson's endurance and ended his resistance. He could fight no more. Was it the Devil himself who commanded the other ship? The English Captain sprang aft to the flagstaff. A great English standard had been nailed to the spar. With his own hands he tore it down.

The battle was over! At the same moment the mainmast of the Serapis, undermined and eaten away in its heart by the gnawing attack of the quarter-deck guns of the Richard, came crashing down, a hopeless ruin, carrying down some of the Americans as it fell.

"*They have struck their flag!*" cried Jones, who had sprung upon the rail at the moment of the explosion and had witnessed Pearson's action. "Cease firing."

His voice rang through the ship with such a note of proud triumph as has rarely been heard within the fought-over confines of the narrow seas.

"They have struck! The ship is ours!" rang from man to man among the Americans. Wild cheers broke into the night in an ever-increasing volume of sound.

"Send Mr. Dale to me," said Jones to young Brooks as the flag came down. The midshipman had been wounded but still kept his station. As Dale came running toward his Captain, Jones cried:

"Muster a boarding party and take charge of the prize. The fight is over."

But no, the battle was not over. A few moments before, an English shipmaster among the prisoners had succeeded in escaping through the rents in the shattered sides of the two ships and had told the plight of the Richard to the First Lieutenant of the Serapis. With this information the men on the gun-deck had been rallied, and, led by their officers, had returned to their quarters and had resumed the battle. They, too, were heroes. Mayrant, who ran aft from the forecastle as he saw Pearson strike his flag, jumped on the rail by Jones' orders and followed Dale upon the deck of the English ship.

Such was the confusion of the moment, that as Mayrant leaped on the deck he was actually run through the thigh by a pike in the hand of a wounded British sailor. Pearson was standing alone as if dazed on the quarter-deck of his ship, holding one clenched hand against his breast, with the other grasping his trailing flag. In his face was that look of defeat and despair which is the saddest aspect of baffled, impotent humanity.

"Have you struck, sir?" cried Dale, stopping before the English Captain.

"Yes," was the grim reply. Pearson's voice was a broken whisper.

"I am come to take possession."

"Very good, sir," said Pearson bitterly, and, dropping the flag, he reached for his sword.

Just at this moment the First Lieutenant of the Serapis came bounding up the hatchway from the deck below.

"A few more broadsides, sir, and they are ours," he cried impetuously. "They are in a sinking ——"

"The ship has struck, sir, and you are my prisoner," interrupted Dale quickly, seeing the necessity of promptness.

"Struck! This ship! Your prisoner!" cried the astonished Englishman.

"Yes, sir. Your sword," demanded Dale. The man hesitated.

"Disarm him," cried the American. Two or three of the boarding party closed around them.

"Sir," asked the Englishman, turning to his Captain, "is it true that we have struck?"

"Yes, sir," answered Pearson hoarsely.

"My God!" cried the junior officer of the prize. There was a momentary silence.

"I have nothing more to say, sir," he added. "I will go below and call off the men."

"No, sir," interrupted Dale, "you will accompany your Captain on board our ship at once. Pass the word to cease firing. The ship has struck."

As the English Captain and his First Lieutenant stepped over the rail upon the high poop of the Richard, the roar of the guns died away, this time for good. Seizing a dangling rope they swung themselves inboard and found themselves face to face with a little man in a tattered uniform, hatless, covered with dust, powder-stained and grimy with the soil of battle. Blood from a wound in his forehead had coagulated upon his cheek. Nothing but the piercing black eyes which burned and gleamed out of his face in the darkness bespoke the high humanity of the man.

"Is it ——?"

"Captain John Paul Jones, at your service, gentlemen."

"My sword, sir," said Pearson, tendering it to him formally. "I regret," he added

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ungraciously, "to be compelled to strike to a man who has fought with a halter around his neck."

"Sir," said Jones with a magnanimity as great as his valor, "you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt that your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner. . . . Mr. Brooks, escort these gentlemen to my cabin."

The two ships were now cut adrift, Dale remaining on the Serapis to take command. He had sat down a moment for rest, and as he attempted to rise to his feet he fell to the deck, discovering only in that way that he had been severely wounded.

By the most heroic efforts of the prize crew on the Serapis and the remaining men on the Richard, the English prisoners were driven back into the hold, the flames subdued and some semblance of order restored. Cottineau had captured the Pallas after an hour of good hard fighting and the victory was with the Americans. But it had been purchased at a fearful cost. There is no battle on land or sea in the world's history in which the percentage of loss was greater than in the battle between the Serapis and the Richard.

About seventy per cent. on the Serapis and over fifty per cent. on the Richard had been killed or wounded and the Bon Homme Richard was in a sinking condition. She had been literally beaten to pieces. It was not safe to remain upon her decks. Consequently the prisoners and the wounded, groaning in anguish, were removed to the Serapis. In the early morning, the brave ship which had earned undying immortality in her worn-out old age, because for three brief hours John Paul Jones and his men had battled upon her decks, sank forever beneath the sea. The great battle-flag under which she had fought had been reset and fluttered above her as she went down.

The refitting of the prizes for the returning voyage was at once begun. To anticipate events, it is recorded that Captain Landais, the jealous and false-hearted Frenchman who had so treacherously manœuvred the Alliance, was subsequently court-martialed and dismissed the service. He should have been hanged from her highest yardarm.

CHAPTER XXIII

"THE battle is on," said O'Neill in the small boat to Elizabeth, "and I am not there. O God! give us a little breeze," he cried. In anticipation he swung the oars inboard, stepped the mast once more, and then resumed his place by her side.

"God is good to me," she said at last; "He will not let you be there to be killed. You have had trouble enough and have run enough risks. He wishes to keep you for me."

O'Neill shook his head.

"My place is there, my duty is on yonder deck. Would that I had returned to the ship without going up to the castle!"

"Why, then," she said reproachfully, "you would not have seen me."

"I know," he replied, "but then I should be in my rightful place, fighting where I belong, Coventry would be honored in doing his duty, the Admiral would be happy, your marriage would take place——"

"And you," she cried, womanlike placing him in the balance as opposed to all the rest, "would you have been happy?"

"Happiness has nothing to do with it," he answered impatiently, "it is a question of duty. I have been a fool."

"Has the fool been rewarded in accordance with his folly?" she asked him. "Nay, look at me before you reply," she cried imperiously, turning his head until his eyes looked into her own. The face of the girl, the limpid light of her magic glance allowed but one answer.

"I say no more," replied O'Neill, kissing her softly. "You are right; I have you; you are worth it all. I will try to be a philosopher about the rest."

Meanwhile the intermittent cannonading had been succeeded by a steady roar of artillery which reverberated and rolled along the surface of the water. The Scarborough, some distance to the northwest of the Serapis and the Richard, was apparently hotly engaged with the Pallas, while the Alliance seemed to be sailing back and forth between the two groups of combatants pouring in a random fire upon friend and foe alike. Great clouds of smoke, punctured by vivid flashes of light, overhung the ships.

Back on the heights above the town the people swarmed. O'Neill could picture the old Admiral walking up and down the terrace, glass in hand, while he surveyed the battle. There seemed to be little manœuvring, except on the part of the Alliance, and the combat appeared to be a yardarm-to-yardarm fight. Once or twice the roar of the battle died away temporarily, and the smoke, blowing off to leeward, disclosed the

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBB

"HAVE YOU STRUCK, SIR?" CRIED DALE



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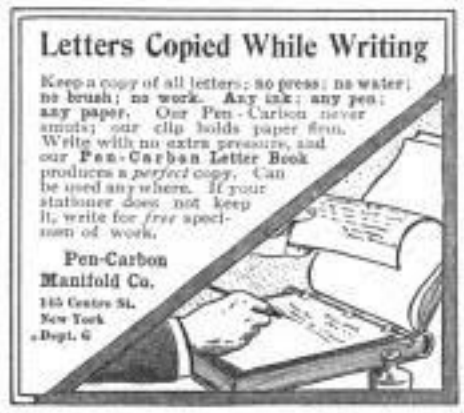
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two ships side by side. Sometimes great wreaths of flame, which told that one or the other ship had been set on fire, would leap up into the air.

The feelings of the young officer can be imagined. Adrift in that little boat and watching the awful combat, not even the presence of the woman he loved could compensate him for his absence. The fever of the conflict possessed him. His breath came hard, the sweat stood on his forehead. He prayed as never before for a breeze to take him to the fight. He murmured incoherent words which told the tender listener something of the terrible longing in his bosom. So the long hours wore away.

Toward eleven o'clock they heard a terrific explosion, and then the roar of the battle slackened and finally died away. When the smoke drifted off the two ships were lying side by side. Farther off, almost hull down, were the Scarborough and the Pallas, which had ceased their fight some time before. The battle was over. Who had won? It was a question he could not answer.

The breeze so long wished for now sprang up once more and the little boat gathered way and began to slip through the water again. The sky had become overcast; it grew very dark, the wind freshened steadily, and finally blew so strong that it required all the skill and address of which O'Neill was possessed to keep his unsteady little craft from capsizing. At length he was forced to drop the sail and take to the oars to keep afloat at all. About two o'clock in the morning a squall of rain came down and they lost sight of the ships. Toward daybreak the wind moderated again and they were enabled to set sail once more. The ocean was covered with a dense mist, and they could see nothing. As nearly as O'Neill could judge without the aid of a compass, he headed the boat toward the place where they had last made out the two ships.



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

TWO FIGURES HUNG OVER THE TAFFRAIL AND WATCHED THE WHITE SAILS OF THE LITTLE BOAT

"We ought to pick them up in a few moments now and learn our fate," he said to the frightened, exhausted girl crouching in the stern-sheets in her wet, clinging garments. The night had been too much for her, her physical strength had almost given way, though nothing could abate the affection he saw shining still in her tired eyes.

"Learn our fate? How is that?" asked Elizabeth, rousing herself a little.

"If Commodore Jones has been captured," he answered, "I have but to give myself up and redeem Coventry, and—you know the rest."

"Yes," she replied wearily and listlessly, "let it come—we have fought a good fight, you and I—we can do no more; and the other alternative?"

"Why, in that case," he said, "we will be there, under our own flag, he too will be saved, and our troubles are over."

"What think you of the prospect?" she asked, brightening a little.

"It is difficult to say. The Serapis and the Scarborough should easily be more than a match for our whole squadron. The Richard is almost worthless as a fighting ship; as I said, Landais, who commands the Alliance, is insane. I can't prophesy what Cottineau will do with the Pallas; but we have one advantage."

"And is that a great one?"

"The greatest—it may have decided the battle in our favor."

"What is it, then?" she asked.

"It is not 'what,' but 'who,'" he answered smiling.

"Who, then?"

"John Paul Jones himself! He alone is worth a thousand."

The light from the rising sun, assisted by the fitful wind, began to dispel the mists of the morning.

"See!" cried the girl, "there, right ahead of us. Are not those the sails of a ship? What ship?"

As she pointed at a rift in the mist there appeared for a second the light canvas of a great ship. Following her outstretched finger, O'Neill caught a fleeting glimpse of it, but saw nothing to reassure him as to the result of the battle; the sight struck terror to his heart. Such canvas as that was never set above the decks of the Richard. As he gazed, the mist closed around them again, and the ship had vanished.

"Ah! 'tis gone, but I am certain I saw it. Which was it?" she continued, hastily rousing herself at the prospect of decision. "'Tis a ship, but which one?"

"The mist is thinning again, 'twill clear away in a moment, and we shall see more distinctly then," he answered evasively. "She was making toward us, I think."

He could not bear to dash her hopes with the assurance that it was not the Richard, though he had at once resigned himself to death in consequence of his glimpse. It was useless to try to fly, for the mist was rising in every direction, and before they could go a hundred yards they would be visible to the ship in front of them, now shoving her huge bulk through the thin clouds of vapor which enshrouded her. The next moment the mist rolled away. The sunlight flooded the heavens, the breeze tossed the sea into a thousand white-capped waves. It was morning. Some one on the ship had apparently seen the little boat with its two occupants at once, for an officer had leaped to the rail.

"Boat aboy!" rang out over the water. The great white frigate, deep-sunken as if deeply laden, was moving sluggishly through the water and was almost upon them.

"The ship!" screamed the girl.

"It is the Serapis," answered O'Neill sorrowfully.

"Ah!" she said, sinking back exhausted, "after all, it is over. I shall never survive you."

"Boat aboy, there!" again cried the officer standing on the rail, pistol in hand; "answer my hail or I fire. Who are you?"

"I am your prisoner, escaped last night from that ship," cried O'Neill. "I wish to deliver myself up."

"Come alongside, then," said the officer, turning inboard and giving a sharp command. The way of the ship was checked and she was thrown up into the wind. As her broadside slowly swung opposite O'Neill he saw that her mainmast was gone and that she bore evidence of having participated in a tremendous action. Away off to the northeast, too far off to distinguish them, a little

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cluster of ships was seen on the horizon. There was no sign of the Richard that he could see. In a few seconds the boat was brought alongside the gangway. Elizabeth clambered up the ladder with his assistance, and they stepped upon the deck. A frightful scene presented itself.

The deck was covered with grime and blood, and a handful of men, most of them wounded, were endeavoring to effect some restoration to order. "How horrible," murmured Elizabeth. "Take me away; I cannot bear it."

O'Neill caught her in his arms; a little more and she would have fainted.

"Good Heavens!" he said. "In all my battles I never saw such a ship! What a frightful scene! They didn't get off without a fight," he added slowly. An officer, with head bound up in a handkerchief and his arm in a sling, was approaching them.

"Sir," said O'Neill, saluting the while, "I am the officer who escaped last night. I deliver myself up to—why! it's Stacey!" he cried, recognizing a brother officer of the Richard. "What do you here, man?"

"'Fore God, it's O'Neill!" exclaimed the other. "Glad are we to see you, man, but this lady—this is no place for her."

"She goes with me," said O'Neill briefly; "but you?"

"This is where I belong."

"And they have captured you, I suppose?"

"No, the ship is ours."

"And the old Richard?" cried O'Neill.

"Abandoned and sunk," answered the young officer. "She was cut to pieces by the Serapis' fire, but we have this ship."

"Thank God!" cried O'Neill fervently. "And Captain Jones?"

"Aft there on the quarter-deck."

"Come, Elizabeth," he cried, offering his arm; and, assisting her, they made their way with difficulty to the quarter-deck.

"Ah, O'Neill, thank God I see you alive again," said Jones, his face beaming. "We got there in time, then, I see."

"Yes, sir, thanks to this lady."

"Madam, you are fit for a sailor's bride," said the little Captain.

"'Tis high praise, sir, from Captain Jones, I protest," she answered, rallying herself in the relief of assured safety.

"Would to Heaven that I had been with you in this battle," cried O'Neill gloomily.

"I wished often for you," answered the Captain. "The poor old Richard was torn to pieces under our feet. We could not stay on her longer, so we had to come here. . . . How go your love affairs?" he added in a whisper.

"Well, indeed, sir. We are to be married at once, sir."

"You may have the Chaplain of the Serapis for the purpose."

"When he last officiated for me he was reading my funeral service," replied O'Neill.

"Ah, well, that's over now, thank God," sighed the Captain. "And this lady . . . Madam," he said, turning to Elizabeth, "I bade you welcome to a ship once before; it is a different ship now, but the welcome is the same."

"Know you aught of Major Edward Coventry, Captain Jones?" said Elizabeth. This time is was she who remembered.

"Why, he lies on the deck yonder, dying; he wouldn't let us take him below. Do you know . . . but I forgot; he was your friend."

"Take me to him," she cried hastily, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side. They had made him as comfortable as possible with cushions and boat cloaks, but his hours were numbered. His head was thrown back, his face ghastly pale. Blood stained the linen of his shirt about his breast. His eyes were closed, the end was at hand.

"Poor fellow!" murmured O'Neill. "He died for me," and then he briefly recounted the circumstances of their escape.

"Do you know how he was wounded, sir?" he asked.

"It was my own hand that struck the blow," answered Jones. "Would it had been otherwise. There was a moment in the action when they sprang to board; he leaped upon the rail, cutlass in hand; he was a fair and easy mark; I met him with a pike which I buried in his bosom. He fell back smiling. I remember that I thought it strange to see him smiling at that time, even in the heat of the battle—too bad—too bad!"

The man stirred a little and opened his eyes. He looked about him vacantly, but consciousness began to dawn again and with the dawn came recognition. It was the face of Elizabeth bending over him. There, back of her, was O'Neill. He began to comprehend.

"Elizabeth," he murmured, "my death—not in vain—then."

"Forgive me—forgive me!" she cried brokenly. "Oh, forgive me! I did love you."

"Yes, yes," he said, faintly smiling, "but—not like——" he glanced at O'Neill. "You, too!" he murmured, "make—her—happy. Father," he cried suddenly—his mind wandered a little—"I did it because I loved her."

"Oh, Doctor, can nothing be done; is there no hope?" cried O'Neill."

"None, sir," answered the surgeon.



"It is the Serapis," answered O'Neill mournfully

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

CHAPTER XXIV

"THERE'S a boat coming alongside, sir, flying the Admiral's flag," said a midshipman to Captain Jones.

"Ah, that will be our friend, Lord Westbrooke," he said, turning toward the gangway. "Show him to me if he comes on board." In a moment the stately form of the old Admiral stepped through the gangway and he looked about him in astonishment.

"Bless me, what a fight! I knew that rebel was a desperate man, but I never imagined anything like this. Captain Pearson?" said he imperiously. "Where is he?"

"Here, My Lord."

"I congratulate you, sir, on——"

"Stop, sir!" cried the Captain in great agony, "you do not understand——"

"What!" cried the Admiral, "the Serapis—"

"Belongs to the Navy of the United States, sir," said a calm voice at his elbow.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the old man, turning to Jones. "And the Richard?"

"We sunk her, sir," answered Pearson, "but it was useless."

(Concluded on Page 1016 of this Number)

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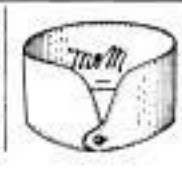
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The Money Matters of the Young Business Man—By Thomas B. Bryan

MONEY is so vitally related to morals that there need be no excuse for giving it first consideration in an examination of the personal side of a young business man's life. More than all else, perhaps, its use or abuse will determine his success or failure in the field of manly attainment. No matter how splendid may be his intellectual endowments, how pleasing his personality, or how satisfying his friendships, if he has not the capacity to master his private money affairs he will become their slave, and enter the struggle for the rewards of life with an annoying handicap always ready to discount the full force of his best endeavors.

Owing to the unfortunate fact that many men of superlative genius have been notoriously indifferent to the condition of their personal money affairs, it has become a common thing to regard this slackness concerning things material as inseparable from mental brilliancy. Nothing could be more absurd. Indeed so strongly is the opposite view entertained by men of keen observation and of successful business careers, that it may be asserted with confidence that the young man who voluntarily and deliberately faces his personal financial problem gives a striking proof of genuine moral stamina.

Always Know Just Where You Stand

There is far more cowardice in regard to this kind of stock-taking than is ordinarily believed. In fact it may be stated that, as a general rule, only the wealthy and the very poor are in the habit of knowing just where they stand. The former are apt to possess the financial instinct in a strong degree, and this reckoning is, therefore, temperamental. It is calculated, also, to minister to personal pride and satisfaction.

On the other hand, so minute are the affairs of the very poor man that he has no difficulty in determining at any moment his exact standing.

Between these two extremes is the great middle class of moderately prosperous persons. It is a large class, and contains many and varied elements, but, in the main, its members are neither so poor that the whole scope of their personal finances is indicated by the actual coin in the family purse, nor are they so accustomed to the system and exactness which attach to the management of large enterprises that the "trial balance" has become an established institution, a habit of life. Scores of men who apply a reasonable degree of system to the main enterprise engaging their attention stop short of the final application and do not strike a balance in their private affairs. This attitude often arises from timidity, from a hesitation to face the facts in their entirety. They are satisfied to know that this or that venture has done well; but to marshal all their obligations in one column, their assets in another, and then strike the balance which gives them absolute knowledge of their position, is an act which requires a peculiar kind of courage on the part of men of a certain temperament.

A vast number of calamitous failures might have been prevented had their victims formed the habit, early in life, of knowing the exact state and condition of their personal finances, and of making this accounting at regular and frequent periods, instead of waiting until confronted with final disaster. Know where you stand; look your "private finances" squarely in the face, put your worldly condition into "cold figures," and then apportion your expenditures in accordance with that showing. This will prove one of the most wholesome acts of mental discipline to which any young man can possibly subject himself.

The Choice of Living Quarters

In the proper apportionment of personal expenditures the most important problem is that of living quarters. If one is single, he is generally forced to choose between the private boarding-house, the hotel and the bachelor apartment. If married, his range of selection is enlarged by the addition of the flat.

There is one sure principle which may be applied in all matters of this kind: keep as close to the home as possible. The young man who does not often—let us say daily—come under the refreshing influence of a domestic atmosphere misses from his life a great sustaining force. For this reason every young man not able to live in his own home is fortunate if he can find the nearest approach to one—that is, to become a member of the household of a private family. His part in the family life may be very small, but he is the better by just so much. The daily contact, no matter how meagre, with a home is salutary and often vital to the development of manly character. Nothing is more certainly conducive to moral disintegration than existence without the purifying ozone of a home atmosphere. It is the vitalizing breath that steadies the head and feeds the heart. It checks the tendency to moral laxity, and compels the young man to recognize the soundness and wholesomeness of what may be termed the common moralities of life. A young man making his abode in a family home finds his moral anchorage exempt from that strain which usually exists in hotels and public boarding-houses.

Bachelor apartments are in growing fashion and favor among young men of fair incomes. Certainly this mode of housekeeping is not to be indiscriminately condemned; but it lacks that wholesome and steadying element so vitalizing to morality—genuine home atmosphere. The same observation applies with equal, if not greater, force to life either in hotels or public boarding-houses. Better find a place in a family of very modest circumstances where the true domestic feeling pervades the atmosphere, than to be surrounded by luxuries in a place devoid of a home altar. No close observer of the various forms of metropolitan existence can escape the conviction that there is something essentially frivolous in hotel life, and that this phase of existence fails to feed the heart, to nurture the richer faculties, and to stimulate studious application.

The Bachelor's Chambers and the City Flat

Next to the private boarding-house, the modern bachelor apartment offers the most comfort, cheer and seclusion. Intellectual and moral growth is practically impossible without a fair degree of isolation. Sound mental digestion requires solitude, and the reason why so many metropolitan lives are hopelessly shallow and barren is because this element of isolation and its consequent invitation to spontaneous reflection, self-examination and serious thought is lacking. Certainly the bachelor apartment is less liable to intrusion than the room in the hotel or public boarding-house, and therefore more conducive to habits of studiousness.

Thus far I have had in mind only the unmarried young man of business, but, within clearly evident limitations, most of the conclusions arrived at will apply with equal force and fitness to those who have assumed the responsibilities of marriage. The modern city flat seems peculiarly adapted to the exigencies of economical housekeeping—the kind with which family life is generally begun. Its compactness and studied conveniences make it easy for the young mistress of the new home to do her own work, and this is not generally to be regarded as a hardship, but welcomed as a wholesome and beneficent opportunity for the expression and cultivation of domestic tastes. Young business men set up their own homes in the city flats oftener than under any other kind of shelter, and therefore one word of counsel on this point may not be unwarranted. In selecting a flat be willing to stretch your purse a bit, or to curtail some other expenditure, in order to get quarters which are well lighted. No economy could be more ill advised than the sacrifice of sunlight in family rooms. This element is vital to the good cheer of the entire household; lack of it is enough to impair the health and cloud the temper of the family.

The Important Problem of Dress

The problem of dress is far from trivial, yet it is not one difficult of solution. When regarded in its business aspect it is well worthy of serious consideration. It is quite impossible, under ordinary circumstances, to separate the clothes from the man in the impression which the latter makes upon those with whom he comes in contact. The young man who fails to clothe himself in keeping with the prevailing modes, and with the character of his occupation, neglects a valuable, and often a powerful, ally. In so

Editor's Note—This is the first paper in a series of papers by Mr. Bryan on The Personal Affairs of the Young Business Man.

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doing he makes a needless sacrifice of an important advantage, one, indeed, of greater consequence than he would believe—greater, perhaps, than could be wished.

Adequate and becoming apparel makes a stronger impression on the person it clothes than on any who observe it. If every business man now going about his affairs in garments which are a little below the reasonable standard of presentableness could be clothed with those which fully meet this requirement, the business world would feel a sudden and unaccountable impulse of no mean proportions.

So far as business apparel is concerned, there is a moderate limit beyond which the most favored may not go and still adhere to the canons of good taste. The suit in which the "merchant prince" goes to his desk does not present to the average observer a richer appearance than the business suit of the proprietor of a small and struggling enterprise, provided the latter dresses as well as he can afford, with due regard to his best interests. In these days, a well-made, well-fitted business suit may be bought for a comparatively modest sum, and little is to be gained in point of appearance by a more lavish expenditure, unless for garments not in keeping with the modest requirements of business use. Good taste is the most reliable guide to the selection and wearing of appropriate apparel.

Few graver mistakes can be made by a young business or professional man than that of withdrawing himself from society.

Such withdrawal is occasionally met with on the part of strong and serious aspirants for success in business, young men with kindling ambition, and of signal energy and ability. They labor under the erroneous impression that even a limited indulgence in the pleasures of social life makes too great a demand on both purse and time.

Social intercourse is a fundamental demand of human nature, and if this is not satisfied the development of the individual is checked and stunted. The normal mind has an irrepressible longing for the friction of social contact which corrects the sharp and unseemly corners and angles of personality, and fits the individual to a unity with his fellows. To neglect this influence is to put aside a sure and beneficent aid to development. The young man who affects the company of men to the exclusion of society in its broader sense, and shuns the private parlor to shine in the club, makes a grievous mistake. The influence of women of refinement and good character is the best that any young man can have, and, without it, he is sure, sooner or later, to suffer in the esteem of others, if not in his own opinion.



PHOTO BY HOIT, CHICAGO

THOMAS B. BRYAN

The Church, the Stage and the Concert

Since money is the theme now under consideration, contributions to the church should not be overlooked. These will naturally be made if there be church membership, as there should be. But, in any event, they are a perfectly legitimate item in the apportionment of a young man's income even in the absence of any active denominational connection. The non-church member should contribute on the broad ground that he is better for having something invested in this great civilizing agency. It gives him a personal and vested interest in the greatest moral enterprise of the Christian era.

For the same reason there may be warmly recommended the habit of church attendance independent of church membership or of doctrinal assent, if on no other basis than that of intellectual and moral progress. More exalted issues may follow.

One of the highest privileges of metropolitan life is that of seeing the best the dramatic stage affords, and of hearing the finest music.

Though the variety stage is always to be avoided, high comedy is one of the most refreshing, innocent and commendable forms of the drama. It relaxes the tension of the mind keyed too high by unremitted attention to business and helps to keep it in normal and wholesome condition.

The best tragedians only should be seen, and those plays only which are free from objectionable features, and which have exalted and unimpeachable motives.

More potent and subtle than the influence of the drama is that exerted by music. It elevates the sentiments, enriching and refining one's nature to a degree little understood. This is particularly true of classical and church music of the highest order. But in this, as in every other expenditure, let the rule be inflexible, never to go beyond one's means, or even so near to the limit as to incur danger of embarrassment, or the use of a farthing not one's own.

Safety and Progression in Investment

Where to place the savings is an important consideration not easily covered by general advice. The savings bank is the suggestion which generally comes first to mind, and for very small sums, a few dollars at a time, this may be well. But even here it is most desirable to exercise the greatest caution and to profit by the counsel of elderly and experienced business men in the selection of the bank. It is to be hoped that the Government will establish Postal Savings Banks to insure absolute safety of deposits.

As soon as the savings amount to a sufficient sum to warrant it, more profitable investment may be had—with like reliable counsel—in well-secured bonds, or, better still, in the purchase of real estate in a growing city. It is not more difficult to select bonds which afford the maximum of safety than to choose a bank which is proof against dishonest management, or the disastrous runs in time of panic; and the bonds have the advantage, generally speaking, of bringing a higher percentage of interest than the large bank pays the small depositor. But well-chosen realty in a city of actual and inevitable growth, presents, perhaps, the most solid and remunerative form of investment.

To close this treatment of young men's savings, the writer ventures to versify a proverb worthy of constant remembrance:

"Despise not the penny, though petty it sounds,
For pennies breed pennies, and soon become pounds."

At the Window

By Margherita Arlina Hamm

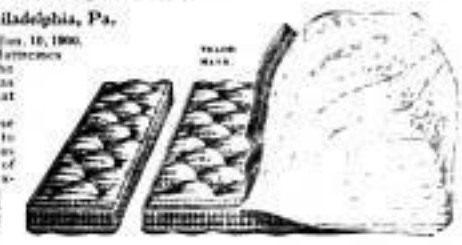
A POT of lilies on the sill,
A face behind the pane,
Within my heart a sudden thrill
Which words cannot explain.
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Fair features brought to life again
Without or wish or will—
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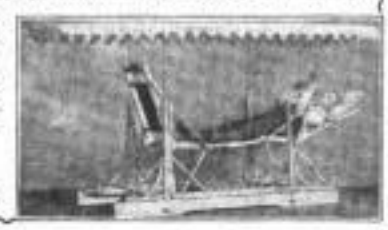


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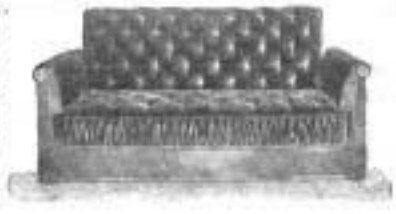
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The American Girl in Musical Paris

By Madam Emma Nevada

PARIS is the one place on earth where one may make a truly great success, and the hardest place on earth in which to fail. Out of the fullness of many years' experience in the French metropolis, I counsel the American girl who would succeed in the musical world to go to Paris—under certain conditions; and by all means to remain at home if these conditions are not fulfilled.

When a young girl tells me that she is going to Paris, alone and with little money, to study music, I tremble. I know what it means. I do not care if she has the making of a real artist. If she is pretty, so much the worse, for the temptations in her pathway will be doubled. If she has no mother, brother, or constant chaperon to attend her wherever she goes, her struggle will be a very bitter one. I do not hesitate to affirm that to send a poor girl to Paris alone to cultivate her voice is nothing short of a crime.

I have seen American girls come to Paris by twos and threes, take up residence in some obscure *pension*, and travel about the boulevards with the independent air of American girls in our own great cities, under the impression that their very independence clothed them with divinity and protected them from insult. Such is not the case. Conditions in Paris are not those of New York, and public opinion is merciless. As for the many professors of music, they are very exacting; and the unchaperoned girl gets very close scrutiny. If she is found to be poor, even if her voice is of exceptional promise, she is politely bidden to apply elsewhere. There are plenty of American girls who aspire to musical honors who are not handicapped by poverty. In fact, the wealthy ones have made it very difficult for the poor girl, who must, by sheer force of genius, break through this barrier of indifference, if not of contempt, mingled with pity.

The Need of a Home for Women Students

I hope that there will be in Paris, before many years have passed, an institution where American girls can be made comfortable under pleasant conditions and in an artistic environment. The many millions that are spent in apparently useless charities would find here a worthier cause, to my mind. Such a refuge for the American aspirant who had taken honors in competitive examination, making her eligible to its privileges, would afford her a home during her student career, preserve her from the snares and pitfalls of Parisian life, hedge her safely against the scheming trickster, and afford her counsel to the surest end in her profession. At the present time such an establishment is sorely needed; for, whatever the discouragements of those who have gone before, and whatever their adverse advice, there will ever be a constantly increasing battalion of American girls from all parts of the Union seeking a hearing in the great metropolis, each girl imagining that she can lead all her sisters in the struggle and rank with the best of all time.

In nothing is there so much delusion as in the judgment of incompetent persons with regard to the voice; and great is the ruin that this delusion has brought about. In an institution such as I suggest the American girl could very soon discover her place and her possibilities in the musical world. Situated in the central part of the city, such a home could provide a place of comfort and repose as well as diversion and companionship; and, musically, its possibilities would be immense. Here is an opportunity for some millionaire to do a generous deed. At present there is no such hospice of homely comfort, encouragement and good cheer. The American girl finds her *pension* and settles down to hard work, and the struggle is often a very lonesome one.

Hard Work and Much of it the Price of Success

The first condition of success is that the aspirant shall have a voice; then she must have money, and she should have a constant friend and protector in her difficult journey and be prepared for the hard work which naturally follows. On the subject of hard work it seems that I could write volumes. The great bane to the musical profession nowadays is the prevailing delusion that long and bitter labor to the great end is not so necessary now as in times past. I do know, however, that there is more poor singing throughout Europe now than ever before. Indeed, I heard operas in Italy some months ago that ten years ago would have been hooted and hissed from the stage. The craving for the luxuries of the profession without its labors, the glamour of the footlights without a struggle to achieve a high artistic ideal, these account for the rarity of a perfect musical performance. Unwillingness to work and work hard, on the one hand, and the increasing inroads of wealth on the other, tend to reduce the standard of excellence. For, when young artists shirk their duty and managers are greedy for gold, pushing forward mediocre talent because that talent can pay for the privilege, we have a combination that seriously threatens musical standards the world over.

The Competition of Wealthy Students

I can recall scores of cases in point—young girls of exceptional beauty and voice, compelled by poverty to remain in the background, while others with only mediocre talent, who happen to have money with which to buy a Parisian success, are blazoned on every street corner and heralded as stars.

"What's the use?" said an impresario to me one day, when I brought to him an American girl who had a magnificent voice, hoping that he would interest himself in her welfare. "There are plenty of American girls over here whose frocks are lined with thousand-franc notes. Why, your candidate is so poor that she is actually dowdy in her last year's gown!" And this with an inflection that implied a crime on the applicant's part. He would not even try her voice.

Now another case in point, of the opposite nature. An American girl of great wealth was flattered into the belief that she had a phenomenal voice and that she must go to Paris to cultivate it. Her mother accompanied her thither, and together they went the rounds of the musical professors. Some of the better ones would not undertake the girl's musical education at any price, while others were willing—at a price.

But before very long the inevitable arose when there came complaints of lack of application and of mingling work with dissipation; and when the daughter of millions was spoken to sharply during a lesson the mother took exception and hurried her daughter away in high dudgeon to another professor. After three years of Parisian life the applicant has made no particular progress, while the good husband and father has been pining away with a broken heart in his native city, his home broken up, and only inevitable failure in store for his child. Meantime, while achieving nothing herself, the rich American girl has with her lavish expenditure of money made it more difficult for the humbler sister who really has the talent and the capacity for hard work, but who has not the money to push herself forward.

A Rude Health a First Essential of Success

Another condition which is not to be overlooked is the physical one. The training which the student undergoes is a very severe one. Nothing short of a perfectly normal physique is capable of maintaining it. I recall the case of a beautiful American girl with an exceptional voice who was compelled to give up solely on this account: she was always in the hands of her doctor, and certainly could not hope for an easier life when in the actual struggle for popularity later. The strain of a night's singing is immense, and the nervous tension calls for a thoroughly vigorous and sound vitality. Midnight suppers and other dissipations of Parisian life are fatal to artistic success. To a regular life and most careful diet I owe my success as a singer, for the voice is as tender as a soul, and the least departure from perfectly normal living manifests its corroding influence upon the vocal organs. The aspirant, then, must have a good physique

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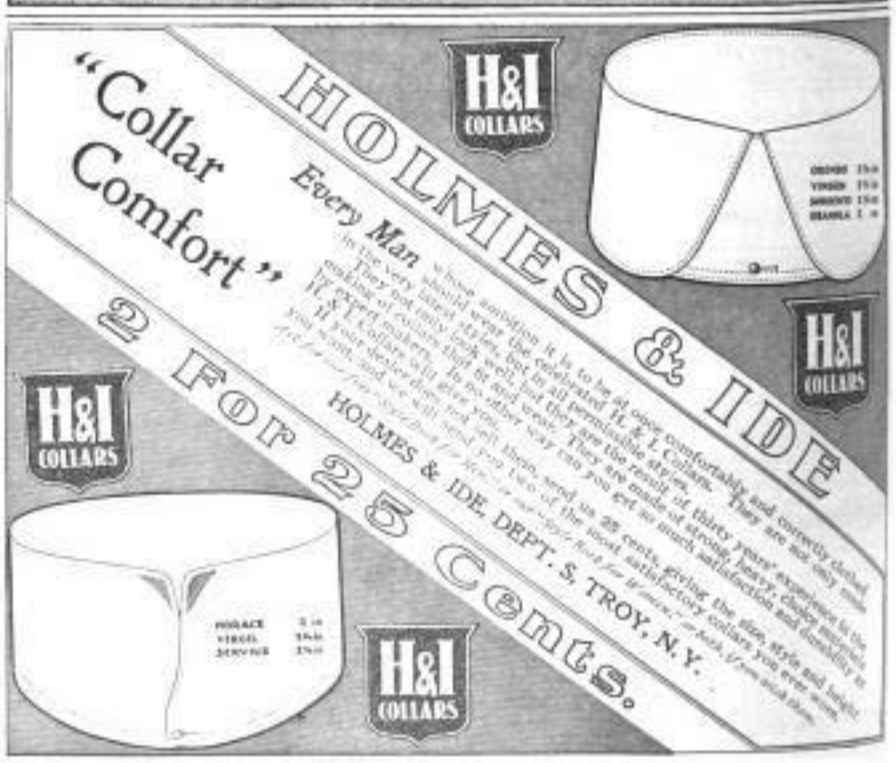
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and maintain a high standard of health through all her student years. By that time regular life and ways will be so much a matter of custom that she will maintain them throughout her career as an artist.

Of the many professors in Paris I shall not speak, for that draws me toward a matter of professional choice. There are some who are at the very top, but precious few they are, indeed. From these few great professors of music there is a great army running down the whole gamut to the very depths of badness, alleged trainers who are in the business for the money that is to be extorted from the guileless and the innocent, who, while having no standing with the profession, make specious promises, and by flattery cajole the rich applicant into the belief that she is one of the chosen few. These harpies are the bane of the profession. They lie in wait for wealthy American girls who have little musical knowledge, and certainly no artistic ideal or standard to maintain.

The condition in which their dupes find themselves after a term of years under their instruction is very pitiable. It is needless to say that this is not one of the dangers that beset the poor aspirant for musical honors in Paris. The harpy will very soon drop his prey if he happen upon a poor girl under the illusion that she is the daughter of a millionaire.

Cost of a Musical Education in Paris

The time necessary to take a course varies. A few years ago it required eight years of good and faithful service, then six, and now four. Of course personal ability and willingness to work have everything to do in shortening the term, for really every aspirant is the architect of her own destiny, the mother of her own career. Though Madame Marchesi and others have daily classes from ten o'clock till four, every pupil receives virtually individual instruction. The cost of this instruction varies from fifty to eighty dollars a month, and living and other expenses bring the sum total to one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars a month. This amount will provide for all the necessities and some of the luxuries of Parisian life. Of course, some students get along with half these sums; but nowhere is it so necessary to dress and appear well as in Paris, and during no time of life is it necessary to live so comfortably, eating well and enjoying the most congenial of surroundings. The struggle is hard enough under the most favorable of conditions.

Paris is swarming with musical mediocrity. A scant one per cent. ever succeed in gaining a hearing, and probably one in thousands ever gain Continental fame. Yet each aspirant for honors believes herself the immortal one. It appears so easy when, by the very art of concealing art, the singer utters notes that seem spontaneous, yet which are the result of years of faithful effort. "Go to! I can do as well as that, or better," cries the neophyte, and she plunges into the struggle. Even if she succeeds in spending two, three or five years under the tutelage of a great professor, then her real struggle begins. I have known capable singers to plod and hope on, renewing their daily effort to win the interest of the imperious impresario, and for a term of years double that of their studentship. Indeed, there are thousands who never get any further than the very threshold of success, finding the narrow gate barred and bolted against them, with neither money, influence nor a great voice to afford them an open sesame. For these the struggle is very bitter, and it is no wonder that so many fall by the wayside, utterly overcome with the struggle and suspense, the indifference, and even the contempt of this city of contrasts. These failures rarely ever come back home to face their friends in defeat. Pride buoys them up to the last; and whereas they might many of them be good and even influential wives and mothers to good American citizens here at home, in a land of strangers they drift into obscurity and disappear. It is the history of untold thousands.

Let me say, then, that the American girl who has not a perfectly phenomenal voice, abundance of means at her disposal, a capacity for hard work, and a large fund of health and strength, had better stay at home, for Paris is no place for her.

Parisian life is the great alchemist of human nature. It changes everything with which it comes in contact.

There is no human suffering more keen than failure in a great cause of art; and where one succeeds, the ten thousand fail and retreat into oblivion.



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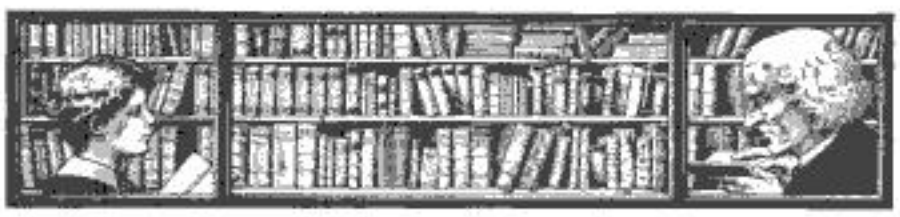
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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

NO ONE seeing Mr. H. G. Wells taking his regular afternoon walk along the sea front of Sandgate or on the Folkestone cliffs would think he was, or ever had been, an invalid. He walks with a swinging gait and climbs like a boy up the hill on which he is building a house, a picturesque structure, straggling along the hillside and commanding a view of thirty miles of Kentish coast and the white cliffs of France at Boulogne. Yet, as is well known, Mr. Wells came to Sandgate for his health.

H. G. Wells' Literary Partnership

AN ENGLISH invalid is, however, in some ways and according to some American standards, a hearty creature. The other day Mr. Wells had a transatlantic visitor. The sun was shining outside, but an occasional flying cloud brought a slight flurry of snow with it. The author's study faces the south and was flooded with sunlight as its owner brought his guest there for a cigarette after luncheon. But there was no fire anywhere, and the long French windows were flung open wide to the sea breeze.

"You don't feel cold, do you?" politely inquired Mr. Wells. "I know Americans heat their houses more than we do."

Mr. Wells works regularly every morning at his writing. In the afternoon Mrs. Wells transcribes on the typewriter the morning's work, and in the evening both of them go over the day's result. It is often changed tremendously by the night's criticism.

"It's no use my promising to send 'copy' to you by Saturday," said Mr. Wells to an editor. "I must wait and lay it before my wife. She will know whether I can do it and she will see that I keep my promise."

Mr. Wells' marriage is a literary partnership as well.

Canon Maccoll's Juvenile Physician

CANON MALCOM MACCOLL, the English traveler and author of many authoritative books upon the Eastern question, not long ago had an unpleasant experience, according to a literary friend, which he will remember to his dying day.

The Canon is troubled with a weak throat, and when preaching has, on a shelf under his pulpit, a cup of tonic. It was prescribed for him by his family surgeon and has been of great benefit. From long habit he no longer looked at the cup when he used it, but simply stooped, put it to his lips, drank half the contents and replaced it.

On the day in question he went through this performance, but before he could stop himself he had burst into a violent cough in which he expelled a stream of spray of all sorts of strange ingredients. He thought he was the victim of a practical joke and suspicious bystanders suggested an attempt at poisoning. The mystery was explained by a little child, a member of his household, who said:

"I tasted the stuff you take when you preach and it was so nasty and bitter that I felt sorry, and so, when nurse wasn't looking, I carried my bread and milk and some sugar, salt and pepper from the house and stirred it in, which made it a great deal nicer."

Sarah Grand's Opinion of Stepmothers

ACCORDING to Mrs. Sarah Grand, the English novelist, the popular prejudices respecting stepmothers and stepchildren are wickedly mendacious.

"I'm a stepmother myself and I ought to know," she said to an American friend not long ago. "My stepson is as near and dear to me as any son could be, and I am certain that his feelings toward me are equally tender and affectionate. In fact, a great deal of my literary success is due to him. I had a very hard time in the beginning, and often I was so discouraged that I felt like throwing up my hands and relinquishing the struggle. Whenever these periods of depression occurred my stepson came to the rescue, and by his advice, strong common-sense and kindly encouragement aided me to renew my efforts. It was seven years before I secured a publisher for Ideala.

"A similar fate almost attended The Heavenly Twins. Publisher after publisher declined it, until I thought there was no one left. At that point my stepson decided to publish it himself. He had made the preliminary arrangements and we were discussing the details of the enterprise when I received a letter of acceptance from a publishing house where I had given up all hope."

Mrs. Grand is of Irish birth but of English descent on both sides. Her husband died in 1898, and she now lives on an attractive little estate known as the Grey House, Langton, not far from Tunbridge Wells.

An Antique with a Wrong Pedigree

KIMBALL SCRIBNER, whose Continental Cavalier—a study of American life in the last century—is now engaging attention, is an enthusiastic student of the Colonial period. He is a wealthy young bachelor, and his apartments in New York City are fitted up in the style of the homes of the well-to-do in Revolutionary days. His friends say that he carries his hobby so far as to have Colonial dishes served at all his meals and obsolete beverages upon his board. His collections represent much labor. On one occasion he found an ancient chair which pleased him greatly. After he had ordered it the proprietor of the place—an ostentatious and patronizing man—said:

"Mr. Scribner, fastened to the back of that beautiful work of ancient art you will find its certified pedigree, which I have had made at great trouble in order to satisfy my patrons."

Mr. Scribner took down the manuscript and to his amusement found that it was the pedigree of an old hall clock instead of the old chair. He handed it to the antiquary, remarking:

"When I buy a pedigree I want one that fits."

He took the chair, nevertheless, and it holds a place of honor in his study.

A Drummer Who Writes Novels

CHARLES CLARK MUNN, the author of the story of adventure, Pocket Island, enjoys the distinction of being the only commercial traveler who is also a novelist. He explains in an apologetic way that selling goods is his trade and literature his weakness. He is a New Englander by birth and has probably a better knowledge of the topography of the Eastern States than any other writer. The information gathered in this way he has utilized in his writings, which describe with marked fidelity prominent or romantic spots in that section of the country. Most of his education was self-acquired, his schooldays having been confined to a little country schoolhouse which he attended irregularly in his boyhood. Speaking on this subject he said to a friend:

"My two best teachers have been the locomotive and the country store."

Pleasant Work for Spare Minutes

GENERAL LEWIS M. PECK, a distinguished veteran of the Civil War, is a bibliophile, if not a bookworm. He was the leading worker on the volunteer committee which prepared the famous index of magazine and other short articles for the Brooklyn Library, then under the management of the late Doctor Noyes. This work was an extension of Poole's famous index to periodical literature. Not long after the task was completed the General met at a reception a young woman who had just been elected librarian of a social club.

"I am thinking," she said, "of getting up a nice, complete catalogue of all the leading magazine articles for my library. I have considerable leisure time and like hard work. How long do you think it would take me?"

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In this number there is an inspiring interview with Charles T. Schoen, who rose from a workman to the greatest car builder in the world in a few years' time, by the aid of his own talents alone. His advice to young men is exceedingly interesting and valuable.

Other Noted Contributors

To the May SUCCESS: General Coxhead, Max O'Rell, Maxim, the Gun-Maker; Elizabeth Grannis, Hezekiah Butterworth, General Joe Wheeler.

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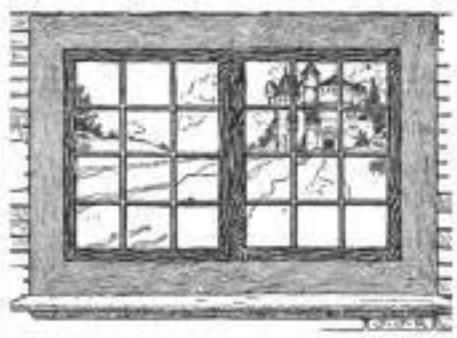
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Tolstoi's New Story of Prison Life*



IT IS a piteous task to read Count Tolstoi's latest novel and to realize but too plainly the clouding of a once noble mind. It is piteous beyond measure to sound the depths into which mental confusion and a morbid study of all forms of baseness can plunge the soul of man. The frank, explicit and repellent indecency of the book has been surpassed only by Zola's most terrible creations. This wholesale arraignment of humanity counts for nothing, partly because of its hideous insistence upon evil, and partly because of the author's inability to differentiate between that which is wholly vile and that which is mildly indecorous. Prince Dimitri Ivánovitch Nekhlúdoff, the hero of Resurrection, has dyed his soul scarlet with sin; but this does not prevent his being deeply scandalized by a portrait of his mother in a low-cut gown. He finds "something revolting and blasphemous"—why blasphemous?—in such a representation of triumphant youth and beauty.

The same confusion of moral perspective is noticeable in all Count Tolstoi's observations upon prison life, with which the novel



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

largely deals. Of the enormous reforms wrought within the last twenty-five years he has nothing to say, and this silence is in itself slanderous. Of abuses still remaining he has a vast deal to say, but he makes no distinction between the pardonable impatience of officials and deliberate cruelty. In fact, were every jailer and every inspector as tender-hearted as a lamb, the wrong done the prisoners would be no less shameful in his eyes, because it is a salient point in his creed that nothing can give to man the right to judge or to punish his fellow-creatures.

The iniquity of landlordism, however, the crime of owning more land than your neighbor, is one which Count Tolstoi handles at length and with severity, presenting many familiar arguments for our consideration. Strangest of all, he holds up to bitter scorn and derision the beautiful ceremonial of the Russian Church and the simple, unquestioning piety of her people. Voltaire himself might well have shrunk from ridiculing the mysteries of religion with the coarse vehemence of this northern iconoclast. Christ, he asserts, has forbidden men to erect churches or to pray in them, and those who do either disobey the Gospel law. Yet have churches played their part, not wholly without merit, in the humanizing and elevating of our race; and perhaps to jibe at any creed in which poor, stupid, stumbling mortals find help and comfort is more closely akin to blasphemy than the wearing of low-cut gowns. "Let every man believe what he will, or rather what he can," said one of the wisest of men; "but let him forbear to express his views if they are of a kind to disturb the heart of humanity."

—*Agnes Repplier.*

*Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoi. *Dodd, Mead & Company.*

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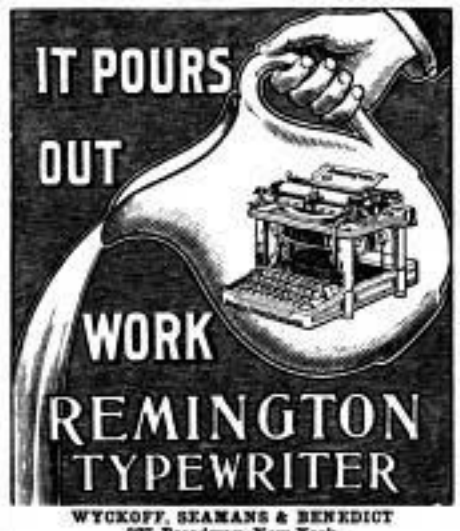
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Nathaniel Hawthorne

(Concluded from Page 987)

introduction to one of those cool accumulations in the handsome person of an accomplished young lieutenant in the civil service of St. Tammany, who, having taken to himself a wife of his own, was making his wedding journey with his new-made bride. Never having been in Washington, I went on my arrival to the first hotel which enjoyed a more than local repute—went to the National, as a stranger in New York would have gone to the Astor House, or a stranger in Boston to the Tremont, registered my name at the desk, had a room assigned me and pocketed the key thereof. Bustling and bustling inside and out, the city swarmed with an alien population, men, women, children from neighboring cities, adjacent towns and remote country villages, all sorts of peoples from all sorts of places, all, it seemed, on the same errand as myself—striving to serve their country and themselves! I did what I could, what I was advised to; delivered my letter to Atherton; was courteously received, promised whatever help he could give me, and straightway shuffled out by other impatient patriots, confused by the crowds, disconcerted by the delays, but not in the least discouraged. I concluded to return to New York and wait the result there.

I returned and waited, waited for the unexpected, which always happens in stories and sometimes in real life. It happened in my case through Colonel Whipple, who, as I casually learned, was stopping for a day or two in the city with his wife, and upon whom I called at once with my wife, of whose existence he was necessarily ignorant, for, as I had told him, I was a lonely Benedict when I had the pleasure of meeting him at Hawthorne's. He gave her the hearty grasp of his soldierly hand and introduced her to his wife, and while our better selves were making such acquaintance with each other as ladies can on such occasions, questioned me about my visit to Washington, whom I had seen there and what they had done for me.

"They have done nothing yet," I said, and told the story of my visit as briefly as I could.

"It is shameful, the way they have treated you," he exclaimed angrily. "But they shall give what you want. I will see that you have it."

He sat down and hurriedly wrote two notes, one to General Pierce, telling him that I was no common office-seeker, but Hawthorne's friend, another to the man in charge of the door to the White House, commanding him to admit me when I called, and take me himself to the private room of the President.

I returned to Washington and on the following morning, after an early breakfast, walked briskly up to the White House. Giving my Open Sesame to the doorkeeper I was promptly conducted to the President, to whom I presented Colonel Whipple's formal note. He read it silently, turned it over, picked up a pen—he was standing at his desk—and wrote something on the blank side of it, a few potent words addressed to the new Collector, which, coming from him, amounted to a command to give me what I wanted.

"There, Mr. Stoddard."

"Thank you, sir." I bowed myself out and departed. I got what I wanted, though not without further delays, there was so much pushing and shoving about, so many sanguinary squabbles between the Hard Shells and Soft Shells and other political crustacea. But I got what I wanted, for on the first of July, the day before my twenty-eighth birthday, the Honorable Greene C. Bronson signed an official warrant appointing me an Inspector of Customs at the Port of New York.

Such is the substance of my imperfect recollections of this great man which I cannot close better than by copying here the opening lines of his last letter to me, dated Concord, March 8, 1853, in acknowledgment of The King's Bell, a piece of narrative verse that I had sent him.

> "I sincerely thank you for your beautiful Poem, which I have read with a great deal of pleasure. It is such as the Public had a right to expect from what you gave us in years gone by, only I wish the idea had not been quite so sad. I think Felix might have rung the bell once in his lifetime and again at the moment of death. Yet you may be right. I have been a happy man, and yet I cannot remember any one moment of such happy circumstances that I could have rung a joy-bell at it."

Let me add by way of epilogue the first stanza of Browning's Memorabilia:

> "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
> And did he stop and speak to you,
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems, and new!"

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLORED COVER BY HARRISON FISHER

GENERAL ARTICLES

		PAGE
Nathaniel Hawthorne (Illustrated with Photographs)	Richard Henry Stoddard	985
The Humorous Side of Politics (Illustrated by Carl Hirschmann)	Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls	990
The American Spirit in British Society (Illustrated by John Cecil Clay)	Lady Jeune	992
The Reorganization of Chautauqua	Waldon Fawcett	993
Aquatic Gardening for Amateurs (Illustrated with Photographs)	René Bache	1000
The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife (Illustrated with Snapshot Photographs)		1004
The Money Matters of the Young Business Man (Illustrated with Photograph)	Thomas B. Bryan	1010
The American Girl in Musical Paris	Madam Emma Nevada	1012

STORIES

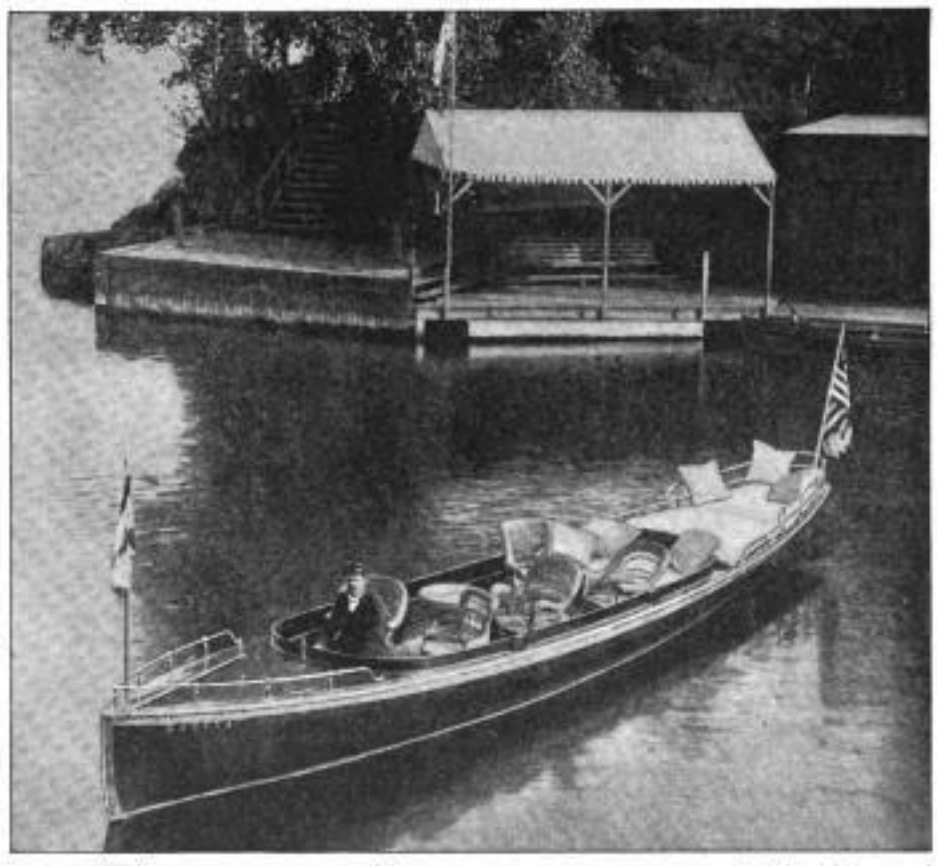
The Love Chase (Illustrated by B. Martin Justice)	Van Tassel Sutphen	988
The Man from Montana (Illustrated by Will Grefe)	Ellen Mackubin	996
The Island of the Innocent (Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green)	Elia W. Peattie	1002
The Grip of Honor (Illustrated by George Gibbs and Will Crawford)	Cyrus Townsend Brady	1006

POEMS

Pierrot's Return (Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory)	Bliss Carman	999
At the Window	M. A. Hamm	1011

DEPARTMENTS

"Publick Occurrences" (Illustrated with Photographs)		994
Men and Women of the Hour (Illustrated with Photographs)		995
Editorial		998
Americaps in Paris		999
Literary Folk as They Come and Go		1014
Book Review (Tolstoi's New Story of Prison Life) (Illustrated with Photograph)	Agnes Repplier	1015



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Grip of Honor

(Continued from Page 1009)

"You have done well, Captain Pearson," said the Admiral. "'Twas a defeat as noble as a capture."

"Ay," said Captain Jones, "'twas such as I have never met before in twenty battles on the sea."

"Pearson, my—my—son——" said the Admiral huskily; "how did he bear himself?"

"Well and nobly, My Lord, as I can testify," answered Pearson.

"I, too," said Jones; "I saw him. 'Twas he who led your boarders, Captain Pearson, when they tried to sweep our decks."

"And is he well?" asked the old Admiral striving to school himself into composure. "That charge, you know, Pearson; I think we need not press it now?" he added.

"No, not now, nor ever, sir," said Pearson mournfully.

"I am a veteran," said the Admiral; "I have looked death in the face for fifty years. Speak plainly—you would say that he is dead."

"Not yet, sir," answered Jones gently.

"Where is he? Take me to him!"

"He lies aft there on the quarter-deck."

The little group around the dying man made way for the old Admiral. He knelt down on the deck opposite Elizabeth, not heeding the others, and gazed long and earnestly into the face of the dying officer. "Will he live to know me, think you?" said he simply to the surgeon.

"I think so, yes," replied the physician.

As if he had heard the question, Coventry opened his eyes.

"Father!" he murmured faintly.

"My boy—my boy!" said the Admiral bowing his head.

"I—My Lord——" said the young man, wandering again, "may it please the court—may it please the court——" he struggled for breath; "lift me up," he said.

"'Twill be his end," said the doctor, lifting a warning finger.

"Lift me up," cried the dying man more strongly than before. The Admiral nodded. The young Irishman lifted him a little.

"Higher!" he cried. O'Neill lifted him to a sitting position.

"Not guilty, My Lord!" said the young man resolutely in a loud, clear voice, throwing his arms out before him. The blood gushed from his lips, and when they laid him back his plea was heard in that higher court before which the admiral and the sailor equally must plead.

"*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,*" said the Chaplain of the Serapis reverently. The men stood around him in a silence broken only by the woman's sobs.

"He died like a hero, sir," said Jones at last, removing his hat, "and I venture to say that no one of his gallant race in all the years of their history ever made a better end."

"Ah!" said the Admiral rising and mournfully regarding the little group, Elizabeth praying by the side of his son, O'Neill still supporting his head, "I made my plans; I tempted this honorable gentleman to do a shameful thing; he refused, and it has all come back upon me. I've wrought my own undoing, gentlemen." Gray-faced and broken, all his years upon him, he turned unsteadily as if to go to his barge.

"Stop, sir!" cried Pearson. "You forget. We are prisoners," he whispered.

"Ah, yes!" said the Admiral. "I had forgotten it; well, it matters little to me. Captain Jones," he continued, turning to the little Scotsman and proffering his sword with a painful gesture, "I am your prisoner."

"Sir," said the little Captain, "allow me to match the act of an American sailor against the word of an English officer. You are free, My Lord. Your boat awaits you. If I can do aught——"

"Be it so," said the Admiral simply; "let me have my boy, and we will go away together, and I shall remember you differently in the future. If in England you ever need a friend, remember this moment and call upon me. Farewell."

Two figures hung over the taffrail and watched the white sails of the little boat bearing away to the verdant shore where the old castle still shone in the sunlight—a man and a woman, sad, yet exultant.

"We ought to be very good to each other," said the sweet voice of the woman, "to make up to God all that He has preserved us from."

"Ay!" said O'Neill, "and to give due value to the sacrifice of him who loved you even as I do myself."

(THE END)

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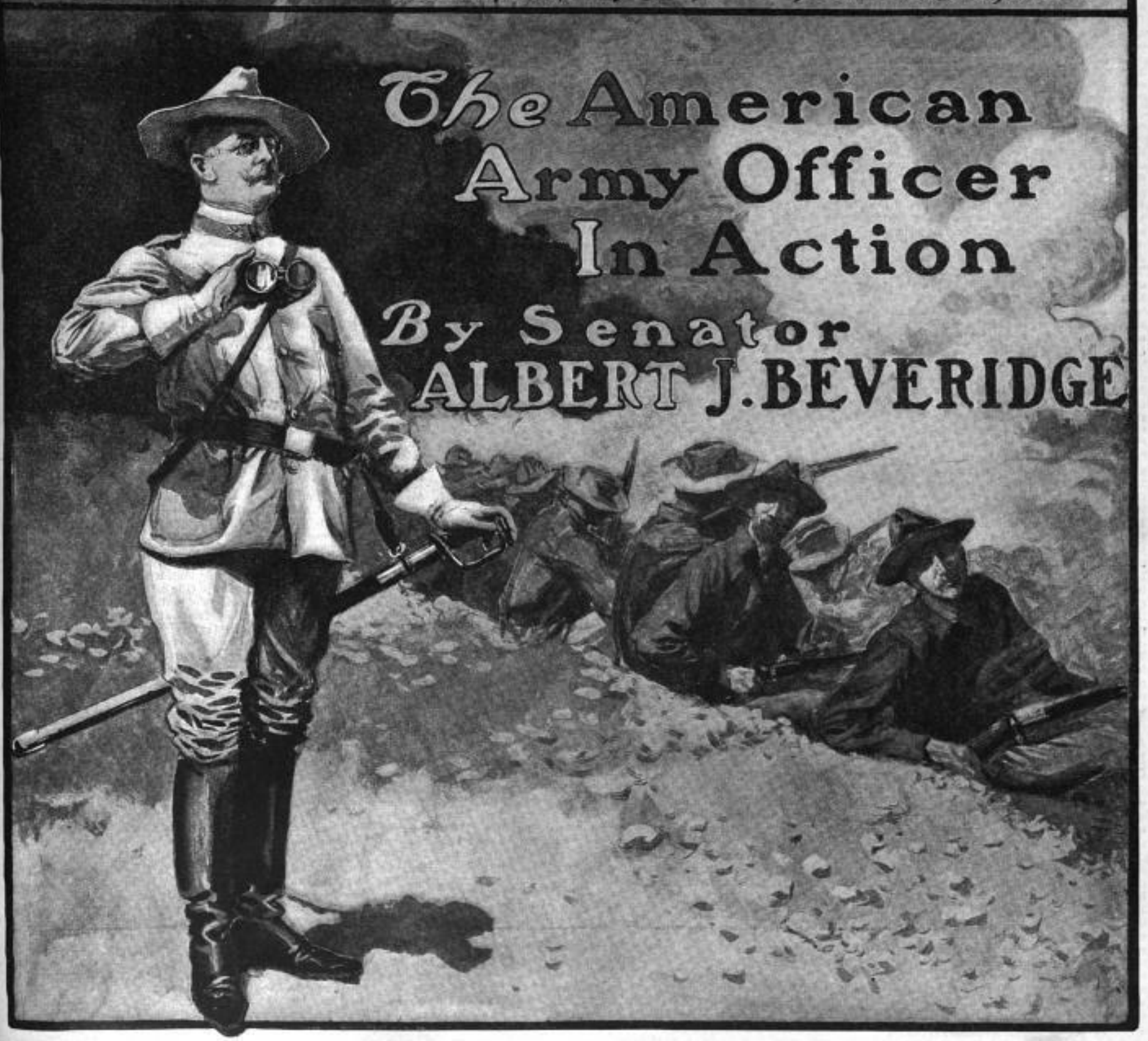
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"YOU will not have to wait until morning; you can see him to-night," said the officer in whose mess my headquarters in Manila were established. "He is still at work, and will be for an hour yet, perhaps longer."

It was ten o'clock at night of the day of my arrival. Wishing to lose no time, I had expressed a desire to make my formal call early in the morning; but I instantly decided to take advantage of my friend's suggestion. The streets of Manila were utterly deserted. The order confining every person to his home after eight o'clock was in force. The city was strictly patrolled. The low, sharp challenge of sentries stopped us half a dozen times in the two miles that separated our place of residence from the headquarters of the Military Governor.

As we entered the great door of the immense Spanish "palace" we felt ourselves among the stage settings of Gillette's Secret Service: to the left the busy click of telegraph instruments, soldier operators at the desks; now a report from MacArthur at San Fernando; now a report from Lawton at Laguna de Bay; now another from a distant quarter of the city. It was a spot of infinite vigilance and infinite order.

We sent up cards. A middle-sized, bald-headed, black-eyebrowed man, with gray side-whiskers, leaving clear and clean the "steel-trap jaw" of the thoroughbred American fighter, came down the stairs to greet us. His voice is low, rich, firm, wonderfully musical. His eyes are so dark a gray that you must not be surprised to hear some declare they are brown. It is an extraordinary eye. You cannot tell which quality predominates in it, alertness or calmness. He wears a simple uniform of yellowish khaki, with nothing but the narrow shoulder straps to indicate his rank. A fine courtesy distinguishes his manners.

We went to the office on the second floor. The walls were hid with maps. On a great desk lay a hand map. "The military situation is this," said he; "Aguinaldo, with his pretended government, is here. Luna, with ten thousand men, is there. Their relations are strained and becoming bitter. One will assassinate the other before very long. Pilo del Pilar is on this peninsula, with four thousand men; this force well armed. A large but indefinite number of armed insurgents are here in Cavite Province, where they are left undisturbed, in hopes that they will all finally concentrate there. Our plans are"—and in a few brief, luminous sentences I was given the disposition of every armed force of the enemy, of our own troops, of our plans as far as developed, of the situation of the other islands. In the light of after events it would appear that no other plan could have been pursued with better results than the course actually followed, except in the single particular of underestimating the work and the number required to do it. Still a few more of the same comprehensive and yet simple statements, and a bird's-eye view of the civil situation was before me. The reports of feebleness, of timidity, of a muddled head and a malignant heart, were certainly not confirmed by this first interview; for it was General Otis himself who was speaking.

A Big City Run by Military Clockwork

In the Governor's office in the walled city, at seven o'clock next morning, I again found General Otis at work. I had left him at nearly twelve o'clock the night before, still at work. Again I was impressed with the reign of system at headquarters, and the mastery of the Governor over all. Here were offices devoted to commissary and transportation, with an officer in charge whose talent in commercial life would place him at the head of a railroad system. Every man who studiously investigated affairs in the Philippines will gladly testify to this. The Governor had the details of the department at his fingers' ends. Here was an office devoted to communication with other islands; here another devoted to the legal department, and so on; and yet the Governor was a master of the minutiæ of each. Fault has been found with his attention to little things; but when one remembers that Napoleon stopped a wagon in an artillery train on one of his marches, asking the officer in charge for a statement of its contents, which, not being furnished, Napoleon supplied offhand himself, and had his statement verified by an examination then and there; when one recalls that Frederick the Great knew the equipment, to a musket, of every man in his army, was his own Treasurer, Secretary of State, and, in fact, his own entire Cabinet, and yet found time for flute playing; when one reads that Cæsar knew by name every man in all his legions; and, in short, when one recalls the fabulous mastery of detail which all great soldiers have possessed, one pauses before denouncing as a fault the same thing when found in one of our own soldiers.

General Otis' Mastery of the Minutest Details

I suggested that I had heard on good authority that a certain ship had been doing illicit trading. Instantly General Otis corrected me as to a slight mistake in one syllable of the name of the ship, giving its true name, the ports it had called at, the name of its officer, what it had carried, and every instance of an obscure transaction. Then he sent for records and verified all he had stated. It was a mere incident in the enormous task of the civil government of the islands.

The next moment a group of Mestizos was discussing with him the establishment of courts. General Otis is a good lawyer, and drives straight to the point. After this a conference with merchants; again an audience to a "commission" of insurgents. A soldier showed me the following comment in his diary: "General Otis is a graduate of Harvard, of a law school, a combined student, man of action, and administrator. He should not be interfered with."



"I had seen Lawton the target for an entire Filipino fusillade"

Universally, by friends and foes, General Otis is admitted to be incorruptible. His ideas of honor are so rigid that occasionally one may think them absurd. An influential gentleman who had arranged with all of the Spanish authorities, went to get, as a matter of courtesy, the permission of General Otis that he should receive from the arsenal one of the many antique Spanish halberds of use neither to them nor to us. The terms of capitulation, however, provided that all of the arms, etc., etc., were the property of Spain, to be shipped back to Spain. "I will not permit it," said the General. "It may appear all right to you, and I do not question your point of view, but from my point of view I call it iniquity, yes, iniquity, and my point of view is what I must act upon."

This sense of mingled Puritan and Roman virtue is invaluable. The Philippines have been the hotbed of bribery. With anything but the severest discipline they would now be the harvest field of the looter. One of our officers had detained the vessel of a certain firm. Afterward that firm sent him a letter notifying him of the departure of certain vessels for certain points ostensibly proper, but really upon different voyages from those stated. The letter inclosed a banknote of large denomination. Of course he instantly turned it over to his superior, with a full statement of the case. They had not learned the difference between the old and the new régime. With a man less stern than General Otis, and with officers of different quality from the matchless American officer, the whole service would become honeycombed with corruption.

The Young Lieutenant Who Wouldn't Rustle

Devotion to duty is the keynote to the character of the American officer in the field. I had arrived at the Baghag River, and resolved to ride on to our extreme front, if a horse could be found.

"Rustle a horse for the Senator, won't you, Captain?" I heard a superior officer attached to the staff say to a young Lieutenant of Regulars, with title as Captain of Volunteers.

"D——d if I do," came the reply like a sabre cut. "I am in charge of the whole line of communication and supplies from here on. The bridge is down; we have got to fix rafts; I will have to ride like h—l myself all afternoon to get the stuff in camp, and I wouldn't rustle a horse for the President. I ain't got time."

The words came clear and cool through the screen of bamboos that separated us. A horse was found, however, and I rode with that same young officer most of the afternoon. The sun poured upon our heads from a cloudless sky. We wore the gray wool hat that our army wears to-day. He paid no heed, but was lost to the danger from ambush or sunstroke in the doing of his duty. Paul Revere rode no harder. We fairly thundered over the road, the few scared *amigos* darting into the banana thickets that lined our way. That night, long after dark, he reported to the commanding General his task achieved, and sank on the floor outside the door in the unconsciousness of exhaustion. I thought he had fainted, but he was only sleeping. Next morning he was at it again. He was just a soldier of the Republic, "born in the army," as the proud and yet pathetic saying goes, with no Congressman or Senator, nor any other "influence" to back him—nothing but his blood and life's best efforts to give in purchase of advancement, and this he was giving. In my first interview with Secretary Root, the first recommendation I made was for the promotion of this gallant young devotee to duty. He does not know it even yet, but his promotion is now an accomplished fact.

The Rarity of the Carpet Knight

I wish I might mention the names of many of the minor officers, heroes, gentlemen, wise in counsel, fearless and swift in execution. I am greatly tempted to mention one or two, and detail their deeds, but to mention any one and not the rest would be to do that unnamed number injustice. You cannot meet the American officer without loving him. So simple, so honest, so unaffected, so devoted, not to himself or his own advancement, but to the glory of his nation and his flag. No medicine could be so effective an antidote to the poison of base-purposed agitators who declaim about our danger from an army of our own sons, than for the great common people to know these sons and brothers of theirs, who sprang from the very loins of the common people, and who still remain of the common people in every thought and every conviction and every purpose of their being—the gallant officers of the American Army.

I do not mean to say that they are all of this rare type. Now and then you meet a prig, a snob, a "carpet knight," a "lady soldier," with "airs," and the other familiar characteristics so abhorrent to American taste and instinct. I met one in one of the southern islands. He was full of talk. His speech was full of very broad "ahs." I was not able to run down a single gallant feat he had performed. One day, when I was with Lawton, a perfectly barbered, carefully groomed officer, immaculately dressed in white, with dainty watch chain making a decoration of gold from button to breast pocket, with a very rare piece of green jade pendant, and even with white shoes, came out to witness a certain movement. We were well out of range. He had escorted a lady to "show her the fight." The road from Manila was perfectly safe. Lawton refused him any attention. One looked from Lawton to him, and I appreciated Hotspur's experience under like circumstances.

General King, Deadly and Dainty as Aramis

Do not understand that merely careful dressing makes the poor soldier. By no means. Our officers are nearly all excellently dressed. I saw General Charles King, for example, only once, and that was at headquarters in Manila. He was in the full perfection of dress; yet he was one of the most daring and dangerous officers to the enemy that our campaign in the Philippines has developed. He was the Aramis of our officers, as deadly as he is dainty. When one knows King, one can hear the exquisite of the Three Guardsmen saying again, in his voice of music: "All in good time, dear sir; I will kill you, never fear—but permit me to insist on killing you like a gentleman." There is something in certain personalities of such peculiar human interest that they seize hold upon the imaginations of men, and from here, there and everywhere *personalia* grow up concerning them. This is true of General King.

"You should have seen him in our fight around Manila," said one of the private soldiers to me. "He was as pretty as a girl in springtime. He was dressed in a perfectly fitting fresh uniform, and I think even had patent leather boots on. And his gauntlets! he had a new pair, it seemed to us, each morning. He looked like a ballroom soldier; but, great Scott! you should have seen him, I say. Until time to charge or do rush work, or things like that, he would make us all lie down or go behind a tree or a stone, while he himself would walk daintily along the line, a target for the whole fire of the enemy, because of his conspicuous uniform, and because he was the only one of us in sight. He was all the time talking to us, and swore like—well he just swore, that's all. 'Lie down there, —— —— it, my boy! Do you want to get your head shot off? Be careful there; don't expose yourself so much, man! Do you want to get what little sense you have shot out of you?' and such talk, with the expletives in just the right places and all the time the bullets whistling around him. He put you in mind of a scolding mother, though he was directing us how and where to shoot best: and you should hear him order a charge; yes, and see him lead it.

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too. And all this done so daintily that you kind o' felt as though there was a lady around. Well, maybe the boys don't love General King. We just felt we would not go out of our way to keep from getting killed, if we only knew that he could see us shot."

They say that at Santa Ana King had ordered a charge and simultaneously received orders to hold his men. He tried it, shouted the order and did everything, but stop the boys would not. Turning to a fellow-officer King said, in mingled disgust and admiration: "There goes the American Volunteer—God bless him! All h—l can't stop him." The expression got currency throughout the army, and is now a kind of a motto, a watchword. And it is so, too.

The American Officer a Thinking Sabre

"This war proves how profound are the ways of Providence. Here are the Philippines, American soil, right at the most strategic point of the world." Thus spoke that military philosopher, General MacArthur. We sat in his headquarters at San Fernando, looking out into the darkness. We were sixteen miles away from our base of supplies. The line of communication was almost unguarded, so limited were the number of troops. Around us, on either flank, was an army of Filipinos, well equipped with Mauser rifles, outnumbering our force five to one. In addition to the soldiers a population of over a hundred thousand was massed behind the Filipino lines. "Yes, we are in great danger," said General MacArthur, "or rather would be if these were any people but Filipinos. They could cut us off and crush us by weight of numbers; but a General must take into consideration not only the number and equipment, but the character of the foe." There again spoke the thinker, the reasoner. Then we walked down into the silent streets.



"Lie down there, my boy!"

The moon had gone down behind the horizon; the bamboo and banana thickets blended the sky and earth in a smudge of deeper blackness. Out over the fields that stretched southward came the hoarse howl of packs of starving dogs, left homeless and without food by the war, driven by hunger and desolation to a state of wildness like that of wolves. Once the weird sound was punctuated by a shot. A scout had just arrived, with the statement that Luna might attack that night or in the morning. The commanding General himself went to the headquarters of his officers and gave directions against any possible surprise. Our walk took us through the plaza and in front of the great church which the Filipinos had fired some days before, and which was still burning. The roof had fallen in, the flame had eaten out the doors, the ruins stood erect, like a spectre of the departed power which had dwelt within their walls. As the embers reached some buried inflammable material within, a bright flame shot up for a moment, fell, rose again, and then died out. The flame caused fantastic shadows to appear and pass and, finally, to fade; and also in its light a group of our men was revealed without, in all their rugged forcefulness of appearance and posture. "There," said the General, "are the ghosts of the old régime; here are the realities of the new."

The quality of philosophic analysis which the above remarks of General MacArthur revealed is characteristic of the American officer. No man in the world thinks out the problems that confront him more than he. No man in the world more carefully analyzes the deep meaning beneath events, and the infinite meaning beyond them. If our soldiers are "thinking bayonets," our officers are "thinking sabres."

Many a uniformed officer at the head of his troops has fallen in the far-off Philippines, and died with a smile, counting his life well given in advancing the destiny of his country and his race, whose large results are wrapped, as yet, in the unfolded centuries. Yes, he has thought it out, and where his analysis could not reach, his faith has ventured; for I have already noted the fact that the American soldier in the Philippines has some of the qualities of a fatalist.

Gen. Lawton's Contempt for Personal Danger

Such was our prince of warriors, the knightly Lawton. Coming in after one campaign, where I had seen him the target for an entire Filipino fusilade, and where, by all the laws of marksmanship, or even by accident, he ought to have fallen, I said to him: "General, you will certainly get killed if you much longer expose yourself like this."

"Yes," said he with perfect simplicity, "I know I shall, but I did this all through the Civil War; I have done it for twenty years in Indian wars; I did it in Cuba; I am doing it here. I am a soldier, you know, and that is our business. Danger is our profession. When my time comes I shall go. I have figured out the law of averages and have long since exhausted the chances in my favor." Then he named the number of chances which, according to the law of averages as computed by himself, there was of his being killed every time he went into action. "But then," said he, "that is the way a soldier should die," and added a wish of which he made me the custodian. An officer now in the Philippines wrote me the day after he was killed, recalling every word of this talk.

Directness was the key to Lawton's character. He went straight to the point, in thought, in speech, in action. He was superlatively intense. His dress, food, safety were forgotten in the absorption of the task before him. One day we ate a few mouthfuls of breakfast before sun-up. It was long past noonday before I could induce him to eat again, and then only a morsel. Sometimes his disregard of what he had on or did not have on left him grotesquely dressed. For example, at the close of a certain day of hard campaigning he was arrayed in khaki trousers, a gray wool undershirt, and a celluloid collar, not connected with it, buttoned to the front.

He rode in straight lines directly from the point where he was to the point he wanted to go, cutting across fields, regardless of roads, ambush or bullets. One day the firing line was behind a row of bamboo trees. Apparently nothing was being accomplished by the fire. Lawton did not send an orderly to have the Colonel report to him. He rode directly across the field, exposed to such fire as the enemy were returning, hunted up the Colonel and said: "What are you stopping here for? Get your men into that town." And without another word rode to another portion of the field, giving personally his orders.

On one occasion he was bitterly out of humor because of the failure of a certain plan made possible by the lack of initiative of the officer intrusted with the execution of a part of it. Not a smile lighted up that stern face the whole day. Not a soft word came from the lips. Every order was sharp and hard as a sabre blade. His very tones were tense with earnestness. Riding up a hill, the following morning, after passing in the greatest peril through a town deserted by the Filipinos only a few minutes before, rapid firing was heard immediately ahead. Our advance line was deployed on the crest of the hill, the men concealed behind rocks, trees, hummocks of earth, and what not. The rear guard of Filipinos were firing briskly from the valley below. As Lawton reached the top of the hill a bullet struck perhaps four feet away. He turned, with a pleased look and a smile like that of a child, and said:

"Ha! If that fellow had raised his gun a sixteenth of an inch it would have got you or me—one, sure."

Wheeling his horse from the road he galloped to the very edge of the declivity, and there calmly stood for perhaps fifteen minutes, the target of the entire Filipino force. It was not foolhardiness. It was disregard of his own safety in order to have the most complete regard for the safety of his men. He was simply calculating the number of the enemy left behind, and the probable intentions of their commander. He was simply calculating precisely what to do. In this calculating his mind became oblivious to personal danger. He was for the moment a mere machine of thought.

And yet courage was not the distinguishing characteristic of Lawton as a soldier; neither was his care of his men, although both of these qualities were abnormal in him. But his crowning quality was his absolute concentration of mind upon the plan on which he was engaged; upon the necessary modifications of that plan as the action progressed—upon the effect of this or that or the other order. Lawton was above all a planner, a contriver, a calculator. The brilliancy of his execution has blinded the popular mind to this more valuable quality, just as in all men the more showy quality is apt to obscure the stronger ones. Cæsar, you will remember, was known as a captivating orator long before the public ever thought of him as an organizer and a warrior; and, indeed, he was lightly considered, by the judicious, as a fashionable young man with a facility for speech and gambling, until destiny offered him opportunity to show the great creative qualities of organization and command. So, when Lawton, in the accounts of him that fill the popular imagination, appeared to be foolishly risking his life, he was, as a matter of fact, so intently thinking, that, at the moment, danger did not occur to him, although whirring deaths were flying past him all the time.

Lawton's Care for the Safety of His Men

I have mentioned his concern for the safety of others. An instance: We had advanced alone, along the road over which the Filipinos had retreated, so short a time before that bits of their food, which they had thrown away, were lying here and there, still fresh. On either side were the thickets, and perfect opportunities for ambush. Ahead of us, perhaps four or five yards, went the omnipresent military "point"—that is, from three to five men on foot, with guns in hand, ready for instant fire. Just before rounding a bend in the road, Lawton swung himself off of his horse on the outer side, that the animal might rest while he thought out, if he could, what had become of a column he had dispatched the day before, and which he had expected to meet many hours earlier. He happened to glance up, just before the "point" had gotten around the bend in the road.

"Hold on there, men! Stop! Stop! There is a barricade ahead of you. Don't expose yourselves."

And the men who were keeping to the inside of the road and had not yet seen around the bend, instantly halted, getting farther under cover. But Lawton sprang upon his horse and galloped straight up the road and into and through the skillfully constructed intrenchment across it. As we rode through it, his only comment was: "Well! that is the best road barricade ever I saw." It was of earth and stones about four feet thick, with bamboo walls on either side, perhaps six feet high, and with a space of four to five inches through which to shoot, and an aperture through which a horse could go. He was asked whether there might not have been Filipinos behind it. "Why, yes, like as not," he replied, "but after I told the men to stop down there, I made up my mind that if there had been Filipinos here, they would have picked us off when we were sitting on the hill over yonder. Anyhow I can't stop this morning for anything like that." It is the only instance I ever observed of apparently unnecessary recklessness on his part.

He was kind in the extreme to his soldiers, and yet not ostentatiously so. He did not "boney" them, as officers who seek popularity sometimes do—and mistakenly always. He did not hesitate to order them on exhausting marches; to send them on a charge where death was certain; nor to do anything else with them which, in his opinion, the situation demanded. He required of them service, service, service, as he required the same, and as hard, of himself. And yet the men's love for him exceeded that of any affection I ever saw men display for another.

One intensely hot day two thousand men had been marching and fighting. As Lawton came along they had halted and thrown themselves in the shade of bushes by the roadside, most of them panting like dogs, some of them climbing down the steep sides of the ravine to get a canteen of warm water from a stream below, and in all the attitudes of intense heat and exhaustion. They were growling and grumbling, as the Anglo-Saxon is wont to do when he is uncomfortable; but as Lawton rode along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but, as his manner was, straight ahead of him, the low-toned exclamation, full of affection, was constantly heard: "There goes the old man, God bless him."

If he spared his men in any degree, however, it cannot be said that he spared his officers any more than he did himself. Arriving at Pasig, one night, orders he had given earlier in the day apparently had not been executed to his satisfaction. That night, at midnight, accompanied by one officer and his guest, he went up the Pasig River, in a boat run by a Kansas man and a Filipino engineer and fireman. The night was moonless. The Pasig River is full of sharp twists and turns, with banks of thick mud, in which boats frequently got stuck. At the point where the river enters the lake the Filipinos were supposed to be in force on either side. Lawton risked mudbank and Filipino, and finally reached the open lake. It was very dark; yet he found his gunboats and held a consultation with the officer in command and returned the way he had come. We arrived at Pasig about two o'clock in the morning. Lawton threw himself on a rude bed and slept for perhaps two hours. This is a fair sample of his daily and nightly program.

The Richelieus and Sidneys of Our Army

I regret that fear of doing injustice to the great majority, by giving the names of some officers and not giving the names of all, prevents me from mentioning the Captain in charge of those gunboats on Laguna de Bay, and several other officers whose character, intelligence and courage would, in a more sanguinary conflict, on a larger stage, with heavier stakes, win them a renown surpassed by that of no soldiers in history. Now and then the public catches a



The Star-Spangled Banner

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flash of these "devils of courage," Richelieus of cunning and Sidneys of generosity. They are hard workers, every one. These even include the sons of those eminent men whose appointments to the army were supposed to be secured by influence, and at which much unjust criticism has been directed. In a certain General's headquarters at the front I found a young man hard at work at one o'clock at night. He was one of these sons of distinguished and powerful fathers, whose appointment was assailed as purely political; and yet no humble clerk, no hired laborer, could have toiled more faithfully, earnestly, uncomplainingly than he.

"Who is that soldierly fellow there, General?" I asked of Lawton, as a stalwart young officer dashed up, straight as a pine tree, saluting in that fine manner that no soldier on earth but the American soldier has, and handsome in spite of the dust and grime and sweat.

"Oh, that is Captain ——," said he, and he named the son of a very eminent man in the United States, whose appointment I have seen unfavorably commented on in a portion of our press. If he was appointed with the expectation of sport, he was not receiving it; if in the expectation of ease, he had not found it. No minor employee of his father was toiling half so hard, nor half so long, each dreadful day, as this gallant young fellow, who was doing his duty with the zest which consciousness of serving as a soldier of the Republic gives to the American officer.

The Diplomacy of the Governor of Cebu

The word "Richelieu," as descriptive of the constructive cunning and hazardous courage of our officers is a fortunate one. Their action is never inspired by mere recklessness nor show. Consequences are considered. Every command is tempered by its effect as a matter of civil policy, as well as by its consequences as a military movement. The Military Governor of Cebu was trying to prevent an outbreak. When he arrived to take command of the island our troops were confined to the city itself, with the line strictly drawn at the borders of the town and the insurgents in position beyond. No fighting had yet occurred, but, day by day and hour by hour, the feeling of hostility was growing, and an outbreak was becoming imminent. This young man (for he was under forty) made up his mind to conciliate them if he could, convince them of our good intentions, and to make some arrangements with the insurgents already under arms, and with their commander, Maxelion. To do this the first step was to convince them that we were not afraid of them in a civil sense as well as in a military sense, and that we trusted them. Accordingly, he boldly rode without arms across the lines and into the enemy's country. A few days afterward I arrived. The Governor and myself, an officer of the army and the navy accompanying us, crossed the lines and rode seven miles into the interior, into and through some old fortifications that, in a former time, they had thrown up, and examined the out-of-date cannon which they had collected. The Governor, myself and my interpreter (then condemned to death by the order of the commander of these very insurgents) went to see this Filipino General at his headquarters, the other officers preferring not to go. None of us was armed. The Governor introduced me, explained the nature of the office I held, and made clear to Maxelion the whole situation. We conversed for a time, and then simply took our departure. While there we were surrounded by Maxelion's entire staff and perhaps seventy-five or a hundred Filipino soldiers. We could have been captured? Yes. We might have been killed? Yes, again. But this young Governor of the Island of Cebu, a lawyer of a Western State, felt it necessary to show, in this manner, our good intentions, our complete trust in them, and Americans' absolute fearlessness of danger. In this way he hoped to prepare the ground for permanently peaceful relations without shedding a drop of blood. It was a bold and a well-considered plan.

But this is the way it worked: After returning to the city I had a long conference, among others, with Pablo Mejia, a rich old Filipino, moderate, trustworthy and well-disposed. That night, before my ship lifted anchor, a proclamation was posted all over the city, of the most bloodthirsty character, and signed "Maxelion." A week after I left Pablo Mejia was stabbed in the streets of Cebu, as a sympathizer with the "accursed Americans."

Maxelion was a forbidding-looking man. His face was full of malignity, although during our conversation his expressions were most polite and even full of the exaggerated terms and warmth of Spanish speech. His staff were very young men, all of whom scowled with great vigor upon us. Some of the soldiers looked the cutthroats which their assassination of Mejia proved them to be.

Every Lieutenant a Skilled Strategist

Above all, the American officer is a gentleman. Of course, this is taken for granted, and it is a certain kind of offense to call attention to it; and yet the sensitive observer is strikingly impressed with the fact that the roughness, the essential coarseness, even the brutality which accompanies campaigning, does not dull the edge of the fine conduct and spirit which makes of the American officer the ideal gentleman of the world. That does not mean that he does not work quite as hard as any private soldier; nor that he does not risk his life much more than the private soldier. Once at the front I saw an officer of high rank report to the commanding General at one o'clock at night, from a reconnaissance which he had made himself with only two of his men. The rest had been sleeping for hours. He was weary to the point of deadly exhaustion. He had come back to us with his life by a miracle. He stepped out of the night and into the presence of his commander like a cavalier out of an old picture. He saluted and made his report as simply as you would detail the most commonplace incident. In answer to the General's questions, he rapidly sketched what to him appeared the strategy of the situation, and then went to his bed, which was the bare floor of a bamboo shack. I was on my own horse and saw the sun rise next morning, but this officer was already gone.

The incident of his outlining what he thought were the salient circumstances of the situation which confronted us reveals another very prominent characteristic of the American officer. Most of them are excellent strategists; all of them are military thinkers. You cannot find a Lieutenant who has not a clear and plausible theory of operation in any given position. They are students of maps. They are map makers themselves. Their combinations are as definite as their execution is expeditious. A Lieutenant of Regulars, with title of Captain of Volunteers (and, I hope, now Captain of Regulars), described to me a plan of campaign with San Fernando as base which, in theory at least, was perfect. A portion of it was afterward adopted.

With some extraordinary exceptions the execution of any plan devised ought to be left to our younger officers. I participated in one campaign where the enemy were, on paper, mathematically trapped. The catching of them was a certainty. Neither Napoleon nor Von Moltke ever devised a more skillful plan. It involved the movements at given times, and in a given way, of several columns. The command of one was given to a gallant but very old officer, noted not only for his daring, his devotion to duty, but also for his lack of initiative and originality. He encountered a trifling obstacle in the execution of his general orders, and, instead of overcoming it by common-sense methods, instead of relying upon the vigor and courage of his men, he did what the books of strategy said that in general he should do under like circumstances. The result was that, like Grouchy, he arrived too late. The whole movement was spoiled, the enemy escaped, and, in spite of gallantry and unbelievable exertions of officers and men, the whole campaign collapsed. On the contrary, the columns that were in charge of young officers executed their movements with brilliancy, vigor and to the exact minute.



DRAWN BY E. MARTIN JUSTICE "THERE GOES THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER"

"I think we ought to get out of this," said an elderly artillery officer of the regular army, as we stood in the bamboo thickets of one of our advanced outposts. "What in —— does the United States want with this country? What in —— and —— do they want with these 'niggers'? I tell you I am 'hot,' physically and mentally." (And he wiped the sweat from his face.) "I am uncomfortable," he continued. "I am tired of this, and I want to get back. Excuse me from being stationed away out here and having to bring my family." "Well, Major," said a blue-eyed young Captain (we were all engaged in desultory talk, and rank does not enter into that), "as for me, here is the place I want to be. You are uncomfortable, yes; but when was soldiering ever comfortable? We are taking part in the inevitable expansion of our great race, and, in my time, I shall have been able to win no glory equal to the glory of being a part of that predestined expansion."

There spoke the military man, who, in the long period of peace, had lost the idea and purposes of his profession, and considered the army as a sort of a necessary establishment without a mission, without active work to do, and himself as a rightful part of it. He felt that he practically owned his office; that the office consisted in wearing the uniform and going through the routine of the army establishment in time of peace. But a long period of domestic bliss, and all the allurements of our past generation of peace, had erased from his conscience all the sharp, keen and elemental ideas of soldierhood which makes the real soldier possible, and not only possible, but endurable and tolerable.

There spoke, too, the earnest, irresistible militant spirit of the young officer who wants active service, who asks only an *opportunity* to win his spurs, who is willing to pay his blood as the price of them, and to exchange his life for an honorable recognition in the service of his country.

The Star-Spangled Banner on the Luneta

If I have not made clear the religious and fatalistic adoration of the flag which inspires the American soldier and officer alike, let the following illustrate it now: It is a scene which you may witness on the Luneta of Manila any evening as the sun sinks behind the waters of Manila Bay. This famous combined park and driveway at that hour is thronged by a circulating procession of carriages, filled with Mestizos in their most effective toilettes, and with white-clad officers who are in Manila after duty for the day, or who are in the city on leave. The seats along the driveway, all the walking space, and the sward next to the beach are filled with our khaki-clad soldiers, their keen, young faces showing their enjoyment as they drink in every impression.

Now and then a young face looks wistfully out over the sea, with thoughts of home in every feature. On the bandstand in the centre is a regimental band rendering all manner of tunes and airs, lively and pathetic, jolly and sad. Around and around sweeps the circle of carriages, up and down move the walking throngs, gradually crystallizing, however, about the central point from which the fountain of music throws its sprays of sound into the air. Some lively, fantastic composition has ended amid laughter and applause. Then the strains of Home, Sweet Home float out upon the air, and a sadness and silence steals over the constantly increasing throng. It is finished in silence, and then a great wave of earnest applause comes up from thousands of hands. The sun is sinking rapidly in the west, and the whole horizon is a panorama of spangled flame. There are no sunsets in the world comparable to those gorgeous and astounding pictures that stream oceanward athwart the sky of Manila at close of day. To the east the heavens assume a hue of minor, mistlike and tender purple. The whole atmosphere is full of beauty, beatitude and benediction.

The Religion of Officer and Private

I have just returned to the city, and am taking an hour of the evening air with one of the most brilliant officers of the army, one of those gay, reckless, dare-devil, and sometimes profane men, whom you would never believe had a spark of religion in his champagne-like character—one of the type of that soldier of Napoleon, described by Conan Doyle, who went to death with a jest, who received his mortal wound with a laugh, and who said to his comrade: "Will you not kindly present my compliments to madame, and say that I cannot attend her dinner next week on account of circumstances over which I have no control?" and then, still laughing, died. Some quip even now was on my friend's lips. We had driven into a throng of fine young fellows, of whom he was the life and the soul. The band had, a moment before, ceased playing some ranting, rollicking air, and the laughter still echoed and the applause was just dying out. The sun now had touched the water beyond Corregidor. The leader moved his baton, and suddenly, with that slow, majestic and thrilling movement, the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner arose upon the air. The jest upon the lips of my merry friend was hushed, and, stepping from the carriage, he stood erect, his cap lifted from his head and held across his heart. His action was imitated by all the rest of that gay and careless crowd. Everywhere this beautiful phenomenon of patriotism occurred. Hardened regulars who had seen service with the Indians for years; fresh-faced boys just from the soft comforts of their homes; private and officer, servant and general, all arose, uncovered and stood in the attitude of prayer. And it was a prayer. When the last strains had died away, my friend turned to me and said:

"That, Senator, is my religion. We all believe in the divine destiny of that flag. We all believe that it is a sacred banner. We may jest and joke, but there is not a man of us who, in his heart, does not feel, and deeply *know*, that our people are a peculiar people; that our nation is God's chosen nation for the doing of His inscrutable work. Ours is an unquestioning, unarguing faith, we are Mohammedans of Christian patriotism, and to us the Flag is the symbol of all for which we are willing and happy and blest to die."

The sun had gone, the night was there, and in a silence whose meaning stillness was itself the very wine of eloquence, we rode to our quarters, while in our hearts and through the corridors of our brain the aspiring music of our national anthem still echoed. It was not a far cry for the imagination to see, not only our own soldiers with hats off, when the first notes of that sacred composition floats upon the air, but all the world, and even the crowned heads thereof, uncover to the sacred strains of The Star-Spangled Banner

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A Sequence *in* Hearts

By Lilian Quiller-Couch

PATRICIA, dearest: Mr. Featherstone-Hope. Mr. Featherstone-Hope: Miss Pomeroy."

I bowed. Mr. Featherstone-Hope bowed. Mrs. Randall smiled on us.

"You must be my understudy, Mr. Hope," she protested archly; "Miss Pomeroy's caretaker, you know. The poor child is weary with handling bullion. So kind of you. I'm sure you'll get on together. Tea or coffee, dear?"

"Coffee, please," I answered, appropriating that remnant of Mrs. Randall's remark which propriety seemed to assign to me. Then she fluttered away to pair and set prattling some other two aimless individuals, and so prove herself a successful hostess. Mr. Featherstone-Hope accepted his part and set out to perform it. I sat in the tea-room and waited.

It was the evening of the E. U. Z. W. X. Bazar. I think the lettering is correct, but won't be sure. I had devoted an eight-hour day to violating taste and conscience selling things—and persons—in the interest of a charity which Mrs. Randall had been fearless enough to float but not strong enough to save.

For myself the commercial instinct had that day been born and brought to full vigor in me. I gloried, too, in nefarious acts. I pitied no one—but the E. U. Z. W. X.'s for whom I toiled. I had become hungry, however, and I turned now from the hall and looked anxiously for Mr. Featherstone-Hope. In Mr. Featherstone-Hope as a man I felt no interest, but as a bearer of sustenance I was concerned about him.

To be uninterested in Mr. Featherstone-Hope displayed, of course, an ill-balanced mind, but in my defense let it be said that for three months young men had been introduced to me with steady continuity; and, never having made a study myself of their obviously favorite subject, the weather, I had, during those three months, found myself at each introduction at a disadvantage. I was beginning, too, to feel a trifle groovy, and at the end of my hard days looked with a rather jaundiced mind's eye toward the barometer as about to be discussed by Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

When Mr. Featherstone-Hope did appear, followed by a waiter bearing cups of coffee and food, I selected the largest cup and the largest sandwich, and leaned back with a sigh of placid resignation to await the inevitable.

Mr. Featherstone-Hope sank down on one corner of the settee (I was already on the other) and absently pivoted his cup on his fingers. I watched it as I ate and waited.

"It is really quite safe."

I jumped.

"I beg your pardon" he added, with compunction, looking from me to the mirror facing us, "but your reflection seemed anxious. I startled you?"

"Oh, no; not at all, only it was so—so different."

"Different?" he questioned, a little puzzled.

"I was expecting—I mean, I thought—you would have said that it is a fine day," I explained in an injured tone.

"I don't see why," he remarked stiffly, "considering it has rained hard all the afternoon."

"Oh, has it? Still—you might have said—it *wasn't*."

"Of course, if you like that sort of thing——"

"Oh, it really doesn't matter, only——"

"To tell the truth, I know very little about it."

"Oh!" I sighed in relief.

"Why, I thought you missed it," he protested.

"Missed what?" I asked absently. I was thinking of his eyes.

"The weather," he said, seeming a little surprised.

"Oh! Ah! Yes, the weather. Thank you, but I would rather miss it."

"Suffered?" He smiled with understanding.

"A little," I admitted. "Three months ago I came from——" I hesitated.

"Greenwich?"

"I mean—for three months I've been hearing a good deal about it, and——"

"And now you consider you've probed human nature——"

"I hadn't to probe," I interpolated.

"And you think all men stupid?"

"Not so much 'stupid,'" I said graciously, "as faithful to—to their traditions, you know."

"Now I," he declared, "generally find less stupidity in persons than I expect."

"'Than you *expect*,'" I repeated. "That is just a personal pessimism. You should not blame over-hopefulness in another. Of course, if you start with low ideals—— Besides, I was speaking of *men*."

"You imply——?"

"Well, isn't it so?"

"Please tell me, Miss Pomeroy, *where* you came from three months ago?"

"Please tell me, Mr. Hope, of the persons who have less stupidity than you expect?" I returned.

I sighed as I looked around the tea-room. "I cannot imagine any of these, for instance, talking anything but meteorology," I persisted.

"You lack imagination, Miss Pomeroy. Look, for instance, at that fellow and that girl over there by the window. I can imagine that she is now telling him she can never be more than a sister to him."

"I shouldn't think he'd insist," I commented as I scrutinized the lady in question.

"On that couch," continued Mr. Featherstone-Hope, ignoring my trivial mind and looking in another direction, "sits the most dangerous woman in London. She is not talking at this moment, she is looking at us; and when she speaks to you—which she will make a point of doing as soon as I turn my back—I *think* it won't be about the weather. She will probably tell you that I am the stupidest man in London."

"She will be crueler to you than you are to her," I observed. "How did you ruffle her?"

"I disappointed her. We have mutual friends. In me she hoped for an encyclopædia; she found a platitude. She is now amazed at your toleration. By and by she will cross-examine you."

"She will begin by telling me it rained this afternoon," I affirmed mournfully.

There was a short silence. Mr. Featherstone-Hope looked at me. I know, because I was looking in the mirror.

"Mayn't I sell you something?" I said, rising. I had been forty-five minutes on that settee. He brightened. "My stall is needlework," I added faintly. He set his teeth but seemed undaunted.

"Is there anything left?" he asked anxiously when I had led the way to my derelict.

"Oh, yes," I declared cheerfully as I pounced on something striped and woolly and yards long. "This is a muffler. You see, you put it twice around your neck and tie the ends—fringed ends."

"Most comfortable," he agreed.

"Save you from endless colds."

"Exactly. The very thing for—for every one if he would only realize it. People are so narrow-minded in Piccadilly."

"One man of courage could revolutionize a street," I declared scornfully.

"Undoubtedly—with that muffler," he agreed.

"Of course—with that muffler."

"The price?" he asked.

"Half a guinea. You can see there are pounds of wool in it."

"Acres!" he declared, winding it around his arm and handing me half a sovereign and sixpence.

Mr. Featherstone-Hope looked nervous.

"I see a young man hovering," he said hurriedly. "He is waiting, I think, for a smile, but he might be pacified by an antimacassar."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, looking down the hall at the approaching Mr. Sandys. "That is one of my barometers."

"You are simply bigoted," Mr. Featherstone-Hope declared flatly.

I smiled upon Mr. Sandys as I shook out the tassel of a smoking-cap. He drew near.

"Howdy-do, Miss Pomeroy?" he began cheerfully. "Aw'fly nice day, isn't it? Jolly warm, really."

"Aw'fly nice—and warm," I agreed, by sheer strength of will refraining from glancing in triumph at Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

Then I sold Mr. Sandys the smoking-cap.

When he had gone I looked at Mr. Featherstone-Hope. Mr. Featherstone-Hope looked at me.

"I am abased," he said.

"I am going now," I observed.

"Miss Pomeroy. May I—may I go with you?"

"Where?" I demanded sternly.

"To the end of—I mean to your door."

I looked at the clock.

"An hour and five minutes ago," I murmured to space, "I did not know this man."

"May I, Miss Pomeroy?"

"Just sixty-five minutes——"

"It seems five. May I?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Hope, but I am driving."

As we walked to the carriage Mr. Featherstone-Hope turned to me.

"Miss Pomeroy," he said.

"Mr. Hope," I answered.

"Tell me, *please*, where you came from three months ago."

I took my seat.

"Tell me," he pleaded.

"You will be shocked," I protested timidly.

"No, I vow—*where* was it?"

I leaned forward and held out my hand.

"From school," I said faintly. "Good-by." And I smiled deprecation.

As Mr. Featherstone-Hope closed the carriage door I think he bit his lip. But there! that might have meant *anything*.

SECOND PART

"CHIVALRY is dead," said my cousin Letitia in tart tones as we turned from St. Aldate's into Christ Church quadrangle on our way to the river.

"Oh, I wouldn't go as far as that," I urged sweetly. "Let us say 'rather ill,' or just 'unconscious.'"

Some one had bumped Letitia's arm in passing, and she was resenting it. Little Mr. Tenterden looked dejected.

We had come to Oxford with Aunt Ethel for the 'Eights,' several persons having thought that it would be very good for us, and little Mr. Tenterden (whom we used to call Dickie when we went to school with his sister) having declared that we should have a good time were it to cost him the half of his kingdom. Mr. Tenterden, it seemed, had made two recent discoveries: first, that he was what he called "gone" on my cousin Letitia; and second, that he could get himself into the tight, pale, gray suit which had evidently been sent home to him by mistake. Neither discovery seemed to bring him much joy; neither Letitia nor the suit seemed to fit him. Mr. Tenterden is small enough, goodness knows; the suit was smaller. Letitia, I may remark, though distinctly feminine in many ways—even to the point of anxiety on the matter—is distinctly large in size; and Mr. Tenterden's admiration for her reminded me of a small child gazing at an elephant.



DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"AND YOU THINK ALL MEN STUPID?"

Poor Mr. Tenterden! he used to be very "slangy" when he was "Dickie," but awe of Letitia seemed to have melted it out of him (he had heard her speak on the subject), and, possessing no other vocabulary, he remained rather silent. He gulped now when he heard Letitia's diagnosis of chivalry. I felt sorry for him.

"I'm sure," I declared consolingly as I turned my eyes toward a string of young men dressed in little things which must, I think, have been handed up to them by their small brothers—with the exception of their scarfs—"I'm sure *any* of those men now passing would be as ready to take off his—well—his scarf and throw it down for you to step over as ever Cardinal Wolsey was for Queen Rosamond."

"I should be sorry to require any one of those men to appear in an inch less clothing than he wears at present," returned Letitia severely.

"And instead of a—a garter, you know, with '*Honi soit*' and all that sort of thing on it," I continued blithely, "you could snatch your chiffon ruffle gracefully from your neck, and, tying it under his chin, declare—declare—oh, anything—anything womanly and effective, you know; Lady Jane Gray's own words, perhaps, 'I have but a little neck.' And I'm positive he'd feel just as chivalrous as Cardinal Wol——"

"How charmed Miss Narroway should be with the result of her history lectures," said Letitia grimly.

"Yes, it's the spirit of the thing I catch," I agreed. "Anyhow, I am convinced that it's only because chivalry is not called for nowadays that one doesn't get it. I am certain that any one—Mr. Tenterden, for instance—would sacrifice his coat in a moment if a water pipe were to burst or the river overflow; wouldn't you, Mr. Tenterden?"

"Like a shot," he declared eagerly.

"That is just what it would be like," she remarked witheringly, as her eye traveled over his straining buttons.

Again Mr. Tenterden looked dejected (Letitia does snub the poor little man unmercifully), and after that we walked

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rather silently along toward the barges; while Aunt Ethel and Penlip Challoner chattered away just behind us. The barge (Dickie's college barge) was rather crowded when we reached it, and almost the first person I saw was Mr. Featherstone-Hope coming toward us.

"You!" I exclaimed in surprise. "I pictured you in Piccadilly."

"It is good of you to picture me—anywhere; but, surely, Oxford would have been a kinder spot."

"Oh, I pictured all unhappy persons—in the mass, you know—panting in Piccadilly, or thereabouts, of course. The happy are, of course, here."

"Exactly."

"When did you come down—up, I mean—no, down. I don't know *which* I mean—whether to offend Oxford or London."

"I am of both, Miss Pomeroy."

"Which means——?"

"Entirely as you choose."

"Please be Oxford for the time, for," I confessed in a lowered tone, "I know nothing, *absolutely* nothing about all this," waving my hand toward the river. "And Mr. Challoner and the others, being young, naturally expect every one to know everything. Now *you*——"

"Thank you, Miss Pomeroy," he remarked stiffly.

That is so like a man to be huffy in a moment just because I happened to forget the seven gray hairs on his right temple, or whatever it is.

"Oh, it's no use going on like that," I protested. "You know quite well that I didn't mean anything of the sort—except that your mind and your shoulders are a little broader than the minds and shoulders of these nice little boys all round about us. Now, please don't go on being dignified, but just tell me——"

"Oh, Mr. Featherstone-Hope, *you* will be able to explain to me why the last boats go first and the first last. Look at my card; this is what I mean——" Letitia's voice trailed off as she moved away bearing my encyclopædic hope with her.

Letitia always does that. Why couldn't she have been content with her devoted slave, Dickie Tenterden? He wouldn't have laughed at *her*. However, the river was becoming very exciting, so I turned my attention to it.

"Well!" I cried, after a few moments of absorption, "if many more persons come up on this barge I'm sure we shall never win. As it is, I can't imagine how any crew can manage to move it with all of us on top. And I'm sure some barges have heaps more persons on them than others. It seems horribly unfair. Even the frocks make a difference; mine is light enough, I'm thankful," and I patted my muslin frills.

Penlip Challoner, whose face had grown more and more radiant as I proceeded, swirled on his heel at this point and became hilarious. If I had not known him so well I should have considered him overexcited. He really guffawed. I felt that it was necessary for him to be calmed.

"Hush!" I said peremptorily. "You are interrupting, shaking the place like that. They are busy down below, trying to get the oars out, I think."

"No, it's all right," he said weakly, as he recovered a little. "It's not the oars; it's merely the crew."

Then he explained a few things to me, and it didn't seem so unfair after all; and I felt really rather glad that it was not the barges, only the boats, which were to be rushed along in a race, for I'm sure I should have shrieked. Then he and Dickie Tenterden pointed out "whiffs" and "skiffs" and canoes and things to me, and told me the difference between them; there seemed a good deal at the moment.

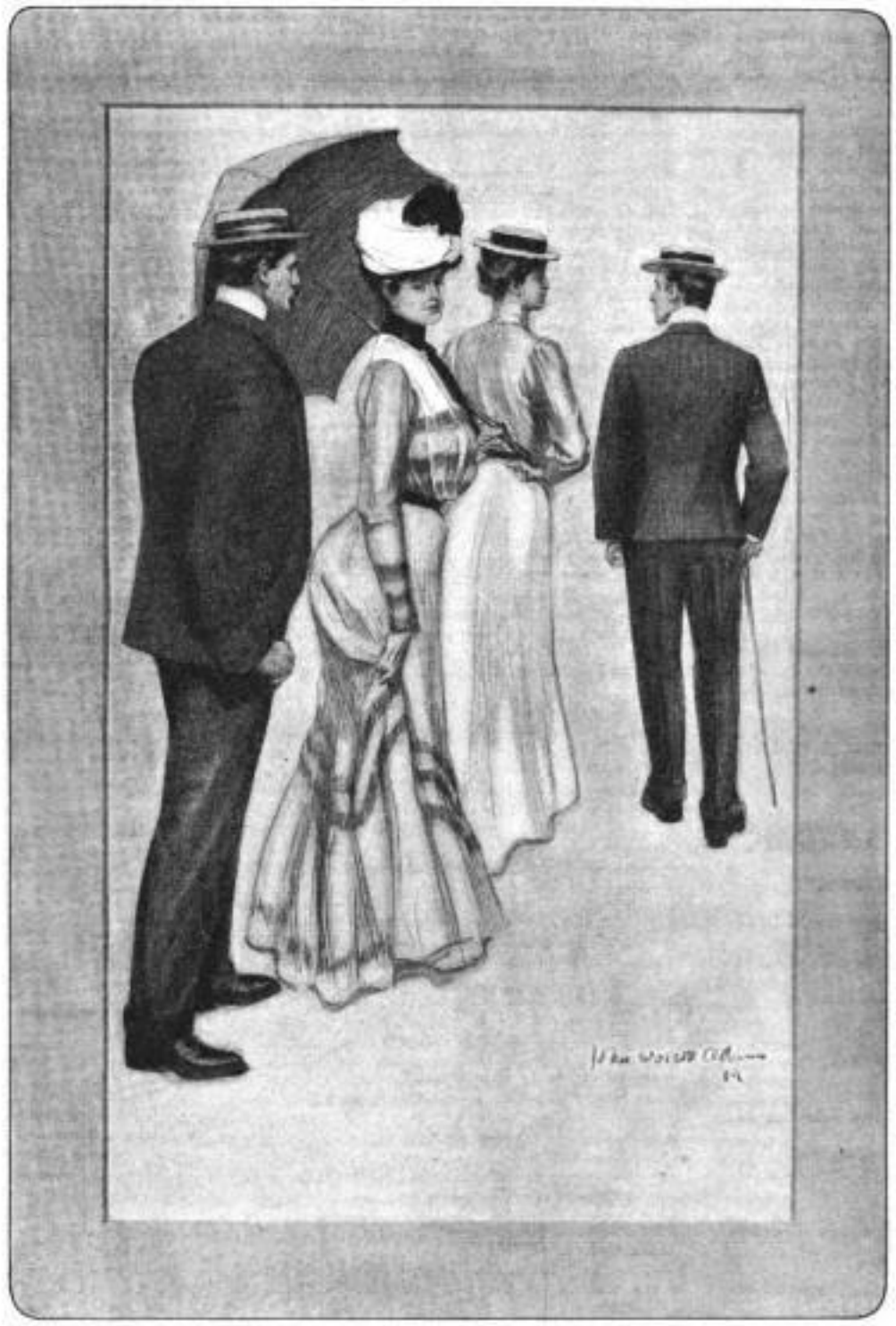
"'Eights' is such a curious name for boat races," Letitia's voice fell on my ear again as she meandered back to our group with Mr. Featherstone-Hope still alongside. "It reminds me of——" she wrinkled her brows in thought.

"Of gloves, dear?" I asked gently. Our good Letitia has what she calls "a strong hand," and says she is glad of it.

"No," she answered rather snappily. "I think it is some game it reminds me of."

"'*Vingt-et-un*?'" ventured Dickie Tenterden, laying his suggestion as a tribute before her. She wrinkled her brows again and looked down the river, vouchsafing no reply. Again Dickie looked dejected; and we all watched the water and waited.

Penlip Challoner came to the rescue at last and set things right for a while. It was at my expense, but I forgave him. He broke in upon our gloom and our ill-arranged positions by a repetition of my late remarks and gestures in illustration thereof. Every one ridiculed me, but as he had bettered matters considerably I contented myself with a threat.



DRAWN BY JOHN WILLCOTT ROWE.

"YOU!" I EXCLAIMED IN SURPRISE. "I PICTURED YOU IN PICCADILLY"

"I'll take you shopping with me one day," I declared with grim determination, "and let you flounder among chiffons."

Some persons seem to think that every one else must be born with instincts respecting all the immaterial little side-dishes of life, such as Oxford and Cambridge archaisms.

"They've started," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope. Then he stooped and picked up my sunshade, handkerchief and race card, which I had happened to drop.

"Oh, I'm afraid I trod on your foot," I exclaimed remorsefully a moment later.

"Don't mention it," he replied, smiling in an exasperatingly superior way. "If it would give you a better view, *please*——"

"I am *not* excited," I answered. He smiled on, so I ignored him and gave my attention to the boats.

"Well!" I exclaimed in disgust. "It does seem cowardly, downright cowardly, to put the little men in the horridest place—yes, actually, they have done it in every single boat—just with his back to the danger; and they rush him on, poor little man! There, look! I do believe they will knock him right into the boat in front of him!"

"Oh, Mr. Featherstone-Hope," broke in Letitia, "I am going to ask a great favor of you. Aunt Ethel says she *thinks* you won't mind. *Will* you take me on the river, really *on* the river, in one of those curious boats they call 'Canadas'? Just for a *few* minutes," etc., etc.

I repossessed myself of my sunshade and sundries in dignified silence. Mr. Featherstone-Hope just suddenly breathed something, but I did not catch the word. I was rather glad I didn't.

Then Penlip Challoner suggested that I should go with him in another canoe; while Dickie Tenterden should bring Aunt Ethel in yet another as a *coup-de-grâce* (I *think* he meant *chef-d'œuvre*). So we agreed and separated in couples.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Pomeroy," called Mr. Featherstone-Hope airily, as he righted himself in the canoe and took his paddle, "there is something I wanted to ask you this afternoon, only I hadn't time. Shall I see you at the 'Grill' concert to-night?"

"I can only say that I shall be there," I answered diffidently. "The tendency of the violet——"

"Of course. Thank you. I will ask you then—if you will remind me."

"Is it worth a knot in my handkerchief?" I demanded, looking ruefully at my square of embroidered cambric.

"Well, it may amuse you," he called back as he guided the canoe slowly out from the raft.

"I should like the change," I returned, as I tied the knot and held it up to show him. Then I looked at Letitia, and I could *feel* the price at which she valued me. And a sort of echo of herself murmuring, "Chivalry is dead," seemed to drop with disgust from her lips as she looked haughtily upon Mr. Featherstone-Hope paddling her out into the stream.

In the cloisters that night I happened to draw out the handkerchief to which I had transferred the afternoon's knot. I showed it to Mr. Featherstone-Hope and reminded him of the question he wanted to ask. And he asked it.

Something or other induced me to say "Yes."

That was the *first* time I became engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

THIRD PART

"MR. FEATHERSTONE-HOPE," announced Charlotte.

And Mr. Featherstone-Hope walked—as he might naturally be expected to do—into the room.

Indeed, I had been expecting him to do this any time during the past month, and in my solitude had rehearsed many greetings for him. Now that he really had come I kept my back turned toward him till I had finished the page of my book and tapped my foot upon the floor. I am bound to admit that this actual greeting was quite unrehearsed.

The effect was all that I could desire. Mr. Featherstone-Hope was annoyed. I could tell that by his first words.

"I hope you are quite well, Miss Pomeroy?"

"*Quite* well, thank you," I replied with chilly effusiveness.

It did occur to me that this was all rather ridiculous considering that we were supposed to be engaged; but, of course, he had behaved scandalously, and I was bound to resent it.

"I just called to inquire whether you received a letter from me about a month ago," he remarked nonchalantly. (I don't believe he was feeling a bit nonchalant really, but just as mad as could be.)

"You are very kind," I murmured sweetly.

"Did you?" he demanded.

"Did I what?"

"*Did* you receive a letter from me about a month ago?"

"About a month ago?" I repeated, pondering. "From you——? It is rather far back—but, let me see; yes, I think I did."

"*Think?*" he echoed, raising his eyebrows somewhat cynically. "Perhaps with another effort you will be able to remember if you answered it."

"Perhaps," I agreed pleasantly.

He looked at the ceiling with forced calmness.

When he grew tired of that he brought his eyes downward again and looked at me. I smiled politely.

"Will you answer my question?" he asked. His civility was most elaborate.

"Certainly, if you ask me one," I assured him.

"Can you remember whether you answered it or not?"

"Yes," I declared pleasantly. "I can remember."

"Did you?"

"Did I what?"

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"Did you answer it?" he almost thundered.

"Please don't shout," I remonstrated soothingly. "It sounds as if—almost as if we were quarreling."

He immediately became nonchalant again.

"I should be obliged," he said with awful calmness, "if you would tell me if you answered that letter of mine."

"Oh, certainly."

"Did you?" indifferently.

"No," with equal indifference and a yawn in miniature. Then I rearranged my cushion and leaned back again.

"A man generally prefers——" he began with slow, biting sarcasm, intended to reduce me to powder.

"Pooh," I interrupted. "What's a man!"

"A man," he began; then he rose with studied langour and went over to a bookcase. (Our bloodless warfare was taking place in the library.) Hauling down a big dictionary, he proceeded to turn the leaves, and then ran his finger down a page. "'A man,'" he repeated, "you will see here, is 'the being that thinks.'"

"Thinks a deal of himself," I commented, unimpressed.

"That fact happens to be omitted in this edition," he remarked apologetically.

After that we waited for a few moments to gather strength. He spoke first. I knew he would have to.

"Patricia."

"Mr. Featherstone-Hope," I answered.

"No," he said firmly; "Patricia."

I sighed resignation and looked at the ceiling. (The ceiling seemed to be getting an unusual amount of attention this afternoon; as a rule, we rather neglect it.) Tom—I mean Mr. Featherstone-Hope—had dropped his bitingly sarcastic tone and was hovering near anger. I felt so glad I had happened to be at home when he called.

"Listen to me, Patricia. What *can* I gather from your action?"

"My *in*action," I corrected amiably.

I think he stamped.

"What can I understand from it?" he demanded.

"I can't say, I'm sure," I debated pleasantly. "You see" (confidingly), "so much depends upon your power of imagination."

He bit his lip. I saw him.

"Did you do it wilfully?"

"Do what? I didn't do anything!"

Crash!

He had placed his fist upon a little table, and the little table had moved from before him.

"*Did—you—wilfully—leave—my—letter—unanswered?*" he thundered.

"*Yes—yes—yes—yes—yes!*" I replied in mock thunder, thumping the cushions to punctuate the words.

Then we looked at one another. I could see that he was fuming. I was rather enjoying myself. If he *chose* to be careless about his letters it was only right that he should be punished.

"Then," he said, in his high-handed sort of way, "if that is your idea of what is decent treatment from a woman to the man she is engaged to, all I can say is our engagement had better come to an end at once."

"I was waiting to make the same suggestion," I remarked placidly, "when you had done prattling."

Then we paused to allow time for the sinking in of these portentous words. And we glared at one another; and for about the first time in my life I could not think of anything to say. It would have been ridiculous to ask him if he had been to the new play; and that was the only subject I could call to mind, try as hard as ever I could—except Charlotte's tooth which had been extracted yesterday.

And thus, for the first time, was my engagement to Mr. Featherstone-Hope broken.

At length, when the silence was becoming so awful that I felt I should scream if something did not happen, and we were glaring at one another, and I was just beginning to declare that Charlotte had had a tooth out yesterday, the door opened and the convalescent Charlotte announced:

"Miss Challoner. Mr. Penlip Challoner."

I transformed my glare into a smile and rose to kiss Sybil. I should have welcomed an ostrich at that moment, and I was so glad that I had on my blue *voile* frock, for I know it is becoming, and blue is Penlip Challoner's favorite color, and it just served Mr. Featherstone-Hope right.

Sybil laughed ruefully when she saw my visitor.

"There, Pen!" she said, turning to her brother, "didn't I say so? My every instinct told me that we were coming at the very wrongest moment. Now here we are, and we're not only *de trop*, but we know it. We really won't stay long."

"You came at the *very rightest* moment," I declared, which was quite true as well as polite for once. "Mr. Featherstone-Hope is now going; aren't you, Mr. Featherstone-Hope?"

Mr. Featherstone-Hope muttered something unintelligible and proceeded to shake hands with them.

"And we interrupted your adieus!" groaned Sybil. "I do think you are magnificently forgiving."

Mr. Featherstone-Hope snapped avowals of his pleasure at the interruption with the air of a dog over a disputed bone. Penlip Challoner began to look amused. Sybil began to look puzzled.

"If you really must go, Mr. Hope," she said, a little uncertainly, "we will stay to tea. I ought to go on to the Fords'; but Patricia's tea is always stronger than theirs, and as it's Letitia Ford I'm dying to talk about it'll be more circumspect to choose somebody else's room to do it in."

"Oh, he must go, I'm afraid," I assured her pleasantly. "An engagement, I think, and I know he's horribly afraid even at the bare idea of a broken engagement, so we must not try to keep him." I drew Sybil to the other corner of my couch, then I turned to take my leave of Mr. Featherstone-Hope. "Good-by," I said sweetly, holding out my hand to him with just the faintest hint in the action that I was eager to turn my undivided attention to the others.

He had dozens of words to say, angry and otherwise. I could see that quite easily, but I didn't intend to allow him to say them; he didn't deserve an outlet for his feelings. He had been very rude to me, or at any rate, careless, which was just as bad.

He took my hand—he couldn't very well do anything else when I poked it almost under his nose—then he let it go again as if it were breakable and turned to the door. I faced toward Sybil and looked as annoyingly expectant as I could.

"Oh, by the by, Mr. Hope," I said over my shoulder, as a sort of afterthought, as I thumped my long-suffering cushion before settling my shoulders into it. "That last letter we were talking about"—I stopped to break an unsightly thread from my cushion frill. Mr. Featherstone-Hope halted with a jerk, the doorknob in his hand—"had no address on it. Such a sharp idea," I concluded, turning to Sybil.

"Ho, that dodge is played out," broke in Penlip Challoner with an innocently brutal laugh. "It's about as old as the 'previous engagement' wheeze."

"'Wheeze'!" I echoed.

"No address!" echoed Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

"No," I laughed pertinently; "the—the man evidently wished to weed out his correspondents."

A pause.

"*Good*-by," I remarked again. It did occur to me to wonder vaguely at what number of good-bys it was correct to cease from speeding the parting guest.

"I shall not go," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope obstinately, relaxing his grip of the doorknob and squaring his shoulders.

"Oh, I say, old man," remonstrated Penlip Challoner, "how about that broken engagement, you know?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope with the light of a fixed determination in his eyes. "It's the broken engagement that settles the matter."

Silence again. Then the other two suddenly fell to laughing.

"Why, I do believe——" began Sybil.

"Never mind what you believe," I snapped severely; "*I* am going to ring for tea—by proxy."

Penlip Challoner went to the bell.

"I understood," I continued, "that Mr. Featherstone-Hope wished to escape. Perhaps he, too, was going to the Fords' until you abused Letitia's tea. But, even so, *I* should have thought that *he* would have found weak tea less embarrassing than a broken engagement."

"I shall not go," repeated Mr. Featherstone-Hope, "so it's no use your talking like that. And you can't turn me out, because I'm stronger than Challoner, and you'd merely have his corpse as a tea-table decoration if you set him on."

"Pooh," said Penlip Challoner cheerfully. "It's all right, old chap. Don't you worry yourself. I don't hit a man when he's down."

"No, nor up, either," I remarked scathingly. "Of course, if Mr. Featherstone-Hope *enjoys* breaking engagements he's quite welcome to please himself. Nobody else cares." Then I gave my full attention to Sybil.

Of course, when tea came, Mr. Featherstone-Hope dropped muffins into our cups with the sugar tongs, and did odd little things of that sort; but it was really a very cheerful tea.

"Come along, Sybil; they are dying for us to be gone," said Penlip Challoner, when he had quite finished his sixth cup.

"How vulgar Penlip is becoming," I murmured absently.

"I shall go on now and tease Letitia," said Sybil, rising and arranging her veil. "Good-by, dear."

* * * *

Again Mr. Featherstone-Hope and I were left alone, glaring at one another; but this time we both found so much to say that we even overlapped at times and became a chorus, and Charlotte's tooth never once entered my head, and—but there—I don't suppose our affairs are so *very* interesting, after all, and I need only add that that was the second time I became engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope.



DRAWN BY JOHN WILLCOTT ROWE

"COME ALONG, SYBIL; THEY ARE DYING FOR US TO BE GONE"

Cheating a Biographer

MISS E. B. SIMPSON, of Edinburgh, the daughter of Sir James Young Simpson, who discovered the anæsthetic qualities of chloroform, visited this country last fall. She is the author of her father's biography for the Famous Scots series, and of Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days.

Miss Simpson is a clever writer and a woman of most engaging personality, whose Scotch accent gave a pleasant flavor to the entertaining stories she told of her gifted countryman, Louis, as she called him. Speaking of the recently published Stevenson letters, Miss Simpson said:

"Louis' letters were so unusual, so polished, we used to accuse him of writing them with an idea they would some time be published, and on one occasion when he was visiting our house my brother merrily made the charge, saying: 'See, Louis', taking at the same time a bundle of letters from his pocket, 'these were written for your biographer, I am sure of it. They are much too fine for ordinary correspondence; but he shall be cheated; he shall not have them,' and he threw the package into the fire, much to Louis' amusement."

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



GEN. JOS. R. HAWLEY

Our New Army Methods

The War Department and Congress are acting together in striving to provide new machinery for the army organization which has outgrown its former proportions. There are any number of new ideas. Out West a new war college will be established in order to train the men more thoroughly for their work. There is a suggestion that apprentice battalions be started, such as those which are now training boys for the navy, and this proposition includes the enlistment of lads not younger than sixteen nor older than eighteen years, to whom shall be given military instruction. There is now in Congress a bill to provide a dentist for every regiment in the army. The surgeons are to be increased, and so far as extra attendants go the American soldier is to be kept in first-class health. But the most important thing is the movement in Congress, backed by the War Department, especially by Secretary Root, to increase the efficiency of the whole military establishment. The same bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Hull, the Chairman of the Military Committee, and in the Senate by General Hawley, the Chairman of the Military Committee of that body. Among the members of the Senate Committee who have considered the bill are General Hawley, General Sewell, Colonel Proctor, all Union veterans, and General Bate, who served through the Mexican war and became a Major-General in the Confederate army. The Military Committees of both branches of Congress have on them old soldiers who know what war is and who have obtained their experience from years of work and fighting. They are zealous for the reputation of the army and consequently any bill they may favor unanimously is apt to be about the best thing that could be agreed upon. It is a real reform by practical soldiers.

Every Third Promotion for Merit

The first great reform that the new law would effect would be the breaking of the present iron rule of promotion only by seniority. For years this law has prevailed, so that when exceptional merit or gallantry or peculiar fitness was to be rewarded it always stood in the way. Not even the President could do anything, and in the words of Mr. Root, "the thoughtful, devoted and ambitious young man is precluded from advancing himself by his own exertion a hair's breadth beyond the indolent, the dull and the inefficient man who is just able to perform duty enough to keep him from being turned out of the service. The effect of the present law is injurious to the service because it fails to bring the best men into command; it is injurious to the officers because it withdraws all stimulus to activity and zeal. It is thoroughly un-American because it stifles individual opportunity and affords no reward for individual achievement." Such a rule is opposed to the spirit of our institutions and it undoubtedly operates against the good of the service, for it kills that stimulus which is often the prerequisite to excellence. It is hard to break down a precedent established in such an institution as the army, and thus the first change is probably not as radical as it should be. It is the beginning of the law; the language reads as follows: "That hereafter every third promotion to the grade of Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major, respectively, in the line of the army shall be by selection from the next lowest grade in the same army. The selection in each case shall be made by the President from a list of three names to be prepared by a board composed of officers of the same branch of service and senior to the grade from which the promotion is to be made."

The criticism of this plan is that partiality may be shown in the selections, but against that is placed the honor of the men who will prepare the list of three names. As the reputation of the army will be largely at stake by the work of such boards, it is felt by the friends of the bill that no injustice will be shown to junior officers.

New Blood for the Army Staff

Under the present system when an officer is appointed on the staff his position is permanent. There is no way of changing him except by dismissing him from the army. A fine illustration of this is the fact that while General Eagan, at the head of the Commissary Department of the Government, has been suspended for six years from the army for reprehensible conduct, his name is still carried on the War Department rolls as Commissary-General of Subsistence, and the officer who does the work not only has to use the title of Acting Commissary-General, but is obliged to receive only the salary of the inferior position.

This new bill will remove this permanent feature and will substitute details from the line to the staff for periods of four years unless sooner terminated by the President. No officer can remain longer than four years, but by going back to the line for a year's service he may be detailed again to the same department. A year's service, however, as an interval between staff duty is mandatory. These provisions apply to the departments of the Adjutant-General, Inspector-General, the Quartermaster, Subsistence and Ordnance Department and the Signal Corps. The Engineering Corps, of which General John M. Wilson is Chief, seems to be a department which is beyond criticism simply through its personnel and splendid work, so in that case an exception is made. The appointments there remain permanent, except that the officers are required to serve one year of five with such branch of the line—which means the active army—as may be designated by the Secretary of War.

The argument for all these is that it will prevent all possible dry rot, infuse new life and interest into the service, and bring to the various departments the freshest and best ability.



GEN. W. J. SEWELL

A Bill of $330,000 a Day

According to the last report of the Secretary of War the army of the United States consisted of 7,540 officers and 171,646 enlisted men. The last Congress in what it supposed to be a moment of generosity allowed a little over $70,000,000 for war expenses, but those who knew the facts understood perfectly that much more money would be required, so we have not been very much surprised to find in the Urgency Deficiency Bill of the present Congress the somewhat respectable sum of $45,951,949 for the support of the army. This, mind you, is an addition to $75,747,811 already allowed for the current year. In other words, we are paying about $330,000 a day, or $1,375 an hour, or $220 a minute for our present army organization and its expenses in the various parts of the world. The curious feature in the whole case is that the politicians are trying to hide the fact that we are maintaining a large army, and if we are to pursue our present plans the size of it may have to be increased. Thus in the legislation that is proposed there is the most painstaking care to keep from any one the idea that we are drifting toward the enormous war expenses of a modern power. At the same time, when we add to these figures the one hundred and forty-odd millions which we are paying out for pensions, we exceed the army expenses of any nation on earth, with the possible exception of Great Britain whose expenditures in South Africa may form the greatest total in the history of warfare. It is a striking contradiction of ideals that just after the Peace Conference at The Hague, where disarmament was discussed, every nation that took part in the feast of concord has since increased its expenses either for war itself or for appropriations for war. It all goes to show that we are still far from general brotherhood.



COL. REDFIELD PROCTOR

The Reform of the Artillery

The third important change the bill makes is to organize and modernize the artillery corps. The artillery in its arrangement is even more curious than the other parts of the army. In its present form it is supposed to be a regimental organization where each officer of the same grade has exactly the same authority, so that with the seven Colonels in command not one of them has any more right than another to speak for the corps. The bill will increase the artillery over a period of five years until it reaches 17,448 men, nearly all of whom will be at the seacoast fortifications, and it provides for a Chief of Artillery, so that it will be under one direct, responsible head. He will be in command of both branches, both the coast artillery and the field artillery. The difference between these is given by the law as follows: "The coast artillery is defined as that portion charged with the care and use of the fixed and movable elements of land and coast fortifications, including the submarine mine and torpedo defenses; and the field artillery is that portion accompanying an army in the field and including field and light artillery proper, horse artillery, siege artillery, mountain artillery, and also machine gun batteries."

The Chief of Artillery will have the rank, pay and allowances of a Brigadier-General.



GEN. W. A. BATE

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MEN & WOMEN



MADAME PETSCHNIKOFF

A Royal Confidante's Aid

Mrs. Alexander Petschnikoff, wife of the Russian violinist, is an American girl who went abroad to complete her musical education and while studying met her future husband. She was a Miss Lillie Shober, of Chicago. Her courtship, though unruffled, was marked by several romantic incidents. On one occasion her fiancé was filling an engagement in Copenhagen, and by careful study and negotiation had arranged his dates so that he could leave the Danish capital at a late hour one evening, reach Berlin and call upon his sweetheart and return by the next express train. On the afternoon of the day he was to leave he received a command from the Queen of Denmark to play at the royal palace that evening. To one of the court ladies he chanced to speak of his dilemma. To his surprise, he was called upon to play a very short piece at the beginning of the entertainment, and before the applause died away the lord-in-waiting bowed and said: "Her Majesty thanks you for the pleasure you have given her and directs me to tell you that her carriage is at the door, and that if you will hurry you will be able to catch the night train for Berlin and so keep your engagement with your fiancée after all." Not until he returned to Copenhagen did he find out that the pretty girl to whom he had told his troubles was a member of the royal family.

Stanley's Most Memorable Experience

Henry M. Stanley, the distinguished explorer, has not lost the pleasant gift of humor. On his last visit to the United States he had many calls from reporters. One of these, fresh from college, asked some amazing questions.

"Mr. Stanley, what in your opinion, sir, was your most memorable experience in the Dark Continent?"

"Getting out of it," said Mr. Stanley.

ROBERT E. A. DORR



A Good Use for Private John Allen

Congressman John M. Allen, of Mississippi, once went all the way to New York from the South to attend a banquet. When he took his place at the board he found himself set down for the last speech. His friends also saw the program and, like himself, were annoyed by what they thought was thoughtlessness on the part of the committee.

The Congressman listened to the long addresses, and when his turn came prefaced his remarks thus:

"Gentlemen, I was somewhat at a loss, at the opening of this feast, to understand why you had asked me to come all the way from Mississippi to speak to you and then made my address the last number of your program. Now it is all plain to me. You had to put a bright man at the last to hold the audience."

Faith in the Double-Deck Turrets

Admiral Charles O'Neil, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance of the Navy Department, was born in England. He is one of the men who has risen to high rank by gallantry and fidelity.

He served through the Civil War from July, 1861, and was in the engagement with the Confederate ironclad Merrimac, being then on the Cumberland.

His action in that engagement led to his promotion. His heroism in rescuing Lieutenant Morris from drowning led to further honors. He was in both the attacks on Fort Fisher and won two more promotions by his bravery.

He was only twenty-three when the war closed.

Since then he has steadily advanced in his profession and now he is one of the experts on guns and ammunition, being not only Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, but also a member of the Board of Construction. He is a man of deliberate judgment, but of great confidence when his judgment is formed.

An instance of it was the recent trial of the double-deck turrets of the battleship Kearsarge. There were doubts as to whether it would be possible to use these double turrets in a running sea, but Rear-Admiral O'Neil said that it would be found that they would be all right.

The Kearsarge went out for the trial and when she returned the report was entirely favorable. The test was carried so far that all the guns were fired at once with satisfactory results, and with no damage to the greatest of our battleships. The success was highly satisfactory to the Navy Department.

Robert Dorr's Misguided Enterprise

Robert E. A. Dorr, the owner, publisher and editor of the New York Mail and Express, began newspaper work in Baltimore, on the American, in 1877, and has worked his way up to his present position through almost every step of the business. One of his early assignments was to relieve the distress of the lighthouse-keeper on Seven-Foot Knoll, out in Chesapeake Bay. News had come to the city editor that food in the lighthouse was exhausted and that the keeper and his family were starving. Young Dorr secured a Custom House tug and loaded it with provisions. The weather was exceptionally cold and the tug was stuck in the ice half a mile from the Knoll. Dorr left the boat and started over the ice. When he reached the lighthouse he was warmly greeted.

"Come in the dining-room," said the keeper's wife after the rescuer had warmed himself. "Come in and have dinner with us."

Mr. Dorr thought that hunger had made her mad.

"I heard that you needed food," stammered Mr. Dorr as soon as he could speak.

"Well, come to think of it," replied the housewife, "we do. We have plenty of meat and vegetables, flour and that sort, but the next time you are coming out this way we'd appreciate it if you'd bring over a few jars of quince jam," she added cheerfully.

Mr. Dorr took his provisions back to Baltimore but no account of his trip was written.

In 1881 Mr. Dorr went to Philadelphia and became news editor of the Press. He was connected with the administrative bureau of the World's Fair in Chicago from 1890 until 1892, when he became managing editor of the New York Mail and Express, which property he bought a few years later from the estate of the late Colonel Eliot F. Shepard. Upon the death of his partner, Mr. Alexander, last year, Mr. Dorr became owner and editor as well as publisher.

Miss Howland's Latest Rôle

Miss Jobyna Howland, the actress, is one of the tallest women on the stage. The other day in the South her train was detained half an hour by accident. A crowd of darkies came along and Miss Howland gave one of them a nickel. He looked at the tall girl with the golden hair in open-mouthed wonder and one of the men asked him:

"Do you know who that is?"

The little darky nodded his head affirmatively.

"She 'un's the lady wut rides the lellerfunts at the circus."

There had just been a circus in the town.

MRS. ANNE M. BRISBINE



The New Tenor's Request

Mrs. Anne M'Iver Brisbine, who is now well known as an author and musical critic in New York, achieved her first reputation in Chicago. She was editor of a Chicago musical paper and was among the most popular of the writers on musical topics in Chicago. Her verdict was considered of importance to any aspirant for musical honors. On one occasion she was invited to a reception to pass upon a new tenor fresh from Berlin. Mrs. Brisbine is diminutive in stature, demure in face and retiring in disposition. The consequence was that after the concert, when the tenor was presented, he asked the usual questions of the modest lady, and in a few sentences she told him that his songs, which he supposed were new, were sung in Chicago by every tenor who came there and by most of the local singers. At last he said: "Mrs. Brisbine was to be here to hear me to-night. Will you tell her about me?" "Yes." "And if she thinks well of me will you ask her to send an indorsement to me? It might be useful."

Mrs. Brisbine promised to give the message, but somehow the indorsement never reached the tenor.

A Revised Reading

General Benjamin F. Tracy, ex-Secretary of the Navy, was once trying a case in the City Court which involved the liability of a provision dealer for unwholesome pork. The point of issue turned upon trichinosis, and the word was bandied about by counsel and scientific experts. The most interested auditor was an old court officer who listened to all the arguments, especially to those of the General.

"Oh, but that was an instructive spache, Gineral. Oi knew that pigs were unbilthy animals, but I never knew they had tricky noses before."

ADMIRAL O'NEIL



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He offered to get me a set of the sheets then on his presses

Famous Feats of Journalism

The Premature Publication of the Revised Version

By C. E. Harrington

NO BOOK was ever so perfectly guarded against premature publication by unauthorized persons as was the Revised Version of the New Testament. And yet through the persistent enterprise of an American newspaper the volume was printed verbatim in advance of its general distribution, while the pledges of the International Revision Committee were sacredly observed and their methods so carefully carried out that there was no official betrayal of trust during the period of preparation of the book or of its placing on the market.

Among the examples of American newspaper enterprise, that of the Chicago Tribune, in its zealous, hurried quest for the Revised Version, may be cited as conspicuous. It was undertaken in the face of almost insuperable obstacles; the object aimed at was well won, and the credit, to the newspaper, well deserved. The story of this undertaking has been but imperfectly told by reviewers of the noteworthy accomplishments of newspaper managers. The credit of the idea belongs to the late S. J. Medill, who in 1881 was managing editor of the Chicago Tribune; to me—then beginning my many years' service as New York correspondent of that journal—was assigned the duty of executing it.

The Tribune, a few weeks before this undertaking, had scored a noteworthy "beat" from New York by prematurely publishing an article of great moment on the Nicaragua Canal prepared by General Grant for the North American Review. This forestalling of the Review's particular and widely heralded piece of enterprise entailed a series of complications calculated to deter a newspaper from venturing farther along the same line, but the success seemed to whet the appetite of the Tribune's editorial conductor for like excursions in other fields. Early in April of 1881 investigation had shown the futility of attempting to secure a copy of the Revised New Testament in New York, and there the matter was dropped. There was an extraordinarily keen interest among laymen as well as in strictly religious circles concerning the book upon which the greatest commentators of the world had long been engaged, and discussion of its probable departure from the readings of the old version was keen and continuous.

Boarding an Ocean Liner at a Moment's Notice

It was not in Mr. Medill's nature to preaccept defeat; therefore it was in one sense no surprise when, late in April, at a most unexpected moment, the following telegram came at midnight to the Tribune's New York representative:

> "Sail on City of Berlin to-morrow. Secure copy of the Revised edition. Return at once. If you succeed a fortune is yours. S. J. MEDILL."

To go to London and return within twenty days was at that time in itself no easy undertaking. That was all the time margin I had, as the day of publication had been set for April 17 by the International Revision Committee. Steamer transit then was comparatively slow. Besides, the book could not be had for the asking, delays were inevitable, and one return steamer missed would upset all calculations. Cabling the work was not entertained; if the book was secured in London its transmission by wire from British territory would likely develop some unpleasant situations.

Without ticket or steamer accommodations, and not a berth purchasable, turned brusquely back as I attempted to board the City of Berlin only five minutes before she sailed, and while the supplemental mail was going aboard, I finally succeeded in reaching her deck as the gangplank was being swung to the pier, too late to be put over the side, as the screw was turning and the ship making for the stream.

Good fortune seemed to smile on the venture from the outset. I made two acquaintances during the voyage that were of value to me during the ten days following, but neither of the gentlemen ever realized that he was abetting a prospective journalistic beat. One was a publisher of international repute, and very directly connected with the procurement of the American rights to the ninth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica; the other was a Chicagoan of prominence and with a large appreciation of the Tribune's qualities. To these gentlemen I was, of course, a journalist on a sight-seeing tour, and incidentally investigating British publishing and educational methods.

London at that date, with every channel open, was, on broad principles, at best a forbidding place in which to make progress. Its conservatism, not to say suspicion of all American ways, was chilling. The vogue of international fraternity had not set in. On the whole, however, I fared exceptionally well. A letter from the American publisher set me down at once in the heart of Paternoster Row, in a publishing house of great repute and that had New York connections, where I found something like American appreciation of enterprise and more than customary British assent to abetting a stranger in audacious ventures within their very doors. They were upset by the proposition at first, but finally signified willingness to cooperate, under the rose, "just to show these people here at home," they said, "that the United States leads the world in enterprise, and that Chicago leads the United States."

This interview marked out the line of campaign: The New Testament could not be procured in London, at bindery or warehouse, for reasons to be given; Oxford or Cambridge, perhaps both towns, must be visited; or the unexpected must turn up through one of the almost inaccessible revisers; and, if the latter, luck must work its way out. Paternoster Row led me straight to the university cities, for I left that publishing house with personal and very persuasive letters to the persons of the greatest utility in the printing establishments of both places—the chief pressmen. All was in confidence—perhaps quite unprofessional—but my new friends, to name whom now might shock London publishers, were not averse to watching the hazard to its end.

A Tantalizing Sight of the Coveted Volume

Two obstacles, at the outset, nearly upset all my plans. Only by the merest accident of a passage being canceled at the last moment on the Britannic, the first steamer to New York two days later, was I enabled to secure a ticket for home on time; and I found myself in need of money. Through oversight the Tribune had neglected to cable me two hundred pounds sterling, the amount asked for before leaving New York. It was imperative that the trips to Oxford and Cambridge should at least be fortified with funds. I went straight to the American Exchange and asked to be supplied, meantime cabling the Tribune to remit by wire. Within an hour, without a credential, I had the equivalent of one thousand dollars in my pocket, the only collateral being my sight draft on my home office. I never knew what impelled Mr. Gillig, the manager of the Exchange, to honor this appeal of one whom he had never seen before that day, but I have since thought that regular buncoing is not so difficult after all. Determination wins.

My Chicago acquaintance was to make a call that night on the Rev. Dr. Strong, who had formerly occupied a Chicago pulpit and was then located in London. They were very close friends. In one way and another I impressed upon the former that he might find out a good deal there as to the Revised Version—a little loaf of suggestion that returned to me much sooner than I then anticipated.



He came to a closed carriage, alighted, handed me a parcel, and without a word departed

The following morning I went to Oxford, my purse plethoric with Banker Gillig's confident contribution of the previous day. Sight drafts or promissory notes were not likely to be honored in even that classic town in a transaction of this kind. My interview with the pressman of the University Press was interesting and conclusive. It was held in a "public," and was the most extraordinary of its kind. This man gave me a clear insight into the situation from a mechanical point of view. He was agreeable to any proposition, but could not deliver the goods. The conditions were these: There was a perfect system of policing the presses where the types were set and the impressions taken. Oxford and Cambridge did the work. Sections were set at each office, and alternate sections of the plates interchanged, so that neither press possessed consecutive "signatures." This work had gone forward by piecemeal, the sheets being turned into the bindery at London by a sworn employee, each package being under seal. No laborer, save stitcher and binder, saw the complete sets of sheets—that is, consecutive "signatures"; no one was permitted to leave the bindery or warehouse without being searched. "Of course," said the Oxford pressman, "I'd help you in a minute, not alone for what's in it, but because you have come so far, for they tell me Chicago's a braw big town." He offered to get me a set of the sheets then on his presses, but they would have availed me nothing; it was the complete book I was after.

In London that evening my Chicago friend casually told me that he had seen a copy of the Revised Version that day while I was, without his knowledge, of course, in Oxford. The announcement was received with incredulity—it was impossible! Whereupon he informed me that he had talked the matter over the night before with Mrs. Strong—the preacher being absent in Glasgow—and she had told him that a warm friend of theirs—the Rev. Dr. Newth, one of the revisers and the head of a boys' college in Finchley Road, St. John's Wood—had let her look at his copy a few evenings before. Thereupon the Chicagoan, to convince me that I was wrong as to inaccessibility to the volume, had taken it upon himself to visit Doctor Newth, with a letter from Mrs. Strong, and have a look at the book.

So it was a woman again. I convinced the Chicagoan that it was quite fortunate he had met Doctor Newth, as I had intended to call upon that gentleman, but, having no letter, was undecided what to do. I desired to talk with him on educational matters, and secure some introductions to educators elsewhere. This was easy, said the Chicagoan; he himself would take me up.

The next forenoon—my last day in London—we went to see Doctor Newth, in Finchley Road. The Doctor was in his library. We talked school, college and higher education until I fairly wished them in the revised place of torment, and finally branched into the topic of the Revised Version. This work, just then, was the Doctor's hobby. He was quite willing to follow the subject indefinitely. As my time was swiftly narrowing I preferred action to talk. During the conversation he took his reviser's copy from his library desk and placed it in my hands for examination. I glanced over it in a perfunctory manner, complimented the revisers on their work, and suggested that he let me take it to my hotel for more careful inspection. Doctor Newth was sorry, but he had an engagement for that evening in which the Testament was to figure; otherwise he would be happy to oblige—a little piece of politeness that rendered it unnecessary for him to enter into explanation as to the pledges that he had taken not to let it pass from his possession.

But I had finally got into touch with the book, and knew where it was kept. How could I get possession of it?

Shadowed by a Rival's Detective

My Chicago friend stuck close to me after our return to the city. For some reason he seemed to prefer my company more than at any other time during our stay in London. He probably had no idea that there was any feeling of covetousness as to the book in my heart, but he stayed by me until late that afternoon. I was due to leave on the eight o'clock train. The steamer having already left Liverpool. I had purposely remained over for the "Wild Irishman," to catch the steamer at Queenstown, thus giving me eight hours' extra time in London.

The waning hours of my stay were filled with hampering details and nervous apprehensions. Not only did my Chicago benefactor persist in making my departure pleasant, but the one man of all London whom I desired to avoid was thrown in my path—Mr. F. B. Wilkie, the resident correspondent of the Chicago Times. He had been advised of my mission through the treachery of a telegraph operator in New York, and had been on the watch for me ever since my arrival. More than this, Mr. Wilkie, as I subsequently learned, under directions of his home office, had had my movements observed by a world-famed establishment in Whitehall. Finesse had to be met with in kind, and my final escape from this obstructing friend was a matter of self-congratulation.

There were less than two hours left me, and it was a long way to Finchley Road from the city. I purchased an octavo

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles on Famous Feats of Journalism. The first article in the series appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of February 19.

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copy of the King James Version of the New Testament. It was bound very like the Revised edition in Doctor Newth's library. It was about six o'clock when I reached the college. The Doctor was at dinner. I was shown into the library by an obliging, unsuspecting maid, and was left there alone.

The Final Intervention of Pure Luck

The library was a deep room, broad and lofty. It was a place to linger in, so splendidly was it equipped with the tools of literature. But there was no time to waste there, no matter how much one might naturally like such surroundings, with a steamer train leaving in a few minutes and a pressing engagement on the other side of the Atlantic.

Good old Doctor Newth always kept his copy of the unpublished book in a row of reference volumes that lined the top of his desk.

It was unusual to usher strangers into the library, the great entrance hall being provided with comfortable settles for casual callers. But my previous visit had been so recent, and I was with the Doctor so long in his study, that the servant no doubt felt I was privileged to go there pending my announcement. Besides, she was not advised as to the deep interest felt in the United States regarding advance information of the labors of the Revision Committee. I question whether she had ever heard of that dignified and reverend body.

I was wondering what part of the college building held the dining-hall, when the next moment the door opened and Doctor Newth's wife entered—a white-haired, gentle-voiced, sweet-faced woman. She had come to apologize for the Doctor, to say he would step over from the dining-room in a moment, and she kept me company until he appeared. It was a demonstration of hospitality and good breeding that might have been dispensed with and naught laid up against English breeding for its breach of observance.

It was necessary to talk more education again to Doctor Newth when he came in, and after he had given me a letter to Mr. Bonamy Price, of Oxford, whither I told him I might go, I left in no pleasant frame of mind, and barely caught the train that landed me the next afternoon in Queenstown, where the steamer was waiting.

On May 16 New York was reached. In less than two hours after landing the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, under an excusably mistaken idea that he was dealing with Mr. Frowde, the publishing manager of the London Committee, had intrusted his precious copy of the Revised Version to a messenger boy to convey to the Fifth Avenue hotel where said "publisher," on an alleged trip to some remote part of the world, was supposed to be staying. Doctor Schaff was a member of the American Committee of Revision. The pretext for the request was ample enough to cause the good Doctor to comply with pleasure, but it occurred to him that he would like to see the person himself and give him a lecture on the unbusinesslike manner in which the London Committee had treated the Americans in failing to send over the number of copies that had been ordered and which the latter had faithfully promised to send out on the day of publication. Therefore Doctor Schaff sent a note instead, inviting the "publisher" to come and take tea with him, talk matters over and get the book himself. Disappointed in not receiving the expected visit, Doctor Schaff even went to the hotel that evening, and it required repeated assurances from the clerk before he could be convinced that absolutely nothing was known there of the person who had come so perilously near to securing his copy of the Revised Version.

During the voyage across, the International Committee had postponed the date of publication to May 21 on account of the failure to transmit the requisite number of copies for the publishers who handled the work in the United States—the Nelsons, of New York, and the Lippincotts, of Philadelphia, representing the Oxford and the Cambridge presses respectively. With this knowledge, in London, another trip to Doctor Newth would have been more satisfactory, as it would have been possible to have reached New York within time limitations.

Two days after reaching New York, one of the most prominent representatives of one of the greatest publishing houses in the United States, aware of the Schaff incident, sent me a note to meet him late that night in front of the Sinclair House in Broadway. He knew the receivers of the Testament in New York, and he knew every employee of their house. Furthermore, he had a thorough journalistic instinct, and he would not let a friend fail in any undertaking if he could prevent it.

He came in a closed carriage, alighted, handed me a parcel, and without a word departed.

The New Testament Sent by Wire

That night several of the books of the Revised Version of the New Testament were sent by wire to the Chicago Tribune. Thirty hours later I was in the home office in Chicago, arriving on Saturday noon, May 21. At ten o'clock two copies of the Testament were placed in the hands of the paper's compositors, and on Sunday morning the book was published verbatim, from title-page to *finis*, with the long list of readings preferred by the American Committee, and recorded as an Appendix—a feat, as the Tribune itself characterized it, that "has never been excelled among the many triumphs of modern journalism." It filled sixteen pages of the paper. In two days a quarter of a million copies of the publication were sold by the Tribune, an attest of the popular interest that was felt in the work. Not a copy of the Testament was received by Western booksellers until two days later.

How the midnight copies were secured that reached my hand in New York I never inquired. There are some things that one does not care to be too inquisitive about. My friend has frequently smiled since that night when he has read of the absurd explanations which have from time to time appeared concerning this quest, but he has never taken it upon himself to correct any of the wild stories.

The copies of the Testament came to the United States in sealed boxes, were placed in the Custom-House and held until the hour for delivery to the American dealers. Then they were opened in guarded cellars. It is enough to say that with one exception no one was allowed to take a copy from the premises until four o'clock in the morning of the twentieth, when deliveries to book dealers began under the severest pledge of holding until released the next day.

I might state that the direct work of publishing the Revised Version in England was in the hands of a committee of five appointed by the revisers. Of this committee Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford press, was the controlling spirit. This committee signed a contract to permit no one outside the publishing establishment to see a copy of the book. The principal reason for this was, of course, that copyright interests were at stake in England. There being then no international copyright law the American Revision Committee had pledged themselves in writing to carry out the British agreement. It required, in England, over 3,000,000 copies to meet the first orders for the Testament, and in the United States 400,000.

A Night's Experience in the Times Office

After the Tribune's initiative in this scheme, the Chicago Times undertook to cover the ground, having, as stated, been notified of the dispatch of a Tribune man to London. A reporter in London secured a few of the readings from local revisers—matter that was common property, there being no objection to the publication of the same. These were cabled to the Times, but were valueless as illustrative of the work accomplished or as showing any possible doctrinal changes which it was thought might have been made in the book. In New York the Chicago Times secured a copy from a bookseller after the distribution began. It was the hope of the Times management that the whole book could be sent by telegraph in time to appear on Saturday morning. Against the protestations of Mr. H. W. Seymour, then a Times sub-editor and now general manager of the Chicago Chronicle, only three of the Gospels were taken entire, and then the attempt was made to whip the remainder of the books into shape by setting up the complete King James Version and inserting the changes made by the Revision Committee. Mr. Seymour, relating the night's experience in the Times office, says it was simply indescribable, and productive of more hard feeling in the office force than could ever be atoned for in a lifetime of pious observance of the precepts of the Holy Book. It became a hopeless task to make the revised alterations in the matter set, and the paper was published with the text in this inchoate condition, only a fractional part being really the book as prepared by the Revision Committee.

The enterprise was bold, but its fulfillment was weak and of no effect.

A quaint incident of my London visit developed just before the time for my hurried departure for home. During the afternoon of the last day I accidentally came across a letter of introduction to Mr. Gillig, of the American Exchange, given me by a New York friend on the morning of sailing. This note I had entirely forgotten, and I did not recall it even when approaching Mr. Gillig so earnestly for funds. I opened it, and read a very warm commendation and request to make my short stay in London pleasant for old acquaintance' sake.

This was very nice, but a postscript that my friend had added in full knowledge of my customary habit and as a turn of pleasantry, no doubt, on account of Mr. Gillig's perpetual and vexatious relations to stranded American tourists, capped the climax. It was briefly this:

"P. S.—He doesn't want any money."

I fancy that this little note, which I sent to Mr. Gillig, gave him a fuller sense of assurance as to the safety of his two hundred pounds sterling before he had received return on my sight draft.

The Salvage of the Santa Maria

By W. A. Fraser

A FEW thousand years ago the Atlantic battered a pocket into the rock coast of New Brunswick, and long after, when men found this arm of the sea, they called it the Bay of Fundy. Then they started a city, and named it St. John.

St. John was founded for the glorification of Nathan Weller, and to the end that he might become rich. He firmly believed this, and shaped his life accordingly. That was the only thing he did believe in; that and Old Man Weller. Ships and tugs and loading gear and the souls of men of the sea were all his.

He was as hard as a dry salt cod. When his sailors were drowned, that was their lookout; and the underwriters paid for the boats. When they came back into port with cargoes of much profit, it was all his, and to the glory of his extreme cleverness.

Much of this sort of thing makes a man like—like—Old Man Weller.

If Weller could have hired Satan, he would have had him, and kept him in his place, too; but Satan was not in the labor market, at least not his entire services, so Old Man Weller had to be content with Jim Lester.

When Weller sent Lester to Liverpool, Captain Bell, who was given to psychological research, said: "What the devil's up now? There's some quare work to be did over there." But wondering and finding out were two quite different things; and nobody knew except Weller and Lester, until as it is written at the end of this tale.

Lester bought the Santa Maria, a sailing ship of 600 tons register. She was an old hulk, but Lester had not gone to Liverpool to make mistakes. She was overhauled, and her name altered to Dumfries Castle. When she cleared from Liverpool the underwriters had been touched for every shilling they would risk on hulk and cargo.

Now Lester's correspondence to Old Man Weller anent the ship was circumspect to a degree. No suspicion of obliquity could be read in or between the lines; simply the new ship, Dumfries Castle, had cleared with a full cargo all duly insured. He even omitted to mention her original name.

It was Christmas morning in St. John when Old Weller said to Captain Bell:

"The tug Lion, that went down the bay after a wreck, has blowed a hole in her boiler. She's a crazy thing anyway—worse than a rickety old woman. She's lyin' down there rollin' about like a jellyfish, an' eatin' into the profits at the rate of twenty dollars a day."

"That's bad, sir," said Captain Bell, thinking of the soft job the boys aboard had, but wishing to mollify the rapacious owner. "She ought to have a new boiler in her."

"Boiler be hanged!" cursed the old man; "you're all happy schemin' to pile up expenses on your owners. Get you the Jane Ann out, an' away down an' bring the rotten tub in. I'll discharge every mother's son of the lazy crew."

Captain Bell cast a net for his men and, getting up steam on the tug, started down the bay. Just as he was clearing from the wharf Pilot Carey asked for a free passage down in hope that he might pick up a ship needing his services. "Of coorse," assented Bell. "Get aboard."

About fifteen miles out he met the Lion coming along under full steam with her ship in tow. By some means they had patched up her boiler, and were making for port. The Jane Ann stopped her engines, reversed, and slowly drifted as the Lion passed close.

"Where are you bound?" sang out Bailey from the Lion.

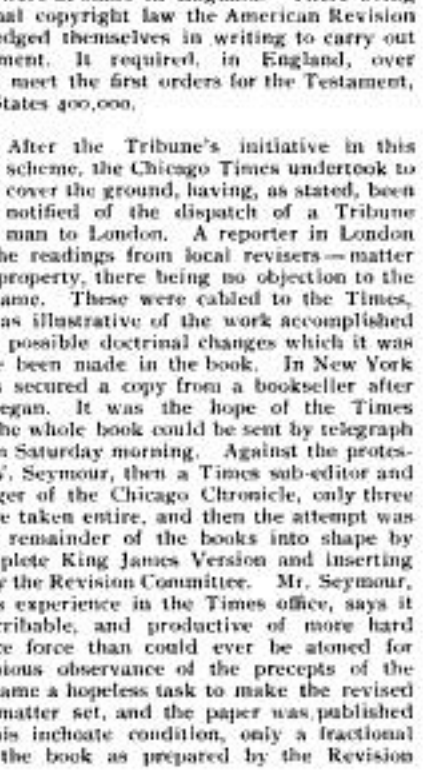
"Came down after you," answered Bell. "The ould man heard you'd broke down, an' he's pinin' away over the loss. D'ye want help?"

"No."

"Well, I'll away down the bay then to the south'ard, an' look for a bite," answered Bell. "Tell the ould man."

The bell tinkled full steam ahead, and the Jane Ann swung her nose seaward on a prospecting tour for ships needing a tow up. Being under steam and that far out, the Captain reasoned that it would be good management to try to pick up something to pay expenses.

Two hours steady steaming, when suddenly the Captain descried something on his starboard bow looking very much like a ship on the rocks. "I believe that's a wreck," he said to the pilot, who was at his elbow.



The latter took the glass from the Captain's hand, looked long and earnestly, and answered: "Right you are. It's a ship high and dry."

The wheel was put over a bit; the engine chucked and thumped in its worn bearings, and the Jane Ann steadily crawled close to the thing they had seen.

"She's not on the rocks at all," remarked the Captain, eyeing her critically; "she's just ridin' to the two anchors as quiet as a duck."

"There's not a soul on her decks," exclaimed the pilot, much wonder in his voice.

"Blow the whistle, Billy," cried the Captain to one of the tug hands; "perhaps they're eatin' their Christmas dinner."

The shrill whistle of the tug called to the great ship; but there was no answer—no sign of life.

"Gad! it's like a ghost ship," said Bell with a touch of awe in his voice. "Give her another toot, Billy."

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Again the steam screamed and struggled through the brass dome of the whistle, but still there was no response.

"She's abandoned," remarked the Captain.

"She's like a graveyard," echoed the pilot.

"I believe it's a ha'nted ship, sir," hazarded Billy.

"Work the Jane Ann alongside," commanded Bell, "an' we'll soon see."

When they were close enough Billy threw a line across the bow of the ship. Bell watched this performance critically.

"She's solid," he ejaculated with a sigh of relief. "I half expected to see the line go clean through her an' down into the water. She's like a spirit ship, she's that quiet. Up you go, Billy, an' make fast," he ordered.

As the man clambered over the rail and snubbed the line, Pilot Carey followed eagerly, and before the Captain well realized what his mission was, this wide-awake mariner was screeching, "I claim salvage on this ship!"

This galvanized Bell into action and, ranging himself alongside of the man who had sought to forestall him, he called out: "I'm with you, my smart buck; I claim salvage for myself, an' the men, an' the tug."

It was an extraordinary spectacle: the great ship riding quietly at anchor, with six inches of snow all over her deck, and her stern almost brushing against the rocks that arose out of the sea not half a cable-length away.

They were all wrangling as to who was entitled to salvage—who was first and who was last—when the engineer, Jack O'Brien, made a discovery. "None of youse'll get salvage, I'm thinkin'," he said; "here's a cat track in the snow; an' while there's life on the ship there's no salvage, for she's not abandoned, accordin' to the coorts."

"That's right," echoed the pilot; "Billy's right. If there's a parrot, or a cat, or even a pig on the ship, we're done for. But in the name o' Heaven, where's all the crew gone—there's nothing wrong with the ship?"

"Perhaps they're in the cabin," ventured Billy; "anyway, the cat'll be there."

"Let's go down an' see," said Bell to the pilot. The latter didn't relish the invitation overmuch; the cabin might be full of dead men, or ghosts, or almost anything. All the weird sea tales he had ever heard about murdered ship's crews came thronging in upon his excited imagination; but still he couldn't well remain behind. The Captain might steal a march on him over the salvage question.

"Lead on," he said valiantly to Bell; "we must investigate this."

His legs felt hopelessly inadequate as he followed the Captain cautiously down the companion-way. Billy and Jack O'Brien were at his elbow. The cabin, dimly lighted, was as silent as a tomb; nothing moved, no one spoke; no challenging voice demanded what they wanted; if a voice had suddenly broken the eerie stillness it is certain they would have fled up the stairs. The Captain surreptitiously pinched his leg to make sure it was not all a dream.

"Look, man! what's that?" exclaimed the pilot in a voice of intense fright.

"What's what?" asked the Captain.

"There!" and Carey pointed with outstretched finger to the farther end of the table. A pair of great yellow, baleful eyes was glaring at them from the Captain's chair. They stood for an instant, constrictive little gripings clutching at the skin over their backbones, when suddenly the thing "meowed."

"It's the blasted cat!" ejaculated Billy in a tone of disgust.

"Heave him overboord," said Bell to the pilot, "if you hope to get salvage."

"I can't," answered Carey; "do it yourself."

Just then Jack O'Brien made a rush for the cat. There was a demoniac scramble; the table went over with a crash; chairs were banged about; the pilot was upset by something or somebody; unearthly screams rang through the cabin, and the Captain swore afterward that he smelt brimstone. At any rate, in eight seconds Bell found himself standing in the snow on the deck, and the pilot half over the rail on his way to the tug.

"Come back—where are you going?" the Captain called.

"It's a devil-ship," gasped Carey, turning a face the color of soapstoned canvas toward his friend.

O'Brien was standing on the deck laughing.

"Where's the cat?" asked the commander.

"The divil flew away wid her, I think," answered O'Brien, "for she's not on the ship now."

"That settles it then," asserted his officer; "I claim salvage for all hands."

Haunted or not haunted, he reasoned that the ship was solid enough; and visions of great prize money passed through his mind.

Again they ventured down into the cabin and searched diligently, but there was not a soul on the ship.

"What's the name of her?" asked the Captain, a thought striking him suddenly.

"The Santa Maria," answered the pilot, who had been rummaging in a cabin. "Here it is marked on a lifebuoy."

"Well," said Bell cheerfully, "it's a big haul, b'ys; an' now we've got to get her out of here before anybody appears or a blow comes up."

But this latter proposition presented an unexpectedly serious problem. They were too short-handed to man the ship and get her anchors up. But the commander was equal to the new emergency. "Billy," he said, "you an' the pilot stay here an' hold the ship, an' we'll away down to Irishtown with the tug for a dozen big, lusty Irishmen to help us out."

It was ten miles to Irishtown, and when the tug returned with twelve rough fishermen aboard, ready for anything, her Captain got a surprise. As the Jane Ann rolled clumsily around the rock headland, beyond which was the little cove wherein rested the prize-ship, he saw something which brought him to the rail with a proper mariner's adjective on his lips.

On board the ship a battle was being waged. Five men were industriously striving to deposit Billy and the pilot in the sea. The two were fighting valiantly, but the tug pulled alongside just in the nick of time.

As she rubbed saucily against the wooden sides of the Santa Maria, a big, red-faced man stepped to the rail and said: "Sheer off! What the devil do you want here?"

"Who the thunder are you?" roared back the commander of the tug.

"I'm the Captain," snorted the red-faced man; "and I forbid ye to come aboard."

"Captain nothing!" retorted Bell. "The Captain an' crew of this ship is all drowned."



Drawn by H. C. Edmiston

"IF THEY DON'T AGREE, I'LL FIGHT ON THE OTHER SIDE, AN' WE'LL SEE WHO COMES OUT ON TOP"

"Not much! I'm the Captain, an' this is the crew," asserted the other.

"A Captain an' his crew don't desert their ship," declared Bell logically. "I tell you they are all dead; an' if they're not they soon will be. Up, boys!" he exclaimed to his recruits, "an' if anybody opens his mouth, throw him overboard."

His men swarmed over the rail and joined Billy and the pilot. The others massed back on the poop of the ship, standing sullenly, waiting for commands from their leader.

"Where did these tramps come from, Robinson?" asked Captain Bell.

"From the shore, sir," Billy answered.

"Yes," broke in the red-faced man; "we dragged our anchors in a blow last night, an' thought the ship was goin' to pieces. We couldn't save her by sticking to her, so we got ashore in a boat."

"That's all in me eye, Biddy Martin," answered Captain Bell derisively; "we salvaged this ship when she was abandoned, an' the Captain an' crew all drowned. If you're to stand up an' argue the matter there, we'll just have to make it sure, that's all."

"What do you propose doin' with the ship?" asked the red-faced man, beginning to weaken in the face of superior numbers.

"We'll tow her in to St. John, an' if you behave yourselves we'll give you a lift that far, but we're in charge, mind you—in possession—an' we'll just turn the key on your riff-raff in the fo'c's'le to keep you quiet like, an' to show that the ship's ours!"

A hawser was run out, the wheezing Jane Ann put her shoulders lazily to the trace, and, as the big ship strained away from the rocks, the anchors were weighed, and the procession started for St. John.

Just where that particular degree of latitude bisected its angle of longitude was the happiest group of mortals on the face of the waters. All except the red-faced man and his companions. The pilot was in charge of the Santa Maria. Pompously he strode up and down the quarter-deck, turning over in his mind the value of the ship and cargo, and how much of it would come to him because of the salvage.

Captain Bell eyed the great wooden prize proudly as she surged along in the wake of the black, grimy Jane Ann. "Lord knows what it will lead to," he mused. "Ould Man Weller'll be that pleased he'll put me in one of his big ships, I do believe. It was the luckiest thing I ever did in me life, goin' down the bay this mornin'. This is a Christmas box with a rush."

Then he scowled ferociously. The big moon-face of the man who claimed to be Captain leered at him over the rail of the ship. "I'll lock that gossoon in a cabin when we get into port," he said. "I don't like the look of him."

It was black night when they got into St. John.

The big anchor of the Santa Maria was dropped, the heavy link cable scuttled noisily through her bow, and she swung majestically, head on, to the rising tide; the tug stole sleepily into her berth beside the dripping, evil-smelling wharf, and her petulant, worn engine sighed wearily as the last wet puff of steam was let off through the pet-cocks.

The pilot and the men remained aboard of the salvaged ship. Captain Bell went home to the wife to tell her the good news. Neither of them slept a wink. Over and over the excited Captain told the tale of how something had whispered to him to go on down the bay after meeting the old Lion.

"It was Santa Claus," ventured the wife; "or, perhaps, Providence."

"It must have been Santa Claus then," retorted the husband, "for Providence doesn't bother much with sea-dogs. Look at the hungry orphans all over the town, an' the fathers that should be feedin' them linin' the stomach of some shark. We'll buy a little craft of our own out of our share," he assured the wife, "an' make money be the barrel, just like the ould man does."

In the morning Bell was down at the office, waiting for his employer. "I'll be the first to tell him the good news," he thought.

"Old jelly-fish'll soon be down," said a red-headed, roustabout clerk, whose business it was to attend to everything, from codfish to insurance. "He'll be down early this morning, for fear Christmas has upset some of us a bit."

"Tut, tut!" said the Captain, "you shouldn't call the ould man 'jelly-fish'; that's mutiny; he's not a bad sort."

The red-headed man was pouring a scuttle of coal in the stove. He looked in blank, utter amazement at his companion, and the coal, diverted from the hole, pattered over the floor. That anybody should defend old Weller's character—that one of his employees should speak well of him—was a revelation.

"What's come over you?" he gasped. "Has the old man given you a ship?"

"Never mind, never mind," answered Bell soothingly.

At that moment a heavy step sounded, the latch lifted with a vicious rasp, and burly Old Man Weller stepped into the office. His cold, fishy eyes searched the room for signs of something leading up to business.

"Good mornin', sir," cheerily called out the Captain; "compliments of the season."

"Huh!" grunted Weller. "What did you do yesterday after you passed the Lion?—burnt up coal, I suppose."

"We had great luck, sir," exclaimed the Captain blithely.

"Got back without being towed, eh?" sneered the other.

"We salvaged a big ship."

"You what?"

"Salvaged a ship," repeated the Captain, "and towed her into port last night. The b'ys are aboord of her now."

The big man's face brightened until it became almost congenial. It was little things of this sort that touched his heart.

Nothing softened him so much as the making of a few thousand dollars; and it had been gained in a single day.

He became almost human.

"I'm proud of you, Captain," he said, holding out his hand.

"Faith, I'm proud of meself!" ejaculated Bell ingenuously.

"What's her name?" asked Weller.

"The Santa Maria."

"She's a Spaniard, with that name. There may be Spanish gold in her."

"God knows!" replied the Captain; "she's full of something. I'm sure it's a valuable cargo."

"How is the salvage fixed?" queried Weller. "Were you first aboard, and did you claim it in the name of the tug an' her owner? Is she salvaged in my name?"

The Captain explained the thing fully.

"And who's this pilot you're crackin' about?" the owner asked.

Bell explained.

"Curse his meddlin' hide!" exclaimed Weller. "Will he be claimin' a bit of the salvage, too?"

"That he will," answered the Captain. "I felt like throwin' him overboord."

"It would have been a good riddance," snapped the great man, pacing impatiently up and down the office. "Where's the ship now?"

"Ridin' at anchor as sweet as a babe, off Nelson's dock."

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"Come along, an' let's have a look at her. We can have *a tot* of something to warm us up on the way down," said Weller.

"My Aunt!" muttered the clerk, as the two disappeared *through* the door; "the old jelly-fish is getting generous."

From Nelson's dock they got a good view of the Santa Maria. It gladdened the avaricious heart of the rich man; it *also* set him thinking. If the cargo were as good as the hulk, the salvage would be something terrific. It would be cruel to pay out so much good prize money to a worthless lot of *fellows* who would drink it up and be unfit for work in the meantime.

His big brain hammered away at this point until it developed a plan.

"Huh!" he said thoughtfully; "we'll never get a dollar of salvage on yon ship. The owners will fight it in court till we're all in our graves. I know what that's like."

Bell's face fell. Courts are the terror of all mariners. There was some dependence to be placed in a raging storm, one could tell pretty near what it was going to do; but a law court, with solemn judges and fierce, questioning lawyers—that was terrible in its uncertainty!

Twice the Captain had been in the courts, each time for battering mutinous sailors over the head with a belaying-pin; and each time he had been roasted and toasted by a shrill-voiced attorney until he had wished to Heaven that he had been at the other end of the belaying-pin himself. He fairly envied the men with the mashed heads; their punishment had been light compared with the tortures of the court inquisition. In the end he had been fined; also assured by the Judge that he had just missed going to jail.

"The courts are the very devil," continued the owner.

"They're that, sir!" fervently echoed the Captain. "I'd rather be in a cyclone in the Jane Ann, an' that's had enough."

"The Jane Ann's a good sea-boat," exclaimed Weller angrily.

Bell said nothing, and the big man continued in a softer voice: "Come up to the office till we talk this thing over."

On the way he invited the Captain into the Mariner's Rest again, and treated him to two diplomatic toddies. At the office he unburdened his mind.

"It'll be a big fight over that salvage. I don't think it'll be good enough to risk. Have you an' the boys money to pay for the litigation?"

"Money fer law!" exclaimed the Captain. "Money with the b'ys fer law! Sure they're all overdrawn in the slop-chest."

"An' you'll expect me to pay the big court fees, eh? I'll not do it—not a blasted penny!"

The Captain's heart was in his boots. He knew the old man would lose a hundred dollars rather than see one of them make fifty, he was that selfish.

"But, sir," said Bell despondently, "I think the coorts would give it to us."

"When you are in your graves," snapped the big man; "an' then if the owners said they'd had enough. They'll never say that, though. I know them. I'll tell you what I'll do, Bell"—the red-headed clerk pricked up his ears as he stood beside his desk, listening to the inquisition. "You've always been a faithful servant to me—a good man—an' I never go back on a faithful servant."

The clerk smiled sardonically as he bent his head close down over the men's time sheets, where he had been busy cutting from their pay the slop-chest account.

"I'll help you out in this matter if you'll deal fair. If you'll sign off your own claim, an' get the men to sign off, I'll give every one of them twenty pounds, an' you fifty for your trouble."

"You'll never get them to agree to that, sir," said Bell decisively; "they're that built up over it."

"Then they'll not get the price of a red herring out of it," exclaimed Weller angrily. "I'll discharge every mother's son of you for disobeyin' orders in goin' down the bay."

He filled a black-bottomed clay pipe and sat sullenly sucking the rank smoke through its strong stem. Bell knew that mood; it meant unreasoning obstinacy. Right or wrong didn't matter; it was the power of money and influence behind a selfish, grasping nature.

Men said that Weller was entirely bloodless—that he considered his fellows simply as tools to be used in building up his edifice of wealth. They were absolutely right.

"I couldn't go to them with that offer, sir," said the Captain, breaking the ominous silence. "They'd never take it."

"I should think not," muttered the clerk to himself, dabbing his pen viciously in the ink. "The old shark!"

Weller didn't answer at once, but sat with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as though the whole matter were one of complete indifference to him.

"Where are the men you said boarded the ship an' claimed to be the crew? I ought to hear their story before I pay out even twenty pounds apiece. I might lose it all."

This was a veiled threat; Bell knew that.

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose they're somewhere about." He knew right enough, but he had no intention of playing the old man's game if he could help it.

"Never mind," exclaimed Weller magnanimously; "I don't want to be hard."

"Of course not, of course not!" muttered the clerk; "you're soft as granite."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make it *fifty* pounds apiece, an' give you a hundred for yourself. Go an' see the boys, an' if they'll sign off all claims for that I'll pay them cash out of hand an' take my chances, win or lose, in the courts with the owners. If they don't agree, I'll fight on the other side, an' we'll see who comes out on top."

He rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe with sharp, vicious taps on the top of the stove, buttoned up his pea-jacket, and, with his square jaw set like a capstan, put his hand on the latch and, as he opened the door, said: "I'm going home to dinner; I'll be back in an hour. If the boys are willing to take the good offer I've made, have them here, an' we'll settle the thing in five minutes. If they're not willing, tell them to clear out of the ship, or I'll send the police aboard to remove them."

His burly figure rolled out of the door and, as it slammed to, the clerk put his pen behind his ear, came around the rough pine desk and, standing opposite the Captain, said mockingly, "The old man's not a bad sort."

"He's as hard as a second-hand clothes-dealer," muttered Bell, staring moodily into the fire. "The b'ys'll not take it."

"Then they'll take nothing," exclaimed Red Head. "It's fair robbery, but they can't fight against that sort of thing. It's your choice between the devil and the deep sea. He'll hunt up that scab crew and break every one of you. I know him. He's a beastly bad sort, that's what he is."

"You think I'd better advise the boys to take the fifty pounds?"

"I *think* nothing—but it's all they'll ever get; and they'll have to look sharp that he doesn't skin them out of that."

"I believe you're right, Bankes," said the Captain. "I'll go off an' tell them to take it."

"Wait a bit—try for more. Agree to that, with another fifty all around and a hundred for yourself if the old man secures the salvage. Have it hard and fast in writing. Get a lawyer to draw it up."

"I'll have to hurry," exclaimed Bell, "to be back on time."

In an hour the Captain and the crew of the Jane Ann were back in the office, and, sharp on time, the owner brusqued in.

"Good day to you, boys," he said, friendly enough.

"Good day, sir!" they responded, cap in hand. "You had rare fishin' yesterday," he continued with forced geniality.

"Yes, sir."

"Well?" he asked, looking interrogatively at Captain Bell.

The Captain coughed to clear his throat, pulled the lining in and out of his cap nervously, and stammered: "We've been talkin' it over, sir."

"That's right," snapped Weller encouragingly.

"We've been talking it over, an' the boys think it's not enough, sir."

"What are they doing here, then?"

"Well, we thought, sir, that we'd like to make an offer that appeared fair, not wantin' to be hard like on our side."

The clerk nodded encouragingly at the speaker, who was watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Didn't I tell you—never mind; spit it out! Let's have it! You have queer ideas of what's fair, I've no doubt."

"Well, sir, the boys'll take fifty pounds apiece, as you offered, an' I'll take a hundred; an' if you get the salvage, they're to have another fifty, an' I'm to have another hundred."

There was silence for a minute, like the lull before a storm.

Weller scowled viciously at the men, who shifted uneasily. All at once he made a discovery.

"Where's the pilot—I don't see him?"

"He wouldn't agree to it, sir. He says he'll have the salvage or nothing, so we left him behind."

"Where is he?"

"On the ship."

"I'll fix him!" said the big man fiercely; "an' I'll just show him what he's missed. Come here, Bankes!" he commanded the clerk. "Draw up an agreement with these men an' the Captain in accordance with the bargain you've just heard. I'll show Mr. Pilot—he'll not get a blasted penny."

"Thank you, sir," said the Captain. "Thank you, sir," chimed the others, individually and in chorus.

"An' make out checks to pay the amounts," Weller added.

In an hour it was all settled.

"I've done a great stroke of business this day," muttered the ship king to himself when the men had gone. "I've only one to fight; I'll break him."

"Get me a boat," he ordered the clerk; "an' come away aboard ship till I see what she's like, an' settle this pilot."



DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

—"HERE'S A CAT TRACK IN THE SNOW"

As Weller clambered like a great bear over the rail of the ship, he saw a big red-faced man walking impatiently up and down the deck.

"Who are you, my good fellow?" he asked.

"I'm the Captain of the ship, Dumfries Castle," the man answered, touching his cap.

"The Dumfries Castle? That's my ship. Where is she—gone to the bottom?"

"No, sir, this is the Dumfries Castle."

Weller looked at the red-faced man furiously. He wasn't drunk; he must be mad.

"This is the Santa Maria," he exclaimed angrily.

"Yes, sir, she was the Santa Maria before we went to Liverpool; but she changed owners there, and they named her the Dumfries Castle."

A sense of desolation came over the hard, grasping ship owner—and no wonder—for he realized that the Santa Maria was his own ship, salvaged by his own men. And not two hours since he had paid them heavily for thwarting the very scheme he had tried to carry through with the help of his hired villain in Liverpool.

He understood it all now. The Santa Maria was to have been battered on those rocks by the first storm. His meddling crew had spoiled that.

Also the red-faced Captain knew. He had had his instructions from the agent in Liverpool, and this was the owner who was to have paid him much good money for something.

He looked in the eyes of the ship king and Weller looked back into his—and they both knew.

The money Weller had just paid out was gone hopelessly; the insurance would not come his way; and there was the pilot to settle with. He was mad clean through. He would fight the pilot anyway; and he did.

The pilot carried the case into court. The crew of the tug were called as witnesses.

It was going against Old Weller. There was no doubt that they had salvaged the ship, whoever owned it.

Billy Robinson was in the witness-box.

Suddenly the old man's lawyer, a vicious, ferret-faced little man, turning fiercely on the witness, said: "Now, Mr. Robinson, you're not telling the truth; there was a live cat on the ship and you threw her overboard?"

Thrown off his guard by this sudden accusation, Billy answered angrily: "That's a lie! Jack O'Brien threw her over the side."

A roar of laughter followed this break, but the admission destroyed the pilot's claim.

There was no salvage on the Santa Maria.

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Taking Back Our Presents

IT IS a curious and suggestive fact that the people and papers that most lightly brushed aside Dewey's pretensions to the Presidency were among those most anxious to hand it to him in a suitably inscribed loving-cup during the ecstatic week which followed his return from Manila. Just why his cause, to which his bare "Yes," then, would have rallied an overwhelming host, should go unchampioned six months later does not appear at first glance. Perhaps the Admiral has changed—certainly he has changed his mind—and to this may be attributed the apathy of the country when it learned in April that he had yielded to the insistence of September. Perhaps, the Cleveland precedent to the contrary, matrimony is not always a help to the Presidency. Perhaps, after all, it is the people who have changed most, and not Dewey. For, though Republics are not ungrateful, their citizens, and especially their newspapers, are inclined at times to "slop over." They are too grateful all at once and altogether. They crowd into a week of gush, of fulsome praise and adulation the tribute that, properly diluted and spread out, should last their hero's lifetime. They jump to the conclusion that the highest office in the land is the only suitable reward for splendid service on the sea, without having decided to their final satisfaction that the qualities which scattered Spaniards and made their possessor preeminently the executive for a fleet are supplemented by that special equipment necessary for the executive of a nation.

We take a man, modest, straightforward and simple in manner and speech, and parade him beneath arches erected to his honor while a thousand bands din his glory in his ears; we toast him at civic breakfasts, glorify him at municipal luncheons and deify him at state dinners. We hang medals on his chest and jeweled swords by his side, and there are more sonorous speeches and engrossed resolutions. We set him up among the clouds, then go about our business, and wonder six months later, when he hits the ground, that he, too, has not forgotten our protestations.

Nor are heroes the only folk whom Americans rush to death. We are up and away after the latest author, the newest artist, the coming orator. We have our "rages" in books—our Chimmie Faddens, our Trilbys, our this, that and the other—and the wave that lifts them to the crest of popular favor slumps back so suddenly that the fiftieth or sixtieth edition is left stranded on the highest shelf of the publisher. Only a few days ago a once popular illustrator sailed for Europe, remarking to a reporter, who had been sent to the steamer to interview some one else, that the editors who had pleaded with him for a picture a few years before, politely showed him the door when he asked them for work now; he was going back to a country where a reputation once made was capital and art did not fluctuate like stocks.

With the best intentions in the world, we lack some sense of proportion in these things which, as we make history and literature, we shall gain. In our wish to honor courage and genius, we take a week off from business and have a national debauch of hero-worship. And the reaction is not always pleasant for the hero. As for Dewey, nothing can, in the long run, affect his place in the heart and history of the country. We have had a touch of Dewey indigestion. When we recover from that we may even change our minds again and proffer him the Presidency once more.

Some men are born politicians, some achieve politics, and some have politics thrust upon them after marriage.

The Inconsistencies of Genius

"WITH consistency," says Emerson, "a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall."

A great many little souls seem to hold the same view of their relation to what O'Connell called "that rascally virtue." Both great and little feel like Portia when she says: "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."

The world has known few better moral or political teachers than Edmund Burke. When the painter Barry was wasting his time and energy at Rome in furious quarrels with artists and dilettanti about pictures and picture-dealing, Burke wrote wisely and kindly to him that "the arms by which the ill-dispositions of mankind are to be combated . . . are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence of others and a great deal of distrust of ourselves. . . Nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings—in snarling and scuffling with every one about us."

So much for Burke as a preacher; now for his practice. When the Revolution raged in France, he was so embittered against it that he lost, at times, all his kindly feeling and self-control. Riding one day in the carriage of a gentleman who had kindly offered to take him to his lodgings in London, he insisted on leaving it instantly when the owner had dropped a few words implying sympathy with the Revolutionists. Quarreling with Fox for the same reason, Burke would not grant him an interview, but positively refused to see him, when, nobly forgetting their differences, Fox went down to see his old friend as he lay ill at Beaconsfield.

Doctor Johnson was one of the sagest of moralists and wrote admirable essays on politeness and courtesy, yet in a heated controversy he never hesitated to interrupt his opponent with, "You lie, sir!" "You are a vile Whig, sir!" and other such insults. Defining "pension" in his dictionary as "pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country," he did not hesitate to accept from George the Third a pension for himself.

Burns knew and sang that "prudent, cautious self-control is Wisdom's root;" but he could not resist the temptation to drink to excess, or to let fly a harsh and witty sarcasm at another's expense, although every joke made him half a score of enemies.

Some years ago a lady of our acquaintance was asked during a conversation with a celebrated New York preacher why she had withdrawn from a certain church and united with another. When she replied that some of its members had manifested such a factious spirit that she could no longer associate with them in church relationship, he said: "But, madam, what will you do with them in the next world?"

—WILLIAM MATHEWS.

It is better to think all you say than to say all you think.

The Common-Sense Making of History

IT IS hard for us to realize that we are making history. History-making seems such a stately, dignified process, conducted by men in powdered wigs, men who never lost their heads or their tempers, who called each other "Honored Sir," and who, instead of shouting, "That's false!" calmly but firmly remarked, "I have the honor to disagree with my learned brother." And then, history-making has always been so utterly lacking in uncertainty. The men who opposed progress—for, of course, there have been a few, such as Pontius Pilate and George the Third—have been so plainly in the wrong and so certainly in the way of Destiny that they could not have caused much worry.

True, of course, Washington had his defeat on Long Island and his winter at Valley Forge; but what were a few lost battles to a man whom Destiny had marked? Later, there was some little dispute when it came to framing a system of government for the new-born nation. Some men thought the States should have greater power, while others were sure they should give up more to the general government. Then there were conflicts between the large and small States over representation in Congress and the Electoral College, but, in the light of experience, we feel sure the debate could have been little more than mere form.

How different seem the conditions that confront us now! We see ourselves with new empires on our hands. With no experience to guide us, we must provide for the government of these empires. Part of our statesmen are sure they have laid out the right course. Another part is convinced of the opposite. The rest are sure we must discard those empires altogether or suffer some terrible national calamity. All this time the factions are hurling at each other such terms as "demagogue" and "jingo," "rascal" and "knave." It all looks like confusion—so different from our idea of the stately processes of our ancestors! We feel that the art of making history and adjusting the affairs of empire has been lost; we feel that some fearful blunder impends.

When we reach this frame of mind it is time for us to look at the acts of our older history-makers more carefully. Perhaps we can best do this by putting ourselves in their places. By doing so we shall be brought to realize that opposition meant to the promoters of the Declaration of Independence just what it means to us; that uncertainty to Washington meant the same, in a magnified degree, as uncertainty to an American General in the Philippines, and that the makers of our Constitution, sure that the failure of their plans meant ruin, laid aside their powdered wigs and fought with canes and dueling pistols. We shall find them assembling in angry mass-meetings to protest against principles that have since become fundamental in our government; we shall find some of them dying unhappy in the belief that all hope of a successful government had been destroyed in the defeat of their particular measures.

Destiny does not tell men when she places her mark on them. Perhaps she has marked us. Who can tell?

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

Woman may be a coquette, but she is seldom a politician.

Boycotting the Trust-Makers

IT WAS freely predicted by every one that the startling disclosures of the suit between Mr. Henry Clay Frick and Mr. Andrew Carnegie regarding the vast profits and increase of wealth in their steel works at Pittsburg would have a powerful bearing upon the movement against trusts. The idea of one man having an income of $24,867,000 in one year, as Mr. Carnegie had last year, is almost paralyzing, and even the most conservative people declare that such an inequitable distribution of profits cannot long go on without disturbances to the social and political system. We call these men the money kings of the country and ascribe to them all the royalty of cash.

Naturally, the poor resent the conditions that make such profits possible, but the trouble is that if we who are not rich vent ourselves against these men we are apt to encounter some very interesting facts. Andrew Carnegie was a son of a weaver, and he got his work in Pittsburg as a bobbin boy in a linen factory at $1.20 a week. Mr. Frick, his rival, who has now become again his ally through the compromise arranged by the lawyers, was the son of a Pennsylvania farmer, and he got his education in the little red schoolhouse, and began his business career as a clerk in a dry-goods store. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the President of the Carnegie Steel Company, which pays such enormous profits to Messrs. Carnegie, Frick and others, was the driver of a mail wagon and a grocery clerk. His salary is now $50,000 a year and he has an important interest in the company. The next largest stockholder is Mr. Phipps, whose father was a shoemaker. So it seems to be with a great many of the other trusts and corporations. It is the poor boys who have done big things, and, like ordinary people, the more they get the more they want, and, with some exceptions, the more they try to hold on to it.

In one of his speeches out West, President Hadley, of Yale, suggested that the social pressure might be brought against the people who got their incomes from trusts. Some of the reporters said that he suggested ostracism, but this word did not appear in his remarks. The idea is there, however, and it might seem to be a good one, for there is nothing more powerful than the boycott of society; but the inevitable difficulty is that even were such a thing tried it would be found that most of the alleged boycotters would be entertaining secret envies for the very persons whom they were trying to condemn.

These, of course, are mere side lights upon a great question, but they enter powerfully into the final solution.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

The corporation that pays big dividends and small salaries generally has to increase the salaries to keep up the dividends.

The American Sweetheart

THE artists in types—the story writers, the illustrators and the painters—have applied themselves with commendable perseverance and ingenuity to the task of delineating "The American Girl." It is passing strange, however, that they have failed to hit upon a type equally and as finely representative of an element of individuality distinctly American as the "little red schoolhouse," and as universal. This personage is the mistress of the district school. She is the American sweetheart.

How many thousands of American boys have had the first stirrings of sentiment awakened by the charms of "the new teacher," and paid her their earliest adorations? So universal has been her court, so broad her sway, that it is scarcely too sweeping an assertion to say that her subjects have included almost every country-reared man since the old-time "master," with his bundle of birchen rods, betook himself to more masculine pursuits and left the rostrum of the district school to the feminine invader. That the recipient of these bashful devotions has generally been many years the senior of her small lovers has never been known to check their ardor.

Years are but trifles unconsciously brushed aside by the boy whose first ideal of womanly loveliness is embodied in the girlish creature from the neighboring town or village who has come to establish her throne on the platform of the country school. Not even the taunt of "teacher's pet" is sufficient to deter him from heaping her desk with the first wild violets of the season, the odorous plumes of lilacs, and the rosy first fruits of the old home orchard. With awkward ardor he waits upon her, smiles, and receives with bashful joy words of approval and sympathetic caresses. Each change of her apparel is noted with jealous eyes. When, with the coming of spring, she appears in the modest splendor of a starched percale, he sees her clothed in new charms.

She makes subtle appeal to all his finer instincts and touches into quick response the secret springs of sentiment that have been shut away from the hands of mother, sister and playmate, and masked by the calloused countenance of boyhood. There is not a grace or a virtue for which the mistress of the district school does not stand in the thought of the boy whose heart she has conquered. To him, and to the rural community, she is the torch-bearer of civilization, the prophetess of learning.

—FORREST CRISSEY.

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At the English Capital

FEW Americans, in all probability, have ever heard of Mr. Joseph Cowen, at one time a member of Parliament for that Newcastle to which they do not carry coals, and who has just died. Yet Mr. Cowen once "did" America as a tourist, and what is more, he wrote a series of articles about his experiences in the United States, and still more wonderful, the series ultimately blossomed into a book. But in the book there was one omission, which omission is the subject of this paragraph.

The Perils of a Lack of Humor

MR. COWEN edited, owned, and otherwise possessed a newspaper which enjoyed an immense circulation in the North of England; in fact, it was, and to-day is, one of the most generally read papers in populous Durham and Northumberland, and every miner in that district of underground industry swears by the Newcastle Chronicle. Nevertheless, it is gravely to be doubted whether all the miners' picks driven home by the united power of Lord Armstrong's steam hammers could have driven a joke into the head of Mr. Cowen. To be sure, one of the articles in the series was devoted to American newspapers. On the whole, Mr. Cowen thought them dangerous to the country's well-being, and, as a rule, scandalous productions. Unfortunately the Member of Parliament gave an illustration of the sort of writings he considered objectionable.

He said that in passing through Arizona he had purchased a copy of a paper peculiarly named the Arizona Kicker, and this was the kind of paragraphs that appeared therein. Then followed long extracts from M. Quad's famous series of humorous articles. At the time Mr. Cowen's experiences were appearing in the Newcastle Chronicle the Detroit Free Press published its weekly edition in London simultaneously with its appearance in Detroit. M. Quad's articles were running in the Free Press. So the London editor wrote to Mr. Cowen saying that he was rather interested in American newspapers and would be under many obligations to Mr. Cowen if he would kindly let him glance at the copy of the Arizona Kicker, or, if the copy had not been preserved, would Mr. Cowen let him know the size and get-up of the Arizona Kicker. But no answer came, for no sooner had the Member of Parliament's article appeared than the Newcastle Chronicle offices were inundated by a flood of letters laughing at the absurd density of the editor. Mr. Cowen had to get out of the mess somehow, so he, in the next week's issue of his paper, published an article in which he said his attention had been called to the fact that there was no such paper as the Arizona Kicker, but that it only proved the unreliability of the American press that one of the most popular papers in America should palm off such a series of untruths as truths on the public.

This was going a bit too far. The editor of the Detroit Free Press instructed his solicitor to enter suit for libel against Mr. Cowen. Now, in England a libel is a most grave affair, and Mr. Cowen had no alternative. He at once climbed down, admitted publicly that he had been dense, and apologized. So ended the tragedy of the Arizona Kicker. Mr. Cowen was a hard-working and capable man, but he could not see a joke.

The Rt. Hon. John Morley's Misdemeanor

THE Right Honorable John Morley, who is busily engaged in writing the life of W. E. Gladstone, is not given to joking, neither is he supposed to take a keen interest in poetry. But he looks with considerable suspicion on any rapid extension of the territory of the Empire, believing that Great Britain has her hands full to govern the 400,000,000 subjects she to-day controls. He is, in fact, what the rabid Imperialists have named a "Little Englander." But Mr. Morley is not a local Little Englander; he believes it to the disadvantage of any great country to take on her shoulders the administration of territories far removed from her shores, and peopled by men of a different race and religion from those who are to rule.

I have just heard of a letter written by Mr. Morley to an American friend of his who resides in London. The letter was penned shortly after the taking of Manila by the American fleet. The bulk of the letter consisted of two lines from the Ettrick Shepherd's famous poem to the Skylark. No one gave Mr. Morley credit for knowing Hogg's poems, nor would many believe that the staid and studious statesman would unbend enough to make a pun. But he did. His note runs: "Ask your great Republic:

"'Where on the "Dewey" wing,
Where art thou journeying?'

"YOUR FRIEND, JOHN MORLEY."

John Bull, John Peel and the Slim Boer

WITHOUT a doubt, every American newspaper has ere this printed the old Duke of Cambridge's comment on Dr. Conan Doyle, when His Royal Highness hobbled forth to inspect the volunteer medical corps—of which the famous novelist is a member—on the eve of its departure for South Africa. The Duke's astonished "What's that!" when he clapped eyes on the burly form of the volunteer is likely to stick to the jovial Doctor all the days of his life.

The Duke is the same age as his cousin, Queen Victoria, and is as crabbed as a gouty Anglo-Saxon can be, and he does not like novelists and journalists and such-like trash. In this English Capital some weeks ago, I related how the Duke was largely responsible for that brilliant disaster, Balaklava, owing to his tardiness in obeying orders—he was then in command of a brigade—but in his old age he looks for complete, unquestioning obedience in others, and felt himself deeply wronged when the command of the British Army was taken out of his hesitating hands and placed in those of Lord Wolseley.

Last week the Duke's own yeomanry sailed from Southampton for Cape Town, and the old fellow bravely faced a heavy, chilling rain to see the boys off. They were a terribly "swagger" lot, these yeomanry, each man having paid £150 for the privilege of being allowed to fight, and having furthermore donated all pay allowed them as soldiers to the Lord Mayor's "Widow and Orphan Fund." They are all hunting men; that is, habitual riders to hounds, and splendid shots.

Just before the Dunvegan Castle sailed with this corps, and when the boys in khaki were clambering up the shrouds and decorating the most inaccessible positions with their presence, a man with a cornet stood out on the wharf and launched forth into the famous hunting song, John Peel. The great ship trembled to the sound of the yeomanry lungs. When the din subsided, a regular soldier, an out-and-out Tommy Atkins, who stood looking, with a comrade, at the scene, raised his voice and shouted: "It's John Peel all right in front of the Dook, but in front of the Boers it'll be John Skin-out with you swells." And his comrade, not to be outdone, supplemented this insult with, "They says the Boers is 'slim,' but I'll lay you fellows will be bloomin' limp w'en ye sees 'em."

The Earl of Cadogan's Lesson in Manners

WHEN the Queen's daughter married the Duke of Argyle's eldest son, the Highland retainer of the Duke nodded his head and said, "Her Majesty will be a proud woman the day." Well, the Earl of Cadogan, the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is a London landlord, and London tenants have no loyal feelings toward the landowner, so that the Queen's visit to Ireland and her stay at the Lord Lieutenant's house will not be looked upon as one causing the old lady to blush from the unwonted honor. The Earl of Cadogan is a superfine young aristocrat and a Tory of the old school; he is as rich as Crœsus, and reactionary in everything. No one questions his ability, and considerable experience of public life has made him much less exclusive and haughty than he used to be.

Some years ago, when he was young and inconsiderate, he spent a few days fishing on the Tweed. He had as his boatman and ambassador to the court of King Salmon the famous fisherman known as Robert of Treus. You must understand that even a Tammany boss is nothing like such an autocrat as a Tweed fisherman-gillie. In the gillie's eyes dukes and lords and notabilities are dirt compared with a good fisherman. Robert of Treus was a famous character, and as gruffly independent as oatmeal porridge can make 'em. He had rowed the Earl of Cadogan to a choice pool in the river, and Cadogan began to fish. Presently the noble Earl drew from his pocket an exquisite flask of silver and gold, took a pull at it, replaced the stopper and slipped the flask back into his pocket without offering the great Robert a sip. Robert's brows fell, but he said nothing.

In the course of half an hour Cadogan repeated the operation. When the flask a second time disappeared, the fisherman grasped the oars and began lustily to pull for shore. The Earl, who had been flung down by the suddenness of the start, turned to his gillie and asked, "What in thunder are you doing?"

"Rowing asbore," gruffly answered the Scotsman.

"Ashore! Why?" inquired the nobleman.

"Well, My Lord," said Robert, "a mann that can drink whuskey by himsel' can fush for fush by himsel'."

Robert got his drink. —*E. W. Sabt.*



LETTERS to the EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Thompson's editorial on The Curse of Wings is a little too pessimistic. Why do you leave it to the poet to use all the crimson and gold, while you use only forbidding colors? Wouldn't it be better for all concerned to mix optimism and pessimism just a little, and make one good picture instead of hanging two bad ones side by side? For instance, when your burglar is winging his way to parts unknown, think how exciting it would be for the bluecoat to follow in hot chase, to catch him at last and bring him back on a palatial overland air ship. Then the police would have another advantage; they could sit on the chimney and wait for the burglar to come out either back or front way, and pounce on him like a hawk on a sparrow.

Then, too, Congress would have a chance to forget expansion and free silver while passing innumerable acts regulating the flights of vultures and time. The Filipino war would soon be brought to a close, for, with the help of wings, it would be possible to capture Aguinaldo, provided he didn't have wings, too. A winged army would be a possibility, but they could not swoop. Concentration of forces would be too easy. If an army were getting ready to start, of course there would be a scout near with wings of a swallow to speed away to give notice. And think of the battle royal in the air.

But turn from war, burglars and murder and look at the brighter side of winged humanity! There would be no more young couples moping along wishing for the moon to go behind a cloud. If the moon would not move they would, as soon as a cloud showed itself. So let us say yes at once and wish for the wings of a bird. I did last night anyway, when the old couple walked on my heels all the way from the party.

Belhaven, North Carolina. J. T. JOHNSTON.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. H. C. Kegley's strictures upon "Machine-Made Charity" in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST suggest the importance of distinguishing between those societies whose aim is merely the alleviation of distress and those whose purpose includes results more radical and permanent.

In a sense, all societies which help the poor are "charitable organizations," for they are organizations with charitable ends in view. To some of these Mr. Kegley's criticism may justly apply, but certainly not to that system which is especially and in a restricted sense denominated Organized Charity; a system which came into vogue in the city of London in 1869 and in this country about ten years later. A main purpose with the originators and advocates of that system has always been to make available for the unfortunates just those "spiritual tonics that refresh and strengthen the heartsick." They have recognized from the start the great value of friendly, neighborly ministration, and much of their so-called machinery has been invented for the sole purpose of making such ministration possible.

In rural or village communities, where the people are well acquainted with each other, benevolence may be brought into contact with the misfortune, material or spiritual, which it seeks to relieve, simply and easily, but amid the complex conditions of city life this is not so. The wide separation of classes socially, even geographically, and a multitude of coördinate influences make the apparently simple matter of judiciously assisting the poor a problem of real difficulty; difficulty which is at once realized by those who earnestly endeavor to do this work. Not only sympathy, but reflection, discrimination and experience are found to be essential for the attainment of success.

A simple illustration shows what place in organized charity is occupied by its much criticised machinery. In a cottage upon a by-road there is a poor family in dire need of food, fuel, sympathy and friendship; half a mile distant there is a benevolent woman who has heard of their needs and resolves to go to their assistance. She starts, but finds the roads blockaded by heavy drifts of recently fallen snow; until the way is opened she cannot reach them. Fortunately, while she is considering the difficulty, a party of workmen with shovels, horses and carts appear upon the scene and soon the drifts are removed or beaten down, and a road is cleared through which the first passenger is the lady intent upon a benevolent errand.

Just so much of the machinery of organized charity performs the function of the snow-shovelers and road openers. It exists for the purpose of clearing the way through the complex obstacles incident to modern urban conditions and thus giving an opportunity to personal ministration—that wondrous force for the upbuilding of character and the regeneration of life, the force of a noble personality acting, as it must act to be most efficient, face to face, hand to hand, heart to heart.

It is not perfect work; it partakes of the imperfection inherent in all human effort, but it is good, faithful work of great potentiality for the future, not only of the poor, but of the entire community. It goes on unceasingly. As the years pass, every day some saddened homes are brightened by the coming of those who, aside from material relief and beyond it, bring with them sympathy, aspiration and hope.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. JAMES WILSON WALK.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Some important points in economics have developed in Chicago.

The Mayor has made the public statement that in 1898 the receipts from the water department were $3,489,390, and that the expenditures of that department for that year were $296,982; also, he said that the expenditures were not more than eight and a half per cent. of the receipts for the same period.

Taken in connection with the fact that Chicago furnishes water at a little over half the usual private-ownership prices, a valuable point in favor of public ownership is clearly made.

It is estimated by experts—so says the Mayor—that the present water charge will, in less than four years, pay the many millions of dollars which are now being put into extensive water improvements—mains, etc. This brings us to the consideration of the justice of a proposition now being made: that the immense surplus of this fund be then turned to the other funds—boulevards, etc.

Some of the points which suggest themselves to me are: That people should have water at cost of carriage; that they should not be made to pay water tax to increase values and rentals on boulevards; that the cost of water should be as low as possible in order that the quantity might be as great as possible, from considerations of both comfort and sanitation; that, at the present cost of very many times more than the expense, all the tenement districts could be kept fresh and pure by the use of no more water than they themselves paid for; that the little patches of green could be kept in luxurious growth with no need of police surveillance to keep the water off the grass.

Chicago, Illinois. ALLEN HENRY SMITH.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The common people are not so well off as two years ago. Prices have advanced and productions are reduced. On some lines of goods the high prices have killed the demand. The writer spent one day, recently, riding on the trolley cars in the eight square miles at the south end of Chicago where 200,000 people live, and not one dwelling-house was in course of construction. In Hyde Park, Chicago, where the rich folk live, could be seen many new houses.

The farmer must compete with the world. The wheat harvesting machines are humming in some part of the world every week in the year. After the wheat has been loaded in the ships, distance from market makes but a cent or two difference in the price. The farmer's year's work does not buy for him one-half of the comforts of life the same endeavor would have bought two years ago. Fence wire was sold two years ago, and is sold here to-day, without profit to the retailer. Two years ago the farmer could buy here one hundred pounds of fence wire for two bushels of wheat. To-day it will take six bushels of wheat to buy one hundred pounds of fence wire. At this rate the trusts are getting the wealth and the common people are getting poorer.

Pentwater, Michigan. S. E. RUSSELL.

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife



WASHINGTON, April, 1900.

I AM wondering if any one who has sat through these lowering, darkening days and watched the Senate in its final throes with the Puerto Rican Bill has been reminded of the incantation scene in Macbeth? To me not a stage property has been missing. The dark Senate chamber, only half-lighted, has been the cave. The stage thunder and lightning have been the jeers, taunts, innuendoes and threats that have flashed and played around the desks. The cauldron has been the bill, into which has been thrown every ingredient of the political broth from "sweltered venom sleeping got" down to "scale of dragon," "tooth of wolf," "adder's fork" and "blind-worm's sting." Even Hecate has not been missing from the scene, nor even Hecate's short, stiff lock of gray hair that stood straight up from a bald place on the back of the head. So deep was the whole fantastic impression upon me during the last hours before the vote was taken, that I half expected to see Senators join hands around the cauldron and to hear the incantation rise up to the gallery:

"Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

I sat all during the final struggle in the Senate gallery. I wanted, of course, to see the last, in this deliberative body, of a bill that seemed to be demonstrating one thing and one thing only, that party madness is the "madness of many for the gain of a few," and as I watched the tactics of the leaders of this measure I could not help thinking of certain young politicians who had come here to the Capital only a few short months ago, high with hope and courage and purpose, purpose to be useful to their party and to their States, courage to be true to their principles, and hope—to live up to their ideals. Where were some of them now? Out fighting for their political lives with the likelihood of having to give them up. One of these is Robert. True, Robert, thanks to the pluck and resources of Senator P——, is likely to come up to the surface again, for he wired us the very next day after Senator P—— had suggested a plan to him, that the plan was working capitally and that he was likely soon to return home, not much the worse for his political ducking. Still, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the proof of Robert's escape will be his election by the Legislature to the United States Senate, and the acknowledgment of his credentials by the latter when he shall have walked the seven hundred and thirty-one feet which lie between the doors of the House of Representatives and the doors of the Superior House of Congress. Pending Robert's return home, which may be almost at any hour, I have assuaged my unrest over his political muddle by continually watching the proceedings in the Senate, where I have changed my seat in the galleries in order to keep up with the procession.

The day that Senator Proctor made his great speech I sat on the Republican side of the chamber, where I could watch every expression and gesture, not only of the speaker himself, but of his opponents who sat all about him in attentive quiet. I also wanted to face Mr. Foraker to note any possible effect the speech might have upon him; and that the apparently unanswerable argument of the gentleman from Vermont did have an effect was evidenced by the continual tapping of his foot and by the impatient movement of his head. When Senator Proctor rose to speak, Senator P—— glanced up into the gallery at me with a slight inclination of the head as much as to say, "Note every word he utters, it will be worth while," and I did note every word.

So did the entire chamber. I was somewhat taken up at first with the old-fashioned dress and style of the man, for, from the wide, loose skirts of his frock coat and the careless adjustment of his cravat down to the tip of his boots, he was as plain and simple and strong as the rugged hills of his native State, and the words which fell from his lips were as simple and unadorned as his dress. But as I began to notice the effect of his strong words and phrases and saw the senior Senator from Ohio wince under them, saw the approval of nods and smiles on the other side of the chamber, saw such men as Mr. Allison and Mr. Cullom move about restlessly, saw the fixed stare on the face of the Vice-President *pro tem.* at the likening of the situation to that in the time of George the Third, I knew that though the speech would not stay the Senate one instant in its purpose to pass the bill, it might, perhaps, in the months to come, stay the voter; for, on the ground that the whole question from the start has been an untimely storm, this particular speech might be likened to the storm which "makes wise men expect a dearth."



Mr. Hanna never opens his lips save to answer to the roll-call



Mr. Culberson was moving the Constitution in a vain effort to stay the battle

Scarcely had the Senate begun to recover from this speech when Senator P—— came up to speak a word to me and to learn the latest news of Robert's progress out in Spruce City. Ever since the day that Senator P—— tried to get consent from party headquarters that Robert should be permitted to state the real reason of his vote, Senator P—— has had a harassed look on his face. I have been tempted more than once to ask him the cause of this evident anxiety, but, on looking around upon the other Republican Senators who are opposing this bill, I find the same look of tension and strain. I was noticing this expression of his face as he joined me.

"I see that certain Republicans are throwing out hints that there is some motive in Proctor's speech, but no one presumes to say what."

"You don't believe that, do you?" I asked.

"No," he replied quietly.

"I've noticed one thing," I said, "that Mr. Hanna never opens his lips save to answer to the roll-call. Where is his power?"

The Senator shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Not in his tongue, Mrs. Slocum, but luckily for him he knows it."

"Well, I always thought Congress was the happy hunting ground of the orator," I said.

"So it is, over in the House, but the Senate in these latter days will only take oratory in small, broken doses."

A day or two after this, when the closing hours of the last day of the debate were on, I changed my seat in the gallery and went over to the Democratic side of the chamber, and Page went with me on this occasion. I wanted to be close to the spot around which the fight would rage, for it is on that side that Senator Foraker sits, and Senator Foraker was the standard-bearer of the bill and of the party. There was thunder in the air, and it did not seem to me that so foul a sky could clear without a storm.

I sat where I could look directly down upon the senior Senator from Ohio. Before him was every print that had been made of the bill, together with all its amendments. I could see every nervous beat of his foot, every impatient drumming of his fingers on his desk, and note his face every time some shaft pierced his armor; and the shafts and bolts that were hurled at him were many and telling. Through some of them he sat as though putting a force upon himself to remain silent, but at some of them he sprang to his feet in response, even swinging out into the open space in front of his desk under the lash of some opponent's words, while the dark red blood would mount to his head in such a wave that it would show plainly through his whitening hair. His voice, penetrating and harsh, rose and fell either in explanation, retort, denial or defiance. From the zest and passion with which the Senator from Ohio fought his battle it almost seemed that he was cut upon the same pattern as King Richard, and that he might at any moment exclaim, "My dancing soul doth celebrate this feast of battle with mine adversary."

To make the picture of this warrior more complete, and as though to emphasize the source of the battle cry, there flocked to his standard three of Ohio's most favored sons. First there came across the yellow carpet of the Senate arena the fast-aging Mr. Hanna, who stepped carefully, leaning at times heavily upon his cane. He took up his position to the right of the standard-bearer. Just a bit later came the genial Mr. Grosvenor, with a red carnation in his buttonhole. He had come all the way from the House to see that no blood should be spilled. After Mr. Grosvenor came Colonel Dick, also from the House, also from Ohio, and these mighty men made a formidable group of four.

Behind them, from the background of desks, bobbed up, now and then, the smiling face of Mr. Depew. Sometimes there would be a slight change in the personnel of the men who formed the centre of the fight. Sometimes Mr. Chandler would cross between bolts and lean upon the chieftain's desk. Sometimes it was Mr. Lodge, who, hands in pockets, would slip across the yellow carpet

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Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3. Each paper is complete in itself.

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and speak an encouraging word. Oftener it was shaggy little Mr. Spooner, who talked so incessantly and so loudly across the chieftain's desk that, while the Texan, Mr. Culberson, was waving the Constitution in a vain effort to stay the battle, the Chair had to wield the gavel in order to hear the Constitution expounded, as it was being done most ably and brilliantly.

While the fight was at its height one little side issue attracted my attention. I noticed a tall man going about, stepping very gingerly around and in between the desks. He was distributing slips of engraved paper. When he came around to the group of fighters just under our eyes and handed one of these slips to each man, I touched Page to attract her attention to it. She looked for a moment, then whispered:

"Uncle Sam's payin' 'em for their jobs, I reckon."

I smiled at her blunt way of putting it, and then I watched each man accept this slip of paper; even the senior Senator from Ohio took his attention long enough from the fight around him to tuck his away in his vest pocket. Mr. Hanna was the only man who turned his slip of paper over on its back, wrote something thereon and gave it back whence he had received it. I whispered:

"I wonder why Mr. Hanna does not put his in his pocket, too?"

"'Cause they say he pays his all to his Sec'etary," Page whispered back.

Meantime, while our attention had been engaged with Uncle Sam's very public performance, the Honorable Billy Mason had risen up on the other side of the chamber and was pounding vigorously upon a pile of books on the desk in front of him, and I must say, in all justice to him, that while he pounded he gave vent to some decidedly bright and pointed remarks. True, the Chair all during these remarks sat with eyes rolled up to the squares of lighted glass which are let into the ceiling of the Senate chamber, but I noticed that, though the Chair was bored into oblivion, most of the noted men of the Senate gave him their closest attention. To be sure, he made about as much headway against the final issue as a squirrel would have done in a revolving cage, but we could not expect him to succeed when such men as Mr. Proctor and Mr. Davis had failed. His intentions were good, and, after all, Goethe tells us that "in the works of man as in those of Nature it is the intention which is chiefly worth studying."



Colonel Dick—one of a formidable group of four from Ohio

I was not sorry when the hour of all that weary day came around for the vote to be taken, and I must confess that I became rather bewildered by the amendments which were sprung in this final hour, for Mr. Davis did not abandon, even in this last moment, his struggle for a free-trade amendment; but I was not the only one who was muddled. The genial Mr. Depew kept me distinguished company, for he had voted "no" so many times to the amendments that when the bill itself was before the Senate he did not recognize it and voted a loud and vigorous "No." There was an instant of surprised hush all over the chamber, during which, no doubt, his colleagues thought that one of the fold was lost to them, but suddenly the junior Senator from New York realized the situation and, springing to his feet, he called out lustily, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" And his vote was changed and recorded properly, while a mighty laugh went up from the chamber.

When everything was over and we were half way out of the gallery, and were feeling glad that the excitements of the day were at an end, we were suddenly made aware that something was going on in the chamber below that had not been down on the program. I did not wish to lose anything, so I went back to look down and see what the loud, threatening voices meant. There stood Senator Wolcott and Senator Lodge, facing each other like a couple of game-cocks, while Senator Chandler stood sardonically by, throwing in occasional fire-brands. The Chair was pounding loudly for order, while Senators came flocking down to the scene of action. Everybody talked at once, and I could only hear two or three phrases, such as "unanimous consent," "unfinished business," "Senator Quay."

It was difficult to tell what it was all about, or to tell who was the angriest man on the floor, but I decided that Senator Wolcott was the maddest of them all. Though Mr. Lodge pushed him pretty closely in the matter of loud talk, it was evident that Mr. Wolcott's remarks were something in the nature of a sensation. Yet as suddenly as this tempest had arisen, so it subsided, and the call of the roll was demanded. If there is anything that is calculated to cool Senatorial temper it is the roll-call, and by the time this was over the Senate was ready to adjourn.

I did not learn until we met Senator P—— in the corridor outside the Senate chamber, after adjournment, that the funny fracas which we had just witnessed was the first blood drawn in the contested case of Mr. Quay, and that there are likely to be stormy scenes in the Senate before it is settled. We felt pretty sure, Page and I, that now the sensations were really over for the day, but alas for human calculation! We had scarcely set foot upon the steps outside the Capitol when we found the air was ringing with the cries of the newsboys who were shouting out something from the evening papers.

"Something has happened," I said with foreboding.

We both stopped to try to catch the jumble of words that came from the distance. We even asked one or two persons who were hurrying out of the Capitol. No one knew what it was.

"It's somethin' about Dewey," said Page at last, whose ears were keener than mine.

"Some calamity, I fear," I said.

"Some acciden', mos' likely," suggested Page.

"Dead, perhaps," I said with mournful accent.

"Dear me, how sad that would be!"

We listened with strained ears. Yes, it was clearly something about Admiral Dewey. Just then a newsboy came near enough to be hailed and Page was soon grasping a sheet which she threw open to the breeze. It was adorned with a frontispiece of the Admiral, and the picture was surrounded by a wreath which might have been a victor's wreath or a funeral wreath for all that I could distinguish.

My forebodings redoubled.

"Accident, Page?"

"He wants to be President of the United States!"

A Mushroom Mystery Explained

DR. THOMAS J. KEENAN, of the National Mycological Society, recently made a flying trip to Havana. While strolling in the suburbs of that city one day his eye fell upon a lot of mushrooms growing not far from the road, in the shadow of some trees. The instincts of the collector caused him to invade the field and pick some sample growths. To his surprise, they looked very much like specimens which grew in the neighborhood of New York City.

He fancied that he detected minute differences, however, and flattered himself that he had discovered a new species of the fungus. While gazing upon his new-found treasures he heard a slight sound, and looking up saw near him the proprietor of the place.

"These are interesting mushrooms," said the mycologist; "I never saw any like these before in Cuba, and I did not know that there were any here."

"No, there are none," answered the planter. "I imported these from New York to see if they would grow in this climate."

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The Making of a Railroad Man From the Viewpoint of the Engineering Department





By Jno. F. Wallace

President American Society of Civil Engineers; President American Railway Engineering and Maintenance-of-Way Association; Assistant Second Vice-President Illinois Central Railway

IT IS my conviction that the engineering department is the branch of the railroad service which is to furnish in the future more men than any other for the higher executive positions. Many causes conspire to make this a logical, if not an inevitable, outcome. If a young man has in him the "making of a railroad man" he may, I believe, count with greater surety upon success in that field by going in through the engineering door than by entering from any other avenue. And why?

Because the first step across the threshold of this doorway imposes a higher educational test than is demanded of those who come into the service by any other way; because there is a marked tendency to enlarge the powers of those officials who hold the higher engineering positions; because there is a half-way point in the course of promotion where the lines of the engineering and the operating branches of the service naturally meet and the young civil engineer who has strong executive capacity comes into a position where he is in the direct line of succession, leading to the highest executive offices in the gift of the railroad company.

The Qualities that Determine Final Success

Railroading is preeminently a field for the practical man. Here the man who has a genius for affairs succeeds by sheer force of this native endowment and in spite of educational deficiencies which would prove serious, if not fatal, handicaps in many other business undertakings. It is a consideration of which every loyal railroad man is justifiably proud; he likes his calling the better for the fact that it offers a fair field for ability in the rough, and does not shut out from its arena those who have failed to achieve a college degree. Let it be granted, then, and with all due emphasis, that the practical man is the one who will succeed in the railroad field, and that ability, level-headed business judgment and sound "horse sense" are the qualities which determine the success of the railroad man.

If he possesses these endowments he may start as a track hand, a telegraph operator, a brakeman or a shop hand and rise to the Presidency of the road—and all with a foundation of meagre dimensions, so far as academic education is concerned. He cannot, however, make a respectable beginning in the engineering line without a fair schooling and a good mathematical training. If the man who has succeeded without the self-reliance, the independence which comes of scientific knowledge, could have added this artificial resource to his natural gifts, how much easier would have been his battle! With how much greater confidence could he have pushed ahead, and with what a saving of time and energy!

The successful man of affairs, we are repeatedly told, is he who knows how to get others to do things for him. True! but what a ready implement of service is a first-hand knowledge of the scientific principles and technical rules of a calling! More valuable still is such a knowledge as a fortification against deception and mistake. It is a means of detecting errors and defects in the very premises upon which sound business judgment and shrewd foresight take action. To make the application more concrete, the Division Superintendent, the General Manager, the Vice-President or the President, who has had the general and the technical education of a civil engineer, has a distinct and substantial advantage over the official of his rank who is untrained in the science of engineering. He is able more quickly to get at the bottom of problems which have to do with the very basis of railroading: construction and maintenance.

The Objective Point in the Eye of the Engineer

The building of a new railroad in this country to-day generally means that the company behind it believes it can be so soundly and scientifically constructed that it will either divert traffic in profitable volume from the established channels, or that the judgment and skill displayed in selecting the route, in adjusting grades and in solving other problems of construction will result in an economy in operating expenses sufficient to give it a strong competitive advantage, yielding a profit where competing lines must haul at bare cost or at positive loss. Alterations and extensions of existing lines are intended to serve the same purpose. The objective point always in the eye of the engineer is to do his work in such a manner that the operating expenses will be reduced, that the hauling of freight and the running of passenger trains may be accomplished at a less cost than before. The margin of gain thus achieved may seem to be very small and quite inconsequential when compared with its original cost; but it must be remembered that it is a progressive economy, one which is perpetually in force.

As a result, the reduction of a grade costing high into the hundred thousands—thus accomplishing a daily saving in the reduced number of trains necessary to handle any given tonnage—may in a few years repay its entire cost and thereafter bring in a steady and cumulative profit.

This will serve to show how vitally interrelated are the engineering and the operative branches of railroading. It does not, however, adequately present the case, for the engineer, as he reaches an advanced position in the service, must have a scientific knowledge of the problems of railway operation. Without this he cannot hope for success. By virtue, therefore, of the fundamental necessities of his calling, he is compelled to have a broader outlook over the whole railroading field than is demanded of any other employee.

The scope of the engineering work in the railroad world of to-day may be suggested by the statement that the annual expenditures of the 2200 railroads in America for "maintenance and structures" have been conservatively estimated at two hundred million dollars, while fully one hundred and eighty million dollars not charged to the maintenance account is paid out for improvements and extensions provided for by increased capitalization. This latter item is made up mainly of the cost of grade reductions and increased trackage on lines already in operation, together with extensions and improvements in terminal facilities. The latest official reports covering the roads of the United States place the number of employees in the engineering department at 288,000, and their compensation is estimated at one hundred million dollars a year.

The Kindergarten of Railroad Engineering

Nominally the two extremes of the railroad engineering profession may be said to be represented on one hand by the axman of the surveyor's gang and on the other by the Chief Engineer. To this classification there are, however, many exceptions and qualifications. The only doorway, for instance, into the engineering department of the Illinois Central Railroad is through the position of "track apprentice." Although the candidate for a place on the engineering corps may be a graduate of the best university in the land, and may have taken a post-graduate course in a celebrated technical school, he must go out with the men of the section gang and take his turn at tamping ties, spiking rails and bolting fishplates.

This may be termed the kindergarten of active railroad engineering, and although the system is not in general use, it has, in the instance to which I refer, demonstrated its soundness and practicability. Of the one hundred and twenty young men who have applied for the position of track apprentice in the service of this road and have been accepted during the past three years, only thirteen "flunked" when first they faced the stern and humble nature of their initial work. Thirty-nine stuck by through thick and thin and have been promoted to fairly profitable positions on the regular engineering corps. An analysis of the definite results attained by the successful thirty-nine is of practical value and interest. Two have become assistant engineers at a salary of $100 a month; one draws $83.33 a month as office engineer; eight are paid $75 a month as transit men; ten are rodmen at $60 a month; thirteen are chainmen at $50 a month, and one has reached the dignified position of foreman in the road department.

Still more interesting, as indicating the maintenance of a high educational standard among beginners in this field, is an analysis of this group from the viewpoint of their academic training. Of the young men now in the engineering service of the Illinois Central Railroad who have entered by this doorway, thirty-six have received from universities, colleges or technical schools of substantial standing the full degree of civil engineer; twenty-seven have devoted from one to three and a half years to the study of engineering; twenty-three did not go beyond the high school or the manual training school, and the remainder laid the basis of their education in the common schools, and "picked up" their technical training by hard knocks during active service. Those of the last-named class are ever ready to confess themselves at a disheartening disadvantage compared with the men who are soundly grounded in the technique of their profession.

Every year witnesses a material elevation of the educational average of this calling, and it seems merely a question of time when a civil engineer in the railroad service who has not had the advantage of a college education or of a thorough course in a technical school will be practically unknown.

Let me place especial emphasis upon one qualification which will accomplish wonders for the young engineer and win him promotion above men of more brilliant talents. This priceless quality is absolute and unswerving loyalty to his immediate superior. Like charity, this will cover a multitude of shortcomings and stand him in the severest emergencies.

Where Titles Mean Little

Regarding the higher positions in the railway engineering service, it should be said that the present official titles are often blind and misleading and lack the exactness and descriptive accuracy of those applied to positions in other departments. The title of Chief Engineer may mean much or little, and is applied almost indiscriminately to the man who is little more than a chief draughtsman and to the official who ranks close to the General Manager in authority, having practical control of the physical condition of the property, its construction, maintenance and improvement.

Recently it has become quite a common practice to bestow upon the actual chief of the engineering interests of the road one of the Vice-Presidencies. Not infrequently, too, the powers of an official of this kind not only cover all problems of extension and maintenance, but also extend to those phases of the road's operation which are most vitally related thereto. Concerning the rewards of success in this field it is impossible to speak save in broad and general terms. It may be sufficient to say that the chief official of the engineering department of a road seldom receives less than $2500 a year, while few, if any, get more than $25,000. All depends upon the size of the road and the system upon which official responsibility is distributed. Certain it is, however, that the prizes which are to be had in this field compare favorably with those in other lines, and are sufficient to appeal with energizing force to any young man whose inclinations lead him into the engineering profession.

The Test of Qualifications

A taste for mathematics is too often mistaken for a genius for civil engineering. The former may imply simply a talent for abstract calculation and may be unaccompanied by the slightest gift for the practical application of mathematical principles. Civil engineering, however, demands in its every step the exercise of a sound and level-headed judgment of affairs. More than this, no considerable progress can be made in the higher walks of this profession without that capacity to manage men which is generally termed executive ability.

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Often I am asked by fathers of boys who are about to choose a profession or shape their education to that end:

"How may I determine if my boy is right in thinking he is cut out for a civil engineer?"

My answer has invariably been:

"If he shows sound judgment in his estimation of physical phenomena; if he has a quick eye for proportion and perspective, especially as relating to things 'in the large'; if he is inclined to see things constructively; if he uses his mathematics as tools instead of playthings and applies his calculations along utilitarian rather than philosophic or purely theoretical lines; if he has an imagination which gives him visions of structures and buildings; and if he would rather endure all manner of physical hardships and perils than to give up the prospect of becoming an engineer—then it is safe to let him follow this bent, for it will doubtless be impossible to prevent him from so doing."

Any less radical predisposition to this kind of a career is scarcely to be accepted as proof of special fitness for it. To a preeminent degree civil engineering, particularly as applied to railroad work, is a profession which demands the most absolute and wholehearted devotion. This loyalty will be constantly put to the test, particularly in the earlier years of active work. The young engineer may be sure of sufficient hardships to try his grit and his devotion. If he does not have an absorbing love for his work and care more for it than for physical comfort and the joys of home and the pleasures of life in a refined and established community, he has decidedly missed his calling, and may be put down as among the most wretched of men.

Provided he has in him the real stuff of which the true engineer is made he will scorn to get through the years of his apprenticeship without feeling the pangs of prolonged hunger, being drenched to the skin, bitten by frost, buffeted by storms, scorched by torrid heats, lowered from rocky shelves over yawning precipices—and all with the unfaltering feeling that he would not exchange such trials for the ease and the comforts of the most sheltered business or professional life in the heart of civilization.

One's own experience is the best field from which to illustrate a point, and this suggestion of some of the hardships which are typical of a young engineer's life brings up the memory of a certain episode in which my devotion to the career of my choice was put to the test. Perhaps the most disheartening of all was that which came to me at the very outset, when fresh from college and rejoicing in the confidence which is the lot of all who leave their Alma Mater with a reasonable share of honors and an unbounded determination to conquer the world.

A Tenacity that Won Promotion

By rare good fortune I managed to secure the position of rodman with the surveying gang of the Carthage & Quincy Railroad. Before many days in the field our levelman looked up from his instrument and motioned me to come where he was standing. As I approached it was clear from his appearance that something was wrong.

"Here, give me that rod!" he exclaimed. I handed it over to him. "Now report to the chief of the party and tell him to send me a rodman, and perhaps he can give you work as an axman to cut brush."

Although I submitted with apparent meekness to this reduction in rank I was determined to stick it out and show that I had in me the making of an engineer. A little later my superior flunked squarely, and declared he could not stand the rough life. That was my opportunity and I made the most of it, being put in charge of the squad.

It is an undeniable fact that many are attracted to engineering by reason of the freedom, the picturesqueness and the adventure which it offers. This charm, however, is generally more to be appreciated in prospect or in retrospect than at the moment. While the sensation of being lowered by rope from a cliff or shelving rock soon becomes commonplace enough it is highly exciting at the outset. One experience, while running a line in the West, is very vivid in my recollection and may well serve to illustrate what the average young engineer in the same line of work may expect to encounter, for it is typical of railroad surveying.

A Lively Adventure with Falling Rock

One day I found it necessary to cross section a portion of our line along a mountain side. By taking desperate chances I contrived, at last, to get down to a narrow shelf where I could plant my instrument and take my measurements. In fact, I was obliged to cut a notch into the slanting side of the mountain in order to place the level properly and to secure a safe foothold. Almost at the top of the slope, fully a thousand feet above me, was the trail. I had begun to sight through my instrument when, hearing a slight sound, I glanced up. There, coming directly toward me, with increasing velocity, was a rock which had been accidentally loosened by the men on the upper trail. It seemed to have been aimed at my instrument. Instantly I dropped upon all fours and did the liveliest creeping along that ledge that I had done since infancy. No sooner was I out of the way than the rock whizzed past me, just missing the instrument. It was as large as a washtub and would have swept me into eternity in a second had I not escaped its path.

Another kind of experience which has brought terror to scores of railway engineers engaged in reconnaissance, survey and construction work in the West is that of being overtaken by a severe storm. An episode of this nature was one of the severest adventures through which I was called to pass.

A Catastrophe Calling for Quick Work

Not infrequently it happens that very exciting work comes to the engineer who has served his time in the field and has been promoted to a position of large executive ability. This is in instances where the roadway has suffered some catastrophe and the damage must be repaired at once, at least to the extent of admitting the immediate resumption of traffic. Generally this emergency work demands originality and resourcefulness as well as great rapidity. There is no time to go deep into theory and professional traditions. Traffic is at a standstill and must be resumed at any cost.

When holding the position of Chief Engineer and Superintendent of a certain road I received notice that a bridge at a certain point had burned and was a complete wreck. Its spans were 150 feet long each—300 feet in all—and crossed the stream 165 feet above the water.

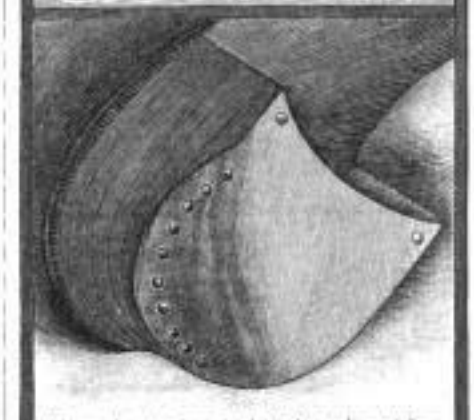
I was about eight hundred miles away from the bridge when the news of its destruction reached me on Friday noon. There was no force within one hundred miles except a small gang of bridge repair men, and no materials within two hundred and fifty miles. The task which confronted me was to cover the eight hundred miles that separated me from the bridge as soon as possible and while en route to arrange by wire for the accumulation of men and material at the bridge site. To know just what was needed in the way of men and material, the nearest point at which they could be secured and the quickest way by which they could be hurried forward was the problem of the moment—the same kind of a problem which hundreds of railroad engineers have faced and solved under the strongest pressure and difficulties. Saturday noon I was on the ground in person. By midnight Sunday night traffic was resumed.

This instance is cited only to give the layman an idea of the emergency problems which are suddenly thrust upon the unhappy Chief Engineer, and the swiftness with which they must be disposed of for the sake of opening the traffic blockade. The next emergency call may be caused by an overflow, a washout, a landslide, a tornado or a forest fire. While the division officers are generally the first to respond to a demand of this kind, the wide-awake chief will not stand long upon his dignity if the catastrophe is really a serious one, and, unless better able to command the situation from his office, he will appear at the scene of the disaster to give his subordinates the benefit of his judgment and counsel.

Reference has been made to the fact that there is a natural point of meeting between the engineering and operative branches of a road. This point is generally represented by the position of Division Superintendent. If the young engineer who steps into this place, and gets a taste of operative administration, sees a better prospect in that than in his previous field he is able to take advantage of the opportunity, with the knowledge that he is far better equipped for his new line of activity than he could have been without his special technical training, and may rise to the highest office.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of papers begun in The Saturday Evening Post of January 6. The series will be continued in subsequent issues.

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The Outlook *for* American Golf

By Findlay S. Douglas

THE oftener I write upon the subject of golf the more I am impressed with this truth: that it is not easy to teach the game to "duffers," or to those who do not play at all, by anything which can be put into print, however simple and lucid. Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson and Mr. H. J. Whigham, in their well-known treatises on the royal and ancient game, have both essayed to do this; with what success only those who owe their proficiency to the hints given in these volumes can say. This avowal, then, relieves me from having to tell a beginner when he will want his driver, or mashie, or other club, and of course also obviates the necessity of my informing him how to use either of these particular clubs.

The Worth of the Text-Book Game

As a matter of fact, golf cannot be learned from books. At the most, all that written instructions can teach a player is what he is *not* to do. What he *should* do he will discover when he makes the round of the course, and, if he has with him a professional of some intelligence, he will find out more about the game whilst playing eighteen holes than in cogitating over and studying the best treatise ever written. Though this contention should be apparent, yet there are numbers of people who are oblivious to it, feeling convinced, in this age of text-books, that everything may be learnt from them.

One instance will explain what I mean. A select few meet and decide to form a golf club; this having been done, they proceed to select the ground on which to have their course; and then arises the question of the manner in which the holes are to be laid out. Not one of the number has the faintest notion, but a happy idea occurs to one of the neophytes. "Let us write to A" (the editor of a golf paper) "or B" (the manager of a sporting goods house). "He'll tell us." It need hardly be said that both A and B declare their inability to lay out nine holes on land they have never seen, and then it is discovered for the first time that there is a limit to the instruction that writing can convey.

It will be gathered from the foregoing that I shall treat of golf and golfers in a very general way and that, above all, I shall not dogmatize. A golfer, whoever he may be, "falls down" too often to make such a mistake, for, Vardon perhaps excepted, he is not the machine that golf journalists apparently expect him to be, and cannot be found always playing at the top of his game.

The Wonderful Growth of Golf

The game has extended sufficiently in this country now for anybody to know that I am only stating what is a matter of general knowledge. And talking about this extension, is there in the history of sport any fact more wonderful? As a Scot, the only thing which appears to me more marvelous is that such a grand game as golf should have been played in Scotland four hundred years before people outside of the "Land o' Burns" began to comprehend its merits. But when they did, lost time was made up for with a vengeance, both in England and America, for, strange to say, even in the former country golf was by no means popular until eight or ten years ago. It was introduced into America shortly after, and now, according to one of the first authorities in the country, there are not less than 1500 properly organized clubs, the members of which devote their attention entirely to the game.

The increase is still going on, so I am told by one whose business it is to collect returns from the various clubs. He gave me figures showing that in such States as New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, to name no others, an increase of fully thirty per cent. has taken place, and there are many States, last year without any clubs at all, that will be well to the fore in the coming season.

A Game Suited to All Ages

I do not think I can be accused of being unduly prejudiced in favor of golf, seeing the vast numbers who are playing it, when I say it is the greatest game ever invented. It is the nearest approach to a universal game, or game for all, of any game I know. We soon get too old for baseball or cricket; rowing is only for the non-business man, and football the same; and tennis requires the activity and endurance that only youth can give. How different it is with golf. The career of Mr. John Ball, Jr., the present British amateur champion, will well illustrate what I mean.

About twenty years ago, when a mere boy, he was sixth in the open championship contest, and in 1890 earned the proud distinction of being the first amateur to wrest the title from the professionals. In 1888 he won his first amateur championship and has since held it four times, including last year. Again, Mr. A. W. Smith, the Toronto player, is no longer a young man, and yet he represented Canada, playing first man on the team, in the last international match at Morris County. Whoever heard of a man over forty—Mr. W. G. Grace, the famous English cricketer, excepted—who could in any game vanquish all comers when he had entered the fifth decade of life?

It is clear that excellence in the game is open to young and old alike. This is one strong factor in driving me to the conclusion that golf is not a mere fad, taken up for social reasons, to be relegated shortly to the comparative obscurity which has come upon lawn tennis, but that it is here to stay. It is, besides, a game that appeals very strongly to all true sportsmen on account of the purely amateur spirit which, to a large extent, prevails amongst golfers.

Even amongst professional golfers the stakes played for in matches are quite insignificant compared to the large amounts to be won in most other classes of professional sport. Harry Vardon, the English open champion, met Willie Park, the great Scotch player, last summer, on the well-known links at North Berwick and Ganton, in what was without doubt the most famous match of recent years; and though the spectators were present in thousands, the stakes contended for by these remarkable exponents of the game only amounted to one thousand dollars. There are "pot-hunters" in golf as in other games, but after all, the "pots" are really too small in value to foster, to any great extent, the growth of a mercenary spirit. Fame and the love of winning are the two things, each perfectly legitimate, which animate the players. Sordid interests have little weight, and so long as this is so the game will flourish.

$20,000,000 Worth of Golf Every Year

A glance at the financial aspect of the game is calculated to strengthen one's belief in its permanency. A very competent authority says that there are in the neighborhood of 250,000 golf players in the United States and that they spend over $20,000,000 annually in pursuit of their sport. The value of land and clubhouses is simply enormous and employment is provided for nearly 35,000 men and boys. To give some idea of the takings, the Chicago Golf Club last year earned $38,577, and the caddies carried off $3319—a nice round sum to go into the pockets of these "*enfants terribles!*"

The demoralizing effect of golf on a caddie only exists in the imagination of certain reverend gentlemen, as does the lurid language ascribed to golfers. The majority of players are too much accustomed to "rubs on the green" to give vent to their feelings in an offensive manner, though they may indulge in what has been aptly termed "silent profanity"—but then, that hurts no one. The profession of caddie is a good and beneficial career for a boy, and in after years when a man achieves eminence in any calling it is likely we shall read, "he began life as a caddie," instead of as now, "his beginning was to shout 'extras' and black boots in the streets."

It is perhaps rather daring to differ with such a man as Sir Charles Dilke, but I am bound to dissent from the views expressed by him in a recent magazine article. Sir Charles says: "Its (golf's) enormous advantage appears to me to be that it is a sport in which it is possible to handicap fairly all except the very worst class of players." Clearly the English statesman has never heard of a "kicker's" handicap when he wrote this criticism or he would have modified his opinions. Sir Charles is too optimistic! There is no sport under heaven in which it is possible to please everybody.

However, I am ready to admit that there is some force in Sir Charles Dilke's remarks, for it is possible for a player, however bad, to take part in a handicap with the best talent and thoroughly enjoy the game. In most other sports a bad player is completely out of it.



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Another encouraging fact in connection with golf is that it is not necessary to begin the game as a boy in order to arrive at excellence. Some would be inclined to dispute this statement, alleging that, like a poet, a golfer is born, not made. It is not necessary to indulge in lengthened argument to prove my case. Numberless instances occur to me of players in the first rank who learned to handle their clubs comparatively late in life. I have only to mention Mr. Herbert M. Harriman, the present amateur champion, and Mr. Walter J. Travis, two of the finest players in America, to satisfy all aspirants to fame that proficiency is within the reach of every one. No doubt it is difficult when we are out of our teens to take up a new game and master it, but it is a long way from being impossible so far as golf is concerned. The relative merits of the players in Great Britain and America is always a fruitful subject for discussion, and, though I am acquainted with the play of most of the prominent golfers in the two countries, I am not sure that it is possible for me to contribute much that will tend to settle this vexed question. So much has to be taken into consideration.

How can we compare the 310 with which Vardon won the British open championship at Sandwich last year with the 315 strokes that gave victory to Willie Smith at Baltimore in the American open championship? It is absolutely necessary first to know the two courses thoroughly to be able to make allowances for the various difficulties and distances to be encountered. One requires to know very little of golf to realize that 80 for 18 holes on one course may be no worse than 75 on another.

Atmospheric conditions have no small part in increasing or lessening the score. To show that mere figures prove nothing, it is only necessary to point to the fact that H. H. Hilton, the English amateur, won the open championship at Muirfield in 1892 with 305, whilst Harry Vardon, on the same course in 1896, required 316; yet who will say Mr. Hilton is the better player? Laurence Auchterlonie, lately professional to the Glen View Golf and Polo Club, of Chicago, has still further complicated matters by asserting that he could drive a ball much farther there than when at home in Scotland, attributing this to the dryness of the air. It is not for me to discuss this theory; let scientists settle it; and as to Vardon and Smith and other leading professionals, no doubt they will meet on good Eastern courses this spring—for matches in Florida tell us nothing—and we shall get results through actual play, which is an infinitely better thing than theorizing.

An International Golf Standard

Speaking generally about amateurs, I would say that the contests for the open championship in the two countries go to prove that we are not so good as our British brethren. Over there an amateur has been successful in winning the open championship several times, whilst here no amateur has come near doing so. At the same time it is but fair to add that in this country, in the open championship, the entry list of amateurs in point of numbers has been far from representative. In last year's competition there were not more than three first-class amateurs.

But how the standard of golf in America is improving! We have only to look at the great events of last season to realize this. And why should it not be so? Year by year the courses are improved and numbers of young Americans are learning the game under the competent tuition of first-class Scotch and English professionals, thorough masters of their business. To show what the younger element can do, let us look at the Inter-Collegiate Championship meeting, which took place at the Garden City Club last October. There we find that J. G. Averill, of Harvard, did the 18 holes in 79, and several others in 80, which is par play.

The Folly of Extravagant Club Houses

I said the courses here are better than they used to be, and I cannot speak too strongly of the impolicy of starving the links for the purpose of beautifying and enlarging the club house. Good golf can be played without any club house, but not without a fine course. Some of the courses in Great Britain, famous the world over amongst golfers, have very modest club houses, and golf will be indulged in as a social pastime, not as a game, if golfers attach more importance to the club house than to the ground, without which the sport could not be enjoyed at all.

The coming season promises to be the most active yet in this great and growing game, and, unless all signs are wrong, everything indicates that this year will be the most successful in the annals of the sport in America, bidding fair to justify the assertion of an enthusiast: that society can be divided into two classes—those who golf and those who don't!

Spring Fever

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

GRASS commence a-comin'
Thoo de thawin' groun',
Ever' bird dat whistles
Keepin' noise eround;
Cain't sleep in de mo'nin',
'Case befo' its light
Bluebird an' de robin
Done begun to fight.

Bluebird sass de robin,
Robin sass him back,
Den de bluebird scol' him
'Twell his face is black.
Wouldn' min' dey quoilin'
All de mo'nin' long,
'Cept it wakes me early,
'Case hits done in song.

Anybody wo'kin'
Wants to sleep ez late
Ez de folks 'll 'low him,
An' I wish to state
(Co'se dis ain't to scattah,
But 'twix' me an' you),
I could stan' de bedclothes,
Kin' o' latah, too.

'Tain't my natchul feelin',
Dis hyeah mopin' spell.
I stan's early risin'
Mos'ly moughty well;
But de ve'y minute,
I feel Ap'il's heat,
Bless yo' soul, de bedclothes
Nevah seemed so sweet.

Mastah, he's a scol'in',
'Case de han's is slow,
All de hosses balkin',
Jes' cain't mek 'em go.
Don' know what's de mattah,
Hit's a funny thing,
Lessin hit's de fevah
Dat you gits in spring.

A Borrowed Nimbus

RALPH CAINE, younger brother of Hall Caine, is the editor and owner of several exceedingly prosperous magazines in London. His colaborer is Robert Leighton, the author of boys' books, and the pair make one of the most extraordinary sights in literary London. Both men are slender and have long, red hair. Mr. Caine's hair is so long that when he runs his fingers through it, as he frequently does, he has to extend his arm almost to its full length. They sit opposite each other at the same desk in their editorial office, and there they were met, not long ago, by an American syndicate manager. The visitor had called to see Mr. Caine about some manuscript said to be in the hands of his brother.

"If he has any unpublished stories I want them," said the manager. "I will pay his own price. I don't care what it is."

"There you are," replied Mr. Caine musingly, "there you are. When a man's famous the publishers give him what he asks no matter how poor the stuff."

"I'll give you fifty guineas for a story," said the manager with typical American shrewdness.

Mr. Caine fell back in his chair, as also did Mr. Leighton, and, for a moment, there was silence. Then Mr. Caine came to and shook his pictorial head.

"I don't want to spoil your compliment," he said, "but I am afraid," he added with humorous doubt, "that there must be a commercial rather than a literary side to your offer. If I were not Hall Caine's brother I doubt if you would want my story. I'm sorry, but I shall have to decline the first big offer of my life."

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

The Heroes' Sewing Circle*

For a sudden and spontaneous exchange of heart secrets the men in Anthony Hope's latest story put to blush the easy confidence of the traditional sewing circle. If Captain Dieppe is a true stroke of character-drawing, all reproach to feminine nature on the score of inability to retain secrets must be put by, for the cheerful eagerness with which the men in this merry and whimsical tale unbosom themselves to each other on short acquaintance is enough to convict the typical feminine gossip of sphinxlike reticence and incredulity. But this tendency only adds to the speed with which the ingenious plot of this dramatic sketch gallops forward to its surprising dénouement. Life must have been an amazingly busy game to these men if the remainder of their lives were as full of events as the period of the few short days covered by the story. The rapidity with which things happen in this narrative keeps the reader's eye fixed upon the page until the volume is finished.

Underneath this swiftly moving stream of dramatic episodes is a current of drollery, as if the master of the show were winking at his audience and saying: "Did ever you see the puppets put through their tricks at a livelier pace than this?"

But this does not detract from the interest of the tale, which has intrigues, secret love-makings, fights, floods and rescues enough to mark it for the work of its author. He is a rarely discriminating reader who is able to see the end of this story from its beginning. Not until the last chapter is reached is the outcome apparent to the average reader. The doughty Captain Dieppe, the political fugitive and bearer of state secrets, falls in love with the wife of the Count into whose hospitality he has stumbled in his flight. The Count and Countess are living in a state of armed neutrality and complete separation in the same establishment. How the Captain vanquishes the government spy who is on his trail, frees the Countess from the clutches of a mysterious pursuer, reunites her with her husband and still contrives to marry his "own true love" is too good a development to be spoiled for the reader by any less adequate an explanation than that given by the author.

Discerning writers may take a helpful hint from the way in which the author manages to give the spice of dialogue where the Countess is enjoying the seclusion of solitary exile. There is a frank artificiality not altogether agreeable in making a character think aloud in order to inform the reader of the movement of events. On the other hand, what is more natural to a charming woman, thus environed, than to hold spirited conversations with her mirror? And this is precisely what the Countess does. Although this story will not add materially to the author's reputation, it is pleasant reading, good for an hour's lively entertainment.

Exotics of the East†

Iroka is a bouquet of exquisite fancies exhaling a sad, funereal fragrance—rare orchids of imagination, heavy-scented with tragedy and gloom!

This unfortunate effect is all the more conspicuous by reason of the fact that throughout these pages are plentiful evidences that the author knows how to use the gladdest colors with consummate skill. In proof, take this first paragraph of the opening tale:

"Really it was a bit of gauze torn off from the skirt of that vain coquette called Spring, in her all-too-hasty and careless way of passing over this earth, and which was caught by the bare branches of trees which had stood lonely, looking very black and ugly upon the snow, all winter long. There were some, not many, who said that it was a cloud made up of *tenjo's* faces blushing over their first experience in love. An error. But, of course, we can see how they made a mistake like this, seeing that they were poets. And as for those people who insisted that it was nothing but cherry blossoms on the banks of Sumida, they knew no more about what they were talking than a mathematician knows of love.

"But, not to be too dogmatic in this age of assertions, we will be generous enough to make a compromise and say that under the cherry cloud of Sumida there stood a tea-house."

The clever conceits of fancy which grace the pages of these tales may be suggested by this dainty picture:

"She was not a daisy with the conceit of a magnolia, but a daisy who, for some reason or other of which she herself was not aware, laughed at a magnolia."

Or perhaps this is still better:

"A cup of tea of that classic warmth of color and of the traditional flavor, with a cherry petal boating upon it, is always good. Far better, however, it is when it's served as the mirror of a charming smile on a pretty face which bends over it."

Not even in the rich Oriental imagery of Lafcadio Hearn is there to be found anything which presents more vividly the subtle qualities of the Japanese landscape. Here is a touch which Mr. Hearn might well covet:

"One who is thinking seriously of departing to eternity ought, by way of preparation, to spend a few spring seasons at Kioto. No, time does not seem to exist there, and indeed, one who wants to be intoxicated by the *saké* of vernal sunbeams has no time to spend in thinking of any such thing as time."

In depicting a temple, overhanging a chasm, from which the hero leaps to his death, the author gives this dainty water-color:

"And if you were there with me on that evening, watching the twilight come home flying on her purple wings to perch upon the cherry trees, and could hear the far-away melody of the unseen belfries as it tumbled into the valley over the heads of pines, as if it were the lullaby to put the twilight to sleep, then you would not hesitate to agree with me. Upon my word, it deserves an ode, a hymn. But in that divinely enticing languor, such a task as composition is hardly thought of—at least by such an idle hand as mine, and I sighed my compliments and appreciation of that lyric of a view."

Many of the tales have to do with the ambitions and despairs of Japanese artists, of the type whose sensitive nature was galled by "traffic in the first fruits of the garden of art dreams." Other sketches play upon caste distinctions, and bristle with suits of armor wherein some bloodthirsty ancestor "persuaded history to print his name."

Despite the quaint beauty of its imagery, the brilliancy of its coloring, the subtlety of its analysis, the strength of its grasp on character and life and the tenderness of its sympathy, few readers will put aside this volume without a sigh of regret that the author should feel compelled to close nearly every incident with the flourish of a shroud.

—*Forrest Crissey.*

Glimpses of New Books

In these days when the eyes of the world are cast skyward at the impending mass of war clouds, international law must be a subject of peculiar interest. Mr. George P. Davis has just completely revised and enlarged his earlier edition of the Elements of International Law. *Harper & Brothers.*

Spellbound by the compelling personality of the elder Dumas, fiction seems, hitherto, never to have thought of siding with the great Cardinal, but always with the King's Musketeers. Miss M. Imlay Taylor at last comes out frankly for The Cardinal's Musketeers. Her hero Perron is one of Richelieu's beneficiaries. Throughout the stormy days of a most unsettled period he truly serves his master, and in the end wins title, estates and lady-love at his hands. *A. C. McClurg Company.*

The entrance of the American Republic into the snarl of international cross-purposes has been the signal for much criticism both at home and abroad, adverse and favorable, of our fitness for diplomacy. A New Race Diplomat, by Jennie Bullard Waterbury, sets forth the proud American idea of a people to whom "obstacles serve but to point the way to progress." Interwoven with the intricacies of the diplomatic situation are the loves and misunderstandings, ended in better mutual appreciation, of Stephen Markoe and his wife. The book has both feeling and thought, and is significant, in more ways than one, of the American spirit. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

*Captain Dieppe. By Anthony Hope. *Doubleday & McClure Company.*

†Iroka: Tales of Japan. By Adachi Kinnosuké. *Doubleday & McClure Company.*

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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

Mr. E. W. Hornung, the writer of Australian stories and the author of A Gentleman Cracksman, began his literary work while he was a boy. He was brought up in a Midland village in England, where he and his brother, a lad of nearly his own age, went to school. It was while he was in school that his first story was published. A local newspaper printed it. A few days after it appeared the young author was walking down the village square when he heard his name called. The town loafer, a hopeless drunkard, had hailed him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but that was a mighty fine story that was in the paper this week. Did you or your brother write it?"

"I wrote it," replied the author modestly.

"Oh! but it was the very best story I ever read in all me life, and I'm fair farce for a drink, sir."

He got the drink.

An American friend spent a day with Mr. Hornung in London last March. As they were walking down the Strand in the evening the American saw one of those new-fashioned electric lamps—portable things shaped like a policeman's club, made of glass with an electric bull's eye in the end that glows and disappears at the pressure of a finger.

"Come in and look at one of these new dark lanterns," he said. "You might send one to your brother-in-law, Doctor Doyle, to use down in South Africa. He could find a plot with it the darkest kind of a night."

"I'll do it," said Mr. Hornung, "and I'll do more. If I write any more cracksman stories I've got to bring Raffles up to date. He must discard his dark lanterns and use one of these. It's just the thing."

Mr. Wells' New Wonder House

H. G. Wells, the writer of wonder-tales, is building a house for himself in Sandgate. He had an architect in the first place, but now the author himself is looking after that part of the business. Mr. Wells planned to erect a new Cartnay house along the advanced lines pursued in his stories. The architect drew on his imagination for the plans as far as he could, then Mr. Wells took a hand. He altered this and changed that detail. He added to and subtracted from. The roof was a dream, the front a vision and the interior a maze. At last when he ordered bay windows put in the cellar, the architect withdrew in despair. The structure is still going up, however, architect or no architect, and when it is completed it will be comfortable and habitable. And that is all that even a wonder-story writer needs in a house.

Anthony Hope's Dramatic Luncheon

A story about Anthony Hope, George Alexander, the theatrical manager, and Mrs. Alexander is current in London and will bear repeating over here. Not long ago Mr. Alexander, desiring to bring out in his London theatre a dramatization of Anthony Hope's Rupert of Hentzau, arranged with the author, whose whole name is Anthony Hope Hawkins, to dramatize the book. It was agreed that the novelist should have a capable assistant and the work was soon under way.

About this time Mr. Alexander invited the author and his assistant to his house to luncheon. Naturally the forthcoming play was the chief topic of conversation. Mrs. Alexander, to whom the novelist was presented as Mr. Hawkins, took a lively interest in the project and did most of the talking.

The hostess, however, did not connect Mr. Hawkins with Anthony Hope and mistook her guests for two hired playwrights. She devoted most of her attention to the assistant, and sought his opinion on various topics in a solicitous manner that made him blush to his eyebrows and nearly choked Mr. Hope and the manager with laughter.

"Mr. Alexander and I," she said pleasantly, "have great hopes of this new play. I do trust that it will be better than the book. I think the novel was a distinct disappointment to most of Mr. Hope's admirers; don't you think so, Mr. Hawkins?"

There was an instant's awkward pause that made the assistant's heartbeats audible, then the novelist smiled and replied:

"Indeed I do, Mrs. Alexander. I hope for a successful play even from so poor material as we have to work with. We shall do the best we can with it."

"I'm sure of that," returned the hostess graciously, and then Mr. Alexander switched the conversation on to the Boer War.

An Easy Style to Catch

A good story is told of how a few years ago a reckless, careless, but brilliant Scotch journalist got a position on the London Daily Telegraph. For some escapade in Edinburgh he had lost his place on a paper there. He announced to his friends that he was going to London to seek his fortune. They celebrated his departure for several nights running, so when the young man turned up in London one morning he felt rather limp and discouraged. He had scarcely a penny in his pocket, so, although he felt himself not at his best mentally, he went off at once to Fleet Street and asked the editor of the Telegraph for work. "What can you do?" asked the editor. And the applicant, feeling he must make a tremendous bid, replied, "Anything."

"Anything?"

"Yes. Anything."

"Very well, I think probably you're the man we want. I will leave you quite alone for a half hour; then I will come back and you must have an article ready."

"On what?" asked the Scotchman.

"On 'anything,'" answered the editor.

For five minutes the young man sat despairing. He didn't seem to have even the ghost of an idea in his head. Finally an impudent inspiration came. Around the room were files of the Telegraph. He pulled one out, about eight years old, and hurriedly turning the leaves came to an article by George Augustus Sala on London Streets. Seizing copy paper and a pen he raced the clock and jammed the file back into its place only a minute before the grave editor returned. This gentleman looked over the article which the Edinburgh man had "just dashed off" and said: "I think I can find a place for you, sir. You seem to catch our style."

Mr. Justin McCarthy's Four Guardians

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., is at the present time entirely devoted to historical work. He is finishing his History of the Four Georges, rounding off the work with several chapters devoted to William the Fourth. This joins the History of the Georges to the History of Our Own Times, and the completed work presents a record of England since the accession of the house of Hanover. Mr. McCarthy's next book will be a history of the reign of Queen Anne.

Mr. Justin McCarthy lives with his daughter at Westgate-on-Sea, a quiet, charming, little seaside town, in a house remarkable for the number and nomenclature of its black cats. Mr. McCarthy is extremely fond of his four cats and is always delighted to introduce visitors to Bulwheedle, Zernabork, Innisboffin and Roxana. And the big black cats with the strange green eyes smile on the visitor with sinister humor.



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MISSOURI'S FAMOUS SENATOR GEORGE G. VEST

IN MISSOURI there is uncommon interest in the announcement made recently by Senator George Graham Vest that he will retire from public life at the end of his present Senatorial term. The Senator is almost the last of the famous group that was for years the chief part of American official life. There were Conkling, Blaine, Bayard, Thurman, Voorhees, Beck, Cockrell, Vance, Hamlin, Morrill, Ingalls and David Davis—all giants representing a variety of ideas, many sections, and millions of people. Senator Vest has long been rated as one of the famous Senatorial debaters of all American history. His sharp and ready tongue, brilliant in repartee, terrible in invective, and classic in certain phases of its humor, has been a delight to his friends and a plague to his enemies.

A story told about Senator Vest and a boy is somewhat illustrative of the Senator's methods in getting close to people. The time was not more than ten years ago, when his Senatorial seat was not in danger. The boy was an eighteen-year-old reporter on the Kansas City Times. The youngster had neither vote nor influence. One day when Senator Vest was in the office somebody introduced the two. The youngster, unused to greatness, was so much awed by Mr. Vest that he could not find words. The Senator took the young man by the arm.

"Come," he said, starting for the elevator, "are you going out?"

The young man was not, so far as he knew, but the Senator's persuasion and gentleness changed his mind. "Let me see," the big, little man went on, "don't I know your father? I think I met him last year when I was making a speech up the country."

As the elevator went down the youth regained some of his composure. He managed to answer the Senator's question. At the bottom the two stopped. There the Senator, tilting his hat over his eyes and putting his hands in his pockets, leaned his roly-poly form against the wall and began to ask questions:

"Have you been in this town long? Do you like the newspaper business? Where did you go to school? Do you know about your country's history? Do you expect to become a great man?"



SENATOR GEORGE G. VEST

In the course of ten minutes the young man felt that he amounted to something.

Senator Vest has never been closely allied to a church. In Missouri the Senator's great following has not regarded him in a religious relation; yet, with all of his apparent indifference, the Senator has long been a student of the Bible and a most tolerant observer of religious faith and form in others. Two years ago, Colonel John Carroll, solicitor for the Burlington Railroad system, while in Washington on business, called on the Senator at his home. Mr. Vest sent word to have Colonel Carroll come up to his room. When the caller entered he found the Senator lying in an easy chair with a Bible on his knees. He had been reading the Twenty-third Psalm.

"That's a beautiful thing, John," he said; "and let me tell you—that's a mighty fine book."

"I'd like to get a picture of you just now," said Colonel Carroll, "to show to the folks in Missouri."

The Senator smiled. "It might surprise 'em," he said; "but I have never cared to talk much about my religious ideas."

Not long ago Senator Vest was seriously ill. At times he was petulant, even with his friends, but seldom was he in a state of mind that a good story was not forthcoming. One afternoon, in talking with Major Dickinson, of the recent Volunteer Army, he fell to discussing the vanities of life.

"I once met a good old lady out West," said he, "who evinced great surprise of a not very complimentary sort when she met me.

"'And so you're Senator Vest, the great Senator?' she asked.

"'I'm Senator Vest,' I replied, bowing.

"'Well, well!' she exclaimed contemptuously. 'After all I've heard about you, I never'd a thought it!'

"At another time I met a farmer from New Madrid County.

"'I'm glad to see you, Senator,' he said. 'You see, we like you out our way. In fact, you're gettin' mighty notorious in New Madrid County.'"

Mr. Vest was educated at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, an institution that has graduated forty-four college professors, twenty-six Congressmen, four United States Senators, seven Governors, two Vice-Presidents of the United States, one Justice of the Supreme Court, forty-nine editors and thirty-nine Circuit Judges.

In the early fifties Mr. Vest married Miss Sallie Sneed, of Kentucky. The two set out for California, with never a thought of becoming residents of the Mississippi Valley. The lumbering vehicle was not in good trim. A break-down occurred at a small village—one of the quaint, ugly, irregular ante-bellum settlements of the new Southwest. The place was Georgetown, and there it was that young Mr. and Mrs. Vest found themselves at the mercy of a broken wheel.

While the stage passengers were thus awkwardly waiting, an old negro approached the young lawyer and asked his assistance. The black man explained that he had a son who was accused of murder. Feeling against the boy was very strong and the father pleaded with the traveling attorney to stop and lend his assistance. Mr. Vest concluded to allow the stage to proceed while he undertook the task of helping the negro and his boy. When the trial was over the boy was acquitted. A mob was speedily formed, the young man was taken from the jail, and in a little while he was dead.

Because of his connection with this case Vest was not particularly popular; and for this reason, as much as for any other, he concluded to become a Missourian and stand his ground. He at once began to secure a following, and in a remarkably short time he was rated as one of the important lawyers of the section in which he lived.

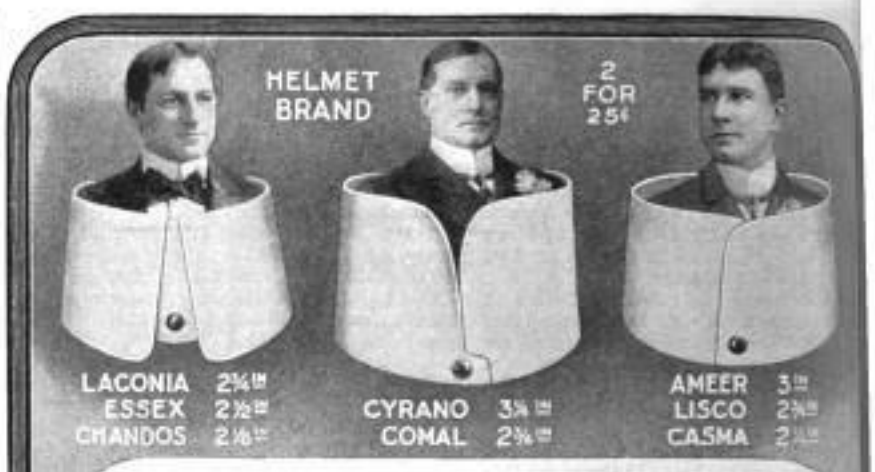
In sunshine and storm his sense of humor has always been one of his excelling qualities. As a candidate before the people his speeches brimmed with quaint story and allusion. In Wayne County, Missouri, in the early seventies, when Vest was a candidate in opposition to a wealthy citizen, he summed up his claims in a few words in one of his brilliant speeches.

"The gentleman who opposes me," he said, "is a man of wealth and position. I am only a poor, ragged, ex-Confederate soldier. I ask for your support."

One afternoon, driving along a Was ington street, he compared his state of health to that of a certain ancient negro.

"See here, Sam," asked the negro's friend, "what's the matter with you?"

"Don't know, boss," said the old darky, "but I think dat I am a-sufferin' wif *anno domino*."



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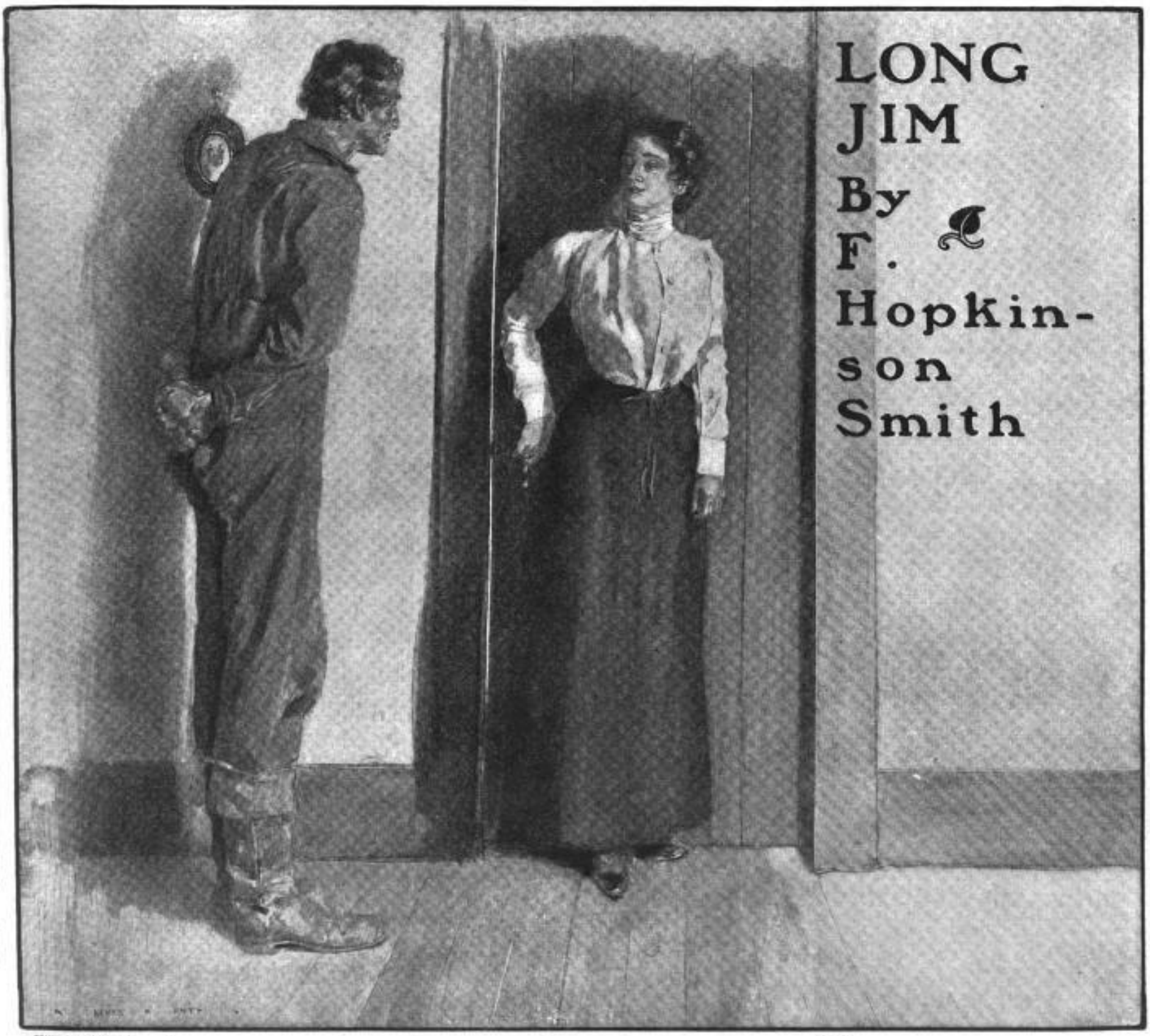
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LONG JIM

By F. Hopkinson Smith

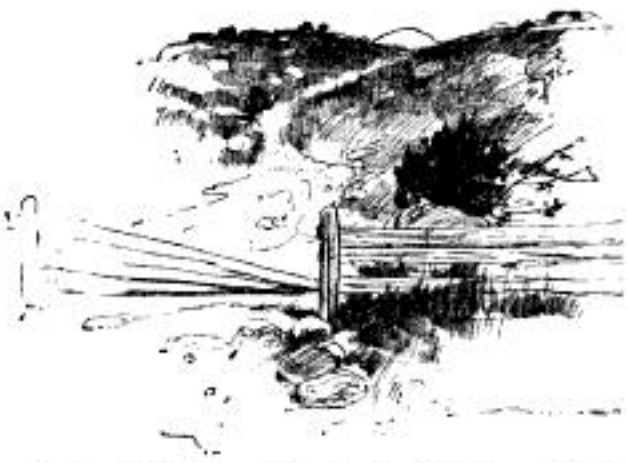
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LONG JIM

By F. Hopkinson Smith



JIM met me at the station. I knew it was Jim when I caught sight of him loping along the platform, craning his neck, his head on one side as if in search of some one. He had the same stoop in his shoulders; the same long, disjointed, shambling body—six feet and more of it—that had earned him his sobriquet.

"Guess you be him," he said, recognizing me as easily, his face breaking suddenly into a broad smile as I stepped on to the platform. "Old man 'lowed I'd know ye right away, but I kind o' mistrusted till I see ye stop and look 'round same's if ye'd lost the trail. I'll take them traps and that bag if ye don't mind," and he relieved me of my sketch kit and bag. "Buckboard's right out here behind the freight shed," and he pointed across the track. "Old mare's kinder skeery o' the engine, so I tied her a piece off."

He was precisely the man I had expected to find—even to his shaggy gray hair matted close about his ears, wrinkled, leathery face and long, scrawny neck. He wore the same rough, cowhide boots and the very hat I had seen so often reproduced—such a picturesque slouch of a hat with that certain cant to the rim which betokens long usage and not a little comfort, especially on balsam boughs with the sky for a covering, and only the stars to light one to bed.

I had heard all these several details and appointments described ever so minutely by an enthusiastic brother brush who had spent the preceding summer with old man Marvin—Jim's employer—but he had forgotten to mention, or had failed to notice, the peculiar softness of his voice and his timid, shrinking eyes—the eyes of a dog rather than those of a man—not cowardly eyes, nor sneaking eyes—more those of one who had suffered constantly from sudden, unexpected blows, and who shrank from your gaze and dodged it as does a hound that misunderstands a gesture.

"Old man's been 'spectin' ye for a week," Jim rambled on as he led the way to the shed, hitching up his one leather suspender that kept the brown overalls snug up under his armpits. "P'raps ye expected him to meet ye," he continued, "but ye don't know him. He ain't that kind. He won't go even for Ruby."

"Who's Ruby?" The brother brush had not mentioned him. "Mr. Marvin's son?"

"No, she's Mother Marvin's girl. She's away to Plymouth to school. Stand here a minute till I back up the buckboard."

The buckboard is the only vehicle possible over these mountain roads. It is the *volante* of the Franconia range, and rides over everything from a boulder to a wind-slash. This particular example differed only in being a trifle more rickety and mud-bespattered than any I had seen; and the mare had evidently been foaled to draw it—a fur-coated, moth-eaten, wisp-tailed beast, tied to the shafts with clothes-lines and scraps of deerhide—a quadruped that only an earthquake could have shaken into nervousness. And yet Jim backed her into position as carefully as if she had felt her harness for the first time, handing me the reins until he strapped my belongings to the hind axle, calling "Whoa, Bess!" every time she rested a tired muscle. Then he lifted one long leg over the dashboard and took the seat beside me.

As we rattled along over the ruts and boulders of the rough wood road that lay between the railway and the wilderness, and the familiar smell of birch and pine greeted my nostrils, that old tingling thrill that shivers up and down my spine whenever I am beginning to be supremely happy took possession of me.

It was my first draught of a long holiday; my breathing spell; my time for loose neckties and flannel shirts and a kit slung over my shoulder crammed with brushes and color tubes; my time for loafing and inviting my soul. It felt inexpressibly delightful to be once more out in the open—out under the wide sweep of the sky; rid of the choke of narrow streets; exempt of bells, mails and telegrams, and free of him who knocks, enters and sits—and sits—and sits. And it was the season I loved best—the Indian summer of the year; when the air is spicy with the smoke of burning leaves and the mountains are lost in the haze; when the unshaven cornfields are dotted with yellow pumpkins and under low-branched trees the apples lie in heaps; when the leaves are aflame and the round sun shines pink through opalescent clouds.

"Ain't it a hummer o' a day?" Jim exclaimed suddenly, looking toward the valley swimming in a silver mist below us. "By Jiminy! it makes a man feel like livin', don't it?"

I turned to look at him. He, too, seemed to have caught the infection. His shoulders had straightened, his nostrils were dilated like a deer's that sniffs some distant scent; his face was aglow. I began to wonder if, with my usual luck, I had not found the companion I always looked for in my outings—that rare other fellow of the right kind, who responds to your slightest wish with all the enthusiasm and gusto of a boy, and so vagabondish in his tendencies that he is delighted to have you think for him and to follow your lead. I have had the good fortune to find these lovable tramps in many quarters of the globe—one I stumbled over asleep on the Riva—a ragged, lazy, devil-may-care sort of a *lazzagnone*, whose very laugh from between his snow-white teeth is among my dearest memories of Venice. Another sat beside me in the shade of one wall of the Alhambra, while his donkeys dozed in the sun. I still remember the curl of his mustachios, the red sash about his waist and the brown of his throat and chest, and can see him bowing in the sunlight with all the grace of a hidalgo.

These companions of mine have seldom worn knickerbockers from Bond Street or shooting togs from Piccadilly. They have oftener been barefooted, and one or two of them, if I remember aright, have lacked their coats. None of these poverties, however, made them any the less lovable and helpful. If this awkward son of the soil, with his gentle voice and soft, shrinking eyes, should turn out to be one of the right kind, and wanted to fraternize, I would be ready for him.

I had not long to wait. Before we had gone a mile into the forest Jim jerked the mare back upon her haunches and, pointing to a great hemlock standing sentinel over us, cried out with boyish enthusiasm:

"Take a look at him once. Ain't he a ring-tailed roarer? Seems to me a tree big as him must be awful proud just o' bein' a tree. Ain't nothin' 'round here kin see's far as he kin, anyways." "My luck again," I thought to myself. I knew I could not be mistaken in the outward signs.

"You like trees, then?" I asked, watching the glow on his face.

"Like 'em! Well, wouldn't you if ye'd lived 'mong 'em long's I have? Trees don't never go back on ye, and that's what ye can't say o' everything." The analogy was obscure, but I attributed it to Jim's slender stock of phrases. "I've knowed that hemlock ever since I come here, and he's just the same to me as the fust day I see him. Ain't never no change in trees; once they're good to ye they're allus good to ye. Birds is different—so is cattle—but trees and dogs ye kin tie to. Don't the woods smell nice? Do ye catch on to them spruces dead ahead of us? Maybe ye can't smell 'em till ye git yer nose cleared out o' them city nosegays," he continued, with a kindly interest in his voice. "But ye will when ye've been here a spell. Folks that live in cities think there ain't nothin' smells sweet but flowers and cologne.

"They ain't never slep' on balsam boughs nor got a whiff o' a birchbark fire, nor tramped a bed o' ferns at night. There's a cool, fresh smell for ye! I tell ye there's a heap o' perfumes 'round ye can't buy at a flower store and cork up in a bottle. Well, I guess—Git up, Bess!" and he flopped the reins once more along the ridges and hollows of the mare's back while he encouraged her to renewed efforts with that peculiar clucking sound heeded only by certain beasts of burden.

At the end of the tenth mile he stopped the mare suddenly.

"Hold on," he cried excitedly, "there's that scraggy-tail. I missed him when I come down. See! there he is on that green log. I was feared he'd passed in his chips." I looked and saw a huge gray squirrel with a tail like a rabbit. "That's him. Durn mean on his tail, warn't it? And one paw gone, too. The dog catched him one day last year and left him tore up that way. I found him limping along when I was a-sugaring here in the spring and kinder fixed him up, and he's sorter on the lookout for me when I come along. He's got a hole 'round here somewheres."

Jim sprang out of the buckboard. Fumbling under the seat he brought out a bag of nuts. The squirrel took them from his hand, stuffing his mouth full, five at a time, limping away to hide them, and back again for more until the bag was empty; Jim, contented and unhurried, squatting on the ground, his long knees bent under him. The way in which he did this gave me infinite delight. No vagabond I had ever known ignored time and duty more complacently.

We drove on in silence, Jim taking in everything we passed. This shambling, slenderly educated and clay-soiled man was fast looming up as a find of incalculable value—the most valuable of my experience. I began to like him more and more. The most important thing, however, was still to be settled if a perfect harmony of interests was to be established between us—*would he like me?*

Marvin's cabin, in which I was to spend my holiday, lay on a clearing half a mile or more outside the woods and at the foot of a hill that helped prop up the Knob. The stage road ran to the left. The house was a small two-story affair built of logs and clapboards, and was joined to the outlying stable by a covered passage which was lined with winter firewood. Marvin, who met us at the pasture gate, carried a lantern, the glow of the twilight having faded from the mountain tops. He was a small, thick-set man, smooth-shaven as far as the underside of his chin and jaws, with a whisk-broom beard spread over his shirt front and half of his waistcoat. His forehead was low, and his eyes set close together—sure sign of a close-fisted nature.

To my great surprise his first words, after a limp handshake and a perfunctory "pleased to see you," were devoted to an outbreak on Jim for having been so long on the road. "Been waitin' here an hour," he said. "What in tarnation kep' ye, anyway? Them cows ain't milked yit!"

"Don't worry. I won't go back on them cows," replied Jim quietly, as he drove through the gateway, following Marvin, who walked ahead swinging the lantern to show the mare the road.

Mrs. Marvin's manner was as abrupt as that of her husband's.

"Well, well!" she said as I stepped upon the porch, "guess you must be beat out comin' so fur. Come in and set by the stove," and she resumed her work in the pantry without another word.

I was not offended at her curtness. These denizens of the forest pass too many hours alone and spunk too seldom to understand the value of politeness for politeness' sake. The wife, moreover, redeemed herself the next morning when I found her on the back porch feeding the birds.

"Snow ain't fur off," she remarked, in explanation, as she scattered the crumbs about, "and I want 'em to larn early where they kin find something to eat. Ruby'd never forgive me if I didn't feed the birds. She loves 'em 'bout as much as Jim does."

Neither she nor her husband became any more cordial as they knew me better. To them I was only the boarder whose weekly stipend helped to decrease the farm debt, and who had to be fed three times a day and given a bed at night. It was Jim who made me feel at home. He was the fellow I had longed for; the round peg of a chance acquaintance that exactly fitted into the round hole of my holiday life, and he fulfilled my every expectation. He would fish or hunt or carry a sketch trap or wash brushes, or loaf, or go to sleep beside me—or get up at daylight—whatever the one half of me wanted to do, Jim, the other half, agreed to with instant cheerfulness.

And yet, in spite of this constant companionship, I never crossed a certain line of reserve which he had set up between us. He would ramble on by the hour about the things around us; about the trees, the birds and squirrels; of the way the muskrats lived by the sawmill dam, and their cleverness in avoiding his traps; about the deer that "yarded" back to Taft's Knob last winter, and their leanness in the spring. Sometimes he would speak of Mother Marvin, saying she "thought a heap of Ruby, and ought to," and now and then he would speak of Ruby with a certain tender tone in his voice, telling me of the prizes she had won at school, and how nobody could touch her in "'rithmetic and readin'." But, to my surprise, he never discussed any of his private affairs with me. I say "surprise," for until I met Jim I had found that men of his class talked of little else, especially when over campfires smouldering far into the night.

This reticence also extended to Marvin's affairs. The relations between them, I saw, were greatly strained, although Jim always discharged his duties conscientiously, never failing to render a strict account of the time he spent with me, which Marvin always itemized in the weekly bill. I used often to wonder if he were not under some obligation to his employer which he could not requite; it might be for food and shelter in his earlier days, or perhaps that he was weighted by a money debt he was unable to pay.

One morning, after a particularly ugly outbreak in which Jim had been denounced for some supposed neglect of his duties, I asked him, then lying beside me, his head cupped upon his saucer of a slouch hat, why he stayed on with a man like Marvin, so different from himself in every way. I had often wondered why Jim stood it, and wished that he had the spirit to try his fortunes elsewhere. In my sympathy for him I had even gone so far as to hint once or twice at my finding him other employment. Indeed, I must confess that the only cloud between us dimming my confidence in him was this very lack of independence.

"Well, I got to git along with him for a spell yit," Jim answered slowly, his eyes turned up to the sky. "He is ornery, and no mistake, and I git mad at him sometimes, but then ag'in I feel kinder sorry for him somehow. He's a queer kind, ain't he, to be livin' up here all his life with trees and mountains all 'round him, all doin' their best to please him—and I don't know nothin' friendlier nor honester—and yet him bein' what he is? I'd 'a' thought they'd thawed him out 'fore this. And he's so dog-goned close, too, if I must say it. Why, if it warn't for Mother Marvin some o' us 'round here"—and he stopped and lowered his voice—"would be out in the cold; some ye wouldn't suspect, too."

This apparently studied reticence only incited my curiosity to learn something more of the man for whom I had begun to have a real affection. I wanted particularly to know something of his life before he came to Marvins'—twelve years now. I could not, of course, ask Marvin or his wife for any details—my intimacy with Jim forbade such an invasion of his privacy—and I met no one else in the forest. I saw plainly that he was not a mountaineer by birth. Not only did his dialect differ from those about him, but his habits were not those of a woodsman. For instance, he would always carry his matches loose in his pocket, instead of in a dry box; then, again, he would wear his trousers rolled up like a fireman's, as if to keep out the wet, instead of tucking them into his boots to tramp the woods the better. Now and then, too, he would let fall some word or expression which would betray greater familiarity with the ins and outs of the city than with the intricacies of the forest.

"It was fixed up in a glass case like one Abe Condit used to have in his place in the Bowery," he said once in describing a prize trout some city fisherman had stuffed and framed. But when I asked him, with some surprise, if he knew the Bowery, he looked at me quickly, with the slightest trace of offended dignity in his eyes, as if I had meant to overstep the line between us, and answered quickly:

"I knowed Abe Condit," and immediately changed the conversation.

And yet I must admit that there was nothing in the way he answered this and all my other questions that weakened

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my confidence in his sincerity. If there were any blackened pages in his past record that he did not want to lay bare even to me, they were discolored, I felt sure, more by privations and suffering than by any stains he was ashamed of.

II

ONE morning at daybreak I was awakened by Jim swinging back my door. He had on his heavy overcoat and carried a lantern. His slouch hat was flattened on the back of his head; the rim flared out, framing his face, which was wreathed in smiles. He seemed to be under some peculiar excitement, for his breath came thick and fast.

"Sorry to wake ye, but I'm goin' to Plymouth," and he lowered his head and stepped inside my room. "Ruby's comin'. Feller brought me a letter she'd sent on by the stage. The driver left it at the sawmill. I'd 'a' told ye las' night, but ye'd turned in."

"When will you be back?" I called out from between the bedclothes. We had planned a trip to the Knob the next day, and were to camp out for the night. He evidently saw my disappointment in my face, for he answered quickly as he bent over me:

"Oh, to-night, sure; and maybe Ruby'll go along. There ain't nothin' ye kin teach her 'bout campin', and she'll go anywheres I'll take her—leastways, she allus has." This last was said with some hesitation, as if he had suddenly thought that my presence might make some difference to her. "Leave yer brushes where I kin git 'em," he continued, anxious to make up for my disappointment. "I'll wash 'em when I git back," and he clattered down the steep stairs and slammed the door behind him.

I jumped from my bed, threw up the narrow, unpainted sash and watched his tall, awkward figure swinging the lantern as he hurried away toward the shed where the gray mare lived in solitude. Then I crept back to bed again to plan my day anew.

When I joined Marvin at breakfast I found him in one of his ugliest moods, with all his bristles out; not turned toward me, nor even toward his wife, but toward the world in general. Strange to say, he made no allusion to his daughter's return nor to Jim's absence.

Suddenly his wife blurted out, as if she could restrain her joy no longer:

"You ain't never seen Ruby. She's comin' to-night. Jim's gone for her. The head teacher's sick and some o' the girls has got a holiday."

"Yes," I answered quietly; "Jim told me."

"Oh, he did!" And she put down her cup and leaned across the table. "Well, I'm awful glad she's comin', just so ye kin see her. Ye won't never forgit her when ye do. She's got six months more, then she's comin' home for a spell until she goes teachin'," and a look of exultant pride and joy of which I had never believed her capable came into her eyes.

Marvin turned his head and in a half angry way said:

"It's 'bout time. Little good ye've had o' her for the last four years with yer fool notions 'bout eddication." And he put on his hat and went out.

"How old is your daughter?" I asked, more to soften the effect of Marvin's brutal remark than anything else.

"She's seventeen, I guess, but she's big for her age."

The announcement came as a surprise. I had supposed from the way Jim had always spoken of her that she was a child of twelve. The possibilities of her camping out became all the more remote.

"And has she been away from you long this time?"

"'Bout four months. I didn't 'spect her to come till Christmas, till she wrote Jim to come for her. He allus fetches her. They'll be 'long 'bout dark."

I instantly determined to extend the heartiest of welcomes to this little daughter, not alone because of the mother and Jim, but because the home-coming of a young girl had always appealed to me as one of the most satisfying of all family events. My memory instinctively went back to the return of my own little bird, and of the many marvelous preparations begun weeks before in honor of the event. I saw again in my mind the wondrous curtains, stiff and starched, hung at the windows and about the high posts of the quaint bedstead that had sheltered her from childhood; I remembered the special bakings and brewings and the innumerable bundles, big and little, that were tucked away under secretive sofas and the thousand other surprises that hung upon her coming. This little wood pigeon should have my best attention, however simple and plain might be her plumage.

Moreover, I was more than curious to see what particular kind of a fledgling could be born to these two parent birds—one so hard and unsympathetic and the other so kind and simple. Jim, I remembered, had always spoken enthusiastically of Ruby, but then Jim always spilled over the edges whenever he spoke of the things he loved, whether they were dogs, trees, flowers or brilliant young maidens.

At nine o'clock that night my ear caught the sound of wheels; then came Jim's "Whoa! Bess," and the mother threw wide the door and caught her daughter in her arms.

"Oh, mother!" the girl cried, "wasn't it good I could come?" and she kissed her again. Then she turned to me—I had followed out in the starlight—"Uncle Jim sent me word you were here, and I was so glad. I've always wanted to see somebody paint, and Uncle Jim says he's sure you will let me go sketching with you. I wasn't coming home with the other girls until I got his letter and knew that you were here."

She said this frankly and simply, without the slightest embarrassment, and without a trace of any dialect in her speech. Jim evidently had not exaggerated her attainments. She had, too, unconsciously to herself, solved one of the mysteries that surrounded me. If Jim was her uncle it must be on her mother's side; it certainly could not be on Marvin's.

"And I'm glad, too," I replied. "Of course you shall go, and Jim tells me also that you are as good a woodsman as he is. And so Jim's your uncle, is he? He never told me that."

"Oh, no," she answered quickly, with a little deprecatory air. "He isn't my *real* uncle. He's just Jim, but I've always called him Uncle Jim ever since I was a little girl. And I love him dearly; don't I, Uncle Jim?" and she turned toward him as he entered the door carrying her bundle, followed by her father with the kerosene lamp, Marvin having brought it out to help Jim unload the buckboard.

"That's what ye allus says, baby-girl," answered Jim, "so I got to believe it. And if I didn't, there wouldn't be no use o' livin'—not a mite." There was a vibrating tenderness in the man's voice, and an indescribable pathos in its tone, as he spoke, that caused me instinctively to turn my head and look into his face.

The light shone full upon it—so full and direct that there were no shadows anywhere. Whether it was because of the lamp's direct rays or because of his long ride in the crisp November air, I could not decide, but certain it was that Jim's face was without a wrinkle, and that he looked twenty years younger. Even the hard, drawn lines about his mouth and nose had disappeared.

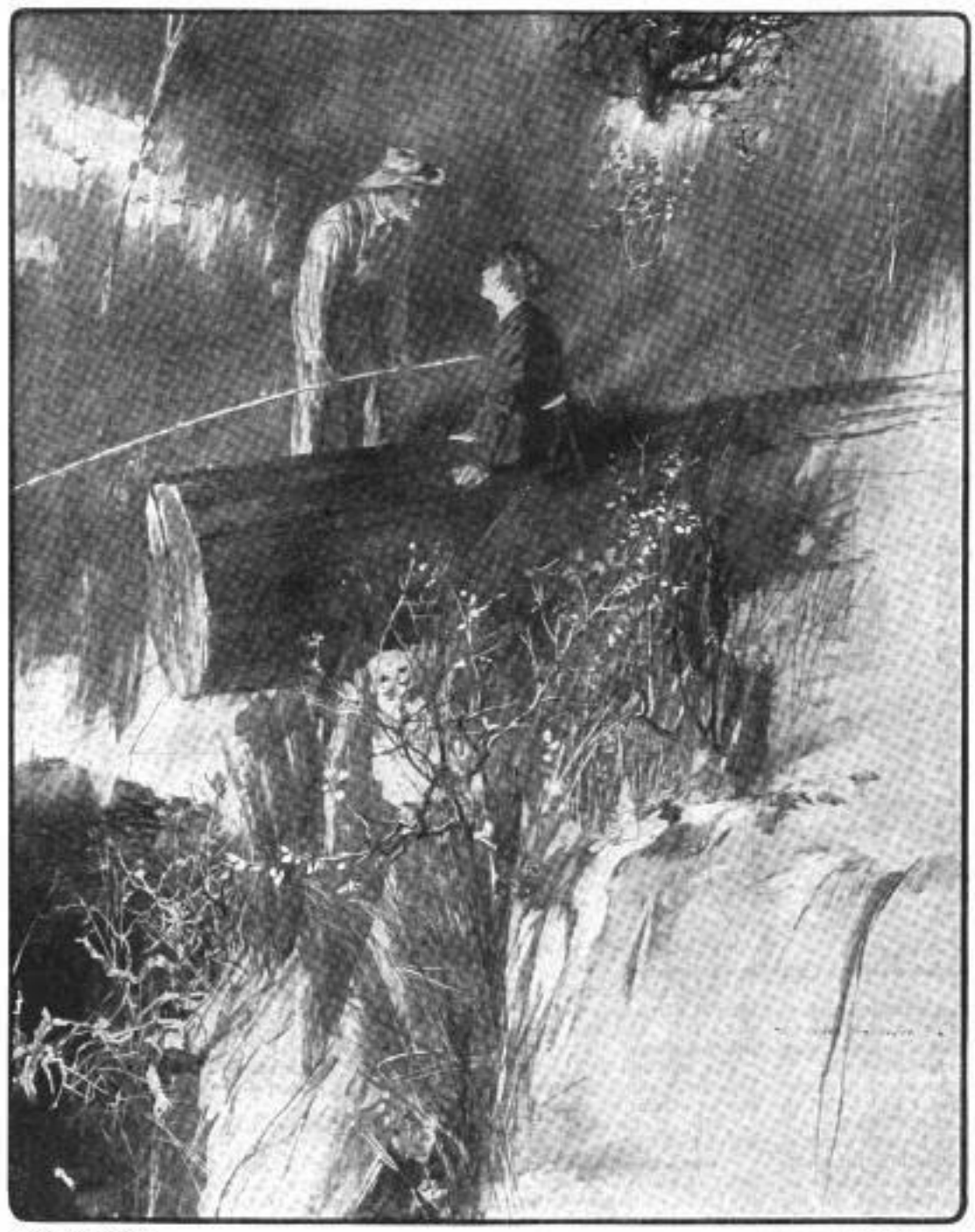
With the light of the lamp came another revelation. While the girl's cheap woolen dress and jacket, of a pattern sold in the country stores, showed her to be the product of Marvin's home and the recipient of his scanty bounty, her trim, well-rounded figure, soft, glossy hair—now that her hat was off—and small hands and feet, classed her as one of far gentler birth. There was, too, as she passed in and out of the room helping her mother with the supper-table, a certain grace and dignity, especially in the way in which she bent her head on one side to listen, a gesture often seen in a drawing-room, but never, in my experience, in a cabin. What astonished me most, however, were her hands—her exquisitely modeled hands, still ruddy from the fresh night air, but so wonderfully curved and dimpled. And then, too, the perfect graciousness and simplicity of her manner and its absolute freedom from coquetry or self-consciousness. Her mother was right—I would not soon forget her. And yet, by what freak of Nature, I found myself continually repeating, had this flower been made to bloom on this soil? Through what ancestor's veins had this blood trickled, and through what channels had it reached these humble occupants of a forest home?

But if her mother was the happier for her coming, Jim, radiant with joy, seemed to walk on air. His head was up, his arms were swinging free, and there was a lightness and spring in his movements that made me forget the grotesqueness of his gait. Nor, as the days went by, did this buoyant happiness ever fail him. He and Ruby were inseparable from the time she opened the rude door of her bedroom in the morning until she bade us all good-night and carried with her all the light and charm and joyousness of the day. The camping-out, I may as well state, had been given up as soon as I had mentioned it, she saying to me with a little start, as if frightened at the proposition, that she thought she'd better stay home and help her mother. Then, seeing Jim's face fall, she added, "But we can be off all day, can't we?"

And Jim answered that it was all right, just as Ruby said—that we would go fishing instead, and that he had spotted an old trout that lived in a hole down the East Branch that he'd been saving for her, and that he had tied the day before the "very fly that will fix him"—all of which was true, for Ruby landed him the next day with all the skill of a professional, besides a dozen smaller ones whose haunts Jim knew.

And so the weeks flew by, Ruby tramping the forest daily between us or sitting beside me as I painted, noting every stroke of my brush and asking me innumerable questions as to the choice of colors and the mixing of the tints. At other times she would ply me with questions, making me tell her of the things I had seen abroad and of the cities and peoples she had read of; or she would talk of the books she had studied, and of others she wanted to read. Jim would listen eagerly, with a certain pride in his eyes that she knew so much and could talk so well, and when we were alone he would comment on it:

"Nearly catched ye, didn't she? I see once or twice ye were stumped clean out o' yer boots on them questions she fired. How her little head holds it all is what bothers me.



DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

"I AIN'T GOT NOBODY BUT YOU, RUBY—DON'T GO 'WAY FROM ME, CHILD"

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But I allus knowed how it would be; I told the old man so ten year ago. Ain't one o' 'em 'round here kin touch her."

At night, under the kerosene lamp in the cabin, she would ask me to read aloud, she looking up into my face and drinking in every word, the others listening, Jim watching every expression that crossed her face.

Dear old Jim! I can still see your tender, shrinking eyes peering at her from under your bushy eyebrows and still hear the low ripple of your merry laugh over her volleys of questions. You were so proud of her and so happy in those days! So tender in touch, so gentle of voice, so constant in care! My heart still aches for you when my memory goes back to the bitter hours which followed.

One morning I had some letters to write, and Ruby and Jim took the rods and went up the brook without me. They both begged me to go, Ruby being particularly urgent, I thought, but I had already delayed the mail too long and so refused point-blank—too abruptly, perhaps, as I thought afterward, when I remembered the keen look of disappointment in her face. When she reëntered the cabin alone an hour later she passed me hurriedly, and calling out to her father that Jim was wanted at the sawmill to fix the wheel and would not be back until morning, shut herself into her room before I could offer myself in Jim's place—which I would gladly have done, now that her morning's pleasure had been spoiled.

When she joined us at supper—she had kept her room all day—I saw that her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. I knew then that I had offended her.

"Ruby, I really couldn't go," I said. "You don't feel cross about it, do you?"

"Oh, no," she answered with some earnestness. "And I knew you were busy."

"And about Jim—what's the matter with the wheel?" I asked, greatly relieved at the discovery that whatever troubled her, my staying at home had not caused it.

"One of the buckets is broken—Uncle Jim always fixes it," and she turned her head away to hide her tears.

"Is Jim a carpenter, too?" I asked with a smile.

"Why, yes," she replied. "Didn't you know that? They often send for him to fix the mill. There's no one else about here who can." And she changed the conversation and began talking of the beauty of that part of the brook where they had been to fish, and of the rich brown tint of the water in the pools, and how the lovely red sumacs reflected in their depths enriched their color.

The next morning, and without any previous warning, Ruby appeared in her cloth dress and jacket and announced her intention of taking the stage back to Plymouth, adding that as Jim had not returned, Marvin must drive her over to the cross-roads. I offered my services, but she declined them graciously but firmly, bidding me good-by and saying with one of her earnest looks, as she held my hand in hers, that she should never forget my kindness to Jim, and that she would always remember me for what I had done for him, and then she added with peculiar tenderness:

"And dear Uncle Jim won't forget you, either."

And so she had gone, and with her had faded all the light and joyousness of the place.

When Jim returned the next day I was at work in the pasture painting a group of white birches. I hallooed to him as he shambled along within a hundred yards of me, swinging his arms, but he did not answer except to turn his head.

That night at table he replied to my questions in monosyllables, explaining his not stopping when I had called in the morning by saying that he didn't want to "'sturb me," and when I laughed and told him—using his own words—that Ruby "wouldn't pass a fellow and give him the dead, cold shake," he pushed back his chair with a sudden impatient gesture, said he had forgotten something, and left the table without a word or look in reply.

I knew then that I had hurt him in some way.

"What's the matter with Jim, Mr. Marvin? He seems put out about something. Did he say anything to you?" I asked, astonished at Jim's behavior, and anxious for some clue by which to solve its mystery.

"Got one o' his spells on. Gits that way sometimes, and when he does ye can't git no good out o' him. I want them turnips dug, and he's got to do it or git out. I ain't hired him to loaf 'round all day with Ruby and to sulk when she's gone. I'm a-payin' him wages right along, ain't I?" he added with some fierceness as he stopped at the door. "What he gits for fixin' the mill ain't nothin' to me—I don't git a cent on it." I did not reply. I knew that these days, too, I should find itemized on my weekly bill.

III

WHEN the morning came and Jim had not returned I started for the mill. I found him alone, sitting idly on a bench near the water-wheel. I had heard the hum of the saw before I reached the dam and knew that he had finished his work.

"Jim," I said, walking up to him and extending my hand, "if I have done anything to hurt your feelings I'm awfully sorry. If I had known you would have been put out by my not going with Ruby I would have let the mail wait."

He took my hand mechanically, but he did not raise his eyes. The old look had returned to his face, as if he were afraid of some sudden blow. "I did all I could to make Ruby's visit a happy one—don't you know I did?" I continued.

He leaned forward, his elbows resting on his knees, his eyes still on the ground. There was something infinitely pathetic in the attitude.

"Ye ain't done nothin' to me," he answered slowly, "and ye ain't done nothin' to Ruby. I cottoned to ye fust time I see ye, and so did Ruby, and we still do. It ain't that."

"Well, what is it, then? Why have you kept away from me?"

He arose wearily until his whole length was erect, hooked his long arms behind his back and began walking up and down the platform. He was no longer my comrade of the woods. The spring and buoyancy of his step had gone out of him. He seemed shriveled and bent, as if some sudden weakness had overcome him. His face was white and drawn, and the eyelids drooped, as if he had not slept.

At the second turn he stopped, gazed abstractedly at the boards under his feet, as a man sometimes does when his mind is on other things. Mechanically he stooped to pick up a small iron nut that had slipped from one of the bolts used in repairing the wheel, and in the same abstracted way, still ignoring me, raised it to his eye, looked through the hole for a moment and then tossed it into the dam. The splash of the iron striking the water frightened a bird, which arose in the air, sang a clear, sweet note, and disappeared in the bushes on the opposite bank. Jim started, turned his head quickly, following the flight of the bird, and sank slowly back upon the bench, his face in his hands.

"There it is again," he cried out. "Every way I turn it's the same thing. I can't even chuck nothin' overboard but I hear it."



DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

—I found him in one of his upland woods

"Hear what?" The keen anguish expressed in his voice had alarmed me.

"That song-sparrow—did ye hear it? I tell ye this thing'll drive me crazy. I tell ye I can't stand it—I can't stand it." And he turned his head and covered his face with his sleeve.

The outburst and gesture only intensified my anxiety. Was Jim's mind giving away? I arose from my seat and bent over him, my hand on his arm.

"Why, that's only a bird, Jim—I saw it—it's gone into the bushes."

"Yes, I know it; I seen it; that's what hurts me; that's what's allus goin' to hurt me. And 'tain't only goin' to be the birds. It's goin' to be the trees and the gray-backs and the trout we catched, and everywhere I look and every place I go to it's goin' to be the same thing. And it ain't never goin' to be no better—never—never—long as I live. She said so. Them was her very words. I ain't never goin' to forgit 'em." And he leaned his head in a baffled, tired way against the planking of the mill.

"Who said so, Jim?" I asked.

Jim raised his head, looked me straight in the face and, with the tears starting in his eyes, answered in a low voice:

"Ruby. She loves 'em—loves every one o' 'em. Oh, what's goin' to become o' me now, anyhow?"

"Well, but I don't——" The revelation came to me before I could complete the sentence. Jim's face had told the story of his heart!

"Jim," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder, "do you love Ruby?"

"Sit down here," he said in a hopeless, despondent voice, "and mebbe I'll git grit enough to tell ye. I ain't never told none o' the folks that comes up here o' how things was, but I'm goin' to tell you. And I'm goin' to tell it to ye plumb from the beginnin', too." And a sigh like the moan of one in pain escaped him.

"Twelve years ago I come here from New York. I'd been cleaned out o' everything I had by a man I trusted, and I was flat broke. I didn't care where I went, so's I got away from the city and from people. I wanted to git somewheres out into the country, and so I got aboard the train and kep' on till I'd struck Plymouth. There my money gin out and I started up the road into the mountains. I thought I'd hire out to some choppers for the winter. When night come I see a light and knocked at the door and Jed opened it. He warn't goin' to keep me, but he was a-buildin' the shed where the old mare is now, and he found out I was handy with the tools and didn't want no wages, only my board, so he let me stay. The next spring he hired me regular and give me wages every month. I kep' along, choppin' in the winter and helpin' 'round the place, and in summer goin' out with the parties that come up from the city, helpin' 'em fish and hunt. I liked that, for I loved the woods ever since I was a boy, when I used to go off by myself and stay days and nights with nothin' but a tin can o' grub and a blanket. That's why I come here when I went broke.

"One summer there come a feller from Boston to fish. He brought his wife along, and I used to go out with both o' 'em. The man's wife was puttin' up for some o' them children's homes, and she used to talk to Marm Marvin about takin' one o' the children and what a comfort it would be to the child to git out into the fresh air, and one mornin' 'fore she left she took Jed down in the woods and talked to him, and the week after she left for home Marm Marvin sent me over to the station—same place I fetched ye—and out she got with a tag sewed on her jacket and her name on it, and a bundle o' clothes no bigger'n yer head. She was 'bout seven or eight years old, and the cunnin'est young un ye ever see. Jus' the same eyes she's got now, only they looked bigger, 'cause her cheeks was caved in."

"Not Ruby, Jim!" I cried in astonishment.

"Yes, Ruby. That's what was on the tag."

"And she isn't Marvin's child?"

"No more'n she's yourn, nor mine. She ain't nobody's child that anybody knows about. She's jus' Ruby, and that's all there is to her.

"Well, by the time I'd got her out to the farm and had heared her talk and seen her clap her hands at the chippies, and laugh at the birds, and go half wild over every little thing she'd see, I knowed I'd got hold o' something that filled up every crack o' my heart. And she didn't come a day too soon, for Jed had got so ugly there warn't no livin' with him, and I'd made up my mind to quit, and I would if he hadn't took a streak ag'in Ruby at the start. Then I knowed where my trail led. And arter that I never let her out o' my sight. Marm Marvin was different. She never had no child o' her own, and she warmed up to Ruby more'n more every day, and she loves her now much as she kin love anything.

"That fust winter we had a good deal o' snow and I made a pair o' leggins for her out o' a deer's skin I'd killed, and rigged up a sled, and I'd haul her after me wherever I went, and when school opened down to the cross-roads I'd haul her down and bring her back if the snow warn't too deep, and when summer come she'd go 'long jus' the same. I taught her to fish and shoot, and often she'd stay out in camp with me all night when I was tendin' the sugar maples—she sleepin' on the balsams with my coat throwed over her.

"Things went on this way till 'bout three years ago, when I see she warn't gittin' ahead fast as she could, and I went for the old man to send her to school down to Plymouth. Marm Marvin was willin', but Jed held out, and at last he give in after my talkin' to him. So I hooked up the buckboard and drove her down to Plymouth and left her, with her arms 'round my neck and the tears streamin' down her face. But she was game all the same, only she hated to have me leave her.

"Every July and Christmas I'd go for her, and she'd allus be waitin' for me at the head o' the stairs or would come runnin' down with her arms wide open, and she'd kiss me and hug me and call me dear Uncle Jim, and tell me how she loved me, and how there warn't nothin' in the world she loved so much; and then when she'd git home we'd tramp the woods together every chance we got."

Jim stopped and bent forward, his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees. For a time he was silent; then he went on:

"This last time when I went for her she pretty nigh took my breath away. She seemed just as glad to see me, but she didn't git into my arms as she useter, and she looked different, too. She had growed every way bigger, and wider, and older. I kep' a-lookin' at her, tryin' to find the little girl I'd left some months afore, but she warn't there. She acted different, too—more quiet like and still, so that I was feared to touch her like I useter, and took it out in talkin' to her and listenin' to all she told me o' what she was larnin', and how this winter she was goin' to git through and git her certificate, and then she was goin' to teach and help her mother—she allus called Marm Marvin mother. Then she told me o' how one o' the teachers—a young fellow from a college—was goin' to set up a school o' his own and goin' to git some o' the graduates to help teach when he got started, and how he had asked her to be one o' 'em, and how she was goin' with him.

"Since you been here and us three been together and I begun to see how happy she was a-talkin' to you and askin' you questions, I got worse'n ever over her. I begun to see that I warn't what I had been to her. When we was trampin' and fishin' it was all right and she'd talk to me 'bout the ways o' the birds and what flowers come up fust and all that, but when it got to geography and history I warn't in it with her, and you was. That sickened me more'n ever. Pretty soon I began to feel as if everything I had in life was slippin' away from me. I didn't want her to shut me out from anything she had. I wanted to have half, same's we allus had—half for me and half for her. Why, lately, when I lay awake nights a-thinkin' it over, I've wished sometimes

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that she hadn't growed up at all, and that she'd allus be my baby-girl and I her Uncle Jim.

"Yesterday mornin'——" Jim's voice broke, and he cleared his throat. "Yesterday mornin' we went down the branch, as ye know, and she was a-settin' on a log throwin' her fly into the pool, when one o' them song sparrows lit on a bush and looked at her, and begin to sing like he'd bust his little chest, and she sung back at him with her eyes a-laughin' and her hair a-flyin', and I stood lookin' at her and my heart choked up in my throat, and I leaned over and took the rod out o' her hand.

"'Baby-girl,' I says, 'there ain't a bird 'round here that ain't got a mate, and that's what makes 'em so happy. I ain't got nobody but you, Ruby—don't go 'way from me, child—stay with me.' And I told her. She looked at me startled like, same as a deer does when he hears a dog bark; then she jumped up and begin to cry.

"'Oh, Jim—Jim—dear Jim!' she says. 'I love you so, and you've been so good to me all my life, but don't—don't never say that to me again. That can never be—not so long as we live.' And she dropped down on the ground and cried till she couldn't git her breath. Then she got up and kissed my hands and went home, leavin' me there alone feelin' like I'd fell off a scaffoldin' and struck the sidewalk."

Jim arose from his seat and began pacing the platform again. I had not spoken a word through his long story.

"Jim," I began, "how old are you?"

"Forty-two," he said in a patient, listless way.

"More than twice as old as Ruby, aren't you? Old enough, really, to be her father. You love her, don't you—love her for herself—not yourself? You wouldn't let anything hurt her if you could help it. You were right when you said every bird has its mate. That's true, Jim, and the way it ought to be—but they mate with *this* year's birds, not *last* year's. When men get as old as you and I we forget these things sometimes, but they are true all the same."

"I know it," he broke out, "I know it; you can't tell me nothin' about it. I thought it all over more'n a hundred times lately. I could bite my tongue off for sayin' what I did to her, and spilin' her visit, but it's done now and I can't help it, and I've got to stay here and bear it."

"No, Jim, don't stay here. So long as she sees you around here she'll be unhappy, and you will be equally miserable. Go away from here; find work somewhere else."

"When?" he said quietly.

"Now; right away; before she comes back at Christmas."

"No, I can't do it, and I won't. Not till she graduates and gits her certificate. That'll be next June."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Got a good deal to do with it. If I should leave now jes's winter's comin' on I mightn't git another job, and she'd have to come home and her eddication be sp'ilt."

"What would bring her home?" I asked in surprise.

"What would bring her home?" he repeated with some irritation. "Why they'd send her if the bills warn't paid—that's what. Marm Marvin couldn't help her, and Jed wouldn't give her a cent. Them school bills, you know, I've always paid out o' my wages—that's why Jed let her go. No; I'll stick it out here till she finishes, if it kills me. Baby-girl shan't miss nothin' through me."

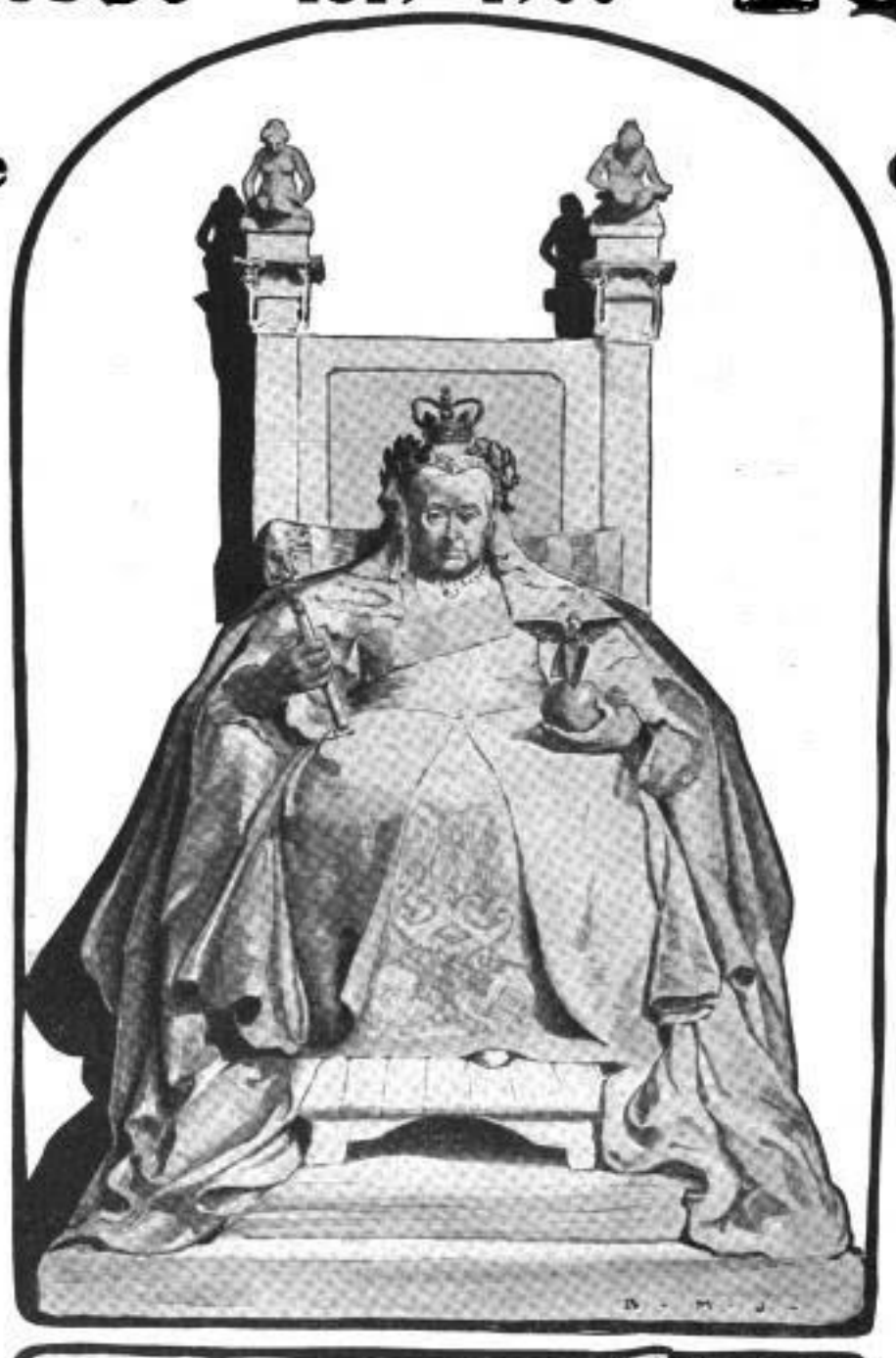
One beautiful spring day I swung back the gate of a garden on the outskirts of the village of Plymouth and walked up a flower-bordered path to a cottage porch smothered in vines.

Ruby was standing in the door, her hands held out to me. I had not seen her for years. Her husband had not returned yet from their school, but she expected him every minute.

"And dear old Jim?" I asked. "What has become of him?" "Look," she said, pointing to a shambling, awkward figure stooping under the apple trees, which were in full bloom. "There he is, picking blossoms with little Ruby. He never leaves her for a minute."

The Greatest — 1819–1900 — Queen in the World

By Marie Corelli



AFTER THE STATUE BY GEORGE EXHAUSTION, R. A.



SHOW me, then, whether there be more to come than is past, or more past than is to come!"

Such was the prayer of the prophet Esdras, in Babylon, to the Angel who was sent from Heaven to instruct him. We, in our generation, may ask the same question to-day of the Recording Angel of the world's history, who stands forever among us, mute but observant: "Show us whether there be more to come than is past, or more past than is to come!"

For it is difficult to grasp the idea of any more perfect monarch's reign than that of our beloved Queen and Empress; it is well-nigh impossible to imagine a more magnificent Empire than the one over which she holds her dominion. All the great kingdoms of ancient days fade into insignificance beside the grandeur, the progress, the steadfast making for Truth, Justice and Freedom which preëminently distinguish the British rule; and the power, the brute force, the barbaric ostentation of conquest and egotism of the Roman Cæsars vanish like a mist of the marshes when confronted and compared with the one clear light of unsullied goodness in the heart of the "Mother of Nations"—the simple woman who, by pure love and faith, has done more than countless legions of fighting men could ever do for the glory of the country, and has fulfilled a far higher destiny and won a far greater fame than any conqueror who ever ruled by fear. Victories are hers by sea and land; victories not only over territories and peoples, but over barbarous systems of slavery, superstition and prejudice; victories of enlightenment and civilization; victories in science, in discovery, in learning, in education and national advancement—these cluster around her throne and adorn it more brilliantly than priceless jewels can adorn her imperial crown.

But her influence is of that deep and gentle and convincing nature which is felt more than seen, and it extends, not only through her own "Happy Isles," but away out to the younger children of her love, those far-off and faithful Colonies, springing up in their youthful and splendid vigor to take active part in the grand work of supporting and maintaining at their highest culmination the dignity and honor of Great Britain. It is an influence which appeals to the best instincts of all men and all women, the home-influence, the mother-love. In all history we can find no king or queen of England who has been so much and so truly the head of the national home as Queen Victoria. She is truly the Greatest Queen in the World.

It is a curious fact that there are very few civilized countries where woman's work is made such a butt for men's contemptuous ridicule as in England. The Englishman is ever quick to sneer at woman's advancement in art, in literature, in scholarship and general intellectual ability, yet all the while 'tis a woman who rules him, and to a woman alone he is compelled to bend the knee! Off goes his hat at sight of the Queen! cheers break from his throat at the proclaimed words, "the Queen!" "knights and earls, and knaves and churls" bow their heads to "the Queen!" And with all peoples and in all countries there seems to be only one Queen to whom the article "the" can be applied without further modification. Other Queens are qualified in their estate by the land over which they rule—as, for example, Queen of Italy, Queen of Greece, Empress of Germany, Empress of Russia; but when "the Queen" is said every one means England's Victoria. Of all queens the greatest, she is of all women the simplest, and herein gives matchless example to her sex. Above the splendors of her position and enthronement, she is preëminently woman in the sweetest and most womanly sense of the word—one who is gifted with quick, fine sympathies, and who has the supreme and exquisite tact which is, or should be, inherent in every true and unselfish feminine nature, combined with perfect self-command, flawless purity and a strong, personal potency for good. Throned and crowned and sceptred in the fierce light of the whole world's constant observation, she yet remains as unaffected and sincere of soul as the most unsophisticated of her subjects and is in very truth one with them in the ordinary round of their daily existence.

Are we bereaved of our best-beloved? So is the Queen. Have we suffered from evil-speaking and misjudgment? So has the Queen. And in our joys is she not equally one with us there? Do we find rest and pleasure in the natural beauty of the world, the perfume and color of flowers, the songs of birds? So does the Queen. Do we understand the winsome ways of little children and take delight in making them happy? So does the Queen.

In all quiet, natural and innocent pleasures the Queen is one with her subjects; it is only in social vice and folly that she takes no part.

Perhaps there was never a time more convincingly marked by the Queen's mother-love for her people than now, while the war in South Africa is still claiming the lives of many whom England can ill afford to lose. Her grief for the brave fellows who have fallen, her sympathy and care for the bereaved ones left to face their desolate lives alone, her interest in every detail of the campaign,

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her anxiety for every scrap of news from the front, her simple, womanly regret for the whole deadly quarrel, all this shows what a true and tender friend Englishmen have in their beloved Monarch. And when one remembers her great age, which she bears so cheerily and courageously, giving herself up without hesitation to whatever duties of state call her forth into public evidence, one's reverence is mingled with wonder and admiration that she can and will do so much to still more endear herself to all hearts. The soldiers might all be the sons of her blood from the tenderness she expresses concerning them. They are "My poor soldiers!" with her; they are not mere food for powder and shot as they have often been considered by former Sovereigns of England. "My poor soldiers!" Their wounds, their losses, their pains, their troubles are hers, too; she feels them with an acute sympathy, and her kind heart aches for Tommy's weariness, fevers, excitements and general irritation when he is "sent home invalided" and craves to go out again. There is in her gentle, noble nature none of the indifference to his fate suggested in the verse:

"What did you get to eat and drink,
Johnnie, Johnnie?"
"Standing water as thick as ink,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
A bit o' beef that were three year stored,
A bit o' mutton as tough as a board,
And a fowl we killed with a sergeant's sword,
When the widow give the party."

This is scarcely the right spirit to foster between the sovereign and her fighting men. When the warriors of old time shaped England's greatness and laid down the lines of glory and honor for future generations to follow, they did not count up personal troubles or hardships, they never complained of long marches or scant fare, nor, let it be well remembered, have they ever complained at all of any of their sufferings—not now, or at any time. They have never "begged" the nation's charity—not now, or at any time. Two or three newspapers in want of "copy" may complain and beg *for* them, but they themselves have nothing to say but one thing—Duty! They have never called *themselves* "beggars." If they once began to take this low estimate of their profession, the prestige of the army would soon be at an end. If they started grumbling at "barbarious wars," or at their rations "when the widow give the party," there would soon be seething rebellion, where there is now loyalty, devotion and heroic indifference to merely physical inconvenience. But they know themselves and their calling too well to do this. They know, each and every man of them, that there is no one who feels greater sympathy for them than the Queen they serve; and that when she thanks her brave men for brave deeds bravely done, her gratitude comes from the heart and not from the lips alone. Her recent visits to the hospitals where her wounded soldiers lie have borne ample evidence to this. Her instincts are all those of sympathy, gentleness and love.

Whenever the Queen acts upon her own initiative, something good, something generous, something graceful is the result. How much the country may have to regret from interference with her inward wishes we shall perhaps never know, but this is very certain, that if Her Gracious Majesty had been able to do as her own fine feeling dictated she would have gone to Ireland long ago. She would, without doubt, have visited it as often as she visited the French Riviera, and we may be quite sure that the Irish people would never have returned her kindness by insult as the French have done. For though we do not consider the low boulevard press as representing the voice of France, one would like to see a more general rising of warm protest among the French at the offense perpetrated by one, or a few, of their countrymen against the Queen, whose noble reputation, as well as whose reverend age, should insure her safety from this kind of coarse indignity.

The Queen's Aloofness from Smart Society

One wonders, glancing back through the history of the triumphant reign of this great and good Sovereign, how things might have been if the Prince Consort had lived! If the Queen, instead of being driven by deep grief and heartbreak to retire into more or less privacy, had continually appeared at the head and front of society and taken enthusiastic part in all its doings! Certainly there would have been a very different state of things to that which exists at present. We venture to think divorces would not be so common. And it is just possible that some of the aristocracy would be leading very different lives, and that so many of them would not be seen at Monte Carlo season after season, gambling away their reputations and virtues together. The Queen's steadfast, beautiful example of life would have been more faithfully followed by the majority than it is, and the entrée into the Upper Ten would not have been given to the newest South African millionaire. To be presented at Court would have been really a distinctive sign of honor and high standing, not a mere form of social custom and usage in which flaunting Vice rubs shoulders with modest Virtue. The atrocious vulgarity, slang and open licentiousness of the so-called "smart set" would never have disgraced our English breeding; in fact, it is extremely doubtful whether this same "smart set" would have existed at all—or if it had existed, it would not have been termed "smart," but rather the contrary. The personal friends of the Queen are men and women of upright and honorable life, and there is a very strong, visible line of demarcation between Her Majesty's guests and what is called "society." In London this line of demarcation is not so quickly and generally observable as it is in the provinces. London is a seething whirlpool of incessant excitement, incessant "rush," incessant competition; and perhaps one of the fiercest struggles going on in it to-day is the fight between Honor and Disgrace—whether to live well or live ill—whether to sell the soul to Mammon or keep it clean for God; and between the great houses that "receive" the Phrynes and Aspasias of the stage and those who pay servile worship to the speculator there is very little to choose. And to many of the more thoughtful among Her Majesty's subjects the untimely death of the Prince Consort is the only cloud upon the brightness of her glorious reign—not only because of the irremediable grief it caused to the Queen, but also because it has deprived the social world of that closer influence and more constant guidance which from her would have been of such inestimable advantage not only to us but to all nations. However, despite the sorrows which have separated her in certain ways from the world of fashion and amusement, she remains the guiding light of everything good in our society.

Queen Victoria's Visit to Ireland

How warmly and heartily the Irish people appreciate the firm courage and womanly grace of Her Majesty's visit need not here be emphasized. Those who are inclined to indulge in rankling thoughts of the past and to dwell on old injuries and bitterness should try to feel and to realize that it is not their gentle and gracious Queen who has of her own will and wish appeared to neglect them. It should be remembered that she is a constitutional Sovereign and must generally do as her Ministers bid. Never has such an opportunity occurred for her boldly to take her own initiative as now, when the dauntless, high-spirited sons of Erin have fought and died for her cause. With that fine perception and instinctive tact inherent in her nature, the Queen has recognized that now or never must her children of the Emerald Isle learn that the mother love of her heart is as warm for them as it is for all her glorious Household of Nations, and that the loss of her Irish sons who have been stricken down in battle for her honor has caused her as much grief and as many tears as even they, in their passionate exigency of need and clamor for love, could demand. Great was the joy and pride of England on this last St. Patrick's Day, when the bright green flag emblazoned with the Harp of Erin floated beside the Royal Standard from many a window in many a city and town, and willingly and with light hearts did the people, one and all, obey their Queen-Mother's command and wear the bright little shamrock on their breasts as a sign of affection not only for their Sovereign but for their sister island. Lovely Ireland, with its purple hills, deep green valleys, lakes and streams, has been for a long time like the "ugly duckling" of the fairy fable; but we must not forget how that much-tormented bird, whom none of its brothers and sisters could understand on account of its "strange ways," turned out to be the fairest of the brood, after all, and developed into the graceful beauty of the swan. With tenderness, with care, with affection where there has been mistrust, with fraternity where there has been dispute, Erin will realize this transfiguration in herself and mark the days on which her great Queen-Mother came to rest under her protection as a golden time in her calendar. No brighter daughter of the home does Victoria possess than Erin; her face is one of the sweetest, her heart one of the staunchest. Poetry, romance, beauty distinguish her; and when she sends her warriors out to fight there are few that can match them or resist them. Little need be said for the Irish women, whose standard for upright living and chastity is the highest in the world, or for the sweet, wild Irish girls with their bright eyes and dark tangles of hair and lovely, laughing, animated faces. The Queen, in her good heart, cannot but rejoice to know of such fresh youth and beauty and unspoilt innocence, flourishing as the flowers flourish in this mossy dell-like corner



of her Empire. The gallant Irish heroes who have fallen in the fight have not perished in vain, if their memory brings the Queen closer to Irish hearts and makes her one of them.

What the Queen Has Done for Her Own Sex

With the summer that is now breaking in upon us we may hope that peace will come like the dove of the ark, flying across the troubled waters and bringing good news of rest. For the Queen's sake we pray that this may be; and that the clouds which have darkened the skies so threateningly may disperse in clear sunshine. England wants all nations to understand that she desires brotherhood rather than enmity, love instead of hatred. The country has been blessed abundantly with good things, and it will be impossible for future history to chronicle a more glorious era of advancement in good works and good feeling than that of Victoria, Queen and Empress.

A universal charity has prevailed throughout the realm; never have the poor had so much done for them, never have the sick been so carefully housed and tended, never has any one with skill and determination had better chances of fortune than now. And, despite the fact previously alluded to, that there is no civilized country where woman's work meets with so much flippant ridicule from the casual man as in England, the intellectual progress of woman under a woman's government has been steady and triumphant. This fact alone is a distinctive mark of the Queen's great epoch. This may or may not be due to the Queen's influence, or the consciousness that all have, that the Sovereign, though the ruler of the most magnificent Empire in existence, is still—only a woman! Whatever may be the cause, the fact is there; and the intellectual capacity of women workers in Great Britain is bound to reach a very high level.

Everything has advanced and made for the better in Victoria's reign, and only one section of society persistently harks back to the worser morals and manners of Charles the Second's period. That, however, is a small section, and by the natural course of events is gradually beginning to destroy itself. And when history writes the record of Victoria's long and brilliant reign the small blots on society's scutcheon will vanish as though they had never been, and the persons who have made those blots will be "passed over" as unimportant items of ill-assorted fare in a full feast of plenty. And the glorious name and fame of the one Queen in England's history who is truly the mother of her people will shine like the sun in a cloudless sky. There is no one so good as she is, so simple, so kind, so thoughtful of her subjects. Her little hand holds a great Empire in the gentle grasp of loving-kindness. She is the bond of union between the Old World and the New. Her spirit is with her brave soldiers on the field of battle, and, whenever she can, she takes her welcome presence to them when they are brought home wounded and disabled. She evinces a constant, active interest in the work of foreign peoples despite foreign insult; she sends her greeting to the sons and daughters of her loyal Colonies with all the tenderness she truly feels; and wherever her name is spoken it is received with veneration and homage. Unique in goodness, unique in power, unique in history, she is, in her great age and continued vigor, the crowning splendor of her splendid reign.

"God save the Queen" is no mere formula; it is the prayer of a mighty people, a people of various climes and colors and creeds, all differing in opinion but all banded together in one great family of union and defense under the one mother whose love has never failed them and never will fail them, Victoria, the greatest Queen in the world!

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What the Isthmian Canal Will Do For The Pacific Coast — By James D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco

BEFORE the day of railroads the sea was the great highway of commerce, and cities were built by navigable streams for the sake of water communication. But the United States, bent upon internal development, seems during these latter years to have neglected the ocean for the plain and the river for the rail. The trade of inland cities was stimulated and it vied with that of the great maritime ports; but now there is an impending change. The advantages possessed by cities having navigable waterways at their doors, everything else being equal, must ultimately confer commercial supremacy.

Railroad combinations and monopolies by exacting high rates, based very often upon inflated indebtedness or inordinate greed, render the iron horse a capricious and extravagant servant. Therefore we find the canals of New York State generously patronized, and in this so-called railroad age so important an enterprise as the Manchester ship canal is inaugurated. It was found there that it was necessary to unite the city directly with the sea and depend no longer upon the unstable union of the rail and the sail.

The triumphant poet of the great ocean sings to the sea:

"Man marks the earth with ruin, his control stops with thy shore."

The sea is a free highway for the use of the people of the world. No man can call it his own. Rights of way are neither asked nor given and by it transportation is cheapest. The sea-cities of this country and this coast will, however, cope with each other on a basis of the facilities for distribution which they offer and the port charges they exact. Railroads shall thus be made supplementary to, and not a substitute for, the ocean highway which they try to usurp.

Taking Advantage of the Pacific Opportunity

San Francisco, to which the Pacific Ocean has been unrolled as a scroll, and to which this vast expanse of water has been unveiled by the achievements of Dewey, must look to the sea. The "Pacific opportunity" shall be heeded. The coming of the Santa Fé Railroad to San Francisco this year may discipline the Southern Pacific and the distribution of cargoes coming and going may thus be facilitated. The Interstate Commerce Commission is now sitting in San Francisco to save to the city its natural advantages from unfair competition. With the canal we shall be better able to compete with Chicago and St. Louis as a distributing centre for the country west of the Rocky Mountains.

The Pacific trade is coming in leaps and bounds. Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, the possible dismemberment of China and the establishment of the policy of the "open door," the awakening of Japan, the construction of the Siberian Railroad and the Nicaragua Canal, show why San Francisco and the Pacific Coast are advancing. Sir Charles Beresford said that there were two cities which would be enormously benefited by the coming Chinese trade following the "open door," and they were San Francisco and Hankow. This is what he said in an authorized interview on his return last year from the Orient:

"MAYOR PHELAN: What relation do you think the Pacific Coast bears to the development of the Orient?

"LORD BERESFORD: Well, in my humble opinion, in the future there are two cities that will become the largest and the richest, merely because they are in the highway of trade. The depots, the distributors of trade, must be San Francisco and Hankow. Other cities, as Honolulu, will be great. Those cities must be great whatever policies are adopted.

"MAYOR PHELAN: How would the Nicaragua Canal affect the great highways?

"LORD BERESFORD: The canal will be a highway of its own. The chances are that the canal will cause trade to come to San Francisco. It may build up a city at its mouth; it is likely to do so. But I could not give an opinion as to that without going to the locality. It is a question of cost, of soundings, of what the initial expenditure will be, or would be, to make a great place at the mouth of that canal.

"DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN: Two great difficulties are lack of good harbor and the unwholesome climate.

"LORD BERESFORD: Those would militate against spending a great amount of money there. To make a new place you must spend money to develop it. Trade will come up here because men are not going to go straight across that enormous ocean. There must be a point of departure.

"DR. JORDAN: They must come up because it is cheaper than to carry coal for the whole distance.

"LORD BERESFORD: Certainly."

The Attempts to Bottle up San Francisco

Expanding trade must find an outlet. Barriers must be broken down. The Pacific Coast is cut off from the great centres of civilization by a continent and a sea. Railroad transportation is expensive and our merchants and producers languish under its exactions. Artificial conditions are created in the interest of the transcontinental railroads, which are to-day the principal opponents of the construction of the canal.

In 1878, the Union and Central Pacific Railroads forced San Francisco merchants to enter into special contracts. Those refusing could not get the railway service at all, and the condition was that the merchants contracting should abandon the sea and use the railroad exclusively. Until 1893, the date of its dissolution, the Transcontinental Association subsidized the Panama Steamship Company and the Pacific Mail in order to "bottle up" San Francisco and exclude its merchants from the advantages of the sea and its competitive rates. The merchants organized and fought back with some success, but the fact remains that the long route by the Horn has embarrassed the Pacific Coast and retarded its commercial development. How has it been embarrassed? Three thousand miles of continent and fifteen thousand miles of ocean stretch between us and the Atlantic seaboard. By means of the canal, the sea distance can be cut down to about five thousand miles. That is the main consideration.

Now the Pacific Coast of the United States consists of producers, rather than manufacturers, and as ocean freights are so very much lower than those by rail, the saving of distance, with a consequent diminution of time, means prosperity for the producer; whereas our lumber, wheat and fruit industries have so far yielded their deserved profits to the railroads. New York in eighteen days and Europe in twenty-five will give our merchants some control of the market. Now, most shipments are speculative and go forward to an uncertain goal.

California's Manufacturing Prospects

The East and Northern Europe will demand our fruits and fruit products in increasing quantities, and, by canal, refrigerator steamers can safely serve this great industry. Raw materials, coal and iron, will make return shipments profitable. Coal and iron are scarce on the coast. With them we can help to serve the local and even export demands for manufactured articles, although we have reason to believe that our oil wells and water power, generating electricity at little expense as they are now doing in limited fields, will raise us in a very few years to higher manufacturing rank.

The Pacific Coast needs a desirable population. California, with 157,000 square miles of territory, has less than 1,500,000 people. Railroad transportation is too expensive, so the canal will give us the benefits of a better class of settlers than those with which we are being afflicted. Asiatic countries have a teeming population. The Chinese once threatened to overrun the fair valleys of California, which would far better remain untouched by industry than be settled and tilled by these non-assimilative coolies, whose presence is an economic blight and a political danger. The Japanese now give evidence of a large impending immigration. California wants men, but wants the Caucasian, whose coöperation in building up the State as citizens and men of family gives them a value which cannot be estimated in money. The Asiatic is industrious and imitative and drives the American workman, on whose shoulders rest our schools, churches and homes, to the wall. Better no increased production than by these one-sided coolies. Let us trade with them at long range. American civilization demands it. There are those of the East who dissent from these views. The canal will admit, if needed, of Asiatic immigration elsewhere than the Pacific Coast, where it is now spawned, and give us a European immigration to which, under reasonable restrictions, we do not object.

Changes in the World's Commerce

The changes in the commerce of the world affected by the canal cannot be accurately forecast. It has been said that it will sweep by the Pacific Coast, and the commerce we have will be interrupted or destroyed. We are told by observers that Asiatic merchandise, which should naturally seek Pacific ports for distribution, is diverted by the Suez Canal to Eastern centres. The Nicaragua Canal will in part neutralize this loss. The Atlantic Coast will be supplied through it and the coast ports will find the fleets of the Orient calling at their wharves, because, by "great circle" sailing, ships will find themselves about one hundred miles from San Francisco, and, going and coming, they will call, and, while coaling, they can discharge and take on partial cargoes. In fact, San Francisco's usefulness as a port will grow with the commerce of the Pacific, which the canal will greatly augment. The whole country will profit by it; the interests of peace and war will be equally served. The race of the Oregon showed the necessity of a closer union between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Pacific Coast, without the canal, is exposed to the enemy's fleet. The fortifications of the English at Esquimalt, by commanding the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, threaten Puget Sound. The next war of the United States will be on the Pacific, and this coast looks to the canal, controlled by Americans and fortified against the world, for its protection and for the safety of the Flag.

From New York to San Francisco, by the present water route, is a distance of 15,700 miles. Via the proposed canal, the distance will be cut down to a little less than 5000 miles, which is a saving equivalent to about two-thirds. The Isthmian Canal also will reduce the distance from New York to Manila (going west) to that via the Suez Canal.

The future arena of the world's commercial activity will be also on the Pacific, as forecast by Seward, and the Isthmian Canal will, when completed, speed the day. Our interests on this coast are wrapped up in the commerce of the great ocean at our doors, and we believe, in a broad and patriotic sense, that the canal will, by opening the Pacific to increased activity, confer benefits upon the great coast line washed by its waves from Puget Sound to San Diego.



The Song of the Woman

By Frank L. Stanton

THEY'LL never have done with the fightin' on land an' over sea;
Government—Government, what does it care—what does it care for me?
Bugles must blow an' flags must wave, an' the muffled drums must beat,
An' what to a lass is a lover when they lay him dead at her feet?

They'll never have done with the fightin'. Forward the columns sweep;
I hear the shout o' the Captains as I tend the hearth an' weep.
Far off an' faint—but I hear it; an' a white, dead face I see
Under the sod in the grave that God an' Government make for me!

His hair was like the raven's wing. (I joy that my lips have prest,
As it fell in its flowing beauty, this dark lock on my breast!)
An' his brave, bright eyes looked love to mine—the eyes I shall never see
'Till God at the great white Judgment Day shall give him back to me.

Bible they've got for battles: For men have fought an' died
Ere the Prince of Peace said strife should cease—the Prince that they crucified.
Though a woman's tears bedew the years, shall they stay the crimson tide?
What can you do with Government with *Bible* on its side?

Men must fight the battles; lover an' lass must part;
But what is a star of glory to a woman's broken heart?
Government's right, they tell me, an' the wrong must righted be:
Give the lass then to her lover—an' my dead love back to me!



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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



The Increased Cost of Foreign Travel

Those who wish to go to Europe cheaply this year might just as well dismiss their hopes. The trip will cost more than at any time for years. Two causes explain this. The war in South Africa has drawn heavily upon the steamship lines of Great Britain for transports, and thus the carrying capacity between this country and Europe has been materially reduced. In the second place, the Paris Exposition has put up the prices all the way from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. The great prosperity of the United States has provided many of our people with money for travel. The consequence is many of them have decided to go across to see the greatest show of the century. The matter of expense never entered so little into the calculations in the whole history of the country. No one can blame the steamship companies, therefore, for getting all they can, and, possibly with one or two exceptions, every line has very largely increased its rates, but increase or no increase, those who have not engaged accommodations will find that nearly everything from now until the middle of summer is gone.

A writer for The Saturday Evening Post recently spent a day among the steamship men of New York, and they cheerfully admitted that the rates had been raised, and added that about everything they had was taken. Of course, there are always changes in plans—illness or other circumstances which keep at home persons who expected to take a trip abroad, and these afford opportunities for the late comers; but as a rule every ship, from Galveston to Halifax, that goes out of port now has every stateroom filled. It is the biggest year ever known in transatlantic travel.

Millions in Tips that Travelers Pay

Mr. Vance Thompson, in his brilliant letters from Paris, has warned Americans against any ambition of visiting the Exposition at small expense. His article has been copied all over the country and has reached millions of readers. As he is on the ground and knows Paris as well as he knows New York, his word can be relied upon. Prices of living for strangers in Paris have been increased from twenty-five to forty per cent., and that is a condition which all visitors must uncomplainingly face. But before they arrive they must also dismiss the idea that they can get across the Atlantic pleasantly without paying well for it.

It has been calculated that the American travelers this year will spend over five million dollars in tips alone. Most of them will do it grudgingly, because of all the petty blackmail of our advanced civilization these gratuities are the meanest and most provoking. At the same time, if one is traveling and wishes to get along comfortably he must deal out the tidbits on every hand. If you should want to know the depth of human misery simply decline to give any fee at all while taking a trip across the Atlantic Ocean. Then you may envy Jonah in his solitude within the whale's interior. On the other side, of course, if you do not pay the tips, you will simply be asked for them just as you would for your street-car fare or railroad ticket. It is pretty hard, but there is no escape from it, and this year the people who get tips are exacting in their demands.

Slower Ships but Greater Comfort

At the same time, people will have finer quarters than were ever before known in travel. The evolution of the modern steamship is as interesting as a novel. Take, for instance, the cattle-ship. It began as a huge freight boat. Later it was found that amidships there was room for a few passengers. The few passengers liked it wonderfully because of the smooth sailing and the moderate cost. Then gradually more staterooms were added, and the cattle soon carried goes of human beings. The ocean greyhound, burneach voyage—using strenuous effort to meanwhile churning sengers into six days did not pay the divadvertisements. Now, tremes has come the side of the ocean splenwhich exceed the greybeauties, and which ships in their speed. In ship comcome to apthe average wants comhappens that dozen millare now in this new

The other Cramps' Delaware, the largest ship ever Hemisphere was laid be nearly 600 feet long. She is built by the same St. Paul, St. Louis, unlike them, she will keels that will keep her road train. It will take passage on a boat of sengers will enjoy life will be two type, and panies are what similar

Two will England this never was a popularity of was so great, interesting steamship world is at work and

Another develop special excursions, built a magnificent on tours around the two trips a year, and comforts and convedark room for the intographers. In all our is nothing more exarchitecture. In many of our railroads, whose marvels of luxury The difficulties were, of course, many, but in everything the have been able the smoothness

rooms were addthus well above the ships were ing large carThe other type was the ing fortunes in coal on men and machinery in a make records, and in the the stomachs of the pasof unhappiness. These idends, but they made fine finally, between the excompromise, for on each did ships are being built hound in the luxuries and slightly excel the cattleother words, the steampanies have preciate that passenger fort. So it at least a lion dollars being spent type of boat. day at the yard, on the the keel of constructed in the Western—a leviathan which will with a tonnage of 12,500. company that owns the Paris and New York, but, have great, broad bilge almost as steady as a rail- a day or so longer for the this kind, but the pasin the meanwhile. There of the same other combuilding some ships also. be launched in month. There time when the ocean travel and it is an fact that every company in the is making money: ment is in the line of and a company has just yacht to take parties world. She will make she combines all the nieences, including a evitable amateur phomodern building there traordinary than marine respects it is far ahead limited trains are such and real convenience. in the way great and spite of architects to achieve with speed.

The Fine Ability that Produces Ships

When we sail upon one of these great ships or go down to the wharf to give our friends a good-by we seldom appreciate the splendid talent and artisanship that have combined to produce the floating palace. We do not stop to consider that the modern steamship is as delicately put together as the finest watch, and we forget that the men who did this work are wonderful workers for the benefit and progress of mankind. Possibly you would not recognize their names if they were mentioned, but there can be no question about the credit that is due to them. Indeed, it was said the other day when the Institute of Naval Architects met in England that the men in session there had done more for the development of commerce than all of the governments—of course this includes the politicians—of the world combined. And they could point to a most remarkable fact—namely, that the ships they had made had taken 250,000 men on hurried orders to South Africa without the loss of a single life. In our own country the builders of our ships include much of the finest ability and most perfect manhood in our population. Practically all of them come from the ranks.

A New Type of American Enterprise

In another way there is still more conspicuous development in steamship character. In England they have a law forbidding the construction of competitive lines of railways, and the average railway manager there is one who seems to have lost a large part of interest in life; but on the sea there can never be any such restrictions or regulations. If competition be the life of trade it is the very essence of shipping, and thus of necessity there has come to the front a class of alert, vigorous and incessant men who are alive to every proposition and quick to use every opportunity. The portraits of three of them are on this page. The first, the General Manager of the largest American line—the International Navigation Company; second, the General Manager of the North German-Lloyd; and third, the General Manager of the Dominion Line of Canada, in Boston.

Over a million and a quarter tons of merchantmen were taken by the English Government for the purpose of transporting troops to South Africa. One result was to increase freight rates almost threefold. Some lines were badly crippled, but they are doing everything in the world to get new ships, and thus many of the shipyards of England have just been able to declare dividends of ten per cent. and over. The line which was crippled the worst has just launched a monster of 600 feet and 13,500 tons, and a sister ship will be off the ways in three weeks. Last year there were built in England 1,242,593 tons of steamships, but of these 609,589 went to foreigners. There were fifty-two ships of over 5000 tons, and 98.7 per cent. of the tonnage built was of steel. In nearly every other country the increase is going on. For instance, Germany is now building five 6000-ton and two 5300-ton ships for the South African trade, and for this the company will get a subsidy of $350,000 a year.

New Steamship Legislation

In the legislation of England it is proposed, in a measure known as the Shippers' Liability Bill, to limit the liability of shipowners to forty dollars a ton of the vessel damaged.

In this country the most important measure is that proposed by Senators Hanna and Elkins by which a subsidy will be paid to American ships. President McKinley has favored it and there is a strong political influence back of it, but as a rule the newspapers and public men of the country seem disposed to object to a policy of bounties as contrary to the spirit and history of the country.

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR



Making a Hundred Dollars a Minute

The largest sum for the briefest service recently received by the most liberally paid of all professionals, the prima donna, was given Madame Nordica on the occasion of her appearance in a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, several weeks ago. For two songs which required five minutes each to sing she received $1000, or at the rate of $100 a minute. The songs were Grieg's Swan and a Serenade by Richard Strauss. The occasion was the first American appearance of Herr von Schuch, conductor of the Royal Opera, Dresden.

Madame Nordica, among the soloists originally announced, was taken suddenly ill during a performance of Tristan und Isolde at the Metropolitan the Saturday previous to the concert. With her customary pluck she finished the performance, but was obliged to take to her bed as soon as it was ended. There she was forced to remain until next Thursday, when it was time to dress for the concert. She appeared at the Metropolitan on time, sang her two songs and was persistently recalled for an encore. Her strength not being equal to a response she bowed her appreciation and finally took Madame Patti's method of positive refusal by returning to the stage with her carriage cloak about her shoulders. Once home she found she had no alternative but to return to the bed she had left to sing. But in the short time of her absence, in addition to keeping faith with the public and adding to the brilliance of the concert, she had received $1000 for ten minutes' actual work. For her first concert engagement, Madame Nordica, then a girl of sixteen, received ten dollars. Now in the zenith of her powers the largest sum received by Madame Nordica for a single concert was $1700. This latest achievement of $1000 for ten minutes eclipses even that.

Why David B. Hill Wears a Silk Hat

There are probably no two men in Albany so nearly alike and so much unlike as ex-Governor David B. Hill and Governor Theodore Roosevelt. Both men are fighters, although their methods differ. Both are brave and eloquent, and each received his office from a political party with which he in many respects differed. The two Governors often meet, and there is usually a little quiet fun between them when they come together. Both men have the gift of saying sharp things. Not long ago the New York State newspaper men gave a banquet at Stanwix Hall, in Albany, and among the guests of honor were the two Governors. Colonel Roosevelt came first. He wore an evening suit and his famous brown sombrero made famous by the Rough Riders. It was a combination costume at once original and picturesque. Among the last of the guests to arrive was Mr. Hill, who was conventionally attired, even to his silk hat.

"Ah!" exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt in his peculiar staccato manner, as he grasped Mr. Hill's hand, "now we have with us a real Albany swell. Governor Hill is the only man here to-night with a silk hat."

"I've got a slouch hat myself," returned Mr. Hill softly, "but I left it at home. I've given up wearing it since I went out of the advertising business."

Then dinner was announced and the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly.

Doctor Angell's Little Joke

Dr. James B. Angell, President of the University of Michigan, ex-Minister to China and to Turkey, is very much of a diplomat and a very hard man from whom to get a direct statement when he does not choose to make one. He is especially hard on interviewers, but in 1897, just before

be left on
Turkey,
gave to a
some in-
did not choose to di-
take came from the
the truth in a joking
think he was speaking
from the inability of a
ent to see a joke. And

Trouble had arisen
Doctor Angell by the
heard that the proposed
of missionaries. He
good could come from
ter. These facts had
public. It was known
delayed his
what was
could not
The green
ceived a tel-
a Detroit
paper to see
Angell and
had changed
sailing. He
do so. He

"Haven't a word to
"Really, I don't know
And then laughing in
you're not getting much
he remarked, "Why, I
I'll go to the Turkey
The green reporter
office. He had to say
quote the President's
To the State editor
any smile or
To him the
that Presi-
said there
and that he
Minister to
Sultan. This
Big head-
first page
fact that very
respondents
papers hastened to see

The latter tried his
sisted that if he had
was in fun. But it
reporter's dispatch
Washington, and the
printed the President's
over it the official
Porte was objecting to
ground of his close
Congregational mis-

Doctor Angell's name
nence diplomatically
the discussion
compelling
pay the money
American citi-
suffered from
there several

his mission to
he accidentally
Detroit paper
formation be
vulge. Part of the mis-
Doctor's habit of telling
way, which led men to
purely in fun, and part
green college correspond-
the result was this story.
about the acceptance of
Sultan. The latter had
Minister was a great friend
was suspicious that no
receiving such a charac-
not, however, been made
that Doctor Angell had
sailing, but
the cause
be learned,
reporter re-
gram from
afternoon
President
ask why he
his date of
proceeded to
asked him.
say," said the diplomat,
anything new at all."
a way that said, "Guess
information from me,"
don't even know whether
or not. Good-night."
hurried to the telegraph
something. He would
exact words. He did so,
there was no intimation of
any sarcasm.
dispatch meant
dent Angell
was some hitch
might not go as
the Court of the
was important.
lines on the
announced the
night, and cor-
for the morning

President Angell,
diplomatic arts and in-
made such a remark it
was no use. The green
stirred up officials in
morning papers that
explanation printed
statement that the
Doctor Angell on the
relationship to the
sionary board,
came again into promi-
the other day when
arose about
Turkey to
promised
zens who
the riots
years ago,

A Hard-Working Government Officer

Assistant Secretary of War, George D. Meiklejohn, is said to do more work every day than any great merchant in the country. His virtues in this line were made known by a Congressman who told the story of his experience:

"Say, there's a man in the Department there who does something! Just think of it, a fellow who draws a big salary and earns it—more than earns it—by hard work. Perhaps you think I am joking, but I'm not. I'm in earnest, in dead earnest! I had a life and death matter on hand. I half killed myself getting the papers ready. It took me a week, and, although I never work except when I have to, I can put in just as good licks as any one else when it's necessary. The papers made a big bundle, as big nearly as a tombstone, and just as interesting. I took them to the War office on Saturday, Saturday at four o'clock, and gave them to Meiklejohn. He says, 'Come in Monday morning.' I wanted to laugh, but didn't. I knew, however, I'd have to wait two or three weeks. I was so sure I'd have bet on it, and I'm not a betting man. Monday morning I happened to be in the building on another matter. As I passed Meiklejohn's door I thought I'd go in, and I did. I almost fell dead. There were my papers ready for me, signed; I could scarcely thank him, I was so dumbfounded."

W. A. Chanler's Brilliant Career

One of the most popular members of Congress is the Honorable William Astor Chanler, who, although less than thirty-three years, has achieved prominence in several directions. He came of distinguished ancestry; his father, the late J. W. Chanler, was elected to Congress three times, and John Jacob Astor was his grandfather. Mr. Chanler graduated from Harvard in 1887, and later received the degree of A. M. from that university. As soon as he came of age he took his famous trip into Africa, and for a time grave fears were felt for his safety; but after five months of exploration he turned up all right with a lot of new information that led to his election to important geographical societies.

When the war with Spain began he was one of the first to offer his services. He proposed to equip and arm a whole regiment at his own expense, and when this was declined he went South, finally receiving a commission from the President conferring upon him the duties of Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. He was honorably discharged from the work on October 3. He served a term in the New York Legislature, and then his election to Congress followed. In Congress he has won many friends, and, despite his large wealth, he is one of the most democratic of the members.

The Pastimes of Eighty-Three

Captain John Codman, who died recently at the age of eighty-six, was a prominent member of the New York Reform and the Twilight Clubs, and was one of the best-known writers upon industrial subjects in the country. He retained his strength and vigor to a remarkable degree, and when he was seventy-six years old he was accustomed to ride on horseback between New York and Boston solely for the exercise. Innumerable stories are told of his vigor. Two or three years ago he was seen walking briskly down town in New York one of the bitterest days of the winter. The thermometer was down to zero and the wind was blowing a gale.

"Pretty cold, isn't it?" remarked a friend who met him.

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! I know it. What important business takes you outdoors in this storm?"

"Nothing very important," replied the old man as he strode on. "I've been skating on the lake at the Park."

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Memories of Moody By His Son
William Revell Moody
IV. Revivals in the Early Seventies

THE evangelistic mission in America, which gave to Mr. Moody his larger usefulness and his higher reputation, began almost a quarter of a century ago and covered nearly every part of the United States. The years in which the movement gathered the force that made it such an unprecedented success in religious zeal and results covered the years 1875, 1876 and 1877. Five missions in five of the largest cities of the country showed Mr. Moody's great powers as an independent worker in evangelism. First in Brooklyn, next in Philadelphia, next in New York, next in Chicago, and then in Boston, with steadily increasing congregations and interest, the work gained a momentum that carried it throughout the nation. Not only that, but in Canada and even in Mexico Mr. Moody won in respect and confidence. In some places he spent entire winters working along evangelistic lines and in Bible readings among Christians. In Baltimore, in St. Louis, in San Francisco he stayed from five to six months, and thus from place to place he carried on the work.

But the first great success—the first complete confidence—was won in the largest centres of population. Mr. Moody appreciated the necessity of having men of force on his side, and thus he enlisted the support of laymen who were able to give him the opportunity for large enterprise. Indeed, he had learned this lesson in Great Britain and he put it into effect when he began his wider work in America. A prominent financier was once asked, "How is it that while you and other like men are all but inaccessible, fenced in by closed doors and guarded by polite but immovable private secretaries, Dwight L. Moody sees you at any time?"

"He is one of us," was the reply.

Mr. Moody's argument in persuading these men to support his work was simple and direct. "Water runs down hill," he said, "and the highest hills in America are the great cities. If we can stir them we shall stir the whole country." How prophetic his words were was shown in the record of his labors!

It was in October, 1875, and in the city of Brooklyn that Mr. Moody's first American campaign began. He had made thorough preparations for it; places of assembly had been provided; programs had been arranged and the various denominations had been united in plans for prayer and conference. The main building was a rink in which chairs for 5000 persons were placed. Soon this was filled, and then, by the help of the local clergymen and laymen, the overflow meetings and special services were accommodated in the different churches. The success was extraordinary, and those who had at first criticised the meetings expressed a profound respect in the end for the methods of Mr. Moody, and for results that attended them.



IRA D. SANKEY

Philadelphia was the next place of attack, and the building was the recently abandoned freight station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has since become the John Wanamaker store. Seats to accommodate 13,000 persons were provided. The fame of the Brooklyn meetings had preceded the enterprise. With more earnestness than ever the local clergymen engaged in the work. There were separate meetings for different classes of hearers, and Mr. Moody, at one of the services, said that he was going to have the meetings for young men limited to those under forty, because that would just take him in. His fortieth birthday was celebrated shortly afterward. The remarkable thing in this mission was a meeting set apart especially for intemperate men and women, and almost incredible results followed his appeal to this motley, miserable congregation.

In the Philadelphia meetings Mr. Moody was assisted by such men as John Wanamaker and George A. Stuart, and there were many incidents of unusual interest. Mr. Stuart thus spoke of the meetings: "At the morning meetings in the Depot Church and on Sundays the early hour at which people came was remarkable. The watchman told me that he saw men gathering there as early as 4:30 A. M., and at six o'clock on cold mornings in January the throng was so great that he was obliged to open the doors." During this Philadelphia mission many Princeton students attended, and after their return they began begging Mr. Moody to come and preach for the University. The work inaugurated at that time has spread throughout the world.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of papers which began in The Saturday Evening Post of April 7, dealing with the more important events in Mr. Moody's life.

Doctor Trumbull speaks of a famous New Year's service, when, after a conversation between Mr. Moody and the Rev. Dr. Plummer on the question of conversion, the audience was intensely concentrated upon the spiritual significance of the meeting. Doctor Trumbull wrote: "As the hour of midnight approached, the appeals of Mr. Moody, following this illustrative inquiry meeting, grew more and more earnest, and the solemnity of the service deepened. Just before twelve o'clock he asked all present to join in silent prayer.

"While all heads were still bowed, the profound stillness was broken by Mr. Sankey's singing of Almost Persuaded. Then the closing moments of the passing year were given to earnest prayer, especially for those who had arisen to ask for it, and were now urged to a final decision.

"When, at midnight, the sounding out of the bell at Independence Hall was the signal for all the bells of the city and the steam whistles on every side to greet the incoming year, Mr. Moody wished all a 'Happy New Year,' and that never-to-be-forgotten watch-night service closed. Its echoes are still resounding in many hearts on earth and in Heaven, and their gratitude is now deeper than ever to dear Mr. Moody and his fellow-worker on that sacred occasion."

The Mission at Madison Square in New York

From Philadelphia Mr. Moody went to New York. A cordial invitation had been extended to him from a temporary organization of which the late Rev. Dr. John Hall was chairman. After he concluded his work in Philadelphia he accepted this invitation, and a permanent organization was formed. William E. Dodge was president of the general committee; George H. Andrews, Bowles Colgate and Henry Oakley, vice-presidents, and more than thirty clergymen, representing nearly all the Protestant denominations, and as many laymen, were members of this committee. The executive committee consisted of Nathan Bishop, chairman; John C. Havemeyer, secretary, and William E. Dodge, Jr., the Rev. Dr. S. Irenaeus Prime, S. B. Shieffelin, Elliot F. Shepard, Morris K. Jesup and R. R. McBurney. The committee obtained a lease of the Hippodrome, on the site of the present Madison Square Garden, at Madison Avenue and Fourth Avenue, between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets, as the most central and suitable building for the meetings. The auditorium was divided into two large halls, each capable of seating about 7000 persons, and a call was issued by the committee for a private guarantee fund to meet attendant expenses.

In the call it was stated that "it must be distinctly understood that Messrs. Moody and Sankey refuse to receive any payment for their own services; thus no part of the above fund will be paid to them."

While the committee were attending to the business details, Christian people were not idle in the churches. There was an increased interest in meetings for prayer and religious conference. The daily prayer-meeting uptown, at Lyric Hall, was largely attended, while the Fulton Street meeting felt the fresh impulse of revival preparations. Again the same hearty coöperation and unity of the pastors of the leading churches were experienced, and this sympathy on the part of the churches found expression in the denominational papers.

The New York Mission did much to establish the evangelists in the firmer respect and commendation of the country. The secular and religious papers gave large accounts of the services and began to commend them. The hall was always filled. For an hour or more people were at the doors. An observer writes:

"Promptly at eight o'clock two men take their places, one within the rail, the other at the melodeon. As the former rises, after a moment of silent prayer, you see a short, stout-built, square-shouldered man with bullet-shaped head set close on the shoulders, black eyes that twinkle merrily at times, and a full but not heavy beard and mustache. The face expresses fun, good humor, persistence. The coat is closely buttoned, with a bit of stand-up collar seen over it. Such is D. L. Moody, the leader of the Hippodrome work. As he stands with hand resting on the rail you are conscious that it is to see, not to be seen. Like an engineer with his hand on the throttle, like a physician with his finger on the patient's pulse, his mind is on the work before him. A quick, soldierly bearing marks every movement.

"He gives out a hymn so rapidly that we scarce catch the words, and then we look at Sankey. A man of larger build, clear-cut features and shaven chin, a voice clear, melodious, powerful. Easier and gentler in bearing than Moody, he has enough force and fire in speech and song to hold an audience in perfect quiet; and when he sings alone you hear every word and catch from the face and voice the full meaning of the song. Both men impress you as honest and good, hearty and wholesome in body and mind, and thoroughly in earnest."

In the evening the meeting was still more interesting, and this pen picture is drawn:

"Eight o'clock and Mr. Moody is at his post. It is a pleasant night, and though every seat is filled there is a large crowd outside. Announcing a hymn, he says:

"'Now, won't a thousand of you Christians go into the Fourth Avenue Hall and pray for this meeting and let those outside have your seats?' Here is a practical application of Christian self-denial not pleasant to those who have fought for good seats. However, a few go out.

"'Not half enough,' says Mr. Moody at the end of the first verse. 'I want a great many more to go out. I see many of you here every night, and if I knew your names I'd call you out.' So, after much urging, quite a number leave, the doors are opened and the empty seats are again filled. The platform does not escape.

"'Now, some of you go,' and a few retire. 'Will the ushers please open the windows?' is the next order. Mr. Moody is autocratic in his demands for fresh air.

"'Fresh air is as important as the sermon,' he says. 'We've got to keep these people awake, and they're half asleep already.' All very true, but opening the top back windows throws cruel drafts in the galleries, so it isn't long before the windows are shut, and very soon Mr. Moody is calling for fresh air again."



D. L. MOODY



A STREET IN NORTHFIELD

The Permanent Results of the N. Y. Mission

The hold of Messrs. Moody and Sankey over these audiences is attested in thousands of long descriptions. "Worshiping in the rude-walled Hippodrome, sitting on wooden chairs, led in song by a man with a melodeon, and preached to by a man without a pulpit, they have learned that costly churches, stained windows, soft cushions, great organs and quartette choirs are not necessary to the worship of God, and tend to drive away the poor, leaving the rich to enjoy the luxuries alone," said one.

The character of their work can be gathered from this comment:

"The Hippodrome work is a vast business enterprise, organized and conducted by business men who have put money into it on business principles, for the purpose of saving men. But through all the machinery vibrates the power without which it would be useless—the power of the Holy Ghost. Of course it is successful. Men are being saved day and night, and a moral influence is felt round about the building itself. Two Sundays ago the police returns of the precinct showed no arrests—a thing before unknown—and a recent statement says that in spite of increased destitution among the poor this winter there has been no increase of crime."

It was generally admitted by the clergymen and papers that the work of Moody and Sankey in New York gave an impetus to congregational singing, filled the churches, and brought religious problems closer to the people. Mr. Moody in that building gathered day by day the largest audiences ever seen in that city. Some question was raised as to the permanency of the conversions, but the returns gathered in later years, not only from the personal messages to Mr. Moody but from the ministers of churches show that the results were permanently advantageous to the churches. The question that was then asked is never asked now, because it was so fully answered by the facts.

An interesting incident occurring during the New York Mission is related by Professor George P. Fisher, of the Yale Divinity School, as illustrating Mr. Moody's courageous frankness as well as his kindness. Says Doctor Fisher:

"I once passed an evening in company with Mr. Thurlow Weed, who was long a leader in the politics of New York.

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and in the Civil War was sent abroad on a kind of unofficial embassy to confer with men of power in England. In the course of a long conversation Mr. Weed asked me if I knew Mr. Moody, and added that Mr. Moody wrote him an excellent letter, which he would like me to read. It was an acknowledgment of a very generous contribution from Mr. Weed to defray the expenses of the meetings held in New York. Mr. Weed did not himself mention the occasion of the letter, but he afterward sent me a copy of it. This is the letter:

"MR. WEED.

"*My Dear Friend:* Yours of the twentieth of March with check came to hand yesterday, and I am at a loss to know what to do. I am afraid you may put it in with some other good deeds and they may keep you from coming to Christ as a lost sinner. I wish you knew how anxious I am for you and how I long to see you out and out on the Lord's side. I thank you for the money, but what would you say if I should treat your gift as you have the gift of God and send it back to you—would you not be offended? Now as I take your gift, will you not take God's gift and let us rejoice together? I cannot bear to leave the city and leave you out of the Ark that God has provided for you and all the rest of us. Hoping to hear soon of your conversion, I remain your friend and brother (I hope) in Christ,

"(Signed) D. L. MOODY."

A Prophecy of Failure Refuted

Mr. Moody's return to Chicago was discussed with much interest, and there were many who said that the series of meetings would be a failure. The mission began in October, 1876, but instead of any lack of enthusiasm there was the warmest response, not only from the clergy, but especially from the public. The meetings were held in the Auditorium, the largest hall in the city, having accommodations for 6000 people. Those who had said that he would not be able to fill this place found themselves greatly mistaken. The 6000 packed all the available space in the hall, and there were more than 6000 outside, so that the cable cars could not get past, and a line of policemen was unable to persuade the people to go away.

The Chicago Mission ended in a farewell service which was peculiarly dramatic. It was for those who professed to have been converted during Mr. Moody's services, and admission was by ticket only. Applications were made for 6000 of these tickets, and, before the meeting closed, local churches reported over 2000 accessions on profession of faith.

The success of the mission was extraordinary, and ever after that Mr. Moody's visits to Chicago were attended by great results, especially in 1876 and 1897.

A Search, Like Alexander's, for New Conquests

Next was a mission in Boston, an undertaking that presented peculiar difficulties. The idea of a revival in Boston was against the preconceived notions and conventions of that city. Mr. Moody received opposition from the start, but it was this very opposition that turned the tide in his favor. He made there some of the closest and best friends of his whole career—such men as Henry M. Moore, Henry Durant and Dr. A. J. Gordon, who all helped him in his subsequent labors and in his schools and conferences at Northfield. In Boston a large temporary building was erected for the mission, with a seating capacity of 6000. Prominent ministers and laymen of all denominations aided the work, and from the first great interest was shown. Week after week for two months on every good day, and often two or three times a day, the immense building was filled to overflowing. Even so conservative a man as Dr. Joseph Cook summed up the results with enthusiasm. He said that the revival surpassed that under Whitefield in Boston in 1740, and in the complete result of the work Messrs. Moody and Sankey did better than in their great meetings in Edinburgh. The success in Boston increased the hold of the evangelism upon the country at large. It had been in steadily rising ratio in all the five cities—Brooklyn first, Philadelphia next, New York third, Chicago fourth, and now Boston fifth. Then radiated those numerous services which became such important factors in the religious growth and interest of the nation during the past twenty-odd years.

The greatest obstacle that Mr. Moody encountered in reaching the unconverted was a curious one. The members of church came early to the place of meeting and took the nearest seats, and the consequence was that many thousands whom he most desired to reach were placed at a distance. For the same reason, he could not always make a success of his inquiry meetings, because people who had been converted either through him or through others would crowd into the rooms. Even in cities far away from the scenes of earlier missions these things would occur. Indeed, during his last extended tour on the Pacific Coast in the winter of 1899, he was continually meeting those who dated their Christian life through missions he had conducted years before in the Eastern States or in Great Britain. Thus it happened that he was always looking for new fields, and he accepted invitations to newly-settled towns in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. Little support was to be counted on in these places, but this simply made him redouble his energies.

In one town in the new country, after his sermon on Repentance, he received a hurriedly written note from a wanderer, stating that he had left the service that night convicted of his sins, and was leaving by the midnight train for his home in Philadelphia to seek his parents' pardon for his cruel treatment and desertion.

Through all this time, in spite of the crowds, he was doing all he could by man-to-man method to reach individuals. "Let every one of us try to get one soul," was his constant appeal, and the number that he won in this way cannot possibly be estimated. He never thought of such an estimate himself because he was intolerant of any such statistics. One interesting fact about his work is that his career of evangelism, in the words of Doctor Mackenzie, "reached its height in America during a period of extraordinary material prosperity."

End-of-the-Century Farming

EXPERTS of the Department of Agriculture have reckoned that seventy years ago in this country it required just a bit over three hours to produce a bushel of wheat. To-day an average bushel is turned out in ten minutes. In 1830 the cost of the labor consumed was nearly eighteen cents; at present it is only three and a third cents.

Similar figures might be cited for other products of the soil, but it will suffice to say that during the year 1899 a saving of $681,500,000 was made in the raising and harvesting of the seven principal crops in the United States by means of machines and methods invented within the last half-century. In other words, the production of exactly the same crops fifty years ago would have cost that much more money.

This gives a vivid notion of the benefits conferred upon mankind by modern agricultural invention. The wheat crop is increased at least one-eighth by the use of a single contrivance known as the mechanical seeder. Without the cotton-gin, it would be practically impossible to raise and to market the cotton crop of this country, which now amounts to 10,000,000 bales or more annually. The up-to-date corn-husker, which is a recent invention, husks the corn and at the same time cuts the husks, stalks and blades into feed. In corn-shellers the very latest is a steam-power machine which will shell a bushel a minute, carry off the cobs to a pile or into a wagon, and deliver the grain into sacks or wagons. But the most wonderful contrivance of all is the combined reaper and thresher, with which it is necessary only to drive across the wheat-field in order to obtain the wheat ready for transportation to the elevator.

The Man at the Wheel

By Morgan Robertson



WE WERE the only Americans in the forecastle; but he had been shanghaied, while I had shipped willingly. Yet though he had come aboard half drunk, he was the one man forward who had escaped friction with the mates while they were taking our measures on the first day out. This immunity was not due to his nationality, for I, sober from the start, had suffered woefully—a black eye from the first mate, a sore head from the second, and unkind words from the skipper being my share of their criticism.

Fuller was an able seaman of the first rank. Even while still reeling from the drink within him he displayed a knowledge of his work, a facility of anticipating happenings, and a readiness of judgment, speech and action that were almost instinctive. He gave the officers no excuse for faultfinding, and when he was himself he gave them reason for strong approval. Tall and straight, with broad, square shoulders and a phenomenal depth of chest—slow and deliberate in speech and manner until occasion arose, then quick as a panther—with a voice like a woman's in conversation, but vibrant and resonant as a chime whistle when calling down from aloft—with bronzed, clean-cut features and kindly eye hiding a latent sparkle—this man gave evidence of mental and physical power far above his needs as a sailor. He himself named his one great weakness—intemperance. He spoke but little in the watch below, and then, usually, as a peacemaker; for, until men become acquainted, a ship's crew is an inharmonious muster. Once, Tim, a bristly-faced Liverpool Irishman, who had persistently persecuted the ordinary seaman Hans, planted his knuckles under Hans' ear for some small breach of forecastle etiquette. Fuller reached his long right arm out of an upper bunk, seized the Irishman by the collar and shook him until he gasped, then dropped him in a heap. Tim crawled into his bunk whispering and muttering, and Fuller sat up, his legs dangling over the bunk-board.

"Now, I'll tell you fellows right here, once for all," he said, looking down on us, "you're going to let the Dutchman alone or answer to me." No one spoke. Fuller peered at us all, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and continued:

"Do I make myself plain? This is for all of you. With one exception there's not a whole sailor-man among you." (I hoped he meant me.) "You don't know your work on deck, you get hammered by the mates, and come growling and whining around the beef-kid. Did you ever think that if the mates had less to bother them, there'd be less billingsgate and belaying-pin soup? Why don't you learn your work and get to be some use on deck?"

I ventured to suggest that the mates hammered us for the love of the sport, and that no amount of proficiency would save us.

"There's something in that, I know," he answered more mildly; "but in any case only the worst of you would catch it. Have you noticed that I haven't been struck or called out of my name yet? Well, I promise you that I won't. I know my work better than the mates know theirs."

I was silent.

"Another thing," he continued, and his voice gathered strength. "I've listened to the talk in this forecastle about the skipper's wife. Now, he's a brute, of course, a whiskey-soaked brute—but she's a lady, and my countrywoman. Hear that? If I hear her spoken of again in anything but terms of the highest respect I'll send that man aft feet first for treatment. I'm an American."

He rolled back, refilled his pipe and smoked silently. I also was an American—not long from a good home—and I own to a blush of shame that I had not protested at the forecastle discourse concerning the sweet-faced, big-eyed little woman who hovered near the after companionway and watched us as a kitten might a pack of dogs; but Fuller had anticipated me and I could only say, "I stand by that."

From this on, though he resumed his quiet manner, he dominated the forecastle so thoroughly that there was no further need of dictation. Hans enjoyed immunity from assault and the Captain's wife from gossip; we took turns at cleaning the forecastle and attending to the food, and before the trades were reached were on fairly good terms.

But, before this, another phase of Fuller's character was shown to us—he was an entertainer of exceptional ability. We were all impressed by his careful choice of words—we all knew that here was a man able to pass muster among refined people on shore; but not even I, fresh from the public schools, was prepared for the sort of talk which he gave us one watch inspired by the grog which the skipper had served out to all hands at the end of a hard reefing-match. It began with Tim's comment on the "domfoolishness of a divvle he'd read about somewhere," who, having been cast away for years, returned to look into the window of his home and see his wife happy in another man's love and another man's children.

"He wuz no man," concluded Tim, "to jist look in the windy and sneak. An' he wuz no sailor-man, ayether. If I had a wife I wudden't lose her. Begob, no. But it's all made up; the felly jist wrote what wuz in his head. It never happened. It cudden't."

"Yes, Tim, it could happen. Tennyson knew what he was talking about when he wrote Enoch Arden. It has happened. I knew such a man."

"Ye did?"

"Yes, he was shipwrecked and came home years later. There was a man in his place, and a big new house built with money his father had left him and which the wife inherited; and there was a child born. But he didn't look into the window and go. He talked with the woman, and though she loved him more than the new man, he knew that she loved the child more than either, so rather than make trouble he cleared out without seeing the new man at all."

"And where'd he go," asked Tim wonderingly.

"To sea, of course."

Then followed a lecture on ancient and modern poetry.

But this kind of talk resulted disastrously to Fuller's theory of his immunity from abuse. The steward, a well-meaning but unwise individual, was in the habit of visiting the forecastle for a smoke with the men before turning in for the night. On this evening he came in just in time to hear Fuller's discourse on poetry. So impressed was he by the wonder that he sang Fuller's praises at the cabin table next morning, to the end that the Captain, highly indignant at the discovery of such a forecastle lawyer among his men, forthwith made life a burden to Fuller, cursing and shouting at him whenever he came in sight. The Captain was a well-built, handsome young man, with a fair education and a reddening nose. Had he remained sober long enough to be guided by his natural sense, Fuller might have escaped his wrath; but he tippled continually. Once his wife protested, and there were sorrow and shame in her blue eyes.

"Please don't, George," she said to her husband. "He is doing his best." But he pushed her aside; whereupon she went below, crying.

Another happening lowered Fuller's stock still further. The two mates, "buckos" of the worst type, began shouting at one another in the darkness of a stormy night, each under

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the impression that the other was an angry and insolent sailor. They met soon on the slanting deck, and though they must have known their mistake by this time, still they went at it, to the intense amusement of all of us, wrestling and striking until they rolled to the lee scuppers. It was Fuller who separated them; and he may or may not have earned the gratitude of Mr. Parker, the second mate—under dog in the fight—but he certainly aroused all the hatred that Mr. Oliver, the first officer, was able to feel. It was intensified by what Hans told him (we learned of Hans' and the steward's misdoing afterward). On fine nights he would call this slow-witted young man aft to be wheedled and pumped of forecastle news; and Hans gave out Fuller's declaration in regard to his own ability in a way which made him say that he knew more than did the mates. So, though there was bad blood between the first and second mate, the former and the skipper were thoroughly in accord in their opinion of Fuller, and often joined their extensive vocabularies in expressing it. Sometimes, as I noted the sparkle in Fuller's dark eyes, I feared the ending of this; but he held his temper wonderfully and silenced our sympathizing comment.

We had now caught the northeast trade, and about this time my viewpoint was changed from the forecastle to the lazarette. The cause of the transfer has nothing to do with this story, but is touched upon as explaining the somewhat unconventional frame of mind which makes this story possible. When you are flat on your back, with a second mate, bigger and stronger than yourself, kneeling on your chest, gripping your throat and hammering a belaying-pin on your bare head until your reeling brain sees things of another world, you are apt to fall back upon your instincts, and, later, to feel an unregenerate sympathy for mutiny which you can acquire in no other way. I reached for my sheath-knife. Shortly afterward, dazed, breathing hard and unrepentant, I was ironed in the half-deck and entered in the official log for murderous assault on Mr. Parker, with good prospects of bread and water for the passage, and a long term in the penitentiary afterward. Mr. Oliver, the first mate, put the irons on my wrists, and I noticed a sympathizing leer showing in his evil face; but whatever of approval this may have indicated he carefully left out of his language.

Savage as I felt at the time, I remember philosophizing on the absurd nautical etiquette which required me to "sir" and "mister" this ignorant wretch. He was heavily built and bull-necked. Quite different was Mr. Parker; he was younger, better educated and better favored, possessing a slippery, snaky kind of good looks, and an expression about the mouth which, in repose, was a sneer, when he was excited, a malevolent grin, and when pleased or amused, a pleasant smile. My knife had barely pricked a rib, and he had smiled sweetly as I left the deck.

Having ironed me, the mate rove a long rope through the links of the shackles and, bringing the ends even, passed a clove-hitch with both parts around a stanchion; then led the two ends forward out of my reach and hitched them to another. But he had left me six feet of rope between the first hitch and my shackles, and this was enough. After one night spent in the half-deck, breathing bilge-water fumes from the scupper-holes, I loosened the hitch with my six feet of slack when night came down again, crawled through it and forward to the other stanchion, cleared away the ends, coiled up my tether and then crept aft past the cabin-trunk to the lazarette, where there were soft oakum and canvas to lie upon, and a hatch above for ventilation. It was about four feet square, and in fine weather was left open. I made this change nightly, returning at daylight to hitch myself to the stanchion.

About a week after my incarceration, while crawling along the starboard alleyway, I heard a sound through the thin bulkhead which brought me to a stop—the sound of a woman sobbing, and harsh profanity. I was abreast of the Captain's room just then, and I passed on to my nest in the lazarette, cursing the brute and wishing that the Fates had made me a policeman instead of a sailor. Thinking on the hard lot of the poor little woman, I fell asleep, to be awakened shortly by voices on deck.

The ship was close-hauled on the port tack, and out of the spanker over my head the wind hummed with a sound that would have deadened voices less forceful than those of Fuller and the mate. From where I lay I could just distinguish, faintly illumined by the binnacle light, the head of Fuller at the wheel, and the outline of Mr. Oliver's burly figure. He was stamping back and forth across the deck in front of the wheelman. It was the blackest night I had ever known in trade-wind waters, and, but for the binnacle light and their voices, I should not have known them. The mate was speaking.

"I'll take the shine out o' you, you ——— sea preacher. Know yer work, do you? I've got a few tricks you don't know."

"What I said, Mr. Oliver," answered Fuller, firmly but respectfully, "was not boastingly, or in comparison with any one aft, but to induce the men to brace up and learn something."

"You lie, you sniveling soul-saver. Don't gi' *me* any lip—don't you gi' *me* any lip, or I'll make you smell h—l right here." He halted before Fuller and raised his fist.

"Hold on, sir," said Fuller. "There's precedent established, aside from the law in the matter, against striking a man at the wheel. I'll have the best of it, sir."

"You will, hey?" Then followed an epithet and the mate struck Fuller in the face. He was bent back over the wheel-box by the force of the blow, but retained his hold on the spokes.

"There's little chance for a foremast hand in court; but I've got you foul, Mr. Oliver."

"Have, hey, you whining hound? Got any witnesses?"

Again the epithet; again the big fist launched out, and again Fuller sank back over the wheel-box.

"Take care—take care! Don't hit me again," he said hoarsely as he straightened up. "You're right. There are no witnesses if I kill you. Take care, sir!"



DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

"THERE'S PRECEDENT ESTABLISHED . . . AGAINST STRIKING A MAN AT THE WHEEL"

The mate laughed contemptuously. Then—I did not see, it was too dark—but I heard the sound of expectoration, and "that's all you're worth," from Mr. Oliver.

Fuller, with a harsh, throaty growl, dropped the wheel and sprang at the mate. They clinched, and as their tightly locked forms disappeared from my sight I stepped toward the hatch for a peep over the combings. Before I could raise my head, however, a heavy figure launched over the hatch; I felt the vibration of the lazarette flooring, followed quickly by the quiver of the hatch combing and the floundering thud of a body falling on the deck. One of them had been hurled through the air, head first, at the lee quarter-bitt; but it was not Fuller, as I saw in a second. He was at the wheel, grinding it up, coughing and snarling and rubbing his cheek and chin with his wrist. The ship had come up into the wind, and I heard faintly the long-drawn hail of the lookout on forecastle-deck: "All in the wind forrard, sir."

"All right—all right," answered Fuller, and there was a raspy note in his voice—intentional, or coming of his rage—peculiarly like the unpleasant voice of the mate.

When the sails were full and the ship steady he left the wheel, stepped quickly down to leeward out of my sight, and returned in a moment to his steering. I could not see the expression of his face, but I saw him hold his hand to his forehead, as a man does with the headache, while he looked aloft at the royal, to windward and ahead.

"Dead," I heard him say. "O God, haven't I trouble enough? He deserved it; and they'd acquit him for my death, but hang me for his."

Three bells—half-past nine—struck on the cabin clock. He rang the strokes on the small bell behind him, and it was repeated forward. In half an hour he would be relieved.

He stood there inactive for five minutes, while I watched with a dry tongue and throat, every nerve strained in expectancy; then, putting the wheel up a full turn, he dropped it, sprang quickly down past the hatch, and I heard the scraping of boot heels on the deck. I heard no splash—it was blowing too hard—but knew that he had given the mate the burial he had earned, and knew, too, that if no one else had seen or heard, Fuller had saved himself; for I, a brother-slave in my country's ships, a convict elect—who had felt the clutch of authority at my throat and seen things of another world—would not have denounced him.

He waited ten minutes—until the mate's body must have been a mile astern—then, putting his hands to his mouth, sent a bellowing call forward: "Man overboard! *Man overboard!* Call all hands. Come aft here, some of you."

There was confusion indescribable. The Captain came up tipsy and totally unequal to the situation. The men were excited and—judging by the few comments I heard—not overzealous to save their chief officer. The second mate alone was steady. Somehow, he managed to back the main-yards and get a quarter-boat over; but it returned without Mr. Oliver.

I overheard Fuller explaining earnestly to the Captain and second mate that Mr. Oliver had climbed the taffrail to examine the chafed clew-lasning of the spanker; that he had slipped, struck his head on the rail, and fallen overboard, whereupon Fuller had immediately "sung out."

With Mr. Parker in the mate's place and the Captain—fairly sober now—standing watch, the ship ran down the northeast trade and into the doldrums, each day marked by the knocking-down or clubbing of one or more of the crew. I knew this from the sounds I heard and from Hans, who brought me my meals.

"I dink I will my knife stick in him, too," he said one day. "Den I coom down here and do no work and be waited on, aindt it? Yah." One part of Hans' gossip was gratifying; Fuller, in Mr. Parker's watch, now escaped a great deal of the Captain's ill-will and abuse, and from Mr. Parker himself received consideration, and even kindness. But the two officers were united in their tyranny over the rest of the crew and treated the men harsher than before the disappearance of Mr. Oliver. I ascribed it to the fact that, with their force reduced by a third, they dared not abate one jot of their iron rule, fearing that the crew would take advantage of it; and that in Fuller's case, Mr. Parker, more practical than the Captain, knew that this man needed no coercion or terrorizing to keep him in order. Also, I considered the fight between the mates, when Fuller had aided him; but another conversation which I listened to one evening decided me that gratitude played no part in Mr. Parker's mind.

It was a fine night. Curiously enough, for the latitude, we had a gentle, fair wind which promised to be steady. I had crawled aft cautiously, and stretched out on my resting place just as four bells (ten o'clock) struck overhead. Fuller relieved the wheel, as I knew by the voice that repeated the course. Then I heard Mr. Parker's step.

"Why didn't you take the second mate's berth the old man offered you?" he asked; and as Fuller did not reply at once, I arose to my feet and approached the hatch. This promised to be interesting.

"I didn't want it, sir," he answered at last. "I am not competent, and am satisfied in the forecastle."

"Possibly you are, Mr. Fuller—now that your friend is over the side. I say 'Mr.' Fuller because I know a good man when I see him. Don't tell me you're not competent. I know better. You've walked the poop-deck for years."

Fuller did not reply.

"Now I've been your friend—you can't deny that—and I want you aft here."

"May I ask why, sir? It's safe enough to disrate an officer, but not safe to promote a foremast hand against his will and make him responsible. He could dismast the ship, plead incompetency, and the owners would get no insurance. Why do you want me aft against my will?"

"Take the berth and I'll tell you. It's a good thing for us both."

"No, sir, I prefer staying forward."

The officer paced the deck a few turns and halted.

"I want you aft," he said, "because I like a man of your calibre. You're one man in a thousand. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine would have lost their heads the other night."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What do I mean? Fuller, what I didn't see I heard from the forward companionway; what I didn't hear I saw from the corner of the house. I heard the mate cursing you. I saw him flung across the deck, heard him land, saw you pitch him over, and heard you sing out. I give you credit for a cool head, but—I can hang you."

Fuller made no response.

"I could have raised a row at the time, Fuller, but I approved of the thing, and, as I said, I liked you. Now, I want you with me. Take the berth."

"Why?"

There was no "sir" added to the word, and Fuller's voice was hoarse.

"Well—just this. The skipper's got clean, green bills in his room to the tune of $30,000—no right to it—what his wife got from her first husband's estate. I wormed this out of the fool. He sold out everything and they mean to settle in 'Frisco. Now—do you want part of that money?"

"Shouldn't wonder. My right to it is as good as his."

"Of course. Now we're talking. You can have half."

"What's the plan?" asked Fuller with a kind of dry laugh in his voice.

"Dead easy. Send him after the mate. We can take the ship to 'Frisco."

"How about his wife?"

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"Oh, that won't matter. She'll be glad to be rid of him. You leave that part to me."

Fuller waited a little before speaking, then his words came with a businesslike distinctness.

"And in case I refuse to come aft as second mate, aid you *in killing* the skipper—you intend to denounce me for killing the mate?"

"Well—yes—that's about the size of it. I'll explain my delay by seeming frightened—afraid of a like fate. It'll go in court."

"I'll think a little. I don't want to hang. I've work to do in this world."

"All right. Think quick. I want your answer next trick at the wheel. Here, have a drink."

He drew out a flask, but Fuller declined. "I've quit drinking forever," he said. "I've work to do."

The mate went forward and began pacing the half-deck, as I could tell by the sound of his footsteps. From my position near the quarter-bitt I could only see the upper part of Fuller's tall figure, as he stood, holding his hand to his forehead as he had done once before. In the stillness of the tropic night I could hear plainly, not only the mate's footfalls, but Fuller's heavy breathing, the guttural snoring of the Captain in his berth, and the sound of light footsteps on the forward companionway stairs—then voices in the lee alleyway. Fuller stepped to the lee side of the wheel and, holding it with one hand, bent his body nearly to a right angle as he looked forward.

"What do you mean, sir!" came in an indignant voice. "Mr. Parker, I forbid you. What are you thinking of? Do you want me to speak to my husband?"

"Why, no, little woman, of course not. What's the sense? Just one; no one can see."

There was a faint scuffle of feet on the deck, a stifled plaint that was half gasp, and a sound from Fuller's lips that I had never heard outside of a menagerie. He left the wheel, and I raised my head through the hatch; but he had disappeared in the alley. Then I heard a scream, a heavy stamping of feet, choking words of protest in the mate's voice, and the crashing of a heavy body on the deck.

"Lay aft here the watch," came a roar in Fuller's vibrant voice. "Take the wheel one hand. I'm through. One of you call the skipper."

The shuffling of feet sounded on the deck as the men ran aft, and I lowered my head, but remained where I could watch. Before the men reached the quarter Fuller appeared around the corner of the house, supporting the half-unconscious woman.

"Steady, little girl," he said, tenderly. "Steady—don't faint. It's almost over."

"Oh, John," she wailed, "don't blame—don't blame me. I couldn't help it. I came up for air—the fumes stifled me—and I didn't know—I didn't know——"

"Never mind, Alice; I don't blame you," he said, giving the wheel a spin with his free hand. "I never blamed you. You've borne it nobly; and I hoped we could hold out, but—it ends this night if I kill him, too. Take the wheel here one of you," he added sternly to the group of men, "and call the skipper."

"What's the row?" asked Irish Tim, as he grasped the spokes. "Where's the mate, Fuller?"

Now came two or three men along the lee alley, and one of them answered Tim.

"Dead," he replied. "Dead as he can be. Fuller, yer done for."

"Call the skipper."

A man descended the after companionway, and not knowing where to look, sang out loudly, waking first the steward in the forward cabin—who appeared—later, the Captain.

"What's the matter here?" asked that individual thickly, as he reached the deck. "Where's Mr. Parker?"

"Dead," answered Fuller, still supporting the Captain's wife. "D——n you," he yelled insanely, "can't you care for the wife that was given you?"

"What—why—what——" stuttered the dazed Captain, backing toward the companionway. "What—Alice!" he bawled suddenly, his emotions crystallizing to anger. "What's this? Get away from that man. Go below, you——"

"Be careful, you hound; be careful," interrupted Fuller, advancing, while the men drew back, wondering. I had not scrupled to lift my head through the hatch, and had seen the steward disappear down the stairs. He returned at this juncture and handed a bright revolver to the Captain, who raised it unsteadily, scattering the men into the alleyways.

"Lower that gun," said Fuller.

"Who are you—to talk to me like this aboard my ship? This is mutiny. Go forrard. Who are you, anyway?" Armed as he was, it was plain that he was frightened.

"Lower that gun. My neck's already in the halter."

The Captain lowered the pistol. There was terrible menace in Fuller's even voice and deliberate advance.

"My name?" he continued, as he stopped before the wavering Captain. "Ever hear it?"

He bent forward and whispered something, which I could not distinguish. Whatever it was, the effect on the Captain was astonishing. "You alive!" he shouted. "Then you die again—that's all." He leveled the pistol and fired, but the bullet went clear. Before he could cock the pistol again, Fuller had seized his wrist and twisted it out of his hand. I believe that Fuller was at that moment a maniac with a maniac's strength. He held the Captain by the collar, at arm's length, until he had lain the pistol on the house; then, with a few preliminary shakes and a sudden swing sideways, he jerked him off his feet. For a fraction of a second the Captain was nearly horizontal, face upward, in mid-air. Then Fuller's right arm slipped under his back, and his left elbow pressed into his throat. In this position, choking and spluttering, the Captain was carried, like a doll in the arms of a child, behind the wheel-box, out of my sight. But in a moment I saw his legs, wide apart and bent at the knees, rise into view as he was launched feet first over the taffrail. A shriek began on his lips, but the water cut it short; and before this shriek sounded Fuller had regained the pistol.

"Forward with you all!" he roared as he vaulted to the top of the house. "Down off the poop, the lot of you! Muster at the main hatch and wait there. Steward," he called to the frightened man in the companionway, "assist this lady down below, and then take the wheel."

But the poor creature was already stumbling down the stairs and the steward was soon at the wheel.

"Now," thundered Fuller, leveling his pistol at Jim, "go forward to the main hatch."

They had lost no time in obeying Fuller's command, and Jim followed. I also followed below the deck, weak and dizzy, but feverish with curiosity. At the head of the booby-hatch steps I heard Fuller, at the break of the poop, order all hands called, and when their shuffling footsteps indicated their appearance, I listened to the address he made them.

"Men," he said, in a steady voice, but with a ring and a snap to each word, "this ship needs a skipper and a mate—but we won't elect them. There's not a man among you fit for it. So I appoint myself skipper and the man in the half-deck mate. I'll take the ship to 'Frisco and deliver her to a tug. Now let me impress something on your minds. You heard me tell the skipper that my neck was in the halter. It was my life or his, and I won. I killed the mate for insulting a lady—my countrywoman—and announced that reason; but I had another, which I announce to you, though I do not feel called upon to explain—it was my life against his. Do you understand? I have killed no one without reason; but, give me reason and I will kill you all cheerfully. Understand? If a man of you enters the cabin, or affronts the lady who lives in it by word or look, I'll drop that man in his tracks. Such little things as disobedience of orders, or lack of respect to myself or the man I appoint mate, can be adjusted with a club, perhaps with fists. Against this you will have watch-and-watch, full and plenty of grub and water, and civil words while you do your work. Is this satisfactory, or is any one looking for trouble? Remember, my neck's in the halter."

"It's all right, Fuller," began Tim, "we——"

"Hold on there," thundered Fuller. "What did you say?"

"Cap'n Fuller, I mean, sorr. It's all right, sorr. I'm wid ye on this, an' I'll do as I'm told; an' it's a good man kin do that, sorr."

"It's all right, sir—We'll stand by you, sir—Served 'em right—We'll back you up, sir," sang out others.

"Very well. Is the carpenter on deck?"

"Yes, sir," answered Chips.

"Take a file down the half-deck and file off those shackles. No time to look for the keys. Relieve the wheel, one of you."

At this I chose to descend and hug my stanchion. The excited carpenter did not notice that I was not properly hitched, and I was soon on deck, being introduced to my shipmates as their officer. It was my first promotion, but I was not unduly elated.

There was no trouble with the men. Not once in the long passage around the Horn did Fuller need to raise his voice in anger or dictation.

Though he had pleaded incompetency for the berth of second mate, he proved himself a master navigator, sneaking the ship around the Horn from "fifty to fifty" in two weeks, and as we sailed north in the Pacific, and the woman in his care recovered health and beauty and confidence, the latent sparkle in Fuller's eyes changed to a softer light.

At the Farallone Islands, twenty-five miles west of the Golden Gate, we made fast a tug's tow-line, and while some of us unbent the canvas, the rest, under Fuller, hoisted over the biggest and best boat we carried—fitting her with spar and lug sail, ballasting her with two heavy trunks, and at least a month's supply of food and water. Then Fuller called us around him, thanked us and shook the hands of all, formally handed the ship over to me, and assisted the smiling little woman down the side ladder, following with a small hand-bag which I do not doubt contained the "clean, green bills" spoken of by Mr. Parker. We cast off the painter, the boat dropped astern, and Fuller hoisted the lug; then, as he pointed the boat's nose due west and crossed our wake, we gave him three cheers, which he answered with his hat and the woman with her handkerchief.

We anchored the ship in San Francisco harbor. Then, after some stern and scandalized questioning by the authorities, we philosophically went to jail, held as witnesses while revenue cutters and tugs searched the coast for a white ship's boat containing a man and woman. At the end of six months' detention the men were released and I was tried, on my own admission and the evidence of the official log, for murderous assault on an officer, and given three months more; for a scapegoat was needed, and they never found Fuller. He had disappeared into the vastness of the Pacific Ocean; but not to die—that I know, as I know the man.

So, good-by, John Fuller, or whoever you may be, and good luck to you wherever you may be. You were a good friend, a good shipmate and a brave seaman and navigator; and you killed your enemies with the weapons you were born with, and reclaimed your wife like a man. But, under the law of your country—which denies to a sailor the right of self-defense, and which you knew too well to brave—you are a mutineer, a pirate and a murderer. And this is the reason that I, who have gone down into the deep, dark valley and returned by the scratch of a sheath-knife, give this story to the world, fearing that they will catch you and hang you when I am not on hand to testify. Fare you well, Fuller.



DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

—FOLLOWING WITH A SMALL HAND-BAG

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"Mine Own People"

WHEN one remembers the excitement caused by the arrival in New York, not long ago, of a coffee ship with a crew which had been exposed to the bubonic plague, a peculiar interest attaches to the statements of a well-informed correspondent that there were 200 cases of the plague in Manila in January and February, and also that there were 100 lepers in the Manila hospitals, and that *beri-beri*, a disease due to a diet of fish and rice, might be termed epidemic among the natives, while smallpox has attacked many of our own soldiers, notably the Thirty-sixth Regulars.

It is easy to imagine the turmoil in New York if these conditions were duplicated there; and yet New York and other cities have seemed to manifest more interest in the South African campaign than in the welfare of the 60,000 American soldiers in the Philippines. The diseases which have been specifically mentioned simply illustrate the extraordinary conditions which our men have been forced to face in tropical islands. Like the English soldiers in Africa, they have been carrying on a war—against far less worthy foemen, to be sure, but in other respects under more trying circumstances. When General Lawton was killed, the shock and the universal mourning awoke the public for an hour to a realization of the fact that we are waging an actual war in the Philippines, but very few have seriously considered the fact that the Philippine warfare has cost us nearly 4000 men, including dead and wounded.

When the war with Spain was in progress the benevolence and splendid generosity of our people was shown in manifold ways. In the first flush of enthusiasm nothing was left undone that private charity could do. The long-drawn-out Philippine campaigning has become an old story, and English reports of English prowess in Africa furnish more novel and more exciting literature. The interest of the Anglo-Boer conflict has been utilized to appeal to our sympathies. There was the so-called American hospital ship, strangely called the Maine, equipped in a measure by Americans who have preferred life in England to life in their own country. There have been kermesses and concerts and the like in New York and elsewhere for the sake of the British soldier and his family; but what has been done in London for the American soldier in the Philippines and those dependent upon him, or, for that matter, what is being done at home?

It is said that there are widows of American officers in Manila who are almost penniless. At the death of an officer his pay stops, and if the widow succeeds in obtaining a pension, it is only after a long delay. There are many tales of sick and insane soldiers returning to San Francisco in destitution. Even from Cuba and Puerto Rico the transports frequently bring to New York soldiers who are in dire want. There is no organization to care for them. One woman, aided by a few others, has devoted herself to relieving their immediate necessities and securing transportation to their homes, but without her aid we might see invalid American soldiers begging in the streets of an American city where kermesses and concerts are being given for the benefit of the British soldiers in Africa.

The English officer, in the majority of cases, has private means. The American officer, as a rule, is dependent upon his salary. Between the English and American private soldiers there is probably very little difference as regards means. England is supposed to be the richest country in the world. It does not follow that our beneficence should be limited to our own country, but when 60,000 Americans are carrying on a war in the tropics, with casualties of various kinds numbering 4000, a situation is presented which may reasonably be expected to make a closer and juster appeal to our sympathies than an English war in Africa.

It is not a question of the right or wrong of our Philippine policy, or the justice or injustice of English action in Africa. The question is one of humanity. Americans are humane. More than this, they are singularly generous. But they are also forgetful. Philippine campaigning is an old story. It offers no extraordinary battles and sieges, with heroic war correspondents cabling the exploits of hardly less heroic titled officers. The American officer has no title and he can expect no Victoria Cross. He simply does his duty and leads the way like the gallant gentleman that he is, and, if he falls, the bitterness of his fate is not from death in his country's service, but from the thought that those dependent upon him are left uncared for. Beyond the regular pay, the return of sick and wounded, and the burial of the dead, the Government can do little.

The families of officers and men, and the penniless and invalid soldiers who are discharged in San Francisco and New York can no longer depend upon Government aid. The chance for organized assistance and supervision is obvious, and the need of aid imperative. Surely Americans will not expose themselves to the reproach that they have forgotten their own.

—RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

It is always well to do for others—after you have done your duty by doing for your own.

Pessimism in the Midst of Plenty

TO THE general observer pessimism is growing in this country—a country yet too young to be afflicted with the disillusionizing sophistries of age. We are still within the period of youth and ideality and we should be hopeful and happy, not to say careless of consequences, as youth at its best fortunately is. Realism is not necessarily pessimism; the realistic may be optimistic if only we try to make it so. But we do not. Our so-called moulders of public opinion fall into the shadows although the sun still shines and the skies are blue above us. Authors write in their books of a tainted society; legislators and political speakers gravely hint at national decay; newspapers, our "million-folded multiples of thought," give us daily dishes of unsavory evidence of the dissemination of vice; the clergy preach the gospel of degeneracy; lecturers sow the seeds of doubt broadcast, and promiscuous writers rush into print with every conceivable suggestion of human retrogression. And how much of it all is imagination! Is there actual degeneracy and decay, or is it the result of our improved facilities of promulgating opinions which are not facts and are not warranted by the facts? There are thousands of means easily at hand for communicating complaints, and humankind, ever prone to complain, scatters abroad its doubts and distress of mind until they become epidemic. "A drop of ink may make a million think," and think unwisely.

There is no denying that we are a complaining people; and why? There seems to be but one cause that completely covers the effect: We have in this land of plenty been fed so long and have fared so well that we have become dyspeptic, and we see the world through our worn and jaded stomachs rather than through hearts of hope and eyes in which the true light shines. In other words, instead of being in the midst of ills we are in the midst of too much good. We are pessimists of plenty because there is more good in the world than we know what to do with.

Under such circumstances should we complain? Is it not the better part to brace up and cure our dyspepsia? We need exercise and sunshine and cheerful company. "Laugh and the world laughs with you." Man is better to-day than he ever was, and it is our duty not only to know a good thing when we see it, but to realize its excellence and to apply it to our daily thinking. If we think well, we shall speak well and act well, and between that and Heaven the step is short indeed.

—WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

Of course there may be a limit to the good times, but then we should remember that another United States Senatorial election is soon to take place in Montana.

Poetry and Poverty

IS THERE not something very melancholy in the connection which has existed so long—almost from the creation of man—between "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," poetry and poverty? Is it not sad to think the practitioners of this divine art which, as Bacon so finely says, "doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind"—which does more than wine was ever said to do to brighten man's countenance and gladden his heart, which gives him wings and lifts him out of the dust and noise and fret of Earth—should be so generally steeped in penury? Is it not hard enough that, aside from this source of misery, the bards who cheer our pilgrimage by their songs are by their very natures more sensitive than other men to the pricks and stings which all mortals must encounter—that

> "The hearts that are soonest awake to the flowers
> Are always the first to be pierced by the thorns?"

It is true a few songsters—Pope, Tennyson, Whittier and others—have won an independence by their lyres, but they are exceptions to an almost universal rule. To go back to the earliest bards—Homer, the blind old man of Scio, wandered, singing for his bread, from place to place; Dante, driven from his home, had but few dainties; the author of The Faerie Queene was burnt out in winter and lost his spencer; Dryden, though he toadied to lords and burned incense to Charles II, passed his last days in little better than a dry den; Gay, involved in debt, often lacked gayety; Goldsmith was often on the watch for the means of subsistence, and his jewels were in his writings only; Burns was as impassioned and as poor, too, as the northern scalds; Scott earned piles of money, yet could not pay his scot, at last; the author of The Excursion never got his words' worth; Hunt, coveting ease and tranquillity, was often tempest-tossed if not wrecked on a lee shore; Moore, but for his pension, might have been exiled to some desolate moor. Even Tom Hood, with all his varied talents, failed to earn a comfortable livelihood, though his friends urned a lively Hood after his death. Even our own popular Longfellow was "short" in early life, or he would not have accepted the paltry sums paid him for some of his poetic gems.

The golden age of poets, in which they are to be blessed with plenty of *aurum potabile*—gold that makes the pot boil—is still in the far future. Yet it is well, many will think, for the world, though not for the bard, that it is so. Genius must feel intensely before it can make others feel even superficially. The great bards are

> "Cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

The songs of those who have never suffered are apt to be works of pure imagination, or rather of pure phantasy, not the utterances of a deliciously overburdened soul speaking to our souls. The goldfinch sings the more sweetly, it is said, with the hot needle in its eye; and the hearts of most men of genius are like the maple-tree, which must be pierced before it will yield its honeyed treasures—like flowers that must be crushed before they will give forth all their sweetness. Had Burns, Byron and Shelley been happy men we should not to-day be banqueting on their "nectared sweets"; for "the fullness of content leaves no room for the sweet and bitter fancies of an imagination that finds its hippocrene in the fount of sorrow, whose source is in the heart, and which can flow only when touched by the wand of Care."

—WILLIAM MATHEWS.

Summer resorts are not to be judged by the adjectives they use.

The Ways of Candidates

ONE good thing about the Presidential situation this year is the candor of the two men who will in all human probability be nominated as the standard-bearers of the great parties. There is some doubt as to the Vice-Presidential selections, but every one feels that President McKinley and Colonel Bryan will both be renominated, and that both not only expect this honor, but that they are doing all they possibly can to bring it about. It is usually this way. When a man is reasonably close to a big thing he is ready to fight for it and to admit that he is after it, but when there is a certain distance he stands off and proclaims his own indifference until he often convinces his hearers, as Hamlet's mother convinced her son, by protesting too much.

There was a time when Major McKinley arose in a great convention hall and, with the utmost vigor and sincerity, demanded that no votes be given to him for the Presidential nomination. The same thing occurred with Garfield, except that in Garfield's case the convention which he addressed ignored his objections and made him President of the United States. We all remember the case of Horatio Seymour, who exclaimed to the Democratic convention, "Gentlemen, your candidate I cannot be," but who nevertheless became the nominee.

When it comes to the pinch there is no man big enough to turn down the chance of becoming President of the United States.

In their preliminary denials, however, we may trace their ambitions. In a speech the other day in New York City Governor Theodore Roosevelt said: "I have done my duty and need no reward. My ambition is not national and will not be." We can easily wish that Roosevelt, whom so many of us admire, had not said this, and yet we must pardon him for it, because it is a part of the great game of politics. The old philosopher said that "by denial we reach great things." In politics it is by denying that some of our best men reach the highest offices. It shows, indeed, how we have changed with civilization. The word candidate is from the Latin *candidatus*. Literally it means white-robed, and it was thus called because in Rome those who sought office wore a glittering white toga. Fancy, if you can, all our modern Americans dressed in accordance with their political ambitions. In some sections there would be no such thing as a dark suit of clothes; Washington would simply be one shining centre of universal whiteness.

Undoubtedly the modern plan is the better. It is much more comfortable for a man to say that he is in the hands of his friends, even though the hands of his friends may be in his own pockets, than for him to advertise himself to the community as a seeker for place.

In this land, however, almost all who can read and write are born to politics, and have the confidence that they can fill any place that may be opened to them. In fact, one of our worst habits is politics. Perhaps we shall eventually get away from the general appetite for office, and elevate our politics to where we may say with Edmund Burke, "The principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged." In the meanwhile our candidates will have their little ways. Disraeli, who was in many respects the greatest politician of the century, declared, "There is no gambling like politics." And so in the names we draw in the lottery of elections we may hope to find some prize.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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Americans *in* Paris

ELEVEN years ago thirty-two million visitors came up to Paris to see the sights. Now, in this year which is to sum up the century, sixty million guests are expected. If the war in South Africa is not unduly prolonged, this estimate, it would seem, is not greatly exaggerated. There are certain men whose business it is to calculate the probabilities of international traffic. One and all, they are agreed upon these figures, startling as they are. At the Paris offices of the transatlantic lines I was told that arrangements have been made for transporting one million good Americans. In 1889 they carried six hundred thousand passengers. The reports from America—the unexampled prosperity of the last year—the strong attractions of the Exposition—all these have led the expert students of probabilities to expect at least one million guests. By one ticket agent I was told that his company were equipping even their freight steamers for passenger boats. Another New York company has already filled three-fourths of its steamers for the entire duration of the Exposition. The largest of all the transatlantic companies has sold out every inch of accommodation for the return voyages during September, October and November.

Need I assure you that France will warmly welcome this golden million of Americans? Were each American visitor to spend only one hundred dollars in Paris—and very few will come off so cheaply—still the good hotel-keepers, merchants and dealers of all sorts would come in for one hundred millions of American money. Even if their profits be only ten or fifteen per cent. they will have cause for sound rejoicing.

Silver Cups for Tiny Racers

Thirty-three American boats have arrived in Paris. They are not very large, for they are only models, but they represent all that the United States has yet done in the way of claiming her heritage in the deep seas. Among them are full-rigged half models of the Puritan, the Mayflower, the Volunteer, the Vigilant, the Defender and all the other fast racing yachts that showed their heels to England's best. There are models also of Yankee fishing-smacks, whaleback steamers, New York tugs, ferry-boats, railroad floats and ice yachts. The ships will be set afloat in an ocean of sea-green burlap, with all sails set and pennons flying. But the small American boy who lives in Paris—and there are hundreds of him—is looking forward to something more exciting. During July and August he and the other small boys of the world are to hold, each Thursday and Saturday afternoon, a regatta on the artificial lake of the Bois. There they will sail their toy yachts—send them out, trusting to wind and wave, to hull and canvas, for the honor of the flag. The prizes will be insignificant, but any small American boy who has a fast toy yacht, less than five feet over all, should bring her with him to battle for American prestige against the "cracks" of the French and English boys. Small as the silver cup is, it should be a matter of national pride to take it home.

New York Schoolrooms at the Exposition

When one has a good thing it is just as well not to talk too much about it. Now, however, that the Exposition has opened its gates it may not be out of the way to disclose Mr. Edison's secret.

The beginning of it all was this: Mr. Howard J. Rogers, the director of the Education and Social Economy Exhibits, wanted something new. Heretofore educational exhibits have been rather dull affairs, except, of course, to the student of pedagogy. They have consisted of charts and photographs, instruments, statistics and all that. Mr. Rogers is a man of modern ideas. He went to Mr. Edison and said: "Can't you get me up a series of cinematograph pictures of school life in New York City?"

"Of course I can," the Wizard replied.

"Well, keep it quiet," said Mr. Rogers; "I don't want to have every one else doing the same thing."

"Oh, the next century will be time enough for Germany and England to take up the idea," Mr. Edison said; and so they kept it quiet.

Mr. Rogers has selected a hall on the right bank of the Seine near the Palace of Political Economy. Here, a half-dozen times a day, the moving pictures will be exposed—small children will study and play, go through their fire-drills and flag-drills and gymnastic exercises: live, in a word, the daily life of lessons and play. The pictures have been made in various schools, some uptown and others in the poorer quarters, so that in a broad way the life of all New York will be illustrated for the curious visitor from Cochin-China or Tasmania.

The Military Exhibit of the Transvaal

Thousands of visitors to the Exposition will go first to the little pavilion of the Transvaal, which stands in the gardens of the Trocadero. The exhibits will not be so complete as they were meant to be, for reasons that need no emphasis, but they will show in a striking manner the national and industrial life of the two republics. In the pavilion itself I saw only plans, maps, books—illustrating the laws and government of the Transvaal, its railway, postal and telegraphic service—and a large number of Kaffir curiosities. But a little behind the building is the Boer house, a one-storied building with five rooms. Rough chairs and tables, homely beds, plain rugs, make up the simple furniture.

"The most of our farmers have few articles of luxury," said Mr. Pierson, the South African Commissioner-General, who was with me, "but almost every one has a harmonium—usually one of the American instruments—which they use during family worship. And always you will see on the centre-table the old *Staten Bijbel*, brought from Holland in the long ago."

Near the farm is the entrance to a mine-gallery, which runs out far under the Avenue de Trocadero to the Rue du Magdebourg, where there is a stamp mill of the Transvaal kind. There are eight hundred tons of gold quartz in the mine, and the entire process of digging, crushing, amalgamating and casting the gold will be shown day by day.

"Another thing," said Mr. Pierson, "is that the Transvaal is the only nation that will not send a military exhibit to the Exposition. It hardly seemed necessary," he added quietly; "we have shown the world what we can do—what we can't do."

The Curious History of The Angelus

The most famous of modern pictures, The Angelus, after touring America like a prima donna, has been bought back into France for 700,000 francs—a tidy bit of money in any language.

The history of this picture is more than interesting; it is an ironic tragedy. In the first place, The Angelus is not a Millet, or, at least, very little of it is his work. As a painting it was never more than mediocre. Millet was not above painting pot-boilers, and The Angelus was one of these hurried and scamped productions. Whether the artist, in his poverty, used cheap paints, or whether the picture was badly varnished by heedless amateurs, I do not know, but it began to crack and scale before it had a fair chance of being known. At this period, The Angelus was all Millet, and no one dreamed of calling it a masterpiece; no one ever imagined that it would be looked upon as a symbol of France and would tour the world like a prima donna. Little by little it began to peel. Flakes fell off here and there. In a word, it underwent the slow, painful process of a boy recovering from scarlet fever. The dealer who owned the picture at that time called in his expert workmen, and as fast as a flake fell off they painted in the blank space. (By the way, two of these repairers are now artists who have attained success; their names need not be mentioned.) In the meantime, Millet died. The Angelus was exhibited in Paris. Critics and poets began to see that it was the symbol of France—the symbol of the eternal peasant with the empty hands. And month by month the picture became less a Millet, and in exact proportion its fame spread in the world. Always little patches of paint kept puffing up, cracking, dropping off, and always the workmen replaced the falling pieces, until there was hardly a brush mark of Millet's left on the canvas—nothing except the signature and a little of the monotonous sky across which comes the sound of the far-off bells. Then, at last, The Angelus entered definitely upon its career of glory, touring America.

The grim irony of it is that Millet will always be famous for a picture which is not his—save the signature and a hand's breadth of sky. It's an old story on earth. We do not often praise in a man what is praiseworthy, and occasionally we praise him for another man's best. What nine people in ten admire in Shakespeare is Colley Cibber—the retouching of some actor or manager. And all of us love Doctor Johnson for the things Boswell said for him. It's the way of the world; but I wonder what Millet would have thought of this Angelus which is not his.

In Memory of the Old Alliance

As they grow more practical, sage and reasonable, there is a tendency in nations, as in men, to neglect the prettier sentimental duties. One cannot make too much of international courtesies like the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. The other day Mr. Robert Thompson brought over to Paris the first of the Lafayette dollars, which in the name of President McKinley he presented to the President of France. The ceremony was very simple. Mr. Thompson, who was accompanied by General Horace Porter, made a short address. He spoke of the statue of Lafayette, which is the gift of the young people of America to France in memory of the old alliance. And he added: "I trust this coin, which bears the effigies of Washington and Lafayette, may be always the symbol of the friendship which unites the two greatest republics on earth."

And when President Loubet had echoed the wish the little ceremony was at an end, save for the inevitable breakfast. Perhaps by way of prompt requital for the Lafayette statue, the city authorities of Paris have granted a site to the American National Institute. As you know, this is to be an institution corresponding to the French Prix de Rome. Although the officials at Washington will have the last word in the matter, it is probable that the site chosen will be in the fashionable square named in honor of the United States, and that the building will be a duplicate of our pavilion at the Exposition.

—VANCE THOMPSON.



LETTERS to the EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

A correspondent states that "the day of sympathetic employers is long past." I will not dispute the statement, generally speaking, but there are exceptions, and I do want to say that I believe that employers will in time come to see that a sympathetic interest in their employees, a regard for their physical comfort while on duty or a word of appreciation where due, will be to them a valuable business asset. The character of the service in an office or store depends not only upon the discipline, but upon the zeal and energy shown by the employees. My observation and experience has been that if you take an interest in the welfare of your employees they will take an interest in you and your business.

It will be found that the number of mere time-servers and eye-servants will be decreased very materially where such a policy is pursued, and more and better work will be the result. Nearly all the many good articles on the subject of success point out to the employee *his* duty and the qualities necessary to secure advancement, but they overlook the fact that, even if the employer does not owe his clerk more than his mere wage, a little friendly interest shown in some way might be a very profitable investment.

Some young men, I am willing to admit, cannot stand praise or prosperity, but I believe if more of them were placed upon their honor the majority would not prove themselves unworthy. Is it not worth a trial?

A. H. GOLDSMITH.

Floral Park, New York.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. C. M. Skinner in The Growing Appreciation of American Art says: "Homer Martin, who died recently, never received more than one hundred and fifty dollars for a canvas, it is said, and had difficulty in selling his pictures at any price."

Both of these statements are very wide of the mark. From very early in the sixties, when we were married, my husband used to ask and obtain from $300 to $350 for canvases of the size he preferred to paint: 18 x 30 inches. Before that decade was over he exchanged a larger canvas, the most important he had yet painted, with Mr. William E. Dodge for an 18 x 30, for which the latter had paid that price and $100 to boot. He afterward resold the smaller landscape to the late Mr. Charles Elliott, portrait painter, for the sum originally paid for it by Mr. Dodge.

I remember his saying that Mr. John Roebling, who had ordered one at a fixed price of $450, was the only man who ever gave him more than he had asked, sending his check for $500 when the picture was delivered.

That his pictures did not bring greater prices was partly due to the fact that Mr. Martin lacked altogether the commercial sense; and also to the kindred fact that he could only paint when the painting mood came on. When it did he could paint all day long; he could forget all minor miseries when the great mainspring of his inner life, the artistic impulse, was seconded by the artistic power which was a thing not at all under his control.

"I do not know where it comes from," he once said to me; "I only know that when it comes nothing else in the world is of any importance to me. And when it goes I do not know where it goes to nor whether it will ever come back."

His pictures grew steadily greater as his life neared its end. When he was at work at the great Adirondack picture of the Clarke sale—for which that gentleman received just sixteen times what he gave for it—I said to him: "If you never paint another stroke you will go out in a blaze of glory with this set." The set included, besides this one, the Seine view now in the Metropolitan Museum, and a small one for which Mr. W. T. Evans sent my husband $350, which came on the Saturday before his death and paid his funeral expenses. I was glad to see that Mr. Evans had been generously repaid for his kindness at his late sale. But to go back to The Adirondacks, which I was looking at when I made my remark to my husband. He was then totally blind in one eye, the optic nerve of which was dead, while the other one was clouded with a cataract.

"Yes," he answered me, "I think I have learned to paint at last. If I were stone blind now, and knew just where the colors were on my palette, I think I could paint some of the things I have wanted to paint."

The pictures were as good in his lifetime as they are now, but they had not the commercial *cachet*; they had not passed out of his hands into those of dealers. He held, for instance, The Westchester Hills, which I sold to Mr. Evans last year for $1000, and which is now going to Paris as an admirable specimen of his later work; he held that, I say, for eight or nine years without ever getting an offer for it. So with The Sun Worshipers, which I sold lately to Mr. Louis Marshall, of New York, for $2500, that being the second offer ever made for it, though it was painted several years ago.

ELIZABETH G. MARTIN.

Wilmington, Delaware.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The expression of H. C. Kegley, in your March 31 number, on Machine-Made Charity reiterates the "true truth" in a wise, sincere and convincing language. The rarity of such writers in this age of sightless observation is to be grievously and deeply lamented, but for the few brave pens we are soulfully grateful.

Machinery indeed complicates, artificializes and makes abortive the end-workings of Love by reason of that professional taint which estops the genuine overflow of crystal charity. The humbler methods, as exemplified by our Master, withdraw us from the bondage of institutional hypocrisy and place the one-man power in preeminence by assigning to the individual his duty in walk and conversation. It is the old story of the barbarian and missionary: "Be as good as your Book and we will follow you."

Superlative common-sense demands that we should cater to the intelligence of our fellows if we would secure those unbidden acknowledgments which mark the beginnings of a nobler and more fruitful life. Private ministries, especially when they are guided by an eliciting fellowship, are the most successful means of winning honest hearts to the centre of all loves and hopes. To this end our New England seer uttered his wisdom and left us an injunction for future teaching: "Be not simply good; be good for something."

Detroit, Michigan.

JOSEPH GREIG.

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With the Big Show

From the Notes of W.C. Coup † Edited by Forrest Crissey



SHOWS thrive best on bluster and buncombe. Years of experience have taught me that the traveling show business handled by capitalists who have been trained in other lines of enterprise can never succeed. I have often been reproved by business men who were astounded at the lavish and apparently wasteful expenditures of the circus for "show and blow," and who have insisted that these expenses should be cut in half. It is true that such reckless expenditures in any ordinary commercial undertaking would be disastrous, but it is the life of a big show. When it is possible to thoroughly arouse the curiosity of the public, expense should be a secondary consideration.

The Fifty-Cent Rivals of the $10,000 Hippos

I recall an incident, however, which goes to show that the most expensive attractions do not necessarily prove the greatest drawing cards. Among the rare animals which I had one season were some Memiponias, or tiny deerlets—"hell benders," as they were commonly called. One of the opposition shows was making a great feature of a pair of hippopotami, or river horses, from the Nile. I had made arrangements to receive, at stated intervals, regular numbers of "hell benders," and I would wire my agents ahead, "Another living hell bender arrived to-day." This he would advertise with great gusto, getting out special bills and keeping up the excitement.

One day, while one of my agents, who happened to be back with the show, was sitting in my office, a bill to the amount of six dollars was presented for "One dozen hell benders." Seeing this he inquired what it meant.

"Don't you see?" said I. "'One dozen hell benders, six dollars.'"

"Do you mean to say," my agent exclaimed, "that I have been advertising fifty-cent hell benders?"

"You have," I laughingly replied.

"Well," said he, "if that doesn't beat the deuce! These fifty-cent hell benders have knocked $10,000 worth of hippos higher than a kite!" It certainly was a fact that our fifty-cent articles had been so judiciously advertised as to create more excitement than the costly "hippos" of the opposition.

In the course of the same season I made a discovery which proved to be a valuable drawing card. I owned some young elephants which I had lent to a showman on the Bowery. On going to see them one day I noticed a man holding his finger in the mouth of one of the smaller ones. I placed my finger in the mouth of another and found that the creatures seemed to derive pleasure from the action of sucking. Immediately I sent out for an ordinary infant's nursing bottle. The young elephant drained the bottle as if to the manner born. It was passed from one to another of the infant class. Finally they fought in the most indescribably comical manner for possession of the bottle.

A Skillful Appeal to Public Sympathy

Then I fitted a large glass jar, holding a gallon, with rubber tubes, so that all could use it at the same time. Invariably they would empty this bottle before loosening their hold on the nipples. They had doubtless been taken from their mother when too young, or perhaps she had been killed at the time the young were captured. So effectively did they appeal to public interest and sentiment that by dint of skillful advertising the celebrated "sucking baby elephants" made quite a fortune in a single season. They would be led into the ring, where they would take their nourishment like human babies, their overgrown size making this infantile operation very comical and absurd. The sight captivated the heart of every woman who attended the show.

The eagerness of circus proprietors to procure animal monstrosities for exhibition purposes has called forth many laughable communications from persons who have had curiosities of this kind to sell. I remember going one morning into the office and reading a telegram which came to Mr. Barnum. It was as follows:

"BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

"To P. T. BARNUM: I have a four-legged chicken. *Come quick.*"

The circus of the present day is not complete without the side shows and the after concerts. For my own part I can honestly say that I never in my life heard a concert announcement made in my own show without feeling like getting up and leaving in disgust; but all classes of show-goers must be pleased, and there is one class which demands the concert and another class that wants the side shows.

By this observation I am reminded of an incident which probably marked the origin of giving the concert in the main tent, immediately after the big show. It seems that some ruffians in Arkansas broke into the side tent of a certain show, and, tearing it down, threw it into the river. This was quite a serious loss to the proprietor, who at first thought he would have to dispense with the concert. On further thought, however, he entered the ring and explained the situation to his audience, telling the latter he would give an extra entertainment in the big tent, where all might have comfortable seats. The audience was delighted with this new arrangement, as the side tent had no seats. The proprietor of this show has long since passed away; but if he were alive now I think many an audience would be disposed to lynch him as the originator of one of the most obnoxious features of the circus.

A Silent Parade from Albany to the State Line

I am glad to know that the circus man who speaks of his patrons as "gillies," and who endeavors to obtain his wealth by fair or foul means, is becoming more and more rare. I recall an illiterate circus man of this description who employed every "privilege" known to the circus world. For example: when traveling by wagon the whole caravan would pass through a toll-gate, stating that the "boss" was behind and would pay the toll. The last vehicle to go through would contain this dignitary and his treasurer, who, when confronted with the long list of vehicles on which he ought to pay toll, would declare that the toll-keeper had been imposed upon, and that half of those vehicles belonged to a gang of gypsies having no connection whatever with the show. He would then cut the bill down according to the easy or hard nature of the custodian of the toll-gate, and in this manner evade payment of what, in a whole season, would aggregate a large sum of money.

On one occasion, when about to exhibit in Albany, and knowing that his whole outfit would that day be attached for debt, he ordered the parade to start early, as he intended to give them a "long ride." The procession accordingly started on what has passed into circus history as the "silent parade," for, leaving the city in all the glory of spangle and tinsel, the showmen never rested until they had reached the State line, while the sheriffs, waiting at the tents in Albany for the parade to return, had the poor satisfaction of attaching the almost worn-out and quite worthless canvas.

I have often been asked what it costs to start a circus and menagerie. This is a most difficult question to answer, since it depends entirely upon the size and pretensions of the enterprise in question. Shows vary in size from cheap affairs, capable of being carried in three railroad cars, to the elaborate institutions which require two long special trains for their transportation. The expense of running a large show is enormous, although in advertising this expense is usually exaggerated. There are a great many traveling tented exhibitions which "bill," or advertise, like a circus, and in the eyes of the general public pass for circuses, but which, in reality, are variety exhibitions given under canvas.

The Fluctuating Level of Circus Values

In the eye of the law a circus must have feats of horsemanship in its program, and such shows have to pay a "circus" license, which in some States and cities is very high. If, however, the shows do not give any riding, their performance simply consisting of leaping, tumbling and athletic feats, then a license may be taken out at a greatly reduced price; and this accounts for the almost numberless small shows which annually tour the country. Of the circus and menagerie show proper I do not think there are more than twenty in America; but of tented exhibitions, billed as "railroad shows," there are several hundred. The tented exhibitions employ from fifty to six hundred men each, and the capital invested in them runs from $5000 to $250,000.

Many of the smaller shows are fitted out economically by purchasing from the larger ones paraphernalia that has been used a season or two. For example: the canvases used an entire season by a large show may be purchased cheaply, because it is essential to the attractiveness of a really great amusement institution to have each season a new, white "spread." The old canvas, if not sold to the smaller showmen, is disposed of to the paper manufacturers at about one and one-half cents the pound.

The same rule of enforced replenishment applies to wardrobe and general paraphernalia. In this way a beginner in the circus business may, by judicious investment in second-hand bargains, start out with a very fair outfit secured at a much smaller cost than if he were compelled to purchase everything new. And, in this connection, let me say that I know of no other business enterprise in which new material costs so much, and when sold at second-hand realizes so little. One of the largest shows ever organized in this country, and which was reputed to be worth more than half a million dollars, was inventoried on the death of one of the proprietors, with a view to selling the estate of the deceased, and, to the great surprise of the executors, was found to reach in value only about $200,000.

Twenty years ago a show with a daily expenditure of $250 was thought extravagant, while fifty years ago a circus whose receipts averaged sixty dollars a day was considered to be doing a good business. To-day there is one show the expenses of which are undoubtedly more than $3500 a day, although it is surprising what wonderful displays are made by others at a cost of less than $1000 a day. The reason for this is that, above a certain amount, the expenses depend largely upon the amount of advertising done. It is amusing, however, to note the manner in which all of them, big and little, claim to be the largest and most expensive attractions in the country. Many smaller showmen use the same billing matter as the largest ones, and scores of lines can be read in the circus advertisements of to-day that have done duty for many years.

What it Costs to Ride with the Band Wagon

It is almost impossible to give an intelligent idea of the cost of wild animals, since this depends entirely upon the operation of the law of supply and demand. The cost of cages varies, of course, according to size and decorations, and the same observation applies to the railroad cars. The most expensive of the latter are the highly ornamental cars used for advance advertising. These are comfortably, and even elaborately, fitted, and are provided with a huge paste boiler and other conveniences. They cost anywhere from $3000 to $7000. The flat and stock cars used by circuses are much more substantially constructed than the ordinary ones used in the railroad freight business, and are considerably larger, most of them being sixty feet in length and fitted with springs similar to those of passenger coaches. Cars of this description cost from $500 to $800 each; passenger coaches from $1500 upward, according to the quality of interior, fittings and decorations.

Some circus proprietors also have their own private cars, fitted with every imaginable convenience and luxury, and such a car costs high in the thousands. The expense of the wardrobe depends, of course, on the amount used and its quality, and whether the costumes are intended for a spectacular show or for an ordinary circus. The wardrobe and papier mâché chariots used in the production of our "Congress of Nations" cost Mr. Barnum and myself more than $40,000, and I am told that Mr. Bailey expended a like amount on his "Columbian" display.

The price of the canvas has been wonderfully reduced within the last few years. We paid $10,000 for our first hippodrome tent alone, and this did not include dressing-room tents, horse tents and camp tents. Afterward, however, we had a larger one made for very much less money. The small circuses that hover around Chicago and the larger cities of the West in summer usually use a tent about eighty feet across, with two thirty-foot middle pieces. This, equipped with poles, seats and lights, costs about $800.



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The Lewis School for Stammerers, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

These tents are made of light material. The larger canvases have to be made of stouter stuff, and a tent suitable for hippodrome or spectacular shows, which must be about 225 feet in width and 425 or 450 feet in length, would cost about $7000.

Requirements and Cost of the Circus Horse

As an evidence of how circuses have increased in size, I will say that the seventy or eighty *quarter* poles which hold up the main tent of the Barnum and Bailey shows are each larger than the *main* pole used years ago. The present system of lighting, which, by the way, I was the first to use, is the patent of an Englishman, improved by an American named Gale. It first took the place of kerosene lights, so far as circus illumination is concerned, in 1870. In experimenting with these lights, when I first introduced them, I several times met with accidents which threatened to terminate my career. Once I purchased an electric light plant with the intention of doing away with all gasoline illumination, but was compelled to abandon the attempt after expending $8000 for a portable electric plant.

The item of tent stakes is quite a formidable one. Fitted with iron rings, they cost about fifty cents each, and hundreds of them are required by every circus. Harnesses require an outlay of from ten to twenty-five dollars each, according to decoration and material.

The draught horses used by circuses vary in price, some of them being purchased cheap from horse markets; but I have always found that the best I could get were the most economical. Those bought by me averaged $200 each; the usual circus horse, however, costs much less, and so long as it does its work all right the main purpose is answered, for, in passing through the streets, its faults do not attract the attention of the ordinary observer, but only that of the typical horseman. Ring horses, whether for a "pad" or a "bareback" act, must have a regular gait, as without it the rider is liable to be thrown. They are frequently and generally owned by the performers themselves, and I have known a crack rider to pay as high as $2000 for one whose gait exactly suited him. The performing "trakene" stallions brought from Germany by Mr. Barnum cost $10,000, and my first troupe of educated horses, ten in number, were purchased at the same figure. These, however, were unquestionably the best and most valuable ever seen in a circus.

A Page from the Invoice Book of the Big Show

Though it would be comparatively easy to start a circus and menagerie equipped almost entirely with second-hand paraphernalia, the reader will see from the following figures that the cost of starting a new first-class circus and menagerie is another proposition. Here are a few official figures on the cost of a first-class circus and menagerie which have never before been made public. They are taken from my private record, or invoice book:

20 Cages at $350	$7,000.00
2 Band wagons at $1500 each	3,000.00
3 Chariots at $3000 each	9,000.00
1 Wardrobe wagon	800.00
1 Ticket wagon	400.00
The above for the parade.	
Animals to fill these cages will average about:	
2 Lions	2,000.00
2 Royal Tigers	2,000.00
2 Leopards	400.00
1 Yak	250.00
1 Horned Horse	500.00
2 Camels	300.00
2 Elephants	3,000.00
As small elephants have been delivered here for $1000 each, this is probably a fair average.	
1 Hippopotamus	5,000.00
1 Rhinoceros	5,000.00
2 Cages of monkeys	1,000.00
1 Kangaroo	200.00
1 Cassowary	200.00
1 Ostrich	500.00
1 Giraffe	1,500.00
Other small animals including hyenas, bears, ichneumon, birds, etc.	2,000.00
12 Baggage wagons at $200	2,400.00
4 Roman chariots	1,000.00
125 Horses at $125 each	15,625.00
This price is above the average.	
125 Harnesses at $15	1,875.00
2 Advertising cars	5,000.00
Wardrobe	3,000.00
2 Sleepers	5,000.00
10 Flat cars at $400	4,000.00
6 Horse cars at $400	2,400.00
Elephant car	500.00
Tents	4,000.00
	$88,750.00

This could be reduced by eliminating the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe and other very expensive animals, but to this must be added considerable money for stakes, shovels, picks, stake pullers, extra ropes, tickets, blank contracts and all necessary printing, which would bring the cost of the usual "million dollar" circus and menagerie up to about $86,000.

On all this property there is not one dollar of insurance. Once, when on the road, a live stock insurance company came to me to insure our horses, but at the rate at which they wanted to insure them, I soon convinced them that we could not make any money.

I might add that a circus and menagerie at the figures I have given would be far better and larger than the average "million dollar show" now on the road, there being certainly not more than three aggregations that cost more than the amount I have given. No man should attempt the show business who has not a fortune, and also plenty of that other kind of capital quite as essential to his success — long experience on the road.

DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK —ALL COULD USE IT AT THE SAME TIME



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MAKES TOUGH MEATS TENDER. Prevents steam and odors. WHISTLE blows when cooker needs more water. DINNER SETS, BICYCLES, WATCHES AND OTHER VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN WITH ORDER FOR COOKERS. Send for illus. cat. *We pay express. Agents wanted.*
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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, May, 1900.

I HAVE felt very much in touch lately with that jingling old ditty which grumbles along through a couplet or two and then winds up with this poetic plaint,

"Go up two steps and slip back three,
Such a getting up stairs I never did see,"

for no sooner had I begun to draw a long breath because the Puerto Rican wrangle was over in the Senate than I found that the bill was up to the gentlemen of the House once more. I was almost hoping that Robert would stay away and avoid voting a second time, but my hope was strangled in its birth, for upon talking it all over with Senator P—— I learned that Robert was supposed to be on his way home, that the party mandate had gone forth that all absentees must return and that no shirking would be allowed. As Senator P—— expressed it, the leaders meant to "jam" the bill through in short order, for when the Speaker and the leader on the floor unite their efforts it is no use for anybody to kick. I felt so out of patience with the whole thing that I said tartly:

"Well, all I've got to say is that the Republicans are very fatuous. They may pass this old bill forty times over but it is not going to stay passed. The House will find that the public wish may prove to be like the humble camomile plant."

"How so?" asked the Senator.

"Why, the more the gardener tramples on the camomile the faster and more furious it grows; this is a well-known fact in horticulture."

The Senator laughed, and then said:

"Well, Mrs. Slocum, the leaders do not mean to trample on the public wish any more than they can help; not because they have any regard for the public wish, but because they have regard for the public vote, so an early adjournment will be forced if possible. The President has signified his wish for an adjournment, and to that end we are keeping all driftwood out of legislation and reducing every measure down to the bare necessities of government. The appropriations are many of them out of the way. Some few things are looming up which the steering committee would be glad to put aside; one of them, and the most troublesome, is the ship subsidy scheme, which is a party and a strictly political measure. We had hoped to lay this over, but certain Senators seem determined to force it to the front." He added: "Some of these bills have been so tortuous and devious in their paths that the truth has been rather hazy, for we've been taught that 'truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.'"

"And, speaking of straight lines, I see that your committee has finally taken a unanimously straight line on the Clark case and that you report against him."

"Yes, we could do nothing else, of course. But there were certain aspects of the case upon which we all thought differently, and several had a personally friendly feeling for Clark, so there has been left to him, so far as the committee is concerned, the loophole of resigning."

"I cannot see that it is much of a loophole that only secures a choice of the mode of political decapitation, but I suppose he will be thankful for that.

"You are working down to Mr. Quay, at last, too. I suppose there will be a pitched battle over him?"

I was remembering the encounter I had seen between Mr. Wolcott and Mr. Lodge on this case, but the Senator would not discuss it, so I said by way of turning the subject and apropos of nothing:

"I see that we are threatened with a new 'Commission.' This time it is to be one to Japan and China to study trade conditions, and each man, I suppose, will draw five thousand dollars salary and compensate the country with fifty cents' worth of information."

"You don't approve, then, of Commissions?" laughed the Senator.

I knew he wanted to draw me out, and I was so pessimistic over everything that I did not mind.

"Well, how about the War Commission? Did not their conclusion remain in obscurity, or stay locked in their own breasts? And the Philippine Commission? Was not its report so delightfully unenlightening that another Commission had to be formed immediately to go find out what the first one had been driving at? Perhaps we may send a third one to look after the second, and so on. And then we had a Commission to Puerto Rico, and they were so explicit with information that we went to work tooth and nail and extended to the island the blessings of the tariff, minus the Constitution. Then we have had Commissions to Cuba, which in the long run, mark my words, will report that nothing will suit the Cuban health, complexion and pocket save annexation. We have had a Commission to Hawaii, and, for aught I know, one to Guam; and I should like to know what they've all accomplished and how much information they really have brought back."

"About as much as Macrum and Webster Davis have brought back from the Transvaal," answered the Senator.

"Oh, well, poor Mr. Macrum was only scared out of his boots, and I'm glad that Mr. Hitt's committee decided not to do anything further in the Macrum inquiry, but Mr. Webster Davis——" I stopped. I could not fathom him.

"I suspect," said the Senator, "that the truth of Webster Davis is that he has mistaken himself. You see, he is possessed of what you might call a 'pretty wit.' He is undeniably clever of speech, and during the last Congressional campaign he took the stump and proved a strong card. Afterward he was in great demand as a public speaker and he went hither and yon, and I fancy that he became enamored of public speaking, and the step from the public speaker to the public agitator is but a short one, especially when the notion of becoming a prophet to others is added. When this fever was working in his blood he cast about for a cause to work it out on, and lo! the South African struggle was right to his hand."

"Well, they say that he spells 'prophet' with an 'f,' in spite of his professed inspiration," I interrupted.

"N–o," said the Senator, shaking his head doubtfully, "I'm inclined to think that, although there is little or no inspiration about him, he starts out honest. I could not see, however, in his initial speech any new thing, or any evidence or hint of a revelation that would work any change of heart in the Government's attitude. I think perhaps that the worst that can be said of Webster Davis' motive is that he wants to make personal political capital as an independent leader of the West, and that he has picked out the South African cause as likely to be the most popular to exploit and in which to exploit himself. He is posing as a prophet to tell us that 'this day is ominous.'"

"And that calls to mind that I heard three prophets the other day 'exploiting,' as you call it, Mr. Gorman. I heard them say that the reason Mr. Gorman has faced around for Mr. Bryan is that he thinks the only way effectually to shelve Mr. Bryan and pave the way for himself in another four years is to support Mr. Bryan now and get him out of the way. This seemed to me the queerest way of getting rid of a man—to help him to become President by going to a convention and supporting him."

"There's nothing queer about that. In the first place, Mr. Gorman may announce himself for Bryan and even go to the convention for him, but it does not follow that he will work for him."

"You knew Mr. Gorman then?" queried I, trying to get the Senator to launch out upon this son of Maryland, for I had heard that if there was one man whom Senator P—— hated it was the ex-Senator from Maryland.

"Oh, yes, I knew Gorman. Everybody in Washington knows Gorman. I knew Dave Hill, too, very well. He and I were good, strong friends. I have great respect for Hill. He always fought straight and in the open. He was of the battle-ax type in politics and you knew where to find him, while Gorman was——"

"Was what?"

The Senator made a queer little burrowing movement near the floor.

"Oh, I know," I laughed in triumph,

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife was begun in the Post of February 3, and will be continued weekly until the adjournment of Congress. Each paper is complete in itself.

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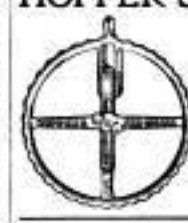


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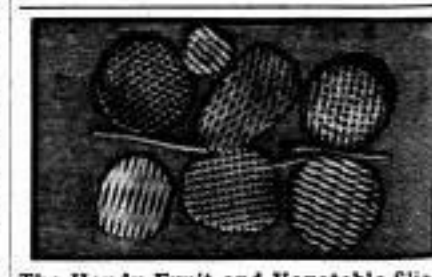
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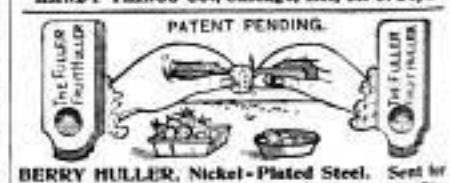
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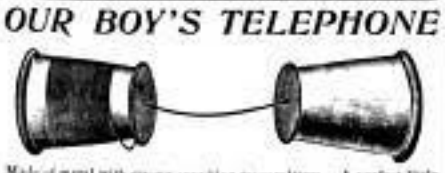
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"Blind? No! He can see around the corner, or in the dark, or into the future quicker than any one we ever had in the Senate. He is brilliant. He is skillful. He is the living exponent of Machiavelli. As some one summed him up only the other day, 'Gorman is a better politician than statesman. He is a plotter rather than an orator, for he plans stronger than he talks, and moves men by force of their own interest as he displays it to them privately.' The trouble with Gorman, and the reason why his ambition has not led him into the broad paths of the political highway, is that he can never quite rid himself of the tactics of a ward politician; but his ambition is boundless. He is burrowing this minute for the Presidency! He has burrowed for it ever since 1892, when he went to the convention, supposedly in the interests of Cleveland but was himself a candidate, though undeclared.

"His friends went there carrying with them twenty thousand Gorman badges, silk and gold, big and little. These were to be sprung in convention at an opportune time, but the plans did not work and the badges were sunk in Lake Michigan. When the 'count of noses' took place just before the convention was called, it was found that Gorman had no show whatever, and that Cleveland even was lacking the needed two-thirds. It was at this time, on the very eve almost of balloting, that Gorman, on learning where he stood, went into hiding, and in hiding he remained. Cleveland was nominated on the first ballot."

"How did he happen to be swept out of the Senate?"

"Oh, it was on a tidal wave of popular discontent in his State, and if the Republicans had not indulged themselves in some particularly high-handed politics in Maryland last year Mr. Gorman would not have regained control of the State; but there he is and there he means to keep control."

"He is certainly a very handsome man," I said tentatively.

The Senator glanced at me sharply and, fearing some little feminine trap into which he might stumble if he did not agree with me, said:

"In a certain way, yes. He will come back to the Senate, probably, to succeed Wellington in time. But come, Mrs. Slocum, tell me something of your world. What are you and Miss Page doing?"

"We are golfing a little, hunting a little, fencing a little, and attending the gossips' feast every day."

"Gossips' feast?"

The Senator was puzzled and I went on:

"I'm sure if Shakespeare were to come back he'd pronounce the city of Washington a veritable 'gossips' bowl,' for there is enough afloat, as he would put it, to 'make the very air cry out.'"

"What's it all about?" Then suddenly he divined and said amusingly:

"Oh, I understand. They're gossiping about Mr. Dooley's relative, 'Cousin George.' One of my colleagues raised a smile in the Senate when he heard of the new candidate by saying he supposed that the official announcement had been made at an 'afternoon tea.' What do you women have to say about it?"

"About the same that you men do. I tried to feel the pulse of the Navy people on the subject and had the temerity to ask a severe old Admiral what he thought of it, and, instead of feeling his pulse, I felt his cold shoulder. I've not dared to broach the subject since. But I have read a clipping from one of the great London dailies and was quite gratified over its indorsement of our new candidate, and also over its description of the battle he had won at 'Santiago'; though naturally I was a trifle disappointed that this great paper did not clear up the hazy point as to whether 'Cousin George' won the battle from San Juan hill or from the deck of his battleship."

I did not get any further, for I was interrupted by a telegram. I knew before I opened it that Robert was coming, and that he would be in time to cast his vote on the morrow, but I did not know that this telegram contained, besides, what was calculated to shake me out of my fancied rut completely. His telegram was dated Baltimore, and read:

"Am arriving for dinner. Am bringing Cousin Melinda with me."

I sat as though suddenly run into an iron mould. Robert was bringing Cousin Melinda with him! She was only forty miles away! I felt as fateful and as breathless as General Sheridan must have felt with Winchester only twenty miles away. What would my series of spring dinners to the fashionable world and my outdoor fête at Chevy Chase be to me, or I to them, with Cousin Melinda on my hands? How should I apologize for or explain away the presence of Jules in my house? Or my French maid?

"No bad news, Mrs. Slocum, I hope? You look troubled."

"I am. Robert is coming."

Then, realizing how this sounded, I hastened to amend it.

"Robert is bringing an old cousin of ours with him, and——"

I suddenly bethought me that it was already the dinner hour, that the Senator was dining with us, and that at any instant the travelers might walk in. I had no time to explain; I must give orders looking to the comfort of Cousin Melinda. Already my rack and thumbscrew were being felt. Page comforted me wonderfully by looking on the bright side of it as we sat waiting for their arrival.

"Ah'll help you out. Don' you bother. What sort of ol' lady is she?"

"Why, Page," I said anxiously, "she is the most uncompromising, up-and-down, honest, inquisitive little old busybody you can conceive of. She has made her home with us out in Spruce City, and she dotes on Robert and me, and I wouldn't do anything for the world to hurt her; but think of all I have on hand, those dinners and that fête, to say nothing of the arrival of Mr. de Courcelles."



When Speaker Henderson and the leader on the floor unite their efforts it is no use for anybody to kick

I was positively tragic in tone and gesture, and neither Page nor the Senator could suppress a smile at my evident distress. I went on:

"She will want to see everything in Washington. She will never rest till she has met the President and Mrs. McKinley. She may, perhaps, ask Mrs. McKinley if she knits the President's socks, or what time in the fall she sets her pickles, or what her receipt for mincemeat is, or where they hang out the White House wash, or——"

I broke down over the dismal picture. Page asked sympathetically:

"Is she sharp with her tongue an' malicious, or only jus' ol'-fashion' an' curious?"

"Oh, she's not a bit malicious. She's really most lovable, but she is unworldly and simple and inquisitive."

"That's all right, then. Ah'll take care of her. Ah'll go sight-seein' with her. Ah'll even show her where the 'wash' is hung in the White House. Ah'll tell her Dolly Madison always use' to hang it up in the Eas' room."

"Oh, Page, you have lifted a tremendous load off my shoulders."

"And, Mrs. Slocum, you bring her up to the Senate, and she shall hold a reception, even in the Vice-President's room, and shake hands with everybody of any importance in both Houses. She shall have luncheon served in state, and even have 'tea' if you say so. I'll even try to explain the methods of legislation to her, and I know that no man's devotion to a cause can go beyond that."

I was somewhat reassured. I even smiled, but I vowed to myself to have a reckoning with the member from Spruce City when he should arrive.



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The People's Number of the Worthyville Watchman

By William J. Lampton

THE Editor of the Worthyville Evening Watchman sat in his office wondering what he could do to improve his paper and make the people who were paying him twenty-five cents a month for his services have more cause to feel that they were getting their money's worth. A number of complaints had been coming in to him of late, and they had caused him to consider ways and means of presenting a paper that was more generally satisfactory. He was wrestling with a new and novel idea when a lady came in and asked for a copy to send away to a friend.

"How much is it?" she asked when he handed it to her.

"Oh, we never charge subscribers for an extra copy that way," he told her.

"Why, I'm sure that is very kind of you," she gurgled. "Isn't the postage on a newspaper only a cent?"

"Yes, but you needn't mail it yourself. I'll put it in a wrapper for you and you can address it and we'll send it along with our regular mail at so much a pound."

"Well, isn't that lovely! But I don't want you to pay the postage."

"It doesn't amount to anything on one copy and we are always glad to accommodate. How do you like the paper?" he asked shyly.

"I like it very much, all except the politics. I think they are horrid and they oughtn't to be printed."

"But we couldn't very well leave politics out."

"I don't know about that. I think the most interesting paper I see is the Ladies' Review, and there isn't a word of politics in it. You know our Ladies' Literary Club was just talking about the Watchman the other day, and we said how perfectly lovely it would be if the politics were out of it."

They talked a while longer, and when the visitor went out the Editor called the foreman in and had a conference with him. The foreman said he was on and went back to the composing-room.

As the back door shut the front door opened and in came a well-known Worthyville sport.

"Gimme a copy of Saturday's Watchman," he said breezily. "You had more good sporting news in there than you've had for weeks. The only objection I've got to your rag is that it is too shy on sports."

"We give all the space to them we can afford to spare," responded the Editor in an apologetic tone.

"Drop out something else then," suggested the sport.

"What, for instance?"

"Well, that column about women. Lord knows we get enough of women without having them in the newspapers. And the religious column might go along with it. The preachers have their innings on Sunday in their churches and they don't want the earth, do they?"

The Editor said he didn't think they did, and as the sport went out he jotted down a note on a slip of paper and stuck it on the hook.

Presently the leading Literary Luminary came in and asked if he mightn't look over the exchanges. The Editor told him to help himself, and as he did so he ventured a few remarks.

"I wish you would write me a short local story," said the Editor with considerable trepidation. "We can't pay you in money for it, but you can have any newspapers or magazines or books that come in."

"What's the use?" protested the Literary Luminary. "If I write anything it gets sandwiched in between advertisements and local notices and is utterly lost."

"But we can't very well help having the advertisements, you know," said the Editor in mild self-defense.

"If I were running a paper there shouldn't be one in it," argued the Literary Luminary with the large knowledge of his kind. "By Jove! this thing of giving over your columns to people who have the money to buy them is no more than selling yourself. Take out the advertisements, say I," and as he rummaged into the pile of exchanges the Editor made another note to stick on the hook and went front to see his pastor.

"There's a notice of our church fair and festival for to-morrow night," said the reverend gentleman. "Give it a good place and put a nice head over it, won't you?"

The Editor marked it *DN* and stuck it on the copy hook.

"I was sorry to see that sensational thing in the paper last night," the pastor said rather reprovingly.

"It came along with the other news," explained the Editor.

"I suppose so; but can't you control your own matter? There is too much of that kind of news in the papers these days. I'd throw it all out. And the sporting news, too, and police and divorce court matter. It does no good and is calculated to do great harm."

"But we have to have some of it," pleaded the Editor.

"Not at all; not at all. Some of the best reading matter the world has ever known is free from it."

The Editor could not deny this, and, after promising he would see that a change was made, he bowed the pastor out and turned to meet a farmer subscriber who had just come in.

"I left a bushel of apples up to your house," said that worthy, "and if you'll make a note of it in the paper I'll call it square. Be sure and say I've got 'em for sale. And, by the way, I noticed your market reports was short last night."

"Yes," said the Editor, "we had a rush of news and had to clip the markets a little."

"Mebbe it's good policy and mebbe it ain't," commented the farmer. "In my judgment markets is more important than most of the news that's printed. You could throw out about two-thirds of what you git in and nobody be any less wiser by it. Who cares fer all the little things that's happenin'? Let it go and give us markets. They're business."

The Editor wrote the notice of the apples, made another note, stuck them both on the book and, after a few minutes' chat with the farmer who told him there wasn't any news in his neighborhood, went back to see the foreman. The foreman smiled and nodded as the Editor talked to him, and then went over and took several handfuls of type out of the forms on the stone.

It was now 10.30 A. M. and the Editor went around to the post-office. When he came back the big politician of the town, the "Boss," was waiting for him.

"By George! Haskins," he said, coming to the point directly, "that editorial you had on the situation last night was plumb rot and no mistake."

"I didn't think so," protested the Editor.

"Of course you didn't, or you wouldn't have wrote it. I give you credit for that much sense, anyhow. But what's the good of your editorializing? Nobody reads editorials in this kind of a paper. They know it's you and that knocks the pith out of them. You'd a blamed sight better not have any editorials at all."

"Do you really believe that?" inquired the Editor cheerfully.

"Bet your life I do. They don't amount to shucks."

"But it takes time and brains to write them."

"It's a waste of raw material. Quit it. Give 'em a rest and yourself and your readers, too."

Then he went out and the Editor made another note and stuck it on the book for the foreman.

By and by a pretty girl came in and the Editor bowed and smiled and scraped around just as any bachelor would.

"Oh, Mr. Haskins," she twittered, "I'm going to have a pink tea to-morrow and you must be sure to come and write it up. I'll tell you what everybody has on and you can just spread yourself."

"I'm sure I should be only too happy," he responded, "but we are going to have some extra market reports to-morrow and I'm afraid I can't give your charming entertainment as much space as it deserves."

"Oh, those horrid market reports!" she wailed. "I think they are perfectly dreadful, and I've always wondered what you had them in the paper for. I'm sure I never read a line of them in my whole life."

"That has only been a very short time, Miss Fannie," smiled the Editor.

"Oh, you flatterer!" she chirruped. "But I'll forgive you if you will promise not to



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have any more market reports and have my tea take the space they occupy."

The Editor wouldn't promise, but he made a note and hung it on the hook, and five minutes after the pretty girl had gone the Profoundest Thinker of all Worthyville entered.

"You didn't get that article of mine on The Correlation of Concepts to Concretions in the paper yesterday," he said with some annoyance apparent in his manner.

"I'm very sorry," explained the Editor, "but at the very last moment a number of Personal and Society items came in and we had to hold it over."

"Personals and society!" sniffed the Thinker. "For the life of me I can't see what you print that kind of stuff for. Surely nobody wants to read it. If I were you I would see that it went headlong into the waste basket. Hold my article if you please until Saturday's paper," and the Thinker walked out severely.

The Editor made another note and stuck it on the hook just as a real estate improver and a town boomer came in.

"We've got a column about getting the new factory located in Sylvanside Addition that we would like to get in the paper," he said by way of greeting.

"Isn't that rubbing it in just a little?" inquired the Editor, who had not so much as received a deed to a town lot in the new Addition for his manifold services in promoting its publicity.

"I don't know that it is. You've got lots of space and this is helping the town."

"Lots of space?" repeated the Editor.

"Of course. I noticed just a while ago two columns on the inside given up to a lot of stuff clipped out of other papers that doesn't do the town any more good than a rain storm in Alaska. Why don't you throw out that sort of trash, anyhow?"

"We can't very well."

"Can't you? Well, if you heard what people say about it you would, whether you could or not."

"Don't they really like it?" the Editor queried diffidently.

"Like it? Great Scot, they fairly snort at it. I heard one man say to-day that he guessed you had hired Noah as your exchange editor. You'd better run an 'empty' than load up with that stuff."

Then the promoter with a pleasant good-day went out and the Editor met a few more persons with suggestions before he went to his dinner at high noon. When he came back at one o'clock he went out into the composing-room and had a conference with the foreman, who busied himself about the forms under the Editor's direction.

At two o'clock a man came in swearing mad. He was a Prominent Citizen and he had been insulted, or words to that effect.

"By gravy! Haskins," he exclaimed, "it seems to me I have been in this town long enough for that measly reporter of yours to know my name."

"Doesn't he?" asked the Editor, astonished and pained at such reportorial ignorance.

"If he does know it, he doesn't seem to be able to use his knowledge. By crackey, he's got me down as John B. Thompson, when anybody ought to know I don't spell my name with a *p*. But I couldn't expect much more, for of all the collections of stale, flat and unprofitable things your local news is the worst. The paper would be a darned sight better off without a line of it."

"No local news!" ejaculated the Editor, almost horrified by the thought.

"That's what I said. Do you need a map and a diagram?" and the Prominent Citizen plumped his card down on the table and flounced out.

The Editor sat down and mopped his brow for a minute or two while he listened to a few remarks from the Mayor of the city on communications appearing in the paper criticising him and his official acts, with a final handful of scattering comment on other paragraphs equally subversive of the peace and dignity of the State and the constitutional rights of people to do as they pleased without being pilloried in the public prints by the shafts and arrows of irresponsible persons too cowardly to let their names be known. The Editor smiled at the mixed metaphors of the mad Mayor and promised to see about it. Then he went into the composing-room and told the foreman to get the forms ready and send them to press. The foreman grinned at the appearance of what he was locking up, and just as he got to the first page which was the last to go down, the leading sign painter of the town came into the room, and stopped to "chin the Editor a while."



"Don't they really like it?" the Editor queried

"You've got a mighty good paper," he said—he had received a stickful of puff the day before—"but the head you've got on it is the most inartistic piece of work I know of," he added.

"We had an idea it was pretty fair," ventured the Editor.

"If I had a head like that," laughed the painter, "I'd go soak it."

"What would you really do about it?" asked the Editor seriously.

"Chop it off quicker than Cromwell cut off the head of King Charles," said the painter and went on out through the front office.

The Editor nodded to the foreman and in a few minutes the form was locked up and sent down.

Promptly at four o'clock the Worthyville Watchman appeared and at supper-time the office was filled with indignant subscribers. Every one of them had his paper with him and never a paper had a line on any of its pages. Everything was gone out of it and there was only a four-page wilderness of whiteness. The Editor was not in the office, but a big notice was posted in a conspicuous place to the effect that the Watchman would explain in its next issue.

On the following day in large letters at the top of the editorial page this notice appeared:

"TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

"Our issue of yesterday appeared in accordance with suggestions made to us by subscribers who think they know how to run a newspaper, and comment is unnecessary upon the result.

All we have to say is that hereafter we shall run the Watchman as we d—— please. Now is the time to subscribe.

"HEZEKIAH HASKINS,
"Editor and Proprietor."

Helping the Governor Out

OF EX-GOVERNOR BLACK, of New York, a story is going the rounds. In a lawsuit he was pitted against an undersized country lawyer. In making an address the Governor took occasion to denounce some proposition of the other side.

"It is false: false in every particular. You might as well say that twice two were five, or——" Here he paused a second. The old man leaned forward and said, in a stage-whisper, "Or that black was white."



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The Temptations of Young Business Men & A Talk with Robert C. Ogden

ROBERT C. OGDEN, who, as John Wanamaker's chief aid for many long, successful years, is one of the best-known, best-liked and best-equipped men in the metropolitan business world, speaks decisively upon most matters appertaining to affairs commercial. Naturally, therefore, upon the subject of trusted employees and the ways and means of helping them to continue their positions of trust, Mr. Ogden's words carry unusual weight. With an army of employees to direct, here is a man who should know thoroughly that upon which he so earnestly descants. Judge for yourself:

"The inclination toward dishonesty is like all other human tendencies that make for good or evil; it is either bred in the blood or developed by environment. Some few men are born to thievery; the great majority who step aside from the path of rectitude are, however, the victims of an impulse, a sudden, uncontrollable desire to possess what does not, and can not, by any legitimate achievement belong to them. The average transgressor of the laws of perfect integrity is not necessarily lost to all sense of honor, of the common decency of conduct, of what is best in the making of a sterling character. Such men, be they young or old, are the unconscious dupes of their own weak wills, silly caprices or unhealthy ambitions.

The Shortsighted Conceit of Dishonesty

"In a large measure employers are responsible for the culpability of their employees. In too many instances the opportunity to steal is thrust under the noses of young men; a futile system, or no definite system at all, of oversight upon the accounts of a trusted employee gives him the suggestion that he may hide his dishonesty under false entries. Remove temptation and you erase the whole black catalogue of sin.

"Of course, in this connection I am speaking only of men who become dishonest after a career of integrity and right living. The hardened criminal, the deliberate, scheming embezzler is not taken into consideration as a part of the present discussion. The fact is apparent, to every close observer of men in the business world, that the supreme folly of stealing is invariably committed because the opportunity for the guilty act presented itself in a form more or less enticing and seemingly safe. No employee dips into the coffers of his employer except with the conviction that his crime will not be detected. Your gentleman of thieving proclivities, whether he is a common pickpocket or an influential bank cashier, is sure that he can outwit the world; he is convinced of his own abounding cleverness. The pilferer of every degree is a magnificent egotist.

The Only Sure Preventive of Fraud

"The attempt to forestall the misappropriation of money on the part of an employee by resorting to ingenious and complicated systems of checks is like trying to measure the pace of Niagara with a stop-watch. The best way to prevent peculation is to first find men recommended for honesty, men who have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting; after that there is time to introduce your mechanisms for compulsory integrity. The more involved the plan of surveillance in a large business office the greater the chance for contemplative dishonesty. Clever rascals are only piqued by elaborate plans laid for their ensnarement; the pursued thief likes nothing better than a tangling maze behind which to hide his guilty person. Simple methods are the best, in business as in most other affairs of life.

"The one effective means for preventing fraud on any scale is to know, day by day, just what the man behind the ledger and the cash-box knows; to keep in such close touch with each of his many transactions that the misplacement of a penny, the entry of one false figure will be apparent at the end of the day. Of course this is impossible in an establishment where hundreds of clerks are employed and necessarily trusted. In such cases the frequent and rigid auditing of the books of the concern is the best preventive.

"Human nature, in the main, is worthy of confidence; men as they go are not prone to fraud and dishonesty. The young man starting out on a business career is too mindful of the future to yield readily to temptation; it is the older men who have attained comparatively exalted positions, but whose ambition for quickly acquired riches has never been gratified, who are most apt to become defaulters. Women are not beyond the pale of dishonesty; it is an admission forced upon the most gallant of men who have had extended dealings with the weaker sex. It is the very fact that they are the weaker vessels that makes them more liable to transgress. Vanity has played the leading part in nearly every considerable act of depredation whether by men or women. With the latter it is the desire to have costlier attire than others; with men it is the wish to ape our millionaires which leads to large thefts.

"A strict and accurate auditing of accounts, a careful tabulation and recording of every business transaction, a periodical examination by expert accountants, the insistence upon a clean and regular mode of life on the part of those most responsible in a business organization—these are the chief and vital principles antagonizing and suppressing dishonesty. Where such methods are in vogue there is but scant opportunity for employees, to whatever extent they are trusted, to filch from the funds they handle.

The Motives That Spur on Dishonest Acts

"Great and pressing necessity has not often driven men to dishonesty. Extravagance is the most common motive behind the story of every absconding bank official; the feverish desire to live at the rate of $10,000 a year on an income one-fifth that amount makes nearly every defalcation the twin brother of overwhelming debt. One of the noblest men I ever knew was an embezzler.

"He fell from grace not because he desired an extravagant and luxurious life which his income would not permit, but because he appropriated money in his keeping to aid and support those who were dependent upon him for the necessities of life. Most of the stolen money went to the education of younger relatives and the maintenance of those whom he could not have supported with his comparatively meagre salary. It was my privilege to assist this man when the inevitable crash came. He is a man whom I shall always respect, though the motive behind his act in no way nullified the enormity of his sin. But such cases as this are rare exceptions.

"Let a young man model his career upon a basis of absolute, undeviating honesty and he will not have to seek long for a place of trust. Let him always be in a position to shake hands with himself, for self-respect is as good as the respect of others. The men who to-day control great business enterprises are looking for youths in whom they may place limitless confidence. The world stands ready to wait hand and foot upon those who have proved themselves beyond the seduction of any tempter. Diogenes looking for an honest man has not yet ceased his searching, for though there are many men who are honest in matters of money, there are many more who lack honesty in matters affecting the perfect performance of duty. There is a dishonesty which does not stoop to steal, but which pretends to a faithful service while actually shirking work waiting to be done. That is the commoner transgression of commercial ethics, and one to be avoided by the man who seeks to mould himself for higher things as he would avoid the touch of a leper."

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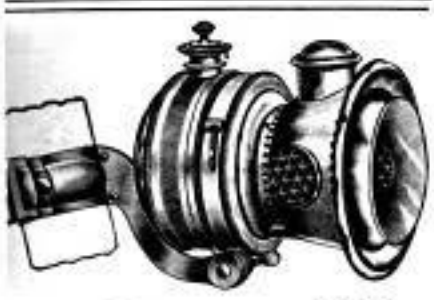
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Goldwin Smith's United Kingdom *

IT IS somewhat curious that the two best books on the United States have been written by foreigners. Bryce's American Commonwealth is entitled to first place. Dr. Goldwin Smith's United States is probably next. As a political study of the nation it is not equaled, and, though no reader may agree with its every estimate and statement, yet none can escape the interest, ripeness and scholarship of the work. Its success naturally led Doctor Smith to do for Great Britain what he had done for America, and at the end of the preface to his new work we find this sentence: "The friends who urged the writer to undertake this task know that it has been performed by the hand of extreme old age."

More than forty years ago Doctor Smith was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford; it is over thirty years ago that he came to this country to fill the chair of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University, and for twenty-nine years he has been one of the most distinguished of Canadians; so it may be true that the work was performed by the hand of extreme old age, but a reading of this, his last work, shows incontestably that, though the hand may have been aged, the mind was as clear, as direct and as competent as if it had not lived through the better part of a great century, many of whose important events he has personally witnessed.

In truth, Doctor Smith has done a great good, not only for history but for people who want to read history with enjoyment. The manner in which he has handled the events, tendencies and evolutions of the dozen and more centuries and told the continuous story of the United Kingdom is beyond all praise.

Doctor Smith's text is this sentence from Pym: "The best form of government is that which doth actuate and inspire every part and member of a State to the common good." Beginning with the statement that England has taken the lead in solving the problem of constitutional government, and that she it is who more than any other has had to deal with great internal problems, he traces the rise of the Kingdom to the middle of the present century, very wisely omitting references to contemporaries and modern leaders—even to Disraeli or Gladstone—and writing strictly as a historian, but with a positiveness of opinion that makes every page alive and entertaining. He is delightfully candid in his portraiture. For instance, he calls Queen Elizabeth "a virago who spat, swore and cuffed," who was false and perfidious, heartless and selfish, and capable at times of hateful cruelty, even to inciting murder itself.

Of another figure of English history he says: "The name of George III cannot be penned without a pang—can hardly be penned without a curse, such mischief was he fated to do the country," and in this connection Doctor Smith says that "the moral improvement of the nation, which by this time had begun, was due less to the influence of the Court than to that of Methodism, with which assuredly the Court had little to do, and of the evangelical movement within the Establishment which Methodism set on foot."

His treatment of the War of the Revolution of the American Colonies is necessarily brief, but intensely interesting. He takes the view that the separation was sure to come, and in the end the loss of the Colonies was to Great Britain a gain in disguise.

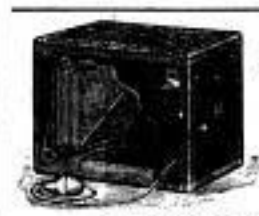
This is his opinion of the War of 1812: "A fratricidal and fruitless conflict was closed at last by a treaty in which no mention was made of either of the two ostensible causes of the war. American historians fancy that this was a second war of independence. Had Napoleon, by the help of the Americans, triumphed over English and European freedom, would Louisiana now be a State of the Union? Might not his insatiable ambition have trampled on the Union itself?"

Thus we see that Doctor Smith gives us something to think over—and often to object to—as we read. He touches tender points, whether his readers be American, English, French or Spanish; but all the same he carries us along by the power of his narrative and the brilliancy of his style.

It is in all respects one of the greatest books of this decade, and as interesting as it is great, a permanent contribution to history in the best meaning of the word. —*Lynn Roby Meekins.*

*The United Kingdom. A Political History. By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. *The Macmillan Company.*





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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

Mrs. Catherwood's Fancy for Variety

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has just begun work upon a historical novel dealing with the romantic side of American pioneer life in the closing years of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. This is to be the largest undertaking to which Mrs. Catherwood has yet put her hand, whether considered from the viewpoint of ambition, its geographical scope, or the richness of the historical materials upon which it is based. With the exception of one short story this is the first work the author of The Romance of Dollard and The Story of Tonty has done since she left her country home in Hoopeston, Illinois.

The greatest difficulty Mrs. Catherwood encounters in the prosecution of this new work is the temptation to take up other plots and short sketches. Never does the half-finished story that has long been pigeonholed in her desk seem so alluring to this woman as when she faces a new task of ambitious proportions, and one which must be finished within a given time.

Homeopathy Applied to Literature

William Archer, the English author and dramatic critic, is fighting in the British army in South Africa. One of Mr. Archer's early and best-known works was his translation of Ibsen's dramas into English. After the publication of this work a London literary woman asked him how he came to spend so much time upon that kind of work.

"I did it," replied Mr. Archer, "to keep myself from going to sleep in the evening."

"Ah! *similia similibus*, I presume?"

Mr. Archer's answer is not recorded.

Editorial Persistency Rewarded

For the last fourteen years the editor of one of the large London illustrated weekly journals has written an annual letter to W. S. Gilbert, of Pinafore and Bob Ballads fame, for a Christmas story. For fourteen years Mr. Gilbert has annually replied through his secretary that "Mr. Gilbert regretted that he would be unable to comply with the request, as Mr. Gilbert was not writing anything for serial publication." Last year the patient editor wrote his fifteenth letter, and this time the answer came in the author's own handwriting. It was to the effect that Mr. Gilbert would send him a Christmas story. Therefore, just after the holidays of last winter, work was begun, and now the manuscript has been turned in. It will appear next winter both in England and America.

When Professor Tait was an Anarchist

Professor P. G. Tait, of Edinburgh University, the author of that great work, The Unseen Universe, has a grim humor akin to that of the Norseman. When a student at the college of which he is now a distinguished professor he made himself speedily known. The first day in his lodging-house he found that his next-door neighbor, a young woman, was in the habit of practicing on a piano during his study hours. He conveyed his compliments to her with a request that she would confine her practice to the time he was attending lectures or taking his constitutional walk. The young woman sent back a curt refusal. The next day when she touched the first note of her exercise there came from his room a hideous discord from the loudest bagpipes he had been able to purchase the night before. She was plucky and stood it for a day or two, and then a treaty of peace was negotiated, in which she acceded to his desires. The following week a student of elocution moved in and began operations. The Professor says: "I didn't know whether he was rehearsing for the stage, the pulpit or the hustings, but he made enough noise for all three."

A similar request was sent to the elocutionist and a similar reply delivered in return. In addition came the information that "the student had a private tutor who was developing his voice." The following day when the house was filled with oratory a volley of explosions came from Tait's room, followed by smoke and unearthly smells. The lessons in oratory were suspended and every one in the house collected to find out what the trouble was.

Tait with unmoved countenance said to the astonished landlord: "As there seems to be no restraint upon the nature of the studies pursued in these lodgings, I have begun a series of experiments in high explosives from which I expect to draw much advantage."

A second treaty was drawn, signed and witnessed within the next five minutes.

Captain Kettle Ashore

C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne lives in a handsome place in the outskirts of Bradford, England, and does his work in a house that is literally crammed with trophies of the chase. The library looks like a corner of the Sportsman's Show. The walls, where there are no windows, doors, pictures or bookshelves, are covered with all sorts of antlers. In the centre of this room there is a large flat desk, on one side of which the novelist writes and on the other Mrs. Hyne works with the typewriter. The literary labors of the Hyne family are impartially divided between the author and his wife. Mr. Hyne is a giant in stature, spare in frame and the picture of an athlete. His wife is of rather more than ordinary height but is dwarfed by her tall husband. She enters into his life in the most helpful fashion. As he writes she takes each sheet of manuscript as he finishes it and transcribes it into legible "printers' copy" on the typewriter. When he is tired writing he dictates to her. This is wholly a labor of love on the part of Mrs. Hyne. She had a large fortune when she married, and her husband is in receipt of a handsome income from his writings.

The novelist is fond of boasting of his wife's capabilities.

"She writes all my best stories," he says; "if you don't believe it I'll show you the copy."

Though Mrs. Hyne may not be altogether responsible for her husband's success she has much to do with it. Mr. Hyne is an inveterate traveler. He has been in almost every habitable part of the globe, including Africa and the Arctics. He generally travels at least 10,000 miles a year, and in all his later journeys Mrs. Hyne has accompanied him. He is thirty-six years old and was married three years ago.

Versatile Booth Tarkington

Newton Booth Tarkington, the author of The Gentleman from Indiana, which, by the way, is a first novel, once sang before a Philadelphia audience. He was at that time a member of the Princeton Glee Club. Now you cannot trust implicitly the judgment of your friends. They are apt to exaggerate your good points. This is especially true of vocalists and amateur actors. Therefore, Mr. Tarkington does not place the utmost reliance upon the statement of his most intimate friends that on this occasion he exhibited an imbecility of attitude and a lunacy of eye never otherwise equaled. It appears that a girl, who knew Mr. Tarkington, had thrown a bouquet to him just before he began to sing and it landed on the stage about thirty feet distant from him—wholly out of reach. This may have accounted for his inability to do himself justice. But when it comes to writing Mr. Tarkington shows off to a much better advantage.

To a New York friend, the other day, who asked for a biographical note he wrote in reply:

"Princeton gave me an A. M. last fall. The rest of my career is all negatives. Never married, never been in business, never drove a street car, never conducted a bank, never even been on a paper except at Princeton, and that doesn't count. The best thing about this Princeton paper is that my predecessors were Robert Bridges, Jesse Lynch Williams, James Barnes and Professors Stone and West."

America the Best Field for Fiction

During his recent visit to New York, Robert Barr, who is one of the best business men among the successful authors of the day, was talking to a friend about his American visit.

"There never was a time," he said, "when America was more fruitful in good stories than now. There are some wonderful characters up in Canada and along the Great Lakes waiting to be put into print. I regard America as one of the best fields for fiction in the world to-day."

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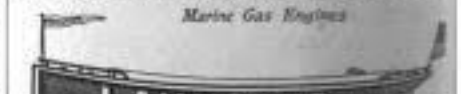
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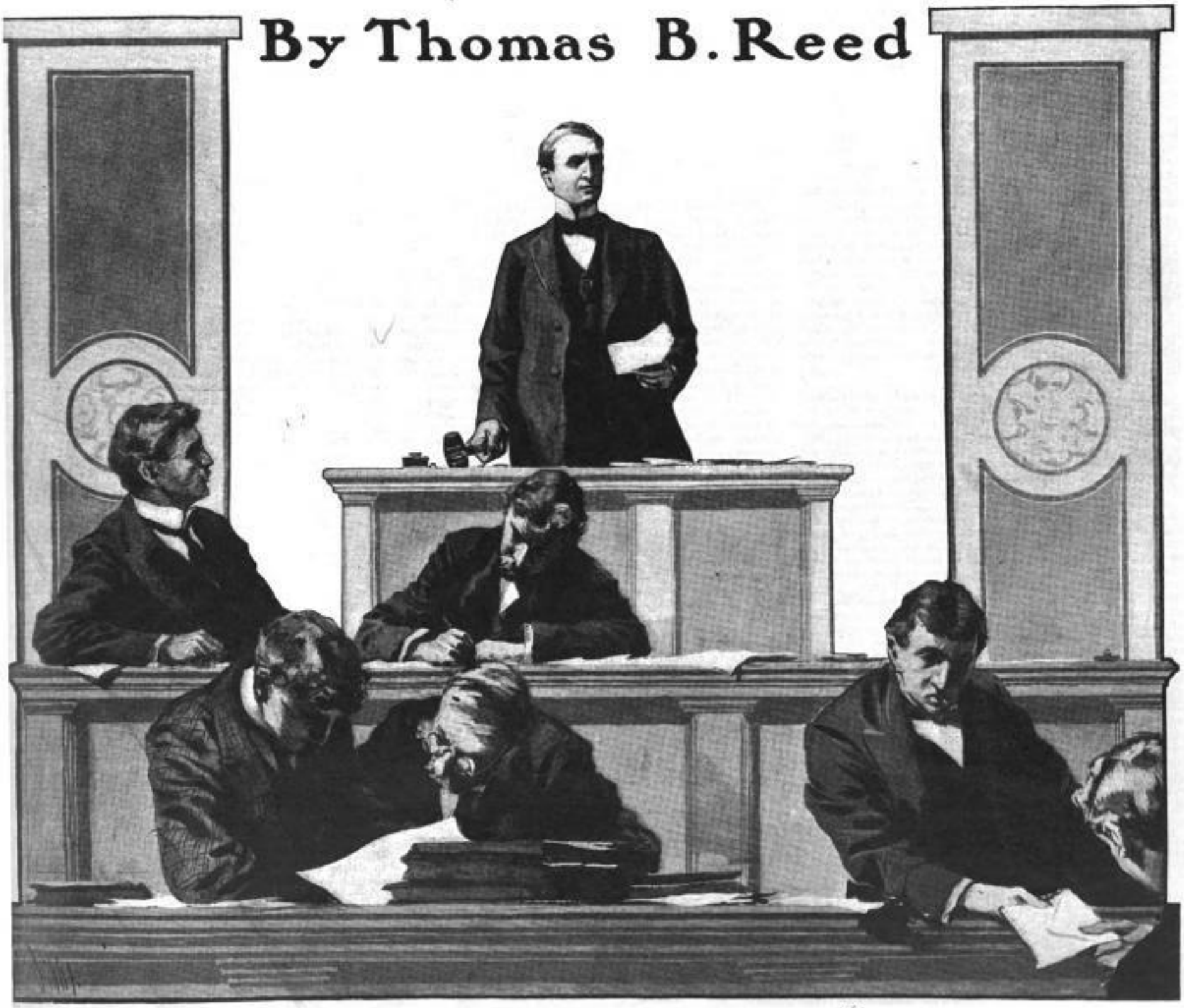
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The House of Representatives

By Thomas B. Reed



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The House of Representatives
How it Does Business
By Thomas B. Reed

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THE transaction of business in the House of Representatives is a mystery even to some of the members. Some never learn how it is done, and all have to struggle with the subject for no small period of time. To the beginner, the whole thing seems hopeless and impossible to learn; but to the persevering there gradually opens a view of the system, and they find that there are good reasons for even the things which seem the most troublesome and unreasonable.

The first thing the House has to do is to organize itself out of chaos and take form and cease to be void. How to do this safely was a puzzle for a long time. How to dispose of disputed memberships during the very process which could alone give the House power to act was not only a standing menace each time the House met for the first session, but in the famous New Jersey case brought the process of organization to a standstill for weeks, until everybody was too tired to prolong the struggle after John Quincy Adams pointed out the way to surmount the difficulties.

In view of these difficulties and dangers, it was, however, finally determined that it was better to run the risk of usurpation than of inextricable confusion; that a danger which could be measured was better than a danger which could not. Hence it was established by law that the Clerk of the preceding House should make a list of the members-elect who had proper credentials, and that that list should be the one on which the House should be organized, under the supervision of this same Clerk as a temporary presiding officer. The Clerk standing in his place at twelve o'clock of the day appointed by law, or by the President's proclamation, if an extra session, first calls the members-elect to order, and then calls the name of each member on his list, who, if present, responds. If a quorum, which is a majority, responds, the body then proceeds to choose a Speaker, which is done *viva voce*, each member stating his choice when his name is called. When the Speaker is elected, the Clerk appoints two or more members, generally his competitors, to conduct him to the chair. The Speaker then delivers a short address and announces himself as ready to take the oath, which is administered to him by the member of the House oldest in consecutive service. When the Speaker has taken the oath, he then administers the same to the members, who take their places in groups in front of the Speaker as their names are called. When this ceremony has been completed, the House chooses, usually by resolutions, its other officers: a clerk, who records the doings of the House, and is in charge of all clerical proceedings; a doorkeeper, who has control of much of the service of the House; a sergeant-at-arms, who pays the members and helps the Speaker keep order; a postmaster, who takes charge of the mail matter of the members; and a chaplain, who opens the sessions with prayer.

Getting the House into Working Order

After the election of these officials, and after giving to the Senate and to the President notice of organization, the House is then ready to proceed to business. The first business is usually the adoption of rules. It was at one time thought that the rules of the preceding House could be made to bind its successor; but of late years no one contends for that idea, and each House is understood to be a law unto itself. The rules usually provide for the appointment of committees by the Speaker, and the transaction of business on the basis of their recommendations. The committee system of government is so firmly established in the House of Representatives that it seems part and parcel of its constitution and character, and not at all a mere method of doing business. Usually it takes three weeks or a month for the Speaker to complete his task of appointing his committeemen. What he really does is to arrange the whole three hundred and fifty-seven members and the delegates into committees, and organize the whole body; for in filling each committee he has to keep constantly in mind all the others. He has to take into account all parts of the Union, the varied interests of each and every State and Territory. Due weight must also be given to length of service as well as to demonstrated capacity, and each member must be placed on at least one committee. What with the claims of geography, length of service, differences of politics, personal merit, pressure of friends and push and pull of interests, most Speakers are so worn by the task as to be glad of the Christmas holidays for reasons altogether different from those connected with the sacred associations of the time. As a matter of self-preservation, the Speaker usually announces his committees just before the vacation, in order that the grieved, who are many, may go home, where they can have room and time to clear up their feelings and let atmospheric absorption of language set in.

When the House comes back at the end of the holidays it is ready for its work. The work before it is of two great general classes, which may be called public and private, though the lines of demarcation are not at all times duly kept up. Of the business called public there are two classes, one of which is absolutely essential and the other optional and dependent upon the judgment and opportunities of the House.

Providing for the Nation's Necessities

Government is at once a necessity which must cost much money and a luxury which may cost more. If we have officers to do the governing of us all, we must pay their bills and provide for their increase as we grow more prosperous and more populous. If we are to have armies and navies, these must be paid for, and the ways and means of payment provided. If we wish to administer justice throughout the land, money must be raised by law and appropriated by law. Unless all these things are done, the fundamental purpose of government fails. These, then, as a whole, though each item may be disputed, are matters of necessity, and hence the two committees of greatest importance in the House are the Committee on Ways and Means, which has control of means to raise revenue, and the Committee on Appropriations, so-called, which has control of the larger part of the details of expenditure. Laws, however, which raise revenue are not of yearly enactment, and the Committee on Ways and Means may be a dormant committee for long years; but when it does come into action, it so affects the business and property of the nation that its primacy among committees is fully established in the House. Its chairman is the titular and natural leader of the House, and its first member on the other side is the leader of the opposition.

The Committees on Appropriations (for there are more than one) exercise their power every year, for the expenditures of each year have to be provided for at each regular session of the Congress, and at the short session the Committees on Appropriations have almost complete charge of the House. There is, then, but little time or opportunity for new ventures in the way of legislation. Without attempting to enumerate the House committees, it is enough to say of the Committees on Appropriations that each one is always of great importance, and of all the rest of the committees that any one of them may become at any time of supreme importance. When the disposal of the Geneva Award, and afterward the whole question of the lapsed and unlapsed railroad land grants were thrown upon the Judiciary Committee of the Forty-seventh Congress, that committee could not complain of any lack of importance. Nor can the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce feel any sense of insignificance as long as the Nicaragua Canal with all its foreign relations and its possibilities of all sorts rests upon the shoulders of that committee. So, in its turn, any committee of the House may find itself in charge of matters of continental greatness. It is in these committees that the matters which come before Congress are primarily discussed. There evidence is taken, hearings are had, and examination is made. Whatever of careful deliberation is given at all is usually given here. These committees are too numerous to be recapitulated, and grow in numbers almost every Congress. They commence in many cases as select committees formed for a special purpose, and are then continued, even after the occasion has passed. This is largely from unwillingness to lose a chairmanship, a position of dignity which seems to the remote constituency as instinct with life as when it was first created.

All these committees, except a few, those on pensions, claims and accounts, concern themselves with business of a public nature, being forbidden to take up bills which concern individuals alone. All the bills which relate to public affairs are called public bills, and are divided into two classes, one of which, involving appropriations of money, goes to the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, and is there indexed in order of presentation on what is called the Union Calendar.

As bills on the Union Calendar comprise all the great regular appropriation bills, and as these bills have the right of way, there is very little chance in the regular course of business for the various bills on the Union Calendar to have a hearing commensurate with the proposer's idea of what ought to be their importance. This difficulty is, however, not peculiar to our House of Representatives. In most other countries, appropriating money, being one of the highest functions of government, is surrounded by safeguards which exist on purpose instead of by accident. In England, not a dollar of money is ever even proposed to be appropriated except by Her Majesty's Government. With us, bills appropriating millions are put in by any member. We are not content with placing the power of originating regular appropriations in the hands of eight different committees, but we give nearly every committee out of the whole fifty-eight the right to propose expenditure to an amount entirely unlimited. Fortunately, the right of way can only be given to the regular bills, and the other ones must plead before the Committee on Rules for a chance to be taken up. In the House, no item can go on the regular bills which has not the sanction of existing law or of unanimous consent. As the Senate has no such rule, the entrance of the items of new expenditure takes place in the Senate, to be struggled with, for the most part, in conference between the two houses, through the dreary hours which drag themselves along to the hour of final adjournment.

All bills and petitions of every description and nature, with very few exceptions, are presented not in open House, as they used to be, but are placed in boxes at the clerk's desk, if private bills, or petitions; or, if of a public nature, are handed to the Speaker's clerk. Formerly all these bills and petitions were offered in the open House, the titles read, and, if a member called for it, a full reading was had of the bill or petition. The paper was then referred in open House to the committee deemed appropriate, and whole days were, during the session, spent in these proceedings, to which no one paid attention. Now, the paper is referred without taking a moment of the time of the assembly. Of course, there are provisions in the rules which enable due correction of any error to be made. In old times, nobody had a right to bring in a bill except by a vote of the House, sometimes, indeed usually, after discussion. Such is still the procedure in England. The bill or petition having been duly presented and referred to the appropriate committee is then in charge of that body, and the House awaits its action. If the committee does not choose to act, it may be discharged by a two-thirds vote of the House on some suspension day, and suspension days occur on the first and third Mondays of each month, one being devoted to suspensions proposed on the motion of a committee, and the other to suspensions on motion of a member.

The Disposition of Different Kinds of Bills

If the committee, after receiving the bill, sees fit to report, then it has power to file its report with the clerk, and the bill is immediately put upon the appropriate calendar to be disposed of by due course of proceeding. Appropriation bills and revenue bills are reported to the open house to enable points of order to be reserved before they are committed to the Committee of the Whole, and their titles placed on the Union Calendar. All other public bills appropriating money go on the same calendar. Bills of a public nature which do not carry or require appropriations go to what is called the House Calendar, and are to be disposed of in the House. The Union Calendar, then, contains the bills which carry money and raise revenue. The House Calendar contains the public bills which do not appropriate or call for money. There remain the private bills which concern individuals, of which examples are bills for personal pensions, for payment of claims of all kinds. These bills, when reported to the House by appropriate committees, go to the Private Calendar, and are considered in Committee of the Whole, which, as you will see, is a different committee from the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, although composed of the same individuals: that is, all the members of the House. This committee sits on Friday only, and used to close its sessions by rising at five o'clock and taking a recess until eight, when the evening session used to commence, and continue until ten-thirty. This evening session was devoted entirely to personal pension bills.

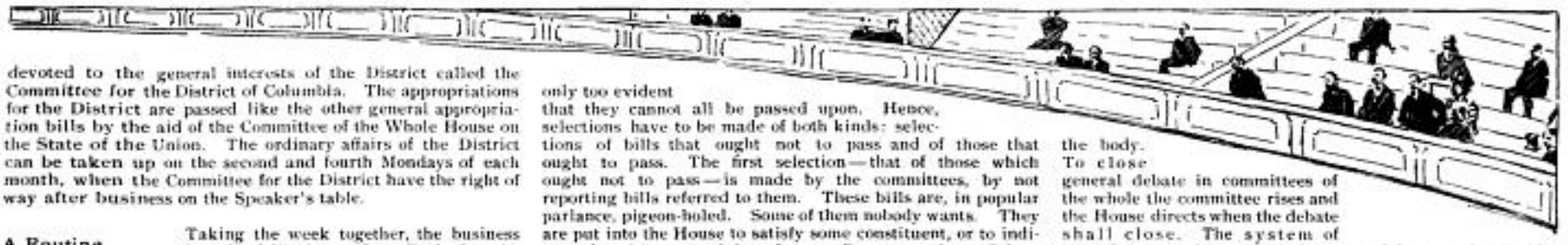
In the present Congress the evening session was abolished and the second and fourth Fridays are now given to pensions, whereby the number of pension bills has been much increased. The other Fridays are used alternately to consider bills from the Committee on Claims and the Committee on War Claims.

The regular course of business for each day is not the same, and hence to give anything like a regular history of business, a week must be taken. Besides the regular work of the House as representing and disposing of the wants and needs of the people as a Union of States, the Congress is the Legislature of the District of Columbia, and must provide for its government. This is done by conferring upon the Committee on Appropriations the power to bring in a bill to expend the revenues of the District and make such appropriations as may seem suitable out of the revenues of the country to defray the extraordinary expenses of the District as the seat of government. There is also a committee specially

Editor's Note—This is the first paper of Mr. Reed's notable series on The Three Great Parliaments. Subsequent articles to appear in early numbers of the Post will deal with the House of Commons and the Chamber of Deputies.



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devoted to the general interests of the District called the Committee for the District of Columbia. The appropriations for the District are passed like the other general appropriation bills by the aid of the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union. The ordinary affairs of the District can be taken up on the second and fourth Mondays of each month, when the Committee for the District have the right of way after business on the Speaker's table.

A Routine Week in the House

Taking the week together, the business has the following order: Each day the House is called to order at 12 o'clock noon. After prayer by the chaplain, the Journal, which is the official record of the preceding day, is read and approved by the House. All through the day petitions and private bills may be placed in the petition box and public bills handed to the Clerk. These are referred to committees and there are regulations to correct mis-reference. After the prayer, the order of business requires the reading and approval of the Journal and correction of reference of public bills. Then comes business on the Speaker's table, which consists of messages from the President, which are referred to appropriate committees without debate in open House. Reports and other papers from Heads of Departments and bills, resolutions and messages from the Senate are referred privately, like public bills presented by members subject to correction. House bills amended by the Senate are then acted on, together with Senate bills, which are substantially the same as House bills which have been reported favorably to the House. These last two classes of bills do not carry money. After this come certain kinds of unfinished business, which being disposed of, the morning hour commences, during which the various committees may call up bills the titles of which are on the House Calendar, and the disposal of such bills cannot be interrupted for sixty minutes. If a motion is then made to go into Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, the House can so vote, or a motion can be made, when authorized by a committee, to take up a particular bill on the Union Calendar, and there may be one amendment naming another bill. If one of these bills is agreed upon, then the House goes into committee and disposes of that bill, or at least discusses it. If the House prefers to continue on the House Calendar, it may do so by voting down the motions to go into committee. Under these circumstances the House may take up the whole day on the House Calendar bills.

At any time, however, after the Journal is approved, the committee in charge of a general appropriation bill or a revenue bill may claim the right to go into committee to dispose of such a bill, and the House thereupon votes on the question that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole House, and very seldom votes in the negative. If in the affirmative, then the Speaker announces the vote and selects the chairman who presides over the committee. This procedure on the appropriation may occupy the day. When the bill is finished the committee usually rises and reports to the House, which then, with the Speaker in the chair, may dispose of all amendments made in the committee and such others as the House may desire to add. It is rare, however, that the House amends. Instead of a consideration in the House, the previous question is usually ordered and the bill passed. If the day be Monday, the first Monday of the month, or the third Monday, the Speaker may recognize a member to move to suspend the rules and pass a bill or resolution proposed by the member. This is an extraordinary procedure, and therefore surrounded by extraordinary safeguards. In the first place, if demand of a second be made by any member, the motion to suspend the rules must be seconded by a majority of the members, a quorum being present. If a majority, to be ascertained by tellers, does not second the motion, it proceeds no further. If a second be obtained by count by tellers or by unanimous consent, the right of debate exists for twenty minutes on each side. No amendment to the proposition is allowed. It must stand or fall as presented.

Suspension of the rules used to be allowed formerly much more frequently than now, though it has been, and still is, employed to pass bills involving vast sums of money when the session is far advanced and time for prolonged discussion is impossible. Its use is confined to the first and third Mondays, and to the last six days of the session. If the Monday is the second or fourth Monday of the month, the District of Columbia Committee, after the disposal of such business on the Speaker's table as requires reference only, may claim the attention of the House on bills relating to the District, and may keep possession of the House until adjournment, if necessary.

The Clash of Theory and Practice

Thus, in theory at least, it will be seen that a time is provided for each kind of business. Nevertheless, in practice, only a tenth, and sometimes only a twentieth, of the business begun is ever finished. This, however, applies to percentages by count only. All revenue bills, and all bills to pay the needed expenses of the Government, have their due opportunity. Way has to be made for important measures by selection, for, with 10,000 bills before the House, it is only too evident that they cannot all be passed upon. Hence, selections have to be made of both kinds: selections of bills that ought not to pass and of those that ought to pass. The first selection—that of those which ought not to pass—is made by the committees, by not reporting bills referred to them. These bills are, in popular parlance, pigeon-holed. Some of them nobody wants. They are put into the House to satisfy some constituent, or to indicate the virtuous activity of some Representative. Others are never pressed. Still others are not deemed worth reporting, and a great many encounter such opposition that it is not deemed worth while to bring them in. Notwithstanding all these prolific causes of death, comparable only to the methods of destruction of seed in Nature, many bills are reported each session which are as entirely without sense as they are without hope in the world. When the two years of Congress are ended these are all ended, and those which are destined to survive have to begin all over again.

The choice of bills which ought to be passed, or, at least, to have a hearing, has often to be made by the Committee on Rules, which committee has the right to report at any time a proposition for that purpose. If the House agrees to the action of the Committee on Rules, then the bill comes up for action, and usually the method of consideration and the form of action are determined by the resolution submitted by the Committee on Rules. Though this seems an arbitrary method of choice, it is not so in fact, for it applies only to bills which have much following and which obviously are desired by the House, and are the result of full consultation.

Of those bills which are reported, the revenue and general appropriation bills, except in the rare case of a severe party fight, are sure to pass. The rest have opportunities which are deemed most suitable and appropriate. Those on the House Calendar, public bills without appropriations, can all be discussed and passed upon. Public bills carrying money which are of private origin have little chance and, as a rule, deserve little. They meet much the same fate in all Legislatures which have much work to do. The private bills comprehending claims arising from war, or from civil causes, ought to have some general treatment outside the House and Senate, for there they go by favor and not by knowledge. At present a few of them are taken up Fridays when they are not shut out by the bills having the right of way, but those disposed of hardly equal the new ones.

The Fallacy of Unanimous Consent

Another method of passing bills outside of the rules is by what is called unanimous consent. As nobody knows beforehand what the bill is except the proposer, it will be seen that the Speaker must exercise great care under great pressure to prevent the presentation of unsuitable bills, and half the time all the information he can get will not keep him from mistake. When you add to this that the right of reprisal against an objector is regarded as suitable, and that there is no disposition in a large assembly to turn the unsmitten cheek, you can see that unanimous consent, which seems fair, in reality is the worst thing possible.

To the novice it would seem as if the business done by the consent of every member would be free from all possible evil, having passed the scrutiny of all without objection from any. In fact, however, the bills so presented are those nobody has any real information about, and the responsibility of objecting is not universal but individual, and while each doubtful man is hoping some other will take the responsibility, the bill slips through, and the House hopes it may be all right. If somebody objects, he has to explain to the proposer of the bill and be the subject of reprisal when his own little bill comes up. You would hardly think such anger could lie in celestial minds—but it is.

The regular course of business for any day, as will be inferred, is actually so varied that you can hardly tell what direction it will take. But in its simplest form it may be shortly restated in this way: after the disposal of routine business ordinarily of little importance, it would be in order to take up the bills on the House Calendar by order of the committee in charge. This business must go on for sixty minutes; then the House can do one of two things: either continue on the House Calendar or go into Committee of the Whole generally, or on designated public business and close the day with that. This is the simplest statement of a day's work. On the first and third Mondays this order of business may be interrupted by suspensions of the rules and the passage of bills or resolutions as has been already described. On the second and fourth Mondays the Committee for the District of Columbia may claim the day for their work.

On Friday of each week the private bills have the right of way and, unless the House otherwise determines, the House resolves itself into Committee of the Whole to discuss and propose amendments to private bills which, on the rising of the committee, are passed by the House.

On all the days, after the reading of the Journal, the Committees on Appropriations and the Committee on Ways and Means may claim the right to move that the House go into committee to consider general appropriation or revenue bills, and, if the House so decides, the regular order of business is suspended until action on the appropriation or revenue bill is finished.

Thus far we have stated the proceedings in generalities and nothing has been said as to methods. Little, indeed, remains to be said, because the process is very simple. In the House, the power to close discussion is ample. The previous question can be moved at almost any time and upon almost everything. In committees discussion can be closed by the order of the body. To close general debate in committees of the whole the committee rises and the House directs when the debate shall close. The system of amendments under the rules is very satisfactory; for, besides an amendment to an amendment, there may be an amendment in the nature of a substitute, and both the original and the substitute may be perfected before the final vote on either has to be taken.

There is not only the usual motion to recommit before the vote, but after the vote to engross and to read a third time, after all the amendments have been made, there may be a motion to recommit either with or without instructions. The vote to lay upon the table has, in the House, an unusual effect. A bill which has been laid upon the table is as much defeated as if it were indefinitely postponed.

The discussions in the House and in Committee of the Whole by which bills and proceedings are explained take place under very many different rules and customs. Originally there was no limitation to the amount of time which a member might occupy. But as the House grew large and more men were contending for opportunities, it became necessary to limit each man's time, and therefore it became the rule, often relaxed by the consent of all, that at the end of an hour the member must cease. But the pressure to speak still continued, and the practice arose of farming out the hours to which men were entitled by the custom of the assembly among many members. One is given five minutes and another twenty minutes, and so on until but little is left for the one who alone has the right. The volume of apparent talk is still further enlarged by giving, as is often done, the right to enlarge in print five minutes of what you do say by fifty-five minutes of what you do not say.

The Conditions of Ideal Legislation

In Committees of the Whole there are two kinds of debate: what is called general debate on the whole bill after it is read, in which general debate each member may speak an hour, and then the five minutes' debate, which occurs upon each paragraph as it is taken up for particular consideration and amendment. This five minutes' debate is, on the whole, the most satisfactory debate there is, and much more likely to be confined to the subject which is being considered. In the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union the general debate takes a very wide range. Whereas other subjects in particular may be before the committee temporarily, the State of the Union is before it permanently. All debate is liable to degenerate into observations which concern the larger public than the one really addressed, and questions larger than those before the House. Memory brings back speeches already delivered on the stump, and these call to mind still others, and the difference between debate and deliberation becomes rather painfully evident. However, all deliberative bodies are the same, and our members do not monopolize idle talk and are not the only legislators who step aside for purposes of vainglory.

Under two conditions the House might pass upon all the questions submitted; but those two conditions are simply impossible, as will be seen on stating them. They are: if members would present only such bills as they deem desirable, and if the debates were confined to reasons relating to their passage or defeat. But it will be noticed that whenever a subject is popular, members are prolific in remedies which do not remedy. This multiplies bills. Then, the temptation to argue for the constituency and not for the audience is as persistent as it is natural. Doing one's duty is well, but freeing the mind is delightful.



The Tin Soldier of the British Army

PREVIOUS to his going to the front, Lord Methuen was extremely popular with the masses. He is a genial man and took a very active interest in the British Volunteer. But his soldiers did not like him. They considered him too shifty and nervous; they had no confidence in him, and soldiers are clever at discovering the real ability of a leader. A story is told of Lord Methuen's interview with Lieutenant the Honorable Walter Chetwyn.

Chetwyn came to Aldershot in charge of the Staffordshire militia, ordered out for the annual month's training. Methuen, who is an officer of the Guards, the smartest of all smart regiments, journeyed down from London to inspect the militia, and, after putting the men through their paces, called up Lieutenant Chetwyn and gave him a wigging.

After the inspection Lieutenant Chetwyn, "mad clean through," ran up to London, and making his way to the Lowther Arcade, where all toys for children are sold, invested two sovereigns in trim, tin soldiers. These he tacked on a board, in perfect order, and without any wrap or cover over them, sent them by special messenger to the Guards Club, addressed to Lord Methuen. On the reverse of the tag Chetwyn wrote that, as far as he had been able to gather, this was Lord Methuen's idea of a regiment. The arrival of this at the club caused consternation among the officers, as it was taken not only as an insult to Methuen, but a serious reflection on the Guards, who are, but hate to be thought, more or less "show" soldiers. This that at first looked like developing into a very awkward incident was, on the advice of the gray heads of the service, allowed to drop.

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The Yellow Slipper

By Egerton Castle

IN THE middle of the last century there was born a little Franconian Princess, who, as she grew up, was always laughing. Even when other babies cried, she had laughed; had cut her teeth with crows of joy over the coral; had danced in the sunbeams before she could articulate—*Glückskind*, her nurse had called her.

She lived in the dull old Court of the dull little State of Ansbach-Grünberg; for those were days when the Empire was still a patchwork of Duchies and Principalities, great and small—mostly small. Her father was Margrave of Ansbach.

Both he and the Margravine were advanced in life when they married, and this was the only child. Consequently, the little Princess had no companions of her own standing, and few of any other; for neither her mother nor her governesses approved of undue familiarity with those beneath her in station. Her life was regulated like the clocks in the Residenz. A prisoner, it seemed, would have had more chance of indulging in harmless amusements than had the Princess Charlotte Ottilia Isabella. And yet, as she grew from a baby to a child, from a child to a maiden, and reached the ripe age of seventeen years, the little Princess, girded in as she was, kept her merry heart. Her governesses thought it quite indecorous; most deplorable. But the Special Envoy of His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV, the Well-Beloved (who had stopped almost a whole week at the Residenz), had proclaimed her the real sunshine of the Court; *la jolie Princesse Rit-Toujours*, he had been heard to call her. At this dull little Court, French was, of course, the only tongue of "good tone," even as everywhere else on the Old Continent; and thus *Rit-Toujours* became the loving name of the little Princess among the many, old and young, who loved her; that is, when they were not actually stifled by courtlike formality.

The Margravine, however, long-faced and dismal, never responded but by a sigh to the frankest peal of the girl's laughter. As for the Margrave, a pompous and yet strangely fussy man, the responsibility of his army (of six hundred and seventy men and twenty-one drummer-boys), his Privy Council of eight distinguished Ansbach-Grünbergers, of his ninety-two and a half miles of frontier, his doll's house Ministry, were matters which left him but little leisure for mere family concerns. Thus the Princess' life ran its course with that daily level of dullness we mentioned before; it was indeed a merciful dispensation that she was able to take her joyousness from within.

In the winter, the solemn, dreary old palace in the solemn, dreary little old town. In the hot weather, the sleepy Sommer Schloss, seven miles out. In the autumn, the occasional visit to the hunting lodge in the mountainous district at the farthest limits of the realm, quite thirty miles away. And so the year went around again to winter and the town. Yet through it all, as I have said, the little Princess knew not a sad hour; nothing could rob her of her light heart, her bubbling sense of fun, her young joy in her young life.

Of all the months of the year, that of the visit to the shooting lodge was the most satisfying to her cheerful soul. There they went in smaller state; the rigid rules of etiquette were relaxed. The little Princess had actually been known to snatch unrebuked an hour or two of absolute liberty in the woods. And then there were the woods themselves—the wide, beautiful, free woods, with the wind always murmuring in the treetops, and the brooks chattering down the stones, and new, unexplored mysteries of green glades at every turn; with the smell of the autumn leaves, the hidden, fascinating life of myriad feathered and furred things. It seemed as if the little Princess took away with her, from this all too brief sojourn in the heart of Nature, a provision of content and sweet memories for the other eleven months.

Now, the year when Charlotte Ottilia Isabella—these were the first three of the little Princess' many names—reached the age of seventeen, was one fraught with very deep importance. First of all, after her seventeenth birthday she was pronounced emancipated from schoolroom control and her governesses were discharged with a handsome pension. A lady-in-waiting was appointed to her, who, although she seemed very ancient in the little Princess' eyes, was, nevertheless, the youngest person about the Court except herself, and who had not such iron notions of the rules of life for Princesses as the deposed authority. Next, just before the emigration from the summer residence to the woods and mountains, the little Princess had been conscious of a certain stir in the stagnant atmosphere. She was promoted to silks and satins, immense powdered erections on her head and certain elaborate family jewels. And the rumor grew and spread that, now she was of marriageable age, the Margrave and Margravine were endeavoring to secure a suitable alliance for her.

The Princess did not trouble her head very much about the matter, but it amused her, even as the new frocks amused her, the high-heeled shoes that went click-click, and the delightful feeling of being able to order about instead of being ordered about.

"Toggenburg, get me some blue silk. Toggenburg, play me that minuet of Scarlatti. Toggenburg, order coffee."

And good, lank, pale-eyed, pale-haired Mademoiselle de Toggenburg, the new lady-in-waiting, would drop her invariable curtsy and flutter to obey with an alacrity at which the little Princess laughed till she cried.

So it was in this quite unwonted twitter of excitement that she went with the Margraval family to Schloss Tannenfels that autumn. And here it was that the strange things we are about to narrate happened to her.

The very first morning, when the Princess awoke from the heavy sleep which had followed on the fatigues of the journey, she looked out from under the great billowing blue silk eiderdown to see a rosy-faced woman, with plaits of corn-colored hair wound around and around her head, on her knees before the china stove, stuffing sticks into its capacious interior. Now, this woman was strange to the Princess; so she sat up in bed, propped her head upon her hand (that little head that ought to have been a mass of sunshiny curls, and yet was so rigidly powdered and plastered day by day!) and said, smiling:

"What has become of old Gretel?"

Old Gretel was she who had been used to light the Princess' fire in the previous autumns.

The woman sprang up from her knees with a half-frightened start and looked at the Princess' little pink face, smiling out of the bed at her; but reassured by the cherubic innocence of this exalted person's appearance, she dropped a rustic curtsy, and her own comely, ruddy countenance beaming back good will, answered in broad, peasant lingo:

"Gretel, may it please the Fraulein Princesskin, Gretel has the rheumatics so bad in her poor old bones that she can come no longer to the castle. And so the most gracious gentleman, the steward, has engaged me for the work during the Highnesses' visit. My grandmother stays at home now in the little house and minds the cooking, and I rise with the dawn and come every morning from the forest hither. Before that I used to mind the cooking for her, that is, when she worked here—for Gretel is my grandmother, may it please the Princesskin."

The fire roared and crackled up the stovepipes.

"Pull back the curtains," said the little Princess, "and open the windows, that I may smell the trees."

It was a brilliant, sunshiny day, and the smell of the pine trees was glorious, so the little Princess thought, as she sat up in bed and sniffed and sniffed as if she could never sniff enough. The good-natured peasant woman, with her hands planted akimbo on her sturdy hips, burst out laughing:

"Na, Miss Princess," she said, "that is something like, is it not?"

The little Princess laughed in concert. Nobody ever spoke like that to her before. It was delightful! And what ropes of hair the woman had about her head, and what a nice hard, red cheek! It looked as fresh and as healthy as the mountain itself. In the coarse white kerchief which was folded across her bosom there was fastened a little bunch of violets. Half hidden they were, but yet the Princess saw them and thought it was just what had been wanted to complete her pleasure. She knew it was not at all etiquette for a servant to sport such an adornment.

"From where hast thou the violets?" said she.

The woman blushed and smiled a singular smile, and hid them away in her bosom.

"Ach! from der Josef," she said, and, shutting the stove door, she dropped her curtsy and pattered out of the room. As she went the little Princess noticed that she held her hand over the kerchief where the violets lay, as if she kept something precious there that she loved. And the laughter died away upon Charlotte Ottilia Isabella's lips, and she began to wonder who was der Josef? And why did the woman look like that? And what did that smile mean?

She had never seen anything so strange before, and, wondering, she forgot to laugh.

A little later, however, she had good cause for merriment. A courier came to the castle that morning. Post-haste, he had ridden from the capital all through the night. There was great agitation at his arrival; and the Margrave, who had been going out shooting, put off the chase, so that the Princess knew that most important, indeed, must be the news that was brought.

In the afternoon she was summoned, with extreme formality, to the Margravine's private room. There she found her father and mother alone; on the table between them lay a great document with red seals and several other papers. Her mother's long, solemn face was flushed. Her father was hopping from leg to leg, mopping his forehead, though the day was not over warm; his eyes looked more protruding than ever as he rolled them at her over his heavy, gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Come hither, my dear, come hither," said he. "You are growing a big girl, aye, aye. I suppose you are quite aware that it is time to be looking out for a husband, hey?" He pinched her cheek; he was in high good humor.

The little Princess began to laugh, the idea was so comical.

"Oh, dear," sighed the Margravine, "how can Your Highness speak to her like that? The child has been far too well brought up ever to think of such a thing."

And then the Princess laughed again. As if the word "husband" had not been echoing in the air for the last three months!

"Well, tell her yourself," said the Margrave. "It is the mother's business, after all."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the Margravine, "a mother's responsibilities are very great, but never so great as in a person of my position. Come and sit by me, Charlotte Ottilia Isabella. You are aware that it has ever been your father's and my desire to provide for your welfare and happiness. The time has now arrived," said the Margravine, "when it becomes our duty to think of selecting a suitable consort for you. A consort, my dear."

"The fact is," interrupted the Margrave impetuously, "we have had a most unexpected offer for your hand, most unexpected and most gratifying, aye, aye." He pinched her cheek again. "Who would have thought that this chit was destined to be a reigning Princess?" Here he drew back a step, puffed out his cheeks, blew very hard and wagged his head till his little pigtail stood on end. "A reigning Princess, hey! That is something! What do you say to that, Princesskin?"

"A most magnificent alliance," the Margravine went trickling on, "and one, child, which we, the Margrave, your father, and myself, have no doubt will insure the life's happiness of our very dear daughter. It is a great satisfaction to feel that your education has been so carefully attended to that you are fit for the highest station."

"A reigning Princess!" said the girl, jumping to her feet.

She had only seen a reigning Princess once and that was a very snuffy, fat, ugly, old lady, the Margravine's maternal aunt—the late Queen of Poland. But somehow the word conjured up thoughts of gold crowns and marble palaces and a splendid court; and also a shifty, blurred and yet glorious vision of a handsome young Prince, with a crown on his head and a red velvet cloak lined with ermine, who held her hand and looked into her eyes.

"The reigning Duke of Lusatia," said the Margrave, pompously, "has done us the honor of suing for your hand." As he spoke, he produced from amid the papers on the table a miniature case of very fine gold and enamel.

"His Serene Highness, the Duke of Lausitz," said the Margravine, rolling the words in her plaintive voice as if she liked the sound of them, "is most greatly and most justly esteemed, not only by his own devoted subjects, but by all the potentates of the world. He is reported to be one of the richest sovereigns of the Empire. We can the better trust our beloved daughter into his keeping that he has passed the first giddiness of youth. The late Duchess of Lausitz, his lamented first spouse," went on the Margravine, fixing a somewhat hard eye upon her daughter, "was well known to be deservedly happy, and widely envied in her exalted position. I am sure my daughter's merits will be no less——"

"And she has left no children," interrupted the irrepressible Margrave, "otherwise, you understand, my child, the alliance would not be so magnificent as it is."

"Is that the portrait of the Duke of Lusatia?" said the Princess.

She felt somewhat bewildered. The vision of the young Prince in the crimson mantle was quite obliterated.

"A most noble countenance," said the Margravine, taking the miniature from her husband's hand.

"A confoundedly fine man," said the Margrave, who liked to speak bluff and after the soldier fashion.

The Princess held out her hands; they trembled a little. But when she had looked at the portrait she burst out laughing—one of her childlike, uncontrolled peals—and she looked and laughed and looked and laughed again, till the precious miniature shook in her hands and the tears rolled down her plump cheeks.

Was this the reigning Duke, her future husband? This funny, fat man, with his queer nose, with his seas of cheek, his solemn, vacant eyes? Certainly the artist had given him a fine pink and white complexion, had painted his eyes very blue and his pursed-up mouth very pink; and his powdered peruke had beautiful, nice, tight, round curls! Nevertheless——

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"Why, he has three chins," said the little Princess, as soon as she could speak; and then she was off again. "Three chins! Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!"

"Is our daughter daft?" said the Margrave, growing very red in the face. "Is this your fine bringing up, madam?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed the Margravine, "this is most unseemly. Oh, my beloved Charlotte Ottilia Isabella, consider your mother's feelings and the frightful responsibilities of her position."

Then, seeing that they were really shocked at her, the Princess did her best to compose herself. She curtsied when her father told her that she was the most fortunate of maidens; she kissed her mother's hand and begged her pardon for her ill-timed levity. She never dreamed for an instant of disputing her parents' decision; and so the scowls that had gathered on the Margravial brows became speedily dispersed.

"The child is very nervous," said the Margravine, and bent and kissed her on the forehead. "She has inherited my temperament."

"Na, she is young," said the Margrave, "but marriage will soon sober her! You will have to leave this schoolgirl tittering behind you, Lotte." And he tapped her on the head with two hard, dry fingers. And so she was dismissed.

She laughed at intervals in little gusts all day at the thought of her regal suitor, and had a very merry hour narrating the event and describing the portrait to Toggenburg. But Toggenburg had been well drilled, and assured Her Highness that the fate before her was more brilliant than words could describe.

The next morning she awoke at peep of day. She had not allowed her curtains to be drawn the previous night, that she might see, she said, the dear trees the first thing upon opening her eyes. And so, like a bird, she was astir with the sun. Delighted, she sprang out of bed, pattered across the polished floor with little bare feet and opened the casement. Very beautiful her forest looked, yet strange, almost uncanny in this curious new light, with wreaths of mysterious vapor hanging about the dark pines, pierced here and there by long, level rays. There was a singular stir abroad, as if the great woods, too, were just aroused and stretching themselves. Pearly drops hung on the pine needles, birds called to each other, and flew hither and thither with dew-wet wings.

The Princess leant her elbows on the window-sill and gazed out as if on an enchanted world. She drew in the morning air with long breaths. Somehow, she did not know why, her heart felt strangely soft within her, and she thought again of the vision Prince she had seen in her fancy yesterday. It was a grave little face, propped upon two white hands, that looked out and saw the morning glory gather.

Presently the sound of footsteps beneath diverted her attention, and, looking down, she saw a smart young Jäger come swaggering around the corner. She knew the man; he was one of her father's attendants at the hunts here, but she had never noticed before what a dapper fellow he was, how young and well-strung was his sinewy form, nor how close and neatly the green livery fitted it. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but hurried to the violet bed under her window and, stooping, began to search for flowers.

The little Princess was quite excited; she forgot all about Princes, dream or otherwise. Leaning forward she gazed down at the thief.

"He has no business," she thought, "to gather the violets!" It was delightful to see somebody doing something against rules.

But presently the scene assumed a new interest, a palpitating interest to the watcher. A straight figure emerged from the forest borders and walked with unerring step to the very spot beneath her, where the industrious picker was still working away as if for dear life; it seemed the violets were getting scarce. By the erect carriage, the superbly held yellow head, the red petticoat and the white kerchief, the little Princess easily recognized her new housemaid. The very smile of the dawn seemed to be upon her rosy countenance. At the sound of her footsteps the man looked up.

"My Liserl," he said, and opened his arms. She flew into them and they held each other close embraced. As the little Princess looked on, her heart beat very strangely and her breath came thick and fast. She saw the man kiss the woman's cheek and then her lips. And then, with arms entwined and heads together, she watched them stroll away.

She drew back from the window and gave a sharp, gasping sigh, as if a strong sea wave had just broken over her.

"That is der Josef," she said to herself decidedly, and slipped back to bed. She shivered a little as she pulled the blue silk mountains over her.

After a while the sturdy forest woman crept in to light the fire, but seeing the Princess' bright eyes fixed upon her from the bed, she dipped and wished her heartily, "Good-morning."

"Good-morning," said the Princess. "Have you got your violets?"

The woman blushed again in the same curious way as yesterday, and up went her hand to the folds of her kerchief.

"Does he gather them for you every morning?" said the little Princess curiously.

The woman sidled toward the bed.

"See you now, Miss Princesschen," she said, "it is like this: when I and the Josef are together there is no need of the few flowers between us; but since Your Highnesses have come to the castle and Josef has to be about the Lord Margrave and has to sleep in the stables, and I am about my work in the chambers all day, it seems good that I should carry these little things about me over my heart. It keeps me warm-like and drives away the loneliness. And at night, you see, Fraulein Princess, I put them under my pillow and I dream that Josef is beside me."

"Oh, so!" said the little Princess, who did not understand at all. "And what is Josef, then, to you?"

"Ei! Gott!" cried the woman, opening her blue eyes wide in amazement—she thought every one in the world must know. "Josef is ja my man."

"Oh!" said the little Princess again. She had seen a few husbands and wives in her life, beginning with her father and mother, but they had not been of this description.

"You see," went on the woman, "when Josef gives me the flowers, I give him a kiss for every one; he says that keeps his heart warm till we meet next morning. Fraulein Princesschen does not think there is any harm over the few violets?" added she deprecatingly. "I always start half an hour earlier from home that I may have these minutes with Josef. It is our only meeting in the whole day!"

The little Princess was not heeding her; her mind was grappling with new and startling problems. She sat up in bed, her cheeks flaming.

"I saw you this morning," she said, "and how you went on. Things like that I never beheld in all my life before. What do you do it for?"

"Eh?" said the woman, her jaw dropping in amazement.

"What do you do it for?" repeated the little Princess sharply. "You know what I mean—the kissing, and the way you look when you speak of him, and the flowers and all the rest of it. What does it mean?"

"The Lord love you and preserve you for an innocent, Miss Princess," said the woman; "why, that we *love* each other."

"Love?" echoed the little Princess. She had heard about love, of course; children were supposed to love their parents and were told to love God and that God loved them, and she loved her little spaniel dog and she loved the woods. What a great many different kinds of love there seemed to be!

"Josef and I," said the peasant, the light coming back into her eyes and the smile and the blush to her face, "we loved each other always. Neighbors we were, Miss Highness, and playfellows and schoolmates; and two years agone we got wed, because we loved each other so dearly. Such marriages as ours, the Father Pastor said, are made in Heaven. And there is the sweetest childkin at home Your Highness ever saw. Does Your Highness like babies?"

"Your marriage was made in Heaven," repeated the little Princess dreamily. Then she suddenly burst out laughing. "My marriage is made by His Highness, my papa, and the Ministry," she said. "Only just think, I am to marry and be a reigning Princess! I have seen the picture of my husband; he has a face like the old ox—the father ox, you know, with the big pink face—only he has a nice curled white wig. Can you fancy," said the little Princess, shaking all over with laughter, "can you fancy the old ox in a white wig?"

"Ach! Herrje!" cried the woman and clapped her hands, "what is the child saying? God preserve us! You cannot be going to marry a gentleman with a face like an ox!"

"But I am," said Charlotte Ottilia Isabella, importantly nodding her head. "He is one of the richest Princes in the Empire—he is the Duke of Lausitz. He has already had one wife, and he is not very young, and I have never seen him. But my mother says I am extremely fortunate."

The peasant woman was nearly in tears. "Fraulein Princesschen, this is something dreadful! It cannot be possible. Why, how could you love a gentleman like that, were he twenty times the Emperor himself!"

"Oh, love!" said the little Princess again and stopped laughing. "You see I have not been told about that."

The wife of Josef stepped quite close up to the bed.

"Your Highness," she said solemnly, "I am only a poor peasant woman, but I have been taught my religion, and I



DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

"IS OUR DAUGHTER DAFT?" SAID THE MARGRAVE

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know it is God's law that a man must love a maid and a maid must love a man before all things if they wish to wed each other; otherwise it is a great sin."

"Oh!" said the little Princess, and fell back in her bed.

There was silence for a while, the peasant woman stood gazing with pitiful eyes at the childish face and the tossed curls on the pillow. Presently the Princess said faintly:

"You had better light my fire." And there was no more conversation that morning.

In the evening when the Princess was with her mother and the ladies of the Court after supper, she remarked casually that she would prefer not to espouse the Duke of Lusatia.

"Heavens! what is this?" cried the Margravine.

"That is, of course," said the little Princess, with her pretty curtsy, "subject to your and my father's pleasure."

"But why?" gasped the exalted mother, too genuinely surprised for the moment to find room for any other feeling.

"Oh, it is very simple," said Charlotte Ottilia Isabella candidly. "You see, I do not love him, and you know it is God's law that a man must love a maid and a maid must love a man above all things if they wish to wed each other; otherwise it is a great sin."

If the faded blue skies and the swollen cupids on the painted ceilings above them had suddenly launched forth fire and thunderbolts the poor Margravine could scarcely have been more perturbed.

"Heavens!" she ejaculated, "I never heard such wicked nonsense in my life. Fraulein von Toggenburg, with whom can the Princess have been speaking? To-morrow, child, the High Chancellor is expected, and your betrothal will be announced."

The little Princess was genuinely concerned and rather ashamed of herself. She went to bed in quite melancholy spirits. She did not wake till the entrance of Lise next morning; but she woke with a smile, for she had been looking forward to this moment. She had hoped, indeed, to have been at the window in time to view a repetition of the palpitating scene of yesterday.

"Have you met your Josef?" she asked, rubbing her eyes and blinking at the kneeling figure that had its back turned toward her. To her surprise the woman did not answer. The little Princess repeated her question and was alarmed to see the broad shoulders heave.

"Lise," she said, "what hast thou?"

Lise sprang to her feet and turned a besmeared and swollen visage toward her.

"Ach! Miss Princess," she cried, then flung her apron over her head and sobbed out loud.

"Mercy on us!" said the little Princess; she did not like to see people cry. "What is the matter?"

Down went the apron.

"Oh, I think my heart is broken. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Oh, dear!" said the little Princess. A broken heart sounded very serious.

"Josef was up home this morning before daybreak," the woman went on between convulsive sobs, "and he says—he says—His Highness is so pleased with his service that he has given orders that he is to accompany him back to the town as one of his private servants. Oh, what shall I do?"

"But, you silly woman," said the Princess, "that is very good news."

"Ah! Miss Princesschen, good news to be separated from my Josef for eleven months!" Then as if struck by a sudden flash of hope—"If Your Highness would speak, would intercede? There is the post of under-ranger, which has been vacant these six months. Josef is so knowing about the woods. A word from Your Highness——"

She came quite close to the bed and laid her work-worn, roughened hand upon the little Princess' belaced sleeve and looked into her chubby face with great, straining eyes.

"If I am going to be a reigning Highness," thought Charlotte Ottilia Isabella, "the least I can expect is to have my will done. Do not cry, but go home now; you are not fit for work," she said aloud and placed her delicate hand over the woman's. "I shall see that you get what you want."

Then the little Princess arose in a great hurry. She could hardly wait, indeed, to have her morning chocolate and accomplish her toilet; she was sadly indifferent to decorum, in spite of her excellent up-bringing. She sent, before her hair was powdered, to demand an audience of her father.

This unprecedented request threw the Margrave into a fine fuss. He had heard from the Margravine of the Princess' remarkable conduct of the night before and anticipated nothing less than set resistance to his cherished desires. He gave orders that his daughter should be admitted immediately—although he himself was yet in his nightcap and dressing-gown—and prepared to receive her with all the thunders of parental authority.

She tripped into the room, however, with the most cheerful countenance in the world, dropped him a magnificent curtsy, and said:

"The Duchess of Lusatia has a petition to make."

The Margrave was so relieved that he would have given her anything she asked on the spot. He pinched the little Princess' cheek and vowed she was a rogue; she clapped her hands, radiant with joy.



"WHAT DO YOU DO IT FOR?" REPEATED THE LITTLE PRINCESS SHARPLY

Back again in her room, laughing out loud to herself, she rushed to the window to share her happiness with her beloved forest. It was raining hard from a dull gray sky, and the raindrops went patter, patter, patter upon every side. The trees looked as if they liked it and the little Princess thought it had a pleasant sound.

"We have done a good stroke of business," she said, nodding at the pines; "you shall keep der Josef and your Liserl will not have to weep."

The pine tops swayed and nodded back at her.

"They are quite glad," thought Charlotte Ottilia Isabella.

Suddenly across the clearing between the forest and the castle she saw the figure of the new ranger pass like a flash.

"He has gone home," she thought, and was seized with an intense desire to be witness of his joyful meeting with his wife. She flung a lace shawl over her untidy head and without other preparation slipped out of the castle and into the rain, in her lace and beribboned morning frock and her little yellow satin slippers.

"They can't scold me now," she told herself, smiling, "that I am going to be a Queen."

Down the slippery path she went, still smiling, delighted with the falling rain and the wet smell of the leaves and the charming sense of mischief and freedom. Soon a white-washed cottage glimmered before her. She skipped across the wet moss and peeped in at the low window.

"Is this the place?" she wondered.

Sure enough, for that was Liserl's unmistakable yellow head, and there was Liserl sitting in a chair and at her feet knelt the dapper Josef. His arms were around her waist, her hands were on his shoulders; they were looking into each other's eyes. Farther off stood old white-capped Gretel, her wrinkled face all rapture, holding a chubby baby that waved its little hands and feet, and seemed to be crowing and dancing in unison with the general jubilee. In another second Liserl's head sank forward upon Josef's shoulder and the little Princess turned away.

"I don't think I will look at them any more," she said. She turned to make her way home, but her steps were very slow and her face was thoughtful. It had been a very little room she had looked into, but it had held a great joy.

"After all," said the Princess to herself, "it is something to be a reigning Princess; one can always do good!" Then all at once she began to run, stumbling over the rough ground. The mud sucked off one of her yellow slippers, but she would not stop to put it on again; she wanted to get back to her own room as quickly as ever she could, and she did not want any one to see her. For as she went the little Princess was crying.

* * * * * * *

The wood-ranger's wife found the yellow slipper in the mud and recognized it at once by its color and smallness. She lifted it tenderly, cleaned it with her apron and swore that she never would part with it. And thus it remained in the family and was a cherished heirloom long after its owner had ceased to laugh—or to weep.

* * * * * * *

It is no doubt (even now, as we write) throwing a gleam of faded color from under its glass case in a corner of a dark, low-ceiled room of the chief forester's house, near Tannenfels. It was there that we saw it on a certain day, some years ago, having taken refuge under its hospitable roof during a thunderstorm. We wondered at it, of course, and mused long over it. And finally, from the vaguely alluring mist of the past, we elucidated the only plausible account of its preservation, in all its *rococo* quaintness, deep among the woods, among the household gods of large-footed forest folk.

The further story of the little Princess who, having been sold in marriage for convenience of State, was so little like ever to know love herself, seemed to us one that ought to be followed up. We found, however, little about poor Charlotte Ottilia Isabella (alas, no longer Princesse *Rit-Tonjours* when she had become Duchess of Lusatia) beyond the fact that, of the wicked union of that laughing child-wife with the mature reigning Prince, there was but one offspring: Marie-Ottilie. From her mother the heiress of Lusatia took her grace and high spirits, and valiant, sunny heart; from her father, happily, nought but her life and her name.

Of Marie-Ottilie, the young Princess of Lusatia, on the other hand, fuller records were discovered, as a result of deep and sympathetic research. Among other things it was ascertained quite clearly, even at this great distance of time, that one of her innermost thoughts as she grew to womanhood was a firm resolve, God willing, never to be disposed of as her mother had been for State purposes; a determination, if on her path she found love, true and loyal, not to let it be brushed aside by royal parchment and rule of etiquette or hereditary prejudice. How she fared when the hour and the man had come (as they were bound to come) is already known to the readers of a certain romance of ours. And it may interest the latter to hear that in this unpretending tale of a yellow slipper lurked the *idée mère* of The Pride of Jennico, even as the little laughing Princess of Anshach was destined to give birth to the brave, witty and bright-souled Marie-Ottilie of Lausitz.

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The Making of a Railroad Man
The Chances for Office Men

By Charles S. Lee

General Passenger Agent Lehigh Valley Railroad



MOST persons think that about the easiest job to secure is a railroad clerkship. If a man can't do anything else successfully in the world he turns to a railroad office. If a father or a guardian has a boy who has made a failure, even of a commercial college, he tries to fix the youth in a railroad department. But all these people are very far from right. One of the hardest places I know of to get a start in is a railroad office. I shall tell you about that in detail, later. A large number of railroad clerks are the sons or relatives of railroad men, and they usually seek the department toward which their bents of mind lead them. Some young men are mechanical in tastes, some have tendencies toward electrical work, some want to be bookkeepers, and others are active, restless, hustling, ambitious—ready to take a try at the biggest, liveliest kind of business in the world. There is a place for them all in the railroad office. It is so varied in its work and so broad in its field that it has room for almost every kind of a man imaginable except the average man who knocks at its door for a job.

There is no room in a railroad office, however, for a shirk, an incompetent, the man who works for money, or the man who counts his hours. Such a man may find foothold, and frequently does, but he seldom retains it. I know of few places where a man will find his level quicker than in a railroad office. Of late years the growth of the business has been so enormous that it has led to specialization among its employees. The field covers so much territory that one man cannot get over it all, as used to be the case; so he only takes a part of it.

Specialization exists as much among clerks as other classes of railroad men, such as brakemen, firemen and telegraphers. The mechanical man naturally gets work in the departments of the superintendent of motive power. Here he studies engines and their manufacture, cars and coaches, rails and switches. He figures on the "strength of materials" and studies to avoid the "perversity of inanimate things." He learns all about the hauling power of a certain quantity of coal and a given amount of steam over known grades with a specified weight in cars and contents. That involves a practical knowledge of mechanics.

When it comes to the adoption or rejection of new devices in machinery it is the trained clerk in the department who does the figuring for the chief of that branch. On our road we have had men begin in the shops as apprentices to fit themselves for these clerkships.

The Chances in the Various Departments

The man with a liking for electricity generally goes into the transportation department or the office of the superintendent of telegraphy. In one he has practical experience with the key and sounder, and in the other he deals with the higher branches of the science, construction and maintenance of lines, new methods of transmission of light, heat and power. In the office of the superintendent of the road the clerk attends to the details of the movement of trains, among other things. The present appliances for block signaling require sufficient study to make that branch of work a special training in itself.

In the general passenger agent's department there are several divisions. The rate department looks after the division of business between the road and its auxiliaries. The ticket department attends to the issuing, handling or charging up of the tickets. Then there is the advertising department, which places the advantages of travel over the line attractively before the public; and, besides this, there are the soliciting department, which is engineered from the main office but is conducted chiefly in the field, and the baggage department, which attends to the handling and tracing of baggage.

More clerks are employed in the accounting department than in any other division. Here the railroad bookkeeping is done. The comptroller has a large clerical staff to check up the accounts from all the other departments, and the treasurer has a corps of aids equally numerous, who receive, pay out and keep track of the money that comes in.

The freight department employs a great army of clerks, and is organized on the same general lines as the passenger and other departments. The station agent at small places is often the passenger, freight, operating and dispatching clerk combined in one man, jointly paid and severally controlled by these departments. Such a man is accountable to almost every officer of the road, but, naturally enough, when it is possible to concentrate so much responsibility in one man, the work is not hard and the duties are largely routine. In all the larger cities the departments have their own representatives working under the immediate supervision of the division heads. Take Buffalo, for example. I have a division passenger agent and a local passenger agent. There are division and local freight agents, a local dispatcher, train master, station master, and so on.

The Average Line of Pay and Promotion

So much for the specialization. Now let me say a word about the routine of office work, the grades of pay and the chances for promotion. All offices depend almost wholly upon their clerks. Of course the head of the department is responsible. Directly under the head of the department comes the assistant, or if there is no such officer, the chief clerk. All matters of office work pass through his hands before going to the head. He is the clearing-house association for the other office divisions. Take the passenger department for a general illustration. I have a chief clerk who is, under me, the head of my office. To him come the reports of the heads of the rate and ticket bureaus. The general advertising agent and the general baggage agent report direct to me. All other reports reach me through the chief clerk. I do not mean that I am only to be reached through the chief clerk. I refer to the routine office business, that necessary drudgery that makes up so large a part of every railroad man's life. The clerks are all graded, and each grade receives pay according to the value of its services.

The pay of clerks varies according to the road and the city that the clerk works in. Larger salaries are paid in New York, as a rule, than anywhere else, but there are a dozen applicants for each vacancy where there is one in any other town. The expenses of living are greater in the metropolis. Messenger boys get from fifteen dollars a month up to twenty-five dollars. Clerks get from forty to one hundred dollars a month. Chief clerks receive all the way from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars. I know of one chief clerk in New York who holds a unique position in railroad circles, and I have been told that he gets $10,000 a year, but he is the exception, and the only exception I know of. Station agents get from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty dollars. That is about the range throughout the country, New York included. Pay is about twenty per cent. higher in New York than in Philadelphia, and about twenty-five per cent. more than in interior towns. The hours of work are the same as in other lines of business.

Promotion for a railroad clerk depends more on the man than anything else. In most offices civil service rules obtain. In my own department I never go outside the office to fill a vacancy if I can help it. If I am forced to, I try the other offices of the road, and, if they cannot supply the man I want, I look around for one who has had railroad experience. Possibly his name may be on my waiting list. Perhaps he may be suggested to me by one of my men and he may be working elsewhere. In that case I write to his employer, telling him what I am willing to pay for his services and asking whether he objects to my offering the place to him. If he does not object, I make my offer. If this fails I sometimes advertise for a man. I did that not long ago and received a bushel of letters. Some were written on paper from the Holland House and Waldorf-Astoria. Two or three reputable clubs furnished applicants, but the man who got the job came from the Mills Hotel, where the living expenses are less than three dollars a week. If I fill a vacancy by promotion or create a new place, I recruit my office staff by hiring a new office boy and make promotions all along the line wherever it is practicable.

The Requisites for Success and Promotion

Many clerks never advance much above their original positions. They are the kind of men who work in railroad offices merely to draw their pay. They would work as readily in any commercial office. They have no love for their business, no ambition, and yet they wonder why new men are promoted over their heads, and lay it to prejudice, injustice and discrimination. I know some clerks who figure this way:

"I've got to be down at the office at nine. I go to lunch at twelve. I get back at one and leave at five. Between hours I can probably get out in the hall for half an hour to read the paper and smoke a cigarette."

And yet this is the very man who will sit down in the evening over a smoke and tell you how the railroad business ought to be run; give you some ideas of his own that ignorance on the part of the chief clerk or head of the department has prevented from being adopted, and will inform you seriously that he has been kept down by jealousy from drawing twice as much pay as he gets.

There are certain essentials that all clerks must possess if they wish to hold their jobs for any length of time. But many men overrate these necessary things. For instance, a clerk must be accurate in his figures, grammatical in his expressions, neat and plain in his handwriting and respectful to his superiors. He must obey orders and do the work that is set before him. These are as requisite as the wearing of clothes, but no more so. I know some men who have been clerks for twenty years. They have had all these essentials and have them still. Their manners are perfection, their obedience is beautiful, their handwriting copperplate and their neatness like unto a Holland housewife's; but they are clerks to-day even as they were when they began. Their trouble was that they stopped at the essentials, which are only the beginning of a man's career.

The clerk who advances is one who works for his office, his chief, his road, as well as for himself. He studies the work of the man directly in his own way of promotion. He not only does all that he is called on to do, but finds tasks that are outside the routine of his desk. He makes suggestions. He has ideas. He doesn't find ideas by dreaming, gossiping or talking with other clerks when he ought to be at his work, but by studying and by close observation. There is not a clerical place that I know of that does not offer an ambitious, studious, observant man an opportunity for impressing himself so strongly on the management that promotion must come to him. Sometimes it may be slow in his own office, but if he is alert and wide-awake, he can find his chance in some other office. There have been cases in railroads following strict civil service rules when capable men have been kept back for years until vacancies in higher positions have occurred. But these men could easily have found better pay on other roads had they cared to make the change.

Room for New Ideas in the Business

The interests of a railroad are so vast and varied that almost any practical suggestion finds a place in some department. A clerk in the cashier's office may have an idea for increasing speed on engines, a man in the motive power department may devise a new plan of soliciting passenger business, a man in my office may work out a plan for simplifying the keeping of freight accounts. There is room for all these ideas, and the man who makes them is the man who rises, and, if he does not neglect the essentials of his daily work while figuring out these problems, he cannot be kept down.

Most men imagine, if they give the matter any thought at all, that a railroad clerk is hired solely to take care of the line of work he is set to do. If that were the case there would be no such thing as promotion. A man would have to begin as general superintendent, general freight agent, and superintendent of motive power. But this is not the case. All of these higher places are filled by promotion. There is not a general officer of a railroad in this country who has not served some sort of an apprenticeship in the service.

Railroads are run, primarily, to make money. To make money the public must be served fairly and honestly and as generously as circumstances permit. Railroads cannot exist without business, and the two sources of business are passenger and freight traffic. This business must be solicited in a large measure. The clerk who plans successfully to aid this canvas may make himself an important factor in the management of the road. Let me give you an illustration of the kind of work that is useful in the passenger service. Not long ago the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company sent to its passenger and ticket agents throughout the country a circular concerning the proper reading of newspapers for business. In substance it was as follows:

"Watch the local columns of the newspapers. When you see items like these:

"'Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of San Francisco, are visiting the Jones' on Riverside Drive.'

"'Mr. Wilson, who has been very ill with pneumonia, is convalescent.'

"'The marriage of Mr. Miller and Miss Brown on the twenty-fifth promises to be one of the social events of the season.'

"I want you to clip these articles or to take note of them, and at the first opportunity call upon Mr. and Mrs. Smith and explain to them the merits of this line on the return trip to their home; they will in nearly every instance be glad of the information, and appreciate your courtesy and enterprise, with the result that business will be secured.

"Before calling upon Mr. Wilson you could ascertain, probably without much trouble, just what place and climate would be most suitable for his convalescence, as it would be folly to urge him to take a long-distance trip when he could not afford to go beyond one hundred miles. By studying customers in this way business is increased. Those who travel for pleasure or for health are generally glad to be advised and helped in this way, and it is wise policy to do so.

"In the case of the bride and groom—this is the one period in life, of all others, when cost is not counted, so that you may feel secure in suggesting all the luxuries as well as comforts obtainable if the wedding journey is made over the road.

"These points seem small in themselves, but if once tried you will be astonished at the results obtained."

Keeping the Next Step Up Well Cleared

This will give you an idea of the chance for advancement in a railroad office for a quick-witted, industrious man, who has ambitions and ideas that extend beyond the walls of his own particular office. The railroad business is essentially one in which ideas count, and practical suggestions turn quickly into money. My advice to clerks is to use their brains as well as their hands, study the road and its interests, avoid office politics, and be

Editor's Note—This series, of which this paper is the sixth, began in the Post of January 6. Other articles will follow in early numbers.

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loyal to the head of the department. The chief trusts his employees. He has to do so. If he did not he could not do business. This confidence must be reciprocal if good results are to follow. The clerk who is sure to go up must do his own work as well as it can possibly be done and at the same time be prepared to do the work of the man who is a step higher up. He must get right down to "brass tacks." He must have a purpose in his work. He must not count hours. The day should be too short for him—not too long. Not long ago an applicant for a stenographer's place called on me. After he had told me his name and experience he said:

"What are the hours?"

"I guess I don't want you at all," was my answer.

Another thing to be remembered is the cultivation of tact, patience and affability. A clerk should treat every one courteously, from the president down to the office boy. He should also always be polite to visitors. No matter who the caller may be, or how foolish his inquiry, the clerk should answer it fully, satisfactorily and politely. Then again, let me advise all clerks not to imagine that they know it all. I began as an office boy in a railroad office in Cleveland twenty-nine years ago. I have served as clerk in passenger and freight departments, in the accounting and treasurer's offices, under the general officers and the superintendent, and I know whereof I write. Don't know it all. You can't do it. I learn things every day, and so does every other railroad official who studies his calling conscientiously.

As to habits. The same rules obtain as in all other lines of work. The man who cannot control himself can never control others. A drinking man, a gambler and a man who does not know how to take care of his money and is always in debt is as sure to fail as he is to live.

The Advantages of Experience and Education

This brings me up to the chances for entering a railroad office as a clerk. It is difficult, unless an applicant is recommended by some one the head of the department knows, or has some peculiar fitness for the work. The best advice I give is to be on hand when a vacancy occurs. Every officer in New York City is loaded up with applications for clerkships. Every office is overrun with applicants who call in person to present their claims for employment. And there are five hundred applications for every vacancy. A man of twenty-five or thereabouts with no experience in railroading might walk the streets of New York until he wore his boot soles through looking for a job and not find it. If, on the other hand, he has had experience in some other town and can bring acceptable references he might secure work without trouble. It all depends upon circumstances. Sometimes clerks are taken from brakemen, firemen, conductors and mechanics, if the men have sufficient education and adaptability. Of course the better education a man has the better off he is. A college man stands a better chance than a common-school graduate, everything else considered. The man who has been through a college of technical training such as Sheffield, Stevens, Troy or Pratt and understands mechanics has fitted himself for one kind of railroad work to begin with. A thorough knowledge of telegraphy, stenography or typewriting are useful and may aid a man in getting a place. The man who is neat in his appearance and gentlemanly in his address is more favorably received than the sloven or the boor. I have known clerks to ruin their future altogether by inattention to their dress and by impatience and gruffness in manner.

The Man that Can't Be Held Back

I cannot tell you precisely what kind of a man can find an opening, because that depends so largely upon circumstances over which the head of an office has no control, but I will tell you about one man who got his chance through me several years ago. It will serve as an illustration.

"I am twenty-two years old," he said. "I have been through college and I want to be a railroad man. I can work at almost anything. I am willing to work from morning until midnight until I have finished my task. I don't care what you pay me or what you set me to do. All I want is a chance, and if I can't do the work satisfactorily you can let me go. I am ready to begin to-day."

Now I did not have anything in my office, but I went into every department and I said to the heads: "Do you want an A No. 1 man, who is willing to do anything and do it well? If you do, I've got a man for you."

There was no vacancy then, but the next week that young man began work.

Du Maurier's Legacy to His Sons

IT WILL be remembered that the well-loved George du Maurier turned to writing toward the end of a life which had been busy with something else—drawing. It is curious to find that his sons have already begun to show something of this versatility. A short play in one act was lately produced in London "by Guy du Maurier and S. O. N. Frere." This is Captain du Maurier and, under the very thin disguise of the last name, *son frère*, his younger brother, Gerald. It is understood that this is only a beginning, and that the brothers intend to do more important dramatic work.

But this is in addition to the occupations they already pursue. The elder brother is in the British Army and Mr. Gerald du Maurier is one of the most promising of the younger school of London actors. He has a ready gift of humor, and in private life can give impersonations of the leading actors of the world which would compare favorably with those which Miss Cissie Loftus gives in public of its leading actresses. It is too early to know how much of the talent of the author of Trilby has descended to his sons, but even a very little might be enough to charm the public, which still finds magic in the name Du Maurier.



SOME one has said that when sailors cease to swear it is time for passengers to pray. In general, this may be so; yet there are happenings at sea, dangerous to the mind of the passenger, that do not in the least trouble the sailor. A shipwreck, a ride through surf in an open boat, a capsizal, wetting and scrambling half dead to a rocky beach is a terrible experience to a landsman, but Jack and his masters would make light of it. A famous novelist (and landsman) recently met with such an adventure, and wrote it up with all the power of his pen backed by the deep impression it had made on his sensitive mind. In the book On Many Seas, the sailor-author treats of the same experience, and his humorous handling of the subject, compared with the strained intensity of the other, is more than laughable, and is appreciated best by first reading the powerful word-painting of the landsman.

Jack has perils of his own. A boy was once warned against the calling by an aged sailorman, who, on being asked to define the greatest danger of the sea, solemnly closed a wrinkled eyelid and said, "The mate's brass-knuckles." He was a crippled, disfigured and broken-down "packet-rat," and spoke from the fullness of his rough experience in the packet-ships that foreran steam craft in the Atlantic passenger trade; the boy was the writer. Later in life, imbued with the ethics of the forecastle, he understood the viewpoint of the old packet sailor, understood how small and trivial the risking of his life may appear to the forehand when compared with the stinging rebuke and sarcasm of his shipmates, and the prompt and brutal punishment inflicted by the officers in case he shirks a dangerous duty; for it requires more courage for a sailor to refuse taking his life in his hands at the behest of a mate—often needless—than would carry him through the danger; and so, in time, he ceases to regard this danger as vital to his value or place in the world, consoling himself with the aphorism, "A man can die but once," and often supplementing it with a personal clause, "The sooner the better."

It is to the educated officer and passenger that danger presents itself in a defined and avoidable shape; and theirs is the only standpoint from which the subject may be approached.

The perils of the sea can be classed, broadly, under two headings: those arising from storm in its many aspects, and those due to obstructed vision—fog, darkness and snow. Fire, collisions with other craft, ice and derelicts, and strandings consequent on carelessness, might be considered as a third class, and dangers against which no vigilance or efficiency may prevail, such as tidal waves, waterspouts, spontaneous combustion, leakage of a rotten ship, and striking of uncharted sunken reefs could also be classed by themselves; but these, in their developed results, are so closely allied to the others that they may all be treated together.

Fighting Fire on the High Seas

Though not a common one, fire at sea is the most terrible of the happenings that can mar a voyage. A smell of smoke is noticed and a search for the cause begun. If not in the cabin or the forward-house, hatches are opened. Visible smoke arises, thicker as the air descends and fans the hidden and smouldering flame. Men, holding their breath, spring down and hunt for the fire—speculating wildly—until driven back. Hose is rigged and water poured tentatively over the cargo, to locate, if possible, by the thickening of the smoke, its situation. But the smoke is too black and too hot. Hatches are hastily closed and battened air-tight. Holes—as many as there are separate deck pumps—are cut in the deck over the presumed position of the fire, hose is inserted, well wrapped and the wrappings jammed into the holes to exclude the air, and the cargo is deluged; for no commander will hesitate to ruin a cargo to save his ship and her human freight. If the fire is conquered, and the vessel, with a charred and ill-smelling mess in her hold, reaches port, that ship is lucky. But the chances, with an inflammable cargo in a wooden hull, are against it.

Exploding lanterns in the hold or 'tween-decks, bursting of boilers in steam craft and scattering of the furnace coals, the carrying away of the galley stove lashings in a gale and the spontaneous combustion of damp cotton or oil-soaked, non-conducting, organic material in the cargo, are the usual causes—fortunately rare—of fire at sea.

A very common peril of the sea is collision. Errors in judgment or the absence of lights and signals on either side may bring your craft into smashing contact with another. If your ship is the aggressor, grapple your victim, and, if a steam craft, keep your engines going ahead at full speed, keep your bow in the gaping wound you have made until the last man has climbed over your rail—and if your own ship is the wounded one, climb yourself. Aside from the case of compartment steamers, there is little hope for the vessel that is rammed by another at full speed, though the bow of the assailant will often escape serious damage.

Or, instead of another craft, an iceberg may loom out of the fog to leeward, and you brace sharp on the wind only to find that the berg, impelled by a submarine current, is driving to windward faster than you can tack. Frantically you clap on sail and brace sharper. The white monster draws near; then there is a turmoil of choppy sea over your lee rail, a snapping of yardarms and gear above, a descent upon your deck of riven wood and tons of ice, a smashing and scraping as your ship is pounded along, then a hurried clearing away and manning of boats, and an almost hopeless struggle to windward—for what? Escape from the cold enemy and ultimate rescue, or death by starvation?

Uncharted rocks in mid-ocean occasionally come to light, and fortunate is the ship that finds them by sight instead of feeling. Captain L. Lloyd, of the English ship Compton, reports seeing early in May, 1896, a rock sixty feet long, eight or ten feet wide, awash at the ends and about eight feet high at the middle, unknown and unmarked on any chart ever issued. He says that he found this menace in latitude forty-seven degrees north and longitude thirty-seven degrees twenty minutes west, a position squarely on the Southern Lane Route of transatlantic travel, with the nearest land, one of the Azores group, fully five hundred miles to the southeast. If this report is true, and submarine navigation is to be perfected, how many Naronics may be found scattered around its base? Captain Lloyd claims that he saw it near by, at 7:40 o'clock in the morning of a clear day, under conditions which preclude all presumption of its being a derelict, and was so sure of its character that he did not lower a boat to examine it closer.

The Crazy Cruise of the Derelict

A danger to navigation that has of late years received specific attention from governments is the large number of water-logged hulks abandoned by their crews to drift aimlessly until broken up by a gale or destroyed by cruisers. The number—subtracted from and added to by each heavy gale—varies during winter months in the North Atlantic alone from twenty-five to forty-five. These dead ships, if lumber-laden, will float indefinitely. The derelict schooner Fannie E. Wolston, abandoned off Cape Hatteras in October, 1891, remained afloat nearly three years, and was reported forty-four times, making, in her wanderings, a zig-zag track around the Saragossa Sea of 8575 miles. She was last reported about five hundred miles due southeast of where she started. Next on the list in point of time afloat comes the schooner Wyer G. Sargent—a beautiful, yachtlike craft, that carried the writer among her crew on her first voyage—with a record of twenty-one months and a track of 5500 miles to her credit, and, after her, the schooner W. B. White, abandoned off Cape Hatteras in the blizzard of March 13, 1888, to wallow her way seaward, and, impelled by the middle of the three Gulf Stream divisions, lay her water-soaked bones upon one of the Hebrides ten months later. As a further instance of the tenacity with which derelicts may cling to existence may be quoted the case of the ship Fred B. Taylor, cut in two by the steamship Trave about eighty miles southeast of Nantucket, in June of 1892. The after end went north, grounding at Wells' Beach on the coast of Maine, seven weeks later; and the bow, caught by the southerly shore current, drifted south, and was last seen off the Delaware capes on September 6, two and a half months from the time of collision. How many more vulnerable craft these floating reefs sent to the bottom during their wanderings can only be conjectured.

The Playful Pranks of the Passing Squall

Of all the perils of the sea, none is so frequently met with in low latitudes as the atmospheric disturbance known as the squall—a combination of wind, rain, thunder and lightning, presenting, however, two or three of these aspects oftener than all four. Air-currents maintain their homogeneity and identity much as do the currents of the sea, which travel thousands of miles before becoming diffused and lost in surrounding water. An area of warm, moist air at the surface may be overlain and inclosed by colder, dryer, compressing air. There is contraction and consequent increase of heat until, from some cause, a break occurs in the walls at one side, and toward this break the hot, humid air rushes, expanding and cooling, condensing its moisture as it goes, condensing its electricity—positive or negative—on the smaller aggregate surface of enlarging raindrops, and discharging this rain and electricity, until we have all the familiar phenomena of the thunder storm or squall. An inclosed body of warm, dry air, subject to the above conditions, will possibly manifest itself as a white squall—an invisible fury that strikes without warning.

A schooner with sheets aft, struck by a squall, if not relieved by dismasting, may capsize, fill through open hatches or cabin windows, and sink before the pressure is raised. A

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becalmed ship, with no steerageway and yards square, or nearly so, receiving this sudden pressure on the forward side of her canvas ("struck-aback"), provided, of course, that the masts do not fall, may settle her stern, bury her cabin windows and doors, and founder helplessly before she can gather sternway or be boxed around. But this does not always happen. A squall may pass harmlessly overhead or a quarter of a mile to one side, and again may strike the ship with no more manifestation of force than could be aroused by a fan. No man may gauge the amount of wind in a coming squall.

The Wild Chase of the Whirling Terror

Consider that the inclosed area of warm, moist air finds no escape in a lateral direction and is pressed down by the heavier cold air until it breaks through above at one or more points of least resistance—punctures holes for itself to ascend. Toward these ascending columns the surrounding air rushes with a force varying with the distance from other columns, assumes a whirling motion—right or left—condenses as it rises—at the upper part first, then lower down—drags upward a spinning, cone-shaped turmoil of water from the sea that almost meets the inverted cone of condensed vapor above, and here we have the waterspout—a tornado born at sea, with a possible vacuum centre which, if large enough, may surround a small craft and explode her hull from the sudden expansion of air in the hold as easily as farmhouses and barns are demolished in the West. But this is theoretical, as waterspouts are unruly subjects for study, presenting little opportunity for inductive reasoning, and scientific data are rare. It is known, however, that the furious velocity of the whirling air-currents is sufficient of itself to tear the masts out of the strongest of ships; the American bark Reindeer, Captain Strandt, for instance, had all three masts cut off below the lower mastheads by a waterspout that struck her while running up the Gulf Stream in February of 1888. The hull was not injured, and the crippled vessel reached Bermuda.

But it is also known that a modern steamship need not fear an ordinary waterspout. More than one of them has been shattered to a harmless fall of rain by the twenty-foot nose of a liner.

Ever present in the mind of a ship captain is the peril of storm, with its concomitant heavy sea. And here it is well to say that it is not the wind that is dreaded; it is the waves. A ship will claw away from a lee shore in smooth water against any wind that will permit her to show a patch of slanting canvas. The heave of the sea is what annuls the law of physics and throws her on the rocks; and with sea-room to leeward it is the tossing, straining, pounding of the waves that forces oakum from seams, wrenches plank-ends from fastenings, and causes the leak that sinks her.

The Smell of a Blow in the Air

Certain indications of a gale speak to the ship captain. He notes a falling barometer. The peculiar sensation—a combination of low-pressure and humidity—which he calls the "smell of a blow," is upon him. Running at an angle with the wind is a long, rolling swell, and he knows that somewhere beyond the horizon is the revolving storm that sent it. The sky obscures, the wind increases—steadily or in puffs—and a change in the temperature, warmer or colder, helps to indicate the ship's position in regard to the storm centre; for in the track of an advancing cyclone the thermometer will fall, and behind it, it will rise. Sail is shortened, and by this time the wind has assumed a definite direction. The captain consults his chart and his storm-card—a transparent diagram with the vertical markings of a cyclone, the concentric circles—isobars—which show similar barometric readings, and a series of curves radiating from the centre—one for each point of the compass, on every part of which curve the wind is blowing from the same direction. Finding the ship's position on the chart, he selects the curve on the card marked with the direction of the wind at the ship, and placing the outer end of this curve—for he is probably on the outer circle of the storm—over the place of the ship, with meridians parallel, he marks through the centre of the card to the chart, and knows that about here is the "eye of the storm"—an area of "low barometer" ten to thirty miles across, where there is little or no wind, but which is marked by an agitated cross-sea caused by the different directions of the blast as the centre advances.

How a Master Out-Manœuvres a Storm Centre

It is this centre and surrounding wind that he must avoid. He knows its direction, but not the actual distance; though his barometer readings compared with those of the storm-card isobars may give him an idea. He knows that all circular storms larger in area than the short-lived tornado or waterspout revolve, in the Northern Hemisphere, in a direction contrary to that of the hand of a watch—face upward; and that in the Southern Hemisphere the whirl is reversed. And he knows that the track of a storm centre is invariable. North of the Line, with sea room, he will bring his ship to the wind on the starboard tack under short sail, unless, as may be, the increasing gale is fair, or nearly so; then he scuds, while he may, with a greased hawser towing astern, or oil bags over the side, keeping the wind on the starboard bow or quarter; for, hove-to or scudding, the wind on the starboard bow or quarter will tend to drift or blow the ship away from the centre, provided, of course, that she is not in a position to be overtaken by the advancing storm, which travels bodily from twelve to thirty miles an hour. In this case he must use his best judgment—scudding across the centre when he would have preferred heaving-to, or heaving-to when he could have shortened his passage by scudding.



Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

The Stranded Ship

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Far up the lonely strand the storm had lifted her,
And now along her keel the merry tides make stir
No more; the running waves that sparkled at her prow
Seethe to the chains and sing no more with laughter now.
No more the clean sea-furrow follows her; no more
To the hum of her gallant tackle the hale Nor'westers roar.
No more her bulwarks journey; for the only boon they crave
Is the guerdon of all good ships and true, the boon of a deep-sea grave.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

No more she mounts the circles from Fundy to the Horn,
From Cuba to the Cape runs down the tropic morn,
Explores the vast Uncharted where great bergs ride in ranks,
Nor shouts a broad "Ahoy" to the dories on the Banks.
No more she races freights to Zanzibar and back,
Nor creeps where the fog lies blind along the liners' track.
No more she dares the cyclone's disastrous core of calm,
To greet across the drooping wave the amber isles of palm.

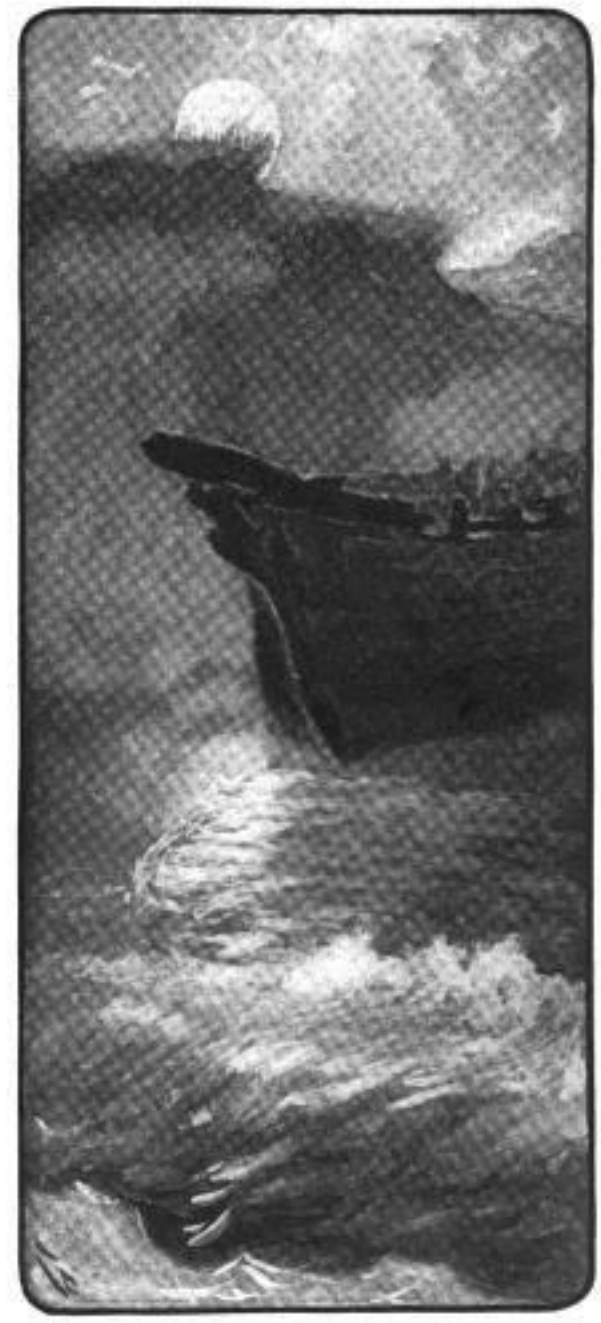
Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

Amid her trafficking peers, the wind-wise, journeyed ships,
At the black wharves no more nor at the weedy slips
She comes to port with cargo from many a storied clime.
No more to the rough-throat chantey her windlass creaks in time,
No more she loads for London with spices from Ceylon—
With white spruce deals and wheat and apples from St. John;
No more from Pernambuco with coffee-bales—no more
With hides from Buenos Ayres she clears for Baltimore.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

Wan with the slow vicissitudes of rain and wind and sun,
How grieves her deck for the shipmen whose hearty brawls are done.
Only the wandering gull brings word of the open wave,
With shrill scream at her taffrail deriding her alien grave.
Around the keel that raced the dolphin and the shark
Only the sand-wren twitters from barren dawn till dark;
And all the long, blank noon the blank sand chafes and mars
The prow once swift to follow the lure of the dancing stars.

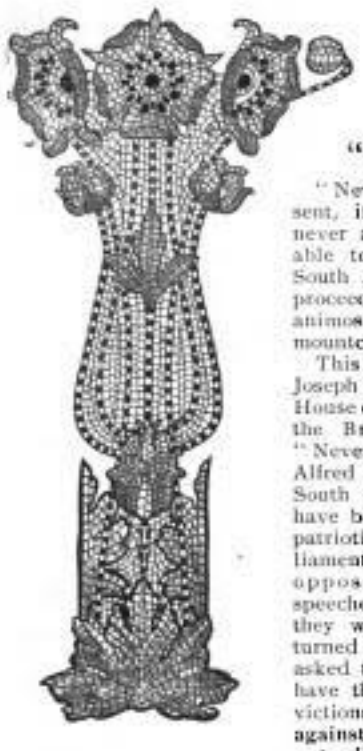
And when the winds are low, and when the tides are still,
And the round moon rises inland, over the naked hill,
And o'er her parching seams the dry cloud-shadows pass,
And dry along the land-rim lie the shadows of thin grass,
Then aches her soul with longing to launch and sink away
Where the fine silts lift and settle, the sea-things drift and stray,
To make the port of Last Desire and slumber with her peers
In the tide-wash rocking softly through the unnumbered years.



Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

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'PUBLICK OCCURRENCES' That are Making HISTORY



"Never Again"

"Never again with our consent, if we have the power, never again shall the Boer be able to erect in the heart of South Africa a citadel whence proceeds disaffection and race animosity to endanger the paramountcy of Great Britain."

This was the challenge which Joseph Chamberlain flung to the House of Parliament just before the British victories began. "Never again," repeated Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of South Africa, and the words have become a text for British patriotism. In that critical parliamentary struggle when the opposition had made their speeches—very mild speeches they were!—Mr. Chamberlain turned upon them again and asked them why they did not have the courage of their convictions; why they did not vote against the war? And when the vote did come up it was overwhelmingly in support of the national policy. All this illuminates the situation. Great Britain is to-day as determined to crush the South African Republic as the United States was to defeat Spain two years ago, and Great Britain is three hundred times more powerful in men and wealth than the Boers.

In the debate Mr. Chamberlain admitted that he really meant to accept President Kruger's offers about the franchise, and that he thought he had done so, whereupon Sir Edwin Clarke, one of the greatest of Englishmen, said crushingly: "You intended to accept and avert war, yet you did not draw up your note so as to make your meaning clear; and when you found that the Boers did not understand you to accept, you did not lift a finger or telegraph a word to clear up the matter." To this Mr. Chamberlain made no reply.

In another debate Mr. Asquith, who is also one of the ablest of English statesmen, remarked, in view of Chamberlain's admissions, that he would doubtless re-edit his dispatches if it were all to be gone over again.

"I would not alter a single word," said Mr. Chamberlain.

It is the purpose of Great Britain to win in South Africa at any cost. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent; more than twenty thousand men have been incapacitated by death or wounds or illness, but there is a greater determination than ever to spread English authority over all of South Africa. It is a fight for supremacy.

The Leadership of Great Britain in Africa

In spite of the disappointments in battle and the splendid valor of the Boers, Great Britain has already gone ahead with the program. The Orange Free State, with its 48,500 square miles of territory and its population of 286,000 and its trade of nearly $15,000,000 a year, has been proclaimed a British possession. The South African Republic, if conquered by Great Britain, will add an area of 120,000 square miles and a population of nearly a million and a half, an annual trade of almost $200,000,000 and mines whose wealth no one can estimate. Already in Africa Great Britain controls an area of 2,761,000 square miles, with a population of nearly 36,000,000, and a trade of almost $300,000,000, and the new additions will give Great Britain almost a third of the entire area of the dark continent—the most of it that is worth having.

The Key to South Africa

It takes no great prescience to see that in the course of time Great Britain will also acquire Delagoa Bay. There was a time when she might have bought it for fifty or sixty thousand dollars, and just now she would probably be glad to pay as many millions, if Portugal would or could sell it to her. This bay is one of the keys to South Africa, and by reason of its being in the hands of another nation and the fact that railroads run direct from it to Pretoria constitute the greatest possible factor in the strength of the Boers. It is by long odds the finest harbor in South Africa, and the navies of the world might find anchorage within it.

It is through this port that the Transvaal now has communication with the world, and the railroads are enjoying a great prosperity. The administration of the port by the Portuguese is described as being about as bad as anything could possibly be, and as Portugal does not seem long for this world as an independent nation, Great Britain will undoubtedly watch every opportunity to possess the bay.

A Greater Problem in Asia

Ever since General Sherman said that war was hell the expression has been quoted in every country and in every language. Even at best the horrors of it are appalling. For every hero it creates it digs a thousand graves. But war is something else than mere destruction. It is the rearrangement of boundaries, of politics, of civilization itself. It is in the end, however frightful, a business transaction.

The conflict in South Africa has been peculiarly destructive of reputations and preconceived ideas. It has broken some of the best of English commanders, and it has made certain the very thing brought about by our war with Spain—the complete reorganization of the army. But the army is the machine and the men who work it; the larger problems lie far beyond it, even though this machine be that of hundreds of thousands of men costing millions of dollars. That is what the leaders of the British Empire look to. It is not the loss of a few thousand lives in battle, or whether or not the given causes of inevitable conflict were excusable, but that, in the work done, the supremacy of the British Empire shall be not only maintained but increased.

Thus, next to South Africa, is that infinitely larger and more portentous situation on the borders of Afghanistan, for the power of Russia and the future of Great Britain in Asia come within hailing distance over the boundaries of an Ameer who holds his place because he has on each side of him two hungry giants, neither of whom would hesitate to eat him up if he did not fear the big fellow on the other side of the lot. Unquestionably Russia has taken advantage of the South African difficulties to push her lines farther and farther toward India, and thus comes the plea from the Ameer that Great Britain should do something to protect him from the Bear; but at the same time he informed the British Government that he wanted no railroads or telegraph lines built across his dominion, a mountain region of 279,000 square miles, with a population of 4,000,000, greater, in fact, than the territory in South Africa for which Great Britain is now fighting. He wants cash, but not civilization.

A Calamity that is Worse than War

And on the other side of Afghanistan down toward the Indian Ocean there are troubles of the most pathetic kind which the British Government is compelled to meet. Fancy a country not quite one-half as large as the United States, containing four times its population; that is, for every person we have in the United States, according to the same area, there are eight in India. Hundreds of thousands of these work all day for less than five cents each, and, in addition to being the poorest-paid people in the world, they are inordinately taxed. The margin between enough to eat and starvation itself in such a vast population must always be small. Twenty-odd years ago there was a famine, and the official mortality report of the British Commissioners had the incredible total of seven millions. Only three years ago there was another famine, and its horrors were spread before the world.

So close is that margin that the failure of a few rains means suffering and death to millions. Last fall the usual southwest monsoons did not come—did not bring the moisture from the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea—and now in thousands of square miles, which fructify when there is dampness, there is not a single stalk of corn or anything to feed those dependent upon the soil. Thus has come another famine, and the number of the starving is placed all the way from ten to forty millions. More than five millions are receiving relief.

The American consul at Bombay thus writes to Washington: "The famine district embraces the greater part of Bombay Presidency, most of the Nyzam's dominions of Haidarabad, the western half of the Central Provinces, the western states of central India, the entire part of Rajputana, the southeast Punjab, and a large portion of the native states of Cutch and Gujarat. The true famine area in British India and the native states will thus be about 300,000 square miles, with a population of 40,000,000. There is a further area of about 145,000 square miles, with a population of 21,000,000, in which more or less scarcity and distress prevail, where relief is already being given in a tentative form, or will probably have to be given before the advent of the next monsoon."

The Work the Young Men are Doing

In the larger practical work of the contest for supremacy Great Britain is using its younger men, and they seem to be the ones who are making the fewest mistakes. The older officials with their long lists of titles and their long years of comfort have been blundering along at a great rate, but the youngsters as a rule have been clear of head and prompt in action. George Wyndham, who is doing most of the hard work in the House of Commons, is not yet thirty-seven. Lord Curzon has only turned forty, and he is helped in his vast work of governing India by an American wife; and Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa, is still a young man, who left journalism to become one of the strongest and most important figures in British politics. There are others of the same kind who could be named, and it is worth while to remember that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, whom we always look upon as a young man, has a son of thirty-seven who is also coming to the front in the political life of his country. And if Lord Salisbury, whose retirement has been so frequently reported, should really retire, the Premier would undoubtedly be his nephew, Arthur James Balfour, who, at fifty-two, has kept himself young by regular exercise and open-air life.

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SIR ALFRED MILNER

MR. BALFOUR, M. P.

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LORD CURZON

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Professor Worcester's Magic

Professor Dean C. Worcester, of the Philippine commission, tells of a curious wager he once made with a Filipino. When Mr. Worcester, as a student, was with the Steere expedition, a native leading a band of not over-friendly Filipinos approached the hut where he slept and began to shout. When the American awoke, the natives made known that their leader was a man whom nothing could kill, and promptly challenged the American to try his new-fashioned weapons if he thought there was any virtue in them.

Mr. Worcester found that the Filipino's confidence lay in the supposed efficacy of a magic piece of paper carried by the leader. This paper had power to ward off all dangers. The leader dared the American to shoot, and waved his spear in a manner that made the consequences of a refusal seem dubious.

Mr. Worcester stopped to argue. The Filipinos at once jumped at the conclusion that the American was afraid his weapons would prove powerless against so great a charm. Then the man demanded that if Mr. Worcester was unwilling to shoot he should surrender his rifle. The American objected, and, as a compromise measure, offered to fire at the magic paper if the Filipino would place it against a tree. If he made a bullet hole in the paper the charm was to go to him. If not the Filipino was to have the rifle.

The target was duly arranged. Mr. Worcester fired at point blank range. The paper was knocked from its place and the Filipinos set up a shout of victory. They imagined the charm had jumped to avoid the bullet. But examination showed it punctured and the natives admitted their defeat.

Japan's Progressive Empress To Be

The Princess Sada, who is to marry the heir to the Japanese throne, matriculated at the Peeresses School at Tokyo and while there was the favorite pupil of one of the American teachers. She had a passion for the study of the heraldry of her own land and extended this to that of her teacher's native country. It was her delight to read and talk of Colonial times, and even more to look at old prints which pictured the men, women and fashions of the American Colonies at that period. She had many tastes in common with her teacher, but upon one point they disagreed. It was the wearing of the native Japanese kimono. The Princess would persist in donning stays, skirts, shirt-waists and all the adjuncts of the Western toilet.

One day the American said to her:

"Your Highness, why do you not wear your beautiful kimono to-day? It is so much more picturesque than that tailor-made gown."

Sada laughed and, passing a book of old Colonial prints to her, replied, "Why don't you wear clothes like those your ancestresses wore?"

The Honorable "Joe" Manley's Convert

Probably the best-known man in the State of Maine is Joseph H. Manley, the Republican leader of that commonwealth. No Southern enthusiast respecting State rights has a more intense love for his native State than has Mr. Manley for his. He was born in Bangor, and during the fifty-eight years which have elapsed since that event he has kept in touch with everything pertaining to the welfare of Maine.

A lawyer by profession, he has shown himself to be a capable publisher and editor, an efficient postmaster and a successful business man. His manners are easy and pleasant, sometimes a little blunt, but the very bluntness is admired more in Maine than any other quality.

Some years ago Mr. Manley ran for the Legislature. Among his neighbors was an old line Bourbon Democrat, who, according to Dame Rumor, voted religiously every Presidential year for Andrew Jackson. To the surprise of the city of Augusta this voter cast his ballot, for the first time, for a Republican, Mr. Manley. He was reproached by his party friends and replied, "Yes, I'm a Democrat; always was and always will be. I chipped in to your campaign fund and I helped you on the rest of your ticket and you've never done nothin' for me. Now when it comes to going against Joe Manley, who got us a State house, a post-office, a reservoir and a gilt-edged jail, and who if he is elected is liable to get us anything, and who doesn't mind calling me hard names when I deserve them, I'm for Joe, Democrat or no Democrat."

Mr. Manley tells this story of a flying trip to Europe: One day a college professor of great learning was seen leaning over the gunwale miserably seasick. He was so sick that he was talking aloud to himself and bemoaning the fate which had intrusted him to the tender mercies of the Atlantic.

A bystander remarked, "The learned member from Boston is having a quiet debate with the ocean."

"Yes," answered Mr. Manley quickly, "it is a case of deep calling unto deep."

Where Ignorance is Bliss

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, usually travels between Cleveland, his former home, and New York in a private car. On a recent trip from the former city one of Mr. Rockefeller's party found in the sleeping car two men from Cleveland whom he knew very well. After a few minutes' chat he invited them into the private car to meet Mr. Rockefeller. They found the oil man deeply interested in a game played with colored cards which he was piling up into stacks according to their color. He explained the pastime to the young men and then went on with the game.

"Did you ever play it?" asked Mr. Rockefeller.

"A great many times. But never with colored cards. It is generally played with playing cards and is called solitaire."

"Solitaire?" repeated the oil man. "I never played with playing cards in my life. You must be mistaken."

As the visitors left the car they saw the multi-millionaire deep in his game in spite of the warning.

Miss Loew's "Free Law Hospital"

When Miss Rosalie Loew, LL.B., was made attorney for the Legal Aid Society of New York, some of the directors shook their heads; but her linguistic abilities have naturally enough helped her, and so have her wit and sympathy. She inherits her legal cleverness from her father, Judge William Loew. Miss Loew's office looks like a miniature lecture-room, and almost any forenoon one may find ten or twelve benches filled with poor men, women and children who have come to what she calls her "free law hospital."

"I have my 'matrimonial patch-up department,'" she said, "and I am more proud of it than perhaps anything else. Then I have a 'bad lawyer' department where I corner and prosecute all dishonest practitioners, and a 'bad debt' division and hosts of others. One of my cases, which I call 'the appreciative family,' shows how legal aid is valued by those who need it and get it free of cost. A pretty little woman came to me one day and said her husband had run away to Europe and left her penniless and ill, with two children by a former husband and one by her present one to support. I consulted with the Hebrew Charities Organization and we decided not to send her to Europe. I advanced money and helped her to open a little candy store and got friends to guarantee other salable stock. I did not hear from her for some time except when she returned the money. One day she came to me and asked me to get her children out of an orphan asylum, which I did and found them good situations. Then I thought she would never return, but she called a while afterward and said that she had sold out the candy store and loaned the money to the son of the truant husband, who had run away with it to Boston and gone into business there. I straightened this matter out for her and succeeded in getting her money back. Nevertheless, she wrote to me a few weeks after the transaction that she had decided to forgive the son and would thereafter reside with him in Boston. Then I put her way back in my memory. But she would not stay there. She walked in, in tears, one day and told me that I must help her; the Boston scheme had failed, and her dear husband had been unsuccessful in Europe and had returned to live with her, and I must make them happy and get him work. And I did," she said.

Madame Bauermeister's Repertoire

Among the heroes and heroines unknown to fame, there is none to compare with a dark-eyed little woman who, while grand opera goes gloriously on in the glare of the footlights below, sits quietly in her dressing-room at work upon delicate embroidery. She is Madame Bauermeister—"Little Bauermeister"—to whom Impresario Grau turns with calm confidence, no matter what the *contretemps*. Is Susan Strong, or Madame Barna, or Suzanne Adams ill? Little Bauermeister lays down her embroidery, dons the needful gown and sings the part correctly, sweetly, artistically. Soprano, mezzo soprano and alto numbers are all one to her. A mezzo soprano of unusual compass herself, she finds the whole range of the female voice facile to her powers.

Living with her parents in London, she studied at the Royal Academy and secured an opening at Her Majesty's Theatre in The Magic Flute—as one of the genii. The curtain was trembling for its rise when the discovery was made that there was no Queen of Night.

"Does any one know it?" cried the frantic manager.

Forth stepped the small genius.

"I do, sir; if you care to try me."

She sang the part of the Queen perfectly. But there was another tumult. Papagina was missing.

"Now we'll have to close the house," wailed the manager.

"Oh, no, sir," observed the youthful Queen. "I know Papagina."

M. Grau knows that she knows everything; for within a single week she has been on Monday, a gypsy; on Tuesday, a French actress; on Wednesday, a lady of honor; on Thursday, Martha, in Faust; on Friday, a Scotch countess; on Saturday afternoon, a page; and on Saturday night, housekeeper to Rigoletto.

PHOTO BY MARSHALL, ANN ARBOR, MICH. — D. C. WORCESTER

ROSALIE LOEW — PHOTO BY GEBFORD & VAN BRUNT, NEW YORK

J. H. MANLEY — PHOTO BY BOND, AUGUSTA, ME.



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The Hermit of the Yews

By E. Nesbit



MAURICE BRENT knew a great deal about the Greek anthology and very little about women. No one but himself had any idea how much he knew of the one and no one had less idea than himself how little he knew of the other. So that when, a stranger and a pilgrim hopelessly astray amid a smart house-party, he began to fall in love with Camilla, it seemed to be no one's business to tell him, what everybody else knew, that Camilla had contracted the habit of becoming engaged at least once a year. The habit of years is not easily broken; Camilla became engaged to Maurice, and for the six months of the engagement he lived in Paradise.

About Easter time Camilla told him, very nicely and kindly, that she had mistaken her own heart. She hoped he would not let it make him very unhappy. She would always wish him the best of good fortune, and doubtless he would find it in the affection of some other girl much nicer and more worthy of him than his sincere friend, Camilla. Camilla was right—no one could have been less worthy of him than she; but, after all, it was Camilla he thought that he loved.

He took it very quietly, sent her a note so cold and unconcerned that Camilla was quite upset, and cried most of the evening, and got up next day with swollen eyelids and a very bad temper. She was not so sure of her power as she had been—and the loss of such a certainty is never pleasant.

He, meanwhile, advertised for a furnished house, and found one—by letter—which seemed to be the very thing he wanted: "Handsomely and conveniently furnished, seven miles from a railway station—a well-built house, standing in its own grounds of five acres—garden, orchard, pasture, magnificent view." Being as unversed in the ways of house agents as in those of women, he took it on trust, paid a quarter's rent, and went down to take possession.

It was on an inclement June evening that the station fly set him down in front of his new house. The drive had been long and dreary, and seemed to Maurice more like seventy miles than seven. Now he let down the carriage window and thrust his head into the rain to see his new house. It was a stucco villa, with iron railings, in the worst possible taste. It had an air at once new and worn out; no one seemed ever to have lived in it, and yet everything about it was broken and shabby. The door stuck a little at first with the damp, and when at last it opened and Maurice went over his house he found it furnished mainly with oil-cloth and three-legged tables and engravings in frames of bird's-eye maple—like a seashore lodging-house. The house was clean, however, and the charwoman was clean. But the atmosphere of the place was that of a vault. He looked out through the streaming panes at the magnificent view so dwelt upon in the house agent's letters. The house stood almost at the edge of a disused chalk-quarry; far below stretched a flat plain, dotted here and there with limekilns and smoky, tall chimneys.



DRAWN BY JNO. CASSEL

THEN HE REMEMBERED THAT FAINTING PEOPLE SHOULD BE LAID FLAT

When the woman had gone he sat long by the fire. His dreams were, naturally, of Camilla. His thoughts were of his work.

"I've taken the house for three years," said he. "Well, one place is as good as another to be wretched in. But one room I must furnish, for you can't work on oil-cloth."

So next day he walked to Rochester and bought some old bureaus and chairs and bookcases, a few Persian rugs, and some brass things, unpacked his books and settled down to the hermit's life to which he had vowed himself. The woman came every morning from her cottage, a mile away, and left at noon. He got his meals himself—always chops or steaks or eggs—and presently began to grow accustomed to the place. When the sun shone it was not so bad. He could make no headway against the thorns and thistles on his five acres, and they quickly grew into a very wilderness. And he worked away at his book about Greek poetry.

He almost believed himself contented; he had never cared for people so much as for books, and now he saw no people, and his books began to crowd his shelves. No one passed by the Yews—so called, he imagined, in extravagant compliment to the decaying cypress—for it stood by a grass-grown byway that had once connected two main roads, each a couple of miles distant. These were now joined by a better road, down in the valley, and no one came past Maurice's window save the butcher and the postman.

Summer turned brown and dry, and became autumn; autumn turned wet and chilly, and grew into winter, and all the winds of Heaven blew cold and damp through the cracks of the ill-built house. Maurice was glad when the spring came. He had taken the house for three years, and he was a careful man, and also, in his way, a determined, yet it was good to look out once more on something green, and to see sunshine and a warm sky. It was near Easter now. In all these ten months nothing whatever had happened to him.

It was on the Saturday before Easter that the quarry-side fell in. Maurice was working in his study when he heard a sudden crack, and then a long, loud, rumbling noise, like thunder, that echoed and reechoed from the hills on each side. And, looking from his window, he saw the cloud of white dust rise high above the edge of the quarry, and seem to drift off to join the cotton-wool clouds in the blue sky.

"I suppose it's all safe enough here," he said, and went back to his manuscripts. But he could not work. At last something had happened; he found himself shaken and excited. He laid down the pen.

"I wonder if any one was hurt," he said; "the road runs just below, of course; I wonder whether there'll be any more of it; I wonder——"

A wire jerked, the cracked bell sounded harshly through the silence of the house. He sprang to his feet.

"Who on earth!" he said. "The house isn't safe, after all, perhaps, and they've come to tell me." As he went along the worn oil-cloth of the hall he saw through the comfortless glass of his front door the outline of a sailor hat.

He opened the door—it stuck, as usual, but he got it open There stood a girl, holding a bicycle.

"Oh," she said, without looking at him, "I'm so sorry to trouble you; my bicycle's run down, and I'm afraid it's a puncture, and could you let me have some water to find the hole—and if I might sit down a minute?"

Her voice grew lower and lower.

He opened the door wide and put out his hand for the bicycle. She took two steps past him, rather unsteadily, and sat down on the stairs; there were no chairs; the furniture of the hall was all oil-cloth and hat pegs.

He saw now that she was very pale. Her face looked greenish behind the white meshes of her veil. He propped the machine against the door, as she leaned her head back against the ugly marbled paper of the staircase wall.

"I'm afraid you're ill," he said gently. But the girl made no answer. Her head slipped along the varnished wall and rested on the stair two steps above where she sat. Her hat was crookedly twisted. Even a student of Greek could see that she had fainted.

He got her hat and veil off—he never knew how, and he wondered afterward at his own cleverness, for there were many pins, long and short. He fetched the cushion from his armchair and put it under her head; he took off her gloves and rubbed her hands and her forehead with vinegar, but her complexion remained green, and she lay all in a heap at the foot of his staircase. Then he remembered that fainting people should be laid flat, so he very gently and gingerly picked the girl up in his arms and carried her into his sitting-room. Here he laid her on the floor—he had no sofa—and sat beside her on the floor, patiently fanning her with a copy of the Athenæum, and watched the pinched, pallid face for some sign of returning life. It came at last, in a flutter of the eyelids—a long-drawn, gasping breath. The Greek scholar rushed for whiskey, lifted her head and held the glass to her lips. The blood had come back to her face in a rush of carnation. She drank—choked—drank. He laid her head down and her eyes opened. They were large, clear gray eyes—and they and the clear red tint in cheeks and lips transformed the face.

"Good gracious!" thought he, "she's pretty. Pretty? She's beautiful!"

"You're better now," said he with feverish banality. "Give me your hands—so. Now you can—yes, that's right—here—this chair is the only comfortable one."

After a few moments she stretched her arms like a sleepy child, yawned, and then suddenly broke into laughter. It had a strange sound. No one had laughed in that house since the wet night when Mr. Brent took possession of it, and he had never been able to bring himself to believe that any one had ever laughed there before.

"Did I faint?" she asked with interest. "I never fainted before. But—oh, yes—I remember. It was rather horrible. The quarry tumbled down almost on me, and I just stopped short in time, and I came around by this road because the other's stopped up, and I was so glad when I saw the house. Thank you so much. It must have been an awful bother. I think I had better start soon."

"No, you don't; you're not fit to ride alone yet," said he to himself. Aloud he said:

"You said something about a puncture. When you are better I'll mend it. And—look here—have you had any luncheon?"

"No," said she.

"Then, if you'll allow me." He left the room, and presently returned with the tray set for his own lunch. Then he fetched from the larder everything he could lay hands on: half a cold chicken, some cold meat pudding, a pot of jam. He set these confusedly on the table.

"Now," he said, "come and try to eat."

"It's very good of you to bother," she said, a little surprise in her tone, for she had expected luncheon to be a set, formal meal at which some discreet female relative would preside. "But aren't you—don't you—do you live alone?"

"Yes; a woman comes in the mornings. I'm sorry she's gone—she could have arranged a better luncheon for you."

"Better? Why, it's lovely!" said she, accepting the situation with frank amusement. And she gave a touch or two to the table which seemed to set everything in its place.

Then they lunched together. He would have served her standing, as one serves a queen, but she laughed again, and he took the place opposite her. During luncheon they talked.

After luncheon they mended the punctured tire, and talked all the while. Then it was past three o'clock.

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"You won't go yet," he said then, daring greatly for what seemed to him a great stake. "Let me make you some tea. I can, I assure you—and let us see if the tire holds up."

"Oh, the tire is all right, thanks to your cleverness."

"Well, then," said he desperately, "take pity on a poor hermit. I give you my word I have been here ten months and three days, and I have not in that time spoken a single word to any human being except my bed-maker."

"But if you want to talk to people, why did you begin being a hermit?"

"I thought I didn't, then."

"Well—now you know better, why don't you come back and talk to people in the ordinary way?"

"I have a book to finish," said he. "Would you like to have tea in the wilderness, or in here?" He wisely took her consent for granted this time, and his wisdom was justified. They had tea in the garden. It seemed to him that his mind was opening like a flower, and for the first time. He had never talked so well, and he knew it. All the seeds of thought sown in those long, lonely hours bore fruit now. She listened, she replied, she argued and debated.

"Beautiful—and sensible," said Maurice to himself. "What a wonderful woman!" There were, besides, an alertness of mind, a quick brightness of manner that charmed him. Camilla had been languid and dreamy.

Suddenly she arose to her feet.

"I must go," she said, "but I have enjoyed myself so much. You are an ideal host—thank you a thousand times. Perhaps we shall meet again some day if you return to the world. Do you know we've been talking and wrangling for hours and hours, and never even thought of wondering what each other's names are. I think we've paid each other a very magnificent compliment, don't you?"

He smiled and said, "My name is Maurice Brent."

"Mine is Rose Redmayne. It sounds like somebody in the Family Herald, doesn't it?"

He had wheeled the bicycle into the road, and she had put on hat and gloves and stood ready to mount before she said:

"If you come back to the world I shall almost certainly meet you. We seem to know the same people. I've heard your name many times."

"From whom?" said he.

"Among others," said she with her foot on the pedal, "from my cousin Camilla. Good-by."

And he was left to stare down the road after the swift flying figure. Then he went back into the lonely little house, and at about half-past twelve that night he realized that he had done no work that day, and that those hours which had not been spent talking to Rose Redmayne had been spent in thinking about her.

"It's not because she's pretty and clever," he said, "and it's not even because she's a woman. It's because she's the only intelligent human being I've spoken to for a year."

It was three weeks later that the bell again creaked and jangled, and again through the spotted glass he saw a sailor hat. To his infinite disgust and surprise his heart began to beat violently.

"I grow nervous, living all alone," he said. "Confound this door, how it does stick! I must have it planed."

He got the door open and found himself face to face with—Camilla. He stepped back and bowed gravely.

She looked more beautiful than ever—and he looked at her and wondered how he could ever have thought her even passably pretty. "Won't you ask me in?" she said timidly.

"No," said he. "I am all alone."

"I know," she said. "I have only just heard that you're living here all alone, and I came to say—Maurice—I'm sorry. I didn't know you cared so much—or——"

"Don't," he said, stopping the confession as a good batsman blocks a ball. "Believe me, I've not made myself a hermit because of—of all that. I had a book to write—that was all. And—and it's very kind of you to come and look me up—and I wish I could ask you to come in—but—— And it's nice of you to take an interest in an old friend. You said you would, didn't you, in the letter? And—I've taken the advice you gave me."

"You mean you've fallen in love with some one else."

"You remember what you said in your letter."

"Some one worthier, I said," returned Camilla blankly, "but I never thought—and is she?"

"Of course she seems so to me," said he, smiling at her to express friendly feeling.

"Then—good-by—I wish you the best of good fortune."

"You said that in your letter, too," said he.

"Who is she?"

"I mustn't tell even you that until I have told her."

"Then good-by," said Camilla softly. "Forgive me for troubling you so unnecessarily."

And he found himself standing by his door, and Camilla on her bicycle sped down the road, choking with tears of anger and mortification and deep disappointment. Because she knew now that she loved him as much as it was in her to love any one, and because she, who had humbled so many, had now at last humbled herself—and to no purpose.

Maurice Brent left his door open and wandered down across his five acres, filled with amazement. Camilla herself had not been more deeply astonished at the words he had spoken than he himself had been. A moment before he had not even thought that he was in love, much less contemplated any confession of it. And now, seemingly without his will, he stood committed to this statement. Was it true, or had he only said it to defend himself against Camilla and the past, and against those advances of hers in which he saw merely a new trap? He had said it in defense—yes—but it was true, for all that. This was the wonderful part of it. And so he walked in the wilderness, lost in wonder. And as he walked he noted the bicycles that passed his door. Along his unfrequented road, by ones and twos and threes—for this was a Saturday, and the lower road was still lying



DRAWN BY JNO. CHINEL

"MR. BRENT, THERE IS A VERY MALICIOUS PERSON IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY—A PERFECTLY DREADFUL PERSON"

cold and hidden under its load of chalk and none might pass that way. Perhaps some day she would come that way again. She would surely stop, especially if he were at the gate—and perhaps stay and talk a little. As if in mocking answer to the new-born thought came a flash of blue along the road: Rose Redmayne rode by at full speed, bowed coldly, and then at ten yards' distance turned and waved a white-gloved hand, with a charming smile.

His work went but slowly on that day and in the days that followed. On the next Friday he went over to Rochester, and in the dusk of the evening he walked along the road, about a mile from the Yews, and then, going slowly, he cast handfuls of something dark from his hand, and kicked the white dust over it as it lay.

"I feel like the enemy sowing tares," said he.

Then he went home, full of anxious anticipation. The next day was hot and bright. He took his armchair into the nightmare of a veranda, and sat there reading—only above the top of the book his eyes could follow the curve of the white road. This made it more difficult to follow the text. Presently the bicyclists began to go past by ones, and twos, and threes; but a certain percentage were wheeling their machines. Others stopped within sight to blow up their tires. One man sat down under the hedge thirty yards away and took his machine to pieces. Presently he strolled up and asked for water. Brent gave it, in a tin basin, grudgingly, and without opening the gate.

"I overdid it," he said. "A quarter of a pound would have been enough. Yet I don't know—perhaps it's well to be on the safe side. Yet three pounds was perhaps excessive." Late in the afternoon a pink figure wheeling a bicycle came slowly down the road. He sat still and tried to read. In a moment he should hear the click of the gate. Then he would spring up and be very much astonished. But the gate did not click, and when next he raised his eyes the pink blouse had gone by, and was almost past the end of the five acres. Then he did spring up—and ran.

"Miss Redmayne—can't I help you? What is it? Have you had a spill?" he said as he overtook her.

"Puncture," said she laconically.

"You're very unfortunate. Mayn't I help you?"

"I'll mend it as soon as I get to a shady place."

"Come into the wilderness. See—here's the side gate. I'll fetch some water in a moment."

She looked at him doubtfully, and then consented. She refused tea, but she stayed and talked till long after the bicycle was mended.

On the following Saturday he walked along the road, and back, and along—and again the place was alive with angry cyclists, dealing, each after his fashion, with a punctured tire. He came upon Miss Redmayne sitting by the ditch, mending hers. That was the time when he sat on the roadside and told her all about himself—reserving only those points where his life had touched Camilla's.

The week after he walked the road again, and this time he overtook Miss Redmayne, who was resolutely wheeling her bicycle back in the way by which she had come.

"Let me wheel it for you," he said. "Whither bound?"

"I'm going back to Rochester," she said. "I generally ride over to see my aunts at Felsenden on Saturdays, but I fear I must give it up and go by train. This road isn't safe."

"Not safe?" he said with an agitation which could not escape her notice.

"Not safe," she repeated. "Mr. Brent, there is a very malicious person in this part of the country—a perfectly dreadful person."

"What do you mean?" he managed to ask.

"These three Saturdays I have come along this road; each time I have had a puncture. And each time I have found embedded in my tire the evidence of some one's malice. This is one piece of evidence." She held out her ungloved hand. On its pink palm lay a good-sized tin tack.

"Once might be accident; twice coincidence; three times is too much. The road's impossible."

"Do you think some one did it on purpose?"

"I know it," she said calmly.

Then he grew desperate. "Try to forgive me," he said. "I was so lonely—and I wanted so much——"

She turned wide eyes on him. "*You!*" she cried, and began to laugh. Her laughter was very pretty, he thought.

"You didn't know it was I?" said he.

"You!" she said again. "And has it amused you to see all these poor people in difficulties, and to know that you've spoiled their poor little holiday for them—and three times, too?"

"I never thought about *them*," he said. "It was *you* I wanted to see. Try to forgive me; you don't know how much I wanted you."

Something in his voice kept her silent.

"And don't laugh," he went on. "I feel as if I wanted nothing in the world but you. Let me come to see you; let me try to make you care, too."

"You're talking nonsense," she said, for he stopped on a note that demanded an answer. "Why, you told Camilla——"

"Yes, but you—but I meant *you*. I thought I cared about her once, but I never cared really, with all my heart and soul, for any one but you."

She looked at him calmly and earnestly.

"I'm going to forget all this," she said, "but I like you very much, and if you want to come and see me, you may. I will introduce you to my aunts at Felsenden—as a friend of Camilla—and I will be friends with you. But nothing else—ever. Do you care to know my aunts?"

Maurice had inspirations of sense sometimes. One came to him then and he said:

"I care very much."

"Then help me to mend my bicycle, and you can call there to-morrow. It's the Grange—you can't miss it. No—not another word of nonsense, please, or we can't possibly be friends."

He helped her to mend her bicycle, and they talked of the beauty of spring and modern poetry.

It was at the Grange, Felsenden, that Maurice next saw Miss Redmayne—and it was from the Grange, Felsenden, that, in September, he married her.

"And why did you say you would never, never be anything but a friend?" he asked her on the day when that marriage was arranged. "Oh—you nearly made me believe you! Why did you say it?"

"One must say something!" she answered. "Besides, you'd never have respected me if I'd said 'Yes' at once."

"Could you have said it? Did you like me then?"

She looked at him, and her look was an answer. He stooped and gravely kissed her.

"And you really cared, even then? I wish you had been braver," he said, a little sadly.

"Ah, but," she said, "I didn't know you then. You must try to forgive me, dear. Think how much there was at stake! Suppose I had lost you!"

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Why We Have Bosses

WHEN Mahomet entered upon his missionary career he promised that any warrior killed in battle for the true faith should be attended in Paradise by a retinue of houris. No intimation of this promise had been vouchsafed in the earlier revelations; the idea was an afterthought. It is possible that Mahomet himself believed it; it is certain that Mahomet was building up a powerful political "machine" and he had promised earthly rewards until, what with fulfillments and inability to secure more spoils, there was nothing left to promise. So he mortgaged the hereafter to supply himself with the means of holding his machine together. For Mahomet realized that the actual performances of a political leader are always a disappointment to the greater portion of his retainers, and that his strongest hold upon the allegiance of the average selfish mortal is the hope of what he is yet to receive. Mahomet was a shrewd "boss." All later bosses have imitated his methods.

This is one of the reasons for the frequent appearance upon the great and little kopjes of politics in America of men who in fact represent a standard in morality, in information, and even in intelligence, below the average of the citizenship which elevated them. The skepticism of the nation forbids the use of post-mortem delights as a reward for political fidelity. The blessings which may be distributed while the giver and the recipient are still upon earth are, if the truth be known, limited. And yet the mass of mankind can be held only by promises of some personal advantage. The conscientious and moderately mathematical aspirant for leadership soon finds himself at the end of his resources. Accordingly he is crowded out by some one who reckons with looser calculation upon the inevitable sequence of the day of fulfillment after the day of promise. And since the line of demarcation between being over-sanguine and being a conscious liar is too indistinct to be of practical use to any one except a criminal lawyer, the stress of competition soon perverts the promising politician into the habitual liar. "When one has said that a man is a liar, it is a waste of time to inquire of his other vices."

The people are themselves to blame for this condition of things, because it is the people who demand this reckless feeding of their hopes. Only at rare intervals of popular upheaval are the people willing to elect a public servant for no other reason than that he will give good service. Usually he must drag his way to power or to responsibility bound by myriad pledges to advance the interest of this and that and the other little leader; each pledge, if you will, innocent and insignificant in itself, but the sum of them all as fatally imprisoning to his actions as the Lilliputian twine with which Gulliver was held immovable. There is no escape except by humiliating compromise or insolent repudiation. Either alternative is disgusting to a man of independent honesty. And so the people force to the front the amiably irresponsible, the unscrupulously bold and the skillfully illusory. Sturdy, downright devotion to duty (a blood-relative to Conscious Worth) balks early—and is picked up for the service of wiser masters. The directorates of hundreds of private companies are filled with men of intelligence and integrity in cities where the municipal council reeks with ignorant dishonesty. Innumerable trustworthy guardians of any and every sort of private interest can be had in communities which seem to find it impossible to send out a loyal legislator.

The remedy has been said to be the education of the masses in patriotism. That sounds pretty. The suggester, of course, never considers himself as of "the masses." Is not this remedy, however, really a bit of impertinent and baseless Pharisaism? Are not the masses in fact the ones from whom all efforts at reform have had their beginnings? Are not the masses to-day teeming with perfectly honest, even though mistaken, theories for the betterment of politico-economic conditions? And are not all their attempts butting helplessly against the corpselike lethargy of the so-called classes?—the persons who deem themselves educated and cultured, and clean and righteous—but who are too busy with their own comfortable lives to throw away time on "politics" (for it would jar their complacency to give these matters their true name of "patriotism"). Study the lists of the voters. How many of the masses stay away from the polls? And how many of the educated go to them? Of the persons who do go to the polls, how many of the masses vote for some laboriously conceived theory?—and that means for principle. And how many of the intelligent remnant vote one way or the other only because "all the best people vote that way here"? or because "my business is good and I believe in letting things alone"? Yet the classes could outvote all the masses, if all the masses needed to be outvoted. And the classes—who require no jobs—could omit to exact any pledges.

The renaissance of American patriotism must begin, not at the economic bottom, nor even at the economic top, but in the great, comfortable, careless, self-satisfied middle class, where a modicum of education and a measure of success have bred an indolent, unobservant, egotistic conceit. If the good middle classes could be husked of this benumbing content and taught to regard thoughtful and dispassionate voting as among the obligations of conscience, the millennium would be imminent. At least, the rule of the political boss would presently have gone to consort in the realms of a mournful oblivion with the other resurrectionless superstitions.

—E. RUSSELL.

In the use of money in politics two rigid rules should be observed: First, don't do it; second, don't get found out.

Mending Morals by Making Muscle

THE renaissance of physical culture which marks this age has many amusing features. As the lost art of being beautiful slowly returns to our apprehension, as the human body dawns anew upon our thoughts as being a clean and comely thing—not a secret shame we are obliged to carry and conceal—the observer notes with keen appreciation the various manœuvres which accompany the great revival.

Physical culture was never utterly forgotten among men, as masculine beauty was never supposed to cease at the collar bone or at some fluctuating shoulder-line. The masculine body—though as ill-dressed as a rhinoceros—not having been "hidden under a bushel," men have always valued and honored fine physical development. Their lives, too, have allowed of a freer following out of natural instincts, and in both work and play they have been nearer to Nature than were women.

But women, sworn servants though they have been to the cult of Beauty, have not in these thousands of years understood the first and greatest of her laws—that a living creature cannot have beauty without health, nor health without exercise. Dimly do they now perceive this law, and vague and wild are their glimmering ideas and practices. Along many avenues the new standard of Beauty is advancing—outdoor sports, gymnasium work, Delsarte exercises and a thousand modifications and combinations—and now a deeper truth is being shown us through careful scientific experiment with "defectives"—that body and soul are so inextricably connected that you can improve the moral character by improving the physical condition.

The marvelous experiments at the Elmira Reformatory, where hopeless criminals—absolute "degenerates," with all their "stigmata" upon them—were submitted to the influence of the finest physical culture, to which they responded most remarkably, have proven conclusively the value of such treatment even in the worst cases. But what is true in the extreme must be true also in the mean. If the worst criminals can be sensibly improved by the best physical care, so can ordinary people.

And there is the suggestion of the converse—that if high physical condition tends to promote a higher moral state, so a low physical condition tends to produce a lower moral state—and, therefore, that the unhealthy and ill-developed people are potentially immoral! If this could be universally accepted, and an honest shame be felt for gross physical deficiencies and excesses, and if there could be cultivated a sturdy pride in building up a clean and noble body, it would be a vital factor in social advancement.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

The man who simply sits down and waits is still wondering if the limited express ever stops at his station.

The Triumph of Quality

IT IS a common complaint nowadays that nothing counts but money. Merit has to give way to millions. All success in life is measured by cash. The idea of any one taking a leading position simply because he has done something besides accumulating a fortune is looked upon as antiquated. Wealth rules, and we must bow down to it.

All this is a penalty for the publicity of the age. When we live in the open or travel or dine at the hotel the longest pocketbook naturally gets the most attention. So when the waiter neglects us and rushes to the table where the new millionaire is dispensing his bounty in tips, we naturally resent the neglect of our own comfort and call this age bad names. But, in fact, it is nothing new. Over a half century ago Washington Irving used the term "the Almighty Dollar," and called it "that great object of universal devotion throughout our land," and there was just as much complaint then as there is now about the prominence of money. Then a man with $100,000 was a plutocrat, while to-day he is only respectably well off with a million. At the same time, in the public exhibition of men and manners, the wealthy person inevitably gets the largest share of passing notice. He gets it because he pays for it. He may do this by self-advertising, or he may do it by contributions to charity, but all the same he buys his way, and receives the worth of his money.

But in spite of all this it is not true that money is securing the higher prizes of this age and generation. It has its limitations, just as there are limitations to the size of show bills, or the number of diamonds Mrs. Newlyrich can wear. The great distinction that should be remembered is that while money can buy quantity there is something beyond its limitations, and that is quality.

We have recently been through an era of quantity. Our newspapers have been bursting with bigness until their readers have suffered with satiety, and have called for quality. In politics we have had money and pretension and humbug galore, with would-be leaders who could not make a respectable speech of an hour if they were to be hung the next minute. And now amid all the miserable shuffling there has arisen a clear demand for something higher and better, and in the recent debates in Congress, especially over the wretched Puerto Rican business, the whole nation applauded with fine enthusiasm the few men who stood for the honor of the country, who showed the qualities of independence and statesmanship.

In the pulpit we find a remarkable reaction from the quantities of creeds and dogmas, and hear the clarion call for the higher quality which turns from the dead past to the living present. On the battlefields the courageous soldiers who had their brief glory while the band was playing are already forgotten, while the men with quality in them have come into our respect and affections.

It is useless to decry wealth or to keep people from worshiping the golden calf. It is human nature to do so, but, at the same time, beyond all this there is something better, nobler and purer, and to doubt its triumph is to doubt human progress.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

How civilization refines everything! For instance: the people of the United States give up more in tips every day than they used to lose by highway robbery in a whole year.

Must the Japanese Go?

WORKINGMEN in general throughout the Pacific Coast are deeply concerned at the present time over the great immigration to this country from Japan. Wage-earners in the far West, and more especially those dependent upon manual labor for the support of themselves and their families, view with decided alarm the thousands of Japanese who are yearly flocking to America in search of employment. Though the provisions of the treaty between the United States and Japan are being rigidly enforced by our officials, they only prevent the coming of those physically disabled, those not absolutely penniless, and contract laborers; consequently, under the existing treaty, the door is comparatively open to the vast majority of Japanese.

The agitation caused by this influx of cheap labor from the Orient is similar to that which resulted a few years ago in the passage by Congress of the Chinese Exclusion Act. However, unlike the Chinaman, the Japanese is very progressive, and quick to adopt American manners and customs. Nor does he possess those vices which render the lower element of the Chinese so repulsive to our people, and which had much to do with the placing of the bars against them. There is no question that, of the two races, the Japanese are far preferable, but it is their very shrewdness and ability to learn readily that make them such formidable competitors in the field of labor. They are exceedingly energetic, and seek employment at whatever wages they find it possible to get, thus endangering the welfare of the American laborer, who asks a reasonable remuneration for his services. Nor are they prone to underestimate their capabilities, for even now they are entering the domain of skilled labor, and in time, if unchecked, will certainly cause a marked drop in the wages usually paid to those in this field.

The Pacific Coast, because of its geographical location, is naturally the first to feel the effects of Japanese labor, and that the agitation among the working people of this region will sooner or later spread to the Atlantic seaboard there is no doubt. Already the Congressmen from California are being called upon by the Trades Council of San Francisco to place the matter before the law-making power of the country that it may enact a measure prohibiting the hosts of the Orient from landing on our shores. It is clearly apparent to all who have watched the rapidly increasing Japanese population on the Pacific Coast that the welfare of the American laborer, who is forced to rely solely upon his two hands for bread, is seriously threatened by this tide of immigration, growing stronger as the weeks pass by. Shall it be restricted? This is a question of vital importance to the laboring people of the country, and one which this nation must decide in the near future.

—HERBERT BASHFORD.

Sometimes it is hard to escape the thought that there is possibly more doubt about the future of the stomach than of the soul.

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Americans *in* Paris

ALL PARIS went to see L'Aiglon—this poet's dream of the life that might have been real to Napoleon's unhappy son. Probably there has never been quite so exciting a "first night" in Paris. Single seats sold for as much as thirty dollars apiece. Of course, all the famous Parisians were present, from the old poet Coppée to the newest member of the Academy, M. Deschanel. The two colonies best represented were those of Russia and the United States. On the one hand the Grand Dukes of Russia, on the other General Horace Porter and the chiefs of the Consulate and the Exposition Commission; why—it would be hard to say. Only there are certain events that are distinctly international, and this, it seemed, was of them. Since Victor Hugo, no French poet has entered the lists with so strong a lance and swept so wide a career as this young poet, Edmond Rostand. His Cyrano de Bergerac carried his name into all parts of the world. Do you remember how you and I and all the rest of us over in America turned to this play with joyous welcome, not because it was either very great or very new, but because it was a splendid protest against the base realism and tawdry clownery that had driven poetry and purity from our stage? We were glad that Rostand succeeded because we saw that he stood for the finer impulses and the better thoughts—and the more accomplished art.

The night L'Aiglon was produced—and of course it is the drama of the Eagle's son, Napoleon's wretched heir—M. Rostand was so ill he could hardly face the friends who swarmed in to congratulate him.

To one of us he said: "It is not all my work—a man never does anything alone—always there is a woman in the background—this is my collaborator," and he introduced us to a slight, nervous, brown-haired woman, Madame Rostand.

"At least, I know every line of the play by heart," she said, and she said it in English, for Madame Rostand has the good fortune to be an American. She was born of an old French-American family and her early years were spent in a drowsy, opulent plantation on the Mississippi River. She came to Paris to be educated in her ancestral tongue. She was a bright and thoughtful girl.

She wrote poems that were recited in drawing-rooms and finally made their way into print. They were white little songs, gracious as the phrases Mozart wrote for the flute. She called them Pipeaux, a dainty word which you may translate for yourself. And so she had her hour of celebrity here in Paris.

In the meanwhile, there was a young poet over in the Latin Quarter. He had read Pipeaux, and as he had just finished a play, Les Romanesques, he dedicated it to Rosamonde, who was no other than Mlle. Gerard, the young American girl who had written those fluted verses. A little while after that he made her a formal offer of marriage. The document lies on the table beside me as I write. It is in verse. The twenty stanzas may be summed up in this: "If you will marry me, Rosamonde, I shall love you all my life—and therefore I shall be a great poet."

Doubtless it was the "therefore" that won her. In any case, she married him.

Calmly, I fancy, the historical critic will come to the decision that Rostand did not accomplish much before he was married. Over in the Latin Quarter they called him The April Fool—perhaps because he was born April the first, perhaps because he was a dreamer. But, since his marriage, success has rained on him. He has won fame and name—a pleasant house in one of the suburbs of Paris and a château in the South of France, near Tours, in Balzac's country.

The night of the play Rostand was ill from overwork, and happy—as only the man who has worked well can be. We did not question him, but I daresay if we had put the query that was in every mind he would have said: "In order to write a great play one must have a collaborator," and then I think he would have taken off his hat to that slim American girl who has collaborated with him in literature and in life.

The Disadvantage of a Paternal Government

There is probably not an American of all those who will be in Paris during the next golden half year who will not visit two places—he will go to number 20, Avenue Rapp, and to number 18, Avenue Kléber. At the former address he will find marble halls—an automatic elevator (you work it yourself by pushing electric buttons), grinning darky porters, and Commissioner Ferdinand W. Peck and his fifty assistants. Mr. Peck is hedged about with a good deal of dignity, which is the prerogative of busy men, but every right-minded American citizen who visits the Exposition will see that it is his duty to break through that hedge. A mere indication of what Mr. Peck may expect can be gathered from the fact that over 200 letters a day come to his address—from good fellow-citizens of whom he has never heard. When I went to see Mr. Peck to-day I found his secretary feebly waving off a crowd of insistent visitors.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

The secretary said gloomily: "They seem to think that the United States has sent us here to find boarding-houses for them and tell them where they can learn French in five lessons."

And then he tried to tell them.

But the American who is in trouble, who doesn't know quite what to do, usually tells his cabman—if he is not familiar with the 'bus lines—to drive him to the Avenue Kléber. There he finds himself in a quarter which Paris has dedicated to its friendship for the great republic over seas. He is only a stone's throw from United States Square and Washington Street. The home of the Ambassy is quiet, grave and unpretentious. You have to walk up stairs, for there is no elevator. If you wish to see the Ambassador you have but to send in your card. The American colony here says that General Horace Porter has brought back to the Ambassy a democratic courtesy as frank and fine as that of Benjamin Franklin. Still, it is not very often that one beards an Ambassador in his den. If you want a certificate of citizenship—if you need advice on any of the perplexing difficulties that confront the exile—the man to see is Mr. Vignaud. He is a pleasant, smiling gentleman who has already got into the gray years. Ambassadors come and go in Paris; Whitelaw Reid passes and Horace Porter comes; but always Henry Vignaud, First Secretary of the Ambassy, remains. He is the father-confessor of Americans in Paris.

"A quarter of a century ago," he will tell you, "I began to write a book on the diplomatic history of France and the United States. I commenced with Benjamin Franklin's arrival in Paris and carried the story on to the sensational visit of Aaron Burr—when he came over to persuade Napoleon to make him Emperor of Mexico. Then I stopped. I was too much interested in reading the scroll of American history as it was unrolled day by day to go back into the past. And then," Mr. Vignaud would add, poking the old-fashioned wood fire that heated one corner of his old-fashioned room, "the American invasion into Paris is reaching such proportions that I have no time to give to the affairs of one hundred years ago. Now I am looking forward to the time when some young historian from Harvard or Princeton will come over here to study these wonderful documents in which is recorded the truth, real and unknown, of many an event that changed the current of American life. In our matured strength we do not realize the seriousness of our childish ailments, or how near we came to never being a nation at all. Who is prepared to say what might have overtaken the starving Continentals if—well, if Benjamin Franklin's 'republican simplicity,' his snuff-colored coat and his drab stockings, had not caught the whimsical favor of the French Court?"

There will be millions of Americans in Paris this year; perhaps among them may be the historian who will rifle the archives of which Mr. Vignaud holds the key.

—VANCE THOMPSON.



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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, 1900.

I AM convinced by my own experience that fear is divided into two distinct halves. One half is almost invariably groundless and the other half is utterly discreditable; and this conclusion has been reached by finding out that my pangs concerning Robert's political welfare were well-nigh baseless, but that my fears concerning the coming of our old cousin from Spruce City, if discreditable to me, are more than likely to be realized.

In the first place, Robert came home in high good humor; I may say he was quite hilarious. He would not tell me whether it was because he had succeeded in persuading the Legislature that black was white, or whether it was because of Cousin Melinda's naive remarks upon everything connected with their journey. I really could get no satisfaction whatever out of Robert concerning his political status. I thought, perhaps, that after he had been subdued a bit by his second vote in the House on the Puerto Rican bill he would tell me seriously how he stood. When the vote was over and he had helped to make the final narrow majority of eight, I asked him how his affairs had progressed. He only answered me in this wise:

"Well, Agatha, I feel rather like Dickens' character of Stephen Blackpool, who was beset at every turn by trades unions and politicians and agents and bosses, who tried to capture him for their own profit, and who, when asked where he stood and how he regarded things, said, ''Tis a muddle and that's all. There is where I stick. I come to the muddle many times and agen, and it is alwus a muddle.'"

I was no wiser than before and said impatiently:

"Oh, come down to plain statement, Robert. What about the Legislature? And the Flapjack?"

"Well, the Flapjack has turned a handspring on the griddle and is browning on its other side now. And the Legislature? Well, who knows? I may wear a toga yet!"

And this was all that I could get out of him. The only assurance I could find of the whole thing being in good shape was in his good spirits, and I wondered what jugglery he had used. When I undertook to reckon with him for bringing Cousin Melinda back at such an unpropitious time, he only laughed at me. It was in vain that I painted to him all the smart things I had on hand: the dinners I was giving to the diplomats, the fête I was arranging, the dances at various smart houses, and, last but not least, the coming of Alain de Courcelles, and Page's wedding, which would come off in May, just before the curtain should be rung down on the season's final performances. I even recited to him all the things that Cousin Melinda would want to do, all the things she would say, which would surely cause a ripple of amusement at our expense, but Robert only laughed the more at my undisguised concern, and said:

"I could not help it. As soon as Cousin Melinda knew I had reached Spruce City she simply announced that she should come with me to Washington, and here she is, Agatha."

"Yes, here she is!" I echoed dismally, but it was no sort of use to get into the doldrums over it, so I took a mental brace and determined to make the best of it and to give the old lady the best time she had ever had in her life.

At the first of my Easter dinners, which was on Easter Sunday, I tried to prepare her for both the occasion and the day. I said to her:

"Now, Cousin Melinda, you must get out your best gown and your best lace cap, for there will be a large company at dinner on Easter Sunday."

"See here, Agatha, where on earth do you expect to go to when you die if you give dinners on Sabbath day? I never heard of such heathenish doings. Seems to me you take great liberties with the Lord's day down here. I can't see any reason why my new stuff gown with the extra gore in it won't do. I didn't expect to stay dressed up all the time, anyway, and I think, my dear, that the new-fangled way you dress for dinner every day, with your shoulders bare and your head all diked out with feathers and Robert tricked out in his swallow-tail, is simply monstrous! I don't see what you are all coming to!"

"But, cousin," I said coaxingly, "at this dinner there will be a number of foreign ministers who are used, in their own countries, to seeing women dressed up a good deal, so I want you to get out your lovely puce satin gown with that fine old lace on it. I want you to wear it for my sake, and, besides, I want Page to see the beautiful lace."

This last argument I thought would fetch her, for she had taken a violent fancy to Page, although she professed not to understand her "outlandish talk," as she called it.

"Well," replied she, considerably mollified, "seeing that you are to have ministers here, perhaps I'd better get out the puce satin."

I never dreamed that the old lady did not understand what sort of people I had meant by foreign ministers. I thought she looked amazed when we were assembled just before dinner, for I saw her look with fascinated eyes at a jeweled order which a South American wore conspicuously on his breast. From him she glanced with acute interest and curiosity at the wife of his bosom, who was, I must confess, most remarkable in the way that some of the South American women alone know how to be. As I noted Cousin Melinda's gathering bewilderment, I said to Robert in an aside as we passed to the dining-room:

"Keep your eyes and ears upon Cousin Melinda, and do head her off if you can if she gets started on anything queer."

I knew that this might be entirely wasted advice, for Robert would be more likely to laugh and to encourage the old lady, so I whispered to Page:

"Don't let her out of sight or hearing, Page."

"No, Ah won't. Ah'll watch out."



THEY WERE ABOUT TO GREET THE CHILDREN

Everything went along well in Jules' most perfect style and I forgot our old cousin. Then suddenly in one dreadful pause I heard her say to the South American, while her eyes were glued to the glittering bauble on his breast:

"Cousin Agatha tells me you are a minister from a foreign land."

I interrupted my own conversation to listen, while my heart dropped down into my satin shoes. The South American bowed and replied:

"Yes, madame."

I tried to break into the conversation, but Cousin Melinda was seeking information and continued in her high, thin voice:

"Do all ministers down in your parts wear a badge like yours? Is it a badge of denomination?"

I was entirely paralyzed and so was the South American. He had not the vaguest idea of what she was driving at. He tried to stammer out the word she had used:

"De-nom-i-nassion?" then he stopped confusedly and said helplessly, "I not onderstan' ze word, madame."

Here Mr. Morelos, with quick inspiration, seized the situation and saved it. He turned to Cousin Melinda courteously and said:

"It is the order of Isabella, madame, and it is worn by some few of the Ministers of State from the Spanish countries of South America."

He emphasized the words "Ministers of State." Cousin Melinda echoed his words as though scandalized:

"Ministers—of—what?"

"Of State, madame—that is to say, 'Ministers Plenipotentiary and Envoys Extraordinary.'"

A look of keen disappointment and disapproval swept over the old lady's face, and I caught something that sounded like "heathens." But Mr. Morelos continued to engage her attention until the rest of the table was absorbed with some other topic.

Of course from that time on there was no peace of mind for me. I knew that everybody around our board, and for that matter my stolid butler and impassive footmen as well, were simply exploding inwardly at the idea that this gorgeous South American, bedecked with the order of Isabella, had been supposed to be a minister of the Gospel and had been asked about his denomination. I knew that so far as Cousin Melinda was concerned her only regret was that she should have worn her puce satin in honor of these foreign heathens. I shall never cease to bless Mr. Morelos. He devoted himself almost exclusively for the rest of the dinner to Cousin Melinda, and I knew that it was his tact and courtesy that induced him to throw himself into the breach, and that my kinswoman would have no chance to distinguish herself again that night. But that this little episode would make a fine *bonne bouche* for the smart world to take hold of and that it would pass from lip to lip I had no manner of doubt. I never was so glad in my life as I was when that dinner was over.

The next day was Easter Monday, and I, in consideration of my friendly relations with the Presidential family, had been granted, practically, the freedom of the White House from which to view the children's annual egg-rolling. I was, of course, permitted to include Page and Cousin Melinda, and, though I knew that we should very likely see nothing of the family, it was too good an occasion to show our cousin the sights to let slip.

Robert went off early to the Capitol, there to help along the wrangle over the Naval Appropriation bill; for every member of the House thinks he knows more about the relative merits of Harveyized plate versus Krupp armor plate than the Secretary of the Navy himself, and not one hesitated to echo and applaud Representative Wheeler's statement, made on the floor the other day, that the Secretary of the Navy "knows no more about armor plate than the man in the moon." I certainly can vouch for one fact, that the member from Spruce City knows no more about armor plate than the man in the moon, but bless you! that won't deter him from assuming a virtue if he has it not, and wrangling and disputing over every armor plate proposition that may chance to be submitted.

Meantime, on our way to the White House, Page regaled Cousin Melinda with the splendors of the mansion and with the impressive ceremony of egg-rolling until the dear old lady was plainly nervous, and said with decision:

"Well, it beats me all hollow that William McKinley will countenance such pagan doings! Who ever heard of such a custom as egg-rolling?"

"Why, Miss Melinda," said Page, "there's an' ole tale of the Orient that tells us 'an egg of wondrous size fell into the river Euphrates, the fishes rolled it to the bank, the doves settled upon it an' hatched it, an' man came forth,' an' the egg has been a symbol of life ever since."

"Humph," sniffed Cousin Melinda contemptuously; then she added, "I don't see how they came to hitch such a heathen story on to a Christian festival, anyway. Land sakes, Agatha, where are all these sights of children going? And they're black and white and big and little, and all got baskets. Why, there are thousands of them!" And she craned her head out the carriage window in wonderment.

The custom and occasion were new to me, too; and I was almost as much interested and astonished at the spectacle as our old

Editor's Note.—The papers entitled The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3. Each paper is complete in itself.



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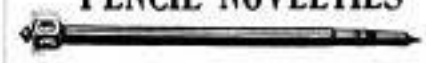


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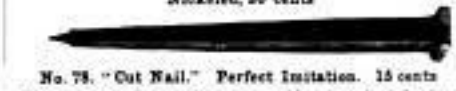
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cousin was. The noise when we reached the grounds was much like what it would be if all the fussy, chattering little sparrows in Christendom were to be gathered in one spot and then loosened. Above all this was the sound of the Marine Band.

"When did this custom of egg-rolling originate, or with whom, Page?" I asked.

"Ah don' know. It began with our early Presiden's 'way back, oh, ever so far. Ah remember hearin' my mother tell of comin' to an Easter egg-rollin' in Mr. Buchanan's time, but it goes back farther still."

We alighted at the portico and entered the big, barnlike vestibule. While I was sending in a card, Page darted quickly to the door of the East room, then hurriedly beckoned to us to join her. As we did so, she said:

"There's a lot of school ma'ams here, an' Ah think the Presiden' is goin' to receive them, an' it would be a good chance for Miss Melinda to see him."

Sure enough, the big yellow damask sofas of the East room were drawn out across the doorway of the red corridor, to form a barrier against the eager women who were pressing forward to catch the first glimpse and get the first handshake of the Chief Executive when he should appear. Cousin Melinda gave herself up to a prolonged stare at every object in the vast room. She eyed the crystal chandeliers, she shuffled her feet over the yellow carpet to make sure that it was velvet. She passed her hand over the yellow upholstery of the chairs and sofas and pulled out the folds of the yellow hangings and fingered the tassels at the windows. She wanted to be convinced that there was no sham anywhere, and she only desisted from her delightful investigations when the sudden opening of the doors and the hush which fell upon the room attracted her attention and she found herself facing the President. She stood in rapt silence and watched closely every motion of the President as he rapidly disposed of the delegation. There was on her face almost an expression of awe. At last she said, as though to herself:

"So that's William McKinley. He is a shorter man and a stouter man and a grayer man than I'd have thought, and he looks very tired;" then she wound up with an enthusiasm that was quite out loud and that was wholly unrestrained:

"But he's handsomer and bigger and greater every way than I——"

I plucked her by the sleeve and drew my eyebrows together in warning, while a huge man, almost the only one among all that throng of women, said heartily in response:

"I echo your sentiments, madam."

When the whole thing was over and the President had retired, we were ushered into the red corridor and were permitted to wander through the private part of the house much as we pleased, save that an usher was in discreet attendance. It was just as we were about to enter the Green room that I noticed that Cousin Melinda seemed to be hanging back in the darker corridor without. As I stepped back she seemed to shrink from me, and I noticed that one hand was buried in the folds of her ample gown. I said concernedly:

"What is the matter, Cousin Melinda?"

She drew out reluctantly something she was holding in her hand, and to my horror and surprise I saw it was one of the yellow tassels from the hangings in the East room. All sorts of dreadful stories flashed through my brain of the devastating relic-hunter kind. I said impatiently:

"How did you get it, and why?"

"I did not mean to get it at all. I only took up the thing to see whether it was all silk or all worsted and it came off in my hand, and just then you called me."

"Throw it down anywhere and come along," I said in a vexed way.

"I can't: that man's right behind me and he'll see it."

"Then cram it into your pocket," I said exasperatedly.

"My goodness, Agatha, it's a quarter of a yard long and weighs a ton," she answered in desperation.

By this time the usher was catching up to where we stood, so we hastily stepped into the bright light of the Green room, and Page, whipping a long hat pin out of her hat, said, under her breath:

"Give it to me; Ah'll pin it to somethin'."

And Page took the stiff, clumsy, yellow thing and pinned it to the first object that came to hand, which was a green upholstered chair, and there it dangled in most conspicuous and disgraceful fashion. When the usher joined us we were all examining the famous Malachite clock on the mantel. But we did not tarry, for the room which held that tassel held no charms for us. Page rattled away to the usher and they became quite chummy. He had been in the White House for thirty-five years or more and told many interesting things in quaint, queer English. He told of the early struggles the Presidents had to get an appropriation from Congress to light the White House by other means than tallow-dips, and it was not till the time of Polk that tallow-dips were abolished, and they were only abolished then because some enterprising politician made campaign capital out of them.

We did not stop long in the Blue room,



THE SHOUTING, EGG-ROLLING CROWDS IN THE GROUNDS BELOW

where the President receives foreign Ambassadors, nor even in the cheerful Red room, where the Presidential family usually congregates, and where Mr. Lincoln spent the last moments of his home life, talking animatedly to Mr. Colfax until the carriage was announced to take him to the theatre from which he never returned. From the Red room we went to the State dining-room. It was here that Cousin Melinda found her first real sham in the shape of the State dining-table with its mahogany legs and top made out of pine boxes. Not even the handsome plateau of glass with its gilt standards for flowers and bonbons, which Jefferson purchased in France, could make up to her for that table top. Nor yet did the beautiful china purchased by Mrs. Hayes quite make her forget it. I pointed out to her one particularly magnificent set of plates and said:

"How would you like to dine off that plate with that prairie fire sweeping over it and with those lurid flames almost leaping up into your face?"

"Well, I'd a sight rather have less china and more top to my table," she said, returning to her grievance.

Of course we did up the Conservatory, and I was careful not to let the old lady out of my sight during our walk through this embowered garden, lest she should get herself into more trouble. Afterward we viewed the State bedroom upstairs, with its gloomy rosewood furniture and sombre hangings. Here it was that President Harrison died, and that the Prince of Wales had slept when he visited this country. Cousin Melinda could not take her eyes off the cumbersome bed, with its curtains which reached nearly to the ceiling and with its cushioned sides. She said to the attendant:

"Do you call that thing a bed? Well, it only needs wheels to be a first-rate catafalque."

Page retired to a window to laugh while the usher said solemnly:

"They do say, madam, that after the inauguration of a new President, the first night of the second week the ghostly form of William Henry Harrison, who died in this bed, is seen to issue from this room and, with slow and solemn tread, to make a tour of the house, and fade finally into the dim obscurity of the darkest hour before dawn."

"Well, I'm not surprised," returned Cousin Melinda in all seriousness.

The next spot we visited was the Library, the gem of the White House. Our attendant first went to see that we should not be intruding upon any of the family before he ushered us into this charming room. Page, to whom everything here was familiar, went to the deep-cushioned window-seats in the windows to gaze down upon the shouting, egg-rolling throng of children in the grounds below, while we inspected things within. The writing-table, made from the ship Resolute, was covered with every article one could possibly want, either to guide the hand or to help the thought, and upon every sheet, envelope and card was stamped "Executive Mansion." The Milton shield, purchased at the Centennial, stood upon an easel and the usher quite descanted upon it:

"Observe, ladies, that Adam and Eve as represented upon this shield are strictly 'Scriptorial.'"

I was sorry Page had missed this description. I found that Cousin Melinda was interested in the contents of the bookcases, and when I drew near she was reading aloud:

"Edinburgh Reviews and Blackwood's Magazines, humph! Lots of reports—nothing there to vitiate the mind——"

"Unless," I interrupted, "you deem Maria Edgeworth's Moral Tales calculated to such mischief."

"Maria Edgeworth!" she sniffed contemptuously. "Why, Agatha, there's not a scientific nor a philosophical work to be seen, and scarcely a poet save Hood. As for any modern works, why there's not a thing here that has been issued later than twenty years ago!"

Just here a messenger came to the library to say that, if the ladies would descend to the Blue room, the President and Mrs. McKinley would be there for a few minutes and would receive them, for they were just about to greet the children from the portico which opens off the Blue room. Cousin Melinda was radiant at the prospect and I dared not take my eye off her for a single instant during the next half hour.

When we reached the Blue room, the long windows that led to the portico were open, and coming in upon the spring air were the strains of Hail to the Chief and the joyous cheering of the children at the sight of the Presidential pair waving to them from the balcony railing. It was but a moment later when I was making my greetings to them and was turning to present my old lady cousin. Scarcely had the President taken her hand in his than she half bent her knee and, with the prettiest old-fashioned dignity, swept him a curtsy. The President, not to be outdone, bent low over her hand. This quaint respect Cousin Melinda repeated to Mrs. McKinley, who smiled and spoke graciously. And it was all like a bit out of an old-time play.

When we were driving away, Page attempted to rally her upon her sweeping obeisance. She said with the utmost simplicity:

"It was not to the man, but to the Chief of our Nation, to whom I was paying homage."

Egerton Castle's Warlike Avocation

IF MR. EGERTON CASTLE were to lack all other means of support he could earn his living as a fencing master. It is rather pleasant to think that a writer of novels of the school in which broadsword and rapier play such an important part should know how to handle those weapons. When Mr. Castle is in London, which is the greater part of the year, he goes regularly every afternoon to the London Fencing Club, a little low building which visitors to London will notice just across from St. James' Palace. Here Mr. Castle has a lively hour of fencing, and, although his skill is the result of years, he is still an earnest student of the technique of the foils.

It is, indeed, on the subject of fencing that Mr. Castle first appeared as an author. Schools and Masters of Fence, published in 1884, and Bibliotheca Dimicatoria, in 1890, were his first two books. Nowadays, when Mr. George Alexander is producing a romantic play at the St. James' Theatre, it is generally Mr. Castle who is called in to arrange the fights.

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"Look at the beauty of the view," says the Deacon

Parsons' Pond

By W. L. Alden

"YES, sir," said the keeper of the Prairie Hotel, "there used to be a pond in that there identical hollow. Blue Lake, the folks used to call it, though it wasn't much of a lake, being only about an acre in size. I remember all about the draining of that pond, and it's considerable of a story.

"You see, in those days—it was along in about 1885—this house where we are sitting and enjoying the beauties of Nature at about as low a figure as they can be furnished for in any part of the State of Illinois, belonged to a man by the name of Parsons, and just over yonder on the flat, on the other side of where the pond used to be, was a house that belonged to Deacon Smedley. Parsons and Smedley were both farmers and they were mighty good friends, though the Deacon was a particular straight-laced old chap and Parsons wasn't even hopefully pious. Parsons' farm ran down to one side of the pond and the Deacon's farm was on the other side. One of them—I don't rightly remember at this minute which one it was—owned a skiff, and every evening he would row across the pond and sit for an hour with the other, smoking just as you and I are doing; or else engaging in profitable conversation about the crops, or the interests of the church, or something of that kind. Neither of the men were married and they were both what you might call old bachelors, though the Deacon was considerable the oldest of the two, being close on to sixty years, while Parsons might have been anywhere this side of fifty; he being one of those men who never trouble themselves about anything, but just go along smiling a little here and cussing a little there, and getting pretty near all there is to enjoy out of life.

"One day an idea struck Parsons. There was a chap spending a day or two with him who was a surveyor, and this chap calculated the amount of land that was under the water of that pond, and how much it would be worth if it was above water and could be cultivated. Then he showed Parsons what an easy thing it would be to drain the pond by digging a ditch about ten rods long and, say, four or five feet deep. Parsons thought it over and made up his mind that he would do it, and so the next evening when he rowed over to the Deacon's—and now I remember that it was Parsons who owned the skiff—he told the Deacon what he calculated to do.

"Deacon Smedley was a good man, or he wouldn't have been a deacon, but his best friends had to admit that he was set in his way. He was about the slowest man to take in a new idea that you could find in the whole United States. Consequently, when Parsons proposed draining the pond, the Deacon said that he'd never consent to it.

"'But,' says Parsons, 'what's the use of the pond, anyway? There's the creek over the other side of the pasture and that's all either of us wants for watering the stock. There ain't any water power to be got out of a pond, and what's the use of water that can't run a mill and that the cattle don't need to drink is more than I can see.'

"'Look at the beauty of the view,' says the Deacon. 'I can set here on this veranda and enjoy it every day in the week except, of course, on Sunday; and I tell you that a taste for enjoying the beautiful creations that are all around us is one of the things that a true Christian ought to have.'

"'I can't see any beauty in a lot of stagnant water,' says Parsons. 'Now, if that pond held buttermilk, it would be an interesting sight, and we could make money by fencing it in and letting people through the gate to look at it for a quarter of a dollar each; but why any man should enjoy looking at nothing but plain water I can't see.'

"'That, brother Parsons, is probably because you are a worldly man,' says the Deacon. 'You can't see things in the light that I do; but you can probably see that I won't agree to have that pond drained just to gratify your carnal instincts.'

"'There ain't no occasion for cussing and swearing at me,' says Parsons, who was a little riled at what the Deacon said. 'Besides, I consider that using language such as you just used ain't the thing for any deacon to do.'

"'I didn't ask your opinion of my language,' says the Deacon. 'All you have to do is to understand that while I'm living, and owning this particular farm, that pond ain't going to be drained by no man.'

"'And what I want you to understand,' says Parsons, getting more and more riled, 'is that one-half of that pond belongs to me, according to the deed that was drawed when I bought it of you. The line between our two farms runs exactly through the middle of that pond, and the deed says that I own the land under the water up to that dividing line. Now I'm going to drain my half of the pond, and if you don't like it you can do the other thing.'

"'Mr. Parsons,' says the Deacon, getting up and standing where he could shake his finger in the style that he used to shake it when he was exhorting sinners in the church, 'if you drain that pond I'll have the law of you, if I have to spend my bottom dollar. That's all I have to say to you, and you are at liberty to take that skiff of yours and go over to your own side of the pond and stay there. I've done with you, and I'm sorry that I ever forgot myself so far as to have any dealings with a man of sin.'

"That was enough for Parsons.

"The next morning he sent for his friend, the surveying sharp, and asked him to calculate just how many gallons of water there were in the pond. At the same time he set to work to drain his half of the pond. He dug a ditch, and put a six-inch iron pipe into it, and a gate to keep back the water when he didn't want it to run. The surveyor told him exactly how many gallons of water would run through the six-inch pipe in the course of an hour, and Parsons calculated that when he turned the water into the pipe he could let it run until his half of the pond had been emptied, when he reckoned to shut down the gate and let the Deacon keep his half of the water. In the course of a month the ditch was finished and the pipe laid and the gate all ready. Then, one morning, Parsons opened the gate and let the water go on its way rejoicing.

"It took pretty near four days for Parsons' share of the water to run off, but before it was all gone he got a summons from the court, requiring him to answer the complaint of the Deacon that he had willfully, and with malice aforethought, ruined a pond that belonged to the Deacon as much as it did to him. The case came on to be tried at the next session of the county court, and both sides employed the best lawyers in the State. It lasted for about a week and the lawyers had it nip and tuck, as you might say. Parsons' lawyer claimed that, according to the deeds of the property of the Deacon and Parsons, each of them owned one-half of the pond, and that the dividing line ran through the middle of it. He said that what Parsons owned was, of course, his own property, which certainly did seem reasonable. Being his own property he had a right to do what he chose with it. According to the testimony of the surveyor, Parsons had drained away only one-half of the water, and therefore the Deacon had no call to object to Parsons using his own water in his own way.

"Then the Deacon's lawyer had his inning. He allowed that half of the water belonged to Parsons; and he said that if Parsons had only used his half of the water the Deacon would have had no reason for complaining of him. But he claimed that Parsons had drained away water that did not belong to him. The Deacon's water, so the lawyer argued, had always risen to a certain point on his farm. Since Parsons began his draining operations, the water on the Deacon's side of the pond had fallen about three feet. This clearly showed that Parsons had drained away water that didn't belong to him, and consequently he must pay the Deacon damages. Then Parsons' lawyer said that if the Deacon had allowed his share of the water to run away, that was his own fault, and Parsons was not responsible for it. If the Deacon had taken the trouble to build a water-tight wall down through the middle of the pond, separating his half of the water from Parsons' half, none of it would have been lost. The Deacon had not been willing to take this trouble; and he had only himself to blame if some of his water had accidentally run away, along with the water belonging to Parsons.

"The jury were beginning to think that Parsons was in the right, when the Deacon's lawyer started a new idea. He said that Parsons and the Deacon undoubtedly owned the pond together, and that each of them owned half of the water, but that the dividing line which ran through the middle of the pond divided the land under the water, and not the water itself. He read from half a dozen big books to prove that the Deacon and Parsons owned half of each and every drop of water that there was in the pond, and that if Parsons wanted to claim his own share of the water and separate it from the share owned by the Deacon, he should have divided each and every drop of water in the pond—taking his half drop and leaving the other half drop to the Deacon. This sounded so scientific and astonishing that the jury almost made up their minds that it was right and that Parsons had made a big mistake; but Parsons' lawyer soon convinced them that the other lawyer's argument wasn't worth anything. Says he, 'When a man goes to a grocery and buys half a gallon of molasses he doesn't require the grocer to divide every drop of molasses that he has in the grocery. He merely expects him to draw half a gallon out of a cask and give it to him. That half gallon is his and the rest of the molasses is the grocer's.' It never seemed to me that this was a first-class argument, but it hit the jury where they lived, for the reason that the foreman was a grocer, and didn't want to have any precedent which would require him to spend time dividing drops of molasses, or anything of the sort, every time he sold a half gallon or so. The grocer was a prominent citizen and half of the men on the jury owed him money. Naturally they thought as he did; so the Deacon's lawyer lost that point in the game.

"The Judge summed up in something of a hurry, for the trial had lasted a good while and the arguments were of the kind that naturally make a man thirsty. He charged the jury that, as a matter of law, Parsons undoubtedly owned half of the pond and undoubtedly had a right to do what he chose with his own property. That was as good as telling the jury to decide in Parsons' favor, which accordingly they did, and Parsons got judgment with costs. The Deacon was like a raging lion, and he swore, so folks say—though I don't believe myself that he went further than saying 'darn,' or something more or less innocent of that sort—that he'd get even with Parsons yet.

"The next day Parsons opened the gate and let half of the water that remained in the pond run off. The Deacon immediately brought another suit, but Parsons' lawyer took the ground that the dividing line mentioned in the deed still ran through the middle of the pond; and that, consequently, Parsons still owned all the water that was on

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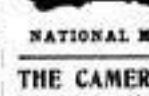
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his side of the line. The case was tried before the same Judge who had tried the first case, and by this time he was getting tired of it. Parsons' lawyer admitted that before the draining operations began half of the water that was in the pond belonged to the Deacon, and that it was his business to take care of it. This he had failed to do, and it had run over to Parsons' property and, consequently, he had the right to drain it away. The Deacon's lawyer did his best to contradict this, but he didn't succeed. The Judge charged again clean in Parsons' favor and Parsons got a second verdict.

"Parsons wasn't content yet. When the trial was over he started in and drained away half of the water that was left, thus reducing the pond to a little puddle that the sun dried up in the course of a week. The Deacon didn't bring another suit. He knew that there would be no use in it, and, besides, he had a better plan in his head. There was a creek, as I think I mentioned, on the east side of the two farms, about two hundred yards from where the pond used to be; and the Deacon set to work to dig a ditch through his own property from that creek to the place of the pond. It cost him considerable money, for there was a small hill in the way that had to be cut through, but he was ready to spend his last dollar for the sake of getting square with Parsons.

"When the ditch was dug, the Deacon turned on the water one night, and in the morning the pond was pretty near half full again. You see, the water came in through the Deacon's ditch about three times as fast as it could run off through Parsons' pipe.

"Parsons brought an action against the Deacon for flooding Parsons' valuable land with water. However, the suit never came to trial, as you will see when I get on a little further in thishyer story.

"Parsons was, as I've been saying, a good sort of chap, and, after he had beaten the Deacon in court, he began to feel sorry that they had ever quarreled. They had been friends for going on thirty years and had smoked a good many tons of tobacco together. Neither of them was a married man, so they had trusted each other with all their private affairs. Parsons had enjoyed getting the best of the Deacon about the draining of the pond and in their two lawsuits; but now it came over him, especially at evening, when he sat smoking alone, that he sort of wished that he and the Deacon were friends, so that he could go over to the Deacon's place and have a little general and improving conversation once more. Once he met the Deacon in Mather's store, over in the village, and said 'Good-morning' to him; but the Deacon, after looking through him for a minute, as you might say, just remarked in a general sort of way, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and turned and went out of the store. After that there didn't seem to be any prospect of a reconciliation, and most people thought that the difficulty would come to be settled in the end by shooting, in spite of the fact that the Deacon was a deacon and that Parsons was the sort of useless man who don't know a gun from a shoe horn.

"You've probably heard of cloudbursts. No? Well! I am surprised to hear you say that you haven't. That shows that you don't know much about the resources of our country. A cloudburst is when a shower, instead of coming down in drops, just comes down in a solid lump—or I suppose I ought to say in a liquid lump, though I don't believe in being so particular careful in selecting words, so long as I can say what I set out to say. You pour water out of a watering-pot and that will be like a shower. Then you dump a whole washtub full of water on the ground and that will be like a cloudburst.

"Now, along in the month of August, or mebbe September, it don't matter particular which, there was a cloudburst a few miles to the northward of here. The pond between Parsons' farm and the Deacon's was full, just as it had been before Parsons undertook to drain it. Parsons was setting on his front veranda after his noon meal, smoking his pipe and wondering when the two-foot pipe that he had ordered for the purpose of draining the pond over again would arrive, when a man rides by on a horse at full gallop, yelling to him that there had been a cloudburst and that the creek would be down in a few minutes. Parsons didn't care much about it, for his house stood on high ground, just where this house stands, and the creek was a good distance away from him. All of a sudden he remembers the ditch that the Deacon had dug from the creek to the pond, and wondered whether the water that the cloudburst was bringing down would follow the old bed of the creek or would turn off through the Deacon's ditch and come into the pond. If the water did take a notion of coming into the pond, the chances were that it would carry off the Deacon's house, which was close to the edge of the pond, and was set up on piles about a foot above the ground. Parsons rushed for his skiff, calculating to cross the pond and warn the Deacon, but before he could cast the skiff loose he heard a tremendous roar, and looked up and saw a big wave of water and mud and driftwood, about ten feet high, coming along the route of the Deacon's ditch and making straight for the pond. He saw it wasn't of any use trying to reach the Deacon ahead of the water; so he hauled his skiff, which was a light one, up toward his house, until he was sure that it was out of danger, and then he looked to see what the water would do.

"He didn't have to wait many seconds. The water struck the Deacon's house and carried it away like a feather. As it went tearing down the valley, where Parsons' drainage pipe was located, he saw the Deacon climbing out on the roof, where he set down, straddling the ridge pole, and looking like a castaway sailor on a big hen-coop. He went out of sight, around a curve in the valley; and then the water settled down to run in a steady stream, say a hundred yards wide, and as swift as the rapids below Niagara.

"Parsons didn't waste any time in speculating on the Deacon's probable fate. He just dragged his skiff back to the edge of the water and launched her, jumped in and took to the oars like all possessed. He was a middling handy man with the oars in quiet water, but this was the first time he had ever tried to outrow a cloudburst, and naturally he had to bend his back and do his level best. He rowed so, he afterward said, about two miles, never looking out for floating trees, or drowned cattle, or anything of the kind, but just rowing his level best and taking his chances. At the end of the two miles he overtook the Deacon and his house, and, catching on to a window-blind, he sung out for the Deacon to hurry up and get in the boat. The Deacon looked at him but never said a word, and Parsons began to get a little riled.

"'See here, you blamed old idiot,' he yelled. 'There's the Jumping-off Place only a mile below you!' You see, the Jumping-off Place was a precipice about fifty feet high, and the flood was making straight for it. But the Deacon kept on hardening his heart, same as old Pharaoh, and Parsons tried another tack.

"'Deacon,' says he, 'I've risked my life to save you, for the sake of old times. Come along, and I'll never meddle with that darned pond again.'

"Then the Deacon softened and, climbing down very careful, for he hated to get his feet wet, got into the boat. After a bit he said:

"'Mr. Parsons, I suppose that thishyer is a humiliation laid on me for my sins and I'd do wrong to neglect it. I'll even go so far as to say that I'm much obliged to you for your trouble.'

"Parsons didn't say nothing, but just pulled for the shore. He had a close shave from going over the precipice before he could fetch a landing place; but he finally ran the boat into an eddy, and then he and the Deacon climbed ashore. They stood looking at one another without speaking for a minute or two, and then Parsons says: 'Deacon! I ain't what you call hopefully pious, but it seems to me that we ought to thank God for this escape.' And the Deacon says: 'We will thank God for this escape, and also for bringing two foolish old friends together again.' And then he put his arms around Parsons, as if he had been his old woman, and he just gave a sort of sob, and then burst out praying in his best style.

"There wasn't any more question about draining the pond. The cloudburst attended to that, and when it was over the creek went back to its old bed, and there wasn't a drop of water left in the pond. The Deacon and Parsons were better friends than ever, and the day the Deacon brought Parsons into the church and stood by him while he was baptized won't be forgotten by any who saw it."



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The "cash-boys' college" began as a matter of experiment; it flourishes to-day as an essential part of a money-making property. Its success has inspired other large concerns to imitate it in a small way. Before many years the cash-boys' school as an adjunct of the department store will doubtless have passed into permanency. As for the original institution, it now numbers three hundred students—the full staff of cash-boys employed in the store in New York.

The hours of attendance at school are from eight to ten in the morning. Each student must report for study twice each week. It is obvious that all the boys could not attend in a body while their services were required elsewhere; hence they are divided into classes of one hundred each.

The school was first opened in a section of the basement of the big New York store. It has outgrown its original quarters and is now settled in a building just across the street from the establishment—on Ninth Street near Broadway. Here are the usual furnishings of a school—desks, maps, blackboards, books of reference, writing materials—all school-room paraphernalia.

The Boy Who Never Lacks a Place

There is one notable fact about the students of the "cash-boys' college" which differentiates them from other youngsters in the race for knowledge: they are wage-earners as well as pupils. Not a lad of them but is adding his mite to the support of a family; they know what the struggle for existence means. That is why they delve into their books with an intentness not usual among care-free boys of their age, and that is why they need no urging to take advantage of the opportunity for an education.

The man whose business it is to hire the cash-boys declares his no easy task.

"It is much more difficult to hire a boy than it is to hire a man," says he. "The look of a man's face is fixed, and his character is more or less indicated in his countenance. It is not so with a boy. I never engage a boy on first sight, for when a lad applies for a position he is seen at his best. If clothes and shoes and teeth and finger-nails are unclean, then you may be sure they will not be different afterward.

"The first step in employing a cash-boy, so far as our rule is concerned, is to note his face and general appearance. The first question asked a prospective cash-boy concerns his age, for the law requires that he must be at least fourteen years old. If the applicant says he is under fourteen, we inquire if he has a certificate from the Board of Health, which gives a general description of him. If he says no, we tell him his application cannot be considered until he gets this document, as the firm employing a boy under age, without proper license, is open to a heavy fine. It is the neat, quick, polite boy who is given employment in our establishment.

"I would employ any boy with these qualifications even if he came unrecommended. The trouble with most boys is that they are too impatient for promotion; they will not work with an eye to the future. When we do find a lad who works as if he hoped to own the place some fine day, who gets down to harness at the outset, he is pushed right ahead by more willing hands than he can count."

To appreciate the workings of the "cash-boys' college," the cash-boy himself and his store duties must be understood. Some positions in a large department store are too difficult for a boy to fill constantly. As an example, the work for boys in the mail department involves such nervous strain that the young fellows who work there alternate with each other. One boy begins work at seven o'clock in the morning and continues until noon, and another boy then takes his place and works until five, the rest of the time being passed in doing light incidental work. Unless one has worked in the mail department of a big store he cannot appreciate the severity of its duties.

Breaking in New Material

After a boy is engaged he has to be broken in. When he is put in a particular department he is placed with an older boy who shows the newcomer the different parts of the house to which he will be dispatched on errands. Though the pneumatic tube system of sending cash to the desk is in vogue in some large stores, it in no way affects the usefulness of the cash-boy. The boys must report for duty at a quarter to eight o'clock. They are arranged in alphabetical divisions. They are kept down stairs, in the basement of the big store, until eight o'clock is sounded. Their badges are distributed, they are commanded to fall in and then march past the timekeeper, division by division. During business hours they are under the control and surveillance of the aisle managers or floor-walkers.

When the bell rings at six o'clock and the day's work is done, each boy deposits his badge in a place set apart for it and is free to go home. The conduct of each lad is noted in a ledger. That ledger will be of biographical worth some day when a few of the obscure names now written in its pages shall have become known in the business world. Read some of the comments opposite the boys' names: "Excellent boy," "Bright and willing," "Resigned to take better position." Are these not significant entries? There are others just as significant: "Impudent and careless," "Hard to manage," "Do not recommend to other firms," "Lazy," "Not desirable," "Discharged." There is a simple forecast of the future.

The "cash-boys' college" is in the hands of a very competent instructor, and it is a part of the method of the school to encourage every sign of aptitude, every show of talent for the business life. The books of the students here are of the kind most beneficial for the purpose in view—that of making alert men of affairs. Many of the formalities of ordinary school life are not found here, but a careful record of the work of each boy is maintained from his entrance to graduation. These records have much weight in determining the promotion of the student from cash-boy to stock-clerk—the first step upward to success.

The Aims and Successes of the College

The schoolboys, who are cadets as well as cash-boys, are divided into three classes. The lowest grade attends school Mondays and Thursdays; the next grade attends Tuesdays and Fridays; the highest grade on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The lower grades are taught writing, spelling, English composition, arithmetic and rapid calculation. These studies have been selected as the essential ones for a dry-goods man to have at his command. Listen to the opinions

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on this score of one who holds a high place in the house that has established the "cash-boys 'college":

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"Cash-boys start in our place with a salary of two dollars and a half a week and, if found capable, are soon raised to three dollars. Stock-boys receive five dollars, and from thence the line of promotion and increased salary goes on up to salesman at fifteen or twenty dollars a week. Nearly all of the trusted employees of this establishment who are now drawing comfortable salaries have come up from the ranks of the cash-boys. The heads of the firm are self-made men, and it is only natural that they should take a keen interest in the educational adjunct of the business. Their wish is to graduate from the 'cash-boys' college' not only young men who are equipped intellectually for the life before them, but who are gentlemen in the full sense of the term.



A Graduate of the "Cash-Boys' College"

Politeness, good conduct, suave speech are things not easily instilled into the young mind; as soon as the big store becomes crowded the boy nature comes to the surface. But despite the difficulties in the way, we are willing to pit the three hundred students of the 'cash-boys' college' against the same number of lads from the schools or another establishment like ours, as models of deportment, or for alertness of brain and hand, or for general business qualifications."

Perhaps the most interesting branch of study in this unique school is that of composition. For the most part the youngsters have something to say and say it with a breeziness that is often startling, but never doubtful as to its meaning. The compositions of the third grade are upon such topics as The Duties of a Cash-Boy, The Necessary Qualifications for Success in Business, The Obligations of American Citizenship, What is Patriotism? and so forth. There are ideas behind the clearly expressed thought of most of these essays. And, aside from their literary merit, there is that other rare merit—rare for a boy—cleanliness. Not a blot on the pages of composition and penmanship books, not a cover bent.

How the Work Affects the Scholars

In all three grades of the little college spelling is the favorite study; indeed, it is looked upon by the boys more as a pastime than a duty. "The language the boys use is really astonishing," avers the chief instructor. "I do not mean to say that they employ long words without knowing their meaning. On the contrary, they are careful in their choice of words, and that, for a boy at fifteen, is uncommon indeed. I frequently hear them talking among themselves in true boyish fashion, but using such words as 'departing,' 'conversing,' 'habitual' and the like.

"Though our school lads are of a serious cast of mind they are not glum. Both in the 'cash-boys' college' and in the store we have grown to mistrust any boy who is too serious. There's something awry in a lad, mentally or physically, when he lacks boyish spirit and has no tendency to pranks and mischief. The most mischievous boys are invariably the brightest. Every boy has to be treated differently in the college; it is an erroneous idea that all boys are alike. What will inspire one boy to greater efforts will send another in the dumps if it does not wholly destroy his ambition; a soft or joking word to one kind of boy will seem to him a license for every degree of liberty, whereas the same word to another lad will bring the flush of pride and good intention to his face."

The principle upon which the "cash-boys' college" is founded is to superadd to the education of a youth in the business methods of the house that gives him a living a share of sound, general instruction. The cash-boy graduated from such a school is necessarily superior and more desirable than the little chap who can scarcely write his name and who knows only the routine work required of him. A graduate of the "cash-boys' college" is in a position to leave his training-ground at any minute and take a more remunerative position in a strange store. The success of the "cash-boys' college" is evidenced by the success of its graduates; it is one of the important end-of-the-century achievements.

The Moon and Green Cheese

MR. H. G. WELLS' new wonder story is to be entitled The First Men in the Moon.

Mr. Wells has lately appeared as a contributor in a curious quarter. The Grocers' Assistant has from him an article of advice, wholesome and witty enough to deserve a wider hearing. Here is an extract:

"Certainly I have every reason to sympathize with grocers' assistants, for, though I was not one myself, I was for some time apprentice to a draper, and I had the pleasure and benefit of the friendship of several assistants in the grocery trade. I know the pinch of it all; the intolerable hours, the brutal competition, the many petty tyrannies of retail trade, and I only wish I could see my way to suggest drastic reforms that would at one blow remove all these evils. But I cannot. Two things I would counsel. One is that the grocer's assistant should set before his eyes, and keep before his eyes, the supreme duty of kindliness, help and charity toward his fellow-assistants, and especially toward his juniors; and, secondly, that he should endeavor to expend every bit of energy he can honestly avoid expending upon his master's business in increasing his own efficiency. Let him learn French, read sedulously the trade organs, master business correspondence, and eschew all frivolous pursuits. Above all, let him avoid dancing classes, the society of condescending persons of a superior class, the banjo, fiction, and the feminine sex. And cultivate orderly habits."

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

A Proem and a Play*

Mr. Friedman has handicapped a discerning and sympathetic study of tenement life with a doleful preface. Only a heart brave with irrepressible faith in the sure triumph of the good, or a pessimistic mind which feeds, by choice, on the musty food of philosophic despair, will be able to get beyond the proem of Poor People. But those who skip this doleful foreword or persevere in spite of it have no uncertain reward. Quickly they find their sympathies and their animosities deeply stirred by the humble affairs of the tenement.

Wilson, who tells the story, is a gentle and refined man of mature years, who clerks in a music store and bases his hopes of salvation from the thraldom of poverty upon the opera he is writing. The same simple and genial qualities which have endeared The Vicar of Wakefield to generations of readers draw the heart of the reader to the kindly old flute-player. His daughters, Jane and Ida, are delineated with cleverness and strength. The former hides a kind heart behind a handsome face and the effrontery of the ribbon counter; Ida reads the hidden moods of Adolph, the shy and morose watchmaker who battles with inherited appetite and finally wins fame and success by his simple play, Poor People. The story ends with this triumph which is witnessed by the chief inhabitants of the tenement.

This book cannot be put aside without the conviction that Mr. Friedman has written from a close knowledge of the life which he has depicted. His Poor People are very real, very human personages and persistently haunt the memory. Here and there in the story are to be found didactic sentences which might well have been spared.

However, there are many quaint touches in the incidental philosophizing and character-drawing which give the book flavor and piquancy. "To be old, to be useless, to be poor—this is the triology of misfortune!" exclaims the old flute-player who has lost his position in the store and is refused a second assignment of envelopes at the "addressing bureau." The fortune-teller of the tenement is described, in a line, as "the kind of a woman that goes with a parrot."

It is not too much to say of this picture of tenement life that it is a worthy contribution to the annals of the poor, for it shows how the truest charity is that done by those who are themselves but a shade removed from destitution. —*Forrest Crissey.*

The Iron-Shod Steed†

The great railroad story, like the great American novel, remains to be written.

However, there have been many good examples of both, and Mr. Spearman's collection of eight stories of the doings of the West End of a certain road between Chicago and Denver is entitled to rank among the many. In The Nerve of Foley and the seven Others which go to make up the volume, Mr. Spearman, who is, perforce, the narrator, figures as Mr. Reed, the train master of the division. He demonstrates his ability to fill the place. Mr. Spearman knows the road. His engine-drivers handle their throttles, their Johnson levers, their air and their sand with the skill and caution of men freighted with responsibility; to him the intricacies of the train chart are an open mystery, and, with the knowledge of one who has traveled much, he declares a ballast of slag "the sweetest, springiest bed under steel." His men, too—Georgie Sinclair, Foley, and Neighbor, the division superintendent of motive power, and the others—are honest, steady, loyal, and, in so far as they can be, walking on such volcanic ground as would seem to have underlain the West End, and seen through such a cloud of steam, dust and cinders as everywhere envelopes them, are living figures."

No doubt a certain measure of adventure is incident upon a railroad life—though those clear-sighted analysts, the rate adjusters of the insurance companies, write it, in their tabulated statements, only "a trace"; no doubt, also, it is precisely this illusive trace, strengthened and reinforced, that lends the wine of literature its tonic shock (for, after all, we read fiction as we drink wine, for the reason that it is not water); but to live in one continual whirl of flying car wheels and twisted axles, threshing side rods and bursting boilers, cyclones, strikes and burning bridges, must, in the end, become wearing on the nerves. No wonder that Foley—who was as agile as most of them and possessed, so Andy Cameron declared, of all kinds of nerve—in all other respects a self-contained gentleman, craved the solace of a chew.

Mr. Spearman writes: "Many locomotives as I have seen and ridden, a new one is always a wonder to me; it chokes me up, even, it means so much." This is good, but it is not enough. One wishes for a calmer, saner appreciation of "the man who occupies a position which for the exercise of temperance, of courage, of honesty, has no equal at the altitude of prime ministers"—the engine-driver—"who is altogether more worthy than the soldier and better than the man who moves on the sea in ships, who for outright performance, carried on constantly, coolly and without elation, is the farthest point." One remembers that declaration of Mr. Stephen Crane's, and his kindred one that "surely there is no engine-driver who does not appreciate the beauty of the business," that "the whole thing is æsthetic"—and with the remembrance comes the wish. However, as has been said before, the great railroad story is not yet written—and these are good. Wherefore we are thankful with those who love the road.—*Thornton Sherborne Hardy.*

A Prophet of the Unknown*

A dozen bright aphorisms to the contrary, the task of the pioneer is a rather thankless one. Six or seven years ago it was a common thing to hear Mr. Vance Thompson referred to as a man who knew more about unknown people than any other contributor to the current press and periodicals. When the names were meaningless to the majority of readers and seemed to some clever creations, Mr. Thompson wrote with enthusiasm, and as the late Professor Hjalmar H. Boyesen said, "with a knowledge that very few Americans possess."

French Portraits is not a perfect book, nor will any of us accept all that the author says as the final or the ultimate opinion. He tells us by way of preface that it is not his business to manufacture opinions for the people—these are his opinions, and very clever and interesting opinions they are, too. When one considers how completely the "young writers of France" have been considered, and without drearisome detail or didacticism, one wonders at the author's deftness. Verlaine is put aside with an "impression," and then follow careful, critical, semi-personal discussions of Mallarmé, Maeterlinck, Lemonnier, Emile Verhaeren, Rodenback, Catulle Mendès, Pierre Louys, Jean Richepin, Maurice Barrès, Marcel Schwob, and a dozen others not so important. If these last in themselves are not interesting, Mr. Thompson's analysis of them is.

It is, of course, unnecessary to point out that these writers (the unknown a trifle more vociferously than the known) are part of the "new movement" in France. There is a chaos there. René Doumic, a critic not so brilliant as Jules Lemaître, nor as conservative as Brunétière, and therefore an acceptable mean, suggests as a genesis that these men realized the awful force of the "*époque critique*"—such as this is—knew that no matter how high the production, the standard of our overwrought consciousness must find it wanting. Their hope was in absolutely defying criticism and ignoring order. These general statements do not, of course, apply to men like Verlaine, Mallarmé and Mendès. These three would, under any literary conditions, be great. As it is, they have been swept on by the flood, but to them also is the credit of having influenced its direction.

What we know will be received anywhere with favor are the few translations that the author has put in. Mr. Thompson has a facility of phrase and a vocabulary most striking, and he gets all the soul of his author with an almost miraculous ease. His translation of the stories of Catulle Mendès is as beautiful as the original itself. He calls it a "paler English," but it is every bit as opalescent as Mendès' French.

—*George Henry Payne.*

* Poor People. By I. K. Friedman. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

† The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. By Frank H. Spearman. *Harper & Brothers.*

* French Portraits. By Vance Thompson. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

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College Fiction Features

¶ The Borrowed Sonnet. A story of the English Department at Harvard, by Charles Macomb Flandrau, author of Harvard Episodes.

¶ The Crime of '73. Not a plea for free silver, but a tale of freshman life at a Western college, by Stanley Waterloo.

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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

Guy Boothby is one of the lucky people whose books are certain of a steady sale, even in time of war. The adventure novel is simply a grown-up development of the adventure story with a circulation that does not stop at the schoolroom; and perhaps we should never have taken it seriously at all had not Stevenson proved so delightfully that it could be made a work of art.

Guy Boothby would be the last person to take himself or his work seriously. Any one who can undertake to write four novels at a time, and within a given time, and do what he undertakes, can hardly be expected to spend much time in worrying over the *mot juste*. All last summer, for instance, this is what he was doing, and very little it seemed to trouble him. Rising at six he would speak his four installments for the day into four separate phonographs to be afterward transcribed by his secretaries, and dispatched to their various destinations. This left him free for the greater part of the day to attend to what is really the serious business of life to him—to the management of his charming little estate on the banks of the Thames at Sunbury.

Here he has kennels stocked with every size and variety of dogs, from the great, white, Russian wolf-hound down to the tiniest specimen of black Pomeranian, though his principal hobby is the breeding of bull-dogs. Here, too, in the conservatory leading out of the drawing-room, are his aviary of foreign birds and his collection of quaint tropical fish, collected by him in his wanderings in the South Seas; and here, too, on the beautiful stream at the bottom of the sloping green lawn lies his steam launch. It is the home of a successful writer and the characteristic home of a writer of adventure novels that are never to be taken seriously. Yet there was an early effort of Mr. Boothby's, a little story, soon forgotten, called A Lost Endeavor, that showed promise of rare qualities. It is not by stories of that kind, though, that palaces on the river are to be built up, and the promise of that little story has never been realized by its host of successors. But, then, when Mr. Boothby wrote it he had no bulldogs and no phonographs.

A Comedy in Socialism

Mr. Bernard Shaw is best known in both England and America as a writer of brilliant plays and witty dramatic and musical criticism. But the biggest part of his work, if not the best known, is his writing on questions of political economy; for Mr. Shaw is a socialist and a leading member of the Fabian Society.

Radical theories in politics are apt to mean radical theories as to costume, and, in consequence, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw sometimes form an amusingly contrasted couple. The Fabians do not believe in evening dress for men, and Mr. Shaw's favorite costume is a double-breasted blue serge coat with a red cravat. Mrs. Shaw has the common feminine liking for pretty frocks. At a first performance of one of Mr. Shaw's plays, You Never Can Tell, the author and his wife sat prominently in a stage box, the one in his kind of yachting suit, the other in a beautiful evening gown of white satin and lace with a necklace of pearls and diamonds. It rather reminds one of the sympathetic independence of Count Tolstoi and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw live in a delightful house in the Adelphi Terrace, from the windows of which there is a noble view of the Embankment Gardens, the Thames with Cleopatra's Needle, Waterloo Bridge and the dome of St. Paul's dimly seen through the London smoke. But it is amusing to notice that the door-plate reads "Mrs. Bernard Shaw"—Mr. Shaw will not lend his name to sanction such luxuries!

Mr. Shaw is one of the hardest working and most useful men in London. He is a member of the vestry of St. Pancras' parish and is grappling with the practical problems of municipal government. He is also constantly hard at work on socialistic tracts and booklets—so hard at work, indeed, that witty plays must wait and the promised Plays for Puritans are not yet written. Yet there is an amusing legend of a rabid socialist who went last summer to see Mr. Shaw at Hindhead, where the Shaws were living in the charming literary colony which exists there, and who found on the pathway leading to the house the stubs of several gold-tipped cigarettes, jumped at once to the conclusion that Mr. Shaw was a renegade to the cause, turned about and hurried away in despair.

Count Tolstoi's Two Daughters

From the letter of a recent visitor to Count Leo Tolstoi it appears that the famous Russian novelist and reformer enjoys the assistance of his two daughters, who have more than ordinary talent. The elder, Tatjana, differs with her father in respect to nearly every one of his pet theories, while the second, Marcha, is almost fanatical in following out his doctrines, going so far as to work daily in the fields along with the peasant women of the district. Both girls are deeply attached to their father and find their greatest pleasure in relieving him of clerical labor. They read, write and speak six languages and compose with hereditary ability.

The differences of opinion do not disturb the harmony of the household, which is a model of equanimity and gentleness.

The novelist paid a high tribute to his daughters when he said to his visitor: "However great I may be as a novelist, I am much greater as a correspondent, but that's because my two girls write all my letters."

Banquo's Ghost in a Frolic

Of the leading literary lights of London, Stephen Phillips is certainly one of the most eccentric. His metrical work gives no idea of his personality. His verse is strong, dramatic, musical and picturesque. It is never morbid and seldom displays whimsical fancy or humor of any sort. Yet from his boyhood the poet has been an odd combination of deep melancholy and wild fun. At school he was a perpetual wonder to his teachers—incorrigibly lazy and phenomenally bright.

He began life's serious work as an actor. He says himself that he was a very bad actor, but competent judges say that he varied from very bad to very good. Even here his moods played havoc at times with the success of both himself and his colleagues. On one occasion, while playing Banquo and Banquo's ghost in Macbeth, he started a series of comical pranks in the famous banquet scene just before the curtain went up.

The merriment proved contagious and Macbeth and Lady Macbeth joined in the fun, which culminated in their throwing at one another the eatables upon the board. They were so carried away that they did not hear the bell for the curtain. As this rose, a tart struck Banquo's ghost in the eye, to the wild amazement of the audience. Mr. Phillips, in commenting upon the scene, says, "I question if the good old tragedy ever before in its history provoked so much laughter." This incident was one of several which caused him to give up the profession.

In his literary career he encountered the usual hardships at the beginning, but the public soon recognized the high talents if not the genius of the new singer. The poem which is said to have made the deepest impression upon the public was a powerful composition, an ode to melancholia dedicated to A. S. P. The dedication aroused much inquiry, and it was not until nearly a year had elapsed that the curious learned that A. S. P. stood for Agatha Sophia Phillips, his mother, a studious Quaker lady, who had died from that rare complaint, melancholia.

Maurice Hewlett's Wanderings

Maurice Hewlett, whose Forest Lovers and Little Novels of Italy have put him in the first rank of English story writers, resides, when he is at home, in Talbot Square, Bayswater, London. His wife is a skillful pastel painter, and their little boy of eight, a child of remarkable beauty, is known to multitudes through having served as a model for both Millais and Leighton. The novelist and his wife ought to have gypsy blood in their veins, so fond are they of travel and change. When the mood strikes them they pack their trunks and start off at a moment's notice for John O'Groat's or Granada.

Among his intimate friends the author is noted for the copperplate beauty of his handwriting, and for his fondness for brown velvet and velveteen wearing apparel. He says the first saves him from his publishers and the second from miscellaneous callers.

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science



Tomatoes grown from a potato root

Improving on Nature Botanical experts nowadays are much interested in finding out novel and extraordinary results that may be obtained by the process of grafting. It is wonderful what queer things Dame Nature, ordinarily so shrewd and conservative, can be persuaded to do when cajoled in this fashion. Certainly nothing more notable in this line has been accomplished up to date than the grafting of the tomato on the potato. There is no very great difficulty about it, apparently, and the manner in which the tomato plant may be made to bear fruit, with a potato for a root, is very prettily illustrated by a photograph reproduced herewith.

Oddly enough, the process seemingly cannot be reversed, and nobody has yet succeeded in grafting the potato on the tomato. This, evidently, is too much even for amiable Mother Nature to put up with.

Beef Extract Without Meat The notion of making extract of beef without meat seems absurd, and yet it is now being done on a considerable scale in England. At all events, if the product be not meat-extract, it tastes so much like it as to be indistinguishable from the genuine. It is the invention of an Englishman, and vegetarians abroad have taken to it with such enthusiasm as to promise untold wealth to the patentee; for it should be realized that vegetarians, as a rule, do not abjure meat because they do not like it, but for the reason that they deem it unwholesome or forbidden from a humanitarian standpoint.

The basis of the preparation is simply brewers' yeast, which, in a fresh condition, is a soft, whitish paste somewhat resembling flour paste, with a peculiar and rather pleasant smell. To convert it into "meat extract," it is treated by a process that is as yet a secret. There seems to be no doubt of the fact that it has no meat substance in it, though it has all the flavor of the concentrated essence of beef. The inventor sells it with a guarantee of one thousand pounds sterling that it contains not a particle of animal matter.

Midwinter Market Farming The business of glass gardening, as it has been called, for the production of fresh vegetables and garden truck of all sorts in the winter time, is growing at a great rate in this country. It is estimated by the Department of Agriculture that no fewer than one thousand establishments in the United States are now engaged in this industry, the output consisting largely of lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers. In the neighborhood of Boston this sort of farming is being conducted on a particularly large scale. About forty [illegible] of glass in that vicinity are devoted to [illegible]pose. Around the city of Providence [illegible]ten acres or more, while the glass [illegible] forcing winter vegetables in the neighborhood of New York, Chicago and other cities bring the total up to about one hundred acres, yielding an annual crop worth something like two and a quarter millions of dollars.

It seems likely that within a dozen years from the present time at least one thousand acres of glass will be utilized in this country for the growing of winter vegetables, and, in the vicinity of the great cities, will be numerous farms wholly under glass, catering to the cold-weather demands of the urban populations. The requirements of luxury are steadily increasing, and people of means are no longer content to be deprived of any table delicacy at any season of the year. In fact, the time has almost passed by when any vegetable or fruit may be said to have a season, save in so far as its natural production out of doors is concerned. Not only fresh tomatoes and lettuce, but strawberries and peaches are obtainable by the well-to-do in January as readily as in August.

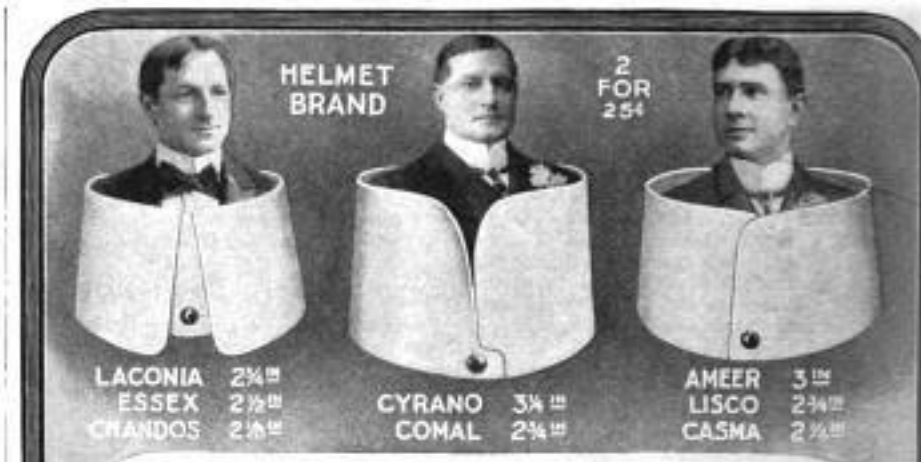
The business of raising flowers for market is likewise growing at a wonderful rate, and it is estimated by the Government experts that there are now in this country considerably over five hundred acres devoted to this purpose exclusively. In New York State there are, perhaps, one hundred and three acres, in Illinois ninety-eight acres, and in Pennsylvania ninety-three acres. The retail value of the flowers turned out annually is about twenty-two and a half millions of dollars, or one dollar for each square foot of glass.

Fortunes in Cut Flowers Of roses there are sold in this country, annually, one hundred millions, worth six millions of dollars. To these must be added an equal number of carnations, valued at four millions of dollars, and seventy-five millions of violets, valued at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of lilies and miscellaneous flowers enough are sold to fetch, at first hand, a million and a quarter of dollars, while the single item of chrysanthemums grown in the United States represents half a million dollars every twelvemonth. In addition must be reckoned the plants sold in pots, which are said to number something like one hundred millions in a year. Their estimated value is ten millions of dollars.

The demand for flowers in this country, as with other luxuries, is steadily growing, and the business of producing them under glass is sure to increase enormously during the next decade. Prices obtainable for rare and beautiful blossoms grow higher from year to year, and rich people are spending fortunes in the creation of private glass gardens for the production, most particularly, of roses and orchids. This might be called The Age of Flowers; for never in the history of the world have flowers been so highly appreciated as they are at the present time.

As for vegetables, the art of forcing them in winter is said to have been understood to some extent by the ancient Romans, who, carrying the luxury of the table even further than the moderns, were willing to pay the most extravagant prices for fresh garden truck raised, during the cold season, in pits with manure, or in baskets with the same heating material. With the destruction of their civilization, however, the art was lost entirely.

Making Gems by Chemistry Various kinds of gems have been reproduced by chemical artifice. Moissan, in Paris, has manufactured diamonds by melting wrought iron with carbon and permitting the mixture to cool very slowly, the carbon being crystallized out. The diamonds thus made are almost microscopic, but it is believed that they will be produced of sufficient size before very long to be of commercial value. Rubies, as beautiful as the genuine, are turned out artificially, though people will not buy them because they are deemed bogus. This is accomplished by fusing small ruby "sparks" by means of electricity. The same thing is done with sapphires, and it is believed that emeralds will be reproduced by a like method.



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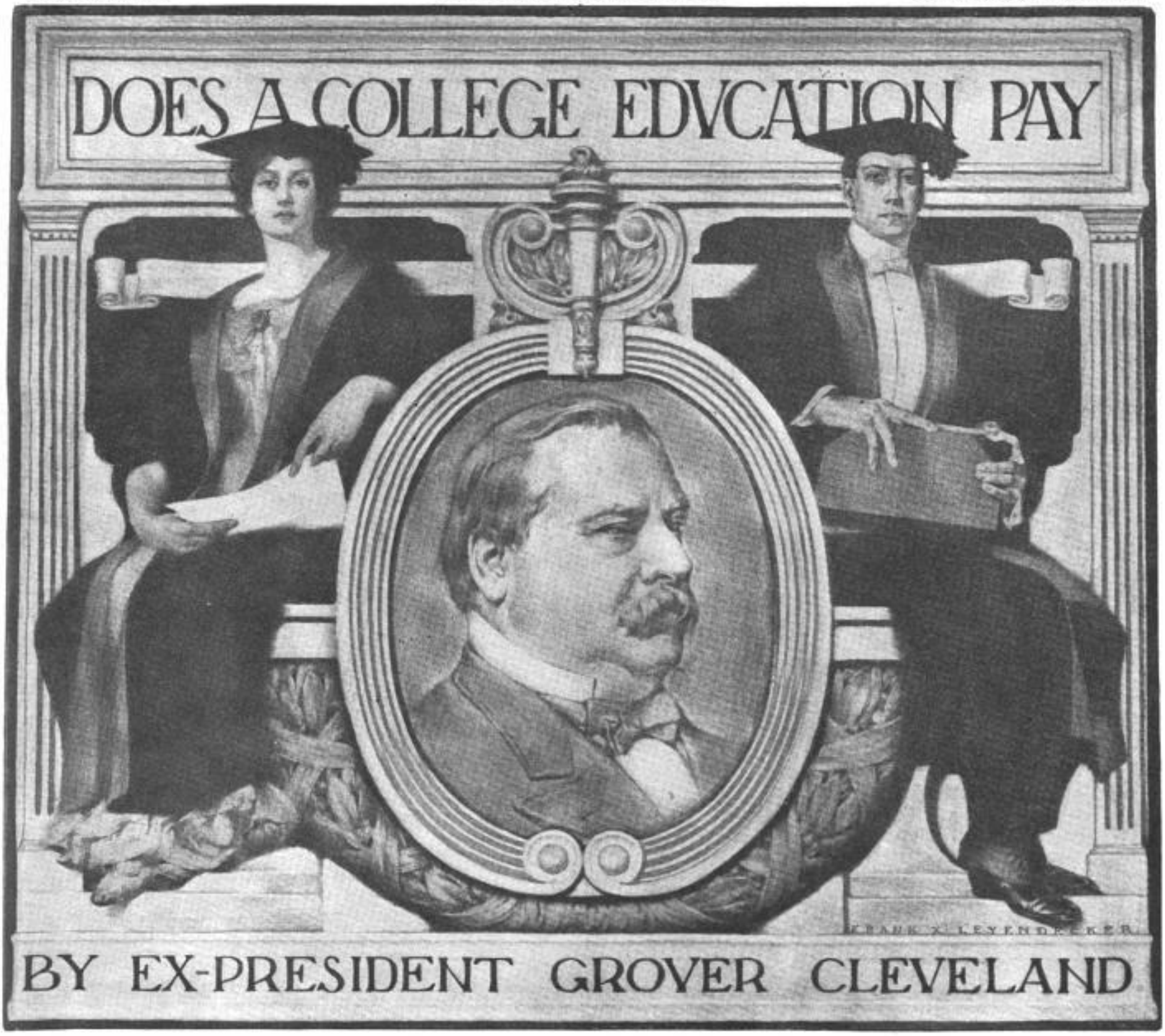
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The COLLEGE MAN'S NUMBER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 48 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 26, 1900 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year



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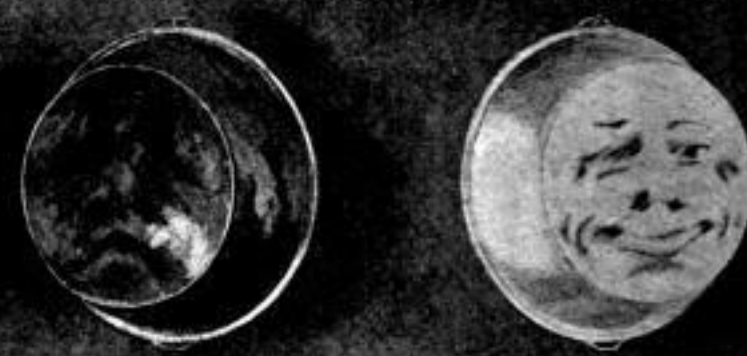
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 421 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Does a College Education Pay

By Grover Cleveland



THOSE who antagonize collegiate education are always with us; and we often hear them inveighing, with differing degrees of emphasis, against the expenditure of time, money and effort which such an education exacts. We ought not to be surprised at the volume of these attacks when we recall the different sorts of people enrolled in the opposition; nor should we be astonished at the pertinacity of the onslaught when we consider how naturally self-conscious inferiority derives satisfaction from disparaging assaults of this nature. It is not difficult to classify the various forces engaged in these attacks; and if we examine their positions and offensive operations, we shall be entirely satisfied that the high point of vantage occupied by our universities and colleges is, or at least ought to be, absolutely impregnable.

As we look over the field, we first discover, standing on open and exposed ground, a collection of the enemy, who have a kind of sullen, sodden hatred of all education above the lowest and most rudimentary variety. They are tough, awkward and undisciplined fighters, always ready to make an assault, which can by no possibility injure any one but themselves. These we may properly disregard, with the wish that an intelligent environment may improve their condition.

The Peculiar Logic of Certain Self-Made Men

We find others among the antagonists of collegiate training who are recruited from the body of our so-called self-made men. These are posted behind the infirm defense of the things they have achieved without the aid of a liberal education; and they confuse the contention by much noise and thick clouds of smoke. They maintain a steadfast complacency among themselves by recounting the difficulties and trials they have overcome; while by some unaccountable but not uncommon mental process, or want of process, they connect in the relation of cause and effect their lack of education with their success. These are very often useful, active men in the business world, whose general recognition of duty as citizens and neighbors, as well as their frequent manifestations of benevolence and generosity in certain directions, must be cheerfully conceded.

They are, however, afflicted with two unfortunate difficulties which they seem unable to overcome, and which detract from their completeness of character and prevent their reaching the highest grade of liberal thought. One of these is the binding, fettering imagination that their own success indicates that the slight education they have been able to gather, and which has answered their needs, must be sufficient to compass success in all other cases. Their second difficulty is so intimately related to the first that it might be treated as a branch of it. It consists in their failure to recognize the extent of the revolution in the conditions of success that has taken place since they struggled and conquered. They seem to be strangely slow in comprehending how fast the world moves, and how certainly all who strive for rewards must move with it, or be left high and dry on the shoals of failure and disappointment. It certainly should not escape their notice that the methods profitably employed in every enterprise and occupation have so changed within the last fifty years that a necessity has arisen for an advanced grade of intelligence and education in the use of these methods; and that as this necessity has been supplied, a new competition has been created which easily distances the young man who is no better equipped for the race than our self-satisfied, self-made man. Therefore, while the perseverance, industry and thrift which entered into their early struggles can never become obsolete, and as factors of success can never be abandoned, it will hardly do for them to say that, notwithstanding new methods and new activities, it is undesirable to supplement these traits by the best attainable education. There are Indians in our Western country who, though surrounded by civilization, still wear the blankets and feathers to which they were long ago accustomed, and hold in utter contempt all observance of present-day customs; but while they wander about, still sullenly proud of their blankets and feathers and lead lives of vagabondage, younger men are making railroads through their lands and building houses which they might have built and occupied.

Our criticism of those who have joined the opponents of liberal education, from the large mass of our successful fellow-citizens who have lacked its advantages, should not, however, prevent our acknowledging cheerfully and heartily the different inclination of those who, though belonging to that general class, do not share the notions we deprecate. These are they who, in taking stock of their achievements and successes, plainly see in their lack of education a lack of opportunity, and regretfully place in the column of loss the diminution this deficiency has caused in the things they might otherwise have accomplished for themselves and for others. This appreciation of lost opportunity, accompanied as it must be by a correct apprehension of the changed conditions in the struggle of life, insures the enlistment of these candid and thoughtful men on the side of the best education. Consequently their sons are found among the students in our universities and colleges, and their influence and aid are frequently forthcoming in efforts to enlarge the opportunities of these institutions.



Another contingent arrayed against college education is made up of those who suppose they are in the occupation of strong ground when they point out the numerous failures in life among college graduates, and the slight impress often made in ordinary affairs by such of them as may be considered to a greater or less degree successful.

Differing Standards of Success

Of course the arguments with which these opponents make their attack are neither entirely just nor fair. In the first place, we can confidently claim that whatever may be included in their conception of failures, their proportion among graduates of our universities and colleges is certainly less than among the aggregate of non-graduates. Beyond this, we are entitled to a distinct definition of the words *failure* and *success;* and when we are told that failure is indicated by the lack of wealth or honors, and that their acquirement proves success, it is quite pertinent for us to reply that the rewards of liberal education are not thus limited. Many a college-bred man labors in the field of usefulness without either wealth or honors, and frequently with but scant recognition of any kind, and yet achieves successes which, unseen and unknown by the sordid and cynical, will bloom in the hearts and minds of men longer than the prizes of wealth or honors can endure.

We must remember, however, that it is never wise to underrate our adversary's position; and that a dogged, wholesale denial of all truth or merit in an opponent's argument usually fails to meet the needs of discussion. Let it be admitted, then, that there are absolute and properly defined failures among university and college graduates; and let it be further admitted that, after making allowance for those foredoomed by their inherent slothfulness and mental deficiencies, these failures are more numerous than they ought to be. What is the result? Are we thus driven to the confession that a thorough course of college training is unprofitable? It is only necessary for us to point to its triumphs and achievements, plainly seen on every side and in every walk of life, to avoid such a confession. The limit of all needful concession is reached when these failures are admitted, with the qualifying suggestion that our universities and colleges cannot attempt to supply the requisites of success which should result from judicious home training, or which can only be cultivated and developed by the student himself.

Parents should never send their sons to college simply for the purpose of educational ornamentation. The fact that parents have the fate of a son largely in their keeping should not only enlist their parental love and pride, but should, at the same

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MR. CLEVELAND IN HIS LIBRARY AT PRINCETON



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time, stimulate their parental judgment. Furthermore, they should be constantly mindful that they have in charge not only a son, but an uncompleted man, who is soon to become their contribution to the manhood of the world. They therefore owe a dual duty, which demands on the one hand that the education of the son be undertaken as a help to his success in life, and on the other that this education shall promise for the maturing man the equipment necessary to insure his value as an addition to civilized humanity. Before he leaves home to enter upon his student life his sympathy with these purposes should be fully aroused, and he should be impressed with the importance of keeping them steadily in view. He should also take with him to his new surroundings a love of truth and honor, a cheerful, manly disposition and truly democratic inclinations. With these his collegiate advent must be auspicious, and his future life well guarded against failure. Lacking these, his way is made immensely more difficult and uncertain.

But whether well or ill accoutred, and without ignoring the influences for good that meet the student at the threshold of every well-regulated university or college, it is still true in a general sense that he himself must remain the responsible factor in the success or failure that waits upon the close of his collegiate career. As we are attempting to account for failures after graduation, we must assume a class standing sufficiently satisfactory to earn a degree. Therefore, we have no reference to deficiencies in studies when we assert that such failures may be charged, with considerable certainty, to stumbling-blocks in the student's path that he might have avoided, and to the neglect of certain aids incident to his college life which he ought to have appreciated and cultivated.

Two Extremes to be Avoided

There is such a thing as a sour and morose pursuit of study which leads to a sour and unsympathetic temper. This threatens unfitness for a profitable association with the outside world which is a handicap in dealing with every-day affairs. An opposite extreme is reached by a superficial and light-headed skimming of studies, which leaves in the mind just enough to meet the requirements of recitation and examination. This practice brings about self-deception and so unsubstantial an acquaintance with the subjects studied as to be almost useless. A loose habit of thought and conduct is also thus contracted, which must certainly stand in the way of success.

Another and constant source of some of the difficulties that lessen the graduate's chances of success remains to be mentioned. It may properly be called the introversion of college life. This term is here used to define a very natural inclination among collegians not only to look upon their student association as an independent world, but to permit it to completely encompass and limit their interests, their thoughts, their ambitions, their social relations, and nearly all things that seem to them worth having.

It would be a sad and brutal decree that unreservedly condemned a condition that lends to a college community its cheerfulness and happiness. The obliteration of a fervid attachment on the part of students for this world of theirs, and the destruction of the enthusiasm which its pleasures and incidents arouse, would usher in a time when the pursuit of higher education would be a forbidding and cheerless task. It is only a too profound and exclusive introversion that we deprecate; and it is only a wholesome dilution of college-world devotion, and its admixture with an interest in the affairs of the greater outside world, that, for the sake of the student's future success, we advocate.

It will not be denied that a constant and substantially unbroken confinement of our students in their thoughts and associations to the things that environ them, during their years of college study, produces a sentiment of separateness, which by a natural process is apt to lead, first to ignorance of movements and currents beyond their circle, next to a feeling of self-satisfied superiority, and frequently, at last, to a supercilious distrust of the intelligence of all who are not members of their order.

These conditions may not be general, nor even usual; but if they exist at all, and if in any number of cases, however small, they present obstacles to success, they are worthy of attention and correction.



When it is recalled that a college course is undertaken as a preparation for a prosperous career, and to fit the student to meet the requirements of manhood and citizenship, it cannot be denied for a moment that ignorance of the situation which awaits the graduate in the world's great field is an obstacle in his path; and inasmuch as his career must be wrought out, and the obligations of manhood and citizenship must be discharged in contact and coöperation with his fellow-men of every degree, it is worse than folly to say that any real or even suspected assumption of arrogant superiority does not interfere with his success.

The mention that has been made of some of the causes of the failures of college-bred men, which constitute the stock in argument of certain opponents of higher education, suggest natural and easily applied remedies.

Let the students in our colleges go beyond their studies and their sports, and with as much zeal and industry as they devote to either of these things, let them cultivate an interest in all that stirs and influences the great outside world, into whose strifes and struggles they must soon enter.



PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MR. CLEVELAND ON THE VERANDA OF HIS HOUSE AT PRINCETON

And since no more congenial soil can be found for the cultivation of a truly democratic spirit than our well-organized and conducted universities and colleges, let their students rid themselves of the notion that this spirit can safely be limited to their college world and its especial conditions. Let them rather cherish it as a lasting possession, which in the larger world lying beyond college pursuits and associations will constitute a ready help in every relation of life and an unfailing safeguard against self-pride and arrogant behavior.

What, then, is the conclusion of the matter? Shall the value of a college education be impeached because a measure of success may be attained without it, or because there are failures among those who have had the advantage of such an education? Shall these things prevail against the leadership which the graduates of our universities and colleges have maintained in all things that elevate and improve mankind? This would be strangely irrational.

While the training of the mental powers paves the way to success in every occupation; as long as pioneer work is needed in every extension of our progress and civilization; as long as our national safety rests upon the intelligence of our people; and as long as we require in our public service pure patriotism, obedience to quickened conscience and disinterested discharge of duty, a college education will pay.

The College Man's Advantage in the Coming Century

By David Starr Jordan

PRESIDENT OF LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY

THE best time to be a boy the world has ever known is just this time—just at the outstart of a great, vigorous, forceful, wisdom-loving century. And just the best place to be a boy is right here in the United States, the one part of the earth where a boy can grow up with a reasonable chance of making the most of himself. "America means opportunity," says Emerson, and to the right kind of a boy this is the main thing.

Now, to the right kind of a boy, a boy with something in him, the best advice that anybody can give is summed up in these two sentences: Keep yourself clean. Go to college.

As to the first, cleanliness is strength. The various forms of evil mostly show themselves as short-cuts to happiness. Gambling and stealing are short-cuts to wealth. But they do not often lead thither and, when they do, wealth does not bring happiness. You cannot have a really good time in life unless you earn it, unless you deserve it. So with immorality and intemperance in all their various forms. They promise pleasure; they do not bring happiness. A spurious pleasure is not permanent; it leaves "a dark brown taste in the mouth," "it is different in the morning." Real happiness makes room for more happiness. The joy of action, the beauties of Nature, the pleasure of accomplishment, the charm of congenial society, the strength of being clean—all these delights grow on us with our enjoyment of them. They take nothing away, but leave us with still greater strength.

"We may," says President Ripley, of the Santa Fé Railroad, speaking of the demands of "a soulless corporation" on its employees, "we may be perfectly sure that the man who walks with truthfulness, sobriety and morality, who is what the world calls straight, and who can look everybody in the eye, will command the respect of his neighbors and himself, and will be infinitely happier in the world than the man who does not."

To go to college is to seek the training which will fit for the duties of life. It should be to find the secret of power. A man may be educated, and well educated, without darkening the college doors. But he is educated in the longest and slowest way. He has lost valuable time and wasted much effort.

A college is a device to bring students together that they may educate each other and that older and wiser students may educate them. "It brings," says Emerson, "every ray of genius to its hospitable halls, that their combined influence may strike the heart of the youth in flame."

The college should train through personal influence of professor and of student. "The fellow-feeling among free spirits" has long been famous in the universities of Germany. It was said of Doctor Nott, of Union College, that "he took the sweepings of other colleges and sent them back to society pure gold," such was his influence on young men. Something of the same influence is exerted for good in every college. The great teacher never fails to leave a great mark on every student whose life he touches.

The college and the university train men for definite ends in life. The graduate of the well ordered college in these times knows some one thing very well and he can make his knowledge practical. The best teachers, the best lawyers, the best electricians, the best statesmen are those the university sends out. To excel in knowledge and action is to insure a fair salary and a worthy position in society.

Avoid the Middlemen of Education

The college gives a man a scholar's horizon. It enables him to see things which lie beyond his trade. A shoemaker is likely to measure the world by shoestrings, a grocer to think in terms of tea and sugar, a carpenter to put his universe together by rule of thumb. A scholar wherever placed should look beyond his profession and should see the affairs of the world in their true perspective. This should save him from bigotry, from intolerance, from selfishness. This should make him a more helpful member of society as well as better company to himself. This last fact alone is reason enough to justify a man in spending ten years of his life in higher education.

The higher education should make him a better citizen. It should give him the courage of his convictions, for only the educated man has any real convictions. Education shows how convictions should be formed. What the scholar believes he takes on his own evidence, not because it is the creed of his church or the platform of his party. So he, and he alone, counts as a unit in the community. "To see things as they really are" is the crowning privilege of the educated man. To help others to see them so is the greatest service he can render to the community. A tried beacon in the swaying tides of democracy is the educated man wherever he may be. You will go to college—where shall you go? The answer to this is simple. Get the best you can. You have but one chance for a college education. You cannot afford to waste that chance on an inferior school. Libraries, laboratories, rules, regulations, names and numbers do not make a university. It is the men who teach. Go where the masters are in whatever line you mean to work. Go to that school, in whatever State or county, under whatever name or control, that will serve your purposes best, that will give you the best return for the money you have to spend. Do not stop with the middlemen. Go to the men who know.



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The Borrowed Sonnet

By Charles Macomb Flandrau



WITH the next theme we shall, as you probably know, complete the work of this course for the year." The instructor paused and meditatively rearranged some papers on his desk, while there was a perceptible compulsion of the attentive faculties among the hundred and fifty listless young men of the class. Billy Watson in the back of the room discontinued a languid game of tit-tat-to with his neighbor; Herbert Dunn destroyed with an impatient pencil stroke the sketch he had been making for the Lampoon and closed his notebook; here and there men put down the novels and text-books they happened to be reading with perfect safety under the eyes of the near-sighted instructor; Blakely Fordham turned from the open window through which, during the lecture on "periodic sentences," he had been watching the robins disport themselves in the sunflecked grass outside.

"We have had expositions and descriptions and narratives in great profusion," the instructor went on, "and for the last exercise of your skill and ingenuity I am going to make a somewhat radical departure by asking you to write a sonnet." There was a little flutter of amusement and dismay. "Of course," he continued, "the request is not based on an inference from your past work that the class is composed of a hundred and fifty poets, although there are several of you whose manner of observing is distinctly poetic and whose style in prose often responds most gracefully to the temperamental demand. From these men I shall look forward to receiving work at least equal to the average sonnet of the contemporary magazines, and from the rest of you"—he glanced about the room with a puzzled expression at which the class amiably laughed. "Well, I shall not, on second thoughts, indulge in prophecy," he smiled; and went on to give them a few general instructions. "Take some famous sonnet as a model," he advised; "one of Milton's or Wordsworth's or Keats'. Study its structure—the scheme to which the rhymes conform; note the manner in which the generalities of the octette or first eight lines are synthesized in the sextette or last six. Be sure and have a definite thought before you begin to write; the whole value of this exercise to most of you will consist in the literary discipline that comes of confining your idea within the limits of an inexorable form. Your vaporous thoughts subjected to poetic fire must prove themselves—crystals," he ended encouragingly, and dismissed the class.

When Fordham and Dunn strolled out of the recitation hall they found Billy Watson lying in the grass, his head resting on his hand.

"It's absurd to ask any one to express himself in thirteen lines," he complained. Dunn smiled as he pulled a blade of grass and nibbled its tender white end. He was a thoughtful, rather delicate-looking person.

"Why—does it have to be thirteen?" asked Fordham idly. "I thought they were just short spurts that filled up the page when a story left off in the middle."

"That would be too easy," answered Billy. "Heaven only knows why they have to have thirteen lines—it seems very arbitrary; you might get through in twelve or perhaps you might have enough material to stick on a fourteenth. But you mustn't. You've got to let it go at thirteen—don't you?" He appealed to Dunn, who looked dreamily into the trees. Dunn was often guilty of writing verses for the college papers.

"Oh, I shouldn't feel bound down to the unlucky number," he answered impartially. "I've seen lots of good sonnets with fourteen lines; in fact, many of the greatest have been written that way."

"Well, I want mine to be a corker," Billy declared; "I'm not going to run any risks. It's all right, I suppose, for Wordsworth to add a sort of a postscript if he wants to, but it's different with me. Have you thought of anything yet? I'm as full of ideas as this grass is full of mosquitoes; only they're just as hard to catch," he added, slapping wildly in the air. Dunn said he had already begun one for the Advocate that he might use, and Billy turned to Fordham.

"What on earth are you going to do?" he demanded, throwing a handful of grass at the big fellow's hair. "Your degree depends on this course, doesn't it?"

"I'm afraid it does," the other answered lightly; even now the rapidly approaching academic peril did not seem to him particularly imminent. He was not brilliant and he knew it; but he had always managed to "scrape through" somehow. A terrible week or two with a tutor just at the last had been always sufficient to give him the mediocre marks essential to remaining in his class. Even these occasional renunciations of his easy-going, happy existence were exceedingly trying to him; but they were less unendurable on the whole than would have been Dunn's or even Billy's method of "grinding" a little every day and taking their examinations as a matter of course. There were always so many other things to do that bore immediate fruit, so to speak. Systematic application to one's books in fine weather was almost like laboring for the benefit of posterity: the end seemed so far distant. He tipped his straw hat over his eyes and stretched his great length on the cool grass.

"I suppose I'll have to scribble something," he groaned. "It isn't the sort of thing you can pay a tutor to teach you; and I have about as much idea of poetry as a cow has of handling a musket."

"Do you know—I think I'll make mine about the death of Shelley," Billy declared with sudden ecstasy; "it was an awfully dramatic thing, his death, and I can end it up—where you crystallize the generalities' the way Penfield told us to do—by comparing the Bay of Spezzia to the sea of life that cuts off so many a young flower in the bud—you see what I mean, don't you?

Shelley is dead! Oh wind and waves lie down——

What do you think of that for a starter?"

"I think I'll write of Memorial Hall," murmured Dunn. "I know more about that than I do of most things."

II

FORDHAM climbed the steep stairs slowly, reluctantly, and let himself into his room. He had sat on the piazza in front of his boarding-place after dinner as long as there had been any one to sit with; it had been impossible to tear himself away from the crowd of pleasant fellows who lingered there in the soft summer evening, to talk and smoke and listen to the music of a harp and a flute and a violin that was wafted toward them from the other end of the short, leaf-embowered street. He had stayed on even when he had for companionship but one uncongenial man—even, in fact, for a short time after he had been left quite alone. But at length, with a laugh at his indolence, he got up and strolled along between the lilac hedges in the old-fashioned gardens of Cambridge to the college yard. There was in the night air a suggestion of unseen spring flowers and the pungent odor of box.

His room seemed very warm after his walk and the long ascent of the stairs, and after lighting the gas he threw himself across the couch and leaned out of the window. In the square below the music had collected a listless, amiable evening crowd; groups of men—some of whom Fordham felt sure he knew—were waiting for open cars to spirit them across the breezy bay into town; there was everywhere a seductive, whispering sound of loafing footsteps—the footsteps of happy people who had either finished their work or had decided not to begin it; the footsteps of people whom no one expected to write a sonnet before morning, Fordham reflected. He became absorbed in waiting for the empty electric cars to whirl around the corner and in watching the eager crowd scrambling for front seats. The occupation was scarcely exciting, but with the knowledge that in the room behind him a hot drop-light on his desk was awaiting him with irritating patience, it assumed a factitious kind of importance; he would wait for three more cars and then—to work. The three cars came and went more swiftly than any he had ever before waited for in Cambridge; he almost fell out of the window as the last one flashed from view. Then with a yawn he drew himself into the room and turned toward his desk.

That long-neglected piece of furniture was, he found, but ill equipped for the pursuit of literature. There was in the bottom of the ink bottle a thick, black paste and a collection of strange, slimy substances whose presence he was unable to account for. In dredging for them and dissecting them on a bit of blotting paper under the light (half an hour sped past in this employment) he broke the rusty, solitary pen he had discovered after a diligent search at the bottom of a box containing old golf-balls, empty shot-gun shells, broken pipes and useless fragments of objects whose entirety he could scarcely remember. Paper he was for a long time unable to find at all. He was under the impression that he owned two notebooks, but he had not seen them for weeks. For a moment he thought seriously of going into somebody's room on the same floor and borrowing a scratch-block, but appreciating with unusual perspicuity that the intention was the most puerile of excuses for further dawdling, he tore the fly-leaf from Mill's Political Economy and, with an altogether uncomfortable silver pencil Christmas present between his fingers, sat down to manufacture a sonnet.

It was at this stage of the evening that he realized with sudden irritation and disgust his complete ignorance of the sonnet form. The fact that he had not as yet even the flimsiest idea to embody in that form did not begin to worry him until later. As he sat there staring at the sheet of paper on his desk, Penfield's advice of two weeks before came for the first time dimly back to him. Well—his meagre shelf of books did not comprehend Wordsworth, Milton or Keats; this time he surely would have to borrow from his neighbors—unless (he accepted the inspiration most unwillingly) he could find a sonnet in one of the old Advocates he had subscribed to at some pre-historic period of weak-minded opulence. He blew the dust from a pile of college publications on the floor and began to turn the leaves—stopping here and there to read pages and sometimes whole stories. His search was rewarded by the discovery of three poems that he decided must be sonnets, although they contained fourteen lines apiece, and the author (they were all sparks from one intense, central fire) had with devilish glee, it seemed to Fordham, neglected to advertise the fact. They were called respectively Soul Sadness, World Woe and Heart Hurts. He laboriously read World Woe through twice. It treated with vague omniscience of "gray pain," and "the drift of moon-wrack in an evil sky." If he could have shorn the idea of its phraseology, he felt—with an almost irresistible desire to seek the author out and knock him down—it might suggest something similar around which he could, perhaps, drape a collection of unintelligible words himself. But it was impossible for him to discover what the infernal ass was attempting to prove in the first place in any one of the three poems, and he finally swept the whole pile of Advocates off the desk and leaned back in sullen despair.

"What to do?" If he failed in the course he lost his degree. And if he lost his degree he would have to spend six weeks in the summer school instead of going abroad. The Rhine—Switzerland—Venice—his mind for a moment was a vitascope of alluring scenes he knew well and delighted in. He leaned over his desk once more and painfully traced across the page:

"The sun was setting in the——" It was too idiotic. Exasperated by a mingled feeling of defiance and defeat, he pushed away from the desk, grasped his hat and flung out of the room.

Across the yard he saw a light in Dunn's window. Purely from a desire to curse his luck in sympathetic ears, he strode over and knocked on his friend's door. When he went in, Dunn, with a writing pad in his hand, was leaning back in a steamer chair. Fordham threw himself on the window-seat.

"I've been slaving all evening over my sonnet," he groaned.

"How's it getting along?" Dunn asked simply. "I've just finished mine," he said, holding up the scratch-block.

"It isn't getting along at all," the other answered. "I'm no earthly good at that sort of thing."

"Let's have a look at it," Dunn urged, as he erased a word and substituted another. "I may be able to help you out in some way—or did you bring it over?" Fordham laughed ironically.

"There wasn't anything to bring," he said. "I simply can't write a sonnet; I suppose I might have if I'd spent the last two weeks in stalking some sort of an idea and dressing it up until its own mother wouldn't recognize it," he added honestly, "although I'm not sure; I can't think of anything I wouldn't rather say right out, the way I'm talking now."

"Well, I wish I could help you," mused Dunn. "Perhaps if I read you mine it might suggest something," he ventured modestly. Fordham assented politely but without enthusiasm to the suggestion and listened to a sonnet on The Yard at Night. It was vastly more intelligible to him than World Woe and Heart Hurts. This fact and the manner in which Dunn read it tended somewhat to soothe his ruffled temper.

"I have another one here," Dunn said, when he had finished reading; "it's about Memorial Hall; I can't decide which to hand in. Which do you like best?" And he read a second sonnet, called The Transept. This one Fordham scarcely heard; he was pettishly wondering why Dunn should have with apparent facility reeled off two of the wretched things while he—Fordham—had been unable to grind out one. Then as he lay on the window-seat, staring at the discolored ceiling, a reason insidiously suggested itself, and he got up and crossed over to Dunn.

"I think I like the first one better," he said, for the sake of saying something. "Let's look at them." He took them to the light behind Dunn and pretended to read. In reality he stared at the back of his friend's head and speculated on the best way to begin.

"Yes, I think I like the first one best," he at length repeated, and, as Dunn made no reply, he asked indifferently, "Bertie, what are you going to do with the one you don't hand in?" He hoped the fellow would see what he meant; there was something rather revolting in the possibility of having to ask for the verses outright. But Bertie with maddening innocence merely replied: "Oh, I'll probably print it in the Advocate or Monthly if they want it, or I may just keep it; I have a whole drawer full of stuff I've scribbled since I've been in college."

"I wish you'd give it to me," Fordham compelled himself to say.

"Why, of course you can have it," the other declared—pleased that his sentiment had been appreciated.

Fordham wavered an instant between telling Dunn and not telling him that he intended to hand in the sonnet as his own. It came hard to tell him; but to leave in silence—he understood all at once what people meant when they asserted that the thought of having to do certain things nauseated them.

"If you give it to me, I'll let Penfield think I wrote it myself," he at last said boldly. "It's a question of doing that or losing my degree."

Bertie got up and looked at Fordham as if to make sure that he was in earnest. Then he strolled silently up and down the room with his hands in his pockets until his wanderings brought him by accident face to face with his friend.

"It's comparatively easy for a man to get back a lost degree," he said slowly.

III

TO BILLY the fortnight allotted for the writing of the sonnets had not been a period of unmixed delight. His classmates would gravely accost him in the yard—draw him aside and, with a kindly hand on his shoulder, say hesitatingly:

"I'm awfully sorry, old man—I hate to have to tell any one bad news; but did you know that Shelley was dead?" For days his mail—in addition to the bills that toward the

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end of May habitually fluttered through his letter-slide—was numerous with engrossed resolutions of sympathy and notes of condolence. The cards of every one he knew (and of many whose acquaintance he never expected to make), with "To inquire" scribbled across them, were left at his door. He was a little puzzled at first in trying to account for the visits of "L'Ambassadeur de Russie," several members of the Korean Legation and the entire Cabinet of the United States in a body, until he remembered with a giggle that Dick Benton's father was in the Senate. The arrival of a cable message from London and an unpaid telegram from Florida announcing the poet's demise, aroused him one morning at an unearthly hour. He became extremely tired of the relentlessness of undergraduate humor. It was rather more than annoying, for instance, to have an usher at the theatre call his name up and down the aisles—to leave the theatre amid a buzz of wondering voices—to drive frantically in a cab to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and there to learn that Shelley was no more. But he wrote his sonnet, notwithstanding the discouragement he hourly suffered, and was inordinately pleased with it. He confessed to Fordham, as they strolled over to the last lecture in English 47, that, considering his inexperience in such matters, it was a very remarkable bit of versification.

"Penfield will probably read it to the class," he declared. "You don't think he'll read any of them aloud, do you?" Fordham asked. He stopped abruptly in the path and looked furtively at Billy, who laughed a complacent laugh.

"Well, I don't think he'll read many of them," Billy answered. "But of course he'll read the good ones; he always does read a few good themes, and some of the bad ones, too. I don't see why he shouldn't to-day."

The possibility of having the sonnet he had handed in read in class had not until then occurred to Fordham. He knew, of course, that Penfield read and commented upon themes at every lecture; but his—Fordham's—themes had never been so honored, and as he rarely listened to that feature of the course, it had not made much impression on him. To-day, however, it worried him. Dunn's work he knew had always found favor in Penfield's eyes. What if the instructor should read it this afternoon—praise it, and perhaps let slip, as Penfield now and then did, Fordham remembered, the writer's name? It was odd, he was conscious of reflecting, that this contingency should so upset him. The repulsion he had experienced in asking for the verses and in afterward copying them and signing his name to them was nothing in comparison. And it was a feeling, moreover, with which the fear of detection had nothing to do. There was no danger of being found out; it was not as if he had taken a sonnet, however obscure, from some book. No one but Dunn knew who had written it, and Dunn—Fordham's emotions were a mixture of disgust at having had to hand in another man's work and satisfaction that the other man was the reticent, kind-hearted Dunn.

Fordham had never, during the four years he had spent at college, listened so attentively to a lecture as he did that afternoon, and Penfield's remarks seemed interminable. The instructor reviewed in considerable detail the work of the year, gave advice to men who hoped to make a career of letters or journalism, and, for the benefit of the men whose graduation was not imminent, explained the various courses in composition offered by the Department of English. At first, Fordham, with a nervous eagerness to "get it over with," tried mentally to hurry him; he was almost unable at times to resist the inclination to call out, "Oh, go on, go on, go on—you've told us that before." But as the end of the hour drew nearer he reversed the exercise of his will with painful intensity. When Penfield became absorbed in a comparison of English 12 and English 5, or sketched the daily life of a reporter, Fordham's mind became a pleading protest against the instructor's neglecting any aspect of the subject, or of reaching the point where he glanced at his watch and exclaimed, "So then you see——" and began to "sum up." If Penfield only would talk for eight more minutes, the young man reflected, as he took out his own watch and held it in his hand, there would be no time for the reading and comment.



"YES, I THINK I LIKE THE FIRST ONE BEST"

As if Fordham's action had suggested the lateness of the hour, Penfield broke off in the middle of a sentence.

"I know you are all anxious to get back to your sonnets," he said quickly, "so I shall proceed at once to read in the usual manner some of the worst and best examples of the work that has been handed in." The little experiment, he went on, had been for many reasons of great interest to him. Many of the themes he had received were not sonnets at all; a few of them were amazingly good sonnets; the rest of them were just—sonnets. Comment upon the verses that had not observed the required form was unnecessary; he had simply given the writers of them E—the lowest possible mark—without further thought. It surprised him to find, he declared, that in more than one instance men whose prose was unmistakably the work of a poetic temperament had handed in sonnets—technically correct, perhaps—but lacking in imaginative power—in a sense of words—in everything that gave to composition of this kind the quality he could only describe as "distinction." On the other hand, one or two members of the class—notably one—whose efforts in the past had been perfunctory, barren of sentiment and guiltless of grace, had achieved results of which no one could be ashamed. At the words "notably one," Fordham tried to assume the impersonally interested expression of the men who sat near him; but before the instructor had reached the end of the sentence he found himself staring fixedly at the desk in front of him, with a slow, hot, red sensation slowly creeping above the merciful limits of his collar into his neck and face. Well, there would be a bad ten minutes he told himself, for which he ought to have had sense enough to prepare himself. The ordeal once over, however, he would be rid of the course and Penfield and sonnets for ever; at that moment he hated not only poor Penfield, but the whole college and everybody officially connected with it.

He did not listen to the first two themes the instructor read, but was merely conscious that the class laughed uproariously at each of them. The writer of the first, in attempting to use his sonnet as a vehicle for humor, had achieved a tragedy; the second writer's treatment of an occurrence indisputably tragic was received by the class as the year's farewell climax of humor. It concerned the death of Shelley, and, as Penfield remarked when the merriment subsided, "its thirteen explosive lines might well have caused all lovers of poetry to regret even more keenly that the young genius had met with so premature a fate." Of the two good themes, the first—a vigorous appreciation of Michael Angelo's David—was received by the men with characteristic apathy, enlivened here and there by an impatient shuffling of feet.

It may have been partly owing to the simple, manly fashion in which Penfield read the second sonnet, and partly that its subject must always command the attention and respect of Harvard men; but at any rate The Transept was listened to amid an absolute silence that lasted—lasted—Fordham closed his eyes and dug his finger-nails into the palms of his hands while it lasted—until after the reader's voice died away in the summer stillness. Then came a crash of applause that ripped spontaneously into being like the bolt that tears the roof from over one. Fordham lost control of his lips for a moment, and when he opened his eyes he saw the room as if through glass upon which rain had blown. Penfield was fingering the sheet of paper in his hand as if he meant to continue his criticism; but when the room was once more silent, he merely took off his glasses and said:

"Gentlemen, the comments I intended to make upon this poem have been expressed."

The men surged toward the instructor's desk to get back their corrected themes. With a sudden realization that many of the class turned to look at him as they passed, Fordham pushed into the crowd and stared blindly over the heads of the men who surrounded him. He tried not to hear the confusion of flattering words through which he made his way, and it was not until he reached the desk and Penfield spoke to him that he could bring himself to reply.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Fordham, on a noble piece of work," the instructor said earnestly.

Fordham took the theme. All of the fellows near him had heard the instructor's remark and glanced up at its recipient with kindly appreciation. In avoiding Penfield's small gray eyes, Fordham found himself looking into Dunn's big brown ones. But he managed to smile a little and murmur, "I'm glad you liked it," before he turned to leave the room.

IV

WHEN Fordham reached his room and locked himself in he had a moment of exquisite relief. All the way from the lecture-hall the inquisitive and the congratulatory had overtaken him and asked him questions that seemed to him devilish in their innocence. His progress across the yard had been a continuation of the nightmare he had hoped to leave behind him when he left the crowded lecture-room. But now that he was alone—he experienced something almost like happiness in knowing that he was alone. What if he had a room-mate to catechise him—to ask him why he walked up and down so insanely and breathed so hard? Room-mates were inevitably personal—they seemed to spend their lives in annoying one another and apologizing afterward. He was immensely glad that he hadn't one. The cool, quiet solitude of his study had never been so altogether welcome and soothing; he had not until then known what it was to feel deeply grateful that inanimate objects were so tactfully, so wonderfully inanimate.

It had been worse—much worse—than he had imagined it could be. Asking Dunn for the sonnet in the first place had made him feel despicable enough; but that somehow was his own private affair—he had counted the cost and he had found himself willing to pay it. The torture he had just gone through, however, was different; he had not counted on that at all.

For a time he sought consolation in the fact that, since it had been so indescribably hideous, he would be able to endure with outward equanimity whatever further happened, and he had almost decided on the modest, rather deprecatory manner with which he should thenceforth meet all reference to his triumph in English 47, when a footstep in the hall and a rap on his door brought him to an abrupt standstill in the middle of his room. He stood there not daring to move—scarcely permitting himself to draw breath—while the door was pounded and his name was called with the exasperation of some one who had seen him enter the building. The noise at last ceased and the man who had been making it clattered down the stairs. Fordham threw himself on his couch. It was absurd to take the thing so seriously, he told himself. Other fellows had now and then handed in work not their own; he had known it at the time, but, beyond pausing to reflect that he himself would scarcely do it, he had not experienced any particular shock at the essential dishonesty of the act. He had never been conscious of any change in his feelings toward those fellows, nor had their attitude toward the college world seemed to undergo any alteration. They were probably not proud of what they had done when they chanced to think of it, but then they did not apparently often think of it. Why should he, who was of no finer clay than the others, feel so abjectly the whole affair? Of course the somewhat theatrical scene in the lecture-room had accentuated certain aspects of it. But that, after all, was a mere accident; the principle in either case was the same. If others could lightly consider such matters, he certainly ought to be able to. He would have to be man enough, he told himself, to stand by himself now and "back himself up."

In his own room, with the late afternoon sun serenely warming the friendly walls he had known so long, this, after a time, became comparatively easy to do. He sat there until the dinner hour, and gradually persuaded himself into believing that, as there was no possibility of his being found out, he could meet his friends and hear with more or less indifference what they said of his unexpected part in the last lecture of the English course, and then forget it all, just as they would. Time, he had so often read in books, softened the bitterest memories.

He jumped up to wash his face and hands. The cool water contributed materially to the serenity of mind that his long meditation had induced. But a moment later when he stood before the glass, brushing his hair, he found himself scrupulously avoiding his own eyes. With intense irritation he put down the brushes and looked himself square in the face. Then, telling himself that he had done with that sort of sentimental weakness, he strode off to dinner.

Fordham never tried to analyze just what took place within him as he swung into the short street in which stood his boarding-place. He was only conscious that, at the farther end, Billy and Dick Benton and one or two others had paused with their backs toward him, to call to some one in the street beyond. Actuated by motives he could not have explained, Fordham abruptly stopped, turned and retraced his steps.

It flashed through his mind as he did so that, if by any chance the fellows had seen him, he could say that he had forgotten something in his room.

He hurried toward the square, but without in the least knowing why he hurried or where he should go for dinner. After the long hours he had spent alone in his room he craved companionship, and shrank from going into any of the dreary little restaurants in the vicinity of the square. It was not that he hesitated to make so frank an admission of weakness; he admitted his weakness with a sort of dull despair. But he dreaded, as it were, to dine with it. He had stopped and was looking into the windows of a book-shop, without seeing any of the books, when three men he knew opened the door and came out to catch the bridge car. They were dining in town, they said, and intended to go to the theatre afterward. Would Fordham join them? Fordham didn't care for the fellows particularly—they had never been intimate friends of his—and the prospect of the theatre was not very alluring in his present state of mind, but he accepted the invitation with alacrity. For the

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moment he forgot, somehow, his disconcertion on having suddenly come across Billy and the others. With these men he felt no embarrassment. Until almost the end of dinner it was as if his self-respect were unimpaired. And then it came over him that Harrison—one of the three—had narrowly escaped expulsion in his sophomore year for very much the same sort of thing that he—Fordham—was guilty of. He could not recall the story in detail, but it concerned a thesis bought, paid for and handed in to the instructor of one of the philosophical courses. A stupid typewriter in copying the work had made a blunder that almost cost Harrison the rest of his academic career, but in some way or other—Fordham could not remember how—Harrison had ingeniously explained everything to the Dean's satisfaction and had remained in college. Fordham had heard Harrison tell the anecdote; it was, in fact, considered one of his best.

This, then, Fordham reflected dismally, was why he found himself so at ease in the society of Harrison and his friends: he had become one of them. He changed his mind about the theatre—he had a headache, he said—and walked back to Cambridge instead.

The next morning he found in his mail a printed slip from the Advocate requesting leave to publish in the next number the sonnet entitled The Transept. At first Fordham did not intend to answer the note, but a sickening fear that the paper might, on its own responsibility, bring out Dunn's sonnet with his—Fordham's—name under it caused him on second thoughts to decide to refuse his permission at once. He usually wrote his letters at the club, but this morning he bought paper, pens and ink in the square, returned to his room, and, as graciously as possible, informed the editors of the Advocate that he hoped to dispose of his sonnet elsewhere. It was the only plausible excuse he could think of. He breakfasted at The Holly Tree, with his back to the other tables and his face in a newspaper, and as no one he knew came in, he lingered there until late in the morning. His one lecture, he decided, after a short struggle with himself, to cut. Ordinarily, when he had no lectures, he went to the club or to the room of a friend. This morning, however, he hastened back to his own room.

In the corridor there was a middle-aged man examining the cards on the various doors. He was looking, he said, for Mr. Fordham's room. Fordham introduced himself and took the man—who was obviously not a creditor—into his study. He explained—employing a pleasant formula that had become fluent from long practice—that he was one of the editors of Lespers and was making a little trip for the purpose of meeting new writers, looking into their work, and, where it seemed to be mutually advantageous, of coming to an understanding with them. Mr. Penfield had sent him to Fordham—had, in fact, read him one of Fordham's sonnets—a very beautiful and promising bit of work, by the way. . . .

After he had gone, Fordham seized a book from his shelf and tried to read. That the man must have thought him rude, eccentric, half-witted even, was annoying but, after all, of very little importance. It was the injury to Dunn that actually hurt him. He had defrauded his friend of the first great opportunity that had come to him. Of course, if Dunn's verses were as good as every one seemed to think them, recognition under the fellow's own name would surely be accorded them sooner or later. But knowing Dunn as he did, he was inclined to believe that the recognition would be later rather than sooner: Dunn was such a quiet creature; he would never know how to peddle his wares and "push" himself. His chance had come and gone.

That afternoon, while the rest of the college swarmed across the river to a baseball game, Fordham slipped out of his room and strolled through quarters of Cambridge he had never seen before. He hated to walk alone, but he could not bring himself either to go to the game or to look for some one who, like himself, had stayed away. His relations with his fellows had become sickeningly perverted, he felt, and he told himself as he sauntered along the shady streets that he would almost rather die than drag through another twenty-four hours like the last. As he had no intention of dying, the only practical escape from the situation lay in an immediate flight from Cambridge. Heretofore his relations with the college and the world generally had always been so extremely simple that the necessary details of the undertaking assumed definite form in his mind wearily—unwillingly. He would have to say he was ill, he reflected, and was going home to rest and take care of himself until the examinations. What an unending procession of repugnant lies it all entailed! He would dine in town and leave that evening.

On his way back to the yard he saw Penfield hurrying along a side street with his inevitable bundle of themes. The instructor was probably going over to his office in Gray's, Fordham thought, and, fearing that the man might overtake him, he walked quickly up the path leading to the dusky entrance to Memorial Hall.

It was cool and dim inside, and Fordham sauntered through the transept slowly. From the farther door he could see Penfield crossing the street, so he turned and walked back again, listening to the slight echo of his own footsteps on the stone pavement and noticing for the first time the soft rose-colored light on the marble tablets. When he reached the door through which he had come in, he seated himself on the steps and leaned his head against the cool bricks. A robin in the grass below eyed him curiously, as if questioning, Fordham thought, his right to sit there. It was all very peaceful and beautiful; the young man turned half way around in order to look again at the softly lighted interior. He wondered how he could have passed through it so often without ever having really seen it; how ironical it was that his first sight of it should also be his last. As he looked and was moved, a certain harmonious combination of words drifted through his mind; he was scarcely conscious that they were words, so perfectly did they interpret his emotion. It was not until Fordham came to the line that told of "a robin in the greening grass" that he realized that he was repeating The Transept. . . .

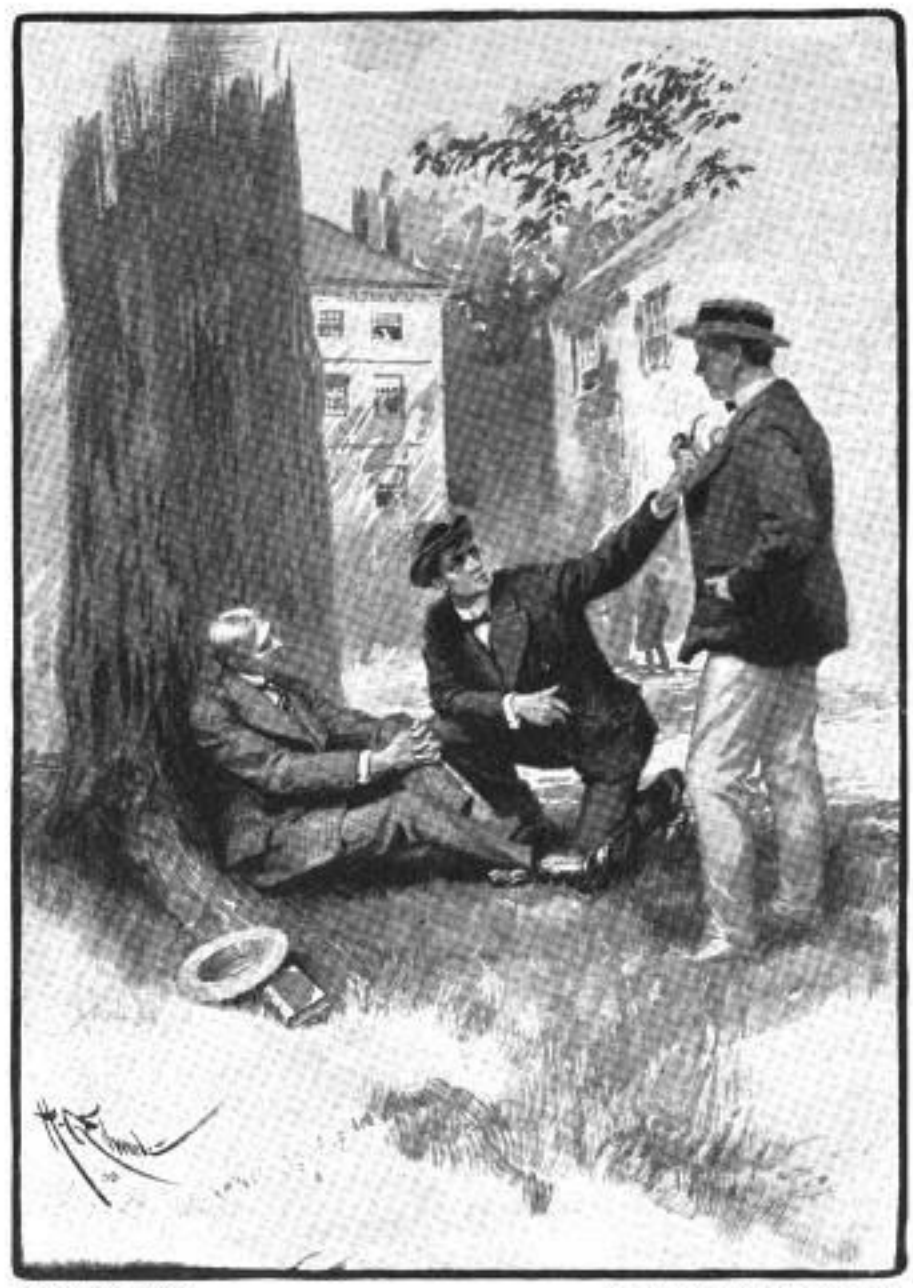
When, at last, Fordham left the steps he jumped up actively and hastened in the direction of the yard. He met many fellows he knew on their way to Memorial for dinner and he spoke to them eagerly—as a man might who had been away from Cambridge for a month.

He crossed the yard, ran up the steps of Gray's and knocked on the door of Penfield's office. The instructor dropped the themes he was reading with an air of relief when Fordham entered.

"I'm so glad to see you," he exclaimed. "I didn't have time yesterday to say all I wanted to about your sonnet."

Fordham went up to the table at which the instructor was sitting and let his fingers rest on the edge. He had not considered just how he should begin, but now that he was there it seemed easy enough.

"I've come to tell you that I did not write it," he said as his eyes met Penfield's.



DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

"WELL, I WANT MINE TO BE A CORKER"

Trade in Queer Animals

By René Bache

THERE is no branch of the animal kingdom, nor any corner of the world, that is not ransacked and explored nowadays for the purpose of collecting natural history curiosities to supply the commercial demand. Special expeditions are sent to remote and almost inaccessible regions to gather strange and rare animals, for which the market is as unfailing as for any staple product of the soil or the factory. Firms dealing in such merchandise in a large way are located in most big cities both in this country and abroad, and, judging from the comprehensiveness of their catalogues, it would seem as if there was nothing that flies or walks or swims that they are not prepared to furnish on short notice at list prices.

One of these catalogues advertises a large assortment of "live material," as it is termed. From this document one learns that he can obtain large bullfrogs at three dollars a dozen, alive and kicking; medium-sized bullfrogs are cheaper, costing only $1.75 for twelve. Turtles are two dollars a dozen for "adults," and small ones for aquaria are offered at fifteen cents each. Pond snails, "in assorted lots," are listed at twenty-five cents a dozen; crayfish cost one dollar a dozen, and newts are fifteen cents each. In ordering crayfish, it is requested that a few days' notice be given in which to secure them in case the stock should be low. No such reservation, however, is made in the case of earthworms, which come at sixty cents a dozen. It is safe to say that any small boy will furnish earthworms under this rate.

It will be understood that all the above animals are shipped alive. The catalogue quotes small alligators at fifty to seventy-five cents apiece. Live rattlesnakes come higher—especially the diamond rattlesnake, which costs from five to twelve dollars. Economical persons, however, may prefer a ground rattlesnake at one dollar. The copperhead is supposed to be about as deadly as the rattlesnake, and may be obtained for two dollars, while chicken snakes, king snakes and garter snakes sell as low as fifty cents each.

Crabs are not offered alive, but in alcohol, and in this shape one can buy sand crabs, blue crabs, spider crabs, fiddler crabs, mud crabs and hermit crabs at prices running from ten to seventy-five cents apiece, spider crabs being the dearest. Insects, similarly preserved, are so cheap as to tempt purchase. Squash-bugs cost only fifty cents a dozen, while giant water bugs come at only half that price. Earwigs are quoted at fifty cents a dozen, antlions at ten cents each, crickets at fifty cents a dozen, seventeen-year locusts at ten cents apiece and June bugs at fifty cents a dozen. Horseflies invite the buyer at only ten cents the fly, "true wasps" may be obtained for the same price, and bumblebees foot the list at six cents.

In London, which is the great bug market of the world, auctions of insects are held every year, and startling prices are paid sometimes for rare specimens. As much as $800 has been brought by a single butterfly, while an out-of-the-way beetle may be valued at many times its weight in gold.

Hamburg is a great market for wild animals, largely from Africa, that city having an important trade with the Dark Continent. To London comes much material of the same sort from Australia and New Zealand, and many rare creatures are obtained from sailors who fetch them from various parts of the world. An American dealer, not very long ago, made a special trip to White Bay, New Zealand, for the purpose of procuring a kind of lizard called the "sphenodon," which is regarded by scientists as a wonderful curiosity, inasmuch as it is the only survivor of an entire order of reptiles, all the other genera and species having long since become extinct. This lizard, which is known to the native Maoris as the "tuatera," is about a foot and a half long and, oddly enough, seems to have affinities with the crocodile. Of course, all the kangaroos, wombats and flightless birds come from Australia or New Zealand. A while ago the American dealer above referred to made a special trip to South America for the purpose of obtaining guanaco skeletons and steamer ducks. The guanaco is chiefly interesting because, like the llama, it is a representative of the camel tribe on this continent. The steamer duck is particularly odd, inasmuch as it flies when it is young, but cannot do so after it has matured. The adult bird beats the water with its wings as it swims, and this suggested the name given to the species at a period when all steamers were side-wheelers. It cannot rise in flight, for the reason that, as it gets older, its wings do not develop in proportion to its increase in weight.

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The Problems and Prospects of College Men as Seen by their Presidents

Should a Business Man Have a College Education?

By Francis L. Patton

PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

A BOY fifteen or sixteen years of age, let us suppose, has decided on a business career, but wishes to know whether it would be better for him to go to college first. This is a very important question and he must settle it soon, for unless he is at one of the schools which are specially intended to fit boys for college he may find that his school curriculum, however excellent in its way, is not of the kind to open to him the doors of many of our universities.

It is rather unfortunate that there are two types of secondary education in this land, one having in view "the entrance requirements" of the leading universities, and the other intended to fit men for the activities of life in the various avenues of employment. The High School principal says very naturally that he must plan his curriculum with reference to the wants of the great mass of his pupils who, when they leave school, must earn their living, and who cannot go, or at all events do not intend to go, to the university. He must see to it, therefore, that certain studies which are not included in the college entrance requirements, but that are, as he supposes, important factors in fitting boys to be good citizens and in enabling them to earn a livelihood, are incorporated in the High School's schedule of studies. If, therefore, a boy discovers toward the close of his career at the High School that he wishes to go to college it may easily happen that he will find that he has learned the things that he ought not to have learned and left unlearned the things that he ought to have learned. It is a pity that through lack of a proper articulation of the High School and the universities so few of the High School graduates go up to the universities. This condition of things is not likely to last, and there are indications now of an approximation of the High School curriculum to the requirements for admission to our colleges and universities. This approximation would go on more rapidly, perhaps, if there were, on the one hand, a little more elasticity in the construction of entrance requirements, so that a liberal substitution of "equivalents" would be allowed, and particularly if, on the other hand, the custodians of High School education would more commonly recognize the fact that the general mental discipline which fits a boy for college is the best discipline also to qualify for the work of life.

The Problem of the Poor Man's Son

Were this dual system of secondary education eliminated from our problem the question then would be whether a young man about to enter upon a non-professional career would do well to go from school into an office, or whether he would be the gainer by going through the four years of a college course.

This question should not be answered without a careful consideration of both sides of it. There are some, of course, whose circumstances preclude the possibility of a college education, and the problem before us does not assume any practical form with them. Others, again, are so abundantly able to defer indefinitely the period of remunerative employment that they need not be considered in this discussion. Those to whom our question presents a serious problem are the sons of parents of limited means who are willing to make great sacrifices in order that their children may have the best advantages, but who are in doubt whether the gain to be secured by a college course is sufficient to justify these sacrifices. Let us understand, then, that in the case supposed the young man is under the necessity of earning his living, and that he has decided to earn it in one of the many forms of commercial activity covered by the word "business." We must treat this necessity and the proposed method of meeting it with proper respect. It is all very well to say that there is something in this world besides money. So there is: but it is hard to get on without a certain amount of it; and the simple ambition to "get on" is in itself a very worthy one. Few men can make fortunes; but every man has a natural desire to be independent, and any man who in these days of competition is able to maintain himself and his family in a position of modest comfort, who is able to educate his children and enable them to grow up in an atmosphere of refined living, has escaped the just imputation of failure. What, then, shall I say to a young man who has the ambition to realize social comfort and independence? Will he be more or less likely to succeed in business because he has taken the time to acquire a college education?

The Limitations of Office Education

It is safe, I think, to say that a university career will not lessen his business prospects. It is true that he will have spent four years in college which might have been devoted to business and that his companion who went from school to the office has got the start of him. It is but fair also to recognize the elements of advantage which the boy who does not go to college has over the one who does. He goes to business say at seventeen years of age. He is not ashamed to do the humble duties which are assigned to him. He learns to be prompt, industrious and obedient. He acquires, that is to say, business habits. His range of knowledge is limited, but of such resources as he has he is in full command. He writes a fair hand, spells correctly, and while his mathematical knowledge is chiefly of the kind which college professors speak of sneeringly sometimes as mere "business arithmetic," he is a master of it and performs the common operation of that arithmetic with readiness and accuracy. If now he has a knowledge of stenography and typewriting or will be at the pains to acquire it he may be in a position to earn a salary, and will perhaps be advanced to the post of private secretary to the head of his house, with a fair chance of further promotion, at a time when the college graduate is vainly looking around for something to do. In a few years he will have mastered the *technique* of his business, whatever it may be, and while business as a science, if that word may be used in regard to business, he may never know, business as an art he will have learned very thoroughly. Put him in the company of educated men and he will appear at a disadvantage, perhaps, in regard to questions in economic science. He knows nothing



FRANCIS L. PATTON

about "unearned increments" or the "law of diminishing returns." He is not on such easy terms with generalizations pertaining to business life as the college graduate is, but he understands the details of his own calling whatever it may be, and he has a certain commercial value in the labor market which the college graduate will not acquire without some trouble.

Still, this knowledge of *technique* the college graduate will acquire in a much shorter time than it took the schoolboy to acquire it. He is more mature to begin with, and if he has not wasted his time in college he has the great advantage of coming to his business with trained powers. He has learned to give his undivided attention to any subject that needs it, and to do this by an act of will. His powers have not been trained to work in a narrow groove and are not limited to the automatically accurate performance of a single task, but they are at his command and under his control. He has been accustomed to handle the leading concepts of science or philosophy and to reason about them. When he is addressing himself to business problems he simply has a new set of concepts to be handled in the same way. Logic is logic, whether the subject of thought be insurance or astronomy. The power which comes as the result of a liberal education will soon show itself, and some day the opportunity will arrive for the university man to reveal the advantage which he has over the man who left school to go into an office.

Business that Demands College Men

It will be strange indeed if it is not found that the college graduate is capable of doing a kind and quality of business which the man who lacks this training is unable to do. For while the ordinary duties of buying and selling may not require much education, there are, on the other hand, enterprises which involve a comprehensive knowledge of affairs, which call for careful reasoning, which tax a man's power of exact statement, which demand the use of refined forms of expression, and which presuppose a man's ability to associate on equal terms with cultivated and highly educated men. It is needless to say that a man with only an ordinary school education is at great disadvantage under these circumstances compared with the man who has made good use of his time during the four years of his undergraduate life. Besides, it must be remembered that the number of university men in business is increasing all the time. This is changing the character of the competition which one must expect to meet in business life. The university man in the Old World is usually in one of the learned professions or he belongs to the leisured class. But in our land and in this day the business world is claiming an increasingly large proportion of our graduates. Attention was called not so long ago to the fact that the college man does not often come to the front and take a leading position in business. That is simply because until a comparatively recent day so few college men entered business life. The great fortune-builders have, as a rule, not been university graduates. But this is not likely to be the case in the future. The time is rapidly approaching, if it has not already arrived, when the young man without a liberal education will find that the most coveted places in the business and the social world are to all intents and purposes closed to him on this account. In a word, the business man must go to college because the college man is going into business. More and more, therefore, is it likely to be found that for the successful prosecution of the highest forms of business pursuits a liberal education is indispensable.

Another Side of the Problem

There is, I confess, another side of this question which is suggested by the ever-increasing complexity and magnitude of commercial transactions. So large a place does commerce hold in our civilization that it may well be asked whether a knowledge of its principles and of its phenomena may not properly enough be made part of a liberal education. A man can hardly be said to be abreast of his age who lives in entire ignorance of the principles and methods of the business world. I do not wonder that men who have a large vision of the mighty changes that are going on in commerce are beginning to feel that in making generous provision for a liberal education some place should be given to the scientific treatment of the phenomena of industrialism. But I am not discussing the question whether a liberally educated man should know something of business, but whether a business man should have a liberal education. I am trying to show that he should, and the argument would be all the stronger if, in addition to the study of geology, metaphysics, the history of art and civil engineering, an opportunity were given the undergraduate of learning, in a large and scientific way, something about the principles that underlie the great financial operations of the world.

It must be admitted, of course, that the undergraduate does not always make good use of his time in college. He is tempted to fall into idle habits, and he may come out with a diploma authenticating his liberal culture without having gained as much as he ought to have gained by his four years in college. I am in no sympathy with the disposition to look leniently upon the course of a young man who thus wastes his father's money, and who regards a college course as an indolent introduction to the more serious work of life, or a university diploma as a passport to social recognition. And yet it must be conceded that the education one gets in college is not altogether of the intellectual kind. The art of living the community life is nowhere better learned than through the comradeship of undergraduate days. There a man learns, if he ever does, how to get on with his fellows, has his manners conventionalized, is taught self-restraint and learns the lessons of respect for others. It is there that he learns to feel his share of responsibility for public sentiment and to realize his power and influence in making it. There, too, he is apt to get his first lessons in the art of dealing with men, and this in after life is apt to be of far more value to him as a part of his business training than would be the routine and not very intellectual duties that devolve upon the junior clerks of the counting-house.

There is still something else to be said. For after material success has been achieved and after it has expressed itself in material things—a man's house, his furniture, his

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plate, *his* pictures, his horses and his liveried servants, there are some things that money cannot buy, and there must be a degree of disappointment in the discovery on the part of the uneducated man that what he covets most is still denied him. There are men, of course, who transcend the defects of education. And men sometimes acquire grace of manner, refined taste, the ability to appear at ease in the society of cultivated people, and to appreciate the best that has been said in literature, who never matriculated at a university. But it would not be wise to be governed in our decision of the subject under consideration by these exceptions.

A college education, however, must be looked at apart from its bearing upon a man's success in making money, or his capacity for enjoyment, or his eligibility for refined society. A man is superior to his environment. The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. By so much as a man is educated is he realizing the possibilities of his selfhood. There is a profound and a very true philosophy in the advice that is sometimes given a man to make the most of himself. For this, apart from the pleasure that comes of it or the place it gives one in the world, is one's duty. Nor must it be forgotten that every man is part of a great social organism and that he owes duties to this organism. He should not be willing to be a leech and simply suck a living out of the community upon which he happens to fasten himself. If he has worthy views of life he will consider not only what he should do in order to achieve success, but how he shall use his success after he has attained it. His power for good will depend upon his influence, and that will depend largely upon his strength of character and his intellectual equipment.

My advice to any boy who may read these lines is, not to miss the chance to secure a liberal education. And let me say to any parent under whose eye this article may fall: Give your son an education, and though it be at cost of patrimony, give him a chance to earn a college diploma.

The Choice of a Calling

By James B. Angell

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ONE old question is ever new to each member of a graduating class in the last hours of his college course: "What pursuit shall I follow in life?" The aim of this paper is to give a few suggestions which may help one in finding the answer.

Some persons are by their very make and temperament so preëminently fitted for one pursuit that it never occurs to them, or to any one else, that there is any room for hesitation in deciding what shall be their calling. It is a great fortune to a man to be so constituted that he falls to his work in life as naturally and as easily as the young bird takes to her wings. For all his energies, his studies, his experiences work toward the real end of his life.

What we call the providential circumstances of some men determine their calling so plainly that there can be no doubt about the matter. A son, for instance, is left with the care of a large patrimony, which he can best administer. His duty to mother, brothers and sisters may be paramount to all other duties. Illustrations need not be multiplied.

These cases are simple. The really difficult case remains for consideration. It is that of the man who has apparently equal aptitude for different pursuits, say for law, for teaching and for journalism, and is shut up to no one of them to the exclusion of the others. Some men are so versatile that they could do any one of two or three things equally well.

In determining the question of aptitude we may frequently find help in taking the opinions of judicious friends, men of experience who will be frank enough to tell us the plain truth. There is a strange propensity in men to suppose that what is their foible is really their forte. It is said that General Scott believed to the day of his death that his fame would depend on his literary productions, which nobody reads, rather than on his Mexican campaigns. Goethe apparently felt more pride in his Essays on Color than in his Egmont or Tasso. Even in the range of college experience not a few men convince themselves that they are poets, while the rest of the college community remain unconvinced. The explanation of this self-deception is probably found in the fact that we are inclined to consider as our best productions those which have cost us most toil, because we have not been working in the direction of our talent. Let us then be prepared to hear the counsels of our associates who will tell us true things, rather than pleasant things, *vera pro gratis*. The faithful wounds of a friend are better than the flatteries of a foe.

One who is seeking to learn what his future duty is to be will find help in the faithful discharge of present duty. The path opens as we march on. It is the young man who is busy that is most in demand. It is the brave fellow fighting in the ranks for whom shoulder straps are waiting. Go bravely at the work which Providence puts within your reach. Remember that fine saying of Carlyle that the best teacher for the duties that are dim to us is the performance of the duties which are clear to us. Keep your soul open in a spirit of candor and honesty, ready to receive whatever may prove to be the divine command for you.

Is Scholarship a Promise of Success in Life?

By Benjamin Ide Wheeler

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THIS is a common question, and the upshot of it is the other question: Do the tests which the college work applies resemble those which life exacts? The answer can be given only in terms of individual experience and observation, and I give mine for what it is worth. There are individual cases, as every one knows, of success from the lowest third of the class, and the comment of surprise gives them lustre. I believe they are comets, however. In my observation, the successful men come chiefly from the first third. When the high scholar turns out a commonplace man, as he not infrequently does, the dunces have their delight, and the one exception outweighs five illustrations of the rule.



A college man wins in life not by virtue of the special knowledge he has acquired so much as by the habits he has formed. Habits of mind involve an attitude toward truth. Habits of thinking involve a control of the mental processes. Habits of work involve sense for time and for duty. A man who does things at the time when they ought to be done is likely to be wanted. It is the men who are wanted that are the successes. The men who are forever toiling to create a demand for themselves, they are the nuisances.

The best scholars succeed best in life chiefly, I believe, because they have been most regular and punctual in doing their college work. My experience with college students teaches me that they are intellectually much nearer a level than their achievements indicate. It is power of will more than power of mind that differentiates them. Must and ought have fifty times more stuff in them than might and could.

I have known men of the superbest equipment and the finest intellectual and athletic training who were of no possible use for any sublunar purpose, because they could not be relied upon to keep an appointment or to do anything they had agreed to do at a specified time. Having lost faith in their own wills, they had ceased to plan their own work, and went drifting on through life swept with every current.

The college tests are not always such as to prevent some fairly small men and pretty mean men from reaching class honors by sheer digging, but the modern college offers them less opportunity than the old curriculum. Digging is good, for it betrays will-fibre, but the "digs" and "grinds" who lack heart and vision will prove to be men of the muck-rake.

There is a type of man found well represented in every class of modern American college from whom one may expect a successful life. He does his college work faithfully and stands well in his class. He takes part in student sports and student affairs without being pure athlete or impure class politician. He is clean in manners, morals and dress. He holds the solid respect of his class without being flabbily popular. He plans his work, keeps his appointments, moves toward a goal, and spends no time in watching himself grow. It matters little whether such a man is valedictorian or not.

The Student and His Money Account

By James G. K. McClure

PRESIDENT OF LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY

HAPPY the man so well educated that his finances add wings to his success. Genius, without ability to live within means actually possessed or reasonably expected, is synonymous with misery. The true blessedness of life—whatever sphere of activity a student enters—depends largely upon his ability to keep outgo less than income. Many an ordinary mind has unceasingly advanced to influence, as well as has constantly held happiness, simply because it knew how to manage its money account. Of two students equally bright going out into the world from graduation day, one capable in money affairs and the other incapable, the chances—no, the certainties—of a successful career are with the former rather than the latter.

A student's use of the money that comes into his control is therefore of most significant importance. His sense of its worth, his appreciation of the source from which he received it, his method of expenditure, his power to obtain the best and largest results from it are elements of his character that he cannot afford to underestimate. Even if it comes to him freely as a lavish gift of wealthy parents, all the more should he be on guard lest misuse of it unfit him for the thoughtfulness that, sooner or later, his own personal responsibilities will demand. Here is where the poor boy, struggling to obtain an education, and necessarily counting every cent he himself can earn, or can secure from self-denying friends, is at an advantage: he must practice self-control, denying himself luxuries, remembering the sacrifice of his parents, and striving to make his resources as far-reaching as possible.

But rich or poor as the student may be, each alike needs the scientific method of using money. Truth applies to money as much as to electricity. Carelessness—not to say recklessness—in the use of money is a handicap. Avoidable debt hurts the moral and mental conception of the man, and prejudices the world against him. The teacher, minister or engineer who cannot manage his own finances wisely is an unsafe man with whom to intrust interests; the physician, lawyer or merchant whose methods tend toward bankruptcy would better be passed by.

The student, as a student, may not know the fact, but fact it is, that this world of ours, whose progress depends upon the ideal and whose sweetest experiences are those of sentiment, is still, and so far as we can see, ever will be, exceedingly prosaic. Some day bread must be secured, and perhaps children clothed and educated. Then the man who, years ago, learned how to manage comes gradually to the front; he can provide for a home, can do his part in public improvements, and can keep good cheer. His fellow who failed to see the moral obligations of money, who did not pay his debts, did not feel gratitude to his benefactors, and did not have wit enough to adapt his expenses to his income will be far behind in life's race.

It may be right for a student to borrow money wherewith to secure his education; many men have done so to their lasting advantage. Such borrowing is justifiable only where a student's industry, thrift, application and uprightness are worthy collaterals for the loan. But that student does well who somehow succeeds in preserving a good bodily condition and still comes out of college without burdensome indebtedness—such indebtedness is often a long-abiding incubus.

This is the thought that should be in every student's mind: "Other men provided the money by which this institution whose advantages I enjoy was founded and is continued. Here, I am a recipient. When I go out into the world I must be a giver. Thus alone can I show my manliness. Somewhere or somehow I must make my contribution to the welfare of the world. To that end I must now acquire the money habits that will fit me in my turn to be a giver."

With this thought animating him the student will do no dishonorable thing in any business transaction with his comrades or with the institution which educates him. As manager of any student organization, as subscriber to any student movement, as member of any student body, as borrower from any educational fund, he will be as careful with finances as though he were teller in a bank. So doing, he will protect his own integrity, secure the respect of his associates and hold a mortgage on influence and comfort.

Yes, happy the man so well educated that his finances, whether small or large, speed him on to success.







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Stories of A Scots Grammar School

The Count

By Ian Maclaren

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IF YOU excluded two or three Englishmen who spoke with an accent suggestive of an effeminate character and had a fearsome habit of walking on the Sabbath, and poor "Moossy," the French master at the Seminary, who was a quantity not worth considering, the foreign element in Muirtown during the classical days consisted of the Count. He never claimed to be a Count and used at first to deprecate the title, but he declined the honor with so much dignity that it seemed only to prove his right, and by and by he answered to the name with simply a slight wave of his hand, which he meant for deprecation, but which came to be considered a polite acknowledgment.

His real name was not known in Muirtown, not because he had not given it, but because it could not be pronounced, being largely composed of x's and k's, with an irritating parsimony of vowels. We had every opportunity of learning to spell it, if we could not pronounce it, for it was one of the Count's foreign ways to carry a card-case in his ticket-pocket, and, on being introduced to an inhabitant of Muirtown, to offer his card with the right hand while he took off his hat with the left and bowed almost to a right angle.

Upon those occasions a solid man like Bailie MacFarlane would take hold of the card cautiously, not knowing whether so unholy a name might not go off and shatter his hand, and during the Count's obeisance, which lasted for several seconds, the Bailie regarded him with grave disapproval. The mind of Muirtown during this performance of the Count's used to be divided between regret that any human being should condescend to such tricks, and profound thankfulness that Muirtown was not part of a foreign country where people were brought up with the manners of poodles.

Our pity for foreigners was nourished by the manner of the Count's dress, which would have been a commonplace on a boulevard, but astounded Muirtown on its first appearance, and always lent an element of piquant interest to our streets. His perfectly brushed hat, broadish in the brim and curled at the sides, which he wore at the faintest possible angle, down to his patent-leather boots, which it was supposed he obtained in Paris, and wore out at the rate of a pair a month, all was unique and wonderful, but it was his frock coat which stimulated conversation. It was so tight and fitted so perfectly, revealing the outlines of his slender form, and there was such an indecent absence of waist—waist was a strong point with Muirtown men, and in the case of persons who had risen to office, like the Provost, used to run to forty inches—that a report went around the town that the Count was a woman. This speculation was confirmed rather than refuted by the fact that the Count smoked cigarettes, which he made with Satanic ingenuity while you were looking at him, and that he gave a display of fencing with the best swordsman of a Dragoon regiment in the barracks, for it was shrewdly pointed out that those were just the very accomplishments of French "Cutties."

This scandal might have indeed crystallized into an accepted fact, and the Provost been obliged to command the Count's departure, had it not been for the shrewdness and good nature of the "Fair Maid of Muirtown."



There always was a fair maid in Muirtown—and in those days she was fairest of her succession: let this flower lie on her grave. She declared to her friends that she had watched the Count closely and had never once seen him examine a woman's dress when the woman wasn't looking, and after that no person of discernment in Muirtown had any doubt about the Count's sex. It was, however, freely said—and that story was never contradicted—that he wore stays, and every effort was made to obtain the evidence of his landlady. Her gossips tried Mistress Jamieson with every wile of conversation, and even lawyers' wives, pretending to inquire for rooms for a friend, used to lead the talk around to the Count's habits; but that worthy matron was loyal to her lodger and was not quite insensible to the dignity of a mystery.

"Na, na, Mistress Lunan, I see what you're after; but, beggin' your pardon, a landlady's a landlady, and my mouth's closed. The Count disna ken the difference atween Saturday and Sabbath, and the money he wastes on tobacco juist goes to ma heart; but he never had the blessin' of a Gospel ministry nor the privileges of Muirtown when he was young. As regards stays, whether he wears them or disna wear them a'm no prepared to say, for a thank goodness that I've never yet opened a lodger's boxes nor entered a lodger's room when he was dressin'. The Count pays his rent in advance every Monday morning; he wanted to pay on Sabbath, but I told him it was not a lawful day. He gives no trouble in the house, and if his doctor ordered him to wear stays to support his spine, which a'm no' sayin' he did, Mistress Lunan, it's no concern o' mine, and the weather is inclinin' to snow."

His dress was a perfect fabric of art, however it may have been constructed; and it was a pleasant sight to see the Count go down our main street on a summer afternoon, approving himself with a side glance in the mirrors of the larger shops, striking an attitude at our bookseller's when a new print was exposed in the window, waving his cigarette and blowing the smoke through his nostrils, which was considered a "tempting of Providence," making his respectful salutations to every lady whom he knew, and responding with "Celestial, my friend!" to Bailie MacFarlane's greeting of "Fine growing weather." When he sailed past McGuffie's stable-yard, like Solomon in all this glory, that great man, who always persisted in regarding the Count as a sporting character, would touch the rim of his hat with his forefinger—an honor he paid to few—and after the Count had disappeared would say "Gosh!" with much relish.

This astounding spectacle very early attracted the attention of the Seminary boys, and during his first summer in Muirtown it was agreed that he would offer an irresistible temptation for snowball practice during next winter. The temptation was not one which could have been resisted, and it is to be feared that the Count would have been confined to the house when the snow was on the ground had it not been for an incident which showed him in a new light and established him, stays or no stays, in the respect of the Seminary forever.

There had been a glorious fight on the first day of the war with the "Pennies," and when they were beaten a dozen of them, making a brave rearguard fight, took up their position with the Count's windows as their background. There were limits to license even in those brave old days, and it was understood that the windows of houses, especially private houses, and still more especially in the vicinity of the Seminary, should not be broken, and if they were broken the culprits were hunted down and interviewed by "Bulldog" at length.

When the "Pennies" placed themselves under the protection of the Count's glass, which was really an unconscious act of meanness on their part, the Seminary distinctly hesitated; but the "Sparrow" was in command and he knew no scruples as he knew no fear.

"Dash the windows!" cried the Seminary captain; and when the "Pennies" were driven along the street, the windows had been so effectually "dashed" that there was not a sound pane of glass in the Count's sitting-room. As the victorious army returned to their capital and the heat of battle died down, there was some anxiety about to-morrow, for Mistress Jamieson was not the woman to have her glass broken for nothing, and it was shrewdly suspected that the Count, with all his dandyism, would not take this affront lightly. As a matter of fact, Mistress Jamieson made a personal call upon the Rector that evening and explained with much eloquence to that timid, harassed scholar that, unless his boys were kept in better order, Muirtown would not be a place for human habitation; and before she left she demanded the blood of the offenders, and compared Muirtown in its present condition to Sodom and Gomorrah.

As the Rector was always willing to leave discipline in the capable hands of Bulldog, and as the chief sinners would almost certainly be in his class in the forenoon, the Count, who had witnessed the whole battle from a secure corner in his sitting-room and had afterward helped Mistress Jamieson to clear away the *débris*, went to give his evidence and identify the culprit. He felt it to be a dramatic occasion and he arose to its height; and the school retained a grateful recollection of Bulldog and the Count side by side



Between him and the boys there grew up a fast friendship



—the Count carrying himself with all the grace and dignity of a foreign ambassador come to settle an international dispute, and Bulldog more austere than ever, because he hated a "telipyet," and yet knew that discipline must be maintained.

The Count explained with many flourishes that he was desolated to come for the first time to this so distinguished a Gymnasium upon an errand so distasteful, but that a lady had laid her commands on him ("Dis the body mean Lucky Jamieson?" whispered the Sparrow to a neighbor), and he had ever been a slave of the sex (Bulldog at this point regarded him with a disdain beyond words). The Rector of this place of learning had also done him, an obscure person, the honor of an invitation to come and assist at this function of justice, and although, as the Count explained, he was no longer a soldier, obedience was still the breath of his nostrils. Behold him, therefore, the servant of justice, ready to be questioned or to lay down his life for law; and the Count bowed again to Bulldog, placing his hand upon his heart, and then leant in a becoming attitude against the desk, tapping his shining boots with his cane and feeling that he had acquitted himself with credit.

"We're sorry to bring ye out on such a day, sir"—and Bulldog's glance conveyed that such a figure as the Count's ought not to be exposed in snowtime—"but we'll not keep you long and I'll juist state the circumstances with convenient brevity. The boys of the Seminary are allowed to exercise themselves in the snowtime within limits. If they fight wi' neighboring schools, it's a maitter of regret; but if they break windows, they're liable to the maist extreme penalty. Now, I'm informed that some of the yoding scoundrels—and I believe the very laddies are in this classroom at this meenut" (the Sparrow made no effort to catch Bulldog's eye, and Howieson's attention was entirely occupied with mathematical figures)—"have committed a breach of the peace at Mistress Jamieson's house. What I ask you, sir, to do"—and Bulldog regarded the Count with increasing disfavor, as he thought of such a popinjay giving evidence against his laddies—"is, to look around this classroom and point out, so far as ye may be able, any boy or boys who drove a snowball or snowballs through the windows of your residence."

During this judicial utterance the eyes of the Count wandered over the school with the most provoking intelligence, and conveyed even to the dullest, with a vivacity of countenance of which Muirtown was not capable, that Bulldog was a tiresome old gentleman, that the boys were a set of sad dogs capable of any mischief, that some of them were bound to get a first-class thrashing and, worst of all, that he, the Count, knew who would get it, and that he was about to give evidence in an instant with the utmost candor and elegance of manner.

When his glance lighted on Spiug it was with such a cheerful and unhesitating recognition that the Sparrow was almost abashed and knew for certain that for him, at least, there could be no escape; while Howieson, plunging into arithmetic of his own accord for once, calculated rapidly what would be his share of the broken glass. Neither of them would have denied what he did to save himself twenty thrashings.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a new series of six stories by Ian Maclaren, under the general title, A Scots Grammar School. Others will follow at intervals of a month. Each story is complete in itself.

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but they shared Bulldog's disgust that a free-born Scot should be convicted on the evidence of a foreigner, whom they always associated in his intellectual gifts and tricks of speech with the monkey which used to go around seated on the top of our solitary barrel-organ.

"When it is your pleasure, sir," said Bulldog sternly; and there was a silence that could be felt, whilst the Sparrow already saw himself pointed out with the Count's cane.

The shutters went suddenly down on the Count's face; he became grave and anxious, and changed from a man of the world, who had been exchanging a jest with a few gay Bohemians, into a witness in the Court of Justice.

"Assuredly, monsieur, I will testify upon what you call my soul and conscience," and the Count indicated with his hand where both those faculties were contained. "I will select the boy who had the audacity, I will say profanity, to break the windows of my good friend and hostess, Madame Jamieson."

The Count gave himself to the work of selection, but there was no longer a ray of intelligence in his face. He was confused and perplexed, he looked here and he looked there, he made little impatient gestures, he said a bad French word, he flung up a hand in despair, he turned to Bulldog with a frantic gesture, as of a man who thought he could have done something at once and found he could not do it at all. Once more he faced the school, and then Sparrow, with that instinct of acute observation which belongs to a savage, began to understand and gave Howieson a suggestive kick.

"As a man of honor," said the Count with much solemnity, "I give my testimony, and I declare that I do not see one of the boys who did forget themselves yesterday and did offer the insult of an assault to Madame's domicile."

And it would have been curious if he had seen the boys, for the Count was looking over their heads and studying the distant view in the meadow and the River Tay with evident interest and appreciation.

The mind of the Sparrow was now clear upon the Count and Bulldog also understood, and in two seconds, so quick is the flash of sympathy through a mass of boy life, the youngest laddie in the Seminary gymnasium knew that, although the Count might have had the misfortune to be born in foreign parts and did allow himself to dress like a dancing-master, inside that coat, and the stays, too, if he had them on, there was the heart of a man who would not tell tales on any fellow, but who also liked his bit of fun.

"Itz's a peety, Count," said Bulldog with poorly concealed satisfaction, "that ye're no in a poseetion to recognize the culprits, for if they're no here my conviction is they're not to be found in Muirtown. We can ask no more of you, sir, and we're muckle obleeged for yir attendance."

"It is a felicitous affair," said the Count, "which has the fortune to introduce me to this charming company," and the Count bowed first to Bulldog and then to the school with such a marked indication in one direction that the Sparrow almost blushed. "My sorrow is to be so stupid a witness, but, monsieur, you will allow me to pay the penalty of my poor eyesight. It will be my pleasure," and again the Count bowed in all directions, "to replace the glass in Madame's house, and the incident, pouf! it is forgotten."

There was a swift glance from all parts of the room, and permission was read in Bulldog's face. Next instant the room was rent with a round of applause such as could be given only when fifty such lads wanted to express their feelings, and the Sparrow led the circus.

"Ye will allow me to say, sir," and now Bulldog came as near as possible to a bow, "that ye have acted this day as a gentleman, and, so far as the boys of Muirtown Seminary are concerned, ye're free to come and go among us as ye please."

The departure of the Count, still bowing, with Bulldog attending him to the door and offering him overshoes to cover the polished leather boots, was a sight to behold, and the work done for the rest of the hour was not worth mentioning.

During the lunch hour the school was harangued in short, pithy terms by the Sparrow, and, in obedience to his invitation, Muirtown Seminary proceeded in a solid mass to the Count's residence, where they gave a volley of cheers. The Count was more gratified than by anything that had happened to him since he came to Muirtown; and, throwing up one of the newly repaired windows, he made an eloquent speech, in which he referred to Sir Walter Scott and Queen Mary and the Fair Maid of Perth among other romantic trifles; declared that the fight between the "Pennies" and the Seminary was worthy of the great Napoleon; pronounced the Sparrow to be *un brave garçon;* expressed his regret that he could not receive the school in his limited apartments, but invited them to cross with him to Mistress McCrum's, the Seminary tuckshop, where he entertained the whole set to Mistress McCrum's best home-made ginger-beer. He also desired that Mistress Jamieson should come forward to the window with him and bow to the school while he held her hand—which the Count felt would have been an interesting tableau. It certainly would have been, but Mistress Jamieson, in the most decided terms, refused to assist.

"Me stand wi' the Count at an open window, hand in hand wi' him, and bowin', if ye please, to thae blackguard laddies? Na, na; I'm a widow o' good character and a member o' the Free Kirk, and it would ill set me to play such tricks. But a'll say this for the Count—he behaved handsome; and a'm judgin' the'll no be another pane o' glass broken in my house so long as the Count is in it." And there never was.

It were not possible to imagine anything more different than a Muirtown boy and the Count; but boys judge by an instinct which never fails within its own range, and Muirtown Seminary knew that, with all his foreign ways, the Count was a man. Legends gathered around him and flourished exceedingly, being largely invented by Nestie and offered for consumption at the mouth of the pistol by the Sparrow, who gave it to be understood that to deny or even to smile at Nestie's most incredible invention would be a ground of personal offense.

The Count was in turn a foreign nobleman, who had fallen in love with the Emperor of Austria's daughter and had been exiled by the imperial parent, but that the Princess was true to the Count, and that any day he might be called from Mistress Jamieson's lodgings to the palace at Vienna; that he was himself a King of some mysterious European State, who had been driven out by conspirators, but whose people were going to restore him, and that some day the Sparrow would be staying with the Count in his royal abode, and possibly sitting beside him on the throne. During this romance the Sparrow felt it right to assume an air of demure modesty, which was quite consistent with keeping a watchful eye on any impertinent young rascal who might venture to jeer, when the Sparrow would politely ask him what he was laughing at, and offer to give something to laugh for; that the Count was himself a conspirator and the head of a secret society which extended all over Europe, with signs and passwords, and that whenever any tyrant became intolerable, the warrant for his death was sent from Mistress Jamieson's. Whenever one fable grew hackneyed, Nestie produced another, and it was no longer necessary in Muirtown Seminary to buy Indian tales or detective stories, for the whole library of fiction was now bound up and walking about in the Count.

Between him and the boys there grew up a fast friendship, and he was never thoroughly happy now unless he was with his "jolly dogs." He attended every cricket match and at last, after he had learned how, kept the score, giving a cheer at every new run and tearing his hair when any of his boys were bowled out. He rushed around the football field without his cane and generally without his hat; and high above all cheers could be heard his "Bravo—bravo, forvards! Spur-r-ow!" as that enterprising player cleft his way through the opponents' ranks. It mattered nothing to the Count that his boots were ruined and his speckless clothes soiled; he would not have cared though he had burst his stays, so long as the "dogs" won and he could go up in glory with them to Phemie McCrum's and drink to their health in flowing ginger-beer. During the play hour his walk seemed ever to bring him to the North Meadows, and if a ball by accident, for none would have done it by intention, knocked off the Count's hat, he cried "Hoor-r-rah!" in his own pronunciation and bowed in response to this mark of attention.

It was a pretty sight to see him bending forward, his hands resting on his knees, watching a battle royal between the tops of Sparrow and Howieson, and if anything could be better it was to see the Count trying to spin a top himself, and expostulating with it in unknown tongues. As the boys came to the school in the morning and went home in the evening up Breadalbane Street, the Count was always sitting at one of the windows which had been broken, ready to wave his hand to any one who saluted him.

As time went on this alliance told upon the Count's outer man; he never lost his gay manner nor his pretty little waist, nor could he ever have been taken for a Scot, nor ever, if he had lived to the age of Methuselah, have been made an elder of the Kirk; but his boots grew thicker, though they were always neat, and his clothes grew rougher though they were always well made, and his ties became quieter and his week-day hat was like that of other men, and, except on Sunday, Muirtown never saw the glory of the former days.

With his new interest in life every one noticed that the Count had grown simpler and kindlier, and Muirtown folk, who used to laugh at him with a flavor of contempt, began to love him, through their boys. He would walk home with Bulldog on a summer evening, the strangest pair that ever went together; and it was said that many little improvements for the comfort of the lads, and many little schemes for their happiness at Muirtown Seminary were due to the Count. It was believed that the time did come when he could have returned to his own land, but that he did not go because he was a lonely man and had found his friends in Muirtown; and when he died, now many years ago, he left his little all for the benefit of his "jolly dogs," and the Count, who had no mourners of his blood, was followed to his grave by every boy at Muirtown Seminary.



"ITZ'S A PEETY, COUNT," SAID BULLDOG, "THAT YE'RE NO IN A POSEETION TO RECOGNIZE THE CULPRITS"

Tattooed Men in the Army

THE Army keeps an interesting record of its tattooed men. There are a good many of them, and their embellishments furnish one of the principal means of identification. Indeed, this record may be said to be the basis of the military system of personal identification in connection with the detection of deserters, and is the nearest approach to the excellent Bertillon method of the French Government.

When a man applies at a recruiting station or at a regimental recruiting depot he is subjected to a physical examination. The physical standard of the enlisted man of the Army has been raised within the last few years by the determination of the authorities to accept for duty as soldiers only such men as possess hardihood, endurance and a good physique. In connection with this examination the Army surgeon indicates on a card, furnished for that purpose, the marks upon the body of the recruit, whose name, age, height, color of hair and eyes, and date of enlistment are also recorded. This card contains the outlined figure of a man, the body divided into sections for the convenience of classifying the distinguishing marks found on the recruit.

The card, with its faithful record, is sent to Washington, where it is properly indexed and then classified with cards which bear a similarity of bodily marks. Thus the cards which show a striking scar or tattooed emblem on the right forearm are put in a class by themselves; a card which shows the distinguishing mark to be on the left hip goes in a class with other cards presenting a like mark on the same part of the body. This makes it possible, when a man deserts and reinlists under an assumed name, to compare the card of the new recruit with the cards of other men who have served and who are distinguishable by similar telltale marks.

The most interesting of these distinctive features are the tattooed marks. Sometimes the design is a crude, meaningless splotch of India ink, an inheritance from schoolday trickery. Others are elaborate.

The designs are varied, and run the gamut of human ingenuity. They illustrate strange animals, reptiles, frightful faces, or again, some religious subject is depicted, or a romance which may or may not have left its memory in the heart, is thus perpetuated in the skin. Names, most of them feminine, frequently appear as a tattooed memorial, as do oftentimes initials, not always of the bearer's name. This record of the tattooed men of the Army is an interesting one. It is one of the most useful of the features of a simple system of identification. Many a deserter and wrongdoer has been found by some fantastic tattooed design on his body.

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The New President of Mount Holyoke

Miss Mary E. Woolley, the new President of Mount Holyoke College, is the daughter of a Congregational minister. She was graduated at Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Massachusetts.

In 1891 Miss Woolley went to Dr. E. B. Andrews, the President of Brown University, and asked permission to enter that institution as a special student in history. This permission was granted. In a few weeks the Brown University for Women was opened and Miss Woolley was the first student enrolled.

During the summer after her freshman year she made up her preparatory Greek, and her second year found her with the regular sophomore studies, freshman Greek and post-graduate work in history. She studied night and day, and at the end of the summer after the second year she entered the senior class and was graduated with the class of '94, having taken the regular four years' course in three years.

During her first year in Brown Miss Woolley was a marked figure on the campus and in the library, where she usually could be found in the afternoon poring over some old Latin book or hunting out some buried historical fact. Her quiet, steady manner of work was an inspiration to the men, and many of them did more faithful work because of her presence in the classroom. Great things were prophesied of her. Doctor Andrews predicted that some day Miss Woolley would be at the head of some one of the large women's colleges. She was not only interested in the studies but in everything else pertaining to college life, and was thoroughly up on the victories of the Brown ball Nine.

She was asked what she found to be the difference between the men and the women in the college. Her reply was characteristically frank. "The girls study harder; the men think more," she declared.

After receiving her A. M. at Brown, Miss Woolley was offered the position of instructor of Biblical history at Wellesley College. She accepted. Her first year at Wellesley was a great success. The girls delighted to honor her, and she was in constant demand as chaperon. Her course became one of the most popular in the college and remained so.

In 1897 Smith College tried to get her to join its faculty, and at the same time she was offered the position of Principal of Wheaton Seminary. Both of these honors she declined.

During her first years at Wellesley she was very active as a member of the Rhode Island Women's Committee which raised the money to endow the Brown University for Women. The other day these Rhode Island women gave a dinner to Miss Woolley, and many delightful compliments were paid her for her many good works. Miss Woolley is above the medium height, slender, of the brunette type, with deep, searching brown eyes, and a high, intellectual forehead. Her manner is simple and attractive, and she is a delightful conversationalist. She loves her home life and prides herself on her cooking.

Miss Woolley's capacity for study is extraordinary. For instance, when she went to Brown University she took the freshman studies with the girls and junior and senior history in the men's classes, and did special honor work both in Latin and history. When she received the degree of Master of Arts from Brown, Doctor Jameson, her teacher in history, said that she was the peer of any man in New England teaching history who had been out of college nine years.

Mr. Bonaparte's Famous Pun

The most successful pun ever perpetrated at a commencement is attributed to Charles Jerome Bonaparte, the brilliant American member of that famous family, who is a trustee of Harvard, and who practices law in Baltimore. It was at the Johns Hopkins University, and there was a crowded and distinguished audience. Mr. Bonaparte presided. The address was to have been delivered by a member of the faculty who was remarkably absent-minded. When introduced he stood up and confessed to the large audience that he had forgotten entirely that he was to make an address; he recalled that something was on his mind and he intended the night before to write out a speech, but instead of that it slipped his memory and he went to the opera. With that he sat down. Mr. Bonaparte arose and spoke these three words:

"Opera non verba."

There was a slight pause, and then a roar of laughter filled the hall.

Doctor Pritchett's New Post

The election of Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, to succeed Dr. James M. Crafts as the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been universally approved by the alumni of this famous technical school.

Doctor Pritchett is a scientist of the first rank, and his astronomical and mathematical researches are known to astronomers and geographers the world over. Dr. Pritchett was born in Missouri in 1857. After taking his bachelor's degree he spent several years in study abroad and was given his doctor's degree by the University of Munich. His astronomical studies have taken him all over the world, some of his most valuable work having been done while at the head of parties of scientists sent out to observe eclipses and other celestial phenomena. He has also held several important positions in the leading observatories of the country.

Doctor Pritchett was for several years connected with Washington University, where his scientific attainments brought him into wide notice. Like most investigators he is a man of wonderful enthusiasm and tenacity of purpose, which should go far in making him a valuable acquisition for the New England technical school.

One of Doctor Pritchett's closest friends was Professor Asaph Hall, under whom he studied in the United States Naval Observatory, and who became Professor of Astronomy at Harvard and discovered the two moons of Mars.



Doctor Ward's Part in the Affair

Among the successful smaller colleges of the country is the Western Maryland, located at Westminster. For years the President of it was the Rev. Dr. J. T. Ward. One night some of the mischief-makers stole the molasses cans from the kitchen and poured streams of the treacle down the whole of the banisters that led from the sky parlor to the basement. Doctor Ward got up very early the next morning and as he went down the steps he gathered a handful of the molasses. The faculty sat in solemn session, but not an inkling could they find as to the identity of the miscreants. Suddenly the humor of the thing broke upon the doctor, and he said:

"Gentlemen, I may as well confess. I had a hand in it."

A Young Man of Action

Men who know James A. LeRoy, secretary to Dean C. Worcester, of the Philippine Commission, believe the Commissioners could not do better than turn him loose with instructions to run the rebel leader down. LeRoy has a faculty for meeting all sorts of emergencies in apparently impossible ways.

In '96, when he was captain of the University of Michigan track team, he sprained his ankle and had to break training. He went with his team to Chicago to attend the Western intercollegiate meet, but did not expect to contest, and did not even take his track suit. But a man whom he had counted on to win the broad jump got sick. LeRoy saw defeat staring his team in the face. He was entered for the games and had the right to take part. He borrowed a suit and pair of spiked shoes. He walked to the track with a look of determination on his face that made his supporters prophesy success in spite of his bad ankle and lack of training. When his turn came he tore down the field in a way that made the Michigan men hold their breath. He rose at the take off and landed just twenty-two feet and seven inches away, breaking the Western record and defeating his nearest competitor by more than one foot. When Commissioner Worcester offered LeRoy his secretaryship the athlete was in Detroit writing politics for the Evening News. He wired his acceptance and then wrote another telegram. It consisted of five words:

"Can I take my wife?"

"You have my best blessing," wired the Commissioner, who knew LeRoy was not married, "but I will have to get you permission from Washington."

Then LeRoy wrote another telegram. It was to Miss Mabel Pound, of Pontiac. Miss Pound had been in the university when LeRoy was a student there. This telegram contained eleven words:

"Will you marry me and start at once for the Philippines?" Just that and nothing more.

The answer to this dispatch has not been made public. However, permission came from Washington for LeRoy to take his wife to Manila. There was no time to be lost. LeRoy had to leave for San Francisco on Friday. Superstitions were laid aside and he was married to Miss Pound on that day. Now he and Mrs. LeRoy are on the transport bound for the Philippines.

A Friend of the Indians

Miss Alice Cunningham Fletcher, who is connected with the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and who is a member of the Anthropological Society of Washington and a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is best known for her remarkable work in ethnology. But there are hundreds of Indians who remember her name and thank her for what she did for them. It was she who devised the system for loaning small sums of money to aid the Indians to buy land and build houses for themselves.

It was due to Miss Fletcher that many children of the Omahas were sent to the Indian schools at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and Hampton, Virginia, and she raised a great deal of money to pay for the education of Indians. A very unusual tribute to her work was the request of the Government that she write the book on Indian Civilization and Education.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Enterprise of the Modern College

In many respects the finest eclipse of the sun that has taken place during the present century will occur next Monday. In one hundred years there have been seventy eclipses, but only eight of the total eclipses have been visible on the North American continent. This year all the way from the neighborhood of New Orleans to Norfolk in a straight line across the Southern States the eclipse will be total, and for several hundred miles on each side of the path of totality there will be enough of the eclipse to arouse the interest of the millions who will see it. Of course such an event is bound to enlist the attentions and activities of all the colleges interested in astronomy. Hundreds of thousands of cameras are being made ready for the day. But the fact that best illustrates the new era of education is that there is a sufficiently large number of people concerned in the study of the heavens to lead the railroad companies to advertise special trains and special rates for the great show, although it will last less than two minutes. But then we must remember that there will not be another eclipse of the same kind visible in this country for more than eighteen years, and thus it is well to make negatives while the sun does not shine.

For years our colleges were the centres of conservatism. Their curriculums as well as their theologies seemed immovable; but within the past decade new influences have obtained. The new college president is not a solemn theologian whose chief qualities are absent-mindedness and the ability to preach congregations to sleep, but a live, progressive, energetic business man, who combines executive capacity with a satisfactory amount of learning, and who can raise the standards of the institution with the same enthusiasm as he raises cash to support it. Thus in the evolution of things the university and the college are bridging over the long summer vacation. Until recently, the church and the school, which we most need, were about the only things that were closed during the summer months. In the new order of things, the school is now ahead of the church; but give the church time and it will surely do its duty.

The Summer School

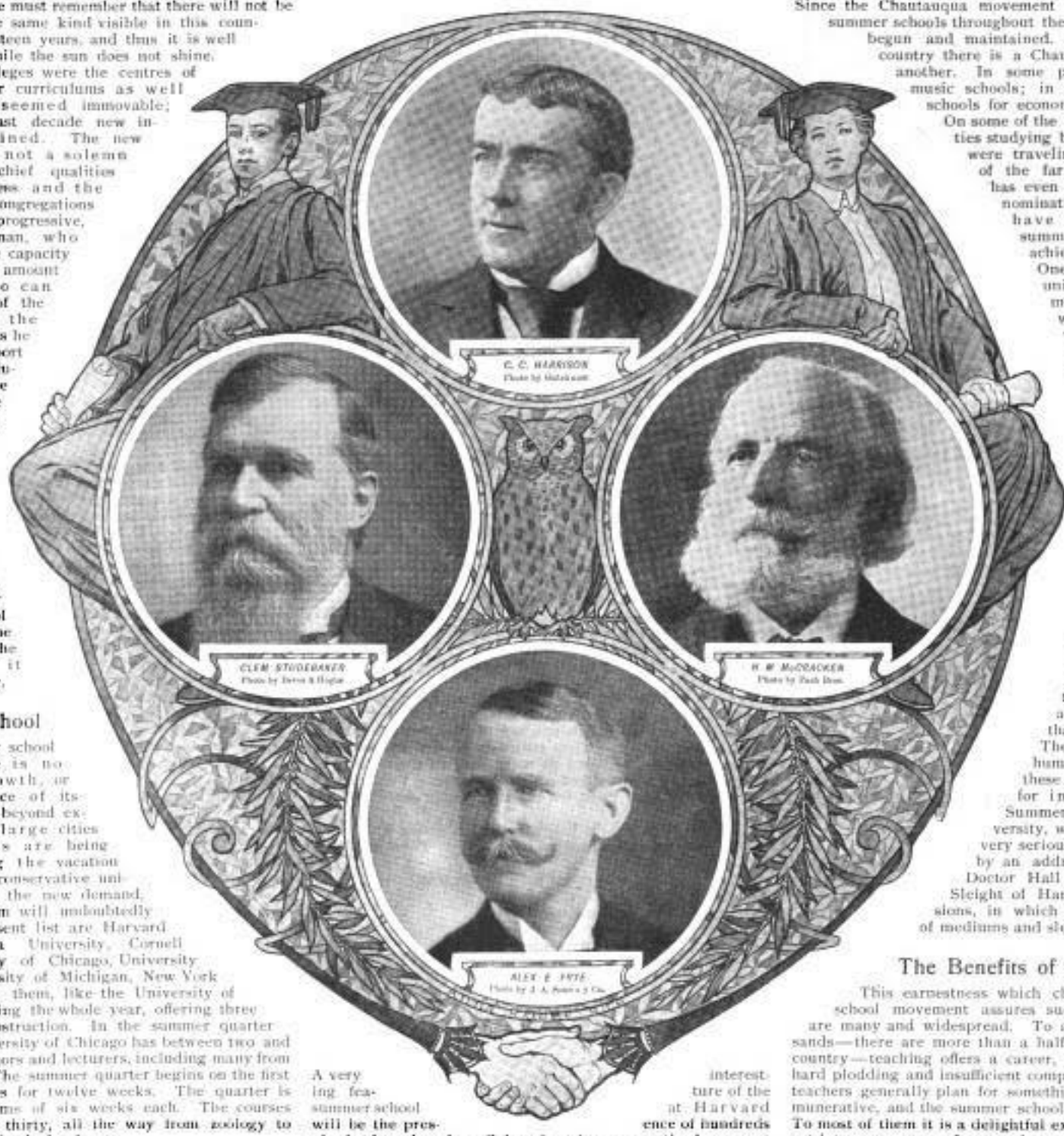
Hence the summer school movement. There is no doubt about its growth, or about the permanence of its stay. It has gone beyond experiment. In the large cities the public schools are being thrown open during the vacation days. Many of the conservative universities are meeting the new demand, and the rest of them will undoubtedly follow. On the present list are Harvard University, Columbia University, Cornell University, University of Chicago, University of Wisconsin, University of Michigan, New York University. Some of them, like the University of Chicago, continue during the whole year, offering three months of summer instruction. In the summer quarter for this year the University of Chicago has between two and three hundred instructors and lecturers, including many from other universities. The summer quarter begins on the first of July and continues for twelve weeks. The quarter is divided into two terms of six weeks each. The courses offered number over thirty, all the way from zoology to public speaking and physical culture.

Seeking Comfort as Well as Culture

Some of the colleges are not located where summer study would be particularly attractive. For instance, the University of Pennsylvania, of which Dr. C. C. Harrison is the Provost, is located in the midst of a great city where the summer heat drives people to the seashore and the mountains. The University of New York, of which Dr. H. M. McCracken is Chancellor, being located high in the hills, the summer students are able to think of something more than the conditions of the atmosphere. Further North and throughout the Northwest colleges maintain their summer courses and attract thousands of students from all parts of the country. Cornell, 810 feet above sea-level and overlooking beautiful Lake Cayuga, will have more than twenty courses this summer, including one of special interest called Nature Study—a course which is open to teachers in New York State free of charge. This is getting fun and education at the same time, for the students go out to catch bugs and pull up plants and get at the roots of things generally.

Four Shiploads of Cuban Teachers

One of the most successful summer schools of the country is at Harvard University. Many attend from all parts of the United States. This, indeed, is one of the blessings of the summer movement. It enables people, especially school teachers, to get advantages which they would never obtain otherwise. This year the Harvard Summer School will have about sixty instructors, consisting of regular members of the Harvard teaching staff from the rank of professor down to that of an assistant.



A very interesting feature of the summer school at Harvard will be the presence of hundreds of school teachers from Cuba. American occupation has meant much in every way, but in no respect have the results been larger or more gratifying than in the prompt equipment and rapid advance of the educational facilities. A wide-awake American, Mr. Alexander E. Frye, was made superintendent of schools for the island. He went about his work with characteristic promptness and system, and the consequence was that in a few months the enrollment of pupils was many times the total under the Spanish régime. The time is coming when Cuba will have more than 200,000 pupils in the public schools. In the meanwhile it is necessary to educate the teachers, not only in English, but in the more advanced facts in education.

Thus it has come to pass that through Mr. Frye's energy the Government has consented to use four of the transports in carrying free 1450 of the school teachers of Cuba to Boston, where they will take the summer course at Harvard.

Summer Schools All Over the Country

The greatest summer school in the world is Chautauqua, and to it belongs a large part of the credit for the summer movement in education. Last year it had an enrollment of students that reached the astonishing total of 2202, and the probability is that this number will be largely increased this summer. In the list of instructors and lecturers are many of the familiar names in modern education. For instance, all these institutions are represented in the list: Yale, Clark, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Vanderbilt, Washington, Purdue, Bucknell, Chicago, Michigan, Missouri, California, the Western Reserve and the Northwestern.

The course continues for six weeks and includes a broad range of subjects. There are lectures, addresses, concerts, and a variety that will reach all classes and keep up the interest. The plan is to provide thoroughness on the side of instruction, and well-balanced and stimulated general public life on the side of recreation and popular education. Since the Chautauqua movement became successful other summer schools throughout the United States have been begun and maintained. In every State of the country there is a Chautauqua of one kind or another. In some places there are special music schools; in others there are special schools for economics and outdoor study. On some of the rivers and bays are parties studying biology. Last year there were traveling schools in the wilds of the far West. The movement has even reached the different denominations, and the Catholics have on Lake Champlain a summer school that has achieved excellent results.

One summer school that is unique is that of the Summer School of Theology which runs through the warm weather months in Boston. There are over one hundred students. "The atmosphere of the audience," wrote an observer, "is mildly orthodox, not over-critical, and intensely in earnest. The most liberal and scholarly interpretations produce the most applause, and there is no chill running down the conglomerated back when startling conclusions are announced," and the same writer called it the theological clearing-house, and said that the most startling thing about the whole affair is that nothing was startling. There is a great deal of fine humor and entertainment in these summer meetings. Take, for instance, the Worcester Summer School at Clark University, where the speeches upon very serious topics are lightened up by an address by the very serious Doctor Hall on such a subject as Sleight of Hand and Kindred Diversions, in which he explains the tricks of mediums and sleight-of-hand performers.

The Benefits of the Summer Work

This earnestness which characterizes the summer school movement assures success. The advantages are many and widespread. To a few of the many thousands—there are more than a half million teachers in this country—teaching offers a career, but to the majority it is hard plodding and insufficient compensation. So the school teachers generally plan for something higher and more remunerative, and the summer school helps them to climb up. To most of them it is a delightful experience. The students get into a new atmosphere, make new friends, and when they have to go back to their work they carry not only a better equipment for their duties, but a stimulus which reaches all with whom they come in contact.

And when we get better school teachers we give an uplift to the whole country. Our politics especially are improved, for it is a matter of record that more good office-holders graduate from school teaching than from any other calling. It furnishes us all kinds and abilities, from boodle aldermen to reform presidents.

It is thus in the nature of things that the summer school movement should prosper. Of course, the Government is now restricting its generosity to the teachers of its new possessions, but it might not be a bad idea for the counties to send some of their teachers every year to summer schools. This would do almost as much good as taking the public schools out of politics.

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"The Advantages of a College Education" A Princeton Story

By Jesse Lynch Williams



—UPPER CLASSMEN WERE CONDUCTING THE MEETING AND SMOKING PIPES

ROBERT J. ELLIOT, 2d, the son of the well-known Robert J. Elliot, came to college from a large prep. school, suffering from enlargement of his Ego. It is a common disease, but usually they get over it in freshman year. At least they did in those days, though there were cases even then where serious relapses occurred. Elliot's symptoms were only aggravated by his freshman year—for the following reasons:

The faction from his school wanted to nominate one of their crowd for a class officer at the first elections, held early in the term before the freshmen knew many of each other even by sight. Elliot had been running nearly everything at school, and though some of them were down upon him they put him up for treasurer or secretary or something, because they thought he would stand the best chance of election with the class at large. He thought it was because the crowd liked him best.

He was elected; partly because he was known as the son of Robert Elliot—most freshmen have no personality at all—and partly because he had led some cheers during the rush with the sophomores the night before. He thought it was because they recognized in him "one born to command," as his doting old-maid aunt had once said of him in his presence. So he mounted the platform, stood erect beside the class president just elected (the latter a football giant, very rattled), and was inspected by his classmates while congratulated by the patronizing upper classmen who were conducting the meeting and smoking pipes.

He was pleasing to look at, older than some of them, and not afraid of a crowd. So the class approved and cheered him and pounded on the desks vigorously. He hearkened to the cheers with a reserved smile, and decided that his aunt was a good judge of human nature.

Now, in those barbarous days, freshman class officers were always sought out for especial attentions by the entertainment committees from the sophomore class. Elliot was hazed in proportion to his importance. But this he took, like the printing of his name in two-inch capitals on the annual sophomore proclamation, as due a man of such consequence in the class commune. It did not affect his disease except to increase it.

Again, at the regular class meeting, later—the first is only for temporary purposes—he ran for his class office once more, and was reelected, as were the other officers, because there was nothing against him.

At about the same time he was appointed manager of the freshman football team, and made a very good one. He was a capital organizer.

In short, young Elliot became very important; secretary of his class, which was large, led cheers at class games, had a nodding acquaintance with a number of upper classmen, and was sought out by the toadying elements of his own class who liked to be seen with him at football practice. And all those who have been freshmen know how inspiringly important all this seems at the time. Those who have gone the rest of the way through college know also that too much freshman year prominence is quite likely to be more like weight than wings to an ambitious undergraduate.

Elliot did not know it. He had his name put up for sophomore president, and was defeated because the class thought they had given him honors enough, and also because he had become accustomed to saying—by his manner, at least—"We prominent fellows," and was not especially cordial with all the obscure members of the class. This was not because he was a snob; it was because he did not know those fellows, and was too honest to pretend to be delighted to see them. But their votes count one each.

Then he tried for a prize in Clio Hall, and—"Oh, well, I didn't work hard enough," he remarked later. Next he decided to become an editor of the Princetonian, and did not write enough. And in the spring of the sophomore year he ran for the treasurership of the University Football Association. This was considered a very great honor, the most prominent official position in the undergraduate world. Or rather, the presidency was, which the treasurer inherited in his senior year, according to precedent. Elliot banked everything upon it. Gaining this, he thought, would mean an election to a certain well-known club which he wanted very much to make. He thought it would mean that; he never ascertained, because he was turned down hard, quite hard.

Now, if he had realized that the reasons lay in himself and had said, "Maybe I am not born to command. Maybe God did not mould me of special clay in special design," all this might have made a man of him. But he did not.

He told himself that all friends were fickle, that there was no truth or honor in mankind, that clubs were hotbeds of snobbery, and that the treasurer of the P. U. F. B. A. was stuck on himself. None of the Elliots has any humor.

He became what was called a "Sour Ball." He objected to everything, from the food at his eating club in Witherspoon to the decision of the board of trustees in regard to entrance requirements; proclaimed that Princeton spirit was dead, that the whole college and athletics in particular were going to the bad, and that every one was arrogant from the President of the institution to the captain of the freshman lacrosse team. He talked thus at dinner, in Sunday night pow-wows, and on walks to Kingston. And yet he was not altogether a nuisance to his associates, who respected the ability by which he maintained his position with interesting and impressive arguments. Besides, he had an agreeable personality and was exceedingly obliging. He possessed something of charm, in fact.

It was when he was in this frame of mind in his junior year that he joined the How-How eating club, which had rather good meals and plenty of fun—all in one room of a house on Nassau Street. This was ages ago, before there were many of the modern large elective clubs with permanent homes and expensive pins to wear on the waistcoat. The How-How club—most of it—had been one crowd ever since freshman year, and they liked one another well enough to stay together for the rest of their college course, as two or three of them had been obliged to inform the emissaries of a certain large permanent club. They represented a variety of phases of undergraduate activity. Most all of them amounted to something in some way.

And each one had learned to take care of his temper at the table. This was necessary in order to have any peace or self-respect. Three times a day keen, undergraduate repartee flew back and forth across that tablecloth. The man who could not sit up and defend himself was thrown down and trampled upon.

The trouble with the club just now was that they were all too well acquainted. Each knew what the rest thought about all subjects and how each one would take everything, and how he would say it. They were very fond of one another, but they had been together so much that all the mystery of personality had been rubbed off, and they weren't old enough to appreciate what good friends they really were to each other.

When they heard that Elliot wanted to come, they said: "Why, yes, we've nothing against Bob." They needed a new element.

Elliot thought he was rather favoring them in coming; they did not look at it in that way. They were under the impression that they were the best all-'round crowd in the class, and the only reason that he was allowed to cherish this newest delusion of his for some time was that they did not discover its existence at first.

Then by and by Mason, one of those who had been at the same prep. school and knew him better than the others, began to perceive it and to show him so by a few little pleasantries.

Elliot had been a big boy at school when Mason was a little boy at school, and Elliot had an idea that their mutual attitude was still relatively the same. So he continued to take what was said to him with an indulgent smile which meant, "Oh, I don't mind that from you, you know," until one day Mason said something which Elliot thought called for reproof; drawing himself up, he looked serious and said, "See here, I've had enough of that from you, Mason."

But this was not a tiny little prep. boy with an uncertain voice he was now addressing, but Mason of the junior class, who was getting a reputation in Whig Hall as a debater. "Oh, I don't believe so," he answered in a thoughtful manner; "I rather like it. In fact, I've been thinking it would be pleasant to have some fun with you."

"To tell you the truth, Bob," interrupted Downing with a good-natured voice from the end of the table, "we're just beginning with you."

Elliot paid no heed to that. The fact that Mason, timid little Mason, dared answer thus to him, R. Elliot, who used to ignore Mason's existence, roused him like a blow on the nose, and he turned upon the little one to crush him with a single blow. "Children should be seen and not heard," he said in a loud tone which was intended for withering sarcasm. It did not wither.

"Really? Is that the best you can do?" said Mason raising his eyebrows. "Try again, and see if you can't manage to keep from getting so red in the face this time; it isn't becoming to 'one born to command.'" Mason was a distant cousin of Elliot.

"Shut up, you little poler!" he retorted childishly.

"Your temper, I perceive"—Mason was buttering his potato and talking in an exasperatingly even tone—"is one of several things you have failed to command. A little poling"—which means hard study—"along that line might not hurt 'the pride and ambition of the family.'"

And Downing spoke up again. Downing was president of the class. "My young friend"—Elliot hated to be patronized by Downing—"we no longer consider it enormously witty to make remarks about polers as you did just now; that is an under-classman trick. You ought to be over it by this time."

"Say, fellows," remarked Skinny Harrison, "what a lot he has got to learn. But don't feel discouraged, Bobbie; you'll forget all about it when you are a grown man, like papa. Cheer up."

Then as they saw that he was becoming angry the whole table began taking shots at him. It was their duty to teach him to control his temper. And this they accomplished, but not by the crude, elemental battering of this rather puerile beginning, but by the delicate rapier thrusts of dialogue the flashes and subtleties of which would be obscured by printer's ink.

Thus began a new epoch in the life of R. Elliot, 2d. At school, and for a year or two in college, he had always been sought out as a personage of importance. At home, and wherever he went in summer, he had always been known as the son of Robert J. Elliot. He had never been mastered before. He had never acknowledged that any one was his equal in any respect and it amazed him, as when a child first learns there is no chance of getting the moon.

He made a hard fight for it, but around that table were heads better for this sort of thing and tongues considerably nimbler than his would ever be. At last he acknowledged to himself that, possibly, after all, he was not unique. This is one of the advantages of a college education.

They, his clubmates and friends, having turned Robert inside out and upside down, and rubbed him this way and that until they thought they had shown him his relative importance in the world, then turned their special attention to Skinny Harrison once more, who was getting lonely up there at the end of the table. They now considered Elliot one of themselves.

Now, all that they had done was meant kindly. At least not unkindly, as any one ought to have seen. They liked him, for otherwise they would not have allowed him to stay there. They were merely giving him his share with the rest, and, perhaps, were rather generous toward him because they deemed that his need was greater.

"TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, BOB," INTERRUPTED DOWNING, "WE'RE JUST BEGINNING WITH YOU"



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No one knew that it was going in deep. If they had they would have let up as they always did with Skinny Harrison when his jaw dropped. Elliot had not once lost control of his temper again, answered back about as well as the average, and was the sort of fellow that looks eminently incapable of having his feelings hurt.

But he was a very serious person, like his father. He was taking the things said to him at the club seriously, carrying them each to the campus with him, and repeating them to himself in bed, feverishly, when he ought to have been asleep.

The others at the table caught it about as badly, sometimes worse, but he did not take that into consideration, for he was not thinking about the others. So he concluded that they all considered him a boot-licker, a schemer, an utterly unscrupulous politician and a cad. What would be the object in talking as they did, unless they meant him to see a foundation of truth under it? he asked himself.

The worst of it was that when he stopped to consider carefully he did see a foundation of truth under some of it. But he did not stop there; that only set him going. He made up his mind to be quite honest with himself. He became still more serious. And in a short time he was wondering if there was any good in himself at all.

You see, for twenty years or so he had been a lively, energetic boy with a mind so occupied with external interests, as should be the case with all healthy young organisms, that he had never wasted time over introspection. When he got this attack of ingrowing thoughts he ran against a lot of stuff he had never dreamed of before, and it nearly took his breath away.

And, like many when they first realize some of the gray facts of reality at the bottom roots of living, he began looking for nothing but the gray ones, and, naturally, succeeded in his search. Then he turned, as one will in self-denunciation, for comparison with others, and began to wonder if they were not all wrong and built on selfish principles, too, and found that they were. He was all selfish, and they were all selfish, and everything ever done and said and thought in all the world was reducible to selfish motives, and similar schoolgirl morbidness. But Elliot thought he had stumbled upon an original discovery.

Making this discovery occupied the rest of his junior year. When he came back as a senior he took to strolling about the campus alone, with eyes open for self-motives. "Those sophomores that shouted 'Thank you, please,' so loud for that ball which rolled near me," he would point out to himself, "do so to show these freshmen over here how familiar they could be with a senior." Just then a classmate said "Hello, Bob," in a friendly tone, and Elliot smiled knowingly, for senior elections were near at hand. For these and similar atrocities he hated mankind.

No one suspected him of being so miserable. They called him "Sour Ball," but thought he was merely disappointed at the way some things had turned out, or a little serious thinking over what "next year" means to a senior. He was treated like every one else by the fellows on the campus and at the club, any one of whom would have been glad to have Elliot put an arm about him and have it all out. But Elliot had never learned to do such things.

Now what he really needed, of course, to make him realize what a good thing was life in that little world, was about one month of hustling in the big outside world with a taste of earning the price of his meals in a down-town-to-work-at-nine-one-hour-for-luncheon-up-town-at-six sort of life, among people who did not care enough for him to say sarcastic things. This was to come a year later. But meanwhile, as he did not know enough to consult friends or books about his ailment, if he had merely spent a little of the time employed in telling himself how miserable he was, in going down to the university field an hour a day and chasing himself about the track until he dropped, then after a tingling shower bath followed by a hard whiskey rub-down, he would have sauntered up to the club, while the sun was gloriously dropping behind the elms, with his cheeks aglow, a ravenous appetite and a heart full of thanks to his God for having permitted him to live and be an undergraduate for another twenty-four hours. But you see the others would have thought he was trying for the Track Athletic team and guyed him about it, and he cringed before ridicule. Besides, the misanthrope enjoyed wallowing in the mire of his misanthropy. They always do. So he sat around in his room telling himself how miserable everything was until his digestion deserted him, and then he was really miserable.

The climax came about in a very natural way. He came down to the club for dinner one evening with a loathing for food and human nature. He tried some of the first for duty's sake, but for human nature he had no use, and he sat there with his chin on his shirt bosom and his legs stretched out under the table, telling himself how he hated them all. He had a notion to tell them so.

As it was, he went around the table mentally, addressing each one in turn. He did not have to look up. He knew where each one sat and just how each looked, and how Grafton chewed with his lips apart.

"Oh, you huge ass!" he breathed, as Downing began to differ with somebody and to show his reasons for it. "You self-satisfied ass! You think because you won that debate last year that you're just about right, don't you? That's it! give them platitudes in a loud voice. They don't know the difference. It's all a game of bluff. Swell up your breast, stick out your chin; now smile! That's the way.

"And you, you poor little affected mannerism, next there. You absurd little fool with your ill-fitting English clothes. I wonder if it ever occurs to you what a ridiculous little figure you make when you go to Philadelphia for Sunday and put your padded coat on your sloping shoulders—and with your cockney manners, too—and then talk about your relatives among the nobility. But you don't know any better. You think you're the real thing.

"And you, you great tub of self-indulgence! you childish clown! I suppose you really think that you are a wonderfully fine fellow because the whole college knows you and says 'Hello, Skinny,' to you. You think that because you're popular you amount to something. That's right, grin and chuckle and slap Rankin on the back. That's the way you get your popularity. You are called generous and kind. That's because you're big. But I wonder if you ever stopped to think of any one else's comfort when it stood in the way of your dinner or your cigar. There you go again, with your childish capers. You are truly pitiable."



—THEY ALL CAME—THE NOISY, HEALTHY, PIPE-SMOKING CROWD

At that point little Mason bethought himself to call Skinny down a peg, and did so sharply.

For a moment Elliot was glad; and then he thought, "Why should that little fool think it his privilege to regulate this table? He has been told he is sarcastic, so he thinks he must live up to his part on all occasions. Anybody can curl up a lip and sneer; that's not very bright. He thinks he understands people's weaknesses and can pierce them every time. I wonder if it ever occurs to him that others see as much as he does. Look at him curling up his ugly mouth and glancing around the table to see which one to light upon."

"Great Scott! Elliot, don't talk so much. Give us a chance," Mason called out in a loud tone.

Elliot, who had not uttered a word for three meals, only smiled in a superior manner, murmured, "Don't excite yourself," and began to toy with his roast beef. He prided himself on being self-contained.

Then he took in the rest of the table in imaginary conversation; smiled contemptuously at the man who sang on the Glee Club and was good-looking and knew it; ridiculed the Princetonian editor who wrote long-worded, many-clausèd sentences and complacently considered himself a moulder of public opinion; laughed at the man who thought himself literary and wrote about shimmering curls and moaning the moan of remorse in the Nassau Lit; he heaped satire upon the young man who was making up his mind to become a preacher; and so on around the dozen or so at the table, each one of whom had foibles, which, if examined to the exclusion of their virtues, were enough to make their possessors appear ridiculous and, possibly, hateful.

Without waiting for dessert, or even to fill his pipe, Elliot left the table, walked slowly up the street, through the campus, climbed the stairs to his room and locked the door.

When a man does not appear at the club at meal time the natural inference is that he is a guest at some other club; and if he misses several meals in succession, his friends suppose him to be out of town, and ask his room-mate where he went, if he has one; if not, they wait until the absent member comes back and tell him to account for himself, if they think of it.

All day Friday Elliot's napkin remained cornucopia-shaped in the tumbler. This was the way Willis, the waiter, preferred fixing them. That evening some one said, "Where's Bob?" "Gone home over Sunday, I reckon," another replied. Then, as nobody changed the subject, Downing remarked, "Wonder what's the matter with Bob lately? He's so blamed morose. Notice him last evening?"

"Got a remorse-sour on, likely," suggested Cute Rankin, who knew what that meant.

"I think it's a girl," said the Glee Club man.

"Anyway," spoke up Mason, "he ought to talk. There's no excuse for a man's being that way. Talk will help anything that worries, same as yelling in pain."

Meanwhile, way up in the top story of Witherspoon lay the Sour Ball, flat on his back with an attack of acute indigestion, hating everything, especially the hot rolls he had eaten the day before.

Ben, the black man, had gone after the doctor, who said the patient should not try to get up "for a day or two," and then went away again.

This was at about noon on Friday, after he had already been in bed a long period of darkness, made up of interminable waits for Old North clock to strike the next hour; and then an unbearable age of daylight during which he saw Ben clean up the room and heard the bell ring for each of the recitation hours, and speculated about the mail which was noisily dropped through the slot in the outer room.

In those days there was no Isabella McCosh Infirmary with sun-baths and electric bells and trained nurses wearing clean, light blue dresses which rustle. When you fell ill in your room you stayed there. What you had to eat was brought by the waiter from the club—when he finished washing the dishes—in a basket with a napkin soaking in the soup. Your friends went for the doctor and nursed you until your health returned, or your relatives came, which was better.

But there were particular reasons why Elliot did not consider it worth while sending for things to eat. He breakfasted on cracked ice which Ben stole from the cooler downstairs. For luncheon he munched small bits of ice. He dined upon ice. And every two hours he took some foul white stuff that the doctor put in a tumbler on a trunk beside his watch, which latter moved very slowly these days.

At one time he began counting the half-inch circles and the two-inch circles in the wall-paper figure on the right-hand side of the room. Toward twilight he had gained considerable proficiency; he counted twenty-three more in the last half hour than in the first. He kept account with a pencil on an envelope, both of which he fished out of his clothes on the trunk by the bed.

Presently it became too dark to count, but he could hear the bell ring for Hall and afterward strike the hours, which is somewhat interesting. Also he could bet with himself how soon the entry door down stairs would squeak and slam again. He tried to name the owner of each footstep as various fellows came running or walking up the clattering stairs. For some reason or other they nearly all whistled or sang this evening. After a while they stopped running up and down. His watch ticked noisily.

And it came to pass in the course of time that morning dawned once more, and he began to count again. He saved the bureau, where were photographs and cards and things, to feast on the next day. The room was small and he had to economize. This was only Saturday morning.

By and by Ben, the man, came up to fix the room again. "Good-morning, Ben," cried Elliot eagerly. It seemed to Elliot that Ben did his work in a rudely short time. He would not be back now for twenty-four hours.

But the doctor would be along in the afternoon. To be sure! Only six or eight hours, and he would see the doctor! He became excited over it and counted his pulse beats.

After luncheon Skinny Harrison put on a sweater and his big tramping shoes to walk down to Lawrenceville and see his prep. brother. Then he remembered that his essay was due two days before and thought the prep. could wait. In order to write good essays students should cultivate their styles. So he went to the library, took down an eighteenth century novelist, cocked his feet up on the window-sill, and cultivated his style until he thought it would do.

On the way to his room he met Dave Haskell who charged upon him at full speed and leaped upon his shoulders. "Let's take a walk, say out to the battlefield and up Stony Brook and across to Cedar Grove," said Haskell.

"Wait at the corner of Reunion while I put away these books," said Harrison. "It's impossible to force the muse, isn't it?"

As he was hurrying toward Witherspoon, whistling, he met the doctor coming out and asked who was ill. The doctor said Elliot, and the one with the books under his arm very naturally went up the four flights of stairs to see what was the matter. He ran in without knocking.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't crawl off and hide yourself in your foul-odored roost and not let any one know you're laid up," said Skinny, who now panted. This was vernacular for "I am surprised to learn that you are ill and confined to your room, and regret that you have not acquainted me with the fact."

The misanthrope had heard the heavy footsteps coming nearer and nearer and thought he recognized them, but he

(Concluded on Page 1120 of this Number)

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The Shortening of the College Course

WITHIN a very few years the stages of education have become pretty sharply differentiated. The term "education," as we are now using it, means that portion of training for life which may be accomplished in the schools, beginning with the elementary grades and ending with the university. Primary, secondary, college, graduate or professional or university study—these are the four well-defined steps. It is now generally agreed that, if time and money permit, not one of these steps ought to be omitted. The need of the best primary training has never been questioned. Its importance was never more distinctly felt than now. No less clearly is it seen that secondary education, represented by the high school and the academy, must be well organized, thorough and efficient. The very highest expert judgment and skill have, for many years, been spent upon problems of secondary education. And, as to the fourth stage, almost within the latter half of the period of the present generation, new and tremendous emphasis has been laid upon the importance of special, advanced, professional or technical training—graduate study of some sort—as a prerequisite for any high degree of success in the professions or the arts.

At first it seemed that this demand for special training would lead students to pass directly from secondary to special study. Indeed that tendency is even now strongly operative, especially in the Middle West. But wise men, desiring that sort of practical result from education which consists in the highest efficiency of the man, have seen that this leap from secondary to special study—that is, from the high school to the professional school—carries the student over into a realm for which he is not yet fully prepared; that he is not yet mature enough, not sufficiently alert and disciplined, that he has not yet sufficient command of his own faculties, to concentrate his activity upon some special subject to the greatest advantage, and that, in many cases, he is not yet even able to choose wisely his special path in life. It is seen that, before special study is taken up, there is need of a more complete development of the student's individuality and personal power, and a fuller revelation of the student to himself. The university is not content with the product of the secondary schools. It demands the finished product of the college as the raw material out of which to make a scholar or a professional expert.

Thus it has come to pass that, by the very development of the universities with their specialized schools, new emphasis is laid upon the third, or college, stage of education. The best schools of law, medicine, theology and pedagogy are demanding that the student bring his college diploma when he seeks admittance. Meanwhile the courses of the secondary schools have been enormously enriched. The best high schools and academies now carry the student beyond the point reached by the freshman in college not many years ago. The young man, emerging from this prolonged and excellent training, and beginning to assume a definite attitude toward things intellectual and spiritual, is very apt to ask why he should not at once begin specific preparation for his life work. The fact that he does not yet know himself well enough to choose his life work does not always diminish the eagerness with which he asks the question. Yet custom and association save him from a wrong answer, and he is carried by the current about him into college, impatient, nevertheless, at the prospect of four years more of "general discipline." That most men, long before they complete their four years' course, find their doubts fully removed by what the college does for them, not only by its courses and classrooms, but even more, perhaps, by its social and organic life, is no doubt true. But the impatience still remains. Life calls loudly for young men, but will have none but the fittest. And so the problem becomes more and more pressing, how we can condense this period of preparation and yet secure all that life demands as a prerequisite for its high places.

It is beyond doubt that the condensation is to be made. It it already making. Between the enriched secondary course on the one hand, and the imperatively demanded university or graduate training on the other, the college course will be squeezed into three years. For young men not destined for professional life, intending to pass at once to business, yet desiring the liberal culture of college, the four years' course will, no doubt, be retained, with enriched courses in history, literature and philosophy.

How this readjustment is best to be accomplished does not yet fully appear. Yet beginnings have been made. In some cases it is sought by the college allowing a man who has completed his junior year to pass thence to the professional school, and conferring upon him the bachelor's degree at the end of his first year of professional study. Others would have the college so arrange its senior year that the professional schools will accept that year as the first of the three years of training for the profession. The way is not yet well-defined, but the best way will be found, not so much by theorizing as by actual and repeated experiment. Gradually, and almost before we know it, the change will have been made, and we shall thereby all be gainers. For, with the saving of one year of time and cost, we shall have more men preparing for college, and hence more men in college, and hence a larger number of well-trained men in the professional schools, and, again hence, better trained men in the professions.

—NATHANIEL BUTLER.

It is true that the race is not always to the swift; but it will be observed that the American generally wins.

Are We a Country Without a Name?

WHEN Professor Freeman was in this country he was kind enough to regret that our nation had no single proper name by which to designate it, such as his own was favored with. As the official and proper name of his country is The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, it was not so evident that he had much advantage over us. It is true that he and others are in the habit of calling their country England, but that name became obsolete on the first of May, 1707, when England and Scotland agreed to unite as Great Britain. And to this day the Scotch are justly annoyed by the practice of attaching to the whole island the name of its larger portion. Within a few years past they addressed a remonstrance to the Queen, complaining that even her Ministers spoke of the country as England, as though Scotland counted for nothing in its make-up. And even Great Britain became obsolete as a proper and official name in 1801, when Ireland agreed—or at least her Parliament was bought into agreeing—that the two countries should unite as Great Britain and Ireland.

So careful and accurate a person as Mr. Freeman should have been incapable of the blunder of mistaking a popular and quite inaccurate name for his country as its real designation. And he should have looked a little closer into the facts before asserting that we have no one-worded proper name for ours. It is quite true that, in spite of the example and precept of Washington, the habit arose of suppressing the proper name of our country and calling it by a two-worded term, which designates the character of its government as a federal system. This was in the days when the political leaders of America were insisting on States' Rights at the expense of national unity. They claimed proper names for their several commonwealths, but refused any to their common country. They called it the United States, with entire indifference to the fact that that is not the name of our country any more than it is of Mexico, or Colombia, or Venezuela, or Brazil, all of which are officially called "united states" in Spanish or Portuguese. The practice of using this improper designation is really a survival from the time when it was a political offense to speak of our body politic as a nation, in spite of Washington's example in using that term. Now that we have reached the point at which all people in all places talk of it as a nation, it surely is time to revert to the example set by Washington, and to call ourselves Americans, and our country America.

It is true that there is some danger of confusion in the use of a proper name which is used also of the continent. But the confusion is by no means confined to America. There is a province of Asia, as well as a continent of that name. There was a Roman province of Africa before the term was applied to the whole continent. And these local names are still in use with historians and geographers, to the risk of some confusion. On the other hand, America and Americans are terms of national limitation in the use of our neighbors already. The Canadian may call himself a North-American, but never an American. He keeps that name for his neighbors to the South. A Mexican has but one sense for the word Americano, by which he designates the man from across the Rio Grande. So, throughout the whole continent, we are the Americans and our country is America in the usage of every people of the Western world. Only among ourselves, and as an inheritance from our period of Colonial politics, is there any hesitation in the matter. And as we have far more than the population of all the rest of the continent, to say nothing of wealth and power and other elements of national weight, the name is not unfit.

The Father of his Country may fairly claim the same right as other fathers in naming the child. In his Farewell Address he seems to have anticipated some such confusion, and he lays stress on the national name as a bond of union. "The name American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the pride of patriotism," he says, "more than any appellation derived from local distinctions." What was definite enough and accurate enough for him, should do for us.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

A city that gets its public schools and police force out of politics can afford to let the other reforms take their time.

The Mischief of Bogus Science

AMUSING remedies—medical, religious, social and moral—are proposed by people who seem to have no other employment than to invent them, and their implicit acceptance by others would be amusing if it were not saddening. Yet there is a beautiful phase in this trust: it shows that the masses of humanity are unspoiled and believing, and that when one speaks with seeming authority they will take his words for truth.

The queer things that alleged scientists write for some of the country journals and the scare columns of the cheaper dailies must be a constant refreshment to real scientists. Here is a man who will have us to sleep with our heads to the north—or is it our feet?—because "the magnetic currents thus pass through us readily." Now, who said that magnetic currents passed through us, or that it made any difference to us whether they passed lengthwise or across? Yet some people turn their beds north and south, possibly arguing that they have iron enough in their blood to be affected by the force that turns the needle poleward, and imagining that sleep depends on the greater or less resistance they offer to it.

And here comes a man who will not allow you to read on a train. To read on a shaking street car is not commended, certainly, and there are better places for a book than a train, yet our best lines have such level roadbeds and such well-balanced rolling stock that the jolting is reduced to a minimum, and the reading of light literature, in large type, may be less wearing than the monotony induced by not reading. This prohibition would not be so bad were it not that the same objector will not allow us to look out the window nor at the people in the car. "How few know enough to look straight ahead, not at people, and not out of the windows," he says.

There is a fear of certain insects. The beautiful, helpful, harmless dragon-fly creates a panic. The deadly spider is a common offender in the agony column. She is constantly fanging some unhappy creature in a remote village and causing death or struggles. Generally the article leaves the victim struggling, and the failure of the telegraph to bring further information leaves us in a dreadful doubt as to what happened after. Now, the spider in temperate regions is nearly always harmless. Its bite is not so troublesome as that of a flea. There is but one species—a small, red-marked variety—that has poison enough in its sac to cause a sore, and its effect depends on the condition of the patient, just as any irritation, such as a cut or bruise, is more troublesome when one is in poor health than at other times. If to such trifles as these we add the fears roused in the superstitious by meeting a cross-eyed person, or seeing the moon over the wrong shoulder, we can estimate the vastness of that unnecessary suffering which has been imposed on the human race by its inventive or imaginative members. One belief holds until a fact disproves it, and the world to-day is eager for facts. Any truth that shall do away with a fear or a restraint deserves publication in all quarters of the earth. It should be taught at home and in the school. Under the influence of a falsehood no man can be free.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

Sometimes life seems to be one long multiplication of ills and bills.

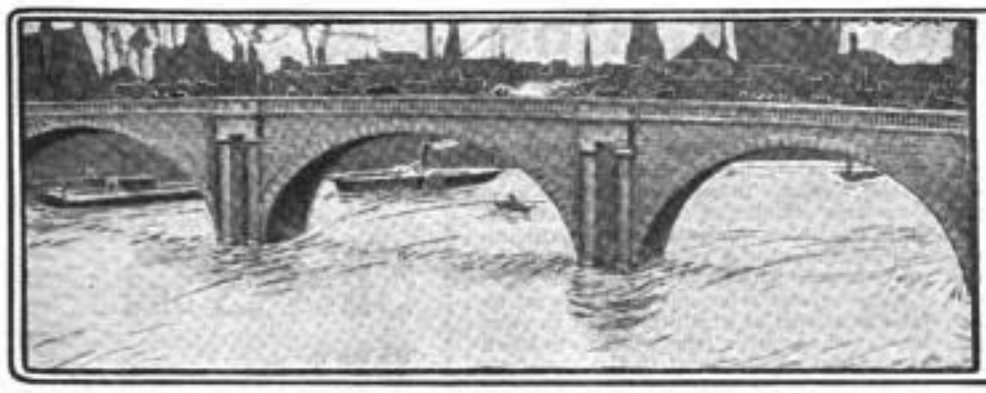
Looking at Both Sides of the Ledger

WE HAVE the word of several eminent expansionists that we shall receive back many fold every dollar that we have expended in the war with the Filipinos and that all of our new possessions will repay in trade—which is cash—the hundreds of millions which they have cost. It is not this that impresses us so much as the fact that in the Philippines alone over four thousand American soldiers have been killed, wounded or invalided. This is a part of the expenditure which finds its way into no account books, but which leaves sorrowful records in homes and hearts.

But viewed as a financial transaction expansion is going to cost us a pretty penny for many years to come. We hear a great deal from Washington about the necessity of the new officers in Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines keeping up fine establishments and doing much entertaining in order to impress the natives with the dignity and generosity of the United States. It is a part of the game. Great Britain does it, and Great Britain has achieved more success in the colonization business than any nation in the history of the world. Some of the anti-expansionists in Congress have been objecting to allowing officers expense accounts that amounted to several times their salaries. But all that, of course, is ridiculous. Style has to be paid for. Food costs money, even in the tropics. Servants want their wages just as they do in other places. It will not be possible to limit these things—in fact, much as the taxpayers may complain about the returns from expansion, they may as well be prepared to pay out more as time goes on. Just when the profits will begin is one of those remote dates to be found in the prophecies of statesmanship.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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At the English Capital



HERE'S a story told at the expense of Sir Redvers Buller, V. C. It is going the rounds of the clubs in London just now. Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-chief of the British Army, was sitting in the Army and Navy Club the other afternoon when in dropped a retired Colonel who in his day was a famous wit in the Royal Enniskillen Fusiliers, and who, though old, still keeps up his fame as a humorist. After saluting the Field Marshal the two entered into a discussion on the war. Buller's name came up and the way the V. C. man had been held up at every turn was mentioned, when the Enniskillen Colonel said: "It strikes me that the Giniral was wrongly named at the very offgo. He should not have been called Buller at all; he should have been Piger."

"How do you make that out?" inquired Lord Wolseley.

"Shure," said the Irishman, "he's always getting shtuck."

The Duke of Buckingham's Good Memory

Some years ago the London press received invitations in the name of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos to a breakfast to be given in honor of the opening of a national exhibition at Earls Court. The hour set was 10:30 A. M.—an unearthly early hour for a London newspaper man to turn out. However, the event was of some importance and the reporters appeared. The earliest arrival happened to be a newspaper man who had practically a corner in reporting fashionable weddings. Finding himself very early, he strolled through the buildings, and seeing a bluff, hearty-looking man, evidently a master-builder, standing smoking a pipe, the reporter stepped up to him and asked a few questions. The man answered willingly enough and the two made a tour of the exhibition. Presently the reporter said to his guide:

"I suppose the old Duke won't be such a fool as to turn up at this ghastly hour?"

"I understand he has promised to come," said the man, and shortly after the two parted. It was quite an informal breakfast and the reporter noticed that his master-builder had been invited. At the finish there was a pause which ended by the master of ceremonies rapping on the table and bawling out: "Gentlemen, pray, silence for His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos." At once the reporter's master-builder got himself on his feet, and before beginning to speak he winked a huge wink at the press man.

The Duke is a splendid specimen of the old-fashioned English squire of the sort Washington Irving loved. Burly, bluff, good-natured, humorous, he never forgets a face. After the days of the exhibition, years passed, and the Duke, well on in life, was to be married. The reporter, on the day before that set for the wedding, visited the house of the bride to get a list of the magnificent wedding presents. When engaged in writing this out in slipped the Duke and, after saying "good-morning," gazed intently at the press man. Presently the Duke's face relaxed into a grin. "You see the old fool is to turn up again," he said.

Our First International Marriage

Some people are given to thinking that the Englishman's predilection for the American girl is a recently developed passion. Such is by no means the case. If American visitors should care to see a portrait in oils of one of the very first American girls to catch an Englishman of position let them journey to Booton Hall in the County of Norfolk, the hall that was in former days the seat of the Rolfe family. In this hall hangs a portrait by De Passe of a handsome young woman, with high cheekbones, and a complexion splendidly swarthy. Around this portrait are the words, *Matoaka Rebecka, filia potentis Principe Powhatani Imp. Virginiæ*, and on a space below the portrait are these words, "Matoaka, alias Rebecka, daughter of the mighty Prince Powhatani, Emperor of Attanough Komouck of Virginia; a Christian convert, and married to the Worshipfull Mr. Thomas Rolff. Aged 21. 1616." This portrait of the far-famed Princess Pocahontas was painted but a few weeks before she died on board a ship about to sail for America. She was buried in the parish church of Gravesend, at the mouth of the river Thames, and to this day the curious can see the following entry in the parish register: "1616, March 21. Rebecca Wrolfe, wife of Thomas Wrolfe, gent. a Virginia lady born, was buried here in the chauncell." Unfortunately the original edifice was burnt down a century ago, otherwise Americans could now look upon the tomb of the first American girl who took an English husband.

Debatable Evidence for the Purists

No doubt a majority of literary men and women in the United States have heard of the fierce discussion among literary and unliterary people here in England over the question whether long and general usage of "It is me" in place of "It is I" does not now justify the use of the first form of the sentence. I am not going to attempt to switch the discussion from London to America, but merely wish to give you Mr. Morley Roberts' opinions which are decidedly in favor of "It is I," and for a peculiar reason. Morley Roberts, as every one knows, spends most of his time kicking around the world, and wherever the fretful waves of civilization beat upon the rugged shore of savagedom there the story-writer paddles in the waters. When in London he spends much time among the vast docks of the East End, gazing upon ships coming from and departing for every out-of-the-way part of this little earth. Mr. Roberts holds with "It is I" because, he says, he heard that form of the sentence used by an East End tough down on the docks. Two cockney ruffians were talking together, one telling the other of a "slugging match" he got into. The fighter was speaking of the discussion with his late antagonist which had led up to the fight. "At that 'e ups and 'e says to me, slap out, 'You lie!'"

"And w'at did you do, Bill?" asked his fellow-ruffian.

"W'at did I do?—'it 'is eye, o' course."

Morley Roberts will now use no other form of the sentence.

Mark Twain has been living quietly in England for some time now, and were it not that he appeared to give evidence before a royal commission on the question of copyright, scarcely a soul outside his private and particular friends would have known he was here at all. The other evening he was dining at the house of a friend, and seated next to him was an American who had only that day reached England. They were, of course, talking war, and the newcomer, wishing to know the feeling in England in the matter of the future of the Transvaal, asked Mark Twain how he found public sentiment in England regarding the independence of the republics.

"Well," said the genial humorist, "I find the English are paraphrasing a part of the burial service. They are all quietly repeating, 'Mr. Gladstone giveth and the Lord Salisbury hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Aurora, the Goddess of the Hills

Not so very long ago the most striking figure in the House of Commons was Lord Arthur Hill. The Hills are now an Irish family, but once on a time they were English, they having quitted the shores of the "predominating partner" about the time of Cromwell, I believe. Lord Arthur Hill is a man of commanding presence, in figure well over six feet, of grand, square shoulders and handsome, open countenance. He is one of those men who not only attract the attention of women, but of men as well. When his lordship occupied a seat in the House of Commons he was always put forward on occasions of ceremony and display, and he invariably carried himself with dignity, courtesy and geniality. The first time that Lieutenant-Commander Colwell, the naval attaché at the United States Embassy, clapped eyes on Lord Arthur was at a private dinner-table. Colwell was seated next to a rather sprightly young English lady and, struck by the appearance of the stalwart lord, he asked who Lord Arthur was. The lady told the American all about Lord Arthur, ending up with the fact that he held the position of Comptroller of the Queen's Household, which, as she explained, is a lucrative appointment, the cost of which is, to all intents and purposes, borne by the country. "Our country," she added, "most certainly has been 'smiling morn' to him."

"Smiling morn?" queried Colwell. "I do not understand the reference."

"Why, you know," replied his fair neighbor, "it tips the Hills with gold."

—E. W. Sabel.



LETTERS to the EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Young men who are seeking instruction on the vital subject of how to succeed in life should turn to the Proverbs of Solomon. I confess, though, that I, being a woman, cringe when I read the prophecy of King Lemuel's mother, contained in the thirty-first chapter. Think of sitting up at night, spinning, while Lemuel sits in the gates (club or lodge). Nevertheless, if the Proverbs of Solomon were studied and put into actual practice, we should have happy homes and successful lives.

Read carefully and you will find that Solomon constantly admonishes a young man to be industrious, virtuous and godly, and to marry an industrious, virtuous and godly woman. Could a career be aught but successful with this foundation? E.

West Collingswood, New Jersey.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I am still a young man and am called an expert accountant by those familiar with my work. I have, like a great many young men, worked long hours for an unappreciative employer; so I know how it feels to work for ten dollars a week when I knew I was worth twenty dollars. I, like others, have tasted despair and been nearly sick by burning the candle at both ends in my ambition to get ahead in the world; so I think I am in a position to sympathize with my brother bookkeepers and to give them the benefit of my experience.

In the first place, I should invite every young man to read Emerson's essay on Compensation earnestly and critically. It will tell him that compensation is a natural law which follows him from the cradle to the grave and from which he cannot escape, and if he is wise he will not care to. He will learn that for every hour he labors he will be fairly paid sooner or later, and that the longer the reward is withheld the greater it finally becomes. It accumulates like compound interest and can never become outlawed. Ask any successful man regarding the truth of the above. I will risk his answer. So do not think your employer can finally cheat you. Time will pay you back.

Who, may I ask, are to be the leaders twenty-five years hence when those now on the top round shall have passed away? There will be more places of responsibility to be filled then than at present. Who will fill them? It will be the young men who are now working conscientiously and doing all they can to forward the interests of their employers, and at the same time to build up a noble character. Let us not then be impatient for a quick success, remembering that he arrives none the less surely who gets there by a slow train. Personally I do not measure success by money, though not despising the latter. There are no low positions in life—all are important, and the man who can do the work he is asked to do and do it perfectly is a success, I care not what his salary may be.

So be not discouraged. Cultivate patience as well as perseverance. Love your work and do it perfectly, and the reward will come or natural law will cease to exist. Accountant.

Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have read the articles regarding the way for a young man to succeed which have appeared in the Post from time to time, and being in a position where I have an eye to the welfare of about five hundred boys, they have interested me greatly. I believe that there is something to be said in behalf of both employer and employee, it having been my fortune to occupy both positions, thus gaining a knowledge of both interests.

The chief error made by the average employer is that he looks upon his help as mere machines which have a stated amount of labor to perform in a given time. He fails to realize that his employees are men, and that the man who can turn off the most work in a day is not always the best man to employ. The employee, on the other hand, too often regards his employer as a bank from which at the end of the week he is privileged to draw a certain amount of money as a compensation for labor he very likely has neglected to perform. This sad state of affairs has in most cases been brought about by the employee, who in his wild search for what is known as a "soft snap," has failed to perform conscientiously the many disagreeable duties which invariably attend upward progress.

It is impossible to write a set of rules which would apply to all young men alike. A group of boys go to work much as they go in swimming. Some strike right out, determined from the beginning to succeed. Others go in a little way, then retrace their steps; in this way they cover much ground but never progress. Others simply sit down and let the tide come up to and finally surround them, trusting to luck that they will float. These represent the drones which may be found in every walk in life. Still another class have to be thrown overboard and made to swim.

There are two rules which, if followed rigidly, will help any boy to succeed: the first, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you;" the second, Be a gentleman.

Boston, Massachusetts. Francis Everett Pearson.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

"Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

With this divine command of the Holy Son of God ringing in his ears, how can any man presume to say whether his brother man has lived a successful life or not? He may accumulate his pile of filthy lucre, but money, thank God, is not the only thing in this world, or the next, either. Some of the rankest failures this old Earth has ever seen have been millionaires. If money were the only thing that we had to live for some of us would be poor indeed, and life, I think, would hardly be worth living. Yet how many we see around us every day that seem to make the Almighty Dollar the one end of their existence. Idolatry is as prevalent to-day as it ever was. The worshipers of gold and silver (in the shape of dollars) are as numerous as they ever were, and they seem to be increasing at a rapid rate.

Do not think for a moment that I am a pessimist, for there is none more optimistic than I am, yet these are facts and we must take account of them. S. H.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

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The Education of a Woman of Fashion

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

THIS is the age and country of the young, and elders who look on are sometimes tempted to wonder whether the immense variety and complexity of the methods used in the present process of developing a generation to succeed ours will produce higher results than we are able to show. In no direction is original effort more liberally expended than in the education of young girls. I pass over the question, so pregnant with interest, as to whether the future wife and mother of the average American wage-winner—she who will have been graduated from the common schools of our great cities—will be a better and a happier woman for all the higher culture bestowed upon her through the generosity of our taxpayers. Observation of the "career" of several young girls thus launched upon the troublous sea of womanhood has not, so far, warranted an indorsement without qualification of what certainly appeals to the imagination as a noble and beautiful idea. And yet who would venture in these days to close any door opening out of the humdrum, the commonplace, the old-fashioned routine of woman's life?

It is with the education of the girl of the wealthy leisure class which is supposed to illustrate to the world the highest fruition of American civilization that I propose to deal—lightly, of necessity—and from the standpoint of a looker-on, not of an educator.

Old and New Educational Methods

From her cradle, the question of how to train, and for what to train the daughter agitates the parental mind. In old days the affair was simple enough. The governess and the finishing school, the début in society at eighteen, followed (or not) by speedy marriage. Her destiny was achieved. Now she has the kindergarten, visiting masters, athletics and physical culture, private classes at the house of some lady who assembles with her own child the children of her friends, thus insuring exclusiveness; and so on, till the young lady considers herself fitted to demand, if she so desires, a course of higher education in any one of the several forms in which it is procurable. The vital question of marriage and the old-time natural habit of counting upon a permanent companion, protector, defender and friend in the guise of a husband are now quite secondary considerations. Our modern, highly cultured maiden not infrequently looks about her for a wage-earning business or profession, or, more often, settles into the pursuance of an endless round of luxurious pleasures, and between these two stools the idea of a husband is likely to fall to the ground.

For ages, wise men have discussed the best method of educating man. What wonder that the same problem, as applied to women, should be still unsolved?



—she has been nurtured with exquisite care

In this epoch of experiment in modes of mental discipline for the young, the child of a well-to-do family has, from the beginning, no sense of grind or boredom at her work. They have gone out of vogue, along with the birch and the hornbook, the dunce cap and the stool of penitence. Her kindergarten experience is made so charming and enticing that the little scholar is wooed, without knowing it, along a primrose path to drink at the fount of human experience; to adapt the great doings of history to her baby comprehension, and, beyond all, to acquire the self-control that gives enduring happiness. I am firmly convinced that these blessed training schools for the very young idea have done more than anything else to make our children companionable with their parents, and, from an outside point of view, to remove from us the national reproach of the typical American child, which bogie is fast vanishing into the realm of all evil spirits.

The little person who, in her own nursery, might have continued to be self-assertive, arrogant and fretful, emerges from a good kindergarten, quiet, modest, appreciative of ideas and biddable. Lucky the father and mother to whom Froebel's educational ideal for children has become reality!

Homely Precepts that Must Never Undergo Change

Not for a moment, however, may this class work of the child do away with the indispensable home training that should go hand in hand with it, nor can the best equipped, most successful, most brilliant of teachers convey to a youthful listener those immortal lessons learned only at a mother's knee—the dear, homely precepts that are to accompany her through life, to be transmitted by her, in all reverence, to her own children, to haunt her brain and guide her movements in many a difficult situation of her adult career, finally, perchance, to ring with quaint pathos in her dying ear, deaf to appeals from thoughts of later days!

Whatever the method adopted for the little girl's training at this important time—although when is a girl's training *not* of supreme importance?—the mother should be the comrade, *par excellence*, the arbiter, the confidante, the teacher of lessons no school can teach. In the present advanced and general condition of knowledge on the subject of school instruction, it were needless to suggest more than that each child should be given whatever form of it her health and individual peculiarities demand. But, wherever possible, an American girl ought to have some experience of school life. It is not only what her mind will gain from the contact with other minds—flint striking steel to bring forth a spark divine—but, as a corrective equally of self-distrust and self-conceit, school is invaluable. What can be better in formative effect than the lesson there acquired promptly and convincingly that she is what she makes herself?

It is at this time of early maidenhood, before the bud has uncurled its petals and while yet the nursery dews are lingering upon her, that the young girl of this order of society, depending so largely upon externals, is seen at her best. From the time of birth she has been nurtured with exquisite care and forethought. Her very simplicity of manner is the result of continued training and repression of the ruder instincts of the growing animal. Her politeness when spoken to by strangers, her blushes, her low-pitched voice, her little curtsy when greeting her elders and superiors, her unadorned dress, all represent high art in her bringing up. Mentally and bodily she has been guided, restrained or stimulated by the combined forces of parental devotion, easy circumstance and command of the best skill.

Setting Up False Standards of Gentility

Then, alas, begins a species of decadence. Too often it is the immediate result of the training for society, considered needful by all modern mothers of her kind. The evening parties, dancing-classes and luncheons, followed by theatre or opera matinées, are mere imitations in miniature of similar diversions among adults. In an astonishingly short time these children of twelve to fifteen acquire the whims, customs, habit of criticism and affectations of a society not like themselves blessed with early training.

At school and at dancing-class they set up false standards of gentility, based in chief upon what one girl's family is able to afford to give her, and another girl's family chooses to withhold or cannot compass. Poverty or small means is an insuperable bar to admission into their set. Not infrequently, to their shame be it said, these mothers who have endowed their young daughters with all the good gifts of education and training, instruct them specifically to cultivate at school only such wealthy or stylish girls as they will be apt to "want to know" after leaving it.

Model Exponents of the Best Modern Culture

I have been told by a refined and well-bred teacher at a fashionable day-school in New York that her daily bread was embittered through earning it in the service of some of these pretentious little snobs. She reported that their conversation, when off duty with lessons, was a rehash of cheap gossip, and worse, concerning what they had overheard of "society" at home; and that their aim, upon leaving school, was entirely directed toward active participance in dinners, calls and evenings at the opera in a certain set; while remonstrance on her part was met by chill stares of contempt and assumed superiority. Here, surely, is opportunity for education by mothers; a missionary field of the widest, beside which philanthropic effort and charities abroad dwindle to insignificance.

Another teacher tells me that her efforts with her pupils are continually thwarted by the mother's eagerness to give her girl pleasures that will prepare her for society. The excuse is that in a year or two the young lady will be expected to shine in a very exclusive social coterie, and that she must be trained to occupy her designated place!

A pleasant contrast to this egregious folly is the fact that many young women conspicuous in society have carried on their efforts at self-culture long after quitting the schoolroom. I know a number of girls belonging to the best circles who habitually devote themselves to reading and criticism of books, out-of-door studies, work in college settlements, kindergartening and supervising cooking-classes among the poor, visiting in hospitals and tenement houses, helping to maintain day nurseries and summer homes for poor children, and entertaining clubs of working-girls, in addition to each carrying out whatever bent for art may individually possess her. Some have obtained the distinction of college degrees; others have painted good pictures, modeled creditable busts, written clever stories and poems. One young lady has achieved success as a landscape gardener. If they were a little more restful in general effect, a little softer of speech and more sympathetic in manner, I should think these accomplished daughters of high society in New York model exponents of the best American culture. But the strain of accomplishing so much that makes them shine in the eyes of lookers-on robs them of a little something the old-fashioned girl used to possess—a something that, for want of a better phrase, we may call "charm."

When one thinks, however, of the limited possibilities for the achievement of aid to her generation in the power of that old-fashioned girl, of her pallid occupations and paltry accomplishments, the new workers in the new field seem rich in privilege. In these

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matters, as in all concerning women, it must be the environment, means and responsibilities that determine the wisdom and fitness of a girl carrying her labors away from home.

Private Classes, Boarding and Day Schools The question of boarding-school as opposed to day-school is, of course, hardly considered in the life of our large cities. Unless domestic reasons make it desirable to exile the daughter from the home circle for a time, she is generally sent to one of the admirably equipped day-schools, some of which, in New York especially, leave no room for criticism of their methods and surroundings. The principals—always women of enlightened intelligence, strength of purpose and refinement, or such schools would cease to be—are continually alert to catch the note of the times, to apply new ideas to the machinery of their institutions. The rivals to these shrines of education for home-staying pupils are the private classes before mentioned. This method is considered by its patrons to strike the golden mean between the old and exploded governess system at home, and the risk of undesirable contact in a large school. That it is open to the reproach of "exclusiveness" and "cliquishness" does not appear to detract from it in their eyes.



Young girls whose families are friends meet daily in the schoolroom in the house of some one of their number

The modern boarding-school for girls in its efflorescence of home comfort and scientific apparatus for the conveyance of ideas and the maintenance of health is more than a century in advance of Miss Pinkerton's Select Establishment for Young Ladies, where Becky Sharp won her "Dixionary."

The Taming of the Rural Rara Avis The especial help of such schools to girls born far from the social centres of the East, some of whom are traditionally entitled to a refined culture, others eager to acquire it, is incalculable.

The girl who arrives at boarding-school inflated with her own importance as a provincial belle or rara avis of cheap accomplishment in so-called "art" or music; ignorant of all but a smattering of knowledge that comes from books; trained to disregard the conventionalities of her age and sex as exacted by standards here; with a conscience void of offense mayhap, but yet continually offending; innocent, reckless, half-bred, soon undergoes transformation. In six months' time she learns to adapt herself to accepted customs; to check her speech in public, to restrain the exuberance of her dress and ornament and pose before the world.

Under the training thus judiciously bestowed hundreds of wives and mothers of the future manhood of our country are being yearly sent back to their homes with expanded hearts and intellects, with juster knowledge of men and things, with an understanding of books and art and music that they will in turn diffuse among those less fortunate than themselves in opportunity.

The Cost, Worth and Limits of Education The crying question of the hour, Shall the daughter of the house receive a college education with her brothers? must be answered by each individual for himself. In what is called fashionable life, this temptation to an ambitious girl is so rare as to leave few examples in memory. But if a girl of any station desires to follow any path leading to higher intellectual altitudes and is fit to walk in it, why, I say, let her do so. But not "with" her brothers. Apart from them with her own sex, not in the abnormal condition of striving, neck to neck, with young men for mental supremacy at a time of her life when her nerves and emotions are ready at a touch to play her false and rob her of her usefulness.

There is no reward to be won in intellectual tourney that could compensate the girl and her family for an overstrain of nerves, reacting upon the body, in her early womanhood. If she can stand it, and persists, Heaven speed her on her way.

Certainly the standard maintained by women's colleges in America of recent years proves that the highest education we know of is procurable by faithful work in their ardent atmosphere. The records also of those annexes to universities, where young women may glean in the same fields with men, yet apart from them, have been surprisingly brilliant. Home culture and school culture of the ordinary kind pale beside the results attained, like candles under electric lights. It makes even the average observer concede that "higher education" is no longer a mere war cry of ambitious souls.

The Deeper Sources of Woman's Power How is it—one pauses to wonder—that the women who intellectually have done most to gladden, console and witch this weary old world of ours into a better humor have had no college training whatever, and, in many cases, little of any sort save what they got for themselves from books. The reason one need not go far to seek. A woman's chief power over men, and in a lesser degree over her own sex, lies in the emanation of her feminine personality; in her ability to convey human emotion; to stir the deep currents of the heart; to touch hidden chords of sentiment; to evoke patriotic ardor; to soothe or to amuse; to charm; to lighten care. There is not much time for the cultivation of such sympathy with such an intimate knowledge of poor, weak human nature in the hard grind of college study. The very quality of the necessary pursuits is opposed to it.

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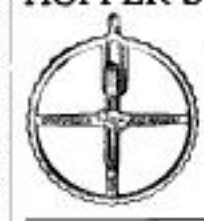
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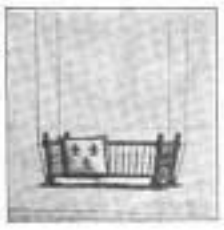
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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, May, 1900.

I HAVE always had a hazy idea, bred no doubt of my unfashionable Spruce City training, that with the budding of the leaves Washington would at least have one touch in common with the rest of the world, and that with spring everywhere in the air, the housekeeper's instinct would come to the fore and politics and gayety would give place, at least for a time, to spring house-cleaning. Page declares that such ideas are hopelessly obsolete, and that if I hope to keep my place in the smart world I must not let such a word as "house-cleaning" pass my lips.



Quarles advanced some rather effective views against the constitutional right to seat Quay

"Goodness me, Page," exclaimed Cousin Melinda, whose housewifely notions were outraged by such an idea, "don't you clean house down here ever?"

"Ah suppose so, Miss Melinda, but we don' have to do like you do up No'th where you turn everythin' topsy-turvy; we jus' tell the housekeeper to see that the house is put in summer shape, an' it's done."

"But if you don't have a housekeeper?" asked Cousin Melinda with thrifty persistence.

"Oh, then the butler will know what is meant by summer shape," innocently returned this little lily of the field.

"And what is 'summer shape'?" demanded the old lady, gazing around inquiringly upon the lavish household gods which adorned my showy Schneider house.

"Well, every hangin' an' every curtain an' rug is sent to col' storage for six or seven months. Every bit of bric-à-brac is done up in tissue paper or in muslin bags. Screens are put in the windows, an' the whole house is lef' bare an' plain. You see," continued Page, who enjoyed drawing extreme pictures for the sake of the originality of Cousin Melinda's comments, "we don' have any spring. We go right into summer weather, with the the'mometer at ninety as like as not, an' the pavements all sof' an' runnin' into the sewers, an' we have to put up electric fans, an' stay in the house an' eat frozen things, an'——"

"And plenty of flies and mosquitoes?" interrupted Cousin Melinda, not heeding how or where her question fitted in Page's narrative.

"Oh my, yes! as big as beetles, an' everybody gets out of town, an' you won' even see a butcher's cart on mos' of the streets, an' the dogs even stop runnin' about an' only limp along on three legs, an'——"

"Well, then, I think I shall go straight back to Spruce City. I don't think I could live with no carpets on the floors, no curtains at the windows, and with flies and mosquitoes as big as beetles. Why, I never in all my born days heard of such a climate."

And the dear old lady hustled out of the room as though to begin immediate preparation for her journey to Spruce City. I asked, doubtfully, with every bone in my body aching from the effects of the dance at the Country Club, and the reception and dance at Corcoran House, and a score of other dissipations:

"But, Page, in all seriousness, do people never stop their dinners, and their dances, and their teas, and their recitals?"

"Oh, yes; you jus' wait till the weather is sizzlin' hot, an' then the curtain will ring down with a bang that will make you jump. When that happens there won' be but one thing lef' goin' on."

"And that one thing?" I asked.

"Politics," she said dryly.

"But don't politics die a natural death when Congress adjourns?"

"My, no! They never stop here in Washin'ton, for instead of dyin' a natural death they take on an unnatural impetus, and when Congress ain' here then people go an' snoop aroun' the State, War an' Navy buildin', an' even the White House, an' poke their noses into official affairs, an' stir up scan'als an' make sensations, an' accuse the Government of all sorts of double-dealin' like they're doin' now."

I smiled at her vehemence, and thinking to lead her into a trap I said:

"But, Page, the very people who are doing the 'snooping,' as you call it, at present, are the very men of your own party. I shouldn't think you'd find fault when they hope to make campaign capital out of it."

"What good will it do 'em?" she demanded contemptuously.

Then she added reflectively and with a shrewdness which I should never have supposed she possessed for politics:

"My party, Mrs. Slocum, is always watchin' out for crows. They are often on the right side of a thing, but instead of meetin' it straight out they go pokin' into your party's doin's, an' if they fin' a crow they let go the main thing an' shout crow. Ah can't help thinkin' of somethin' Charles Kingsley said once of a certain great man. He said that this great man possessed all the gif's under the sun save one, an' that one was the gif' of the power to use them. An' so it is with the Democratic party. They possess lots of great gif's, an' they mean to make campaign capital out of your party's mistakes, an' goo'ness knows there are a plenty, but bless you, the Democratic party don' possess the gif' to use their power, nor possess the power to use their gif's, an' there you are!"

This was all new light to me on the Democratic party, and, coming as it did from this little Virginian, it struck me as being unusually original and shrewd, and not long after I repeated it to Robert and Senator P——.

"And to think that such a clever little American should be wasted on a Frenchman!" exclaimed the Senator, his antipathy for everything diplomatic springing to the front.

"How much truth is there in her observation?" I asked.

"It is just as true as it is shrewd," said the Senator. Then he continued:

"You see, this talk in the Senate about the Cuban funds and our army officers has been sprung for no other purpose than for campaign material, and, as Miss Page would say, in order to 'shout crow,' and——"



One interesting figure on the floor all during the afternoon was that of ex-Governor Taylor, of Kentucky

"Oh, but do you mean," I interrupted, "that with you it is a case of 'believing a story false which ought not to be true'?"

"By no means," returned the Senator earnestly, "but I will believe nothing until more light is brought to bear upon it. I always think of Cotton Mather, who used to say, when anything of consequence was on hand, that there was a gentleman mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Acts to whom he was more deeply indebted than to any one else, and that was the town clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel and wisdom in managing an angry assembly were masterly. And I feel like suggesting to my brethren of the Senate not to do anything rash, but to consult with

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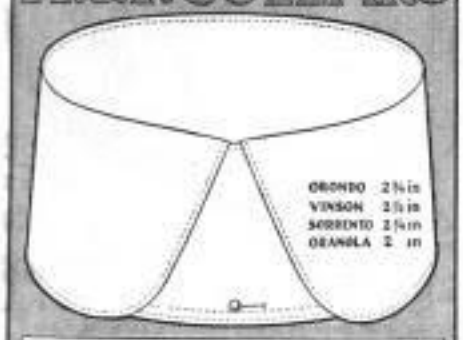
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the town clerk of Ephesus before they commit themselves."

"Well, it seems to me that the world is full of rubs, and that our Republican fortune seems to be 'running against the bias' just now," I said croakingly.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Robert. "It's all nonsense to talk about 'running against the bias.' We're running straight with the grain. There may be some blunders, of course, and there may be some occasions when we can't answer all the questions concerning the truth, but that does not signify that the truth has been let go of. Some political writer has said apropos of just such a case as this, 'The capacity for occasional blundering is inseparable from the capacity to bring things to pass. The only party that is past the danger of making mistakes is the party that is dead.' By the way, how do you feel about the loss of the Quay case?" asked Robert of the Senator.

"Well, it was a surprise all around. I was in hopes that my quiet work in behalf of Quay would have had its effect, but, you see, Quarles made a speech and advanced some rather effective and novel views against the constitutional right to seat him, and then Burrows' speech, coming as it did with its trip-hammer blows, shook the confidence of at least two of Quay's friends; and then it was whispered around in the cloak-rooms and lobby that Clark, of Montana, would vote for him, even though under the circumstances it would have been an extraordinary proceeding considering his position, and this turned one or two men's votes. But the solar plexus blow to Quay was Hanna's desertion at the last moment. This was construed as a blow direct from the Administration. Altogether, it was as close a bit of work as has been done in the Senate in years. The only funny episode throughout the day was Hale's nervousness which made him answer 'Aye' to the roll-call instead of 'No' on the final vote."



DEPEW WOULD NOT HURT ANYBODY'S FEELINGS INTENTIONALLY FOR THE WORLD

"I am rather surprised that you, a conservative man, should have espoused so openly Mr. Quay's cause," said I tentatively.

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Slocum," spoke up the Senator almost testily, "you may call me anything you like except conservative. A conservative man in the Senate nowadays has come to mean a sort of nebulous being without strong convictions or nerve—a man, in short, who is 'afraid to look at the new moon out of respect to that ancient institution, the old one.'"

We all laughed at this idea, and I dropped the Quay matter. After a moment the Senator said:

"One interesting figure on the floor all during the afternoon was that of ex-Governor Taylor, of Kentucky. He was the guest of Deboe, who brought him into the chamber through the cloak-room. It was thought that possibly he might have been denied the privilege of the floor if he had had to pass the doorkeepers, but he was not challenged."

After a moment the Senator asked abruptly:

"How about that claim from your State, Slocum? How are you getting on with it?"

"Oh, well, rather like a crab; I seem to be going backward. This claim passed the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims, and finally passed Congress without dissent; then it went to the Department and got into the hands of the Auditor, and he holds it up week after week while he mulls along between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. Meanwhile my people are fuming around and making my life a burden with complaints that I am not pushing it. The Government's way of doing business seems to me to be the most extraordinary thing I have ever run up against. Why, there is no corporation or private business concern in the country that could live or exist twenty-four hours run on the same lines that the Government runs its business."

"That reminds me," laughed the Senator, "of a claim that I was once interested in, and when it had dragged along, and finally looked as if it would fail, and finally did fail before the Comptroller, I carried it to the Supreme Court and got Joe Choate to come down and argue it for me. Well, the day that Choate made his argument the Comptroller of course was present to represent the Government, and Choate was firing away in his usual brilliant fashion and was making a strong, clear showing and claiming everything under the sun for our side, when one of the Justices interrupted him and asked:

"'If this claim is as clear as your argument and your brief would show, why has it come before this court?'

"'Why, Your Honor,' replied Choate with all the suavity of manner of which he is possessed to an unusual degree, 'it has been brought before this honorable body because,' and here he swept his eyes over the Comptroller, 'a small-headed tack,' and he measured off on his finger an infinitesimally small space, 'got into the wheels of Government and clogged them, hence——'"

And the Senator finished with a hearty laugh at the recollection of that claim, and we laughed with him.

"Did the court laugh?" asked I.

"No, but there was a suspicious twitching of faces and a restless movement among them which betrayed that the point was not lost upon them. Neither was the case lost," wound up the Senator.

"Well, then, I must have struck just such a tack as Choate described," said Robert.

"You'll strike plenty such in the Treasury Department. Why, I have known a whole appropriation to be held up over an item involving a quarter of a dollar, and once the entire account of the Commissioners' office of the District was held up for several weeks until a broken window-pane could be accounted for, and finally was only passed when the attorney for the District filed a brief to show that the breaking of the pane of glass had not been the work of the elements," said the Senator.

"Well, at least it argues a certain kind of faithful honesty which is refreshing," said I.

"Oh yes, but that penny-wise honesty can often be a menace to the public good. A bee is no busier animal than a blockhead, but it is not always comfortable or profitable to have it around all the same, and Schiller says that 'Heaven and earth fight in vain against a dunce,'" replied the Senator. Then he added:

"If I were you, Slocum, I'd bring a little pressure to bear. I'd go to the Secretary himself and get a hearing, and, if need be, bring in Senator Blank. He has a tremendous pull with the Secretary and with the Department. Of course, I suppose, you have already used your entire State delegation?"

"Of course," replied Robert. Then he explained frankly:

"Personally, I don't care much about the matter, but just now I'm anxious to stand well with my constituency and with the Legislature, for I'm in the Senatorial fight in my State and want to win out."

"Of course," replied the Senator heartily.

I thought it wise to get these two men off this subject, for it was one upon which Robert was very sore and anxious, so I asked, by way of changing the venue:

"What's this story I hear about Senator Depew and the Frederick City delegation? Why has there been such a laugh about it among you?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Slocum, the city of Frederick has had a claim against the Government growing out of the Civil War, and a delegation came down the other day to look after it. They've been coming down regularly for about thirty years or more upon this same matter. Well, they went before the Committee as usual, only this time they encountered Depew and talked with him, and



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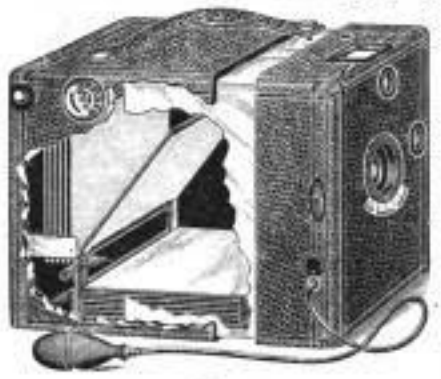
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Depew became quite enthusiastic over Frederick and her claims. He promised his full cooperation in the matter and promised all sorts of things, so the story goes, and then, overflowing with good-fellowship, he thought that he would show his cordiality in other ways than by his expansive smile. So, in an unguarded moment, he asked about the old story of Barbara Frietchie. This, of course, unlocked the tongue of every one of the delegation and the tale was graphically related. Depew was delighted, and declared that Frederick's claim ought to be paid if for no other reason than Barbara's act of bravery. But, alas! he added benignly:

"'The story and the poem were always favorites with me in my childhood.'

"Fancy the astonishment on the faces of that delegation at this remarkable statement. They were blank with wonderment. Finally some one timidly intimated to Depew that he must have been an astoundingly old little boy for the story and poem to have been favorites with him in childhood. It dawned on him suddenly that he must be away off on Barbara Frietchie, and he said promptly:

"'Why, bless me! I thought that Barbara Frietchie was a heroine of 1812. I'll confess I was a bit puzzled that Stonewall Jackson should be figuring in 1812, but then I thought that perhaps Stonewall Jackson was only a slip for Andrew Jackson. The slip is mine.'"

"It would seem then," said I, "that the golden-tongued Senator is not always entirely happy in his utterances, especially in those pertaining to poets and poems. In the course of an address before the Longfellow memorial meeting not long since, I understand that he remarked: 'Paradise Lost is the greatest poem in English literature, because nobody ever reads it.'

"Now, it seems that this utterance came to the ears of those poor, sightless ones who frequent the reading-room for the blind up at the library, for I heard a sweet-faced old lady say pathetically when the remark was repeated to her:

"'Think of his saying that! Why, Milton was blind! He was not only a truly great poet, but he was blind!' And she turned her sightless gaze toward me for sympathy."

The Senator spoke up warmly:

"Depew would not hurt anybody's feelings intentionally for the world."

The Sergeant of Company L

By Clinton Ross

IT WAS Bertie's way, to be late," Mrs. Davidge, the hostess, remarked, and they would not wait longer.

"To think—of that poor, dear boy—and we never estimated him at half his value," the hostess was saying. She might have added, to be explicit, at more that half his moral and mental value; for Captain Robertson's monetary value was considerable, and he was of a good old New York family. But until the Spanish War he had gone in for the things men of his sort affect, and it was surprising to note that he had distinguished himself at Santiago, and that he had—through influence, the skeptics said—secured an appointment in the Philippines, and distinguished himself there. This was the man who was returning to his old environment with Mrs. Davidge's dinner.

As it happened, our one-armed Captain entered at the moment, and there was handshaking all around, and "Awfully glad to see you, old man," and "How was it out there? do tell me. I am going to put my globe-trotting in that direction." And the women said, "So glad to see you, Bertie." And the ever-present Tatterly made his witticism. It was Tatterly, you know, who made the remark that war was sent to give the leaven, earnestness, to good society.

As he still had his right hand, our Captain went through this very well, until he came to Kate—in some way she was last—and he gave her a quick, deep look that made her flush, and then Mrs. Davidge said:

"You won't object to taking Miss Merton in?"

"Do you object, Kate?" he whispered.

"Why, of course not; don't be foolish," the girl said. And so they went in.

"And how is everybody, and Meadowbrook and Ardsley? I hear that Bob Stoners broke his collar-bone again."

"Third time," Tatterly remarked.

"Oh, all is about the same," Kate answered.

She did not understand him. His light, whimsical face had become earnest, as if he had looked into life. Did he care still? For some reason her feminine intuition failed her. And she had thought she knew him and would continue to know him like a book. She suddenly saw that she wasn't exactly pleased at the thought of his not caring. And, indeed, he directed more of his talk than was necessary to Helen Delton.

They talked of Manila and the life there, and Robertson told many a story; and the women said it must be great fun. "Yes, life was interesting," he went on; "but it was the time of war, you know." And he told how one day he had dined with Mrs. Colonel M., and how the dance had been broken up by the news that Colonel M. had been shot in a landing from a gunboat.

"But the excitement and the fun of it!" Helen Delton cried; "the things we do here seem so tame after all that."

Our hero remarked that even excitement palls sometimes, which they doubted; and the men quite envied the one-time Bertie.

After dinner the talk turned to bravery, and Captain Robertson was asked nonsensical questions, and how it seems to be under fire, and all that sort of thing, and if there was anything in Stephen Crane's book that people talked so much about a few years ago. Kate caught herself thinking that the hero bore his honors very modestly—not that the old Bertie had been without modesty. When they asked about his own story, which the newspapers had dilated on, he said at first little or nothing—and then Kate caught his eyes. She now was across the room from him, but his eyes were on her. He seemed singularly grave.

"Oh, I say," he cried suddenly, "don't talk about that. The newspaper stories are all stuff—entirely wrong. I have made my explanation now; I am sorry that I didn't make it in Manila."

He spoke almost fiercely, and the others looked at him curiously.

"You ask me about bravery. Most of the talk about it is nonsense—tommy-rot, to use forcible slang. I was praised for going up San Juan Heights. Do you know, I was afraid—yes, afraid. I would have run, if I hadn't been more afraid of being called a coward. That is all there was of it. I wanted to run, but it took less courage to keep on than to run. And as for the skirmishes I have been through in Luzon, I have always had much the same feeling. To be sure, there are men bred to the thing, and others who have it in them, and a few, a very few, who don't care. But I know I am not the only man of the kind that wants to run but doesn't dare to. That is not bravery."

"Oh, my dear Bertie, you can't tell us that."

But Bertie was looking at Miss Merton.

"You all have been good enough to ask me questions about that affair of Deloa. Now, I am going to tell you the truth, just as it was.

"You know, I was First Lieutenant of Company L. It chanced that the First Sergeant was Jack Flynn, the son of the farmer at our place in Far Westchester. The Flynns have been associated with our family, father and son, since my grandfather's time, and when I found Jack in my company we both, I think, were pleased—at any rate, I was. He was a splendid fellow and had in him the making of an officer.

"Well, the regiment, and Company L., of course, were in those things that you perhaps read about—or, perhaps, didn't read about, after the first novelty had worn off—they became so frequent. I often thought how much better a commissioned officer Jack would have made than I. And all the time, in all those little skirmishes we were in—I will be honest with you—I never could get quite familiar with being under fire. I never felt the battle rage, you know.

"Well, to return to Deloa. We made a landing one morning under the cover of the guns at Manate Bay, and occupied the town of Manate. A spy brought us news that an important Filipino, a General Aristo, was near by, up country, and a detachment of cavalry, with which was Company L., was sent out to scour for him. We believed there was no great force of the enemy in the immediate neighborhood.

"Indeed, on our way, following a jungle road, we saw only a few natives, who claimed to be *amigos*, as is their way, you know. Presently, after some tiresome miles, we came out into a region of ricefields and

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to a little village on a hill, where was an abandoned monastery and a curious old stone church. Here I was detailed to remain with thirty men, for the road forked, and it was a point to watch. With me was Sergeant Flynn.

"We took our position about an old storehouse on a hillock at the upper end of the village, which commanded the roads. Here was a fenced inclosure and mounds which, if we were attacked, might prove a fair breastworks. Then, leaving Flynn, I dismounted, and, with a few men, went down into the village. Before the little church we were met by an old man, who, with many protestations of his loyalty, said that he knew where that rogue, General Aristo, was—that he was hidden there, and he pointed to a house. The matter, of course, bore investigation, and we surrounded the building, while I and two men went in. There was a scene of fright and stolid lying, but out of a dark loft one of my men pulled by the leg a little Filipino. I was quite elated.

"'Why, General,' said I, for he had been an envoy during a truce, 'this is a surprise.'

"He shouted out unutterable things in Spanish at me and then fell courteous; for he was a man of education and of a good Filipino family, as a lot of those chaps are.

"After rummaging about the church and the monastery and getting what information we could, we retired to our position on the hill. We were led to believe that the enemy had utterly decamped. Yet Aristo's presence perplexed me. Why had he remained here to watch us—to see with his own eyes?

"Almost at the moment a trooper came cantering up. The enemy were coming in force up the Manate road.

"He was followed quickly by two more of our scouts, who reported that hundreds were swarming down from both of the other ways. Then a popping began from the fields. We understood; we were cut off.

"General Aristo, with a malicious smile, calmly lit a Manila cigar.

"My men were kneeling behind the fence and now popping away. One poor chap tumbled over at my right, and I began to feel that battle fear I have told you about. They swarmed about us from every side; but we kept replying—to good effect, too. But it seemed to me we couldn't hold out. It was a useless struggle, a useless sacrifice. Two others of ours tumbled over.

"'Sergeant,' I said, 'we can't hold out.'

"'Yes, we can, sir; we're not going to give in to 'em niggers—when we have the prize, too!'

"'We must,' I said, pulling out a handkerchief. He snatched it from me.

"'Well done, Hawkins,' he commented, as a trooper knocked over a Filipino; and then to me, 'Sir, we can't.'

"And he looked at me with an expression of dismay and shame I never shall forget—the well-disciplined non-commissioned officer's shame at an inefficient superior.

"And I obeyed him. From that moment Sergeant Flynn commanded, not I.

"The next quarter-hour, to put it bluntly, was hell, and then my arm felt numb, the one I haven't now, and it all was dark, until at last I awoke, looking into a doctor's eyes.

"'Where am I?'

"'At Manate. You bagged the man, and kept him until Colonel Welling came up. Don't try to talk.'

"'And the men?'

"'Five dead and thirteen laid up.'

"'Sergeant Flynn?'

"'It's a pretty bad go with him.'

"'He did it,' I remember I said.

"'Hush!' said the surgeon, with a knowing smile.

"Well, my arm was amputated, and I was congratulated, and written up, and commended, and promoted," Robertson continued, almost bitterly.

"And poor Flynn was lying between life and death for many weeks. When I was able I went to see him. This was in Manila. His gallantry, too, had received mention. But no one knew that if it had not been for him we never should have held out, and until to-day—when I have written the facts to the Department—I never have told it. I saw him, the wreck of a strong man, and sure of death.

"'You did it; not I, Jack,' I told him.

"'Hush, sir; hush!' he said, like the surgeon; 'you only thought you wanted to give in.'"

The narrator paused, and the hush kept the room, until one said:

"Well?"

"That's all. Flynn died a few days after."

The talk clung politely about Manila for a little while and then turned to other matters.

Miss Merton had listened, her eyes never leaving the speaker's face. Shortly after she found herself alone with Captain Robertson.

"Bertie, I once told you you were a dawdler. I was wrong. You are a strong, brave man."

Captain Robertson took her half-extended hand and pressed it.

"Looking at you made me tell it," he said.

But Tatterly, commenting on the Captain's story later at the club, remarked:

"I don't see why the deuce he wanted to tell that sort of thing."

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"Freshwater" Colleges

By D. K. Pearsons

THE greatest educational institution in America, aside from the common school, is the "freshwater" college. My faith in this agent of civilization is strong, and it is in no boastful sense that I point to the fact that it has been the chief joy of a long and happy life to prove that faith by my works—by giving to seventeen colleges of this kind two and a half million dollars. This will indicate to the business man that my enthusiasm on the subject of "freshwater" colleges is not an idle sentiment, and that I must be able to give a substantial reason for the faith that is in me.

First, let us define the term "freshwater." I understand it to mean, as applied to an institution for instruction in the higher branches of learning, that such establishment is laid out upon collegiate lines, but is far more unpretending than the big university or the large college. It may, according to my understanding, be located on the sea coast or be dignified by the title of University and still be a "freshwater" college. Therefore, let us take this term—very likely first applied in a contemptuous sense—to mean a college that lacks the proportions and pretensions of those great institutions of higher education to which those who can have the pick of the land are sent.

The big colleges and universities with world-wide reputations are all right; I have no quarrel whatever with them. They are fulfilling their own purpose well; but I believe that this country could better afford to see them wiped off the list of her educational facilities than to have the struggling "freshwater" colleges that dot the West and South removed from the reach of the common people.

Why? Because these humble institutions are direct products of the true American pioneer spirit, and still have in them the vital breadth of high moral purpose breathed into them by their founders; because the foundation of every "freshwater" college in the land is laid deep in the rock of sound, practical Christianity; because these are the only schools of higher education within the reach of a very large and a very representative class of young men and women—those who make up the moral backbone of this nation.

Examine this last consideration and its force will instantly become clear, so it seems to me. To a very great extent this is merely a question of geography. Almost invariably the "freshwater" colleges have been established to meet local needs. Generally speaking, so far as the West is considered, they are remote from the big centres of civilization where the great universities are located. They were started because they were needed by the inhabitants of the surrounding country. Take, for example, one of the numerous "freshwater" colleges in Iowa. When that splendid prairie State began to "settle up," and the virgin soil was turned into marvelously productive fields, which yielded the settler a rich return for his hard labor, the pioneer faced this situation: His older children had exhausted the resources of the district and the village schools; they were eager to get a fair start in life, a better equipment than the town high school could afford them; their hopes and ambitions turned toward the college, but this goal seemed hopelessly remote, for the nearest college was hundreds of miles away and the expense of railroad fare seemed more than could be managed, to say nothing of the outlay for tuition, books and living expenses—not an encouraging prospect for a farmer boy with a slender purse and the knowledge that he must make his own way, and that he could have only two or three years of college life, at most.

The Pioneers' Cry for Education

Nor was the outlook any brighter for the conscientious father of a growing family, who longed to give his boys and girls the advantages of a far better education than had come within his own grasp. Many a sturdy settler has nursed a protracted heartache because his struggle to get his farm clear from debt compelled him to deny his children this precious boon. Hundreds of pioneers have counted this among the greatest of their griefs; and in every pioneer community hundreds of young men and women went out into the battle of life with a deep and abiding hunger for a better education—a craving that could not be satisfied, because the nearest college was beyond their reach. Had there been an institution of higher education within a hundred, or even three hundred miles from their home town, they could have overcome the other obstacles standing between them and the benefits of an education. This intervening distance, however, became the "great gulf fixed" that effectually separated them from the realization of their ambition.

Heartaches of this kind, in the breasts of both parents and children, were the springs in which the "freshwater" college movement had its rise. This condition at least richly prepared the ground for the coming of the forerunner of the college. Often he was a missionary of the gospel, who saw this hunger for intellectual food in the mind of the pioneer population and determined that he would dedicate himself to the work of satisfying it. He also perceived the opportunity to teach the principles of Christianity along with secular learning. Here was set before him the double joy of laboring for both the spiritual salvation and the intellectual freedom of a people eager to make the most of their opportunities.

No wonder this kind of a field called out the best talents of the pioneer ministry and inspired a devotion and self-sacrifice which shame most of the heroic performances of the characters pictured by the professional romancers! There have been hundreds of instances of this kind, but a single one will do by way of illustration.

A Plain College with No Frills

Out in Colorado Springs is a college to which hundreds of students flock with a consuming thirst for an education. Ah! What a sturdy set those fellows are! The gathering of the clans at the Colorado Springs College is one of the most inspiring sights that any true American can wish to look upon. Why, those boys stalk into that town, with their "duds" rolled into little bundles that they have "packed" on their own shoulders, from ranches and mining camps two hundred and even three hundred miles away. If there is a millionaire's son among them you can't pick him out by the cut of his clothes. They are men—not dudes! I guess about half of them could brand a steer or tend a sluice with better grace than they could appear at a full-dress party. But how they do study!

Well, this college is an example of what I have said is the typical history of the "freshwater" college. It must have been nearly thirty-five years ago when I pitched camp almost on its site in company with a band of Ute Indians. There was an insignificant little hamlet on the spot where the city of Colorado Springs now stands. The situation and the surroundings were glorious, and it seemed to me that there was a great future for that region. And my guess was right. The settlement grew and the inhabitants prospered. One day an earnest and devoted Christian missionary came along. He read the hearts of the people—or at least a part of them. Instantly he saw that the great need of that community was a college. Even the most well-to-do settlers could not afford to send their children hundreds of miles away to the nearest big college. Among the more thoughtful members of the community his ambition to build a college there met with a warm response and he went at the project with a will. In a way, he succeeded. I believe his institution was at first called an academy, but soon it joined the ranks of "freshwater" colleges. From the start it trained men—good, sound men who became the preachers, lawyers, merchants, editors, school teachers, school commissioners and legislators of that country.

But the haste to get rich and to pile up money with which to spoil sons and daughters is just as common a failing of men in that part of the country as elsewhere, and the missionary found this out, to his grief. It was hard sledding for him to keep the pioneer college going. Finally it passed into the hands of a young man named Slocum. He was full of good business snap, and I saw he was the man to make that thing go as the missionary had not been able to make it. I said to him: "When you raise $150,000 for the endowment of this college I will pay you $50,000 in cash to bring the total up to $200,000."

He seemed to appreciate the offer, but said plainly that he didn't believe the condition

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could be fulfilled. However, he went at the task with a hearty good will. It took some time, but finally he forwarded to me a book containing the names of one thousand men who had pledged a total of $150,000 for the college, and the reliability of the list was certified to by three of the leading business men there. Mr. Slocum received his $50,000 from me, and now that college is the joy and the pride of the whole region. There are no frills on it—just a plain "freshwater" college—but it is placing a higher education within reach of hundreds of manly young fellows from the plains and the mountains, who would have been compelled to forego such a training if that institution had not been established and maintained as I have described.

Tall Timber in the Ozark Mountains

To emphasize and enforce the statement that sound Christianity and genuine pioneer pluck have gone into the making of almost every "freshwater" college, let me give another illustration just as typical as that which I have already cited. Almost in the heart of the Ozark Mountains, in Missouri, is another college which I found in the same situation as the one at Colorado Springs. Years before, a courageous missionary who had received his education at Olivet—another "freshwater" institution—came into that region and beheld the identical outlook which had inspired the "gospel scout" to build a college where I had camped with the Utes.

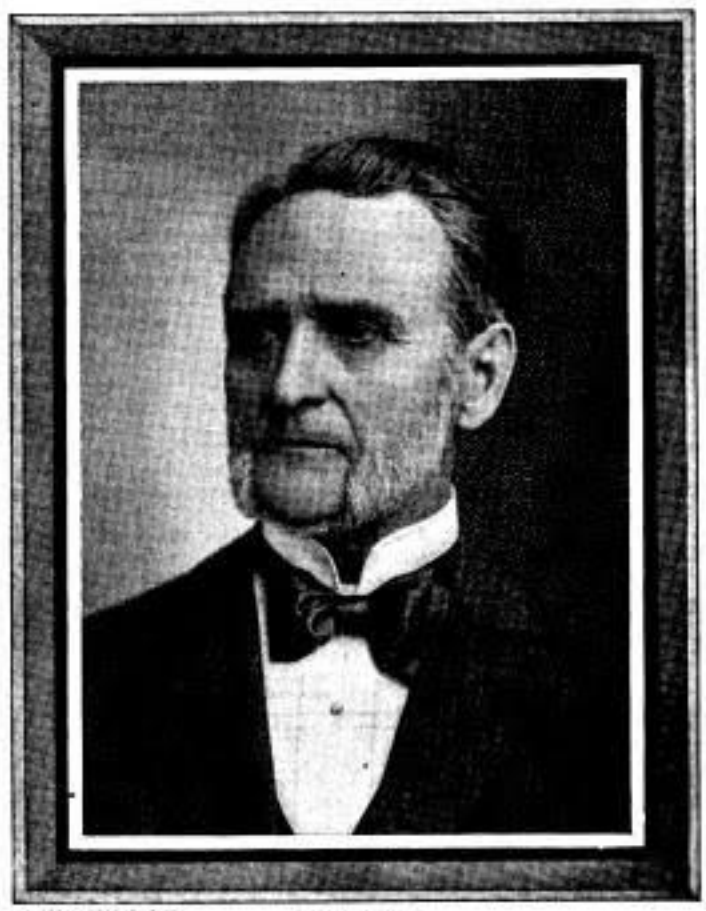


PHOTO BY ROOT, CHICAGO

D. K. PEARSONS

The fact that Missouri had been a border State and a slave State made the situation woefully disheartening. To say the least, education had not been fashionable there, and it took courage for this man Drury to undertake the building of a college in the shadows of the Ozarks. But he finally succeeded, and I am glad his name has been given to the institution. Although scores of young men and women there secured an excellent education, the inhabitants were slow to wake up to the value of the college and open their pockets for its support. At length it became impossible to pay the salaries of the small force of teachers with promptness and regularity; indeed, it required very skillful begging to pay them at all. Affairs were in this condition when I made the management the same proposal which Mr. Slocum had received. The whole faculty and leading men of the community took hold and hustled, and I had the pleasure of adding $50,000 to an endowment fund of $150,000. What was the result? More students than they knew what to do with!

No consideration with reference to the "freshwater" college is of greater weight than that which makes account of the timber that goes into institutions of this order. With rare exceptions, the pupils have their own way to make and are absolutely dependent upon their earnings for all their college money. In hundreds of instances young men are compelled to contribute to the support of their families while working their way through college. This is severe experience, but it helps to grow sound timber as nothing else can.

There is another element in the results accomplished by the "freshwater" college not found in anything like an equal degree in the bigger institutions. This is the cultivation of the real spirit of American democracy. At Berea College, in Kentucky, most of the students are mountaineers. They have good stuff in them, coming from a Scotch-Irish parentage. In most cases they are desperately poor and as a class are also desperately ignorant—but they have the blood of heroes.

Back in the days of the Civil War the fathers and grandfathers of the young men and women now in Berea came down from their mountain homes with their hearts full of the love of freedom and fought like tigers for the Union cause. These were the men who led the forces at the scaling of Lookout Mountain and carried the Union colors to its top although raked by the awful fire. My sympathies are always with the mountain men because I am a mountaineer myself. The only difference between my situation and that of the men in the Cumberland region was that I shoveled snow in the mountains of Vermont while they were hunting and tending corn patches south of Mason and Dixon's line. I had little to boast of in the way of educational advantage over them.

Large families are the rule among the mountaineers and this intensifies the demand for education. The delight with which these people welcome an opportunity to give their children an education is pathetic. They were almost wild with joy when I gave to Berea $50,000 to complete a $200,000 endowment. How many of the students in this institution could have gone to another and a distant college in the event that this had not been established? Not one per cent. of them! And I will venture to say that there is not a college or university in America where the standard of manhood and womanhood is higher than at Berea.

Benefits of Individual Instruction

Not the least important thing about the "freshwater" college is the fact that it affords opportunity for a closer relationship between instructor and pupil than is possible in the larger institution where the number of pupils is so much larger. This ministers to both the moral and the intellectual progress of the pupil. Each student receives a larger share of individual attention from the teacher, and the latter has a more intimate knowledge of the conduct and the character of each of his students than he could have in the big institution. The intimacy of this relationship naturally acts as a wholesome restraint and keeps many a young man from getting into mischief, bad habits and bad associations. As it looks to me, the "freshwater" student does more studying, has more pleasure, is closer to his teachers and his mates, and suffers less from high pressure athletic distractions than does the student at the big institution.

For these and many other reasons I believe that no educational work of an advanced kind is being done in America to-day equal to that of the "freshwater" colleges.



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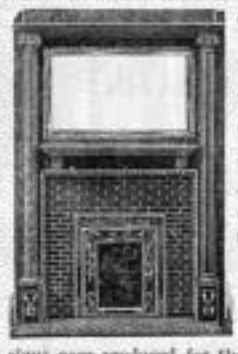
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The Crime of '73

By Stanley Waterloo

THEY weren't Nihilists. What's the reason anybody says they were Nihilists! It drives me into a frenzy when everybody jumps upon everybody else and accuses them of all sorts of things. It may be that nobody said anything about anybody else, just now, but that doesn't matter. I want to repeat that they weren't Nihilists. They were only Freshmen of the Class of '73. Nevertheless, they meant business!

They were gathered together in a room, and they swore secrecy and all that sort of thing. Here is something that only a small portion of the world knows and which all the world ought to know, because, really, because we ought to know more particularly about our young men who are blossoming in the colleges. Well, here's an important matter: no Freshman can, or, rather, may, could or should carry a cane. This important fact has dribbled, in a way, into the minds of the populace, through vagrant articles in the various periodicals, within the last quarter of a century. It is a fact, though, that the articles were incompetent and that the public doesn't know yet. I, the thoughtful and gifted writer of this story, have departed, for once, from my dignity, and am standing, so to speak, on the street corner of a crowded city, and am announcing that the populace does not yet know why Freshmen should not carry a cane. Neither does anybody else. Come to think of it, after you have taken off the populace, "anybody else" seems out of the question.

There were about a dozen of them and the freshman year was getting very near its close. For a Freshman to carry a cane before Commencement and before he becomes a Sophomore is, as known in college history, to make him—and very properly—a malefactor of the deepest dye, one upon whom the retiring Sophomores, who are about to become Juniors and drift into the one year of college nonentity, have a right to inflict the direst injuries.

Now such is the depravity of freshman human nature that, toward the end of the collegiate year, certain members of the freshman class almost inevitably conclude that a cane shall be carried before the collegiate year be ended.

To say that the meeting here described was "serious" would be doing it an injustice. It was too mightily earnest to enable the adjective "serious" to fit the case. It was a meeting such as gathered of the few when a new scheme of effort against the Asiatic continent was afloat in Greece, when Rome was imperiled, when Venice was finding letters in the Lions' mouths. It was a meeting to determine *Who* should carry a cane before the end of the freshman year; and lots were to be cast as to the issue. Now, lots have been cast many times in history, but to the young gentlemen here assembled all lot-castings of the past were, for the moment, insignificant. There were formulas with an urn, and there were what are popularly known as "bated breaths." The lot fell upon Jim Cameron.

He, this James Cameron, was at the same time the proudest and, in one sense, the most scared youth between the seas—that is, to get down to a practicality, between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. He knew that Glory awaited him; he knew, also, that he was going to his Doom. He set his teeth hard and tried to retain his usual somewhat hilarious demeanor. It's mighty hard to be a hero. This young man knew very well that he was like the leader—what was his name?—at Thermopylæ, that he was the Bozzaris of a latter day, that he was William Tell, that he was the "Make Way for Liberty" fellow, Arnold Winkelried, that he was all of that group of heroes who stood high—but it didn't help matters much. It's all very well to be a martyr, but there is no doubt that most fellows have wriggled most unbecomingly at the stake.

Cameron was wriggling already, for Sophomores are ruthless beings and the Freshmen knew in their heart of hearts that they were in the wrong. But "the die was cast," literally, and Cameron must get a cane and carry it. Not only must he get a cane, but he must make a trip of forty miles to a greater city in order to get a cane of the right sort, an article described by one of his unscathed companions as something with "just the proper touch" to it; then he must carry it flauntingly through the main street leading up to the university as far as the Fates would allow him to go, until the heavens fell and the earth collapsed and there were fragments of things.

Now Cameron, though proud and happy, as one who has just been elected in a damp downstairs place to assassinate the Czar of Russia, knew neither how to buy a cane nor how to carry a cane, and his railroad trip was one equally of meditation, financiering and



He knew that Glory awaited him; he knew, also, that he was going to his Doom

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some apprehension. He walked for hours from one place where canes were sold to another place where canes were sold, and finally, thinking of architecture and of art, and of colors and of bric-à-brac, and of how much money he had, he bought a cane. It was really a charming cane. It was of straight, streaked Malacca, with a carved ivory handle extending jauntily at a right angle. It was a gifted cane and had an optimistic and hopeful expression to it. How little there is in expression, how little did that Cane know regarding the date of its dissolution, decease and distribution, how little could the cleverest actuary of the biggest insurance company foretell regarding its demise! Still, it was a most fascinating cane. The Freshman and the Cane, or rather the Cane and the Freshman, took the train for the university. Somewhat to the surprise of this one passenger, the train acted almost as it did when he came down. There was the Cane, elegant Cane, with him on one side, but the train didn't seem to wobble on that side any more than on the other, and he could not understand it. But then his thoughts got lost in the maze of the immediate and certainly turbulent future; he thought of "*Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutamus*," and finally settled down to the more modern phrase, "He seen his duty and he done it." And the train rolled on and was not wrenched from the track by the weight of the Cane.

There was another midnight meeting at which the Cane in all its glory was revealed,



Drawn by R. F. Outcault

Well, he went strutting up the street

and in which the Freshman, soon himself to become a Sophomore, somewhat pallid but with a face of steel, a trifle shaky as to the hands, announced that on the forthcoming day he would carry that Cane up Ninth Street. He knew that he had no right to carry that Cane up Ninth Street on the next day, or, as he expressed it, "on the day hard by," and the others knew it quite as well as he.

The entire Freshman class knew it. They knew that they had no more right to flaunt a cane in the face of the atmosphere than any one of them had a right to hit Mrs. John Smith in the face. They knew that they were "brave and burly," as some one said, but, as still another remarked: "In our midst stalks the swordsman of our conscience. What right have we to carry a cane! We are only sacrificing Cameron. What show have we got in an unholy cause!" Yet they all decided to fight, to try to defend the Cane, so that henceforth it might be known in history that one Freshman had at one time in the history of one university sported a cane before Commencement.

As for the bearer of that Cane, he lolled around throughout the day, pallid and apathetic. He had got into that frame of mind which, judging from the accounts written by intelligent historians, the pampered victims of the Aztec stone altars lapsed into even weeks before the High Priest, with a dull stone knife, was compelled to find where their hearts were. He was in a comatose but heroic condition. He knew that on the morning "nearly adjacent," as a blithesome but somewhat too frivolous member of his class remarked, he must march up a certain street. He knew that behind him would lurk a majority of his class, knowing that they were abetting a wrong, and therefore weak, as ever the sinful should be. He knew that somewhere, long before he reached the university, would appear either the Sophomore class or segments of it and that he, personally, would be its objective point.

He had read about the death watch that is established in the jails when some murderer is to be hanged, and he murmured within himself: "Why doesn't some one of those fellows give me a death watch!"

The earth turned from west to east after the fashion we all know it has got into, and there were no clouds between it and the uprising and everlasting wooing sun. In other words, it was a fine forenoon, and it was at eleven o'clock A. M., also A. D. 1870, that one Cameron, carrying a cane, started thenceforth and henceforth also (as one of his friends remarked) up the main street of the university town. The earth seemed to revolve as usual and the sun grinned at it as usual, as far as the Freshman could see, but there was blood in the air and everybody felt it! Cameron stalked on.

It would be a gross injustice to the Sophomore class to say that it did not know its business, know it distinctly, accurately and definitely. That Sophomore class had, somehow, become well informed of the Cane affair, and a majority of those of its members who owned brawn were awaiting the Thing with a cane and whatever might be supporting him.

Very well, he, the Thing, was nothing but a young gentleman aged nineteen, the exploiter of the arrogance of the Freshman class. He knew that anything might happen, that he might be burned at the stake, that anything conceivable in the matter of torture might be applied to him—yet he walked on! Behind him came somewhere near a hundred young gentlemen who felt, in the bottom of their hearts, that their business in life was to support this particular young gentleman with the Cane, or die in the supporting. Yet, also, in the bottom of their hearts, they felt that they had no right to engage in the business. This spirit was what was in the group behind the young man carrying the Cane jauntily there. They felt full of fight, but they felt guilty. Somehow, the lurking preponderance of conscience, which is so clinging, got into the minds of these young men.

Well, he went strutting up the street. He knew that various ghastly things were with him, he knew that behind him were the members of his own class, and though what degree of healthy viciousness was within them he did not know, yet he counted on it in a measure. They might fight like demons, or they might run away. He knew that in front of him, around these embowered streets, there lurked everywhere a lot of Sophomores who proposed to gobble him up. Now—this is a tale of truth—this is what happened.

Very well. "Very well" is good just here, because "very well" is a necessity in telling this, casually, and of this casualty.

It took in only three streets. It did not require much, since, on the part of the Sophomores, they were massed learnedly on the three streets. Necessarily, they must jump on this young man in the middle street.

Very well. The Freshman was walking jauntily with his Cane. Eh! but it was a

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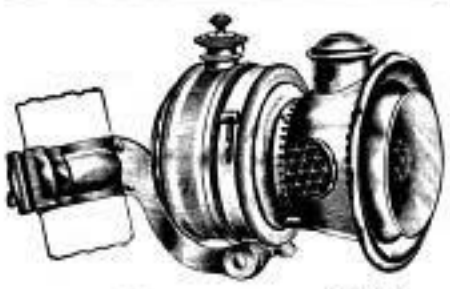
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Here is a proposition to be made, with all obeisance and request for endurance in the world. It is to the effect that a good fight is a good fight!

Then suddenly—came about two to one as against the Sophomores, and two to one against the Freshmen. Ordinarily there are two Freshmen to one Sophomore in numbers, but, practically, when it comes to fighting a good fight, there are two Sophomores to one Freshman.

Huh! It was all over in a few minutes! Sophomores all over the world are vain and wicked things, but, in this instance, they were fighting for the right. There was a vast entanglement, a desperate struggle, and then, when the end came, a licked lot of Freshmen.

In the midst of this black fray Cameron struggled valiantly to his feet. There seemed a time for a moment when the Sophomores were yielding to the impact of the charging Freshmen that hope might yet remain, and in that vital moment Cameron, holding his isolated own, waved his Cane as far aloft as he could reach and shouted hoarsely the war-cry of his class.

The Cane wobbled upward for a moment, like the oriflamme of France, or whatever was equivalent to the oriflamme, when little Pepin the Stout was hammering the Huns or somebody else, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, like Lord Marmion's falcon, but alas!

"Then darkly closed the war around;
Like pinetree rooted from the ground
It sank among the foe."

Strenuous and fearful was it all, but there could be no doubt as to the issue of the struggle. As Cameron sank again beneath the fiery onslaught his mind grasped wildly at but one idea, that of the inherent weakness of his cause—and he felt an impulse to say, "It is better to be right than be President," but he said nothing, perhaps because of the fact that some one was sitting upon his head, in much the fashion affected by sympathetic bystanders when a horse falls in the street.

Above and around Cameron the fray went on, and, gradually, "'73" was driven from the field, as Cameron could hear in a way, though now bearing the weight of four Sophomores who sat upon him as upon a log. Then his captors returned in force and danced a wild measure around him while his class cap was cut into pieces, slight scraps of the size of a quarter of a dollar being pinned upon the breast of each one of the victors.

Men have been boiled in oil. People have been burned at the stake. What would immediately happen to Cameron, this venturesome criminal of criminals, was a matter of doubt. A young man with four men sitting upon him necessarily breathes a flattened-out breath, and thinks a flattened-out thought. Cameron knew himself that he was thinking a flattened-out thought and, therefore, was probably not safe as to conclusions—it must be borne in mind that these were all matters of the instant. What Cameron saw and heard was that a large Sophomore with red whiskers, quite apart from the Sophomores who were sitting upon him, was leaping excitedly up and down and shouting out:

"Fry him! Fry him!"

Meanwhile his dishevelment was going forward steadily. Portions of his raiment were being distributed. The four Sophomores sitting upon him seemed rather stolid and meditative than otherwise. They were the mutes, the directors, while around them raged the active forces of the vengeful Inquisition. They sat there quiet, thoughtful, reflective, heavy, while Cameron's stomach burrowed softly but impressively into the dust of the street.

Well, they didn't kill him. Undoubtedly, from the Sophomore standpoint, they should have done so, but they didn't. Many a time in the history of the universities of the United States has this neglectful missing of murder come regretfully to the minds of Sophomores. Cameron, at least what was left of Cameron, was allowed to depart, taking his way toward where, far up the street, hung threateningly, but inefficient, like the Highlanders upon Ben Levin's height, the shattered fragments of the Freshman class. He was not beautiful. No one could, or did, call him so, chiefly because he was, to a somewhat extraordinary extent, in what the society writers call "dishabille." In fact, he was the most "dishabillish" young man existing upon this continent at that moment between St. Augustine, Florida, U. S. A., and Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.

Yet, as this relic of humanity went blundering up the street, there came to him suddenly a renaissance, a recrudescence, a reflorescence, a re—anything you please—of all his manhood. Arnold Winkelreid indeed! Arnold garnered a few spears into his bosom, it is true, but Arnold Winkelreid died! Cameron had to live, and how on earth he had drawn breath under circumstances just precedent he did not know. He only knew that he had suffered and lived, when it would have been easier to die, while the rest of his class had simply lived. With every step he took there came to him an unconscious increase of jauntiness—with a limp, of course, but still jauntiness. What mattered it that his class cap had disappeared into trophies to be worn upon the breasts of temporary tyrants? What mattered anything, he thought, as he took his first full breath of air.

The vista away up the street included a large proportion of his class—a pretty well banged-up proportion, too. He approached them limpingly, but, as has been expressed, with a certain air about him. In the hollow of his hand, lay they! He knew it, and they knew it! Why, this plain, unpretending Freshman had martyrs' crowns to sell—or give away!



The Student in Germany

IN THE German parks there are especial seats labeled, "Only for grown-ups" (Nur für Erwachsene), and the German small boy, anxious to sit down, who reads that notice, passes by and hunts for a seat on which children are permitted to rest, and there he seats himself, careful not to touch the woodwork with his muddy boots. Imagine a seat in any American park labeled, "Only for grown-ups!" Every child for five miles around would be trying to get on that seat, and hauling other children off who were on. As for any "grown-up," he would never be able to get within half a mile of that seat for the crowd. The German small boy, who has accidentally sat down on such without noticing, rises with a start when his error is pointed out to him, and goes away with downcast head, blushing to the roots of his hair with shame and regret.

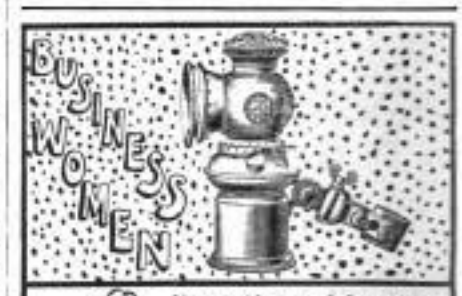
The only individual throughout Germany who ever dreams of taking liberties with the law is the German student, and he only to a certain well-defined point. By custom certain privileges are permitted to him, but even these are strictly limited and clearly understood. For instance, the German student may get drunk and fall asleep in the gutter with no other penalty than that of having to tip the next morning the policeman who finds him and brings him home. But for this purpose he must choose the gutters of side streets.

The German student, conscious of the rapid approach of oblivion, uses all his remaining energy to get around the corner, where he may collapse without anxiety. In certain districts he may ring bells. The rent of flats in these localities is lower than in other quarters of the town; while the difficulty is further met by each family preparing for itself a secret code of bell-ringing by means of which it is known whether the summons is genuine or not. When visiting such a household late at night it is well to be acquainted with this code, or you may, if persistent, get a bucket of water thrown over you.

Also, the German student is allowed to put out lights at night, but there is a prejudice against his putting out too many. The larky German student generally keeps count, contenting himself with half a dozen lights per night. Likewise, he may shout and sing as he walks home up till half-past two; and at certain restaurants it is permitted to him to put his arm around the Fraulein's waist. To prevent any suggestion of unseemliness, the waitresses at restaurants frequented by students are always carefully selected from among a staid and elderly class of women, by reason of which the German student can enjoy the delights of flirtation without fear and without reproach to any one.

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Famous Feats of Journalism

The "Beat" on *The* Victoria Disaster

By David Graham Phillips

TOWARD four o'clock in the morning of June 23, 1893, the Portuguese Minister at the Court of St. James was driving home from a reception at the Turkish Ambassador's. The cabman happened to select out of the several routes through the West End one that included a narrow street where were the offices of a young Portuguese who had come to London, under the patronage of his Minister, to supply news to several journals in Portugal and in the lesser towns of Brazil. The Minister glanced up at his young friend's windows, noted the lights, stopped his cab and went up the stairs.

"Just as I left the Turkish Ambassador's," he said to the correspondent, "he got a telegram from his Government saying that the flagship Victoria and the ship of the line Camperdown, of the British Mediterranean Squadron, were in collision yesterday afternoon off the harbor of Tripoli in Syria, and that the Victoria went down with several hundred of her crew. I thought you might be able to use the news. I know the Admiralty has not given it out yet."

The young Portuguese went over his "list" in his mind and decided that he might possibly use the "beat" in his South American papers. All the newspapers in Europe had of course gone to press, and his only hope of catching even the South American journals was for a second edition. He sent his dispatch—a mere bulletin.

Thus it came to pass that on the morning after the greatest naval disaster in time of peace in history there was only one newspaper in all the world that published the fact, and that newspaper was a second-rate journal in a third-class South American town. Yet the disaster was at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon and within sight of a telegraph station.

The First News in Tripoli Since the Crusades

The Admiralty did not give out the news until late in the morning, and it was well on toward noon when the newsboys began to shout it through the streets of London, each newsboy the centre of a struggling crowd of customers. There was only the meagerest outline of the facts; nothing as to how or why; some uncertainty as to where, through the failure of several reporters to disentangle Tripoli in Asia from Tripoli in Africa; in fact, no details beyond the statement that more than three hundred lives had been lost.

We of the New York World's London Bureau assumed that the great London journals, certainly the Times, would have a full report for the next morning—early enough for us to send it on to New York, thanks to the five hours' difference of time in our favor. But we also thought that it would be a good idea to have our own special on a news event of such magnitude, of such world-interest. So we looked up Tripoli on the maps.

It proved to be a sea town about forty miles north of Beyrout and about seventy miles northwest of Damascus—a sleepy little city that was born of Tyre and Sidon when they were in their glory, and that had finished its senile activities and entered the state of suspended animation soon after Godfrey de Bouillon became King of Jerusalem. As nearly as we could get at it the only really stirring event that had happened at Tripoli since the Crusaders stormed it, and gave it to Raymond of Toulouse, in the twelfth century, was this great catastrophe at the edge of its shallow harbor. There was no British Consul, no American Consul, nobody to whom we could telegraph, offering a liberal *honorarium* for an account of the disaster. We knew that the British journalists must have friends among the several thousand men of those eleven great ships of the Eastern Mediterranean Squadron, to whom they would telegraph and from whom they would get the story. But we had no such resources.

Now, in America it often happens that a tip comes in over the wire of some unexpected news event at an obscure village where a newspaper is published and no newspaper correspondents live, and to which it is impossible to get a reporter in time. In those circumstances the average American night editor wires the telegraph operator at the point nearest the scene, asking him to send at once as many facts as he can gather and assuring him that he will be paid well for his trouble. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the night editor reaps some return.

Taking Long Odds to Get the News

Why not try this plan on Tripoli? It is a telegraph station on the Turkish Government lines. There must be a telegraph operator, and he must have some intelligence and the passion for easy money.

The London correspondent was at the general offices of the Eastern Telegraph Company in the East End as soon as a cab could get him there, and was immediately in consultation with the General Manager. He listened, he smiled—politely, for he was an extremely courteous man, was the General Manager—but with the tolerant superiority of experience observing the antics of inexperienced folly.

"You would be throwing away your two shillings a word," he said. "The operator is a Turk. He does not know one word of English. You ought to see the mess he has made of every private message that has come through to-day. And, furthermore, he never heard of your paper or of New York, or even of the United States. Why, he would not even know a message had been sent him."

This was certainly common sense and depressing. To persist seemed folly.

The American correspondent hesitated and then said:

"Well, it's a small stake for a big return, a sort of ten thousand to one shot, as we say in what you call 'The States.' I'll risk it. You'll do your best to get my message through in a hurry, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the General Manager, and he seemed to look a little less incredulous. He seemed to be just a bit infected with the gambler's spirit.

The correspondent wrote and scratched out and wrote again, the General Manager assisting with increasing interest. Finally



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he was speaking of it as "our telegram" and was not trying to conceal what might almost be called excitement. The telegram was sent, and read something like this:

"To the Telegraph Agent,
"Tripoli, Syria.

"The New York World will pay you five hundred dollars for a full account of the Victoria disaster—We hope you will send about two thousand words—Please send as soon as possible."

And so it went, under the seas, past the confines of civilization, and, after a wait of many hours, down that remote, inaccessible coast of Asia Minor, so near to Europe geographically, so near to civilization, yet for the purposes of a newspaper more distant than scores of places of the same size in China and Japan.

There was nothing to do but wait—and, of course, telephone to the friendly General Manager at intervals. That twenty-third of June—a Friday—wore on until midnight, and then the four early hours of the Saturday during which any message that might have come could have been sent to New York for publication in the Saturday morning paper. But nothing came from the "unspeakable Turk."

The London Saturday morning papers were about to appear and they would surely have all the details. The General Manager was right. The scheme was preposterous. The correspondent had wasted hope and money on a foolish telegram to "Nobody, Nowhere."

Blocked on the Very Verge of Success

It was a crestfallen group that attacked the pile of freshly printed London morning newspapers at dawn in the correspondent's chambers. Despondency soon changed to wonder, wonder to amazement. Not a single London journal, not even the all-seeing Times, had any account of the disaster. Beyond a few names of the lost, given out at the Admiralty, and long descriptions of the intense anxiety throughout the Empire, there was nothing.

A few hours later the correspondent was again in the offices of the General Manager. That official looked keenly disappointed and at the same time a little ashamed of himself.

"Nothing," he said, gloomily shaking his head. "I——" he certainly meant to say "told you so," but he stopped and finished with "fear we shall get nothing."

The correspondent drove back home and ordered the evening papers sent in as fast as their various editions might appear in the streets. He was just looking through the first installments for the story that was not there when the General Manager burst in. He had come in a cab from the far East End, but he looked as if he had run every step of the way.

"Here it is—an answer!" he said excitedly, and the correspondent was devouring a few words on a big, square, thin sheet of the Eastern Telegraph Company's paper. It read about like this:

"Prepay telegraph tolls or telegraph the money to pay—Will send account.
"Pierre."

"Let's get the money off at once," said the correspondent, seizing his hat.

"You can't," groaned the General Manager. "If you could, I think I'd have sent it myself. But we can only send to the end of our lines and the Turkish Government will not take it on. There's no way in the world of getting a cent of money to Tripoli from here except by mail."

An Anxious Second Day of Waiting

Here was a story that the whole world was waiting for and that every great newspaper in England and on the Continent had been moving heaven and earth to get. And it was just within the grasp of the American paper—when the unbusinesslike methods of a barbaric government intervened and refused to move.

"What can be done?" asked the correspondent.

"Nothing," exclaimed the General Manager, looking as if he were planning personally to wipe out the stain of "the Great Assassin" from the map of Europe.

"We'll send another telegram," said the correspondent. "We'll throw ourselves upon the mercy of friend Pierre."

And so this following was sent:

"Pierre, the Telegraph Station,
"Tripoli, Syria.

"Impossible telegraph money from here—You will put us under greatest obligations if you get money there—Telegraph us amount paid out—We will mail draft at once—Many thanks for courtesy—Your dispatch sent at once will probably be first account Victoria disaster published anywhere."

"That man is no Turk," said the correspondent. "He seems to understand American newspaper methods for all his French name."

Another day of waiting. It was now late in the afternoon of Saturday. No news in the afternoon papers. No news from Pierre all that night. No news in the Sunday morning papers. No news from Pierre Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon, Sunday evening, Sunday midnight, the early hours of Monday morning. Again the anxious scanning of the London Monday morning newspapers and again relief and amazement because there was no news of the disaster, only more and angrier remonstrance that the public had been kept in suspense for four days when the officers of the fleet had access to a wire and must, as a matter of course, have received messages from and sent messages to the Admiralty office in London.

At eleven o'clock on that Monday morning the correspondent was at breakfast over a particularly trying cup of the proverbially vile English coffee. In rushed a messenger from the Eastern Telegraph Company. It was the first sheets of the long-expected "special"—a half dozen sentences describing the appearance of the British fleet as it began to manœuvre just off the harbor. The mysterious correspondent at Tripoli was "beginning at the beginning"—an unfailing sign of a good story.

Within ten minutes came another messenger, and so on at intervals of about ten minutes, until the correspondent had before him a pile of loosely written sheets containing a complete, logical and admirably clear account of what had happened. His story went on to tell:

The Admirable Story from "the Unknown"

How Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, commanding the eleven warships that were advancing in double file, had given, from the flagship Victoria, the signal to turn inward so as to make a sort of "right about face" movement; how Admiral Markham had signaled from the Camperdown that the movement was impossible in such close quarters; how Admiral Tryon had merely repeated his order; how the Victoria and Camperdown, leading the two files, had turned each toward the other.

The bow of the Camperdown crashed into the side of the Victoria and the Camperdown drew back. The Victoria, with a great hole in her side, staggered, then started ahead at full speed through the smooth waters for the shore. Admiral Tryon signaled that he needed no assistance. Presently the Victoria, having got quite a distance inshore from the rest of the fleet, plunged forward and went down bow first like a "sounding" whale. There was a vortex at the bottom of which whirled the great blades of the screws. Into this maelstrom, down upon those frightful, swift-revolving knives, were drawn several hundred British sailors, marines and officers. They were torn into pieces, the sea was reddened all around and strewn with arms, legs, heads, trunks. Then the engines, far down beneath the surface, burst, and scores of those still alive were scalded to death—and the sea smoothed out and began to laugh in the superb tropical sunlight of that summer afternoon.

A few survivors were picked up. Twenty-two officers and three hundred and thirty-six men had perished.

It was a wonderful story of an insane commander, of valor and coolness and discipline triumphant, of tragic death. And "the unknown" at the Tripoli telegraph station had told it well.

The special was written in admirable English sentences so far as form went, but the spelling, the distortions of words and phrases, the breakdown of sense here and there showed that an operator who knew nothing of English had sent it. We translated it into connected English and cabled it on to New York, sending with it a technical explanation of the manœuvring by William Laird Clowes, the famous English naval expert.

It reached New York at half-past seven o'clock (New York time) in the evening of Monday, June 26. Soon came a cablegram from the Managing Editor:

"Eight this evening your special on streets in extra—Great beat—Congratulations—Who's Pierre?"

It was not telegraphed back to London by the New York correspondents of the English journals in time for their Tuesday morning editions. So, while England and Europe

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The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

BY

Joel Chandler Harris

Next week's SATURDAY EVENING POST will contain the opening chapters of a three-part serial by Joel Chandler Harris.

The bold attempt made by two daring Southerners to take Mr. Lincoln prisoner and convey him secretly to Richmond is, at once, one of the most interesting and one of the least-known episodes of the Civil War.

Mr. Harris has told the story with rare charm and skill, and it is not too much to say that he has made the best pen picture of President Lincoln's domestic life at the White House and his relations with Secretary Stanton that has yet been given.

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The POST has made arrangements with one hundred of the best commercial colleges in the country, covering almost every section, in any of which a business education may be secured by any of the POST readers absolutely without cost; all that is necessary is a little work for the magazine in leisure hours. A full commercial course, or a special course in stenography and typewriting, can be obtained in this way, while for those living in small towns, remote from places where the selected colleges are located, a special course by mail in the latter branches has been arranged.

There is nothing competitive in the plan—a complete commercial course, or, for that matter, a musical education or a university course in any one of eight hundred colleges and schools throughout the United States, may be secured in return for pleasant work easily performed.

No such opportunity has ever been offered to young people. Send a line to The Post Educational Bureau for full details.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia

were still waiting, the United States knew the whole terrible story of Admiral Tryon's insane order and its appalling consequences.

The American paper published the story on the morning of June 27 in its regular editions. Then it was cabled back to London, and on the morning of June 28—six days after that great disaster—the London Times and the London Telegraph printed the first story of the Victoria disaster with full credit to the American newspaper.

The Identity of the Unknown Correspondent

The London afternoon dailies promptly tried to discredit the "American special." It was clearly impossible, they pointed out, that an American newspaper should get a detailed account of the disaster. Was it not a disaster to a British ship? Did it not occur three thousand miles nearer England than America? Therefore, could anything be clearer than that the alleged "special" was a "fake"? A visit to each of these logical editors and an exhibition of the telegram from Tripoli before his amazed and envious eyes produced courteous retractions in later editions, and caused the Times and the Telegraph to assert the authenticity of the news the next morning.

It was not until the morning of July 1 that any English newspaper had a "special" of its own, giving an account of the disaster. That first English "special" came from Malta the day the Eastern Mediterranean Squadron arrived there. It simply repeated the story with less detail. So the "special" sent by the correspondent at Tripoli remains to this day the most complete and accurate newspaper account of the Victoria disaster ever published.

Who was "Pierre"?

That is the most curious part of the story. Let him tell it in his own words in the following letter received by the correspondent about a week after the "beat":

"TRIPOLI, SYRIA, June 26.

"*Dear Sir*:—Tripoli is an obscure town with not the least enterprise. I am the only American here now and the only foreigner who speaks English. I know of only five natives who speak English, and that with difficulty.

"I happened to be in the telegraph office when your telegram came. The agent, a Turk, whose name is in French Pierre, and who can't speak a word of English—only French and Arabic—instead of throwing it away, gave it to me to translate for him. When I did so he said:

"'I don't know about this newspaper. Do you?'

"I told him I had good reason to know it, for I had been a subscriber for the past four years, 'and you are sure of your money.' But he would not do anything about it. I saw that if you got anything I must do it.

"The operators never work after sunset, and only by the Governor's orders do they work until ten at night during the stay of the English fleet. When I showed the article they said:

"'To-morrow will do.'

"I replied: 'Must, at once.'

"'But we must go to the city'—two miles away inland from the port. So it was after ten at night before I could get a second operator—a new hand, in fact, a learner—to go with me. Then we had to wait thirty-five minutes for a tram car, then another thirty-five minutes to get to the office, then half an hour for the operator to smoke a cigar and get Beyrout.

"Then I had to spell every word, for the boy who sent my story did not know English. If the copy was mixed or anything was wrong you must blame the operator. I tried my very best to get it off in time and in right order.

"I had to borrow the cash necessary to pay for so big a telegram from an old merchant I know in the town. And mighty hard work I had getting it, when he found out what I wanted it for. He thought the hot sun had turned my brain.

"This is the first time I ever tried my hand at reporting, and may the good Lord deliver me from any such work again—especially in Turkey. I am the American doctor here and have a large practice.

"Several requests came for items from the London papers, but I bought them off. So you had the only full account that left the telegraph office. The official report for the Admiralty was sent by mail Saturday night.

"I got the story of the accident from a midshipman who was on the bridge with the Rear-Admiral (Markham, of the Camperdown) at the time the fatal order to turn was given. This was only an hour after the accident. All he told me has been confirmed by many eyewitnesses. I myself was standing watching the manœuvres and saw the Victoria disappear. IRA HARRIS, M. D."

A Sequence of Coincidence to Stagger Belief

Here is a series of coincidences that staggers imagination. A telegram is sent anonymously into Asia Minor. It reaches a Turk who does not understand its language, and would not understand its purport even if he could translate it. A man who knows English just happens to drop into the telegraph office.



"To-morrow will do." I replied: "Must, at once."

The man happens to be not only English-speaking but an American. He reads the telegram. He happens to be a subscriber to the very American newspaper that sent it. He is interested, and his American "stick-to-itiveness" is aroused by sundry exasperating and fatiguing and disheartening obstacles. He gets together the very considerable cash needed—borrows it, if you please—and all in order that his newspaper published in his native land may "beat the world" on a great news event.

The credit for the beat in this instance belongs to that enthusiastic and enterprising doctor, Ira Harris. Any credit there may be in giving him the opportunity to distinguish himself lies in the extraordinary, foolhardy, preposterous even, application of a very commonplace American device for getting news from inaccessible American villages.

It is not surprising that the General Manager of the Eastern Telegraph Company should have been amused at the "crazy American." Only sheer luck can account for the incredible series of coincidences by which success attended the attempt to apply such a simple plan to such a great matter and in such impossible circumstances. What could be more hopeless than for an American in London to ask by cable across Europe and into Asia a troublesome and expensive favor of a Turk dozing in sloth and ignorance in a land where all the Occident is regarded as a kennel of indistinguishable "infidel dogs"?

Editor's Note—This paper is one of a series begun in The Saturday Evening Post of February 10. Other papers will follow in early numbers.



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Literary Folk as they Come and Go



Miss Harraden's Literary Training

While recently visiting a Chicago friend, Miss Beatrice Harraden, the brilliant English novelist, gave this account of her first experience as an author:

"From the start my aim was high. When only seventeen I made my first serious literary attempt. It was a short story called The Voice of the Violin, and I summoned the bravery to send it to Blackwood's Magazine, wherein George Eliot and many other great British authors had made their fame. Oh, how eagerly did I watch the post for something from the celebrated editorial office which should make known the fate of my first effort! Finally the token came. The bulky envelope told me the whole story of rejection and disappointment. With the impulsiveness of an irritated schoolgirl, I threw the packet unopened into my trunk and turned my thoughts in other directions. Weeks later, in obedience to another impulse of the moment, I went to my chamber, took the envelope from the trunk and tore it open. There was the ill-fated story, to be sure, but with something which was destined to exercise a strong influence upon the bent of my life. It was a long and kind autograph letter from William Blackwood himself, in which he said that, though the first little story could not be given place in the pages of the magazine, he saw in it the promise of things to come so excellent that he felt convinced that experience would make me a real Blackwood's writer. This compliment was not lost on me, for I was familiar with the rich literary traditions of the Blackwood's house. The letter also invited me to continue sending stories until acceptance should finally be the reward of perseverance, and assured me that Mr. Blackwood would give me the benefit of personal criticism.

"That first story was sent to Belgravia and accepted; but my ambition was to get something into Blackwood's. Time after time I sent to the famous Edinburgh house the best work of which I was capable—only to receive it back again with a generously painstaking letter pointing out its defects and giving definite advice for future efforts.

"One day I posted an unpretending sketch called The Umbrella Mender, thinking it would return to me in due season as my other efforts had done. Instead, I received a characteristic note from Mr. Blackwood telling me, in happy terms, that I had fairly won a place in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine. After that I had fair sailing until I offered Ships That Pass in the Night. Mr. Blackwood at last gave it as his opinion that the book would not sell. This forced me to look elsewhere for a publisher who would take it. The sale was very large. Not in the least, however, did this experience shake my sense of loyalty to Mr. Blackwood, and I gave him my next story as readily as if there had been no such episode."

Beatrice Harraden confesses herself a "fiery British patriot," and just before sailing for England, a few weeks since, she declared: "I'm eager to get back so that I can go down to the docks and welcome the victorious soldier boys as they come home from fighting the Boers. Why, I haven't had so much as a chance for one good, rousing, patriotic cheer. But I'll make up for lost time when I get back to the dear old town where the air is full of just that sort of thing."

Miss Harraden has probably the shortest working day of any writer who labors systematically. She permits herself to work but ninety minutes a day. In this brief time, however, she accomplishes a marvelous amount of work. When asked if she did not do any mental work outside of her appointed hour-and-a-half of labor she answered: "Unconsciously, perhaps; but not to focus anything. During all the remainder of the time I try to be diligently idle so far as literary thought is concerned." Of her own novels, Miss Harraden is said to regard The Fowler as a much stronger piece of work than Ships That Pass in the Night.

Clement Shorter's Misadventure

Mr. Clement Shorter is in many ways the best-known editor in England. Not only is he known by every literary person in the kingdom, but the public knows his name, and it was no small part of the advertisement of the new weekly illustrated paper, the Sphere, that he was to be its editor. Mr. Shorter used to edit the Illustrated London News, the Sketch and a few other papers for Sir William Ingram. And when Mr. Shorter left and announced a paper of his own, Sir William, in his excitement and anger, announced a rival to be called the Spear and brought it out three days before the Sphere.

Mr. Shorter has had all kinds of experience with contributors. Once he asked a well-known "younger poet" for some verses, and when they had been printed sent the author a check for five guineas, which, as rates go for the payment for "younger" poetry, was liberal. But the next day the poet called and, when he was admitted to the editor's room, announced that fifty pounds was the least he could possibly accept, and that that would be niggardly payment. Mr. Shorter, gasping with astonishment, started to protest, when the excited poet produced a revolver and, flourishing it at his editor, ordered the latter to write out a check at once.

There are several versions of the ending of this episode, the most popular being that the check was signed. At any rate it was never cashed, for next day the poet was in bed with a dangerous fever. When he recovered he had no memory of his buccaneering expedition and thought five guineas ample pay.

Will N. Harben—Mind-Reader

Will N. Harben is rather serious in disposition, but he cannot resist the temptation to play an occasional practical joke. A few years ago he and a literary friend had taken chambers in London near the British Museum. One day this friend came home with a tired look on his face and said that he had been frightfully bored for half a day by a stranger from Chicago, who insisted upon telling him all about his success in inventing and selling in America and England a certain wall-paper hanger. The stranger was described as freckled-faced and short, and possessing a squeaking voice.

A few days after this, while looking at the pictures in the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Harben was accosted by a man who so thoroughly fitted the description of the loquacious bore that he knew at once that he had met the same man.

Mr. Harben determined that he would not submit to the man's familiarity, and when asked if he were an American, he answered frigidly that he was.

"What are you doin' over here?"

"What am I doing?" asked Harben, trying to summon up some cutting reply. "Really, my business is such a peculiar one that I never speak of it to any one."

"Oh, come off," laughed the Chicagoan; "what is it?"

Harben stared at the red face for a moment and then said, "I'm a mind-reader."

The stranger laughed boisterously. "I don't believe in such rot."

"Oh, you don't?" remarked Harben. "Well, I could convince you in a minute if I wished to. I could tell where you are from, what your business was in America, and what you are doing over here."

The stranger laughed again. "I'd like to see you do it," he said.

"Well," continued the author, "you are from Chicago; you invented a wall-paper hanger and made a lot of money out of it in America; you are introducing your invention here and have started out well, but my impression is that you will lose all your fortune here in England."

The stranger paled and his eyes were starting from his head. "How did you know that?"

"I'm a mind-reader," said the joker.

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[In the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

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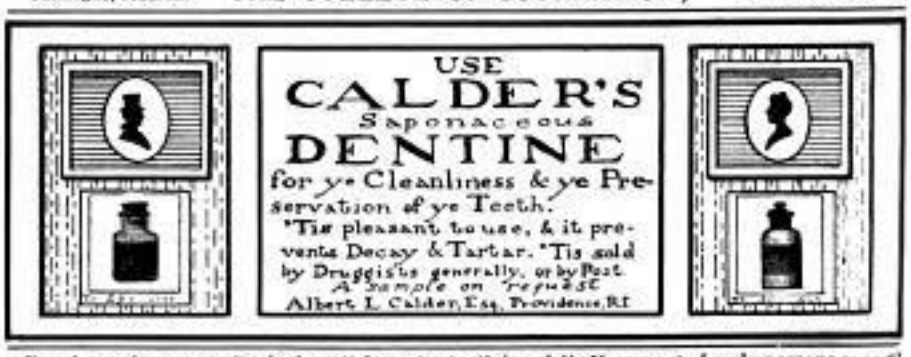
[In the Philadelphia Times.]

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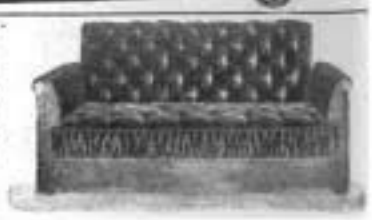


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WHAT to READ



A Yale Story*

Stories of American college life have multiplied during the decade passed. Yale, Harvard, Princeton and several of the women's colleges have been described with more or less skill and fidelity. The latest contribution to this sort of fiction—and how fascinating it can be let memories of Tom Brown rise up to testify—is a novel called Boys and Men, by Richard Holbrook, a Yalesian of the class of '93, we believe, and now an instructor in the Romance department of the famous old New Haven institution.

Mr. Holbrook has written a decidedly interesting book. It is made up of a series of sketches and can hardly be styled an organic piece of fiction; he takes a typical group of fellows on their entrance into college life and carries them through to graduation. He shows them first as care-free boys, then as men whom four years of experience in this miniature world have broadened and deepened. The primary aim being to display Yale—to give a lively picture of the place and its inhabitants—the lack of close-knit narrative is hardly to be imputed as a fault; even an occasional repetition can be pardoned. The important questions are: is the author true to the facts, and is his account an entertaining one? I think the answer to both queries is, yes.

Mr. Holbrook knows his Yale and shows it to the reader in many graphic scenes. We are permitted to be present at a hazing party and at an examination where an attempt at cheating is made; we witness a big football game, and hear the men of the team or crew talk at the training-table; we sit on the sacred fence beneath the elms and watch the "tapping" of the fortunate elect of the senior societies; we look on at the dancing at the Junior Promenade, or behold from an observation car at New London the old-time rivals strain at the oars. Meanwhile we get a sense of the Yale spirit—a splendid *esprit de corps*, a democratic belief in personal worth and achievement.

Mr. Holbrook, too, has happily caught the student dialect; his dialogue is capital. The boys talk in a crisp, racy, highly colored manner that is at once natural and enjoyable. His student types are also sufficiently amusing. The friendship that develops between the sturdy Arizonian, Tarbell, and Jack Eldredge, son of the millionaire railroad man, is effective and becomes the strongest motive of the story; both are popular athletes and both fall in love with the same girl. The author has not seen fit to dispense with the most appealing of all fictional situations. The trouble that arises from this complication is well managed and lends an agreeable touch of romance to the closing chapters. The only criticism to be passed on it is that this introduction of the eternal feminine carries the tale somewhat outside of college limits; but few, I fancy, will fault it for that reason. Yale graduate and undergraduate will appreciate a volume whose admirers, however, need by no means be confined to the Sons of Eli. —*Richard Burton.*

With Sword and Crucifix†

From the title and earlier chapters of Mr. Van Zile's romance one hopes to find a narrative of that picturesque New-World crusade, whose quest was a mighty river, for the honor of France and Mother Church. But the author uses this historic pilgrimage merely as a background; and instead of the knightly figure of the Sieur de la Salle, he chooses a French outlaw for his hero, Count de Sancerre, exiled from the Court of Louis le Grand for having killed his rival in a duel. "*L'éternelle femme*" in this case being a Spanish beauty. Banished from Versailles, De Sancerre joins La Salle, and, after sharing many adventures with his intrepid band, is finally left as hostage with a tribe of fire-worshipers, while the great captain goes on to teach the mouth of the Mississippi to speak the name of France—and in so going passes out of the story. De Sancerre is compensated for his enforced sojourn in the City of the Sun when he discovers his lost love imprisoned there in an adobe temple, worshiped as the Spirit Coyocup.

This amazing situation is the last in a series of startling incidents due to her father's determination to carry salvation—in exchange for gold—to the heathen of New Spain. The old Don's vessel is wrecked almost within sight of his long-sought El Dorado, every soul on board perishing save the fair heroine and the villain—whose name, very appropriately, is Don Juan. She is captured by the natives who believe her to be a messenger from their deity, the Sun God, and the villain—but that is another story. The gallant Count naturally objects to his own particular goddess receiving the adoration of any one except himself, and especially of a horde of fanatical savages; yet he learns by sad experience that the divinity which doth hedge an idol may prove an impregnable barrier to a supposed unbeliever. Happily there is one genuine sceptic in the ranks of worshipers, the old crone Noco, who, unawed by the wrath of the Sun God, releases his cherished messenger and speeds her and her lover on their way to the sea and safety.

The author of this melodramatic but harmless tale, and others of his cult who are responsible for that ubiquitous figure in modern fiction, the exiled courtier, should pause to meditate on the ethics of clothes before they plunge their hero into the trackless wastes of a virgin forest clad in silks and laces. It would be no more incongruous were Frederic Remington to portray a leader of Manhattan cotillons, attired in evening clothes and top hat, in the act of mounting an Arizona bucking bronco.

—*Evelyn Jeannette Corriden.*

Glimpses of New Books

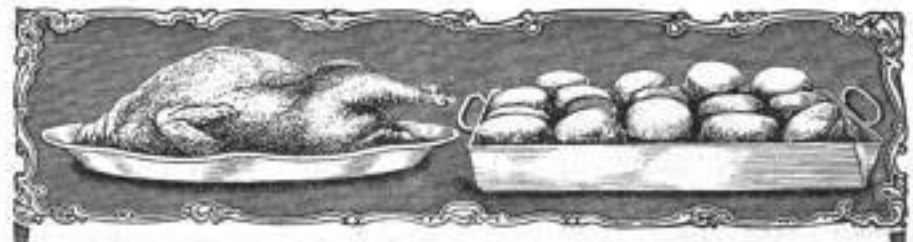
Readers who followed Mr. and Mrs. March in Their Wedding Journey will be glad to know that Mr. Howell's account of Their Silver Wedding Journey has been put out in a popular edition. *Harper & Brothers.*

Katherine de Forrest attempts to do for the stranger in Paris what the coach does for the student who, with the consciousness of a long list of lectures unattended and books not read, faces the coming examinations—to crowd into his head a spiral of knowledge which, upon the proper occasion, shall expand outward to its complete length. No one, of course, can tell whether Paris As It Is is "sure enough the real thing," as the late Mr. William Baxter would have elegantly phrased it, until he tries it for himself, but he is likely to have a much better time trying with such an intimate companion than with the eminently respectable Baedeker. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

Scott thought that the richest fields in history, and the most picturesque, were those that lay between the borders of civilization and barbarism. Mr. Stanley Weyman in Under the Red Robe scored a notable success in just such territory, and now he offers Sophia, a romance of the England of Queen Anne. If the times of Queen Anne seem passive compared to those of Henry the Fourth, the love affairs of the heroine offer an agreeable contrast. Sophia, from a harassing net of intrigue, shakes herself free to stand by the side of the man she loves, a ready and a noble nature. *Longmans, Green & Co.*

*Boys and Men. A Story of Life at Yale. By Richard Holbrook. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

†With Sword and Crucifix. By Edward S. Van Zile. *Harper & Brothers.*



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"Advantages of a College Education"

(Continued from Page 1101)

wasn't sure; in fact, he betted that he was mistaken and made the stakes higher as each flight was ascended. When Harrison burst in he raised his head and cried, "Why, hello, Skin!" He was always polite to callers.

"What's the matter with you?" said Skinny, opening the blinds and the window and letting in some good, fresh, campus air. He came back to the bed again. "Was *that* it?"

Then he lifted Elliot's head and pulled out the pillows, putting them back as gently as he could. "Perhaps you want your head higher." He did not wait for an answer, but picked up a pair of muddy shoes and a coat and placed them carefully under the pillow, saying, "How does that grab you?" Harrison had a deep, hearty voice, and he filled the room with it. His cheeks were fresh and rosy, and he stepped across the floor as though it were fun to walk and be alive.

He brought a basin of water to the trunk. "Your mug's dirty," he explained, and rolled up the sleeves of Elliot's pajamas. "Don't look frightened, Bob; it isn't cold enough to hurt. This is the way my pretty nurse did me when I was in the Presbyterian Hospital." He began sponging Elliot's hot brow and burning eyelids and feverish neck with luxuriously cold water. "Lord, but your hands feel dry! You look as though you'd been pulled through a knothole. Honestly, Bob, you're horribly done-up looking." Young men are so devoid of tact.

Harrison's skinniness consisted of 206 pounds in his gymnasium suit, some of which was fat. His hands were large and firm and strong, and his touch was as tender and supple as a barber's.

Elliot's eyes were half closed, and he did everything that Harrison told him to do. He soaked his hands in the basin and paddled like a baby while Harrison brushed his hair with the part on the wrong side. "Now you look more nearly decent," he said, adding, "and you've been up here all this time alone, Sour Ball? I know you weren't lonely, though I should have been, but it wasn't right not to let some of us know. Stop fussing with those covers. I'll put the window up before I go. Fresh air'll do you good."

The Great Tub of Self-Indulgence then went into the other room, brought back a novel and an armchair and, putting his feet upon the foot of the bed, began to read aloud, while David Haskell stood over at the corner of Reunion, swearing at all engagement breakers.

"Much obliged to you, Skinny," said Elliot; "but you'd better not stay here."

"Shut up and go to sleep; sick people always sleep, don't you know that?"

"But there's no sense in your loafing indoors on a day like this."

"Do I bother you?" Skinny went on reading and the sick man closed his eyes.

At dinner-time Harrison stopped reading and tiptoed out, and went whistling down to the club, where he told the rest what the Sour Ball had been up to.

After dinner those who had no pressing engagements tramped up to the top floor of Witherspoon. Elliot heard their voices as soon as the entry door slammed downstairs, and arose up in bed to listen and make sure, but he pretended to be asleep when they all came bounding in, the noisy, healthy, pipe-smoking crowd, which he hated. "Well, Sour Ball! Hello, Bob! How are you by this time? What can I do for you?" they said.

The first to enter the room impolitely took the one available chair. Downing, the man who used platitudes so exasperatingly to Elliot, sat down on the bed, upon Elliot's foot, who said nothing. The Glee Club man and the Princetonian editor, both thoroughly despicable, planted themselves in the window-seats, putting their muddy feet on the cushions. Some of the rest of the odious gang perched on trunks, brushing Elliot's things off upon the floor. Others leaned against the wall and furniture. They made seven in all. Elliot counted them. He looked at each in turn covertly. He followed them when they moved about the room. Rankin came in later. He was a noisy man, and he dragged his feet along the hallway and kicked open the door, singing out in a cheerful tone, "How's the corpse? How's the corpse?" and was silenced for it by the gang. "What do you think this man's made of?" said Harrison. "You ass!"

Rankin begged Elliot's pardon. Elliot said it didn't matter. "You look like the mischief, Bob," said Rankin, standing before the bed, hands in pockets.

Skinny Harrison still assumed control of the invalid because he had discovered him, and because he was going to be a doctor like his father in a few years. He looked very thoughtful and responsible, and opened the window when the smoke became so dense he couldn't see across the room.

"You think," said one of those by the window, closing it, "that because you're going to study medicine you know all about this, don't you?"

Harrison said that sick people always liked lots of air. This started a discussion about fresh air and illness in which every one joined except Elliot, who was not consulted. After this they fell to talking about the ordinary topics of the college world, which continued until twelve o'clock, when Harrison suddenly remembered his future profession, and sent them all home.

Then, after fixing Elliot for the night, he said, "Yell if you want anything," and stretched out upon the divan in the study. Elliot didn't yell or say anything.

The next day some of them dropped in before breakfast, and they took turns staying with him all day. Sometimes they read to him, sometimes they talked, at times they cleaned pipes, at times they did nothing. Elliot was doing a lot of thinking.

Mason, sarcastic little Mason, whom Elliot especially despised, arranged to spend the next night with him, perhaps because they were distant cousins.

"Now, go to your own room," said Elliot, after Mason had fixed things, "and go to bed."

"Shut up and go to thunder," said Mason, going into the study and turning up the light.

At three o'clock the light was still burning. Elliot thought he heard the snip of a page being turned over, but he was not certain, so he moved around in bed until he made the springs sound. Something darkened the doorway. He shut his eyes again. The shadow receded. He heard a yawn and the sound of a man's arms dropped to his side.

At a little before daylight Mason heard Elliot say in the clear tone of one who has been awake: "Would you mind bringing me my bulldog brier? You'll find it on the mantelpiece."

Mason brought it in, saying: "This is a good sign, but it strikes me as an odd time to smoke."

"Will you fill it, please?"

"There you are," said Mason, reaching for a match.

Elliot looked up at the bright eyes and the curling mouth while Mason held the match, then looked away again. He started to say something, then picked up a book near by and with the back of it leveled the ashes in his pipe. "Mase," he said, "you fellows are —puff-puff—awful good—puff-puff—it's out; give me another match, please. Thank you. What was I saying?—oh, yes, I was going to say—oh, yes, I just wanted to tell you that I am entirely cured now."

"Huh," said Mason; "didn't think it was anything serious."

"You don't know," said Elliot, taking out his pipe and looking at it. "You don't know what I'm talking about, Mase."

"Better go to sleep," said Mason, starting back toward the study; "glad you're all right, anyway."

"I'm talking about the advantages of a college education. I have discovered—"

But Mason shut the door, and Elliot fell sound asleep. Fellows like Elliot go through life making discoveries.

The Wren's Breach of Custom

MR. LE GALLIENNE writes of Nature as a lover, but his poetic fancy does not disguise from us that he was bred in cities. In his chapter on what Nature brings to beauty the graves of the little dead he writes:

"The wren will sometimes bring her sky-blue eggs for a gift . . ."

Perhaps a wren may be permitted to do this sort of thing in a "tragic fairy tale"; in every-day life she would have to purchase them from a commercially minded hedge-sparrow, for her own eggs are a pearly white with reddish brown spots.

In any memorial concerning Mr. Dick it is impossible to keep out some mention of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's hair. Two literary friends of his were recently speaking of the disproportionate amount of adverse criticism he occasionally received. One said: "His work is often excellent; he is slated because of the length of his hair. And it's that helped him at first."

"Ah," said the other, "it began as a boomerang and ended as a boomerang."

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN BY FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

GENERAL ARTICLES

		PAGE
Does a College Education Pay? *Illustrated with Special Photographs*	*Grover Cleveland*	1089
The College Man's Advantage in the Coming Century	*David Starr Jordan*	1090
Trade in Queer Animals	*René Bache*	1093
The Problems and Prospects of College Men as Seen by Their Presidents		1094
Should a Business Man Have a College Education?	*Francis L. Patton*	
The Choice of a Calling	*James B. Angell*	
Is Scholarship a Promise of Success in Life?	*Benjamin Ide Wheeler*	
The Student and His Money Account *Illustrated by John Cecil Clay*	*James G. K. McClure*	
The Education of a Woman of Fashion *Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green*	*Mrs. Burton Harrison*	1104
The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife *Illustrated with Snapshot Photographs*		1106
"Freshwater" Colleges *Illustrated with Photograph*	*D. K. Pearsons*	1110
Famous Feats of Journalism—III The "Beat" on the Victoria Disaster *Illustrated by C. D. Williams*	*David Graham Phillips*	1115

STORIES

The Borrowed Sonnet *Illustrated by H. C. Edwards*	*Charles Macomb Flandrau*	1091
A Scots Grammar School (The Count) *Illustrated by George Gibbs*	*Ian Maclaren*	1096
The Advantages of a College Education *Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek*	*Jessie Lynch Williams*	1100
The Crime of '73 *Illustrated by H. R. Ryland*	*Stanley Waterloo*	1112
The Sergeant of Company L *Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek*	*Clinton Ross*	1108

DEPARTMENTS

Men and Women of the Hour	1098
"Publick Occurrences"	1099
Editorials	1102
At the English Capital	1103
Letters to the Editor	1103
Literary Folk as They Come and Go	1118
What to Read	1119

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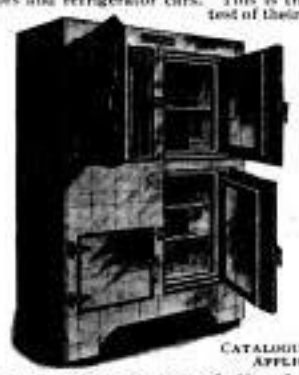
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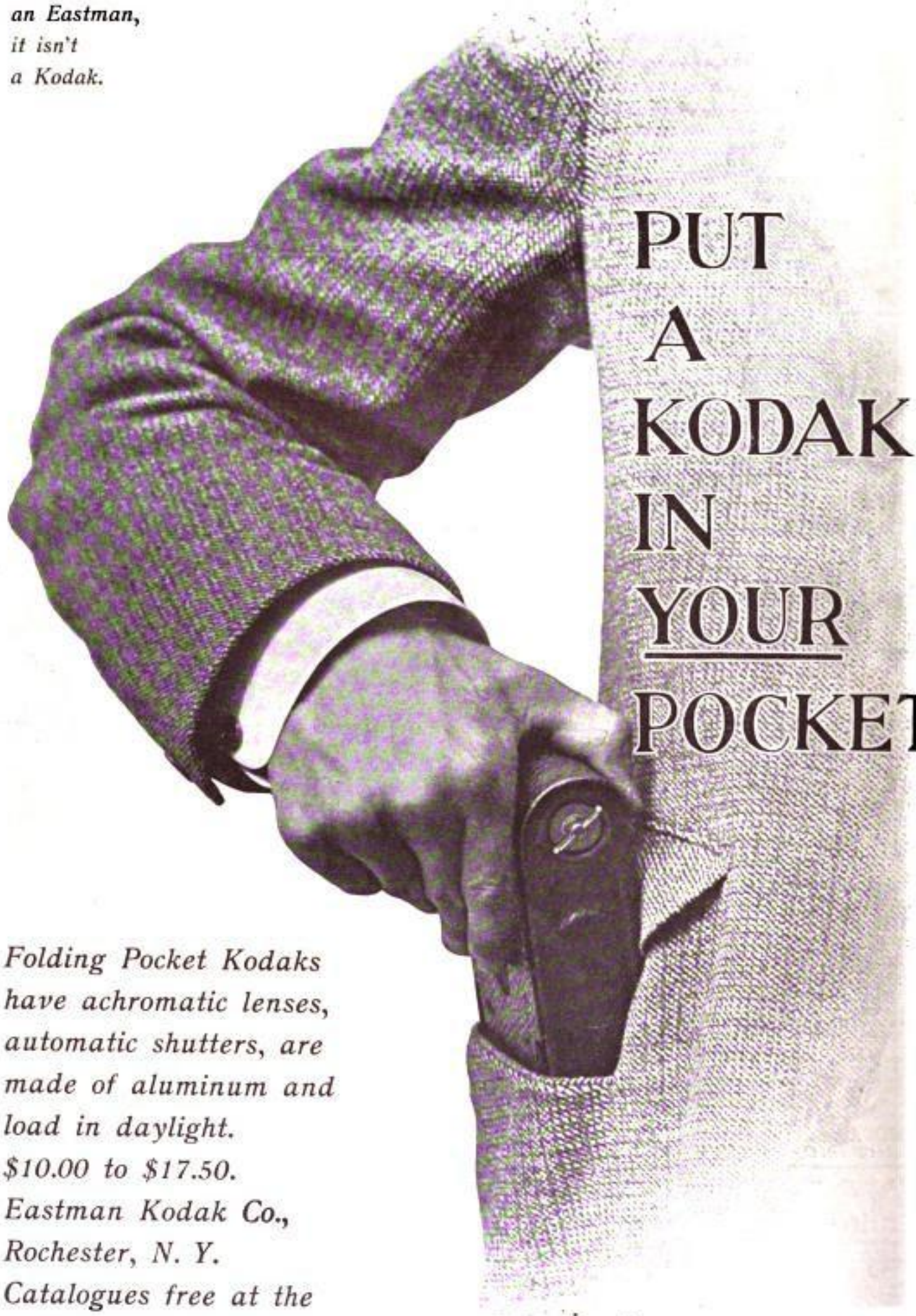
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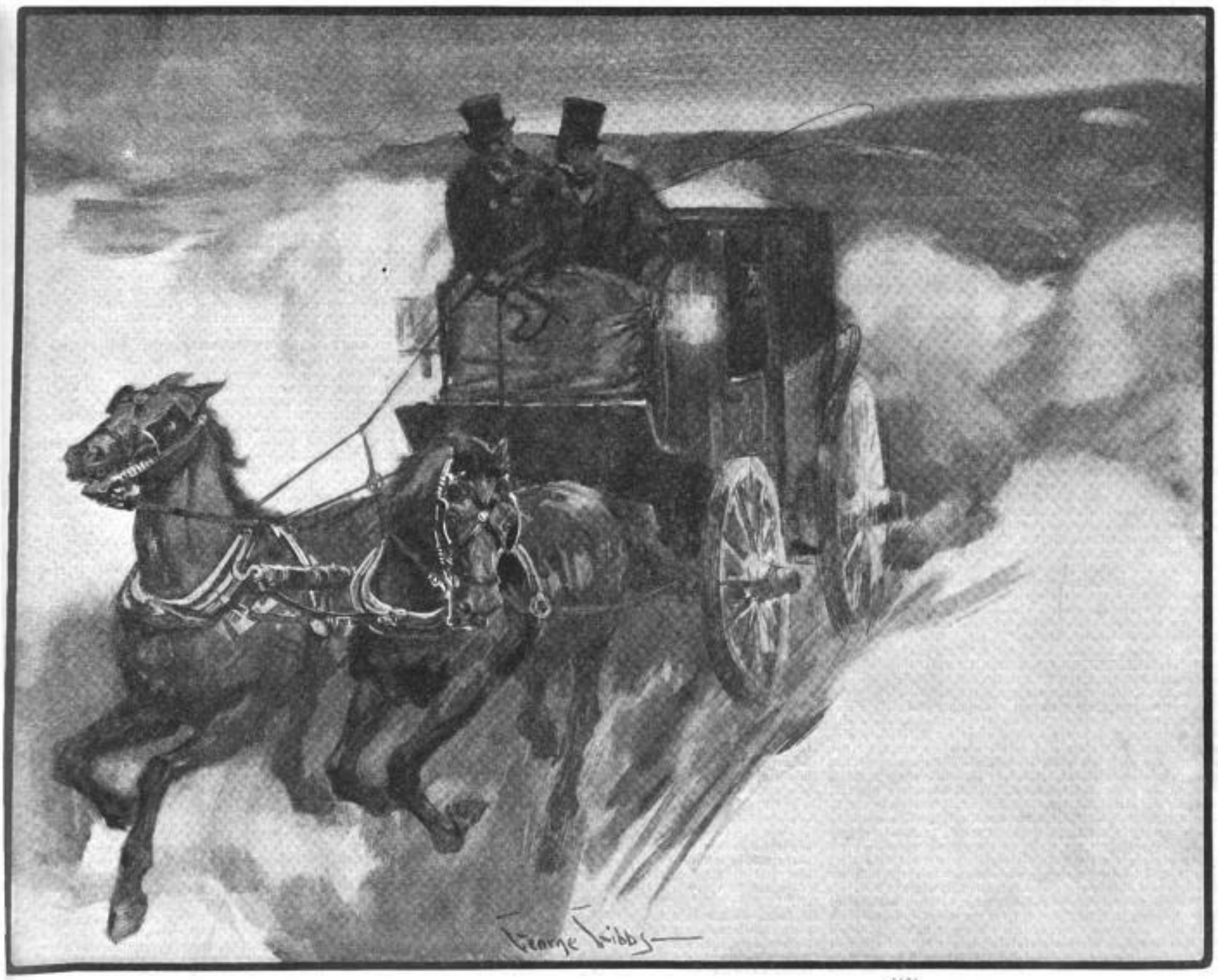
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The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

By Joel Chandler Harris



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The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

By Joel Chandler Harris

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I

ON THE first day of April, 1863, young Francis Bethune, of Georgia, sat in the reading-room of the most popular hotel in the capital of the Confederacy the picture of gloom and dejection. The frown on his swarthy face—his features had been tanned by exposure to sun and weather—was deepened by the disordered condition of his black hair, through which, in perplexity or abstraction, he had clawed his fingers in all directions. Though Bethune was strikingly handsome when at his best, the casual passer-by would hardly have guessed it, unless, indeed, the young man's singularly brilliant eyes had invited a close examination.

As he sat there, dejected and unhappy, he could see the Southern leaders passing to and fro before him—Robert Toombs, impetuous and imperious; Ben Hill, impressive and genial; Alexander Stephens, pallid and frail, but with the fires of vitality burning in his eyes. These men were Georgians, and young Bethune knew that the mention of the name of his grandfather to any one of them would be sufficient to enlist his interest; but he knew, also, that the most powerful of them all could render him no assistance in his present difficulty.

He had begun a letter to his grandfather, but had torn it to shreds before half a sheet was finished. The truth is, the young fellow knew that his troubles were of his own making, and he felt that he must depend upon himself. As is the case with many young men, he had been somewhat spoiled in the bringing up. When he was small no one was allowed to thwart him or to stand in the way of his will, save on those rare occasions when his grandfather, losing all patience, gave him over to a severe trouncing. Thus the spirit of independence which he had developed early was overlaid with perverseness. He had entered the Confederate service as a Lieutenant when twenty-one years old, had been mentioned in the reports for gallantry on the field, and later had been elected Captain of his company.

Then, as might have been expected, he shortly found himself at cross-purposes with no less a person than his Colonel, and immediately proceeded to inform that officer what he thought of him in general and in particular. He was saved from the worst results of his insubordination by the fact that the Colonel knew Bethune's grandfather, Meriwether Clopton, and was very fond of him. Instead of organizing a court martial the Colonel allowed the young man to resign.

It was a seasonable experience, and a sobering one. Francis Bethune had a great many fine qualities to sustain him, and he fell back on these instead of giving way to despair. But it was a trying time for the young man. His vanity took wings, and with it nearly all his youthful folly. Yet it was not his native strength that saved him at last, but the thought of two women and a girl. One of these was Sarah Clopton, his aunt, who had been the only mother he had ever known; another was Miss Puella Gillum, a little old maid; and the girl was Nan Dorrington. He had good reason to think of the two women. His aunt had received him in her arms a few weeks after his father and mother had perished in an epidemic in one of the cities of the South Atlantic coast, and had nourished him from his infancy with an affection as absolute as a mother could entertain for her child. The little old maid, Miss Puella Gillum, was not old enough to be ugly and withered; indeed, young Bethune thought she was very beautiful. When he was a boy and after he was far in his teens he used to call on Miss Puella at least twice a week. Before he was twelve, he made these visits mainly to get a cup of Miss Puella's tea and a couple of her flaky biscuit, as white as snow; but when he grew older he went for the sake of spending an hour with Miss Puella, and he always came away stronger and with a firmer purpose to do his duty in whatever shape it came to him.

Yes—there were good reasons why he should think of these women, each so different from the other, and both with such high and noble views of life. But why he should think of Nan Dorrington, that awful hoyden, with a feeling of friendliness, he could not explain. Why should he ask himself what Nan Dorrington would think and say when she heard of his latest performance on the wide stage of folly? He had been expelled from college, and he had good reason for knowing what Nan thought of that, though she was but twelve years old at the time. Now he was practically expelled from the Army, and what would Miss Spindleshanks think of that?

Spindleshanks! He had good reason to remember the name, and to remember Nan, too. He had returned from college, wearing the uniform of a cadet—he was nearly eighteen then—and, as he strutted along through the one street in the small village of Harmony Grove, trying to maintain a bold front, in spite of his inward misery, he heard some of the native humorists laughing uproariously. He was crossing toward the old tavern, and, casting an eye behind him, he beheld Nan Dorrington marching a few paces in his rear, carrying a small stick as a gun. She had caught the young gentleman's swagger to a T, and the whole town appeared to be enjoying the spectacle. He turned suddenly, his face as red as the wattles of a turkey-cock. His anger strangled him and he stood speechless for ten seconds or more.

"Thank you, Miss Spindleshanks!" he cried in a loud voice.

"You're welcome, Blackleg!" Nan replied as loudly, and with that she whacked him over the head with the small stick she carried, and his military cap rolled in the dust.

It was all done like snapping your fingers, and the blow was so sudden and unexpected that Bethune could only stare at the child. His countenance showed anger, but it also betrayed grief and dismay, and as he stood there Nan remembered him for many a long day with bitter sorrow. Her face was very white, and not with anger, as Bethune turned on his heel and went his way.

For many weeks, yes, long months, Francis Bethune hated Nan, and Nan hated him just as heartily, not because he had called her "Spindleshanks," though that term was all the more dreadful on account of its truth, but because (as she explained to herself) he had made her forget that she was a lady.

But Bethune felt, on this April day, as he sat crumpled up in his chair, that everything like hate, or envy, or vainglory had gone clean out of his mind. He thought about Nan as she really was, and as his aunt had described her in letters—a girl of wonderful beauty, living in a world of romance all her own, and yet remarkably practical, too—generous, sensitive and tender-hearted—a womanly nature pitched in a high key in which not a false note could be discerned. All this might be so, as his aunt had assured him it was, but still it did not explain why, in his extremity, his mind had turned to Nan Dorrington.

However—— He was about to pursue some argument or other connected with the subject when his attention was attracted by voices behind him. Apparently two men were holding a sort of half-confidential conversation. They were not whispering, but their voices were pitched in a low key.

Bethune sat with his eyes closed. He had not heard the men come in, and he could not remember whether they were sitting in the room when he arrived or not. Indeed, he was too miserable to try to remember. But what he heard arrested his attention and held it.

"A pass, you say—a pass through the Yankee lines?" The voice of the speaker was charged with astonishment.

"Yes, sir," replied the other; "that's what I said: a pass through the Yankee lines. More than that, it's signed by Old Abe himself."

"Whew!" whistled the first speaker. "Doesn't that seem like treason's brewing on this side? If there's somebody down here thick enough with Old Abe to be carrying on a correspondence, don't you think he ought to be looked after? The favors can't be all on one side, you know."

"Ho, ho, ho! he, he, he!" chuckled the other. He was immensely tickled. "Why, when it comes to affairs of state and matters of that kind, you are not knee-high to a duck. It's like the etiquette of the Code," he went on, his voice becoming more formal. "The same courtesy that exists between strangers must be maintained between enemies about to engage under the Code. And it is so with this bigger duel we see going on before our eyes. Why, there's—but I can't talk; my mouth is closed; I've said too much now. If Albert Lamar had a mind to, he could tell you some tales that would open your eyes."

"You don't mean to say that there's a regular traffic in information and a swapping of passes to carry it on?"

"Oh, fiddlesticks! your suspicions jump farther and quicker than a bullfrog," declared the other with a note of contempt or disgust in his voice. "Take this pass as an instance. What does it mean? Precisely this: that a young woman from Georgia, with kinsfolk in Maryland, has been caught spying. She was arrested by Stanton's crowd, and would have been hanged if Old Abe hadn't taken her out of Stanton's hands. He had her carried to the White House."

"Well, I wonder!"

"Yes, sir! Had her carried to the White House, and either she's giving trouble, or Mrs. Lincoln is tired of the arrangement. Anyhow, Old Abe wants some Southern man to come after and take her through the lines. That's what I'm told, and I got it pretty straight."

"Well, that takes the rag off the bush!"

"Now, do you know what I'd do if I didn't have a family? I'd take this pass, go right straight to Washington, watch for a chance and fetch Old Abe home with me. That'd end the war, in my judgment. If it didn't, it would make a big man of me. It's a mighty fine chance for some chap that doesn't give a red whether school keeps or not."

"That description fits me to a T," said Francis Bethune, rising from his chair.

One of the parties to the conversation arose also. He was the man who had been dealing out the confidential information. "Well—here! hold on, my friend! You are a gentleman, I hope."

Bethune straightened himself and threw back his head.

"My label is on my valise. Where is yours?"

"Oh, folderol! don't fly up. My name is Phil Doyle."

"Mine is Francis Bethune."

"Very good," said Mr. Doyle. "I reckon I've heard of you. If you belong to the Bethune family you ought to know something about the Cloptons."

"Meriwether Clopton is my grandfather."

"Then you can draw on me for all the good-will you want, and good-will goes a long ways sometimes."

"I had no intention of listening to your conversation up to a certain point, and then I listened for a reason that I'll be glad to explain to you at a more convenient place and time."

"In my room, for instance?" suggested Doyle.

"Certainly, and the present time is as convenient for me as any other."

Excusing himself to the friend with whom he had been talking, Mr. Doyle led the way to his room. He was evidently a man of some importance about the Confederate capital, for his apartments were, for that period, perfect in their appointments.

No long time was required for young Bethune to explain to Mr. Doyle his position and his lack of prospects, and the reasons why he was willing to undertake the adventure which had been suggested.

"Do you mean to tell me," Mr. Doyle exclaimed, after the explanation had been made, "that you propose to make an effort to fetch Mr. Lincoln out of Washington?"

"Certainly; what else can I do? Look at my position and prospects."

Mr. Doyle drummed on the table as though lost in thought. Bethune's imagination conjured up the face of Nan Dorrington, and she seemed to be looking at him through a vague mist, not angrily or contemptuously, as was her habit, but with surprise and sorrow.

At that moment there came a sharp rap on the door, and Colonel Albert Lamar walked in.

"Excuse me, Doyle; I didn't know you had company. Why, hello, Bethune!" he exclaimed, recognizing the young man. "What are you doing here? By the by, did you know——" He paused, took his cigar from his mouth, carefully removed the ash with a wooden toothpick, and blew his breath softly against the glowing end. He evidently had something on his mind which he had intended to speak of.

"Did I know what, Colonel?" Bethune asked.

"We'll speak of it later. Tell me about yourself; how you are getting on, and everything; in short, give me the news. A man who has had to sit up all night with a newspaper to see if his editorial articles have been put in right side up, never knows the value of news after it is in print. To print it is to kill it dead. Tell me something fresh; give me the latest scandal. Has General —— been on another jag?"


—a thin young man with spectacles

In answer to his volley of inquiries Francis Bethune told the story of his own troubles, and when he was quite through Colonel Lamar looked at him seriously for some moments and then indulged in a fit of hearty laughter.

"Some folks might think you get your

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touchiness from the Huguenot strain; but you don't: you get it from your great-grandfather, Matthew Clopton. Did you ever hear the upshot of his efforts to get justice for Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin?"

"Yes, I have heard my grandfather speak of it," said Bethune laughing.

"What was it?" asked Mr. Doyle.

"Well, the farmers and men with money in Georgia and other cotton States combined to rob Whitney. They managed to get some of the judges on their side, and their scheme succeeded completely. Whitney came back to Georgia to fight for his rights, and he was taken up by your great-grandfather, who had plenty of money. But the courts were too much for him. He got hold of one judge and frailed him out, slapped the jaws of another, denounced a third in a public tavern, and then took Whitney home with him to Shady Dale, where he stayed for some time. Old Matt was a war-horse, so the old folks say."

"He must have been," Doyle assented.

"What was the name of the Maryland lady one of your uncles married?" inquired Colonel Lamar in a reminiscent way.

A barely perceptible smile crept into Bethune's countenance. "Elise, she calls herself, but I think the entry in the Bible is Elizabeth. She went back to Maryland when the war came on."

Colonel Lamar nodded his head two or three times. "How old is she?" he asked.

"Why, she must be thirty-five," replied Bethune, "but the last time I saw her she didn't look older than twenty-five, and her head was just as full of romantic stuff as a schoolgirl's. She said she was going back home to be a Confederate spy."

"Just so," responded the Colonel.

Thereupon, as there was a lull in the conversation, Mr. Doyle informed Colonel Lamar that young Bethune had expressed a desire to go to Washington in response to the invitation implied in the pass which had been forwarded to Richmond.

The Colonel looked at Bethune with wide open eyes, in which there was a twinkle of amusement.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed; "it's quite a coincidence."

"What is?"

"Why, the fact that you should be the man to accept the mission."

"What does it coincide with?"

"With—well, you'll find out when you get there."

"I'm not going after the woman," said Bethune. "It is my purpose to bring Mr. Lincoln back with me."

Colonel Lamar threw his head back and laughed heartily.

"If you do that," he remarked, "you'll have a name in history, sure enough. Old Matt Clopton might have done it, or John Clark, or any of the chaps that flourished in Revolutionary days, but we don't measure up to such things these times. We're half a head too low, or we lack some of the muscles that hold a man's gizzard in the right place."

"Well, I may fail," said Bethune, "but I'm not going with the iden of failure in my head."

"In that case, I'd advise you not to go," Colonel Lamar suggested.

But Bethune shook his head. He had made up his mind; he had counted the cost, and all that he asked was that he should be provided with a companion of his own selection.

"Now that makes the business more ticklish than it would otherwise be," said Mr. Doyle. "Whom would you suggest?"

"Billy Sanders. He belongs to Company B, of the Third Georgia."

"Why, I used to know Billy," remarked Colonel Lamar, laughing. "He's what they call a 'character,' and if he sizes up with my recollection, he's just the man that I wouldn't like to take along on such an expedition. Why, he must be sixty years old, and if he hasn't joined the Sons of Temperance he's likely to get you into trouble. The last time I saw him he was sitting on the courthouse steps in Harmony Grove, telling the world at large that he was the grandson of Nancy Hart."

"Can you have him detailed for special duty?" Bethune asked.

"I can—yes," replied Colonel Lamar, hesitating; "but there's a pass for one only."

"With Billy Sanders along, there'll be no need for a pass," said Bethune.

"Well, you'd betteer take it along as a matter of form," suggested the Colonel. "At a pinch it'll save one of you, but it won't save both."

. . . . . .

And so the matter was arranged. Mr. Billy Sanders, who had for years been overseer at Shady Dale, as the Clopton plantation was called, was overjoyed to be with Bethune once more. He had entered the army to be near the young man, but Bethune's company had been transferred to another regiment, and so they had been separated.

"Dog my cats!" exclaimed Billy when they met, "it's like eatin' a slice of biled ham to git a glimpse of you. They tell me you've been cuttin' up jest like you useter when you was a boy. If I'd 'a' been your Colonel I'd 'a' sent for Nan when you got to cuttin' up—be dogged if I wouldn't!"

Bethune blushed at the allusion to Nan's youthful attack on him, but he said nothing in reply. He simply turned his conversation to the adventure to which he was committed, and canvassed it as far as he could. He had never before consulted with Mr. Sanders on any matter more serious than fishing-rods and hooks, and traps for birds or rabbits, and he was therefore surprised at the shrewd common-sense which the older man possessed. Every suggestion he made was marked by that strange intuition which some men possess in moments of great excitement or peril, and which is the every-day equipment of a few minds. On a large and important field of action and endeavor it is called genius; in ordinary affairs it goes by the name of shrewdness, or common-sense, or foresight.

It would be a very gratifying thing to make a hero of young Bethune, with his black hair, his brilliant eyes and his swarthy complexion, but let justice be done in spite of appearances. Mr. Billy Sanders was a very commonplace looking man at best. He carried a smile on his red and rotund countenance that gave him the appearance of childishness or weakness—and he was childish and weak about some things—but in general this bland and innocuous smile was deceitful.

It was as complete a mask, indeed, as ever man wore. There was an innocent stare in the mild blue eyes and a general air of helplessness about the man that went far to confirm the smile.

The most cunning reader of character would have placed Mr. Billy Sanders in the category of weak-minded people—a helpless countryman, ready to be victimized or imposed upon by any chance comer. But in fact, Mr. Sanders was a man of far different mould and mettle. He was old enough to be a good judge of human nature, and the fact that he was born and bred in the country and had little or no book education had not interfered a particle with the growth and development of those elemental qualities which are the basis and not the result of book education. He had, as it were, good blood and strong bones. His grandmother was as perfect a type of the American heroine as has ever been seen, and "Old Bullion" Benton was named after one of his great uncles, Thomas Hart. One who knew Mr. Sanders well remarked of him: "He looks like a busted bank, don't he—all buildin' and no assets. Well, don't fool yourself. There ain't a day in the year, nor an hour in the day when he ain't on a specie basis."

And yet it was not on account of these things that young Bethune selected Mr. Sanders to be his comrade in his projected adventure. His main reason was that he had known Mr. Sanders, and had been familiar with him all his life. He knew that his old friend could be depended on.

It had been arranged that young Bethune should receive the pay of a Captain while detailed for special service, on learning which Mr. Billy Sanders remarked with a broad grin, "You'll be the Cap'n and I'll be the Commissary." It was when they met with Mr. Doyle to lay out a definite program that the true character of Mr. Sanders made itself apparent. Doyle had mapped out the whole route in the most careful manner, and had reproduced it with the accuracy of an engineer or an architect. Mr. Sanders put on his spectacles, examined it patiently, and asked a number of questions, which were glibly answered. Then, looking over his glasses at Mr. Doyle, he inquired:

"Are you comin' along wi' us to keep us on this track?"

"Well, no," replied Mr. Doyle, somewhat taken aback. "There's no necessity for that."

"Then this conflutement," Mr. Sanders remarked, holding the tracing up and smiling benevolently, "ain't worth shucks. The paper's so stiff an' onruly you can't even light your pipe wi' it." With that he crumpled the document in his fist and dropped it in a wooden cuspidor filled with sand and cigar stumps.

"Well, I'll be ——!" said Mr. Doyle under his breath.



MR. BILLY SANDERS

"Me too—me too!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders cheerfully. "I'm truly glad you said the word; it helps me more'n it does you, I reckon." He paused and grew a trifle serious, though he still smiled. "I'll tell you how it is, Colonel," he went on; "if you was to come down yan-way where I live at, an' lay off to hunt wild turkeys, an' I was to come an' fetch you a map of the road you oughter foller, what'd be the state an' feelin's of your sentiments? I'll allow the cases ain't the same, but you'd jest as well try to map out the road a bird'll foller when he gits on the wing. Every time he sees a hawk or hears a gun he'll change his course."

Bethune, who had been somewhat vexed at the cavalier way in which Mr. Sanders had disposed of the map, saw at once that the reasoning was sound. Mr. Doyle seemed to see it, too. At any rate, he assented to the proposition without argument, and after some further conversation in regard to the necessary funds, of which he appeared to have an abundant supply, he took his leave. Later, when he saw Bethune alone, he took occasion to pay a passing tribute to the good sense of Mr. Billy Sanders. And it is a fact that, though Mr. Sanders would have been placed in the illiterate class by a census-taker, he had more real knowledge and native sagacity than one-half the people we meet every day. Some such concession Mr. Doyle made to young Bethune.

But Mr. Sanders insisted on having his suspicions of Mr. Doyle. It was in vain that Bethune pointed out how he had solicited the adventure. "That's as may be," Mr. Sanders remarked. "Albert Lamar don't know enough about him to tell us what he's up to. But don't fret; it'll pop up an' fly out, an' when it does I'll put my finger on it an' let you tell it howdy. I ain't afeard of his capers any more'n if he was a hoss, but I want to know what's behind all this corryspondin' wi' the common enemy, as you may say."

Mr. Doyle tried hard to find out by which route they proposed to reach Washington, but Mr. Sanders hadn't made up his mind, and refused flatly to decide until after they had left Richmond. "The reason I ask," Mr. Doyle explained, "is because I have friends who could help you along, and give you assistance at a pinch."

When everything was ready for their departure, Mr. Doyle was informed that they would leave the next morning between midnight and dawn. Shortly after supper he confided to their care a sealed document, with instructions how and where to deliver it. Later, Colonel Albert Lamar saw them, and when Bethune told him about the sealed document, he looked at the ceiling and smoked a while in silence. Finally he remarked:

"I've tried to get under the cover with Doyle, but I can't. He's a head clerk in one of the departments, but I can't find out where he came from nor how he got in. But he's in, and nobody seems to know anything about him."

"As sure as you're born there's something dead up the creek," Mr. Sanders declared.

"Well, on your way to Washington, go to New York," said Colonel Lamar, "put up at the New York Hotel, and make it a point to bow to the head waiter; ask him when he comes to you if his name is McCarthy, then when opportunity offers turn the document over to him. He'll know precisely what to do."

"The head waiter!" exclaimed Bethune, laughing.

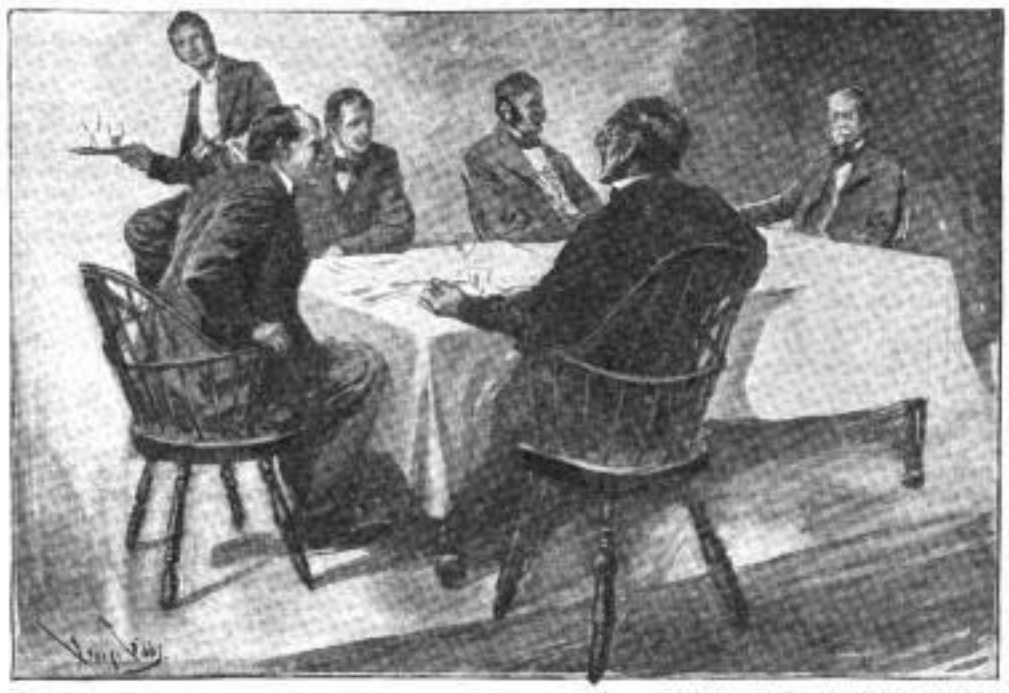
"Yes; you won't laugh at him when you come to know him. He's an Irishman."

"Hadn't we better burn the thing now an' be done wi' it?" asked Mr. Sanders.

"No," replied the Colonel; "if the paper's what I think it is, it won't hurt you to have it on you should you chance to be arrested."

. . . . . .

Now, when Francis Bethune and Mr. Sanders were ready to retire—that is to say, when Mr. Billy Sanders was on the point of putting a red flannel cap over his head to keep the



"PARSON WE, SIR, BUT WHERE IS BACEM?"

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bald spot from catching cold, there came a gentle tap on the door, a tiny tap, as if some one had knocked with a pencil or a pipe-stem. As the two made no response, but sat listening, the tap was repeated as gently as before. Whereupon Bethune opened the door, and saw a big, overgrown boy standing there smiling as though he were embarrassed. He seemed to be younger than Bethune by a year or two, and the freshness and innocence of a country life beamed on his handsome countenance and sparkled in his black eyes. He handed Bethune a note penciled on a piece of brown writing paper, the kind fashionable in the Confederacy. It read:

"DEAR BETHUNE: The bearer of this is Mr. John Omahundro, a good friend of mine. He calls at my request, and you may depend on him as you would on me. Luck go with you!

"ALBERT R. LAMAR."



—a great change had come over the hotel waiter

While Bethune was reading this short note, Omahundro, without waiting for an invitation, entered the room, closed the door behind him, and, after bowing to Mr. Billy Sanders, seated himself in a chair. He was evidently not fond of conventions and formalities.

"I saw the Colonel a little while ago," he said, after his name and credentials had been given to Mr. Sanders, "and he asked me to come up and have a talk with you. He says you're going into the North country on account of some business of a man named Doyle."

"That is what Mr. Doyle thinks," replied Bethune.

"Oh, I see!" remarked Omahundro. "Well, that makes me feel better. I don't know what you're up to, and I don't want to know; but I think I know what this man Doyle is up to, and I'll have him run to ground long before you get back. I saw Colonel Lamar just now, and says I, 'Colonel, who's going to leave this hotel between midnight and day?' The Colonel laughed and said it'd be so after a while that cold chills would run up and down his back every time he saw me. 'Who told you about it?' says he. 'Nobody,' says I, 'but I heard a man drop a mighty loud hint a while ago. It's a wonder you didn't hear the echo. I heard him tell the night clerk to wake him up if the men in seventy-eight came down any time between midnight and day. He said they were friends of his and he wanted to tell 'em good-by, and then he took the clerk off to one side and the two of 'em jabbered quite a whet together.' 'That was our friend Doyle,' says the Colonel. 'You've called the turn, color and spot,' says I.

"Well, it was mighty funny to see the Colonel roll the end of his cigar in his mouth. Then, 'Come with me,' he says. He went behind the counter and I followed along. He says to the clerk, 'Oscar, is Doyle a particular friend of yours?' 'Not as you may say particular,' says Oscar. 'Well,' says the Colonel, 'the men in seventy-eight are going away to-night on important business. They're not Doyle's friends, and there's no reason in the world why he should be roused out of bed when they come down.' Oscar seemed to be stumped at this, and he looked as if he was trying to find some way out. So I put in. Says I, 'If they come down before midnight, you don't have to roust your friend out, do you?' His face cleared up at this, and he says, 'No, I don't, for I don't take charge of the desk till midnight.'

"So there you are," Omahundro went on. "Colonel Lamar has paid your bill. I am going a piece of the way myself, and I have two extra horses for Jeb Stuart's use. If you say the word, I'll give you a lift as far as I am going on horseback, and then I'll put you in touch with some of Mosby's men. But to go with me you must start now."

Mr. Billy Sanders sighed, turned and looked at the bed on which he was sitting and patted the comfortable mattress caressingly.

"You'd better hug the pillow," said Omahundro, laughing heartily. "It'll be some days before you'll lay your head on as plump a one." This Mr. Sanders proceeded to do. He took the pillow in his arms and fondled it as a mother would fondle a baby, to the great amusement of his companions.

In twenty minutes the party had passed out of the hotel. On the sidewalk they met Colonel Lamar, bade him good-by, went to a livery stable near at hand, and in a very short time were leaving Richmond behind them as they journeyed toward the front. Two circumstances favored them: the weather was very cold for the time of year—so cold, indeed, that occasionally they dismounted and ran along by the side of their horses to keep their feet warm; and the concentration of Federal and Confederate troops was taking the shape that finally led to the battles of Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg. Their course was in a northwesterly direction after they left the city. Omahundro left Bethune and Mr. Sanders, after making an arrangement whereby they were enabled to purchase two horses which had seen considerable service. In fact, the animals had been turned out to die, but a thrifty citizen had picked them up and attended to their wants so successfully that they showed no evidence of the hard times they had when they went with Stuart around McClellan's army.

Bethune and Sanders made their way to Warrenton, then to Thoroughfare Gap, and thence into what was known as Mosby's Confederacy; then through Ashby's Gap to Berryville, where they were fortunate enough to meet up with three men belonging to Captain McNeill's Rangers, who had been South with a squad of prisoners. McNeill's company operated to some extent in Hampshire County, West Virginia, and it was to this county the three scouts were bound.

Now, Mr. Billy Sanders had from the first insisted that they should make their way to New York by the western route. He had good reason for this. Some of the Harts who used to live in Kentucky had moved to Indiana, and just previous to the war Mr. Sanders had made a visit to that State. He insisted that the Hoosiers talked just like the Georgians—"onless, maybe, they talk a leetle more wi' their nose than we-all do." His program was to go to Ohio, take an eastbound train, and make it known to all who were willing to listen to him that he was going to Washington with his son (Bethune being the son) who had been ill-treated by his superiors because he couldn't show the advance guard of the Fourth Indiana how to wade through a ford on a creek in the State of Tennessee without drawing the fire of Forrest's mounted infantry on the opposite bank, while all the time the water was running like a mill sluice with both gates open. Yes, sirs! And Mr. Hart (the same being Mr. Billy Sander's middle name) was going right to Washington to lay the case before Aberham Lincoln, who would straighten out the tangle, not only because he was a just man, but because the Hart family was as good as any family in Injianny or in Kaintuck, for that matter.

It was a very well-considered program, and it was based on the fact that Mr. Sanders had a secret admiration for Abraham Lincoln. He had read in the papers about the President's humble beginnings, how he studied his books by a lightwood knot fire, and how he had split rails for a livelihood at one period of his career. A hundred times he had remarked to thoughtless persons who were abusing Mr. Lincoln, "He may be wrong in his idees, but I'll bet you a thrip to a gingerrake that his heart's in the right place." Being a plain, blunt man, Mr. Sanders made no bones about giving out this sentiment; it was his boast, indeed, that he was ready to "hand around" his views in any company, and those who didn't like 'em could lump 'em.

Mr. Sanders' program, to employ his own expression, "worked without a bobble." This was due mainly to the fact that the year 1863 opened with very gloomy promises for the Union cause. The people of the North were not only gloomy, but indignant. Criticism of the Administration was general, and was marked by a fury which no one but Mr. Lincoln would have been able to withstand. The cartoonists were especially fierce. One of the cartoons that caught the eye of Bethune as they were journeying by train to the East was the figure of indignant Columbia pointing scornfully at the President and advising him to go tell his jokes elsewhere than the White House. The periodical bore a January date, but some one had torn the page away and tacked it up in the smoking-car, where it had remained.

The Abolitionists had not been much mollified by the Emancipation Proclamation, claiming that it had been delayed too long to produce any favorable results on the course of the war. On the other hand, those who were fighting for the Union itself, without knowing or caring much about slavery either as a political or a moral question, were not at all pleased with what seemed to be the surrender of Mr. Lincoln to an extreme faction, and the slave-owners in the border States were denouncing what they described as high-handed robbery.

It should be said of Mr. Billy Sanders that his spirits rose perceptibly whenever there was danger to be faced, or whenever there was trouble in the air. He walked into the office of the New York Hotel humming his favorite air of "Money Musk." He had begun to call Bethune "Honey," and it was all that the young man could do to keep his face straight when Mr. Sanders solemnly undertook to play the part of a fond father.

On their first appearance at the hotel the clerk held them in parley a little longer than was necessary. The house was practically full, he said, and he had nothing but a very ordinary room on the third floor. If they would wait until after dinner, perhaps he could accommodate them then. Mr. Sanders, for his part, said any kind of a room would suit him, provided he didn't have to roost on a pole like a chicken, or squat flat on the ground like a puddle-duck; still, his son had been sleeping out nights in the war, and he wanted the best of everything—not for himself, mind you, but for his son. Then he turned to Bethune:

"Honey, didn't you say that Mack was stoppin' at this tavern?"

"Yes," replied Bethune.

"Well, if we could see Mack, we'd go like we was greased. Do you know Mack?" he asked the clerk.

"There are so many Macks, you know. Which Mack do you mean?"

"A man named McCarthy. We were recommended to him," replied Bethune at a venture.

The clerk drummed carelessly on the counter while you could count ten. "I know a dozen McCarthys," he said; "but anyhow, Mack or no Mack, I'll assign you to a fairly comfortable room. It has been spoken for, and you may have to exchange it for another."

"All right," said Mr. Sanders; "we ain't noways nice 'bout small matters. If there ain't no bars 'cross the winder an' the key's on the inside we'll manage to worry along. Put our names down, Honey. Some gal might come along an' see 'em an' want to swap letters."

So Bethune wrote "William Hart, Salem, Indianna," and under it "Francis M. Hart," with ditto marks under the town and State. "Be shore you git it right, Honey. I've been so shook up wi' the kyars, an' the racket, that if a man was to ax me right sudden what my name is, I'm afeard I couldn't tell him."

The clerk smiled patronizingly, signaled a porter, and the two travelers were assigned to a room on the third floor—the very one, by the way, in which Colonel Flournoy had his interview with Mr. Barnum of the Secret Service.

"Tell 'em to ring the bell good an' hard when dinner's ready," said Mr. Sanders to the porter. "We'll not keep 'em waitin'. What primpin' I've got to do will be done in short order."

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, sir," replied the porter, smiling brightly. "The dining-room is on the floor below. You walk down the stairway and turn to the left."

He went out, closing the door gently. "A right peart chap," remarked Mr. Sanders. Then there came a quick, firm tap on the inside door. "Come right in," said Mr. Sanders heartily. Following the invitation, a tall man, arrayed in evening dress, stepped into the room. His face was smooth-shaven, his iron-gray hair combed away from his forehead gave a pleasing softness to features that would have otherwise been marked by sternness, especially at this moment when they wore a frown of irritation or perplexity. Nevertheless, the countenance of the newcomer was both striking and attractive.

"Why, howdy?" said Mr. Sanders. "If I ain't seed you some'r's I'm mighty much mistaken. Wait! don't tell me. I've mighty nigh forgot my own name, but I ain't forgot your face. Hold on! Did you ever so much as hear of a place called Shady Dale?"

"In what State, for instance?"

"Well, in Injianny, for instance."

The newcomer made no reply to the question, but his countenance cleared up and a faint smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. "I heard a rumor that two gentlemen had been commended to a man named McCarthy."

"The head waiter of this hotel," explained Bethune.

"The head waiter of this hotel," assented the newcomer. "I am the man."

"Well, the gallopin' Jerushy!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders. "Why, you look like you jest come from a ball. Honey," he went on, turning to Bethune, "don't you mind the time when a chap come to the Grove in a rig like that and the boys run him down an' ketch'd him an' rode him on a rail?"

"Where was that?" inquired Captain McCarthy.

"All in the State of Injianny, close to Salem." replied Mr. Sanders. "You can't run me out of Injianny to save your life."

"Good!" cried the head waiter. "And now, who commended you to me?" he inquired, lowering his voice.

"Albert Lamar," replied Bethune.

"A fine man that—a fine man!" exclaimed McCarthy.

It required only a few words to explain their reasons for seeing the head waiter. Bethune gave him the dispatch which Mr. Doyle had intrusted to his care.

"This can wait until after dinner," said the head waiter. "I'll join you here about three o'clock."

"I'm mighty glad to hear you mention dinner," remarked Mr. Sanders gratefully.

"It is ready now," said the other. "Shall I have it sent to you?"

"No, no!" protested Mr. Sanders. "I don't want to be penned up wi' my vittles. When I'm hungry I want elbow room."

"Very well," assented the head waiter, somewhat dubiously. "You'll have to be very careful. This house is under suspicion; there are a number of sharp-eyed Government detectives constantly coming and going. You are sure, before dinner is over, to fall into conversation with one or more of them. You'll have to watch your tongues. The smallest slip will be enough. Should I or the waiter who has charge of your table change your glass of water, it will be a warning to be very guarded. Should the waiter inquire if you would like a dish of fried spring onions, you will know that some one within sound of your voice is very dangerous. You may come down when you're ready."

"Say, Colonel," cried Mr. Sanders as the head waiter was entering the adjoining room, "afore them inguns: I'd like a mess on 'em, whether the Boogers ketch us or not."

"Very well, sir," replied McCarthy gravely. On the other side of the door he paused, glanced at himself in the mirror and shook his head doubtfully. "The lad is circumspect, but I'm afraid the old chap is a fool."

In no long time they were in the dining-room, and the head waiter escorted them to the first table on the left of the entrance, where they would be directly under his observation. It was with some difficulty that either Bethune or Mr. Sanders recognized in this obsequious, suave and smiling head waiter the stern and stiff person with whom they had just had an interview. There was no other person at the table, but presently two others came in, one a thin young man with spectacles, who had the air of a divinity student, the other a tall man with Burnside whiskers. Mr. Sanders was sitting at one end of the table next the wall. Bethune was on his left and the divinity student was on his right.

(Continued on Page 1141 of this Number)

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The Advance of Russia in the Orient

By the Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH



THE passionate eagerness with which all Europe has been watching the struggle in South Africa during the last six months tends to throw into the background other questions of not less real and permanent importance, questions which have before now formed the central point of European politics, and which may do so again. Among these is the condition of the always moribund but never expiring Turkish Sultanate. Since another stage in its decadence was marked by the loss of Crete two years ago, the Sultan and his crimes have receded from view, though those who know something about the maladministration and race hatreds in Macedonia, know how critical the situation continues to be there, and how easy it would be for either the Servians or the Bulgarians to light up an insurrection in those regions which would involve all Eastern Europe in the flames of war. Fortunately, the Austrian Government, which controls Servia, and the Russian, which now controls Bulgaria, are agreed in desiring to see peace preserved for the time being; so things remain tolerably quiet, and the only change likely to occur in the near future is the erection of Bulgaria into a kingdom, an access of dignity which Prince Ferdinand is believed to desire and to be steadily working for.

The Progressive Policy of the German Emperor

Meanwhile, some very interesting developments have been going forward in Asia Minor. It is now at least twenty years since the idea of possible German action in that region presented itself to forecasting minds, though under the régime of Bismarck, who was severely practical and averse to new or speculative enterprises, little or nothing was done to push forward such action. By degrees, however, German officers began to be engaged to reform the army system of the Turks, and German capitalists were found at Constantinople pressing for, and before long obtaining, concessions for railways, for mines, and for other large industrial enterprises. The Emperor William the Second has encouraged his subjects to embark their capital in Turkey, seeing in this another market for German industry and another field for German enterprise. His courtesies to Abdul Hamid, which caused some surprise in 1895 and 1896, and which culminated in his visit to that monarch in November, 1898, have usually been attributed to this motive. The Germans have been extremely successful. They have quite superseded the English, who used to play the leading part in the commercial and industrial affairs of the Turkish Empire, for ever since the taking of Cyprus by the English Government in the days of Lord Beaconsfield, and the vehement condemnation of Turkish cruelties by Mr. Gladstone, England has been the Power most odious to the Sultan, while since the Armenian massacres of 1895-6 it has been recognized that there can be no more of such protection given to the Sultan by the English as was given in the old days when England thought it essential to her interests to check the approach of Russia toward Constantinople. The Germans receive from their Ambassador that diplomatic support which is essential in an Eastern court, and they have shown great energy, especially in projecting railways. Recently a concession has been granted to them for extending the railway from Constantinople to Angora, already built by German capital, farther out southeastward from across the centre of Asia Minor and through Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf.

The Balance of Interests in Asia Minor

Russia could not be indifferent to the sanction thus given to an enterprise of such magnitude. Some think that she resisted it. Others, with more apparent reason, hold that she had been previously "squared" by Germany, as it is pretty certain that England was squared by the secret agreement concluded between her and Germany in 1898. It is a first principle of German imperial policy not to quarrel with Russia. Be this as it may, Russia used the event as a basis for the demand to have her right to similar railway concessions in another area recognized; and the Sultan, with much reluctance, has found himself obliged to yield to this demand. He had nowhere to turn to for support, for while France, of course, always supports Russia, Germany, having had her own share, could not in this instance interfere against her, and England no longer comes into question.

Thus there has been effected by these railway arrangements a virtual partitionment of Asia Minor into two "spheres of influence," to adopt the expression which has been used in Africa and in China to mark the acquisition of European claims to territories not yet actually annexed by European claimants. Germany takes the south and southeast of the country; Russia the north and northeast.

Whether Russia will proceed to build the railways which she is now authorized to make may be doubted. Industrial and commercial undertakings beyond her own borders are not an object to her, as they are to Germany, England and France. So far from needing outlets for the employment abroad of her spare capital, like those countries, Russia needs all her own capital, and as much more as she can borrow on easy terms, for the opening up of her internal communications and the development of her domestic industries. The Germans, however, will doubtless make their railway. They have promised to offer part of the capital to be subscribed in France, with the view to propitiating French opinion, and it is believed that the enterprise may turn out a pecuniary success. Much of Asia Minor is so thinly peopled as to present no great prospect of local passenger traffic, but the country is naturally rich, and the Euphrates Valley still richer. At present there are hardly any roads fit for wheeled traffic, so trade finds no outlet. All that there is will in future flow to the railway, which ought, before many years, to produce a powerfully stimulating effect upon these long-neglected regions. It is more difficult to conjecture whether German colonization will follow, yet this is insomewise impossible, for there are already flourishing German settlements in Palestine, and in Germany itself a sudperahtan dant popu- lation



PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS, LONDON

JAMES BRYCE, M. P.

The Passive Strength of Russian Inertia

Russia can afford to wait. She has scored a great success. She has made another of those onward steps by which, more frequently without war than through war, her territory is constantly growing, and her influence extending beyond the limits of her territorial authority. She is now predominant in Persia, a hopelessly feeble State with a vast area and a scanty population, which is always seeking fresh outlets. Anyhow, the German interests which will spring up along the line are sure to give the German Empire a solid and permanent interest in the country, and an effective voice in determining its future when the Sultanate comes to that end which those who know Turkey so fervently desire.

She is also predominant in Manchuria, and will, when her Trans-Siberian Railway has been completed, be able to terrorize China. Across the whole length of Asia, from the Black Sea on the west to the Yellow Sea on the east, she can, when she pleases, add without difficulty many thousands of square miles to her dominions. Having time on her side, she is prudently anxious to perfect her railway system and have some money in hand before she absorbs fresh districts on which much money would have to be spent.

The times have been when such an advantage as Russia has gained by the virtual admission of her influence over the whole northern part of the Turkish Empire would have filled the English with alarm and aroused them to opposition. Even so late as 1878, Lord Salisbury's Anglo-Turkish convention bound England to defend by arms the Turkish frontiers against the Czar. But England is now so absorbed in her South African troubles as to have no thought of those interests in the Orient which were lately held so precious. She has not even obtained compensation from the Sultan for the injuries suffered by her subjects in the Constantinople massacre of 1896. To be sure, she does not wish to resort to force, the only argument which affects the Turkish mind, and her abstention is more easily explained than the strange forbearance of successive American Presidents, who have not yet extorted (as they might easily have done in their exceptionally favorable position) compensation for the outrages and injustices inflicted upon American citizens.

Sudden and startling as this change in English policy is, it is not to be regretted. It had become impossible for England to support the Turks, and it was impossible for her to replace their bad government by a better one of her own. She was too far off—she has her hands already too full in other places. She may see without disquiet the partitionment of Asia Minor between Germany and Russia, for she was not in a position to claim a share, even would it have been to her interest to do so. Egypt, which she has got already, which she has done much to improve, and which she seems now likely to keep, is really a burden rather than a source of strength. The influence of Germany cannot fail to better the lot of the unfortunate Christian subjects of the Turk, nor will she show herself unfriendly to American missions and to Western education, as the Russians sometimes do. And if England wishes to keep Russia from coming down to the coasts of the Levant, the interposition of Germany is, from the English point of view, to be regarded as an absolute gain.

These, however, may be deemed minor matters. The great fact which stands out is the admission which Russia has at last secured of her exclusive influence over the whole northeast of the Turkish dominions, and the acquiescence of her three old antagonists of Crimean war days. France is silent, because she must have the alliance of Russia at all costs. England is silent for the reasons already set forth. Austria and Italy follow Germany, and Germany has got her own share. We seem at last to see, in dim foreshadowings of the future, the outlines of a settlement of that "Eastern Question" which has so grievously perplexed English and Continental statesmen for more than a century.

Quotations on South African Celebrities

THERE are many ways better than reading editorials in the newspapers of telling how a nation esteems its great men. The "button" craze, as American children know it, has attacked England with violence, and the child who has not his chest well plastered with button portraits of the commanders in the South African war might well have Stevenson's words applied to him:

> "He is a naughty boy, I'm sure,
> Or else his dear papa is poor."

The buttons were all originally a penny, but as the war went on quotations began to be established. "Bobs" rose to three halfpence, and then to twopence. For a brief period he stood at threepence. Baden-Powell made one leap to threepence, and for a time wasn't to be had even at that. Buller was sluggish. He never fell below par, but he never rose above it.

And what price did Methuen bring? His button failed to circulate.

In Ireland, Joubert and Kruger stood firm for some time, but the enthusiasm incident to the Queen's visit to Dublin knocked a considerable bit of the bottom out of the market.

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Literary Folk *as they* Came *and* Went With Ourselves

By Elizabeth Stoddard



"What mystery lurks in this retroversion, or
What half Januses are we that cannot look forward
With the same idolatry with which we forever revert!"

Something answering them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.—CHARLES LAMB.

THERE is no profession, perhaps, in which ambition o'erleaps itself as in the literary profession, especially with the writers of verse. Many are called—by themselves; but few are chosen—by the public. Charlotte Brontë's "abundant shower of curates falling upon the North of England" was trifling compared with the rain of poets, ever increasing, which has fallen upon this house. Of the poets since 1860, doubtless some will have a place in Mr. Stedman's new anthology. Among the dead I recall two who, dying young, left some good work: Robert Weeks, of New York, and Charles Luders, of Philadelphia. Hither came the volumes of verse with the "Compliments of the publisher," or the "Respects of the author," many with explanatory suggestions for the benefit of the reviewer, who had been there himself, and therefore was qualified to give all that was due. There was a merit in these numerous books, inasmuch as they were not tomes, but small and thin, so that fifty poets could be packed on the shelf where the ten volumes of Pepys' Diary had stood.

In the room where I am writing the walls are lined with the poets, from Bishop Percy's Reliques to Kipling's ballads, and just now, looking for a book, I happened to see four volumes published by Putnam in 1864, when patriotism was rampant at the North and the South, when the eyes of Blue and Gray were bloodshot with rancor, and so, when the duel was over, and they had achieved such ability as to kill 7000 men in half an hour, the way was prepared for patriotic songs. In one of these volumes, Rebel Lyrics, of two or three hundred pages, I note the names of repute—Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod and Paul H. Hayne. These songs "fired the Southern heart." In the Lyrics of Loyalty, the names are famous—Longfellow, Lowell, Taylor, Emerson and Holmes. Few have seats in the hall of the immortals.

The whirligig of time has again spun into notice the writings of the best poet of the South, Henry Timrod, who was on the staff of Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, during the war. A new edition of Timrod's poems has recently been published. Another fine poet died recently—Mrs. Mary Bradley. She, with her sister, Mrs. Festetits, has written some sixty volumes of stories for Sunday-school young people. In Mr. Stoddard's review of her poetry he claims for Mrs. Bradley high qualities which he does not find in our American poets—in melody and in order of language; the words seem to come of their own volition. To me, Mrs. Bradley voices the flowers. I quote a few lines:

"With every flower's analysis
He looked into a lovely soul;
Its passion or its pure repose,
Its sorrow or its sin, who knows?
He knew it as he knew the rose."

The trumpeter of Fame she never beckoned to, and so his trumpet has never blown for her the loud blast that is sounding through the land at present, both in verse and prose.

One winter morning, about '51, I met Mr. Stoddard at the Church of the Good Shepherd, and was married to him by the pastor, Rev. Ralph Hoyt, a poet also. Ever since I have occasionally repeated his lines:

"Still sighs the world for something new,
Imploring me, imploring you
For something new.
Oh, hapless world, what will it do
Imploring me, imploring you
For something new!"

Our witness was Richard Kimball, the author of St. Leger. I scarcely looked at him, but felt that he was out of place in the shabby old church, with a great hole in the aisle carpet showing an island of board. There should have been, besides this witness, a couple of robin redbreasts, in case leaves were wanted, for there was small prospect of subsistence for the wedded pair. I returned to my country home, already broken, and to be forsaken. My friends and neighbors said with compassion that they were not surprised that I should marry, but that I should have married a poor man had been considered as impossible, so I was consigned to the poet's garret and its starvation crust. It was not long before Mr. Stoddard followed me, from Boston, where Ticknor & Fields had published his first book of verse. As a presage of his ability in regard to housekeeping, he brought me a present of an expensive tête-à-tête china set. One point to be considered was that his verses were superior to his means. It was all in keeping with our appearances that Mr. Stoddard should come to the conclusion that there was no place more suitable for an impecunious couple than this city; but even then Elijah's ravens were on their way to feed us with their horny beaks. For some time we lived apart; I with my brother in a boarding-house that resembled Mrs. Todger's, though there was no Bailey to serve us. At length we hired the second floor of a house in Henry Street, and went to housekeeping with very small materials.

But all our wiser, loving days began.

At this time there was not so much said about "woman's sphere," and clubs had not yet loomed above our horizon, but all the same I proposed taking up life on philosophic lines, and began to read Comte to Mr. Stoddard in the most positive manner. If Comte was to develop the "religion of humanity," I meant to have some, but it did not seem to reach us helpfully. We had books besides, and had to read them, having little else to amuse us, excepting a small connection with the New York Albion. Mr. Stoddard wrote book notices, dramatic criticisms, and an occasional poem for this paper. The proprietor and editor was Mr. William Young, an Englishman. Is there any journalist of the day who would do such work without an intimation from either side that some recompense would be acceptable?

A less dignified "job" was the editing of a paper, the Yankee Notions—salary $20 a month. I did not hold the pens as Dora did for David Copperfield, but I sat upon the floor and helped Mr. Stoddard patch out the pictures with the text. The character of the paper may be shown by this anecdote with the picture of two darkies meeting. One carried a small coffin and told the other that he was going "black-berrying."

I could not at once adjust myself to the new condition. It was not homesickness, for my old home was falling into "cureless ruin," but the separation from all that I did and had made me lonesome—no more mounts on the dolphin Pleasure, no more sailing parties in summer, sleighing parties in winter—the bowstring of destiny was around my neck. Owing to the little surprise I gave my friends in my marriage, for a time they felt an aloofness that kept them away. The Muses, too, were distant, remaining at home, on the borders of the Pierian Spring.

That summer was a solitude with one agreeable break. The poet-painter, Buchanan Read, upon returning from Italy, had settled in Bordentown with his family. For some time an acquaintance had been established between three young men who met occasionally in New York—Bayard Taylor, George H. Boker and Buchanan Read. As I had not seen any of them, it was agreeable to receive an invitation from Mr. Read to spend a day or two at his cottage. We went on Saturday, to return on Monday. In the cottage was a family in miniature: Mr. Read was small and delicate, Mrs. Read more so, and the two little chicks of children more than both together. The cottage was near the Bonaparte estate. In the afternoon, with Mr. Read, we walked about it. The mansion was in the heart of the landscape, and was then occupied by the son of Bonaparte's intendant, and his wife, who was the sister of Julia Ward Howe. All that nature and art could do was done there. Reading lately one of Lloyd Mifflin's classical sonnets, I recalled that landscape, and, barring the Naiads and the Fauns, it will answer for a description of it; the beauty of the lines I quote should suggest the whole:

"Nor in these valleys where we now recline,
But far beyond those purple peaks that glow
Lies the fair land I love. There winds are low,
There upland streams, dissolving, reach the vales,
And there are groves of ilex and of yew,
Unending valleys and Illyrian dales."

How Mr. Read could withhold his brush from painting those lovely views was incomprehensible. In the morning an admirer of Mr. Read came out from Philadelphia—Mr. Hammersmith, we will say—and most of the hours left us were passed in a discussion between him and Mr. Read on his recent volume of verse, The Closing Scene, and quotations from its reviewer in the North British Quarterly, now from one, and now from the other, always premising with "The critic of the North British says," though both knew that Coventry Patmore wrote the review. Mr. Stoddard was not prompt with his interest in the discussion, and Mrs. Read, a sad, quiet woman, disappeared then, and we came away with a vast impression of the Bonaparte estate. Mr. Read was fortunate to find in a wealthy Philadelphian a patron who bought his pictures and assisted him on his trips abroad. It was not long after our visit that we bade Mr. Read farewell at the Astor House on his way to Italy again for an indefinite time.

Mrs. Read died there; he returned to America, married again, and started for Italy. In mid-ocean he passed the steamer conveying the coffin with Mrs. Read's remains to this country. We did not meet again till toward the close of our Civil War.

The emblems of royalty and beauty of the Bonaparte place faded upon my discovery of a something brooding in our atmosphere separate from Comte and the Yankee Notions. Mr. Stoddard did not share wholly in my fool's paradise; even with the failure of my plan, and expectance of prosperity, my sense of security continued—my bread was good, and my clothes were not worn out. Though of Scotch ancestry, I was not brought up on the "bang goes saxpence" of the Scotch system. I learned in childhood that most of the people in our village lived differently from my people; several experiences taught me that, though there was little or no sense of caste then. I do not forget my introduction to a slice of bread and molasses, which the mother of one of my schoolmates gave me when she took me to her home at recess.

One day Mr. Stoddard mentioned that he was going to Concord to visit Mr. Hawthorne, and went. He found Mr. Hawthorne all that was agreeable. His son Julian was playing about the study table, a little, handsome boy, with no disposition to mind what was told him. When Mr. Stoddard asked for Mr. Hawthorne's influence in obtaining a place in the New York Custom House, with his college friend, General Pierce, then President, this influence was cheerfully promised, and a few days after Mr. Stoddard's return, Colonel Whipple and Senator Atherton, of New Hampshire, appeared in New York to give advice and direction. Mr. Stoddard went to Washington with a passport which let him into the White House early one morning. President Pierce received him kindly, wrote a brief note to Mr. Bronson, the Collector, and "hey, presto!" Mr. Stoddard was appointed to the debenture-room in the Custom House, where he remained as the "head" of it for sixteen years, despite the title of "copperhead" which somebody gave him, believing he sympathized with the South. I soon paid him a visit. The debenture-room was dingy and stony, and full of fifteen or twenty old men who arose to their feet as if a gay and giddy butterfly had sailed in. They were rheumatic and knotty, lame and halt. One could not help thinking of some lines of the slim, boyish figure whom they surrounded:

"We are best with age and cares,
In the last of our gray hairs,
And we lean upon our staffs,
Looking for the epitaphs;
For we are the last, the last
In the ruins of the past."

It is to be hoped that they were not thinking of the epitaphs of the four years' rotation. For me, I was as sure of my share of the appointment as if it was a sinecure.

We rented rooms in Henry Street from the owners, an old man, sickly, and an old woman in black bombazine, whose mission in life was to nag and to complain; in appearance she resembled Sairey Gamp's invisible friend, Mrs. Harris.

With the first month's stipend of the customs gold we moved. It had been one of our cheap pastimes to walk "around," of afternoons and early eves, and on one of our strolls we had discovered an old wooden house, white, with green shutters, in Sands Street, Brooklyn, below St. Ann's Church, with its lawn and trees which stood where the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge now stand. The house belonged to a cheery old sea-dog; it had an old-fashioned garden, neglected, but lovely with its lilac bushes and great red clumps of peonies, and that dear vanished rose, the damask. I liked to step in the fallen leaves and weed out the dry stalks; there was scarcely a modern blossom in the garden. I was delighted to discover one day a flower of my childhood—London Pride. Does anybody see London Pride in these days? The most athletic plants were the rows of hollyhocks by the back paling. They seemed a "reserve," to be called out if the other flower cohorts should fail.

We tried to take up housekeeping in good form. Continuing our vesper walks, we aimed for the shop windows to get ideas. The china shops were trying, but, with much looking, twenty-five dollars' worth of white china, with a band of gold on the edges, was purchased. Its shine was beautiful, but it did not conceal our three-pronged forks.



MRS. STODDARD—from an Old Daguerreotype

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There were waits between the things we bought. The next was a Brussels carpet of superior sort, with enormous scrolls, and leaves unknown to Nature. Its colors were so brilliant it warmed the feet when stepped on. After that came chairs with green "reps," and two great bookcases, finer than all the rest. We little thought then what demoniac behavior these would show. Then I bought an account book. These first month's expenses were out of proportion; for instance:

Grocer		Sundries	
One-half pound of tea,	60c.	Dentist,	$2.00
One dozen eggs,	13c.	Hoops,	3.00

Living was cheap then, and more simple than now. Our rent for two parlors, bedroom and kitchen was $300; porterhouse steak eighteen cents a pound, and Alexander's gloves seventy-five cents a pair. Clothes came to stay then. A winter bonnet was worn all winter, and a summer bonnet all summer. My housekeeping seemed mean in comparison, and at home we should have called it "small potatoes"; for instead of my cellar being filled with winter fruit and vegetables and other provender, and the buttery always full and its row of great milk pans armored with cream, I bought food by the pound and quart, and a can of milk a day for four cents. I brought a servant from New Bedford whose sisters had served in my family, and I remember her look of scorn, especially at Thanksgiving, when only a quart of cranberries came in, and we had but one pumpkin pie. I am sure that cooking is a gift, like poetry. This young girl was a perfect cook, and her wages were six dollars a month. I have never found her equal. At the end of the year she left me, having a prejudice against mothers-in-law, and mine was expected to join us.

Ah me! Sands Street is in my memory, as it was in fact, an oasis; there were no Arabs to steal away with one infesting care. I sometimes felt a little impatience, being alone so much, for, like Jane Eyre's Rochester, I wanted to be "gregarious," and I still missed the open door of the country, where there are so many interests in common—that cheering gossip, which, being transferable, nobody is responsible for. The monotony was soon to be broken. Mr. Stoddard came home one day with an invitation to dine out the next evening. He had met a whilom acquaintance, an enterprising man, who affected literature, had been a Unitarian minister, and at present was the editor of a campaign Democratic newspaper. He was a Bohemian at heart, but I do not think that he patronized true Bohemian life. He had been very kind to Mr. Stoddard, and believed in him when he was little known. Mr. Barton, as I will name him, was now married, he told Mr. Stoddard, and his wife would welcome me. General George P. Morris was to be at the dinner, and some other General whose name I have forgotten. Certainly I wished to go; had I not wailed at the piano, and begged the woodman to spare G. P. M.'s tree? The visit was a thing to remember, and we spent the night.

We arrived first. Mrs. Barton, I soon learned, was a refined, amiable woman with literary intentions. The inside of the house looked as if the occupants had lately come in, or were going out. Mr. Barton presently came in with a market basket and his two Generals, and we sat down to dinner in a small basement room. Mr. Barton's son, a little boy, waited on the table, and his first feat was to tip a plate of soup over the sleeve of my new dress. The dinner was a good one, if it was partly out of the market basket. Mrs. Barton and I left the table and went to walk among the trees and boulders, and after slipping over the latter, went back, and General G. P. Morris was kind enough to sit by me and converse on his poetry. The "woodman's tree" was not "spared," and by implication I understood that *he* was the power on the Home Journal, instead of Willis, and that he was the New York correspondent of a Liverpool paper, and all the time I was thinking he was not a poet. I think he affected a military bearing. I never saw him again, but I heard that he had all his poems beautifully bound, and kept them on his centre-table.

When we began to have fires in our parlor grate and the evenings grew longer, the Muse crept in. It was then that Mr. Stoddard wrote the poem which has taken the most frequent and the longest journeys of any of his poems:

"There are gains for all our losses."

I cannot say whether it was from sympathy or the fervor of poesy, but I, too, attempted to be an Arcadian. I began some verses which cost me infinite strivings and labor, and I never forget the sublime patience of my fellow-poet as I produced a line and read it. He did not ridicule me, or laugh at me, but let me do it. At the proper time and occasion he was the severest critic, and his fiat of "This won't do" *was* final. Looking over some papers lately these verses appeared, and I offer a sample as an object-lesson:

"My goldfinch chirps in his dreams;
The white lilies droop in the odorous air,
My dog is asleep in his master's chair!"

"The roar of the river comes up to my ear
Ere day in my depths of misty brine
The black hulks of the ships will plummet-like sink,
And the white hands of the drowned in the weeds entwine;
Still the living over its bosom float
And the distant lights of the city shine!"

Some weeks before this effort, Paul Hayne, a budding poet then, the nephew of the Hayne of the Webster notoriety, and the editor of a Southern literary journal, came here on his bridal tour and paid us a visit. They were like a couple of children, and the first of our "carriage company," disdaining to walk at all. Mr. Hayne lost his fortune in the Civil War. I had the temerity to send these verses to him, and he not only accepted them, but sent me a check for six dollars, and an apology for its smallness. I am afraid I owed it to his respect and admiration for Mr. Stoddard. We were now beginning to learn what Shakespeare wrote: "There's more that knows Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows." Mr. Stoddard kept up a favorite diversion of frequenting the old and new book-stores and the publishers. At one of them he was introduced to Rev. William C. Richards, who had deferred preaching for a matter of business, and had come to New York as an agent and buyer of books for Southern libraries. He had brought his family, and had taken a house in the newly built-up, or half built-up, Eighteenth Street, off Second Avenue. There was nothing to be done but that Mr. Stoddard should bring me that very evening to see Mrs. Richards and a few friends, and we went. The moment we entered I saw there was to be no formality. Chairs were being brought in from upstairs. As Mr. Richards was a most hospitable man, I think more came than were expected, but it made no difference to Mrs. Richards. She was so affluent herself that the shade of poverty fled from her, though I doubt if Mr. Richards knew then where the next month's rent was to be found. He was a very different man from Mr. Barton, but there were the underlying traits of the adventurer and the spirit of restlessness. Among the company was Alice B. Neal, sister of Mrs. Richards, a popular writer for Appleton, and the young Mrs. Bradley, her sister-in-law, whose friendship was ended by death only recently. Miss Caroline May, a poetess, the author of several volumes of verse, was another of the guild. She sang for us The Long, Long, Weary Day. There was also a very beautiful young girl, related to the Hayne family, who then had an infatuation for Gottschalk, the pianist, and was stage-struck besides. "It was her own choice," she said afterward, "to join Mr. Gottschalk." She failed miserably on the stage, but I know she had great kindness of heart. She had some means and helped the needy; indeed her death was from an act of kindness. She took an ailing dog belonging to a friend to nurse, and died from hydrophobia. I have one more guest to name who came in late: G. P. R. James, who was then English consul at Norfolk; a sturdy, thick-set Englishman, who lightly bore the weight of his novels and "their solitary horseman."

This was my first reception where Mr. Stoddard was a "feature." He was never much of a success as a *lion*; in looks he was well enough, but his roar was small. I may remark here why this was interesting to me, from the fact that the Southerners there knew his work. He was more read in the South then than he was in New England, and always, I believe, the Southern writers came to see him, and wrote to him more than Northerners did even then. One thing I noticed with the former, that they spoke of each other as "gentlemen," not as "men," and that most of them had a touch of the negro dialect.

In an earlier visit to New York a friend had taken me to Miss Lynch's Saturday Evenings in Ninth Street as a looker-on of the literary, artistic, musical creators, such as could not be seen elsewhere, and which made those evenings celebrated. When quite young Miss Lynch was the governess of Professor Horsford's daughters, and when talking together of a career, hers was to be exactly what it proved to be as Miss Lynch and Mrs. Botta, for she was the only one in New York who held a *salon* from forty-eight, or thereabouts, till ninety-four. The house on Ninth Street was let to lodgers, excepting the rooms she and her mother occupied. The receptions were on the first floor. We took our wrappings off in a narrow extension, placing most of them on the floor. My friend expressed a wish that I should meet at her house two young men: Bayard Taylor, and one whose dramatic notices and poems I had seen in the New York Albion, whose name was R. H. Stoddard. Neither appeared, so my imagination was left at large to invoke the figure as I wished it to appear. When I went to the theatre I selected the handsomest, best-dressed dandy in the pit as the probable dramatic critic. When the real person came in view the ideal dropped out entirely.

Nobody knew how Miss Lynch achieved her purpose. She was not handsome nor brilliant, and was poor. At that time it was said she had petitioned every member of the Congress then sitting for a pension on account of her father's services as a purser in the Navy; and she got it. After this it was discovered that she was heir to some land in the West, purchased as waste land, and built upon till it became a part of a city, and valuable. It brought fortune to her, and she bought a handsome house in Twenty-fifth Street, quite uptown then, and married the Italian Professor Botta. She continued the receptions on a larger scale, but the same, except that Professor Botta introduced a punch bowl in the hall window. It was his chief duty to walk about and ask the company if it had had a glass of "poonch." It was not usual then to do anything to amuse us, but once I heard Mr. Story read a poem of his, in silk stockings and pumps, and all the time I was thinking of the stories one of his college chums used to tell me of "Bill Story's" capers, and of my brother's meeting him in Gibraltar, where Mr. Story induced him to buy an enormous deerskin overcoat which he didn't want; but Mr. Story was all that was charming.



MRS. STODDARD IN HER LIBRARY

At Mrs. Botta's in the years following I met great generals, actors, artists, musicians and travelers—one lion to a reception, and a hand of admirers. As a whole, the "upper ten," now diminished to "four hundred," avoided Mrs. Botta's receptions. It may have read books, but writers were ignored. "Society" has never recognized the literary class here. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Botta did not write her recollections; they would have given her more distinction than her poems brought. Her record is one of kindness, and she gave her help to the struggling artist and writer of her day.

A very different woman held receptions for a season. Mrs. Caroline Kirkland, having made a reputation in the West by her New Home; or, Who Will Follow? and other stories, came to New York on a new venture, to edit the Union Magazine. She was that sort of woman of whom people say, "She knows her own mind." When I entered her crowded rooms and heard that continuous talk—roar—I felt my old scare at celebrities creeping over me, and when Mrs. Kirkland accosted me in regard to the foolishness of my marriage, the trepidation was complete. I could not quite say, "What are you going to do about it?" But she was a person of strong sense—a business woman and an able one. When she went to Europe she proved the latter by engaging Bayard Taylor to edit her magazine for twenty dollars a month. What would Mr. Gilder or Mr. Burlingame think of such a salary?

When the late George Putnam started Putnam's Magazine he also started receptions at his house in Sixteenth Street. Mrs. Kirkland encouraged him by saying that his new carpet was the handsomest in New York. We all looked at it and agreed with her. Mr. Putnam gave us most excellent coffee downstairs—an agreeable innovation.

With this group I have two more women who entertained in this fashion: Mrs. Elizabeth Oaksmith, who died at the age of eighty-seven, in 1893, at Hollywood, North Carolina, and Mrs. Cleveland, the sister of Horace Greeley. Mrs. Oaksmith was our first woman lecturer, and a fluent writer. In the opinion of the critics of the day, Poe, Hoffman and the prominent writers, she gained a "national reputation." At sixteen she married Seba Smith, the author of Major Jack Downing's Letters, but, not liking the name, obtained from the Legislature a permit to change it to Oaksmith. Mr. Smith refused to add the Oak, as plain Smith "was good enough for him." Mrs. Oaksmith lived here a short time, and I met her with her sons grown about her. She was, as a true biographer ought to say, "of aristocratic mien": handsome, and one whose will never bent except for her own purpose. Appleton Oaksmith, handsome like his mother, made a stir in our war time. He ran slaves into places where he expected to be safe. It was said he scuttled one vessel with two hundred slaves, while he escaped on his consort ship. He was captured at Fire Island while waiting for a bark to be fitted out as a slaver, and was put in Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren and the Boston jail. His escape from the last made a furor. After the war Appleton was prominent in the South, and died some years after. From here they moved to Patchogue. Mr. Smith died there in 1868, and Mrs. Oaksmith refused to go to his bedside, and when she was brought there for burial there was not a single mourner.

It strikes me in this account of Mrs. Oaksmith I have done more for morals than I have for literature; but to me, with the exception of Charlotte Cushman, she was the most striking woman of the day.

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Not a Question of Evidence

By Elizabeth Phipps Train

IT WAS the "rush" hour at the elevated railway stations. Swarms of passengers pushed, jostled and crowded each other in their frantic efforts to secure accommodations in the homeward-bound trains after the weary working hours of the day were over.

As I felt the crowd surge upon me I set my teeth and vowed by all my gods that they should not prevail to dislodge me. A moment longer, I whispered encouragingly to my failing forces; only a moment—and then, as I was about to mount into the car, a heavy man came jostling so violently against me as nearly to throw me beneath the wheels. Completely out of temper, I gave vent to an angry outburst, and turned to confound the offender with a glare, when to my astonishment I perceived him to be no less a person than Schuyler Newbold, and to my mortification discovered that he was making a very unmistakable attempt to elude my notice by escaping into the adjoining car. As, however, in turning, I caught his glance, he flushed somewhat confusedly, lifted his hat, and, abandoning his intention, murmured a word or two of awkward apology for stumbling against me, and followed me to a seat.

"Has anything happened, Mr. Newbold?" I asked, as we sat down together. "You don't seem yourself. I even think you are bored at having to join me."

Perhaps my remarking upon his abortive effort to escape recognition was not in the best possible taste, but, to tell the truth, I should have perceived another man's attempted avoidance of me with positive indifference compared with the pique which his action inspired. Although I could not flatter myself that Schuyler Newbold could be justly reckoned among the number of my professed admirers, a number which, as in the cases of most young and handsomely jointured widows, was neither small nor of entirely insignificant quality, yet there was among the lot none who so interested and attracted me as this man, of whom I knew and saw less than of any of the others.

I had met him now and again in society, in good, if not great, houses, had heard him spoken of by his associates as the type of a successful self-made man, had received him occasionally in my own house, and had gone greater lengths, perhaps, in the endeavor to make myself agreeable to him than I was commonly disposed to do. And lately it had seemed to me that I was not wholly indifferent to him.

He received my remark with such obvious embarrassment that I could not refrain from scrutinizing him rather closely.

"I—er, to tell the truth——" he stammered, twisting his brown mustache with nervous fingers, "well, to be quite frank with you, Mrs. Allaire, I did want to see a man in the other car."

He did not meet my glance as he spoke, and I knew what he said was a mere fabrication, a subterfuge invented by way of excuse. The thought that he was deceiving me made me furious. I shrugged my shoulders, and in a white heat turned my face to the window, saying coldly:

"How useful a part that other man plays in the lives of your sex! The feminine headache and the male acquaintance of doubtful identity!"

He did not reply at once. His unresponsiveness provoked my curiosity, and I turned and looked at him. His eyes were fixed upon me with a singular intentness. I could not fathom their expression, so varied were its elements. Tenderness, regret, remorse, compunction, despair—all these seemed parts of it.

"You accuse me of prevarication," he returned in a low, uncertain voice, coloring to the roots of his hair. "Well, you are right. My man in the other car was one of straw. I had my own reasons for avoiding you—reasons which—— But I cannot recount them to you. They are natural enough under the circumstances, but you—— I could scarcely hope that you would feel them either acceptable or satisfactory."

There was a curious cadence in his voice which matched the strangeness of his glance. It sounded like shame mingled with contrition, and even tinged with recklessness. As the flush of discomfiture faded from his face I noted that it left his countenance sadly white and drawn. Plainly he was most miserably out of sorts, and the effort of sustaining a conversation upon the simplest topics proved to be beyond his powers. Our residences lay not far apart, and we got out at the same station, he accompanying me courteously to my door. As we walked along side by side his mood of dejection and gloom made so powerful an impression upon me that I was urged by a strong movement of solicitude to extend a helping hand to him, feeling that the moral effect of my good will might be of some value to him even if practical cooperation were denied me.

I shall never forget the look he turned upon me when, somewhat hesitatingly but with great earnestness, I touched upon his apparent trouble and made the proffer of my sympathy, and even of my help and assistance, if such could avail. A woman is not always mistress of her intonations. I had not meant that mine should convey a more intimate degree of concern than I would exhibit toward any acquaintance, but I knew, even as I made the effort to control it, that my voice demonstrated a subtle tenderness and compassion which no merely casual friendliness could have inspired.

"No," he answered slowly, dropping his miserable eyes, from their swift inspection of my face, to the ground, and drawing his under lip sternly in between his teeth, "a woman's help cannot avail in a case like mine, and her sympathy—your sympathy—— May God prevent my becoming quite such a hound as to take advantage of that."

We had reached my doorstep. I held out my hand with a gesture full of meaning.

"Mr. Newbold," said I, "I have no right to trouble you further with my inquiries, and I do not wish to seem persistent. But a woman's help is not always to be despised. We sometimes——" I hesitated. I was treading on delicate ground, as I knew, and it behooved me to move discreetly—"are complete mistresses of our properties; frequently we have funds lying idle; we often are in search of good investments, and, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, occasionally we are capable of keeping our own counsels. I know that there are times when temporary loans——"

He broke in upon me with almost violent deprecation.

"Don't, Mrs. Allaire! Don't, I beg of you!" he cried, his face grown white and working strangely, his eyes full of passionate self-upbraiding, "not that! If you only knew! When you learn——" He stopped short, and for an instant looked me full in the face, then turned on his heel. "Good-by," he said huskily; "good-by. I shall not ask you to think kindly of me if we do not meet again. That, perhaps, would be too much to expect. But I will ask you, for the sake of a man who has done his level best and failed, to think as well of me as you can."

I ascended to my chamber to lay aside my street gown, with my mind brooding upon Schuyler Newbold and the mystery of his manner and conversation. I submitted myself to the hands of my maid in silence, which was respected by her until a sharp exclamation on my part drew a "*Plait-il, madame?*" from her lips.

"My purse!" I cried, having plunged my hand into my pocket in search of that article, only to find it gone. "It has been stolen, Julie, and with it five hundred dollars that I drew this afternoon from the bank. But—why, what is this, Julie? Look here!"

Mistress and maid, two curious and excited women, leveled to the same rank by a common impulse, held to be the dominant characteristic of our sex, we bent our heads together over the object which, in lieu of my purse, I had drawn from my pocket—a large, massive gold band, into which was sunk a huge, and apparently magnificent sapphire.

"*Mais, madame, c'est la bague d'un monsieur!*" exclaimed Julie. "*Vraiment, c'est la bague d'un géant!*"

"And how, in the name of all that is mysterious, came it in my pocket, Julie?" I cried, gazing at it in stupefaction. "It must have slipped from the finger of the scoundrel who robbed me. Stolen by him, I suppose, from some one else."

Julie at once approved my penetration.

"*C'est bien ça, madame,*" she coincided, with a duck of her sleek head.

I must confess that, notwithstanding my interest in Schuyler Newbold and his unhappy circumstances, my own fortunes or misfortunes—as one chooses to consider an event which enriched while it preyed upon me—engrossed a fair share of my thoughts that night, and early in the morning I dispatched my companion, Mrs Eels, to the police station to report my loss and enter a description of the article substituted in its place, while, urged by curiosity as to its value, I myself took the ring to my jewelers to have its worth appraised. I offered no remarks concerning it beyond stating that I desired an estimate of the value of the stone.

The expert to whom I applied, and to whom I was well known, smiled as he took the ring from me.

"You ladies," he said, weighing the bauble lightly in his hand and making no offer to examine it, "are curiously skeptical, I find, in the matter of second-hand jewelry. You are rarely content to accept our certificates without oral confirmation."

"I had no certificate with this," I replied. "Indeed, I was not aware that such were ever issued. I have never received one with a purchase. Did this ring come from here?"

"Yes," he answered. "It is an exceedingly rare stone—a registered gem. With such we always deliver a voucher. When I sold it to Mr. Henry W. Thornton two years ago I gave him a memorandum of its market value at that time and of its number on our books. He had the misfortune to lose the voucher, and yesterday, when Mr. Newbold, to whom he sold it——"

"Mr. Newbold!" I ejaculated in an almost frightened voice.

"Mr. Schuyler Newbold," the man affirmed, regarding me curiously. "You had it from him, I suppose? I inferred from what he said that it was his intention to raise money on it, but I imagined that it was only a matter of temporary embarrassment. I had no idea of anything serious. The failure——"

"Failure!" I cried, interrupting him again.

"You had not heard?" he asked. "Yes, Newbold & Jameson have been obliged to assign, I regret to say. One of our boys has just brought in the news from the bulletin boards, and worse still——" his voice dropped to a graver key, "there are rumors that Mr. Newbold has absconded."

I pondered upon the matter throughout the rest of the day and late into the night, coming to one conclusion, at least, capable of being acted upon. However it had come into my possession, the ring was not mine, but Schuyler Newbold's. Even if intentionally bestowed upon me in exchange for the contents of my purse, its value was so in excess of the amount I had lost that for me to retain it in the face of my knowledge of its ownership would be usury, even dishonesty. I felt it absolutely necessary that I communicate with the man to whom it belonged.

And so, on the following morning, I took a cab and drove to the offices of Newbold & Jameson, whose failure I had heard confirmed. The junior partner received me courteously, although somewhat under protest, as I could perceive. I asked for Mr. Newbold. Mr. Newbold, he replied, with a tinge of rising color reddening his florid skin, was out of town. I then requested his address. The flush upon his cheeks deepened. It would be useless, he said, to give it to me, as his partner was expected to return almost immediately. It was doubtful if he would receive any communication forwarded to him. Suddenly I recalled the hitherto unheeded remark which had terminated the information that the jeweler had imparted to me. There were rumors, he had said, that Mr. Newbold had absconded. Preoccupied with the newly discovered fact of his apparently well-established guilt toward myself, I had lost sight of the hint of a larger criminality toward the public. I daresay there was a new significance in the look I upraised to Mr. Jameson, for his eyes fell before it.



"I SAW SCHUYLER NEWBOLD LYING THERE"

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"It is absolutely necessary that I communicate with Mr. Newbold," I insisted. "It is for his own sake that I ask his address. You need have no fear in giving it to me. I shall"—I spoke with pointed deliberation—"I shall impart it to no one else."

Mr. Jameson's face became crimson, and a resentful glitter came into his eyes. I had produced a visible effect, but without result. He simply persisted in declining to give me the needed information on the ground of his partner's immediate return, and advised me to send whatever communication I had for Mr. Newbold to his office, promising that it should be delivered to him at the earliest possible moment.

Perceiving that further solicitation was useless, I then had recourse to a bit of feminine strategy. While we had been conversing I had surreptitiously removed the glove from my left hand. This, under pretense of using my handkerchief, I now withdrew from my muff, bringing the sapphire ring, which was with difficulty held in place upon the third finger by means of a guard, directly beneath my companion's observation. I saw him start and look searchingly at me. His color changed, his manner grew confused, he became visibly embarrassed, and after a moment's hesitation broke forth into apologies.

I smiled consciously, and murmured some conventional phrase calculated to set him at ease.

"But I had no idea, you know," he stammered contritely. "Mrs. Allaire," he went on, in a pained and mortified voice, glancing around as if to assure himself that there were no eavesdroppers thereabouts, "I do not tell you Newbold's address because I cannot. I do not know it myself."

"Then," I burst forth harshly, "what they say of him is true! He has ab——"

He interrupted me with an angry exclamation.

"It is false!" he exclaimed. "Something has happened to him. I don't know what; but not that. No honester man lives to-day than Schuyler Newbold."

I returned home. Several days passed, bringing no tidings of the missing man. The reports of his defalcation strengthened. He had been the financial man of the concern, and had borrowed considerable sums of money on his personal credit, hoping, doubtless, to tide over a crisis caused by the failure of two or three large firms which had been heavily indebted to his house. Two of the largest of these notes had fallen due upon the day when I had met him, the day which likewise proved to be the date of his disappearance, and, as they had been once or twice renewed, the holders had declined to extend them further.

Mr. Jameson's position was most uncomfortable. His attempt to shield his partner's mysterious conduct by assuming to possess information of his whereabouts naturally was obliged to yield, with the passage of time and the importunities of his creditors, to a frank acknowledgment of his ignorance. A man who criminally turns to his own advantage the good faith of his friends can hardly hope to retain the respect of the community, particularly when he evades even the pretense of self-justification. Scarcely three days passed after the date of the assignment before Schuyler Newbold's name had become a term of reproach, his reputation a torn and tattered ensign. On the fourth day, however, before any statement had been made by the assignees, some one took over the worthless notes, and at the same time a considerable block of a certain excellent, dividend-paying stock was placed on the market. Singularly enough, the transaction was made through my lawyer, acting for some client who wished to remain unknown.

This evidence of confidence in the absent bankrupt had some effect, I rejoice to say, on public sentiment. People began to remark that if Newbold's private obligations had been met, however mysteriously, it might be as well to suspend judgment until events should either confirm the appearance of guilt in his flight, or he should himself appear to explain it. Furthermore, the statement of the assignees, published upon the following day, proved far more satisfactory than people had anticipated. The failure was by no means a bad one, and it was quite possible that affairs might be so readjusted as to allow the house to continue business. Meanwhile, where was Schuyler Newbold? That was the question which everybody was asking. On the very day of the publication of the assignees' statement I set about resuming my usual routine of life, which had been sadly interrupted by anxiety over the affair. Among the duties which ordinarily engaged me was that of hospital visiting, and upon that day, immediately after luncheon, I set out for the B—— Street Hospital, where I was a frequent visitor.

I happened to run directly upon Doctor Elliott, the house surgeon, upon entering the place, who hailed me with acclaim, and conducted me to his office, saying that he had been looking for me for several days.

"I have something here," he said, "which I think may belong to you. At least, your card is in it. Look! Do you recognize this?" He handed me an object which I greeted with a cry of surprise.

"My purse! Doctor Elliott, where did you get it?"

"From a patient who was brought into the hospital some days ago, and who has been in an unconscious state almost ever since, unable to identify himself."

I asked for a description of the man. The Doctor gave it so graphically that I could not doubt to whom it applied.

My heart sank a moment at finding my conclusions as to my pickpocket's identity thus confirmed. A moment later it leaped with relief at the suggestion that Schuyler Newbold's presence in the hospital was itself an extenuating circumstance—that he had acted under conditions of physical derangement which must acquit him of moral responsibility.

I turned to Doctor Elliott. "I think I know your patient," I said. "He is a friend of mine. He is Schuyler Newbold, of the firm of Newbold & Jameson. You may have heard of their suspension, and of his mysterious disappearance. On what day did he fall ill?"

The Doctor consulted his book. "He was admitted on Thursday afternoon, late," he announced.

"Ah!" I cried exultantly, for it had been on that day that we had ridden home together, and I rejoiced at finding how well my theory was being borne out by facts.

"But," the Doctor went on, "we can scarcely call it falling ill, my dear Mrs. Allaire. Mr. Newbold is not suffering from the result of natural causes, you know. I have scarcely ever examined a man who seemed to have been in a sounder condition than he previous to his accident. I thought I had told you that he was suffering from concussion of the brain due to a collision with an automobile on the corner here."

And so my house of cards fell in a heap to the ground! At the Doctor's invitation I visited the public ward where his patient was lying to make sure that my inference was correct. Ah! the tide of pity and tenderness that surged through my heart as I saw Schuyler Newbold lying there, helpless and unconscious!

As I returned through the corridor with Doctor Elliott I directed him to have Mr. Newbold removed to a private room at once, and to see to it that he had every comfort which the hospital could provide, saying that I would take it upon me to communicate with his friends, and that until they should come forward the sum of money which had been in my purse might be applied to the necessary expenses of the case. The Doctor looked at me with lifted brows.

"You forget, I think," he observed, "that when you delivered your purse into Mr. Newbold's keeping it was as empty as Lucy Locket's celebrated pocket."

"Oh, no," I cried impulsively, "you are mistaken, Doctor. I had a considerable amount in it: five hundred dollars in bills and a little Russian kopeck, a pocket-piece. If it was empty it must have been rifled by some one in the crowd."

Doctor Elliott shook his head.

"I think not," he said. "It so happened that I was passing at the time Mr. Newbold was run down. I was the first person to reach him, and I remained in close attendance until he was placed in the ambulance. Prior to that I had taken the precaution to search his pockets for any valuables that they might contain." The Doctor spoke somewhat severely. Apparently his suspicions were aroused.

A week passed, a week of miserable doubt and disquietude. And then one night I found myself compelled to fulfill an engagement long ago undertaken, to chaperon a small party at the apartments of a bachelor of my acquaintance. The resources in the way of entertainment were many, the chief diversion being a sleight-of-hand performance by a prestidigitateur lately come into fashion. The man's appearance was rather engaging, and his face seemed vaguely known to me, but locate him I could not.

He had done some really novel and extraordinary things which had been received with much applause by his audience, when he finally announced that he would conclude his efforts by transferring, without apparent means, a small coin which he held up for inspection, from his own position upon the platform to any receptacle in the room which might be agreed upon without his knowledge; that he would not remove the article thence himself, but would allow any one selected by the audience to do so.

I, sitting at some distance from him, could not very well distinguish the coin, but when, a few moments later, having been chosen to discover if the trick had succeeded, I opened the drawer of the little cigar cabinet in which it was to have been deposited according to the universal wish, I could not restrain a cry, for there lay my little Russian kopeck, mine unmistakably by virtue of certain tiny distinguishing marks which the donor had caused to be engraved upon it under a microscope, and which appeared mere scratches to the naked eye. And as I beheld the coin I suddenly remembered where I had first seen this certainly remarkable trickster. As I had turned to confront Schuyler Newbold upon entering the car that memorable day this man's face had peered out at me for an instant over his shoulder.

My little outburst was naturally ascribed to surprise at the success of the trick, but when presently the prestidigitateur approached to claim his coin I withheld it, saying archly that I must retain it as a souvenir of so remarkable an occasion. To which the fellow, flattered by my interest, acceded.

It is scarcely necessary for me to continue my tale further. The most ordinary imagination can furnish from these data the explanation of the robbery and its accompanying substitution of ring for pocketbook. When taxed by my lawyer the juggler made no pretense of concealing the methods he had employed. All the circumstances had tended to make his task an easy one—the pressure of the crowd, the preoccupation of Schuyler Newbold, my own concentration of attention upon the difficult business of maintaining a foothold upon the platform.

"The ring was an unexpected find," the fellow declared. "I was about to nip his watch guard when I came upon it in monsieur's vest pocket. It was unlucky for me that monsieur's fingers are of a grander size than my own. So it was that it slipped into the pocket of madame when I sought for her purse. Why did I place the purse in monsieur's pocket after possessing myself of the contents?" He laughed. "It is ever better to let what you call incriminating evidence be found upon another than upon one's self."

. . . . . .

"But one thing I must know," I said to Schuyler one evening just before we were married, when we were talking over the affair. Ah, have I said nothing to indicate that we were married, do you say? Well, that is not properly incidental to this narrative, which was undertaken merely to show how easily an innocent man may fall under the suspicion of guilt, and so I have not dwelt upon it. "I must know for what reason you tried to escape me that day? And, moreover, why you neglected to take my hand at parting?"

He colored to the roots of his hair.

"Must I tell you, dear?" he deprecated.

"You must," I insisted firmly.

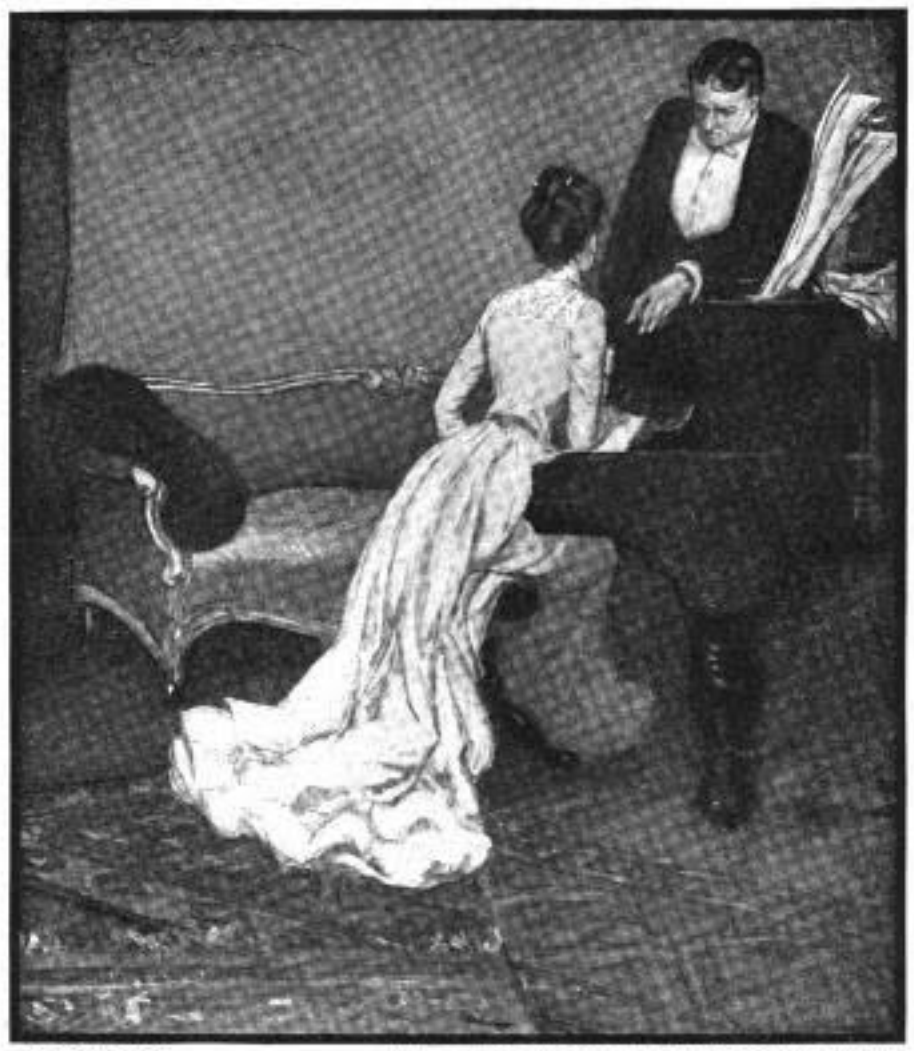
"You forgive me in advance?" he besought, still unmistakably reluctant. I smiled.

"Then," said he with a shamefaced manner, "it was for this. As I stood waiting behind you in that beastly crowd a diabolical suggestion occurred to me. I had loved you a long time. I felt that you even cared a little for me. Why, whispered expediency, don't you propose to her now? The announcement of your engagement to Oscar Allaire's widow would stand you in good stead. You see?"

I nodded, with tears in my eyes. "So," I remarked, "you fought and tried to run away?"

He nodded.

"Yes," said he, raising my hand to his lips, "but I lived to be conquered another day."



DRAWN BY F. C. YOHN

"I MUST KNOW FOR WHAT REASON YOU TRIED TO ESCAPE ME THAT DAY"

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR



PHOTO BY PACH BROS.

GEN. JOHN M. WILSON



PHOTO BY GERTRUDE KASEBIER, NEW YORK

ZITKALA-SA



PHOTO BY CHIVAS & CO.

DENNISON WHEELOCK

Indians at Paris

The Carlisle Indian School is to be represented at the Paris Exposition by its military band of fifty-five pieces. Not all of the members are Carlisle students, other Indian schools throughout the country having contributed their most talented players, so that the organization is, in fact, a representative body, and is designed to illustrate the effect of education on the savage. The band was trained by its present director, Dennison Wheelock, himself a full-blooded Oneida, born on the Wisconsin Agency and educated at Carlisle. Mr. Wheelock is a firm believer in the musical possibilities of his people, and is an enthusiast on the subject of a national school of music builded on original Indian themes. He has composed several orchestral pieces, aboriginal suites and native dances, which, rendered by the band under his leadership, are decidedly novel and interesting. The vocal interpolations, snatches of song and ecstatic cries are especially effective, and ought to give a grateful flip to the sated Parisian senses.

As an agent for the Government, employed in gathering children for the different schools, Mr. Wheelock has had opportunity to study the music of nearly every tribe in the United States and has collected a vast number of themes and motifs. He has found no tribe wholly destitute of musical expression, and there is a certain uniformity in the compositions of all the nations. A savage invariably sings to express his own emotions and not to excite or influence his auditors. An Indian love-song, for example, is never sung in the presence of the beloved. The swain does not disturb the slumbers of his prospective parents-in-law by moonlight serenades outside the young woman's tepee. He gives voice to his passionate numbers at a distance from the village, alone in the early dawn. How the knowledge of his tribute ever reaches the girl is not apparent.

The only woman accompanying the orchestra is Zitkala-Sa, who plays the violin and recites poems of Indian life. She is a Sioux from the Yankton Agency of South Dakota. She has shown a marked bent toward literature, in addition to her musical gifts, and articles from her pen on special phases of native life and character have attracted much attention. Her writings show a decidedly artistic temperament. Although an educated and highly civilized woman, she declines to be called by her English name, preferring to be known simply as Zitkala-Sa, the Redbird. She has a passionate love for her race.

Mr. Dolliver's Famous Hog Peroration

Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives, is a son-in-law of D. K. Pearsons, the millionaire philanthropist of Chicago, and, in spite of his wealth, he has won an enviable place in Congress solely on his merits during his twelve years of service. Mr. Dolliver is an eloquent speaker, and when he is set down for a speech the visitors' gallery is sure to be filled. He is particularly apt at repartee and most members fight shy of a running debate with him. Mr. Dolliver is perhaps best known by his peroration on the question of admitting American pork into European markets.

"I hope the time will come," he said, "when the American hog with a curl of contentment in his tail and a smile of pleasure on his face may travel untrammeled through the markets of the world."

But that time has not yet arrived, in spite of Mr. Dolliver's eloquence.

Kate Masterson's First Poem

Kate Masterson, the poet and humorist, thus describes the beginning of her literary career:

"I was at school in Brooklyn when I first sent a poem to Judge, signing it Kittie K. It was accepted and published with an illustration, and my cup of joy was brimming. When I got a check for two dollars I effervesced. I then sent some verses to Puck, which was then edited by H. C. Bunner. They were also signed Kittie K, but were written from a masculine point of view, and as I wrote a very gentlemanly hand, Bunner evidently came to the conclusion that I was a boy. He sent me some very funny letters and I replied, keeping up the idea that I was a very fresh, slangy boy. He accepted the verses, She Stood on the Stair, and they were published in a Christmas number with a picture. As this was only the second poem I had sold in my life, you can imagine how wildly anxious I was to have it appear. I bothered Bunner with inquiries, for, of course, that was the only poem on earth to me just then. I recollect finally writing him, 'Do you think my poem will be published during my lifetime?'

"He wrote me: 'My dear boy, I cannot say if your poem will be published during your lifetime, as I do not know when you are going to die.'"

How Mr. Rogers Kept His Word

Mr. Henry Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate of New York, is the guardian angel of the little town of Fairhaven, Massachusetts. It was there he was born, and there as a boy he earned his first money carrying newspapers. To-day Fairhaven boasts of a library and a town hall—gifts outright from him—and on the principal street stands an ideal building, the Rogers School.

This structure is a fulfillment of a pledge made years ago, when Mr. Rogers was a small, serious-minded boy, who delighted to sit in the company of older people. It was in the grocery store one day that he ventured to remark that he thought Fairhaven ought to have a new school.

To those who listened a new school meant increased taxes.

"Wall," drawled out the spokesman, "I think so, too; why don't you build one? You might save up for a starter."

There was a chorus of "haw, haws," as the small boy slid off the top of the barrel to the floor and then drew himself up, his face red and burning. "I'll do it," he said, "and I'll give some of you people a chance to put the furniture in it when it's finished."

The episode ended there. The boy grew, went to Pennsylvania and thence to Brooklyn. One day it was announced that Mr. Rogers was going to build a school in Fairhaven. When it was almost finished he went back. On the main street he met the scoffer of his boyhood.

"I'm waiting for that furniture," he said.

The man laughed a little sheepishly, but said nothing.

"But never mind," Mr. Rogers went on, "I guess I'll put it in myself, but I want you to be on hand to see I have kept my word."

Pilkerton Won the Race

The first sub-contractor to begin work on the New York rapid-transit tunnel was James Pilkerton, known to most New Yorkers as a leading contractor, but still more widely known as the champion sculler of America for many years. Mr. Pilkerton has brought into his business the same pluck and force that kept him so long at the head of Yankee oarsmen. This pluck is neatly illustrated by a hitherto unpublished anecdote of a happening at one of the regattas of the National Association of American Oarsmen during the early nineties. Mr. Pilkerton was matched to row double against another team. He and his mate were the champions, and the general belief was that they would win without effort. But the night before the regatta public opinion suddenly and mysteriously changed. Mr. Pilkerton knew that this was not caused by any new development of strength in his opponents or any loss of skill on his own part. After making some quiet inquiries he discovered that there was talk of his rowing mate having been bought up by the other side and of an arrangement to throw the race.

He didn't say anything about his suspicions, but when the two men were seated in the shell and were well out into the deep water he leaned over to his mate and said:

"Look here, you blooming cut-throat. You've got to swim, drown, or win this race. You know me!" He was

Miss Heyer on Flower-Girls

Miss Grace Heyer, who has made such a pleasant impression as Babbie, the gypsy girl in The Little Minister, owes much of her success to having studied flower-girls all over the world. She finds that the Japanese and Hawaiians have the greatest love for buds and blossoms and, next to them, the people living on the shores of the Mediterranean. Flower-girls usually love music and dancing. The French and Italians, especially the Neapolitans, are clever in conversation and often quick at repartee. At Naples a pretty flower-girl sighed as she handed a bunch of glorious roses to her customer.

"Oh, Signorina, I hate to part with them. Each has a soul within its body!"

"Why part with them, then?"

"Because I must look after my own soul and body."

"In the Mohammedan countries and those like Greece where Islam exerts a strong influence, the flower-girls," says Miss Heyer, "are all boys and men. In China they are stalwart coolies. There flowers are marvelously cheap, a huge bouquet of two hundred blossoms costing but five cents."

General Wilson's Highest Achievement

One of the best-known men in Washington is General John M. Wilson, Chief of Engineers of the United States Army. Few officers have finer war records. He is a graduate of West Point in the class of 1860. He served throughout the war, and was promoted many times for gallantry and distinguished services. After the war he was for a time Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. It would take a column to tell all of the engineering work which he superintended, but it included the completion of the Washington Monument, and several of the important Government buildings in Washington. General Wilson's great ability was recognized a few years ago by Columbian University, which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



SENATOR LINDSAY



HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW



J. G. CANNON

Breaking All Records

The Fifty-sixth Congress is going to distance all the records in the history of the Government. Of the Congress that preceded it the same thing was said, which goes to show that each year the enormous development of the country is imposing larger and more multitudinous duties upon the national legislation. In the Fifty-fifth Congress there were 18,663 bills and joint results in both houses — 12,808 in the House and 5855 in the Senate. Of these only 1457 became laws. This, of course, is the total for the two sessions.

The present Congress has not yet finished its first session, and yet the total is already nearly 12,000 bills in the House, nearly 5000 in the Senate, and about 300 joint resolutions. At this rate the Fifty-sixth Congress bids fair to exceed a total of 25,000 bills and joint resolutions before it reaches the end of its term on March 4, 1901.

Some Troubles with New Members

Congress was interesting from the start. In the Senate there was a Republican majority of twenty. In the House there was a Republican majority of fifty-six. In every branch of the Government the Republican party was in control. On November 21, Vice-President Garret A. Hobart died. When Congress met on December 4, Honorable William P. Frye, of Maine, was chosen presiding officer of the Senate. The same day Honorable David B. Henderson, of Iowa, was elected Speaker of the House. Everything passed off smoothly in the House in the swearing in of the members until Utah was called. At the sound of the name Brigham H. Roberts, Mr. Tayler, of Ohio, arose and said: "I object to the swearing in of the Representative-elect from Utah, and to his taking his seat." A committee was appointed, and testimony was taken showing conclusively that Brigham H. Roberts was a polygamist and incompetent under the laws of the United States to be a member of Congress. The main question was the manner of getting rid of him, but the protest against him was so great that this difficulty counted little. The moral sense of the country was aroused and Roberts was overwhelmingly voted out.

It was well known that Mr. Clark had been elected to the Senate by the Montana Legislature after prodigal expenditures. Mr. Clark admitted that he had spent between $150,000 and $160,000 in his campaign, and there were other circumstances to show that this enormous sum was only part of the total, which has been variously estimated up to as high as $600,000 — with how much truth it is impossible accurately to determine. At any rate the committee reported unanimously that the seat occupied by Mr. Clark should be declared vacant. In the meanwhile Senator Quay, whom the Legislature of Pennsylvania had failed to elect, and who had received a certificate of appointment from the Governor of his State, was trying to get back into his old seat which he had occupied for eighteen years. The personal friendships which he had formed aided his cause greatly, and though he was going against all the precedents of the Senate, he was confident of success. The vote was one of the most exciting and one of the closest in the whole history of Congress. One vote would have admitted him, but it happened to be on the other side. These two cases gave a great impetus to the movement for the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people, and on April 13 the House of Representatives adopted a resolution for a Constitutional amendment providing for that change by the extraordinary vote of 230 to 15.

A New Brand of Freedom for Puerto Rico

One of the incidents that will last in American history was the treatment of Puerto Rico by the present Congress. Spain allowed the 800,000 people of this island free trade, manhood suffrage, sixteen full deputies and four senators to the Cortez at Madrid, and twelve representatives in the local municipal assemblies. President McKinley in his message to the Fifty-sixth Congress said: "Our plain duty is to abolish all custom tariffs between the United States and Puerto Rico and give her products free access to our markets." On January 8 last, General Davis, the Governor-General of Puerto Rico, appeared before a committee of the House of Representatives.

"With free trade with the United States will the people of Puerto Rico be able to work out their salvation?" asked Mr. Cannon, of Illinois.

"Quite able to support themselves," he replied, "and besides, to contribute much to the wealth of the United States whenever the island is put upon a sound basis."

Three weeks after this there was an unexpected change. A tariff was proposed, and then followed those well-remembered developments which ended in the driving through both houses of Congress of a new measure. Some of the more independent members, both of the House and the Senate, rebelled, but the party organization was too strong for the majority. The bill passed the Senate by a vote of 40 to 31. This measure puts over Puerto Rico a governor, gives the Puerto Ricans the smaller part of a legislative assembly and keeps in American hands the real authority. Even if this legislative assembly passes laws they must be subject to the revision of the Congress of the United States. Its judges are appointed by the President of the United States. It does not even allow Puerto Ricans to send a non-voting delegate to Congress, but creates a resident commissioner of Puerto Rico to represent the colony in Washington.

And in addition to all that it imposes a fifteen per cent. tariff on Puerto Rican trade.

The nation was humiliated and aroused to protest by this Puerto Rican incident. Almost the entire press of the country declared its opposition, and one of the extraordinary facts was that some of the staid scientific journals which never touched politics before in all their careers could not resist the temptation to express themselves. Almost every word that came from the pulpit or the rostrum outside of Congress was a protest against the violation of the given promise of the nation.

The argument for the bill was one of expediency — that it was better to raise the necessary revenues in this indirect way, and that in any event every penny would be devoted to Puerto Rico. Beyond all this was the broader fact that if the United States Government should give free trade to Puerto Rico it would have to do the same to the Philippines, and thus open the gates for the Eastern invasion of cheap products and cheap labor. But at the same time the fact remains to-day that the 800,000 Puerto Ricans, like the two million Americans one hundred and twenty-five years ago, are enjoying the privileges of taxation and pleasures without representation.

Money and Trusts

One act of Congress that will have a decided effect upon the coming Presidential campaign is the new financial law that placed the Government upon a gold basis. This will do more to keep business steady and to ward off the usual Presidential campaign panic than any other thing. No one seems seriously to think that it will be changed in spite of all the free silver talk, even if the Democrats should carry the fall elections, for the Senate is surely Republican for the next five years.

The Nicaragua Canal has had its usual experience. The pension laws are still unreformed. The reorganization of the army has been begun. More money has been appropriated for the navy than by any Congress in our history, the total being about $63,000,000. It was only a few years ago that Speaker Reed, in reply to the taunt that the appropriations by Congress would amount to a billion dollars, exclaimed, "This is a billion dollar country." We have now passed beyond that stage. We are rapidly nearing the point when instead of being a billion dollar country for two years we shall be spending a billion annually.

In one omission at least this Congress is more remarkable than in its various commissions. The whole country has been disturbed by the trust issue. President McKinley denounced it in his message. Every newspaper has debated it; every political convention has proclaimed against it in its platform. Both parties are committed to the capture and the taming of the monster, and yet absolutely nothing has been done by the Fifty-sixth Congress to halt or to hinder any corporation or combination.

Former Congressmen Who Settle Elsewhere

It has been announced that Senator Lindsay, whose term expires soon and who will be succeeded by the Honorable "Joe" Blackburn, will go to New York to practice law. It is another illustration of the many of how public life scatters people. There are, of course, many who cling to their districts; such a man as Mr. Cannon, for instance, whose life has been given to the public service, and who would feel out of politics somehow as a duck feels out of water, and who will probably remain in Congress all his days. Senator Depew will serve his term and enjoy the social and post-prandial experiences of Washington life, where he is one of the most interesting figures. But accidents happen and some of the famous men in politics find themselves unelected. It is then that many of them seek other fields for their abilities. For instance, ex-Secretary Carlisle is now in New York, where there could be summoned possibly a quorum of ex-Congressmen any day in the week. Former Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, lives in Philadelphia because the climate is better suited to his health, and thus the distribution goes on, and it is not surprising that Senator Lindsay should go to the metropolis where the rewards of law are larger, even though he did recently write an interesting article on the social attractions of Kentucky.

The salary of $5000 a year for Representatives and Senators, with $8000 for the Speaker and for the President of the Senate, scarcely covers the living expenses of a Congressman. The cost of living grows greater every year in Washington, and the average Congressman, unless he have private means, finds when he gets out of office that the bread-and-butter problem is very real. Of course the public life broadens a man, and he naturally seeks a larger field for his efforts.

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MOBS, CYCLONES and ADVENTURES

From the Notes of W. C. Coup

Edited by Forrest Crissey

IN A LIFETIME spent with the circus I have learned the heart of the people. I have felt the pulse of the multitudes who have made the history of the West. This insight into conditions of things in the West brought me many and varied experiences, some of which were rough and severe. They had their interesting sides, however, and many of them are worth the telling, if for no other reason than to throw light upon the character of the people with whom we had to deal. That the show was appreciated by these frontiersmen there can be no doubt.

In the early days it was the custom to have a concert in a side tent before and after the regular performance in the circus. At one place where we stopped the people paid their money and went in and enjoyed the concert; but so well pleased were they that they insisted upon a repetition of the performance. At the point of their pistols they compelled the poor minstrels to continue their antics nearly all night, until ready to drop from sheer exhaustion.

Forcible Argument with a City Marshal

At one time, while in Texas, we were doing an act called An Indian Chase for a Wife, in which we used several guns with blank cartridges. The act opened with a lively fusilade and the reports brought a great crowd to the tent. The Texans appeared to come from every direction, many of them with revolvers ready cocked. The fact that many of them had been drinking greatly increased the perils of our situation. After careful consideration of these facts I decided not to give a night performance, and ordered an early supper so as to be able to load by daylight and, if possible, get out of town before nightfall. The seats were soon taken out and the side wall was dropped.

I sat in the cook tent, eating dinner, when a great crowd suddenly surrounded us. The leader, who claimed to be the town marshal, had his revolver pointed directly at my head, and I could see by the inflamed condition of his features that he, like the rest, had been drinking heavily. Realizing my danger, I knocked the pistol down and it went off between my feet. This was taken as the signal for a rush toward me, the crowd evidently thinking I had shot at the marshal. The noise attracted the concourse that had just left the circus and they drew up in line with revolvers cocked. A slaughter of showmen was clearly imminent.

I leaped upon a box and tried to pacify the infuriated Texans, while receiving, at the same time, their abuse. I was entirely ignorant of the cause of the disturbance and demanded to be informed of the reason of the uprising. Getting no reply, I appealed to them as law-abiding citizens, and for the first time in my life this appeal was useless.

By this time our entire force had collected, and as the show was the "First Hippodrome" and altogether the largest circus ever in the South, we had at least five hundred attachés, three hundred of whom were powerful fellows and well armed. This was the first time that I had ever thought of permitting my people to fight. Our gang was headed by my boss canvasman, "Put." I momentarily expected the attack, but just as I got down from the box a detective who was hired to travel with the show rushed upon the scene and yelled: "In the name of the United States Government, whose officer I am, I command peace!" It was surprising to see that crowd scatter, and certainly this was a masterstroke on the part of the detective. He earned more that day than I ever paid the agency for his services. In ten minutes all was calm and peaceful.

Breaking Camp Under a Hot Rifle Fire

In 1859 two Philadelphia friends of mine were going to make a trip South, and offered me big inducements to join them, which I accepted. We started from Philadelphia, making our way slowly through the different States, with the usual routine of wagon-show life. No event of importance occurred until we reached Missouri. It was a most foolish trip to undertake, for the people were then so embittered by the John Brown raid that we were in constant danger. First came a tirade of the fiercest abuse and this soon led into a regular knock-down fight, which speedily developed into a shooting-scrape lasting several hours. We were compelled to defend ourselves by every method at our command. Our men were marshaled inside the tent and armed with long, heavy stakes which looked like guns and were really formidable weapons. The wagons and other available goods were grouped in a circle, and behind this pioneer fortification the men paced with their long stakes at their shoulders like the guns of sentries. In the dim light thrown by the torches they certainly looked like armed men. So formidable was our appearance the enemy thought us armed with Winchesters. By putting on this bold front the canvasmen were able to get all the loose stuff into the wagons, leaving the tents standing until the last. Finally these also were taken down and loaded. Then came the most perilous undertaking of all. To get our horses from the stables seemed at first an absolute impossibility. It was the custom, at that time, to stable our horses wherever space could be found for them, and as Granby was only a small village, nearly every stable contained one or more of our horses. We divided the men into two gangs, one of which was left to guard the property on the grounds.

Our show was situated in the public square and was thus surrounded by houses and stores, all of which were filled with armed men. By the dim light we could see our enemies running from house to house with guns in their hands. The second detachment of our men was sent to gather in the scattered horses. And a lively time they had accomplishing that business! Shot after shot was fired at them while the horses were being driven into the corral. Fortunately, however, neither man nor horse was hit.

Ambushed and Shot at on the Road

We remained quiet until daylight, keeping constant guard, for we feared an attack at any moment; but toward daybreak we could see that the ranks of our enemy were thinning out. After careful deliberation I gave the order to march. Just as the first team was leaving the square the sharpshooters opened a vicious fire from the windows and doors of houses and stores. Practically every shot brought down a horse. Strange to say, we could not discover that a single man had been struck. Our men instantly fell into line and began firing together, but as we had only pistols the fight was against us. As our enemies were safely concealed in stores and buildings, only a few exposing themselves to our pistols, we fought at great odds. However, we kept up a rapid fusilade and under this heavy fire we managed to get out into the open country, leaving our dead horses on the village square. Once safely outside and beyond the range of the enemy we paused for roll-call and found that three of our men were dead. This put the spirit of fight into every man in the company and there was almost an eagerness to have another encounter.

Proceeding cautiously on our way, we came to a stream spanned by an old-fashioned bridge. The first chariot being a very heavy one, the bridge was carried down, throwing the wagon, horses, driver and men into the water twenty feet below. Soon firing was again heard and two more horses fell. This proved my suspicion that the beams had been cut for the purpose of wrecking us and of trapping us where we could be slaughtered. The next shots brought several of my brave men to the ground—dead in their tracks! The enemy, being in ambush, had us at great disadvantage; but my men were so thoroughly aroused and so fearless that we soon drove our assailants back. This last plucky onslaught won the day for us, although at sad cost.

After a delay of several hours, during which we repaired the bridge, we were again able to proceed on our way. Hardly were we fairly started when a new difficulty was encountered in the form of big trees felled across the roadway. This work had been cleverly done by the enemy in order to retard our progress, and we had to stop and remove these obstacles before we could pass. The time lost by the first attack, by the bridge engagement and subsequent delay threw us behind a whole day.

Although the people were all anxious to see our show they had not a friendly word for us. Frequently large crowds would force their way into the tents, pointing a cocked revolver at the doorkeeper's head. Finally, however, we managed to reach the Arkansas line with comparatively small loss of life. I am surprised that we were ever able to do so, because of the extreme bitterness which then prevailed toward all Northerners.

At length we came to a town called Bucksnort, the scene of the hanging described in one of Mr. Opie Read's short stories. Nearly every man at the tavern was ready for any kind of excitement. They started the quarrel by accusing our men of stealing their hats. A fight quickly ensued, and we were forced again to defend ourselves by resort to arms. At that time we were playing Mazeppa in which we used a number of dull swords. These were instantly placed in the hands of performers and canvasmen who knew how to wield them, and the result was a terrific hand-to-hand encounter in which we came off victorious.

At Lickskillet, another place on our line, the principal building was a log tavern. We put up our tents, but shortly afterward noticed several old men with long-bladed knives cutting slits in the canvas. The canvasmen, on seeing the tent walls slashed, vigorously protested. At once bullets began to fly from the corner of the tavern. One of our men was killed at the outset of this mêlée.

Previous to this episode our men had become pretty well discouraged and would gladly have had peace, but this last outrage seemed to arouse them to a perfect frenzy. Instead of shooting they went for the gang of roughs with clubs, stakes and every other kind of weapon they could find. The encounter was a terrific one. Our men knocked the desperadoes senseless and seized their guns, and in a very few minutes we were much better prepared to defend ourselves. I think during the battle our men seized fully thirty rifles. Shot-guns were seldom used in this section of the country. Most unexpectedly we succeeded in getting some recruits. A few Northern men who had come into the place to settle permanently offered their services for our protection.

The Studies of the Student to the Clown

In early days many of the young countrymen would be seized with a desire to become "actors," as they called the acrobats. This led the circus performers into the scheme of selling the ambitious wights something to make them limber. A big trade of this kind was carried on by selling an oil made from very cheap grease, the innocent victims being thoroughly convinced that they would come out full-fledged "actors" by the use of this lubricant. Frequently some young fellow would apply for the position of student to the clown. When he presented himself for tuition, the paint prepared for his make-up would be mixed with grease and thoroughly rubbed on his face and limbs. He would then be dressed in an old pair of tights and made to enter the ring, where he would be ordered by the ringmaster to "act up." He would be so embarrassed at this demand that he could not speak, whereupon the ringmaster would lay the whip upon his practically naked limbs, telling him that it was the only way by which to learn the acrobatic art.

Another trick was to toss the students to the clown in a strong blanket of canvas. I can now point to an ex-member of Congress who was thus tossed until sore and exhausted.

Among the various performances on our circus program, one feat was that of placing a large stone on a man's breast,

THE POLICE WERE CALLED OUT FROM EVERY ADJACENT STATION AS SOON AS IT BECAME KNOWN THAT A WHITE BEAR WAS LOOSE IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK



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as he lay on his back, and then striking the stone with a sledge-hammer so as to break the rock. The audience was invited to furnish a man to break this stone, and although one would naturally suppose that such an act would hurt the performer on whose breast the stone rested, he would, in fact, receive no shock whatever. But one day, while exhibiting at a small town, a drunken countryman, in attempting to break the stone with a sledge-hammer, missed his mark entirely, and the poor fellow received a blow that nearly killed him. He was obliged to lie in bed and have medical aid.

The following day we were compelled to move on to the next town, as advertised, which was a keen rival of the village we were just leaving. Our principal actor being unable to perform, we came near being mobbed, for this rival town did not relish the idea that its competitor had witnessed features which it could not see. All our remonstrances were in vain; and we were finally compelled to allow the injured man to quit his bed and actually go through the performance. These rough countrymen would certainly have kept their word had we not complied with their wishes, and it would have fared very badly with us. However, the sick man went through his part as well as he could, and received the full approbation of the audience.

From this town we proceeded to a large Indian encampment. There we obtained permits from John Ross, Chief of the Cherokee Nation, and erected our tents. The Government had just made an Indian payment to this tribe, all the money being in twenty-dollar gold pieces. Neither the circus treasurer nor any one in the community could change these coins for money of smaller denomination and we were almost in despair. Meantime some of the Indians climbed into a tree, seated themselves comfortably in the branches, and prepared to witness the entire performance free of charge. This exasperated me, and, seizing an ax, I commenced hewing at the tree. Instantly I found myself the centre of an incipient riot, as there was a law in the Territory forbidding a white person to cut down a tree. John Ross, however, quickly came to my rescue and saved my scalp by an adroit appeal to his people.

We adopted the plan of admitting the Indians in squads, charging them a dollar each and taking a double-eagle from every twentieth man. The Indians seemed to enjoy the performance hugely, but were highly excited by the tricks of the magician, whom they regarded as a supernatural being.

Devotional Services Upset by a Demon

At a certain town in Missouri a laughable circumstance occurred. Here, for some time, a revival had been in progress. The revivalists had been abusing the circus, its surroundings and influences, and had tried to prevent us from exhibiting. However, we secured a lot adjoining the church and opened our doors. John Robinson, the chief proprietor of our show, was one of the best equestrians that ever lived, and at that time was introducing what he called his Demon Act. In this act he dressed and made up as nearly as possible like a demon. While riding his four horses at breakneck pace around the ring, he would utter a series of the most ferocious yells imaginable, at the same time working himself up to a great pitch of excitement, until, as the auditors frequently expressed it, he "looked like his Satanic Majesty himself."

On this occasion, at the close of his act, he jumped from his horses, ran out of the dressing-room and boldly entered the church, exclaiming in the stentorian voice for which he was famed: "I am victorious! I am victorious!" The effect was magical. The revivalist had been eloquently exhorting on the subject of the Prince of Darkness, and the overwrought congregation took but one glance at the theatrical Satan, and then, leaping madly through the windows and doors of the little church, broke for the woods.

At Council Bluffs, Iowa, we had exhibited to a large afternoon audience. The day was extremely hot and sultry, and in the evening, just as the people were seating themselves on the benches, a cyclone struck us without the slightest warning. In a twinkling the poles, seats and canvas were being hurled through the air in all directions. At that time we used an inflammable liquid for illuminating the tent, and this ignited and added the horror of fire to the scene.

The Wild Beasts Loose in the Big Crowd

In those days our menagerie was exhibited in the same tent used for our circus performance, the seats being arranged on one side and the animal cages on the other. Imagine the scene! Several thousand terrorized and screaming men, women and children rushed wildly in all directions, the combustible tents and paraphernalia were in flames, and above all could be heard the roar of the terror-stricken animals, beating madly against their iron bars. Two of the largest dens had been placed together and the partition bars withdrawn, so as to form one big cage, wherein the lions and tigers were exercised by their keepers. The fire burned the woodwork so that this double cage came apart and liberated the ferocious animals. These lions and tigers escaped among the people and added a new element to the general pandemonium of terror. Words cannot convey an adequate idea of that awful moment.

As the tents and cages slowly burned out, total darkness came upon us. In the excitement, one of the men in the audience happened to jump on a crouching lion and yelled that he was in the clutches of the beast; however, the animal was as thoroughly frightened as the man. Some of the animals were loose all night, and one Royal Bengal tiger disappeared altogether. No trace whatever was found of his remains when the débris was examined, and he probably escaped to the nearest woods.

Near to the tent was one of those prickly osage hedges, and into this hundreds of people ran, becoming so entangled in the thorny network that it was almost impossible for them to extricate themselves. Many were badly lacerated by the brambles. There was no sleep in Council Bluffs that night.

Several of our wagons disappeared and one carriage was never afterward found. Four or five horses were lifted and



IN A TWINKLING THE POLES, SEATS AND CANVAS WERE BEING HURLED THROUGH THE AIR IN ALL DIRECTIONS

blown into a lot some distance from where they had been stabled. To add still further to the misery that prevailed, the catastrophe ended with a cloud-burst and the earth was fairly deluged, so that in a short time what little remained undestroyed by wind and flame was floating around in a sea of water. Dense darkness prevailed and nothing could be done till dawn. It was then found that the cyclone had done even more damage to the city than we had at first supposed. Though the circus was a complete wreck, it was learned that both the city and its suburbs had suffered severely, and it was considered providential that the performance had attracted so great a concourse of the people from their homes.

The Midnight Stampede of the Elephants

When we exhibited in Kansas, the country was in such a state of terror, resulting from the "border warfare," that all the towns and villages had organized military companies. At each camping place we were obliged to join these home guards, for protection. One day, while we were exhibiting at Lawrence, a detachment of militia encamped about a mile from us, the posts and guards surrounding the entire city. I had with me a friend from my old home at Delavan, Wisconsin. He was a merchant and had never seen any of the hardships of the camp or of circus life, and all this rough experience was new to him.

As we were obliged to travel through the country for weeks without daring to take off our clothes, I had a wagon snugly covered and this served as a sort of sleeping berth. In this wagon my friend and I spent our nights. At our feet slept a faithful watch dog. On this particular night we were sound asleep, when the dog made a sudden lunge, jumping upon us and instantly awakening us. The moon was hid behind a cloud, and it was, for the moment, very dark. As I jumped to my feet, I indistinctly saw what appeared to me to be a body of men coming toward us. I fired several shots from the big pistols I always carried swung from my belt; but still the mass came forward. I soon heard a most pitiful wail of grief, and I then discovered that I had shot into a herd of elephants which had stampeded.

The firing, together with the noise, alarmed the militia around the city, who, thinking the border ruffians were upon us, came to our assistance. It was some time before I could convince them of the real state of affairs, as the elephants had made a wild escape and consternation reigned. The militia hunted for the men who fired the guns, threatening dire vengeance for alarming the post, but after a full explanation we succeeded in pacifying them. Then we had a long chase after the stampeded elephants, which were finally captured.

A Polar Bear Hunt on Fifth Avenue

One of the most exciting and amusing episodes connected with my career as a showman is that which passed into Gotham history as "the bear hunt on Fifth Avenue." And certainly nothing could be more strange and picturesque than a hot chase after a ferocious polar bear along this aristocratic thoroughfare!

In 1873 there were no polar bears in America, and I thought it would be a good stroke of business to obtain some of these beautiful and imposing animals for my menagerie. Therefore I sent an expedition to the Arctic waters to capture a pair. My men finally succeeded in landing two enormous polars in New York. In the process of shifting them from the shipping-box one of these monsters made his escape, and started on a run down the middle of Fifth Avenue. His course was marked by general consternation. Children playing on the streets, seeing an immense white bear lumbering toward them at full speed, screamed and fled in every direction for shelter; horses, frightened at this unusual spectacle, became unmanageable and ran away; nurse-maids, wheeling their small charges, were stricken helpless with terror, and even the street dogs fled howling down the cross streets and into business houses. Everywhere disorder and terror reigned supreme; the streets became suddenly deserted, and one would have supposed that a plague had instantly depopulated the city. The police were called out from every adjacent station as soon as it became known that a white bear was loose in the streets of New York. The poor animal, unaccustomed to the strange medley of metropolitan civilization, was more frightened than those who fled before him.

Finally, by the aid of the police and some of the braver citizens, the beast was driven into a basement of a private residence, and there shot. Had the people only realized it, the creature could easily have been captured alive; but fear reigned in every heart, from the child to the policeman, and the latter would not consider anything save instant death to the bear. The animal was very valuable and had cost me a large sum of money, not only for its capture but also for its transportation, and I was exceedingly sorry to lose him in this way. I considered myself exceedingly fortunate, however, to escape as easily as I did, for had the bear done any harm I should have had to pay heavy damages. No person fortunate enough to witness the tumult of that exciting scene can ever forget the bear hunt on Fifth Avenue!

An Equine Officer of Artillery

At one time certain towns in Pennsylvania were greatly dreaded by all showmen, from the fact that the "tough" element there predominated, and rarely did a circus escape without a pitched battle with these desperadoes. Mahanoy City was one of the worst of these towns, and on my last visit there nothing but the sound "horse sense" of one of our trained animals saved the show from a conflict the result of which might have been deplorable. I had wired my agent, weeks before, to drop this town from the list, but he had written back that, under favorable circumstances, we were sure of taking about $10,000 there, and therefore, in accordance with my instructions, the town had been billed.

We had a fair afternoon's business, and at night, judging from the appearance of the house, we ought to have had at least $5000 in the treasury. But, as usual in that town, the toughs had simply forced their way in without paying, and, as a consequence, only about $800 had been taken. On the outside were several hundred hoodlums clamoring for a fight, and I am bound to say that "Old Put," our boss canvasman, and his faithful followers were anxious for the same means of satisfaction, and only refrained from an outbreak because they knew that instant dismissal from my employ would follow any attempt on their part to take the initiative in any trouble.

At last, however, a fight did come off, and a hot one it was, too! Right in the midst of it one of my horses, which had been trained to fire off a cannon from its back, got loose and, fully accoutred, galloped into the thick of the mêlée. The creature seized the strap which operated the trigger and began firing blank cartridges in every direction. If ever a mob of toughs was frightened it was then! They stopped not upon the order of their going, but fairly flew in all directions.

One of them afterward told a policeman that they could fight any gang of showmen that ever traveled, but when a horse commenced to unload on them with a cannon, he knew it was time to quit.

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The School for Rogues

GIVEN a house of five stories, the fire-escapes zigzagging down its front and back, loaded with tubs, bedding, broken furniture and coal boxes, with no yard, with no view except of other houses like it, with a crowded, ill-kept street before it, with noise, darkness and miasmatic cooking inside, with few moments of privacy for any inmate, with a family for every two rooms, to say nothing of boarders, with a neighborhood of cheap shops and saloons, what manner of resident are we to look for? To the credit of human nature be it said that the resident is often superior to his environment; yet we are right in assuming that from this kind of house will issue more of the idle, the vicious, the weak, the diseased and the criminal than from those houses whose occupants have access to fresh air, whose horizon is not restricted to roofs and chimneys, whose chambers the sunlight enters, who know the wholesome color of green, whose sleep is not broken by chaffering and brawls, and who are not in constant temptation from gaming places and drinking dens. The tenement has become a problem, and its solution involves the well-being of millions.

The best solution would be abolition, but this appears impracticable, so we must at least modify. And the difficulty in reform arises not only from the greed or indifference of owners, but from the tenement populations themselves. They do not realize that their way of living is a menace to health or happiness or progress. It is the only way they have ever known. Their information as to cleaner, better homes is as meagre as is that of the comfortable class respecting the tenements.

But it is often necessary that we shall protect people against themselves. We must put gates at train and ferry stations, we must forbid smoking in powder magazines, we must prohibit unhealthful manufactures near towns, we must destroy unfit food, we must interfere in many ways with what at first thought appears to be human liberty, because we must consider the need of the majority. And so with the tenement. By reason of its crowding, its dirt, its lack of light and air, it is a danger. By reason of its associations it is a moral menace, not only to its residents, but to the whole community.

Imagine the effect of its life on children who are born in it. Never to see flowers or grass or running water, never to ramble in sun-warmed fields, never to rest the eyes on a view of hills, never to hear bird songs, never to know silence, never to have room for play; to see the night stars and the sunset only in glimpses through reek and dust, to live among those who are without ideals in morals and conduct, to be jostled from infancy to age: is it not horrible! Can we wonder that it is the tenement which is most largely and constantly represented in the almshouse, the hospital and the jail? That it is the tenement face we see on the loungers about the street corners and the groggeries? That it is the tenement dweller who looks out at us from the pages of the rogues' gallery?

The duties that fall to those who seek the betterment of the race comprise the urging of people to the country, the planting of better motives and higher thoughts in the minds of the dull masses that people the wearying miles of city barracks, the forwarding of schemes for limiting the ground space, height and number of tenements, for the widening of air shafts, for the restoration of yards, for the destruction of unsafe buildings, for the prohibition of crowding, for the enforcement of school laws, for the creation of libraries, parks and playgrounds—a sore need in these dismal precincts—for more diligent inspection by building and health authorities, for a police activity that will keep down the criminal element, for encouraging of the university settlement.

At its best the tenement is a sorrow. At its worst it is an abomination. If it cannot be abolished it must be improved.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

A suburbanite's idea of Heaven is getting there on an express train.

Misspelling and Other Unpunished Crimes

WE HAVE a system of public education, provided by the State as its essential duty in fitting the citizen for life. We have also a system of public punishment, provided by the State as its essential duty in checking the citizen if he goes wrong in life.

This seems to cover both ends of the State's duty very fully, both in preparation and reprisal, and it should result in a high order of citizenship. We ought to see, under the public and compulsory education a steady rise in all necessary qualities of civic prosperity; and under the public and compulsory retribution a steady decrease of all civic sins.

Since we do not see these things in any such gratifying proportion, as might be expected, in spite of the beautiful dovetailing of public instruction and public punishment, we are led to scrutinize the twin systems more closely, and an astonishing fact reveals itself.

We publicly educate the citizen in lines for failure in which we do not punish him. We publicly punish the citizen for failure in lines for which we do not educate him.

This seems strange. At large public expense we train our children in grammar, arithmetic, geography and spelling. And yet, though palpably deficient in these branches thereafter, we have no legal punishment to follow. No man is arrested for misspelling, fined for a breach of grammar, or imprisoned because he forgot the capital city of Oklahoma. On the other hand, he is arrested for being drunk. Was he instructed as to the effects of alcohol and the legal consequences of intoxication? He is fined for beating his wife. Was there any class in social and family relation when he went to school? He is imprisoned for stealing. Was there a course in honesty in his curriculum?

Here the reader takes umbrage and cries that the Home and the Church teach these things—it is not the duty of the State. Very well—then why not let the Home and the Church punish such lapses?

And again, it is said that the punishment for failure in spelling and geography is inexorably found in personal life. Then why should not personal life teach spelling and geography? Why should the State teach those things for failure in which it does not punish, or punish for failure in things it does not teach?

Then it will be answered—proudly—that we in America have divorced Church and State, and will not reunite them. But this has nothing to do with the Church. Let the Church, let any number and variety of churches, teach such doctrines and dogmas as they believe; but let the State inculcate the practical duties of citizenship.

We enforce these duties, under penalty of the law, without regard to religion; why should we not give instruction in them without regard to religion? A simple digest of the principles of conduct under the law could be made for school use. It would do the children good, and might help to vitalize and to lift the law.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Never judge a woman by the number of trunks she takes.

The Acrobat in Politics

WE MUST admire good humor, a blithe temper and a resilient imagination, even when they show forth in inferior men. What we call faithfulness does not always go beyond mere persistency of first impression in a simple and not very adaptable nature.

This seems to be more generally true of politicians than of any other class of men, especially politicians who pride themselves upon being always true to their party. The man typical of this class has an infallible digestion, thick blood, a mind which manifests itself by a jocund light in the face and a flamboyant style of conversation. He is a Republican, a Democrat, a Whig, a Tory, no matter what extreme changes of principle he is required to make year by year in order to fit himself to his place. He keeps his willing and alert eyes upon the signal station at party headquarters. Whatever the message is, he takes off his hat and cheers. Last year he was for a tariff, this year he is for free trade, next year he will be for anything and everything that his party may put into its platform.

It is wonderful to see this politician's unhesitating enthusiasm in behalf of what he lately condemned as "unpatriotic and in violation of time-honored principles." He is nimble at all times; but his agility is amazing when a complete turning inside-out of all his political raiment must be accomplished upon the shortest possible notice. Yet, when you hint to him that some or all of his party's early leaders were but men like ourselves, and might have erred here and there in dogmatically laying down political rules and regulations for all times and all generations, he bridles sturdily and laughs in your face.

Emerson shrewdly said: "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books." Yet, if you say to the politician, "Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin and Madison were but men, a century or so gone by, and spoke for their own time and generation, not necessarily for ours," lo! what a revel of horror! You may even quote to him Jefferson's own words: "Can one generation bind another, all others, in succession forever? I think not. The Creator has made the earth for the living, not the dead;" but he only smiles and says, "Why, yes, that's so; I believe that," and the next day he is making a stump speech to prove that the present generation is firmly and unalterably bound by all that Thomas Jefferson ever said! Still a week, a month or a year later he will be quoting Hamilton, or Clay, or Webster to upset the whole theory. Meantime, his face has grown ruddier, his digestion better and his cheerfulness more magnetically apparent.

A war comes; he is in favor of whipping the whole world before breakfast; peace comes, and he condemns every man who went to the front. He clearly shows that the war was iniquitous and its results destructive of "those time-honored principles set forth," and so on. Or, if war has been avoided by successful diplomacy, he puts his ear to the ground for a hint of what his party is going to promulgate, and then up he leaps to denounce the cowardice of those in power who shrank from the glorious shock of patriotic battle, and sneaked away from the high responsibility of ordering the drums to beat, the trumpets to blare, the flag to wave, the fleet to sail and the army to march. Ah, but he is a fine fellow, this cheerful politician, and when he takes you by the hand and smiles into your eye, ten to one you feel his goodness and his greatness so plainly and so deeply that your vote goes into his vest pocket, and you are proud of yourself.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

The United States Senate seems to be bowing to popular opinion in order to postpone the popular vote.

The Field-Days of Virtue

THE prevalence of vice in our large cities, and the apparent failure of so many reform movements, does not prove that vice is stronger than virtue, but is due rather to the fact that vice is ever at work, while virtue takes its vacations. The lawless element, including everything from the saloon that keeps open after hours and allows a crap game in its back room to the regular policy shop, is professionally bad. That is, it is bad as a part of its business. Its business will not prosper unless it can avoid the law. Its bread and butter depend upon preventing the law's operation. As a result it is active day and night, and its work prospers. But the reform forces are at work only now and then when some one calls attention to the fact that the city is lawless.

This does not mean that the reformers are not in earnest. They are thoroughly in earnest. It means that reform is not their business. The bad have few interests which are not concerned in the work of avoiding law. The reformers, on the other hand, have no business interests which are directly connected with reform. They are teaching, or preaching, or selling goods, and these occupations take their attention. Having no strong personal motive forcing them to activity, as have the representatives of lawlessness, they let matters go, taking it for granted that the laws are being enforced.

But suddenly some one raises a cry. The town has been captured by the "sporting" element. The town is "wide open." The good people are aroused and turn from their work to grapple with the enemy. Now we see a fair fight, for one side is as active as the other. We see that good is the stronger, for in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the saloons are compelled to close on time, the pool-rooms are abolished and the gamblers driven out of town. But though we see here the strength of good we are soon to behold the weakness of present-day reform work. Seeing the town clean, the reformers go about their work again. They assume that now things have been started in the right direction they will continue so.

This is a strange conclusion. The reformers are most of them persons who have studied more or less both of books and life. They know that a comparatively small constant force will overcome a much greater power whose action is spasmodic. They know this, yet by one of those strange human inconsistencies which lead men to believe what they want to believe rather than what they know to be true they assume that the city will remain "reformed" forever.

But the bad are not idle for a moment. If they cannot be lawless their business is ruined. Their bread and butter depend upon their ability to get around the law. The minute the reformers relax their vigilance the bad element is busy again, doing everything in its power to control the officials and to destroy the results of the reform wave. In a few days evil is as rampant as ever. It will be some time, however, before the reformers will waken to this fact. When they do there will be another reform wave, another day of cleanliness for the city, another period of vice and then reform again.

And so the strife will go on; vice constant because it is the business of the bad; reform spasmodic because it is merely a side issue with the reformers. If reform ever comes to be permanently triumphant it will be in a day when the reformer's ideals are as strong a motive power as are the bad man's bread and butter; in a day when the reformer makes a business of upholding his ideals and works as constantly for reform as he would work for his living. Until then civic vice will continue to hold sway with only an occasional field day for civic virtue.

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

If it were as much fun to make money as it is to spend it, what a world of plutocrats this would be!

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Americans *in* Paris

DR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, whose well-seasoned life of Thomas Paine gives as striking a picture as any of pre-revolutionary days, has just finished a French edition of his book. In rewriting his history in a foreign language, Doctor Conway has, of course, made profitable use of a bi-lingual secretary; but even under those favorable circumstances his task is one that few writers would care to face.

"The archives here are full of curious diplomatic and police reports on matters concerning the early days of the republic," said Doctor Conway the other afternoon, "and I have made a number of interesting discoveries, but, after all, the greatest historical 'find' I know of in recent years came to light in Boston. As you know, Boston is rich in historical documents. Among them is an old diary which was kept by a certain Judge Butler during the seventies of the last century. Historians know it well. It has been quoted and requoted, for it is a plain statement of facts, prepared by a man who knew the legal value of facts. In reading this over I came to the description of the battle of Lexington. You remember, of course, that the British are supposed to have fired first; for many years it was called not the battle, but the massacre of Lexington. Very well; this contemporary record states with circumstantial detail that the first provocation came from the American side. The Yankee soldiers had been ordered not to fire. There was one man, however, whose excitement ran away with him. He snapped his old flintlock. It flashed in the pan. But this flash of harmless powder called forth the English fire, and lit a war that lasted seven years and changed the history of our continent. In addition, had it been known at the time that the British fire was not unprovoked, there would have been no movement for separation from England. It was the 'massacre' that stirred up Paine and Franklin, and they were the two men who persuaded Washington to take a stand for a free America.

"There is room for thought in an incident of this kind," Doctor Conway added, "especially when it comes to light after a century and a quarter."

An Episode in the History of a Historian

Few historians have led so broad and full a life as Moncure Conway. He has been a clergyman, a soldier, a reformer, and always he has been the man-of-letters. When he was at the head of that famous "chapel" in London, the creed of which was purely ethical, he made it a rendezvous for all the writers and artists of the day. His theory that sound ethics and good literature go hand in hand needs emphasis.

"After the Exposition," said Doctor Conway, "I shall go back to America for good. When a man's hair begins to whiten he wants to be near his own people and in his own land. But I shall always think of Paris—we have known each other so many years, this bright city and I; and, after all, the atmosphere of Paris is good for a man to think in. It breeds thought. And, moreover, it breeds clear thinking. And then it is the mother of modern art."

Doctor Conway said these things as he stood balancing his teacup at one of Mrs. Spicer-Simson's receptions.

"And so I shall go to the 'Quat-z-Arts' ball," he added.

"Oh, Doctor," the ladies cried in chorus, "but it is at the Moulin Rouge!"

"So shall I be," said the Doctor.

"But I understood that the art students carry on awfully at these balls of theirs," one of the ladies said maliciously.

"So they do," said Doctor Conway. "They shout and dance and sing and amuse themselves just as witty and careless young men always have done, and, I trust, always will do. I want to take home that souvenir—a fragment of youth and art and Paris."

I have related this conversation because, had I not, scores of good Americans who danced at the students' ball the other night would never have known who was the tall, benevolent, old gentleman, dressed like a cavalier and cloaked and braided like a Spaniard. Some one should write the history of historians.

This Year's Salon Shorn of its Glories

The Salon is shorn of its glory this year. In the first place, it had to open a month earlier than usual in order to escape the danger of being snuffed out by the Exposition; then the only home it could find in this city of palaces was the tented field of the horse show—a dreary place, which is notable only because it is "near the Artesian Well." There are not half so many exhibits as last year, and, on the whole, the pictures are a bit under the average in quality. Many of the great painters, who usually show yards of space on the walls of the Salon, have reserved their new works for the larger galleries of the Exposition. The American painters in Paris have not received much encouragement to exhibit in the American section of the Exposition, so they have flocked to the Salon. And there they have won a very remarkable success. There is no exaggeration in saying that out of the best fifty pictures one half are by American painters. Of course, this is in the way of being a "record."

On "varnishing day" one gains admission chiefly by invitation, and is jostled by all the notabilities, from the President of the Republic to the latest famous model. Artists come and go, posing in front of their pictures, or tossing ejaculations up toward the ceiling, where their year's work is "skyed." The man who has his bust or portrait on exhibition flutters about this little candle of celebrity like a moth. It is a crowd at once pathetic and droll and fashionable. And this crowd, though the critics will not admit it, makes and unmakes reputations. This year it streamed away toward Hall VI, crowded around picture 1225, and conferred immortality upon a young man from Philadelphia of whom not one in a thousand had heard. Few could pronounce his name; the next day it was spelled wrong in all the newspapers—but fame had come. The painter is J. Lewis-Smith; the subject of his picture is the shore at Dinard, with carriages, strollers, the sea beyond and a steamship coming up. The first impression is a little dry and hard, for there is almost photographic precision in details. But, on second study, the picture grows tremendously on you. It has the surety and forthrightness that lovers of Manet know.

"Varnishing day" this new artist must have felt a little like Byron, who awoke and found himself famous. Probably the best of art is that such a thing can happen now and then.

The Burden of the White Man's Law on Art

As much as anything, though, I was interested by the Sons of the Men. It is always interesting. You have known So-and-So, a painter or a poet; you have loved his work; then of a sudden there comes up some one who signs himself "Son of" So-and-So, and you wonder and begin to feel that the generations are slipping by.

Here was Ridgway Knight's Quietude, quite in his old, best vein. A little farther on I saw a charming Canal in Holland, and I signaled it to the two young women in blue, who followed me meekly, waiting to know what they should not admire. Then I turned to the catalogue to trace out the author. I read: "*Aston Louis Knight, born in United States, pupil of Jules Lefebvre and of his father.*"

Another son of a famous artist who has won success this year is Alpheus Cole, whose father's marvelous engravings have brought into almost every American home the masterpieces of the European galleries. Mr. Alpheus Cole has just turned twenty-one years of age, and in Dante Watching the Building of the Cathedral in Florence he has painted a very fine picture, though I do not think it is the type of his ultimate work. He would not talk about art that morning in the Salon, for the burden of the white man's law was heavy upon him.

"I was born in America," he explained sadly, "at least New Jersey is supposed to be there, but I have been living abroad so long that I shall have to return to the United States and remain a year, or lose my right to be treated as an American citizen. That is, the Government will tax my pictures as though they were the works of a foreigner. It seems hard, just when I am deep in my studies and my work."

It did seem hard; and in fact the laws erected by unwitting legislators for the protection of American artists need a good deal of revision. So long as the laws are aimed at keeping art works out of the country and preventing continuous study at the art centres abroad, we shall never get that national art of which we all dream fondly. You can raise literature in the loam of your own back garden, but art, as history makes pretty plain, has to be transplanted from the garden where it grows best. Then you may graft and train the original plant as you please. —VANCE THOMPSON.



LETTERS to the EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Opinions are like individuals—they are unlike. Many a man has departed life without leaving behind him one hundred cents, and still he was successful as a man, as a friend, as a companion and in good deeds. But speaking of financial success or the accumulation of dollars and cents, that end is more difficult to attain. Those whose sole desire is the getting of money, must have the advantage of one indifferent to hoarding.

Human facilities do not develop in the same direction; therefore men are unequal if given the same opportunities. There are a hundred and one different features that enter into this proposition of success, and one's time may as well be employed "thrashing the wind" as pointing out the pathway in life for any individual to attain financial success. I venture to say that education is the first principle of success in any walk of life. H. LEROY SPEERS.

Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Under the heading Mysteries there was published a few weeks ago the story of General Sam Houston's abandonment of the Governorship of Tennessee and taking up life among the Indians in Arkansas.

Several years ago, when living at Nashville, Tennessee, I was told this story by an old gentleman who was one of Houston's closest friends:

"Houston married in January, 1829, a very handsome and attractive young lady, a member of one of the best families in the State, residing at Gallatin, thirty miles north of Nashville. He was then Governor and a candidate for a second term. His real purpose in marrying her was to advance his political interests. The attentions his wife received exasperated Houston, who was of a morose, jealous disposition, and his domestic life was unhappy.

"One Saturday in April, 1829, I attended a barbecue with Houston, where he and his opponent, ex-Governor Carroll, both made speeches. I saw that the crowd was with him and told him so, to his great pleasure, and when we separated in the evening he was in the best of spirits. Monday morning I called to see him at the Nashville Inn, where he boarded, and was at first refused admittance, but finally the door was opened by his physician, Doctor Shelby. I found Houston lying on the bed with his face covered, and to my astonished inquiries Doctor Shelby replied that Mrs. Houston's father had come down from Gallatin the day before and that she had returned with him to her family, leaving her husband for good. Houston exclaimed, 'I'm a ruined man!'

"He said that he alone was to blame, that he had determined to exile himself among the Cherokee Indians, and that he wanted me to carry his resignation as Governor to the Secretary of State, which, after being urged, I consented to do. The next day Shelby and I went aboard a steamer with Houston, who was in disguise, and he went down the Cumberland."

In view of this narrative it is evident that it was a feeling of mortification at his wife's leaving him that caused Houston to abandon his high office and don the clothing and adopt the habits of an Indian.

Oakland, California. JOHN T. BELL.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

One able writer alludes to the fact that there is no lack of ability among the young men—that it is devotion to the occupation that is most needed and is so sadly wanting in the average employee.

I agree with the hypothesis, but is it a fact that the majority of young men fail? I think not. So far as the production of wealth is concerned, the present generation is a phenomenal success. It is in the distribution of the wealth produced that failure is made. The average young man does not succeed in getting a fair share of what he produces, and as a result he is looked upon as a "failure."

In attempting to solve the question, our economic conditions should be considered. We find everywhere young men who are thoroughly absorbed by and devoted to the interests of their employers, and a trifling increase of salary is all they have to show for their care.

In many cases the young men who are discontented, who have never succeeded in entering the occupation of their choice, are the most alert to the true condition of affairs. They are the first to realize that there is something wrong, and make the best citizens when an opportunity comes to right the wrong. J. W. KERNAN.

Detroit, Michigan.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I was deeply interested in the letter of M. M. Reinar, and I think that although present social conditions are responsible for his position, the remedy is in his own hands. The principal factor in any young man's life is his spare time, and I believe an hour spent in playing cards will help a person in business as much as an hour of the sublimest thought.

We are a materialistic, utilitarian people with Kipling as poet laureate. And his story of Tomlinson—who was admitted to neither Heaven nor Hell because, although "he had heard and felt and read of things in a book," he had nothing to answer when asked "What ha' ye done"—represents the spirit of the age. Our business men want bookkeepers, stenographers, machinists, etc., but abstract thinkers they do not want. The business world has the money, and M. M. R. does not do it any good because he can appreciate Tennyson and Emerson. In fact, rather the reverse, for time and energy spent in psychological study must be taken from material works. If he would spend some of his time learning what would give the world material benefit, then he would get back material benefit. But for philosophy we pay little. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." C. J. FENNELL.

House of Commons, Ottawa.

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife



I AM much impressed with one thing here at the Capital concerning those who go to make up the smart world, and that is, that they take their pleasures very much as Daniel made his prayer, with their windows wide open. For the smallest as well as the greatest event seems always to have an appreciative audience, which, if not taking any actual part, looks on indulgently as though watching royalty at play. Goethe says that "nobody looks any longer at the rainbow which has lasted a quarter of an hour," but to my mind this wise comment cannot hold good, for the rainbow here in Washington has been in full view for a good deal more than a quarter of a year instead of a quarter of an hour, and every shade or flash of the prism still seems to be hailed with as keen a delight by the onlookers as it was in the beginning.

Page says that she fears I shall never rise to great heights socially, for I am not possessed of the genuine social instinct, else I would never tire, never see the flaws and never grumble; but I am so satiated and gorged with pleasures that, like the person some one tells of, I feel as though I had never worn anything but fringes or eaten anything but sauces. The keenest pleasure that I can picture to myself would be to have a crust of bread and be out on an arid plain somewhere with not a human being in sight. Robert says that if I had my crust and my arid plain I'd be scratching back again to civilization and society by the very shortest route. I am sure, though, that Robert does me rank injustice, for the other night, during the extraordinary festive performances at Corcoran House, I found that I took but a languid interest in the remarkable cake-walk, and could only smile feebly at the coon costumes and the pigeonwings with which the young people of the smart set marked the early hours of the night. I suppose my indifference was really *ennui* springing from satiety. I fully believe that ambition is not more reckless of human happiness than *ennui*.

In reality, Corcoran House is more worthy of notice than I had energy to bestow that night, for both past and present it seems to be possessed of a certain prestige over and above almost any other residence here at the Capital, and the entrée there, no matter who dispenses its hospitality, appears to stamp the individual with the hallmark of gentility, if not of smartness. At this cotillon and cake-walk this historic old mansion really seemed to take on something of dignity and grandeur of which not all the boisterous mirth of the young people could rob it.

Page says that until I have seen a real negro cake-walk I have never seen the genuine thing; that no matter how clever and agile these smart society people were, they were only an imitation with the essence of the whole thing left out. I will confess that I thought it, in all conscience, *outré* enough to satisfy anybody, and that it possessed quite as much "essence" as I cared for. And the gravity and earnestness with which the host of the house, Senator Depew, and the German Ambassador, aided by Senator Kean, acted as judges of the capers and pigeonwings, and finally awarded a huge white cake for the same, struck somewhat athwart my unsophisticated Spruce City notions of the eternal fitness of things. Later, when the cotillon was danced and I saw the nimbleness and lightsomeness with which our host led out the prettiest girl in the ballroom, I was impressed with the versatility and skill with which this statesman could lead either a Senatorial debate or a young woman through the intricacies of the german. It was a clear case of 'tis" not by the gray of the hair that one knows the age of the heart."

One of the really charming features of this ball was the old garden, lighted with tiny electric lights in red, white and blue, which threw out, in almost mystic beauty, great masses of flowering shrubs that were in their full glory of white and pink bloom. It was while wandering through this quaint old garden that I found my enjoyment of the occasion in the bits of historic gossip which came to my ears and which chimed in with the sights and sounds of revelry around me. It was here in days gone by that the wealth and wit of the Capital used to gather when Daniel Webster was in the zenith of his fame and used to dispense the hospitality of the mansion. Later, when Mr. Corcoran's great wealth had enlarged and beautified the house and had laid out this lovely, high-walled garden, the whole was thrown open in a famous ball which was given for no other purpose than to administer a snub to one woman in Washington, who in that day was the leader of the social world; and this ball and its snub have come down to this generation, along with the mansion and the garden, as a legacy. It was Admiral R—— who told me the story as we sauntered up and down the wide garden paths.

"You see, Mrs. Slocum, Mr. Corcoran was a great man in this part of the world and he was a power in money markets. He had come of very humble origin. His father had been a cobbler, and the early boyhood of the son had been spent in hard work and poverty, but the father was an ambitious man withal, and, making his way from one thing to another, became finally Mayor of Georgetown.

"It was while Mayor of Georgetown that he gave a ball to which the Washington smart world of that day was bidden, and the leader of that smart world was the brilliant Mrs. Gales, whose sway at the Capital here was powerful and prolonged. Well, Mrs. Gales went to the Mayor's ball and walked once up and down the rooms with her lorgnette raised to her eyes in supercilious fashion, when, all unconscious of the presence of the Mayor's son, she said to her companion with affected concern and loud enough for all to hear, 'Dear me! don't you smell shoemaker's wax?'

"Young Corcoran never forgot that speech. Some years later, when he was rich and powerful, he bought this old Webster house with this big old garden and made of it what you see it to-day. When everything was complete he threw it all open and gave the most magnificent ball which this Southern town had ever seen, and everybody was invited, everybody save one woman, and that woman was Mrs. Gales. Mrs. Gales, finding that she alone of all the important personages of the town was left out, swallowed her pride and sued for a card of invitation. Mr. Corcoran returned a polite note saying that he 'feared to invite Mrs. Gales lest she should be made ill by the smell of shoemaker's wax.'"

This story was far more entertaining to me than were the hilarious cake-walkers within the mansion. It gave my jaded interest quite a fillip and Corcoran House took on new attributes in my eyes. I led the Admiral on to tell me more. He continued:

"This whole square facing Lafayette Park used to be known, years ago, as the 'tragic square,' for public attention was called to it by the many appalling tragedies that occurred here. On the right-hand corner, over there, is the old Decatur house which Commodore Decatur built with prize-money, and it was from that house that he came forth on the morning he fought his duel with Barron, at Bladensburg, and it was to that house he was brought back to die when he fell in the duel, mortally wounded. It seemed to be almost an exemplification of the old saying, 'For all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.' A little beyond the Decatur house is the Colfax house, where Schuyler Colfax lived during the brilliant days of his Speakership, and where he was later overtaken by a storm of political ruin which drove him mad. On this side of the square and only a few doors below here occurred under peculiar circumstances the suicide of a gracious woman. Down on the corner which forms now a part of the Arlington is the house where Charles Sumner lived when he was assaulted in the Senate chamber by Preston Brooks, and where he lay unconscious so long from his injuries. Across, diagonally, from the Sumner house is the old Madison house, where Dolly Madison lived for years after she left the White House. This is now the Cosmos Club. Farther along on that side is the Ogle Tayloe house, where Mark Hanna now lives, and directly next to him only within a few years stood the house of all others that was famous for its tragedies, and which up to the day it was torn down quite overshadowed the whole square with the gloom of its happenings.

"The first tragedy that I ever knew of in connection with that house happened in 1841, when I was a mere boy. Spencer, who was Secretary of War at that time, lived in the house, and his son, a midshipman in the navy, mutinied on board the man-of-war Somers and was hanged from the yardarm of the ship. A few years later two members of President Tyler's Cabinet, Upshur and Gilmer, were living in the house and they were both killed by the explosion of a gun on the Princeton while down the Potomac River on an excursion. And, by the way, Mrs. Slocum, Mr. Corcoran told me in this very house that he entertained the Princeton party here at luncheon before it started on its fatal jaunt. The luncheon, it seems, was set for fourteen, but one of the number failed to appear, so the party sat down thirteen at table. That night two of them, Upshur and Gilmer, were dead, and Mr. Corcoran, though scorning to be thought superstitious, admitted to me that he would never thereafter be one of thirteen at table."

The Admiral paused as I shivered, and said:

"Shall I stop?"

"No. Go on."

"A few years after this tragedy, Philip Barton Key was shot in front of this same house by General Sickles and was carried in there to die. Then, years afterward, Mr. Seward rented the house while he was Secretary of State, and it was there that the assassin Payne made his dastardly attempt on his life the night that Lincoln was assassinated. Then General Belknap, in Grant's time, nothing daunted, took this tragic house and his misfortunes began there, which culminated in one of the most appalling political scandals of the age. Then Secretary Blaine tried the house and lived there when he was Secretary of State, and we all know what dire misfortunes befell him——"

"Oh, stop! stop!" I cried.

"I only want to add that next to this tragedy-haunted place, all during the war, was the provost marshal's office whence men went either to their deaths or to political prisons."

"Don't tell me any more, I pray you!"

I felt as though a chill had swept over me in this enchanted garden, and I was just going to drag the Admiral back among the dancers when a whole troop of merry revelers came down the garden paths wearing quaint bonnets and taking quaint steps as they tripped a figure of the cotillon under the stars and the electric lights. They effectually dispelled the gloom which my plunge into the tragedies of the past had brought me.

Meantime, apart from social events, things political seem to hold the boards and I am much interested in the quiet struggle going on in Congress. This struggle is against that "bogie," legislation, for no man can foresee in this campaign year what dragons' teeth may be sown in a bill which may spring up and sprout into armed and hostile foes. Therefore the fewer the bills, the fewer the ills, is the motto of the steering committee. This steering committee of nine wise men may meet the same fate of the three wise men who went to sea in a bowl, and every one knows what that fate was. I was asking Senator P—— what he thought they would accomplish in the exercise of the staving-off process.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "The time is growing short between now and June 19, and before that time we ought to be off the hands of the President and out of the way. The committee is having parleys by night and by day to see what can be safely shelved."

"I saw a very amusing incident in the House the other day," I said. "I was in the diplomatic gallery. Both party whips were hard at work, and I was never more amused than by the sight of one poor man who had been trying to get shaved over in the Democratic barber-shop, and every time that he would get settled comfortably in the chair some one would go dancing in on him and bring him into the House, where his vote would be recorded, no matter what stage his tonsorial toilet was in. Once he popped in through the lobby door with his face covered with a pleasing lather and called out his vote in an apologetic tone. A little later, when there were several quick, successive votes, he stood within the doorway, the picture of misery, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, for of course he was collarless, until Mr. Hepburn finally had to give up because there was no quorum. It was one of the funniest side-shows I ever witnessed in my life."

And I went off into laughter at the memory, in which the Senator joined. Finally I asked, recovering my gravity:

"And what will you do with the Ship-subsidy bill?"

"There's the rub!" responded the Senator. "This bill must be staved off in spite of the determined fight Hanna is making in its behalf. I'm inclined to believe that the result of the Quay contest will help to settle its fate at this session. Wolcott amused us yesterday at our meeting of the steering committee by informing Mr. Hanna that it might not be wise of him to press the Subsidy bill in view of the fact that there were likely to be several Senators who would oppose it 'on Constitutional grounds.' When Wolcott quoted this phrase he looked slyly around at us in the most irresistibly funny way. Of course there was a laugh at Hanna at this thrust, but somehow the Senator from Ohio could not see the joke and his face remained as unsmiling as that of a sphinx."

"And that reminds me," I interrupted; "speaking of Mr. Hanna suggests the Honorable Timothy L. Woodruff, whom Mr. Hanna does not favor for second place on the ticket. I saw Mr. Woodruff at the Capitol yesterday and was surprised by his appearance. Why, he seems a mere chubby boy! I tried to fancy him presiding in the Senate, but somehow his round, chubby face, which the middle parting of his hair seems to divide into equal halves, would not lend itself to the picture of a Vice-President."

"Yes," returned the Senator, "Woodruff was at the Capitol all the afternoon. I met him and was rather pleasantly impressed with him. Young as he looks, he is in reality two or three years older than Roosevelt. He struck me as a solid, substantial, wide-awake citizen who was honest enough to admit that he was a candidate for Vice-President, and it seemed to me that his boom might grow to a very healthy realization."

"How would you like it?" I asked inquisitively.

"Well," said he with a twinkle, "I'm like the man who would not say that he did not believe in love at first sight, but he admitted that he did believe in taking a strong second look."

We both laughed, then I said reflectively: "Mr. Woodruff did not seem to bear any sign about him either of loud waistcoat or cravat which the newspapers have so harped on?"

"No," returned the Senator. "Some one ventured to chaff him yesterday about the stories in the newspapers concerning his waistcoats and cravats, and he laughed and said good-naturedly: 'For the life of me I cannot tell how the story ever got started that I had a penchant for loud waistcoats. My clothes are always conventional, and, so far as I am aware, there has never been anything multi-colored or vociferous about my

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neckwear even. Still, the waistcoat story must have its run, I suppose.'"

"How did he strike others at the Capitol?"

"He made a good impression in both the House and the Senate, and his visit to the Capitol has been of much benefit to him. He put in a busy afternoon with the politicians of all degrees and kinds."

"Is it true, Senator P——," asked I, suddenly remembering some political gossip I had overheard, "that there was an understanding between Mr. Hanna and Mr. Foraker that if the latter shouldered all the responsibility for the Puerto Rican bill in the Senate and got it through, a plank should be inserted in the Ohio platform specifically indorsing the bill and thereby protecting Mr. Foraker from any odium that might attach to him?"

"Oh, well," said the Senator uneasily, and shifting about in his chair, "it was said that there was something of that sort, but I——"

He did not finish. It was evident that Senator P—— would not commit himself. It was equally clear that he possessed some knowledge. I persisted:

"Well, the Ohio platform did not specifically indorse the bill; and Mr. Hanna did control the convention."

"Very true," said he grimly; then beginning to smile he said, "I hope you did not overlook, Mrs. Slocum, the amazing military feat which Hanna boasted in his speech at Columbus that the sons of Ohio would perform in the coming campaign?"

"What was that?" asked I, scenting something amusing.

"He promises that all the Republican sons of Ohio shall stand in a solid phalanx in the front rank of the fight, and as a phalanx of itself comprises a number of ranks of varied arrangement, you will see that the Senator's promised military feat threatens a revolution in tactics."

And the Senator chuckled greatly over it, and drawing out his pencil, said:

"A phalanx might take on an arrangement thus, or it might be of such proportion and shape as this."

And he drew queer things that looked like geometrical designs, and continued:

"But you see what a remarkable feat it would be for all the ranks to be in the front row."

As he put up his pencil he added dryly:

"However, Ohio is a most wonderful State. Perhaps her sons may manage it after all."



SENATOR HANNA'S HOUSE

THE OLD BLAINE MANSION, WHICH STOOD ON THE SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE LAFAYETTE SQUARE THEATRE

Saluting in the Navy

SOME one has estimated that it costs a million dollars a year to fire the military and naval salutes of the world demanded by international and service etiquette. All governments use an inferior grade of ammunition for the purpose, the United States, for instance, expending its condemned powder in this way, but with even this economical resort, the cost of the noisy salute is prodigious. It has been said that the roar of the saluting gun never ceases — that is, at some place, during every second of time, a salute is being fired. This furnishes an idea of the generous impulses which are demonstrated between nations or as marks of individual respect.

The saluting customs are most critically observed by those whose duty it is to carry them out. In the Army, the regulations are comparatively simple, but in the Navy, where our ships are constantly visiting foreign ports and are encountering new observances, the etiquette of saluting is quite formidable.

Usually on our ships of war rapid-fire guns of the three-pounder type are used for firing salutes. They make sufficient noise with the minimum expenditure of powder, and noise is the principal feature of the gun salute. When an American vessel is in a foreign port where there is also a distinguished naval officer of another government, the latter sends a formal note to the American officer advising him of the day and hour of his intended visit to pay his respects. The American officer calls his orderly and sends word to the first lieutenant, who, in turn, advises the ordnance officer. The latter sends for the gunner's mate and directs him to have everything in readiness for the regulation salute at the appointed hour. He sends also for the quartermaster and orders that the flag of the government of the visitor be made ready for proper display.

An hour before the time of the visit active preparations have been completed for the spectacular reception; the cartridges have been tried and several extra cartridges are laid aside. A careful watch is kept of the approach of the visitor, and when he is seen to have "shoved off" word is passed to the commanding officer and subordinate officers who are concerned in the demonstration. The visit is attended with much ceremony, including the calling out of the marine guard, if one be on board the ship. The visitor is escorted to the Captain's cabin and is entertained at the expense of the commanding officer. The call is usually of only a few moments' duration and, in most instances, is of a stiffly formal character, sometimes carried on with the aid of an interpreter.

It is when the visitor leaves the ship that the salute is fired and not until he is well free of the vessel. This custom is observed as a protection against disaster and is dictated by experience. Serious, and sometimes fatal, accidents have occurred to members of the visiting party by the discharge of a gun. Simultaneously with the firing of the gun, the flag of the ship's country and the flag of the visitor's country are displayed. They are hauled down together when the last gun salute has been fired.

Salutes vary in different countries, but, in view of the international exchange of courtesies, most nations have adopted the same number of guns for the various salutes — a sort of universal powder-value placed upon celebrations and dignitaries. The royal salute is generally twenty-one guns, excepting in the case of the Chinese Government, where three guns constitute that honor. Japan has adopted the European custom. Twenty-one guns are fired for all rulers, republican and monarchical, regardless of the extent, wealth or importance of the country. In answering salutes American ships usually return gun for gun, although our national salute is one gun for each State.

A custom adopted with serene bravado by our Revolutionary ancestors, which still survives, is that an American vessel, meeting a foreign ship, never dips its flag except in answer to such a courtesy from the stranger. It happens sometimes, especially when an American ship meets a Russian vessel, that this naval salutation is entirely omitted, although on board each ship the quartermaster stands at the halyards ready to dip the flag three times if the other ship takes the initiative. It is like two men meeting and passing without greeting, each waiting for the other to speak first.

One of the prettiest salutes is that of dipping the flag or bringing it half-way down the mast, holding it there a second and then running it to the top again. Merchant ships dip their flag but once. Pennants are never dipped, and are always displayed, day and night.

There are all sorts of rules which naval officers abroad faithfully observe in the matter of salutes. A certain number of guns is stipulated for officers of different grades, and the salutes include not only military and naval officials, but civil officers, royal personages and our own diplomatic representatives. The forts at the entrance of harbors are always saluted. Birthdays of foreign potentates are also honored when any of their vessels are in the presence of foreign nations.

Most of the rules for salutes have come down to us from olden times, their origin being matters of conjecture. One of the most fruitful topics of controversy in this respect is the reason for the practice of firing three volleys over a grave or in honor of the dead. The most plausible and most generally accepted notion in explanation of the custom is that it is a survival of the ancient practice of ringing a bell or sounding a gong three times, which stood for "Father, Son and Holy Ghost." When the bell-ringing stopped and ordnance was invented, the volley took the place of the stroke on the metal.

One of the regulations most strictly adhered to by all nations is that there shall be no gun salutes between sunset and sunrise. The reasons for this are obvious. The noise would naturally disturb inhabitants of neighboring towns, and under some conditions might operate to no good purpose. Attacks under cover of night and in the guise of salutes might be effected. One instance of the detrimental consequences of a violation of this custom was afforded in the port of Wei-Hei-Wi during the war between Japan and China. The appearance of a Japanese flagship at that port after dark was the occasion of a salute by a British naval officer who chanced to be there also. Incidentally the Chinese gained their first knowledge of the presence of the enemy by this nocturnal salute. There was a good deal of a diplomatic row over the affair, but it was explained away on the ground of individual carelessness; moreover, Japan found herself in the position of not being able to protest against what was alleged to be a tribute to her dignity and worth.

Army and Navy officers frequently discuss the usefulness of the gun salute. Most of them ridicule it and classify it with the traditional "tomfoolery" of apparel and formality which nearly all officers pretend to dislike. All of them, however, realize that it is impressive, and that "special full dress" and the display of flags and the salute from the guns add to the dignity of government. These accessories are quite as necessary in the conduct of nations for the preservation of international comity as are the courtesies between friends.

The idea of a gun salute probably has for its underlying motive the assurance of good will, as demonstrated by the discharge of a gun with all the racket and none of the danger of a gun loaded for active work. The same idea is conveyed in the salute of the sword, bringing it to a position which indicates that the holder has no desire to run the saluted through the body, or in the presenting of arms in such a manner as to show that they are not to be used to disadvantage, or in the raising of the hat, our every-day salutation, which may have come from the days when the helmet was removed to show the defenseless and peaceful attitude of its wearer.

Though naval salutes are costly, and though officers sometimes believe they are unnecessary and frequently ask that they be omitted, it is likely that they will continue as part of the courtesy of nations.

—JOHN EDWARD JENKS,
Editor *Army and Navy Register*.

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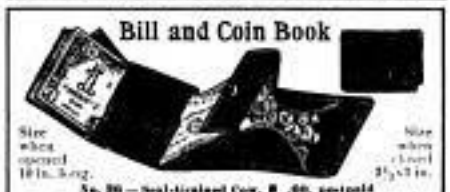
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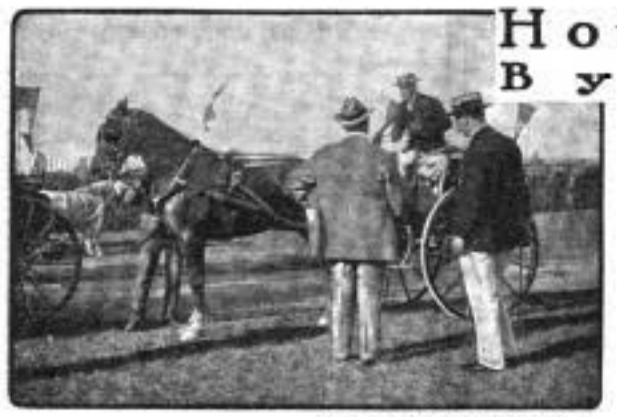
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How to Buy a Horse

By A. H. Godfrey



IT IS WISE TO MAKE AN OFFER ON A SHOW HORSE BEFORE IT WINS A PRIZE

THERE is, perhaps, no commercial transaction upon which one can get more information gratis than the purchase of a horse. If all this gratuitous advice were reliable one might profit by it. Unfortunately most of it is misleading. Even one's personal friends are not always to be relied upon, and those who are well posted are generally averse to recommending a horse, for it is proverbial that the closest friendships are sometimes severed as a result of a horse-deal.

To the novice wholly unfamiliar with horses I would say: Either make your purchase from a person in whom you have confidence, or rely upon the services of a reputable veterinary surgeon, who, by virtue of constant observation and comparison of animals adapted to a variety of purposes, must necessarily be a fair judge of conformation, pace and action, and competent to give an authoritative opinion upon the soundness, constitution and temperament of a horse.

The Fellow Who Knows it All If, however, you know enough about a horse to keep one, you will prefer to use your own judgment to some extent in its selection rather than leave the matter wholly to a third person. If so, let me urge you to take heed of the old axiom, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." It applies to horse-dealing as to every other line of business. Knowing little to commence with, it will be wise to attend quietly several sales, public and private, and study the several types of horses offered. In this way, though you may not be gifted with an eye for proportion, and may lack the natural talent to comprehend, at a glance, all the good and bad points of a horse, you will soon learn to recognize the useful as distinguished from the merely ornamental animal. You will also quickly become convinced that it is much easier to find the "ordinary" horse fairly well trained to ride and drive and not actually vicious, than to procure, at a reasonable figure, a high-class horse likely to prove satisfactory in every respect. Thus you will gradually, but surely, lower your ideal and cease your search for the absolutely perfect animal. Soundness in horseflesh is a question of degree. Indeed, experienced horsemen are satisfied with animals declared to be "practically sound"—that is, able to perform their work without inconvenience to themselves or their owners, and with no apparent defect about them that would tend to lessen their value or detract from their appearance.

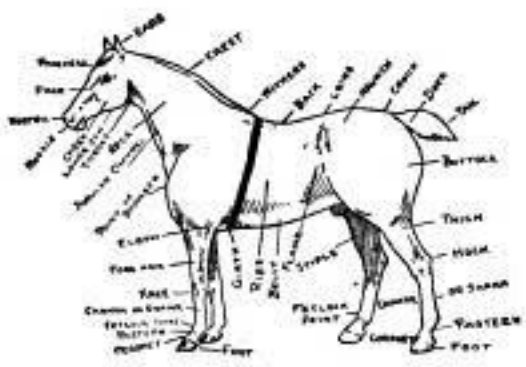
Half the battle is in knowing exactly the sort of horse that will best suit you, and what you intend to use it for.

What the Saddle Horse Should Be The horse chosen should be of slight or heavy build, according to the weight it has to carry. Height as the owner may desire. It should have a fine, intelligent head, eye expressive of gentleness and docility; a clean-cut, tapering neck, arched naturally, so as to permit of perfect "bridling," or easy guidance by the rein; withers high and clean-cut, so as to permit of a good resting place for the saddle; shoulders well muscled but devoid of fat, and set sloping well into back; ribs well sprung; loins well muscled, denoting strength; well-formed croup and dock set reasonably high; hind quarters lengthy; legs showing strong muscular development; cannon bones devoid of meat, flat rather than round; knees and hocks wide and free from defects; joints supple; pasterns long and elastic; feet sound and standing firmly the proper distance apart. The walk must be in perfect cadence, the canter easy, and the gallop showing plenty of scope.

If a horse is wanted for use in a light gig, phaeton or brougham, and with stylish rhythmical action, suitable for the park or for work on hard, smooth pavements in crowded thoroughfares, you will naturally select one of stout, blocky conformation, showing sufficient breeding to insure an energetic movement, and at the same time bulky enough to admit of its weight enabling the animal to pull a carriage without apparent effort. A horse of the true hackney stamp about fills this bill. For use on country roads, where speed rather than excessive style is required, the trotting-bred horse is, of course, preferable. But whatever class of horse is chosen for *fine* work in a carriage, it should have been trained exclusively for that purpose, and not for the saddle.

What the Harness Horse Should Be The walk and trot must be its best gaits, as galloping will seldom be required. As heavy harness covers many small defects of shape, the head may be a little plainer than that of the saddle horse, the withers not so high and fine, and the shoulder not so oblique. The legs and pasterns may be shorter and stouter than those of the fine saddle hack, and powerful rather than elastic. The horse should possess rounder conformation throughout so as to fill harness, but in all other respects should partake of the good qualities of the finished hack, particularly as to depth through the heart, ribbing, loins, etc. Fine action is the *sine qua non* of a harness horse, and the legs and feet must move in a straight line and be lifted in regular cadence when looked at from the front or from the rear. The horse when at rest should have a stately demeanor.

Most beginners make the mistake of purchasing what is known as the "double-purpose" horse, and expect it to be satisfactory for riding and driving. As a matter of fact it can only be indifferent at either job. Much driving will lessen its value as a saddle horse, and frequent service under saddle will detract from its usefulness in carriage harness. The systems of training are totally different. The saddle horse is controlled by snaffle or double bridle and the pressure of a rider's legs and spurs, and balances itself upon its haunches. The carriage horse is driven in heavy curb bits, is urged by the whip, and, being accustomed to bear its weight upon the collar, balances itself upon its shoulders. There is, however, a great demand at the present time for



"double-purpose" horses, and the market is well stocked with animals above the average in quality that are pleasant to ride and make serviceable drivers, and, indeed, will catch the judge's eye at a horse show, if he is not too exacting.

Useful horses may be purchased at many places and under a variety of circumstances. In auction rooms or sale exchanges where public sales are conducted daily or weekly by auctioneers, reputable or otherwise, according to the status of the concerns and the auspices under which the sales take place; at horse shows; at the establishments of horse dealers; from farmers and breeders; from persons who advertise in the newspapers; from personal friends or acquaintances. Each of these methods has its advantages and disadvantages, depending upon the buyer's experience and purpose.

Auctions, Guarantees and Precautions Horse exchanges of the first class are conducted according to strict business principles, are presided over by men well known in the highest social and commercial circles, and, having contracts with the great stock farms and influential firms that make it their business to collect and prepare for sale vast numbers of fine horses, it follows that these auction rooms are regarded as popular institutions and are well patronized. At these exchanges printed catalogues, setting forth the pedigrees and abilities of the horses offered and the warranty under which they are sold, are freely distributed.

Consignors to such sales usually advertise their horses as being on exhibition for trial and veterinary examination prior to the day of sale, the vendor's responsibility to cease the moment sale is effected, or otherwise according to published conditions. Horses offered "without reserve" become the property of the highest bidder the instant the auctioneer's hammer falls. In some cases, however, vendors reserve the right of making one bid, or of withdrawing a horse, should the highest price offered be considered too low.

Buyers at auction or elsewhere cannot be too careful as to the wording of a warranty. "Sound; quiet to ride, also to drive, single and double," as the case may be, is a form of guarantee that may be relied upon. "Has been ridden or driven" is indefinite, and may simply mean that a horse so described has been mounted for five minutes or less by a rough rider armed with sharp spurs and a club, or driven at a hair-raising pace by the side of an old exercise horse hitched to a cumbrous skeleton brake that it could not possibly injure.

To be sure of picking a fairly good horse in the open market, it is well to inspect an animal before it reaches the auction room, for it is necessary to judge of its age, size, weight, conformation, color and soundness, and get some idea as to how the horse acts in its stall and in and out of harness. If you wait until the horse is brought before the auctioneer, and rattled around the ring and up and down the street while a crowd of people look on, you will only be able to make a superficial inspection, must necessarily take in much at a glance and leave the rest to chance. It is often wise to bid up to a certain sum on a pair of horses, as one very good animal is occasionally coupled to an indifferent one in order to sell the latter, in which case you obtain at least one fine specimen at something near its proper value.

The discarded horse can easily be disposed of later at a nominal figure. Do not hesitate to offer a fair equivalent for a good horse. Remember that it costs from $300 to $400 to raise to maturity and properly train any horse worth boasting about. Novices often let a really valuable animal slip for the sake of a few dollars, and are afterward astonished to find that some reputable dealer bid as much as $600, and from that to $1000, and secured the horse, he having standing offers at much higher figures from experienced amateurs, who very properly consider that a really good saddle hack, phaeton or brougham horse, likely to prove useful for from five to ten years, is easily worth $100 a year. Indeed, delivery companies rate few of their van horses at less than $200 a year. If you have the good fortune to pick up a bargain at $300 or less, you may consider that you have much to be thankful for.

Things Better Avoided In bidding it is as well to keep as inconspicuous as possible and, catching the auctioneer's eye, merely nod to him, and he will usually raise the bid at the rate he has been accepting—say five or ten dollars at a time. If you call to him in a loud voice you are very like to draw the attention of the crowd to yourself and afford unscrupulous persons a chance to "bid up" a horse. Reputable auctioneers will not knowingly take such "by bids," but they cannot always tell whether or not a bid is *bona fide*.

There are many advantages in buying a horse from a first-class dealer. The opportunity presented of a full trial is worth at least





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ten per cent. of the price paid; the warranty of soundness and freedom from stable tricks and vices can be properly demonstrated; finally, many dealers exchange horses until the customer is satisfied. This, of course, in many cases necessitates additional cost, and several exchanges may prove very expensive. You can, however, take all the time you need at a dealer's stable. You may examine a dozen or more horses in their stalls, and note how they are tied, their stable manners, etc. As they stand in a row you can compare their hind quarters. Then, as the horse selected is brought out for critical inspection, you will note how it backs and turns, leads to halter, etc. Never stand with your back to a wall near a stable door. Candidates for sale are usually touched with a whip as they leave the stable, and are apt to resent it by kicking up their heels just as they emerge.

Points to Note in Selecting Your Horse

Let the horse to be examined stand naturally on level ground, and not stretched out as is customary, in order to make the horse's shoulder appear oblique and its croup horizontal.



SALE HORSES NEVER LOOK BETTER THAN WHEN STOOD OUT ON HIGH GROUND IN A DEALER'S YARD

Take in the horse's outline and then note the harmony of the parts—fore quarter, middle piece and hind quarter. Compare the height, length, size and bulk of the animal.

If the impression conveyed is favorable, proceed to a closer and more minute inspection of the parts. Examine the mouth, teeth and bony structure of the head to ascertain the age. Note the alertness of the ears and examine the eyes for blindness by moving the fingers near them to cause winking. Compress the throat to induce cough and thus try the breathing. Note condition of jugular channel or furrow. Press between the ears for poll evil. Note muscular development of neck, and fine quality of withers by feeling with the fingers. The bodily condition of the horse at shoulders, along the ribs, on the flanks, loins, quarters, etc., should then be determined. Examine carefully, and compare the knees and hocks by feeling them for defects, also by viewing them from all points—side, back, front and obliquely. The same with the cannon bones and tendons, fetlocks, pasterns and feet, each of which should be felt and looked at critically.

The horse should be first walked, then trotted, and its action examined from front, rear and sides. On stopping, the horse's breathing should be carefully noted. Then let it be saddled or put into harness, as the case may be, note its manners while being dressed, and, lastly, test its abilities. A warranty or a veterinarian's certificate can then be called for and the price agreed upon.

Remember that sale horses are kept in the best possible condition, and never look better than when stood out on high ground in a dealer's yard, in front of a whitened wall. Dealers are usually masters of their art, and, aside from their eloquence, have a knack of presenting horses in astonishingly fine shape.

The Major Strategy of Bargaining

At a horse show the buyer has the advantage of inspecting at leisure the prize winners selected by the judges, and, moreover, can here compare, as nowhere else, a great number of horses which, inasmuch as they are entered for competition, may justly be regarded as above the average in quality. Saddle horses up to light, medium and heavy weight, and carrying men or women riders—amateur as well as professional, according to the several classes—can there be critically examined. Again, these horses and others can be seen in all kinds of harness, light and heavy, and shown singly, in pairs, tandem and four-in-hand, thus demonstrating their entire scope and purpose.

The tactics of judges and veterinary surgeons can be plainly noted, and not infrequently will exhibitors afford a prospective buyer an opportunity on the show grounds to ride or drive a horse which has caught his fancy. It is wise to make an offer on a show horse before it wins a prize, as afterward it may be held at too high a figure. On the other hand, bargains are often secured by waiting until a horse is beaten in the show ring, when, perhaps, the owner, in a fit of despondency, may dispose of it for a nominal sum.

Advertisements in the daily newspapers and sporting press offer many opportunities of purchase from private people who, for a variety of reasons, wish to dispose of their own or other people's horses. While many such advertisements are, of course, genuine and worth replying to, others are inserted by swindlers.

Such alluring statements as, for instance, "The property of a widow lady" or of a "gentleman going abroad—inquire at private stable," or "sold for no fault, but for the purpose of securing a good home for a perfect pet," "one month's free trial allowed," etc., are generally ignored by experienced horsemen. They do, however, appeal to conceited people, who, fancying they cannot be cheated, are always on the lookout for what they term bargains.

If the horses were such great bargains the coachmen or grooms who care for them would quickly advise the dealers, who are always open to reward any one who will inform them of the whereabouts of a really good horse. It is, of course, unnecessary to warn novices against purchasing advertised horses that may have been stolen.

Of the Ethics of Horse Dealing

Buying horses from farmers and breeders is, as a rule, perfectly satisfactory, in that pedigrees can be definitely ascertained and, for the most part, strong, healthy animals can be thus procured. The inclination is, however, to offer horses rather too young for immediate work, or that are imperfectly trained for city use, while perhaps being quiet and safe to drive or ride about country roads. Many breeders, however, regularly keep on hand horses fit for immediate service in town or country, and these horses will generally be found perfectly gentled and under control.

Purchasing a horse from a friend is a questionable practice at best, and, on general principles, one not to be commended. Every man, without regard to his social standing, endeavors to present his horses in good, if somewhat fictitious, shape, and even the most conscientious do not, as a rule, dwell upon the defects of their own horses.

Indeed it is common belief that a man may be honest in everything except the transfer of a horse. Even the clergy are not exempt, and the eccentric Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, who was noted for his racy sermons, attested it on one occasion when he was preaching against dishonesty in horse dealing. Pointing to the occupant of the reading desk below him, he said, "Nor are we, servants before the altar, always able to withstand temptation. There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon; he is an instance of it. He once sold me a horse; it was unsound; I was a stranger and he took me in."



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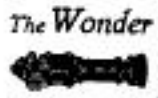
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A Young Man's Companions

By William H. Maher

A FEW days ago the doors of a prison opened to admit a man whom I had known intimately for eighteen years. He had been tried and trusted, and was looked upon as proof against any temptation that could assail him; but he had fallen. His story was told in one sentence by his attorney, as he begged for leniency: the man had made evil acquaintances, and these had dragged him down to their own level and to his ruin.

The business man who writes to young men out of his own experience feels as if it were unnecessary, and a mere waste of time, to say a word to them about the influence upon their lives of the company they choose—just as he would consider it superfluous to write an essay to prove that two and two make four. Yet every business man, in his dealings with his own clerks, is largely influenced in his opinion of their characters by his knowledge of the men they associate with out of business hours.

The first copy-book in which the boy practices writing tells him that "A man is known by the company he keeps." A little farther on he writes, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." These sentiments are presented to him in varying forms at every step, until they are forgotten because they are so hackneyed. He agrees with them thoroughly. He believes that they should be the guiding star of every boy—except himself. He is quite confident that he may make an occasional exception in his own line of action, and run no risk in doing so.

Old Business Men's Judgment of the Younger Ones

Very few young men settle down to their life-work in the community in which they spent their boyhood. They seek a change, usually from a small to a larger place, and in going to the new locality have it in their power to make new acquaintances and an entirely fresh circle of friends.

A young man is a sociable person. He enjoys being with other people. He needs the relaxation of association after his busy workday, and he looks upon each new acquaintance as a means by which he widens his world and increases the avenues to social pleasure. He imagines that he is safe in accepting every offer of acquaintanceship that is made to him, because there is nothing to prevent him, at a later date, from winnowing out the undesirable friends.

But every older man who has passed through this same experience will tell him that this winnowing process is much simpler in theory than in practice. Some men, yes, many men, do put this to the test, and in looking back see that though they were able to untangle themselves from associates that were undesirable and becoming dangerous, they shudder at the risks they ran, as they also wonder how they escaped. They never recommend the experiment to others.

Not many people know a young man as he actually is. The men he works for, and the men he works with, know him fairly well—indeed usually far better than he knows himself—but outside of his workshop, or his place of business, men judge him by the occasional glimpses they have of him. They judge him:

By his bearing, whether it is modest or assertive.

By his manner, whether or no it is quiet, courteous and thoughtful.

By his language, whether or no it is clean and refined, with evidence of education.

And last, but probably the most important of all, by the company he keeps.

A Good Instance of a Common Error of Belief

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that employers are indifferent to what a clerk is or does out of work hours. This state of affairs might be true in very large offices, but these are few as compared with the legions of smaller concerns that cover the business world. One of the brightest men of my acquaintance, one fast working to the head of a large concern, a place that meant a good salary and honors in the community, was brought face to face with this question when those in authority over him demanded his resignation, because they thought a man who was filling his position should not turn Sunday into a day of carousal. A man was found with very little trouble to take his place, but the discharged man was out of work for a year or two, and then accepted a situation at one-half his former salary.

An officer in an institution who was a marvel of rapidity and accuracy, who never left his desk with any task lying there undone, fancied he had the right to make such acquaintances out of business hours as he pleased; but he lost his position through his unwarranted assumption and his future is probably ruined.

When a merchant sees his employee nod in a friendly way to a man who is known to be a gambler, he does not feel so easy in his mind thenceforward. He wonders where the acquaintanceship was made and how far it has gone. When he knows that a good friend of his clerk is one who is regular in his visits to the saloon, he fears that his young man is starting on the same course. When the boon companions of his clerk are a crowd of loud fellows who shift from one job to another at frequent intervals, he begins to look for some one else to take that clerk's place.

Those were good old days when the apprentice was taken into the house of his employer and made one of the family, but they are no longer possible. The employer can know the character of his clerk out of business hours only by observing what his pleasures and who his companions are.

The impression seems to be quite general that every young man who goes as a stranger to a larger place finds it much easier to make acquaintances among the bad and undesirable than among the better class. I think this is true only when the young man's tastes and desires lead him to seek naturally the company of the tainted.

If there are fifty saloons on his homeward route at evening, no one stands at the doors of these to compel him to enter: if he goes in it is because he desires to do so. If the lights and music tempt him it is because he has thought of these, and the life they represent, until they appear attractive to him.

No matter how poor he is he is not compelled to choose between a little bedroom in which to spend his evenings and the gorgeous drinking place. The entire property of the city is taxed to furnish him a reading-room and a library which exceed in volumes and comfort the finest library owned by the richest man of the town.

The Need of Support and Stimulus

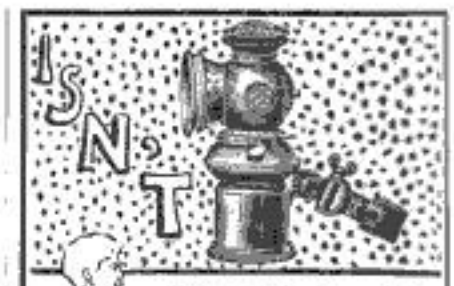
Every young man who has tasted of the cup of wisdom is a timid man. He does not boast of his strength; he realizes that he needs every form of help he can secure; he knows that there are restraints that are helpful, for mistakes are both of omission and commission, and he puts himself in the way of influences that will hold him up in the time of trial. He needs these to keep him from that which is deteriorating, and to support him in the day of temptation.

He should select his boarding-house with great care. If his pay is small, as it usually is with the boy who is starting in life, he is limited in his choice; but, admitting this, there still is a choice. A dark room, with a family of refinement, is far superior to a better one where ignorance and vulgarity preside over the household.

The young man should strive to make acquaintance with those who have homes, rather than with those who are boarders like himself. If such acquaintance leads to friendship, and the friend's home is opened to him, he has cause to congratulate himself and be thankful. He should strive by every way in his power to make his visits pleasant, so that he may continue to be welcomed where he can breathe the atmosphere of a home.

He should go to church. No one on earth needs the moral stimulus that regular church-going gives so much as the young man who is alone in a strange city. I am not suggesting that he should join a church; that is a matter between himself and his God. I do not say that he shall pretend to be religious, whether he is or not. I do not counsel that he shall play the hypocrite. I simply say that in order that his better nature may be frequently appealed to, and that he may place himself where good influences will meet him, he should be regular in his attendance upon church.

The poorest sermon that was ever preached, unless it was upon mere dogma, did good to some one of those who heard it. It may have lifted no one any nearer to the



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skies, and yet have been helpful in that it kept some one from dropping any lower than he was. I am writing as a business man, and writing of the worldly view of business, but I realize the great help it is to a young man that he should have noble ideals presented to him steadily; that his conscience should be kept alive and quickened; and that he should be obliged to look at himself in a mirror, where he can compare his own frailties with a perfect type of manhood.

Common-Sense Reasons for Bible Study He should join a class in Sunday-school, and for two good reasons: the first, that he may read and study and know the Bible. I am taking it for granted that he is continuing his education, although out of school and at work. That education which ignores the Bible, whether the young man is a tinner's apprentice or a bookkeeper, is ill-balanced and superficial. This is not because it is, or is not, an inspired book. It is the history of all that is highest and lowest in mankind; the depths to which he can sink in degradation and despair; the heights that he might reach if he but would.

To join a Bible-class is to put one's self where one is studying the best literature, and making it a little easier to resist temptation during the week.

Another reason for joining a Bible-class, and one more directly in line with the heading of this article, is that it enlarges the circle of his acquaintances. I fancy that some critic will say I am encouraging him to pretend to be what he is not, for purely commercial purposes. But if he visits a saloon or billiard-room to seek acquaintances no one thinks of suggesting that he is playing the hypocrite. If a young man is coaxed into a church from the gutter; if he is then persuaded to join a class in Sunday-school, no one thinks of charging those who encourage him with aiding hypocrisy. And because a young man should seek these aids of his own accord, desiring to be among good people and under good influences, this seems to me to be both right and proper—and equally as far removed from the suspicion of hypocrisy. Now I am very careful not to suggest that he should join the church, that he should assume to be religious whether he is or not, or that he should be anything in the Bible-class but a scholar. These are matters of religion, not of business.

The Turning of the Old to the New Generation All the world feels kindly toward a modest young man. He is Hope and Courage personified. He dares everything. The middle-aged watch him with a tinge of envy for the illimitable possibilities that shine in his eager face. His future is inscrutable, but the business world looks to him for its coming princes and kings. He will solve the riddles that defied his predecessors. He has inherited all their knowledge but is not handicapped by their timidity. They welcome his companionship, for his talk renews the happy days of their youth. They glow under his approval and admiration. Through him they hope to project themselves into the future when their own personality has disappeared. All they ask is that he shall treat them with respect, shall listen with some interest to their experiences, and pay some slight deference to their counsels. A word of praise from these men has weight in the business world, and this is so easily earned by a manly young man that it is a never-ending puzzle to me that so few of them strive for it, or put themselves in the way of obtaining it. The great masses of young men are so keen after "pleasures" and excitement that they fail to see or appreciate the hands of the older generation that are held out in friendly invitation.

The time will come, if the young man is friendly, when friendly hands will be held out to him, and instead of being invited to play "a game," or to see the "sights," or do that which, if his employers knew, would cost him his position, he will be introduced to clean, intellectual pleasures and companionships, and meet people whom he will be glad to know, and whose acquaintanceship will be a help and inspiration to him.

His employers and business acquaintances will have watched these steps with keen interest, and when there is an opening he will be pushed higher, for his character and associates give assurance of trustworthiness, self-control, self-respect and high aims. He has placed a high valuation upon himself, and the world accepts this as his true value. Only his own acts will ever change this judgment.

The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

(Continued from Page 1124)

At the other end of the table sat a small man with gray mustache and goatee.

The head waiter came forward with his ready napkin, brushed off an imaginary crumb at Mr. Sanders' elbow, picked up the glass of water, and substituted for it another glass that sat on the window-ledge.

"Have you given your order, sir?" he asked.

"I reckon I did," replied Mr. Sanders, "but it's been so long ago it seems like a dream."

"Would you like a dish of fried spring onions, sir? They are very fresh and tender."

"Would I?" exclaimed Mr. Sanders. "Well, I'd thank you might'ly to try me—I ain't had a mess sence I left the neighborhood of Salem."

The man who had the appearance of a divinity student leaned back in his chair and balanced his fork on the forefinger of his left hand. "Salem—Salem," he said. "Pardon me, sir, but where is Salem?"

"Well, ef they ain't been no harrycane nor yethquake, Salem is in the State of Injianny."

"Why, certainly—to be sure! What am I thinking about?" sighed the stranger.

"Reely, I couldn't tell you," replied Mr. Sanders.

The other smiled as he wiped his glasses. "Well, I should have known about Salem, for I went to college with a relative of mine from that town. In fact, I think I have a number of relatives in Salem."

"What's the name?" inquired Mr. Sanders in his matter-of-fact way.

"Webb."

"When did they move there?"

"Three or four years ago, I think."

"Sam Webb was the chap you went to college wi'?"

"Yes," the other assented.

"What kin was you to him?"

"Cousin—first cousin."

At this Mr. Sanders leaned back in his chair and laughed until he was red in the face.

"What's the joke?" inquired the man who looked like a divinity student.

"Well, ef I ain't got old Granny Webb on the hooks, I don't want a cent!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders with a fresh burst of laughter. "Here she's been tellin' me for long years that there ain't a raut in the Webb family, on narry side, for generations, an' I ain't no more'n got to town before the little fust cousin runs under my hand same as a tame rat."

The hit was so palpable and so unexpected that even Bethune joined in the roar that came from the others around the table. The first cousin laughed, too, but it was plain to see that he was more irritated than pleased.

"But don't you fret, my friend. Steve Douglas is a raut, but he's a mighty big man, all the same. I was a Douglas man before the war, but after Old Abe up'd an' said he was for the Union, nigger or no nigger, why then I was a Lincoln man."

"And yet," said the first cousin persuasively, "they say there are a good many Southern sympathizers around and about in places."

"I reckon that's so," said Mr. Sanders. "My farm has been cleared a good many year, but hardly a spring passes but what I have to kill a snake or two."

Bethune noticed that a great change had come over the head waiter. He was fairly beaming on the guests as they came and went. In fact, he was radiant. His eyes sparkled and his whole manner showed that he was a well-pleased man. As for Bethune, he was astonished at the ease with which Mr. Sanders had handled a dangerous adversary. He had known that his companion possessed a courage that was absolutely invincible, but now Mr. Sanders was displaying a new and a rarer quality.

The stranger made no more remarks, but addressed himself to his dinner and hurried through it. As he was rising from the table, Mr. Sanders took his knife from his mouth to say:

"Ef you ever come out to Salem to visit your kin, lope out to my farm. It's about four miles out on what they call the Kaintucky pike. I'll tell Granny Webb I seed you; she'll be tickled to death."

"Why, thank you," replied the stranger. "I shall certainly call on you should I ever come to Indiana."

"So do!" Mr. Sanders rejoined.

Whereupon the spectacled man and his bewhiskered companion retired.

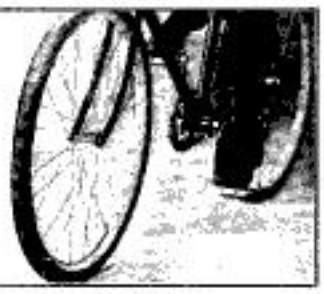
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The Voice of the People*

I like this book, and there is really no reason for not saying so "first off," instead of mildly implying it in the last lines. A great character, with a relieving note of imperfection, and a supreme act of self-sacrifice—for these things the world cares more than it cares for terrapin and champagne, though you would not always think so.

Ellen Glasgow is said to be young, but her generosity and directness disarm any sour analysis of the limitations of her youth. She does not always blend cunningly the relations of man to his surroundings. Sunset, moonlight and the changing moods of the seasons properly play their part in the human drama, but in The Voice of the People they are sometimes intrusive and unrelated. Thomas Hardy would help the author, whose sensibilities are finer, as yet, than her mechanics. Character sketching, with a strong relish for idealization, is the strength of the book.

It matters little if this is a faithful showing of Southern people to-day; it matters much that a Southern woman should have the impulse to write so feelingly and with so large a tolerance. Forgiveness and fair-mindedness are on every page, while bitterness seems alien to her nature. All else tends naturally to the need for concentration on one central figure, that of a lad born in the pitiful humility of a "poor white" family. His father worked with entire fidelity over his profitless acres of peanuts; his stepmother, gauntly tragic, ruled a sordid little kingdom. From these conditions, the boy, inspired by that which lights every darkness, would escape. He fell back, enthralled by inheritance, but again and again went forward. He became Governor of Virginia, and died, seeking to purify the Old Dominion from that hideous blemish on the South—a disparagement of its own constituted law. To work out this development of character it was needful that Nick Burr should lose, of a sudden and blamelessly, the light which had guided him to a point—a woman's love. Of the two he was the worthier, and, unerringly, he had to see it. Victory over himself and his obstacles brought him strength and also hardness, though this was eventually softened by an act of forgiveness.

I am conscious of saying the handsome thing of two books, in letting myself fancy that in Nick Burr is to be seen the Peter Stirling of the South: self-centred, humane, absolutely rock-bound in his fealty to political honor—not a priggish honor, but the sort which defies the enemies of the State with granitic stubbornness. I like to think of the basic qualities of this red-maned giant, of a homeliness akin to that of Mirabeau; they bade him, at the two greatest crises of his life, to curse roundly and fundamentally, when other men would have framed a sentence. As I said, I like this book. It is almost good enough to be excluded by Reading Committees from the Public Libraries. *—Lindsay Swift.*

Andromeda†

Mr. Buchanan's Andromeda has a far harder time than that famous Princess of ancient Hellas whose name she bears. Instead of being of the blood royal she is hampered from the outset by unpleasantly obscure antecedents. The place of her captivity is not the lovely land of the fable, but the dreariest island washed by the waters of the Thames, while the mythological dragon was a playful domestic animal compared to the monster who claims this modern Andromeda as his lawful prey. Moreover, the unfeeling author even denies her the consolation of the godlike hero she has every right to expect, giving her as a substitute for the courageous Perseus an inane youth of pleasing exterior and emotional temperament, whose calibre can be gauged accurately and dispassionately by the simple statement (we have Mr. Buchanan's word for it) that he is addicted to the lavish use of scented soap.

The plot hinges on a decidedly hackneyed situation—the inopportune return of the piratical villain after his certified death in a California mining camp. It seems impossible for English novelists to find a spot in America where their villains can be successfully disposed of. It must be very discouraging to have them always back on their hands again! But let them take heart, for there is light ahead; our new Pacific possessions offer a promising field for permanent banishment.

Mr. Buchanan evidently saw through a fog darkly while writing Andromeda, as a gloomy atmosphere pervades the book from cover to cover. There is no mirth, none of the joy of life, or that tender sentiment we naturally look for in a self-styled idyll; but in spite of this he tells his story interestingly and it doubtless holds the dramatic possibilities he claims for it. For stage purposes, however, his choice of the early Victorian era was an unwise one, as there is no period more hopelessly inartistic.

—Evelyn J. Curriden.

Glimpses of New Books

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson in The Biography of a Grizzly follows the careful, painstaking method with brush and pen which marked his earlier Wild Animals I Have Known. The story of Wahb the Grizzly is carried from his cubhood to his old age and ultimate death. Mrs. Thompson has, as heretofore, lent her skillful supervision to the letterpress. *The Century Company.*

Now that the rush to Cape Nome is on, Mr. Tappan Adney's account of the Klondike Stampede rings like a note of warning. Mr. Adney was in the diggings during 1897 and 1898, and illustrates his narrative with many photographs. *Harper & Brothers.*

"A sand burr is a foolish, small vegetable, irritating and grievously useless; therefore," announces Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, "this volume of sketches is named Sand Burrs." It really isn't so bad as that. It may be true that, as Mr. Lewis says later, "the Bowery dialect is not an exalted literature," but it would be difficult to stop long enough to be irritated at any one of such a shifting, turning crowd of faces and figures as press the streets of the East Side. And as for their being foolish—why, we have the author's word for it that they are all true! *Frederick A. Stokes Company.*

Mr. C. W. Van Der Hoogt, in The Story of the Boers, writes of the current events in South Africa in a natural spirit of race sympathy. He characterizes the events leading up to the war as a century of injustice, and looks upon English interpretations of the various conventions at Sand River, Pretoria, and London with scarcely a more kindly eye. Mr. Montagu White prefaces Mr. Van Der Hoogt's volume with a plea for the policy of mediation. *Harper & Brothers.*

When was it that Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Harbor? May 1, 1898, wasn't it? Two years ago, roughly; and since then Mr. Edward Strateymeyer has had time to be Under Dewey at Manila, to be Fighting With a Young Volunteer in Cuba, and by some Pucklike rapidity of movement, at the same time to be Fighting in Cuban Waters. Shortly after, he served Under Otis in the Philippines, and by the same marvel of ubiquity took part in The Campaign of the Jungle, Under Lawton. At least, he writes about all these things; he must then have been on the field to have described them; he would not dare impose on us, surely. Literature used to be a contemplative and quiet, loving profession—trade, if you will. It has indeed become a pursuit in these days. To what lengths will love of local color carry us! *Lee & Sheppard.*

* The Voice of the People. By Ellen Glasgow. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

† Andromeda. An Idyll of the Great River. By Robert Buchanan. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

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A Biography of Marie Corelli

Miss Marie Corelli's biography in that entertaining volume, Who's Who, is one of the longest in the book, and gives a fairly detailed sketch of her career. But the fact that nowhere else can much more be found concerning the novelist marks Miss Corelli off from most of the authors whose names are ranged with hers. Miss Corelli has believed in frankness in novels but not in sensation in newspapers. Paradoxically enough, however, her refusal to be interviewed, or to have her picture printed, has been more sensational than all the personal journalism which has helped to make the fame of other writers. It is said now, however, that Miss Corelli means to relax her austerity somewhat, and that, under her own supervision and with her own approval, a volume is to be prepared giving an account of her life and the story of her literary career and its aims. The book will be extremely interesting, for even those who deny Miss Corelli's rights to claim permanent literary merit cannot deny that she has been a striking and forcible figure.

Those who know her say she is a most interesting personality as well. They are not many, however, for, even when she lived in London, Miss Corelli's life was a retired one and she went little to the regular haunts of writers and journalists. Her habits of work led her to the quiet of the country. It was tucked away in a corner of Hants that an American visitor, on one of those literary pilgrimages to which Americans are so faithful, asked of the broad-faced landlord if it was not under his roof that Keats had written his Endymion, and might she not see the room. "Keats—Keats!" The landlord scratched his grizzled head—and then, with a sudden brightening: Ah! but he could show the room where Marie Corelli had written The Sorrows of Satan.

For the last few years Miss Corelli has been living in Stratford-on-Avon, less than ever in touch with literary London. A few friends come to see her, that is all. Miss Corelli's first house in Stratford was a very ancient one, said to have been built by Shakespeare's son-in-law. Later she has moved to a house called Avon Grange, which, if less rich in historical memories, is a no less charming house. Miss Corelli is an acquisition to Stratford, and is ready to help in any public or charitable enterprise. London could not make her leave her retirement, but Stratford has induced her even to open bazars with a speech for the charity in aid of which the sale was held.

Max O'Rell's Slim Young Man

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) was a sick man when he came to this country last fall. Naturally his American experiences were not exhilarating. On the night before he sailed for Europe he told a party of friends the most exasperating happening of the lot.

"This is not the first time I have been in America," he said. "I know the customs of the land and the people, and when the ship landed I was prepared for the American interviewer. I have met him before.

"Among the reporters was a slender youth from one of the big morning papers. I knew the editor and I thought he would give me a good show, so I spread myself for this lad. I spoke well. I spoke eloquently. I did the subject justice. Before leaving I made an appointment to meet this particular young man at my hotel at nine o'clock the next morning.

"When I opened that slim young man's paper the next day I was speechless with anger. Not a word of my interview appeared, but the youth had written about the bald spot on my head, making it larger. He had described how my nose had grown more prominent; how my cheeks had fallen away, and how I had lost my color. He told about my decrease of weight and described my legs as 'pipe stems.' I was walking the floor when the young man came in and by a violent effort I controlled myself. Then I said to him as calmly as I could:

"'My dear young man, I have been reading your account of me and I notice that you have described in detail every part of my body except my foot, and now, sir, I propose that you shall feel that, and you shall learn, sir, that I have not lost all my strength yet even if I——'

"But before I finished the reporter fled."

Authors at Home and in the Field

Opponents of Mr. Kipling's political views upon South African questions are fond of saying that he is no longer a literary man, but only a politician. Yet one may still be allowed to call him the most prominent writer who is at the Cape. It is said, however, that Mr. Kipling himself has little idea that any fiction will result from his present trip south. Of Dr. Conan Doyle, on the other hand, much may be expected. He will unquestionably do valuable work in the hospital service, but if he has any political views to put forward he will probably embody them in a novel, as he did his views on Egypt in The Tragedy of the Korosko.

The man who knows South Africa best, and whom one would perhaps most like to see there, Mr. Rider Haggard, is now so immersed in the problems of English farming that he seems to have given up writing fiction, and traveling as well. Mr. A. E. W. Mason is at home in London, writing furiously, only because a slight defect in his eyesight kept him from being accepted when he tried to enlist.

Of the usual war correspondents, Mr. Poulteney Bigelow has been too ill to go to the front, and Mr. Stephen Crane is still in the quiet of Sussex—perhaps because he is married, and marriage sometimes induces men to give up the undoubted dangers of war correspondence. It is said that if poor G. W. Steevens had come safely home from the Cape it would have been his last campaign—that he had promised his wife it should be. Mr. Richard Harding Davis was accompanied by his wife when he left London. Mrs. Davis would have gone to the front unhesitatingly had the authorities been willing, and those who know her say that she would have made as daring and resourceful a journalist as any there. As it is, it is likely that she and her prize bulldog Jaggers will push up from Cape Town as fast as military rules and regulations will allow. Naturally among the correspondents are some who are novelists as well. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's Savrola is just out, and many readers will remember Mr. H. E. Nevinson, correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, as the author of delicious stories of life in the London East End.

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Our First Marine Bands

By EDGAR STANTON MACLAY

Author of A History of the United States Navy

BECAUSE Uncle Sam did not have a brass band in the navy during the Revolution, it does not follow that he possessed the savage breast that refused to be soothed by the charms of music. On the contrary, he has shown a decided liking for the Muse, but being a poor young man at the time of his struggle for liberty, his only means of gratifying this passion were a drum and fife; or perhaps by whistling, accompanied by a pair of bone clappers. At any rate there is no record of a band of music being aboard a United States warship until 1802—and, shameful to say, that band was deliberately stolen.

The robbery was perpetrated by Captain Daniel McNiell, of the twenty-eight-gun corvette Boston. McNiell was an officer famous in the early navy for absolute fearlessness and a somewhat eccentric twist in his character which led him into several curious predicaments. In 1802, while the Boston was at Messina, a band belonging to one of the regiments quartered at that city came aboard, just to show the "wild men" from the New World what music was like. The "wild men," it seems, appreciated the concert too much, for Captain McNiell promptly tripped anchor, made sail and stood out to sea. In spite of the frantic appeals and protests of the unfortunate musicians, the Boston passed out into the Atlantic and made America in due time, with the musicians aboard.

Of course our Government was not going to war over a lot of kidnaped musicians, so Captain McNiell's act was promptly disavowed and that officer was not again put in a position where his love for a marine band could get the better of his discretion. It is interesting to note, however, that the Government was not so prompt in returning the musicians to their homes. In fact several of them were homeward-bound in the frigate Chesapeake, in 1807, when that ship was captured—and again these luckless musicians were thrown on their beam ends.

The Capture of the Macedonian Marine Band

The first band of music in the United States Navy having been acquired by theft, we need not be surprised to find that the second band was captured by force of arms. In her cruise in which she was captured by the forty-four-gun frigate United States, the English thirty-eight-gun frigate Macedonian had a band of eight musicians aboard. Captain Carden, the commander of the Macedonian, apparently had some difficulty in inducing these men to serve in his ship, for we find it stated that they insisted on a clause in their contract which stipulated that, in case of battle, they were to be put somewhere down in the hold where they would be safe. Accordingly, when the doughty British ship fell in with the United States, these musicians promptly reminded Captain Carden of this clause and forthwith they were stowed away in the cable tier. When the Americans came aboard to take possession they discovered these men and took them aboard the Yankee craft. Decatur, the American commander, took a great fancy to these musicians and induced them to enlist in his ship. This was the band that astonished the people of New York when the United States, with her prize, arrived at that port. The American crew landed at New York, marched uptown preceded by the band.

This was the only real live band in the American Navy at that time and Decatur enjoyed the distinction of having it aboard the vessels he commanded. Accordingly, when the war with Algiers broke out, in 1815, and Decatur was placed in command of the new forty-four-gun frigate Guerrière, he managed to smuggle his band aboard the ship. He finished up that war in true man-of-war's style, and after the conditions of peace had been signed he landed his band and gave the natives a purely American rendering of Hail Columbia.

Bands were very rare in British warships at that time. Captain Broke, of the Shannon, Carden's ranking officer, was very fond of music, but had not succeeded in smuggling a brass band aboard the Shannon. In his action with the Cheasapeake, June 1, 1813, he was desperately wounded. One day on the passage to Halifax, during a very heavy fog, the Shannon's people were startled by the shrill piping of the tune, Yankee Doodle. Many thought that an American frigate had approached under cover of the fog and was about to give battle. The piper, however, proved to be the Shannon's. He had been ordered to play that air by Captain Broke himself, who quaintly remarked: "I thought nothing would cheer me up so much as that old tune."

Decatur did not long enjoy the honor of having the only band in the navy. Many of our early commanders were musically inclined and encouraged their men in the formation of marine bands. In those large ship companies there were sure to be some who were proficient in the use of various musical instruments, and, under the fostering care of a friendly commander, they were not long in organizing bands, so that soon after the close of the war of 1812 marine bands in our war craft were the rule rather than the exception.

A Band that Astonished the Natives

Captain Edward Trenchard, while commanding the twenty-gun sloop of war Cyane—captured in 1815 from the British by Old Ironsides—notes in his private journal that a band of music had been organized by the members of the crew. This band was called on to perform at all festive occasions and "played regularly once a day for practice." It is not probable that the Cyane's band attained the high degree of excellence of our modern marine bands. The musicians of the high seas in those days did not occupy the important position they hold to-day in first-class warships, and the few manipulators of wind and brass instruments in the Cyane would have made a poor showing to the cultivated ear of the modern tar, who is used to the best of martial music.

It is recorded, however, that the Cyane's band made a great impression on the natives of the western coast of Africa, where that ship, in 1820, was stationed. To hear this wonderful band was one of the great events along this coast and its fame extended even to the islands of the sea. On May 19 the Cyane put into Port Pray after a cruise in search of slavers. The people there had heard of her band, and scarcely had her anchor been dropped when a messenger came aboard with the announcement that "His Excellency, the Governor-General, solicits the pleasure of Captain Trenchard's company, with that of all the officers of the Cyane, to tea this evening, and would be highly gratified with having a few tunes from Captain Trenchard's band, which he solicits may be permitted to come on shore with their musical instruments, as the evening will be rendered delightful and pleasant by a full moon."

This enchanting invitation to tea and a "full moon" was sent through one Hodges, an English-speaking person on the island, who was to act as interpreter. Captain Trenchard accepted the invitation and called on the Governor. After a decent amount of time had been allowed the Americans for the contemplation of the tea and the "full moon," the natives were treated to the awe-inspiring sounds from the Cyane's band. With forethought, bred of experience, the bandmaster labeled in advance the tunes he was about to render so that there would be no dispute among the auditors on that point.

There can be no question of the stimulating effect of music at all times, and especially at moments of national interest. The policy of American naval administrations for a century has been to discourage the use of alcohol in the navy, while the average British commander was dealing out extra grog to his men on the eve of battle. Advanced civilization has shown that intoxicating beverages are a most dangerous and altogether unsatisfactory stimulant in time of battle, but the band of music, and even the drum or fife alone, have always been found a most potent means of stimulating the men to extraordinary exertions. Hence it is that the marine band has come to stay.





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The Two Youths Among the Nations

By Senator
ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE



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RUSSIA & AMERICA

The Two Youths Among the Nations

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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IT WAS Emerson who called attention to the fact that with nations, as with men, it is all a question of heart beats, all a matter of arterial circulation. It is an obvious and yet a very profound truth that men wear out, and so do nations wear out, since nations are merely aggregations of men. And it is a very simple deduction that the whole problem of life is to preserve youth. Everybody knows that youth means growth, means the doing of things, means creation, construction, expansion. Conversely, age means decay, disintegration, the return to the original elements out of which the aging man or nation was first formed. After all, we cannot get away from the biological basis. And so it is quite clear that the duty of statesmanship is to preserve the youth of the people it serves. And youth is preserved by preserving the processes of youth—by building, growing, keeping active the creative energies. Youth is synthetic and imaginative; age is analytic, reminiscent and reflective. Youth seeks new fields to cultivate; age retreats even from the old ones; and this is just as true of nations as of men. Take the testimony of our American philosopher again. Says Emerson: "A good deal of our politics is physiological. . . . In England there is always some man of wealth and large connection, planting himself, during all his years of health, on the side of progress, who, as soon as he begins to die, checks his forward play, calls in his troops and becomes conservative. All conservatives are such from physical defects. They have been effeminated by position or Nature, born halt or blind through luxury of their parents, and can only, like invalids, act on the defensive. But strong natures, backwoodsmen, New Hampshire giants, Napoleons, Burkes, Broughams, Websters, Kossuths, are inevitable patriots until their life ebbs, and their defects and gout, palsy and money warp them." Thus Emerson—and while it seems to be untrue of individuals, it is certainly true of nations. The advantages of youth are well-nigh terrible in peoples and in individuals. No matter how completely the older peoples may occupy all of the present positions of superiority; no matter how the guns may be trained upon us to-day, we know that to-morrow those guns will be rust, the hands that trained them will have vanished, and that we shall be occupying still stronger positions than they do now, still higher up the steeps of power.

The Man to Plan the To-morrow of America

It was the perception of this elemental truth that made Peter the Great one of the most far-sighted statesman who ever lived. He knew that Russia would degenerate utterly if confined within mere land boundaries. He knew that nations breathe only through the sea—ports are breathing places. He knew that the more Russia touched the rest of the world the greater she would be. He conceived the simple but grand idea of Russia as an ever-growing, ever-expanding, and therefore ever-youth-renewing power. Or let us rather say that he was the incarnation of the desire of the Russian people—the personification of their racial purpose. To effectuate this great conception he laid down certain broad lines of national procedure that reached farther into futurity than any statesman, perhaps, who ever planned beyond his own immediate day. All the Russian statesmen since the period of Peter have largely been the executors of the great idea of the mighty man, whose vast intellect and burning activity made men in his day call him mad. It is this same conception which to-day is dominating the mind of the American people. And America will respond to the man who adequately gives expression to our master instinct. The intelligence of our people is so unusual that their common thought is larger and truer than that of any one man, and penetrates deeper into the coming centuries; and he will best plan the to-morrow of the American people who is the truest interpreter of their tendencies and purposes.

The same thing, and fundamentally from the same cause, is true of the great Russian Empire and of the great American Republic. We are the two youths of the world. We are the two entirely unexhausted peoples. We are the two expanding powers—the two powers, that is, that will continue to grow and develop in the coming centuries. And this is no reflection on the other great nations—perhaps to-day greater nations. They have achieved their development. But the period of American development is already here; and the development of Russia is beginning. Neither of us has achieved so much in art, philosophy, literature, law or even commerce as at least three of the other of the great, and one may say splendid, nations of to-day; but we have the advantage of youth. We hold the future in our hands. Not that England and Germany and other nations do not hold a noble future in their hands, too. (In Africa, England is securing room for great development also.) And let England thank God for her Cecil Rhodes, her Lord Cromers, and for all those other material and constructive minds who seek, find or create new fields for English constructive enterprise, for commerce and for the continuation of England's world-work. It is good to read of a man who lives on the earth to-day similar to those of whom the Bible speaks when it says, "And he founded a city." It is good to know that there are men who are founding something, planting something, building something, creating something, and so long as England has those daring souls who prefer the wilds of Africa to the wiles of London, who prefer the jungle and the mountains of hazard to the ease of society, she will not fail—no, nor falter.

The Similarity of Russian and American Types

No traveler can fail to be fascinated with the singular charm of the harbor of Nagasaki, in Japan. It has few superiors in beauty and convenience in the world. The greatest ships move in deep water up to within a stone's throw of the shore. The hills, pine-clad and shrouded with that blue haze that so softens and beautifies the Japanese landscape, holds the harbor of still bluer water in loving embrace. Wooded islands stand like sentinels at its entrance—and they are sentinels indeed, fortified with the heaviest and most modern guns. Many days I have spent in this harbor, and I have never seen a time when Russian vessels of war were not anchored there. Once I was a guest on one of the noblest of these ships. A middle-aged officer, speaking English, thoroughly familiar with the geography, climate, products and politics of the United States, entertained with instructive talk. He was strangely American in appearance, manner, apparently in ideas. Two of the subaltern officers arrived from shore leave during the visit. One of them was of the Royal family of the Romanoffs. Their light hair, blue eyes, straight nose (anything but Tartar; and why do people mentally associate them with Tartar blood—they have none), thin nostril, delicate lip and singular alertness of manner and idea would have convinced you that they were American. They were of the type of the young American in appearance and in mental attitude.

I was not greatly interested in the ship, although one of Russia's latest; in course of time it will be archaic, as will all present vessels of war of every nation. But the men—they were of fundamental interest. They will not be archaic in a few years, nor their nation! Or will they? That is the question which is of infinitely more importance than ships, or guns, or commerce, or possessions, or geography. I asked to see the men. They were superb. They were young men, of course, but they were youthful young men. They were not old young men. They were young men of a race in its youth; in short, they were like our own young men. They made one think of the appearance of the people who fill the common coaches of the American railway trains; and there is no better place to study the characteristics of our people and to get the inspiration of their vast and youthful vitality. This similarity in youthfulness of the two peoples—the American and Russian—will impress any one who looks beneath surface differences.

One day, on the boat from Cologne to Mayence on the Rhine, I appeared to be the only American—was the only American. I had asked the German band on board if they would not render a certain German national composition. The request drew forth a remark from a gentleman I had not noticed before, and I was sure I had found a compatriot. He looked like an American professional man. Later I was presented to his wife and daughter—they, too, looked like Americans. As a matter of fact, he is an eminent Russian physician of St. Petersburg.

The Bond Between America and Russia

The similarity is startlingly apparent in the history of Russian and American expansion. The fascinating stories of the Russian Cossack exploration and settlement eastward and of the American pioneer expansion to the westward are so similar that, with the change of dates and names, one might be substituted for the other. Instead of the Stroganoffs we had Astor and the Hudson Bay Company; instead of Lewis and Cass and Fremont, the Russians had Yermak, Atlasoff and Khabaroff. There is nothing in American history so full of vitality, of racial inspiration as the story of Boone and Crockett and Carson, and all that company of fearless hearts who sought solitude and courted death to extend the dominion of the American flag on our own continent; and their story, which so thrills our blood to-day, can be reproduced in the recital of the adventures of the pioneers of Russia, who swept across "the girdle of the world," as the Ural Mountains were called, dared the unknown, seized Siberia, captured the Ameer, and, in a word, obeyed the instincts of the Russian people of which they, in their way, were merely the servants and forerunners. Frozen, starved, murdered by savage tribes in the new lands which they explored, the American and Russian pioneers have reached out in the centuries that are past, one toward the East and the other toward the West, in precisely the same manner, asking nothing better than an unmarked grave as their reward for extending the dominion of their respective peoples.

"Yes, I think undoubtedly that you Americans will control things for the next three hundred years, perhaps the next five hundred years," said the Russian naval officer, as we discussed the world and events on the deck of this great destroyer in Nagasaki. "But after that it will be our turn. We are not ready yet. We are not sufficiently developed yet. We have youth without development; you have youth with development. Our business for the next three hundred years, anyhow, will be development. Our business will be getting ready. You are ready now." His casual words were deeply true. They are a statement of the conclusion to which every inquiring and thinking mind arrives.

Russia is like a world in formation. We are like a world newly formed, and full of vast productive energies. The conclusion from these two great facts states itself. Russia is, and for a long time yet will be, one of the choicest fields for our activities. Siberia is to be developed—her forests felled, her mines opened, her fields tilled; and Siberia's natural resources are tremendous—minerals, woods, agricultural possibilities. Already the number of her inhabitants is very considerable. Her population within the next hundred years will run into the tens of millions. Russia herself—I mean European Russia—is still undeveloped. Some person has got to develop that great dominion. Some person has got to build the railroads, furnish the machinery, construct the public and private works, manufacture and sell the goods, supply all the increasing wants of the Russian people and every part and dependency of the Russian Empire. None of the European nations is in so fortunate a position as the United States to do all this, because of the conflicts, jealousies, hatreds, and the scores of complications of Old World politics, springing out of present conditions and inherited from the conditions of a recent and remote past. The American Republic alone stands in an unrivaled position to supply the needs of the Russian Empire during the period of its development. The Russians prefer to buy from us what they cannot make or raise themselves. They prefer that we should build their railroads, that we should construct their buildings, that we should make their machinery, that we should sell them their clothing, that we should do all of the great work of development which they themselves cannot do. The reason for this is twofold. First, Russia has nothing to fear from us—for a century at least, as she thinks. Second, there is a fraternal feeling which has been fostered for a hundred years by both American and Russian statesmen and which has created a sentiment which is and will always be an invaluable asset in international dealings, whether political or commercial. But there is yet a third reason, which has its roots deeper than the policy of statesmen, in the soil of a common youth among the nations of the world and of a common certainty of future mastery. It is the same law which draws young men together in politics, or in business effort at the beginning of their careers.

Our Common Growth on Parallel Lines

Development! Development! Development! That is the thing upon which the Russian mind is intent. It is the thing to which her location, resources and the period now reached in the progress of her people force her. And it is the thing upon which the American mind should fasten itself, not in fear nor in envy, but with a realization of the opportunity it brings us. Of course the irresistible expansion of the Russian Empire, the sure, gradual, even perhaps slow, but manifestly mighty awakening of the Russian people, may cause alarm in the minds of the statesmen and people of other nations of the world. But it should not cause uneasiness in our minds. It should not even cause jealousy. If it makes other nations jealous or uneasy that is not an unfortunate fact for us. The Russian people are proceeding along the same lines upon which we are proceeding, more slowly than we, and far behind us. They have the same right to develop, to expand, to work out their destiny that we have. Indeed, it is hardly a question of "right," used in the narrow sense; for Russian expansion and development in the future, like American expansion and development in the present, and British expansion and development, which seemed to have reached its limit till Rhodes came with his misunderstood but imperial mind, and Roman expansion and development in her period, are merely great forces of Nature working themselves out in human society and civilization. And these forces will continue to work out their—shall we not say predestined?—results, no matter who is pleased or saddened by those results.

Russian Energy No Menace to America

Russia's great Trans-Siberian Railway, then, which is the most apparent and striking example of present Russian effort, should not alarm us. To the thoughtful mind, seeking new fields for American enterprise, the employment of American capital and markets for the product of American labor, that railway might well be built at our expense, for the benefit of American commerce alone. But when it is finished, will it not be the commercial highway by which Russia will ship her goods into China and the far East? Yes. But not now. Not for some decades yet; for Russia has not the factories, the mills, the machinery with which to supply her own population. She will have in a hundred years—perhaps fifty years—but in the meantime the Siberian Railway, from the viewpoint of American commerce, is merely the channel by which American goods, clothing, implements, machinery, rails,

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engines and practically all the products of our manufactories, mines and farms will find their way to the Siberian people. So that this railway, which is but a repetition by the Russian Government of the achievements by which American private enterprise has belted our own continent with many similar trunk lines, is for the present, at least, merely another American commercial opportunity.

If it is objected that the completion of this railway and the general progress of Russian development will bring her all the earlier into final competition with us, the answer is that the Russian progress cannot be stayed by our dissent. The Siberian Railway will be, is being, completed. New provinces will be, are being, added to the empire. Seaports have been, are being, and still others will be, acquired by the government of the Czar. We cannot stop it. No power can stop it. It is as inevitable as our own development; and it is profitless to argue about it — weak and absurd to complain of it. The wise and strong thing to do is to take advantage of it. For many years many of the wants of the Russian people must be supplied from without. I have suggested the reason why other nations are not in so good position as the American Republic to supply those wants. While the opportunity exists there, nay, while it invites us, it would be the very insanity of jealousy not to avail ourselves of it.

It must be remembered that the wants of the Russian people will increase as their progress increases. The civilized man (as the word civilized is now understood) means the man with the most wants. When a railroad has once penetrated to a previously isolated section of the world, the wants, the desires, the necessities of the people of that section immensely increase.

Commercial Duties that Await Us in Russia

The Trans-Siberian Railway is the largest material fact — or rather, perhaps, suggestion — in the world to-day, except our own recent acquisitions of territory. It is the beginning of a development of a mighty people and a mighty physical empire. Within the lives of the next generation railways will penetrate every portion of European Russia; and branch lines will extend, like nerves from the spinal cord, on either side of the Trans-Siberian line to the fields and mines and forests of that great dominion of Asiatic Russia. It appears to me that here is a new field for American enterprise which that fortunate series of circumstances that is now blessing us makes almost exclusively ours. Next to the immense trade of the Orient it is our most obvious and easy market; and since it is our business to find work for our hands to do — constructive, developing work — it would appear that the commercial conquest of Russia is an opportunity so great as to become almost a commercial duty.

There are three great and new fields for American enterprise — three great and new markets for our products. One is Central and South America; another is the far East, and especially China; the third is the Russian Empire. Instead of wasting time upon non-constructive theories, we should bend every energy of inventive and practical statesmanship toward commercial supremacy in these three fields. So much has been said concerning the Oriental market that awaits us and, though not recently, concerning the South and Central American markets which should be ours, that extended reference to any one would be out of proportion in this paper. But, singularly, little attention seems to have been given to the great Russian opportunity for the investment of American capital and the sale of American goods, and, in short, the conquest by American thought and energy of the great Russian market. Has not the time arrived to give this vital opportunity our earnest attention? To occupy this field does not mean that we shall leave our other European markets. We have those markets, and they should be fostered as carefully as any merchant would nurture the trade which he has once secured. And, in the nature of things, the European markets which we now possess must continue to be ours; although, aside from markets for breadstuffs, these markets must continue to be ours in a comparatively decreasing degree. In all manufactured goods, England and the countries of Western Europe will more and more make for themselves all they need. It is to the new fields that the American people and, as their agent, the American statesman must look. And of these new fields, the three that are ours by natural conditions and all the other circumstances that create and foster commercial intercourse, are the countries of the American continent, of the far East and of the great developing Russian world.

This conquest of Russian markets is not material alone. It has its aspect of glory as well. Perhaps it is the latter to which the historian of a thousand years from now, tracing out the influence of the American people in their great world-work, will give the most, if not exclusive, attention. For it is so very simple and plain a fact that its very simplicity obscures it, that a conquest of markets means, in the end, a conquest of ideas as well. Where our merchants go our speech goes, our manners are grafted, our civilization takes root. The very act of selling produces a dominating influence over the mind of the purchaser — otherwise he would not buy. Civilization follows commerce; liberty follows commerce, too. Civilization began when people began to exchange their mutual products and possessions. Men cannot exchange their products without exchanging their ideas, and so it may be that the American commercial conquest of Russia will also be the conquest of American ideas, manners, and, in the very distant end, perhaps American institutions among the Russian people. Or will you have it that, conversely, it may be in the end the triumph of Russian ideas, manners and institutions over us? I answer that such a result is impossible, unless Russian ideas, manners and government are the superior type. For nothing is surer than this, that the fittest type in manners, laws, ideas and government will finally survive. The law of evolution is much more apparent in the intellectual world than it is in the material world.

The Progressive Instinct of the Russian People

I have never been impressed with the idea which seems to oppress or gladden many minds that the Russian Government was destined to crumble and finally disappear — perhaps, as some writers have suggested, in a second "terror," surpassing the awful days of the French Revolution. Such talk appears to me to be wild, absurd, ill-informed. There is nothing more interesting or useful at present for Americans than the study of Russia, Russian history and government. The Russian Government is singularly elastic, remarkably progressive. The aspirations of the Russian people, as a people, are obeyed and realized by the Russian Government with remarkable fidelity. It was a great Russian financier who is reported recently to have uttered this significant truth.

"No," said he, "the Siberian Railway does not pay along the entire line, and perhaps will not pay for some time, although all other Russian railways pay heavily. But Siberia must be developed before that greatest railway of the world returns dividends upon its whole length, and when that occurs it will be the best paying property in the world. The development of Siberia is a great work — a hard work." (Even the Siberian Railway is said to be profitable on certain divisions now.) "Our whole development toward the Pacific is arduous and expensive. Neither this generation nor the next will reap the greatest benefit from that. Why, then, are we doing all this? We are doing it because we cannot help it. We are doing it in obedience to an instinct of the Russian people. We are obeying the common thought and common determination of the millions; or rather, I should not say their common thought, but their common instinct. We are moved as by the voice upon the face of the waters; we are moved as you are moved, and by the same great elemental power. In a word, we are growing. We are making ready a home for our future tens of millions. We are getting in touch with the world of to-day and the world of to-morrow also."

"Russia will be your great competitor in a few years. That is the conclusion of the whole syllogism of her progress toward the Pacific. That is the meaning of Port Arthur, of the Siberian Railway, of her movement toward the Persian Gulf. It is merely the movement of her people for the opportunities of trade, to create, to construct, to do. Your expansion, which is much more rapid than Russia's, is the same thing. Do you not see, therefore, that every step of Russian progress in the far East brings your final great competitor closer to you?" Thus spoke the ablest English financier in the far East; and one cannot quarrel with the sense and truth of his words. But admitting their correctness does not negative the plain fact of our commercial opportunity, involved in that very development of Russia, so far, at least, as the present and the next few decades are concerned. Will refusal to trade with Russia retard her progress appreciably? And if we do not trade with her, will not others? And if wealth is to be drawn from this commercial course, why should we not absorb it? And if we acquire wealth, strength, commercial greatness from this source, shall we not have been strengthened for the final conflict which some think they perceive, even by the very antagonist they fear?

Why Russia Will Avoid a Conflict

"What are you going to do," said my English friend in Hongkong, "when finally you and Russia are face to face as serious competitors in the far Eastern market?" The answer is that it is a situation which will take care of itself when it arrives. I have long had my own ideas as to what will occur; but it is not fruitful to discuss any situation so far in the future that we can neither act upon it nor prepare in a definite and tangible way for it. To go to war to protect commercial rights is not a shocking proposition; but to undertake conflict where the struggle itself would destroy the trade advantages which are yours under peaceful conditions is an impossible thought. It may be that other nations may invite and finally compel such a conflict with Russia. But there is nothing in the present situation to indicate that Americans will become involved in any such controversy for several generations at least, if ever; and the conflicts of others are something with which we have nothing to do except as those conflicts may affect our rights, present or prospective. I hardly look, however, for armed conflict between Russia and any power whatever for a very long time to come.



The remark of the Russian naval officer in Nagasaki harbor is the expression of all Russian thought, and one might say of all intelligent people everywhere on this subject. Russia is developing, growing. She needs her money for railways, for naval stations, for ships, for development, and has none for war.

The Argument for Commercial Conquest

All this theory of trade opportunities is "cold-blooded," we are told. One sometimes even hears it called "sordid." It is a matter of no importance to the ongoing of the American people whether these unkind adjectives are applicable or not. It is our business to find employment for every American. It is our business to discover new fields which the American mind and progress may enter and develop. It is our business to keep our productive energies active. It is our business to keep alive the constructive tendencies of the American people. In a word, it is our business to preserve our national youth — to keep growing in wealth, in power and in that kind of civilization which does not also mean decay. There are many offensive things about the ruggedness of Philistinism, but at least it has virility and perpetuity. It will not be a fortunate day for this virile republic when the bold spirit of our pioneers, who explored our continent and established our empire even in the wilderness, the audacity of our great constructive minds who have built our railroads, finished our bridges, launched our ships, and all our masculine, daring and synthetic character, is succeeded by the merely interrogative intellect, by a disposition to introspection, or even by the refined methods of art — for the ethnologist has pointed out for so many centuries that art is the beautiful flower that springs from the soil of decay, that that proposition may be taken now as *res adjudicata;* and one must be excused for preferring life, even if it is rugged, even if it is a selfish life, rather than death, no matter how beautiful.

How the Eternal Analogy Holds

There is no disputing the theory of progress by the law of rhythms. Olive Schreiner never said anything half so great as that "the Eternal analogy holds." Human progress is by mighty impulses, just as is everything else in Nature. And human progress, by impulses instead of by a steady and continuous current, takes the form of the predominance, the sovereignty, the mastery of successive peoples during successive periods. A mere glance at history suggests this; careful study confirms it. It is this period of mastery, of dominion, which the American people have reached to-day. Our whole policy as a nation should be shaped from the viewpoint of this great truth. The whole problem of our statesmanship, largely considered, is to extend this period — to render it permanent, if, such a glad dream were possible, and let us not deny that it is.

England's sagacity during the past seventy-five years in these lines commands the admiration of her bitterest enemy; and it is this which has made her great, and which has kept her young. It will be a departure from these lines which will mark the beginning of her decline. Fortune has favored us in these great material particulars in a manner that compels a belief that it is the purpose of Providence to make us the master people of the world for a long period immediately before us. One cannot stop to quarrel or argue with him who holds the other view. It is like arguing against the coming of spring, or the ripening of corn in summer. It is like quarreling with the progresses of the suns. It is like — nay it is — disputing with a fact — and who can dispute successfully with facts? Our productive energies are unequaled in the history of the world; this is merely a fact. Our geographical position between the two great oceans is imperial beyond that of any other country on earth; that is merely a fact. The possession of Puerto Rico, the canal, Hawaii, the Philippines gives us a series of bases — commercial, naval and military — equaled only by two or three of the choice positions held by England; this is merely a fact. In politics we are through with childhood; through with petty disputations about State rights, about fanciful standards of money, about paralytic feebleness under the Constitution. These as practical questions are in the past, and the American people have reached that stage in their evolution where they are a Nation, a consolidated, indivisible People — a great, single, human Power; all this is merely a fact. In short, we have at last got ready for our work — and our work awaits us; it will continue to develop before us as our capacity for doing it develops, until our period as the sovereign people of the world has ended. "Yes, I think undoubtedly that you Americans will control things for the next three hundred years, perhaps five hundred years," as the Russian officer said in the beautiful harbor of South Japan. The American people think so, too, and it will be our business to make that five hundred years a thousand.

There is nothing discouraging in this program to the devotee of mere ideals. Ideals are nothing unless they are effectuated, and it has been pointed out before that ideals and ideas are not extended merely by talking about them. Nature has its methods of the propaganda of civilization. It is by the great and simple methods of growth. It is by making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. It is by the planting of trees, the building of roads, the setting of ships upon the waters, the manufacture of things of human use. It is by carrying merchandise to the peoples who need it. It is by the great law of service, for with these things go our thought, our speech, our religion, our institutions. "Faith without works is dead," and it is written that, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

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The Probation of James Wrench

By Jerome K. Jerome

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THERE are two sorts of men as gets henpecked," remarked Henry—I forget how the subject had originated, but we had been discussing the merits of Henry VIII considered as a father and a husband—"the sort as likes it and the sort as don't, and I wouldn't be too cocksure that the sort as does isn't on the whole in the majority.

"You see," continued Henry argumentatively, "it gives, as it were, a kind of interest to life, which nowadays, with everything going smoothly, and no chance of a row anywhere except in your own house, is apt to become a bit monotonous. There was a chap I got to know pretty well, one winter when I was working in Dresden at the Europaischer Hof; a quiet, weak little man he was, a journeyman butcher by trade; and his wife was a dressmaker, a Schneiderin, as they call them over there, and ran a fairly big business in the Praguer Strasse.

"I've always been told that German husbands are the worst going, treating their wives like slaves, or at best as mere upper servants. But my experience is that human nature don't alter so much according to distance from London as we fancy it does, and that husbands have their troubles same as wives all the world over. Anyhow, I've come across a German husband or two as didn't carry about with him any sign of the slave driver such as you might notice, at all events, not in his own house; and I know for a fact that Meister Anton, which was the name of the chap I'm telling you about, couldn't have been much worse off, not even if he'd been an Englishman born and bred. There were no children to occupy her mind, so she just devoted herself to him and the work-girls, and made things hum, as they say in America, for all of them. As for the girls, they got away at six in the evening, and not many of them stopped more than the first month. But the old man, not being able to give notice, had to put up with an average of eighteen hours a day of it. And even when, as was sometimes the case, he managed to get away for an hour or two in the evening for a quiet talk with a few of us over a glass of beer, he could never be quite happy, thinking of what was accumulating for him at home.

"Of course everybody as knew him knew of his troubles—for a scolding wife ain't the sort of thing as can be hid under a bushel—and was sorry for him, he being as amiable and good-tempered a fellow as ever lived, and most of us spent our time with him advising him for his good. Some of the more ardent would give him recipes for managing her, but they being, generally speaking, bachelors their suggestions lacked practicability, as you may say. One man bored his life out persuading him to try a bucket of cold water; he was one of those cold-water enthusiasts, this fellow; took it himself for everything, and always went to a hydropathic establishment for his holidays. Rumor had it that Meister Anton really did try this experiment on one unfortunate occasion—worried into it, I suppose, by the other chap's persistency. Anyhow, we didn't see him again for a week, he being confined to his bed with a chill on the liver. And the next suggestion made to him he rejected quite huffily, explaining that he had no intention of putting any fresh ideas into his wife's head.

"She wasn't a bad woman, mind you—merely given to fits of temper. At times she could be quite pleasant; but when she wasn't, life with her must have been exciting. He had stood it for about seven years; and then one day, without a word of warning to any one, he went away and left her. As she was quite able to keep herself, this seemed to be the best arrangement possible and everybody wondered why he had never thought of it before. I did not see him again for nine months, until I ran against him by pure chance on the Köln platform, where I was waiting for a train to Paris. He told me they had made up all their differences by correspondence and that he was then on his way back to her. He seemed quite cheerful and expectant.

"'Do you think she's really reformed?' I says. 'Do you think nine months is long enough to have taught her a lesson?' I didn't want to damp him, but personally I have never known but one case of a woman being cured of nagging, and that being brought about by a fall from a third-story window, resulting in what the doctors called permanent paralysis of the vocal organs, can hardly be taken as a precedent.

"'No,' he answered, 'nor nine years. But it's been long enough to teach me a lesson.'

"'You know me,' he goes on. 'I ain't a quarrelsome sort of chap. If nobody says a word to me, I never says a word to anybody, and it's been like that ever since I left her, day in, day out, all just the same. Up in the morning, do your bit of work, drink your glass of beer and to bed in the evening; nothing to excite you, nothing to arouse you. Why, it's a mere animal existence.' He was a rum sort of chap; always thought things out from his own point of view, as it were."

"Yes, a curious case," I remarked to Henry; "not the sort of story to put about, however. It might give women the idea that nagging is attractive and encourage them to try it upon husbands who do not care for excitement."

"Not much fear of that," replied Henry. "The nagging woman is born, as they say, not made, and she'll nag like the roses bloom, not because she wants to, but because she can't help it. And a woman to whom it don't come natural will never be any real good at it, try as she may. And as for the men, why we'll just go on selecting wives according to the old rule, so that you never know what you've got till it's too late for you to do anything but make the best or the worst of it, according as your fancy takes you.

"There was a fellow," continued Henry, "as used to work with me, a good many years ago now, at a small hotel in the city. He was a waiter, like myself—not a bad sort of chap, though a bit of a toff in his off-hours. He'd been engaged for some two or three years to one of the chambermaids. A pretty, gentle-looking little thing she was, with big, childish eyes and a voice like the pouring out of water. They are strange things, women; one can never tell what they are made of from the taste of them. And while I was there, it having been a good season for both of them, they thought they'd risk it and get married. They did the sensible thing, he coming back to his work after the week's holiday and she to hers; the only difference being that they took a couple of rooms of their own and slept out, in Middleton Row, from where in summer time you can catch the glimpse of a green tree or two.



"HE WAS SHOCKED TO FIND THAT HER SIZE IN GLOVES WAS SEVEN-AND-A-QUARTER"

"The first few months they were as happy as a couple in a play, she thinking almost as much of him as he thought of himself, which must have been a comfort to both of them, and he as proud of her as if he made her himself. And then some fifteenth cousin or so of his, a man he never heard of before, died in New Zealand and left him a fortune.

"That was the beginning of his troubles and of hers, too. I don't say it was enough to buy a peerage, but to a man accustomed to dream of half-crown tips it seemed an enormous fortune. Anyhow, it was sufficient to turn his head and give him ideas above his station. His first move, of course, was to chuck his berth and set fire to his dress suit, which, being tolerably greasy, burned well. Had he stopped there nobody could have blamed him. I've often thought myself that I would willingly give ten years of my life, provided anybody wanted them, which I don't see how they should, to put my own behind the fire. But he didn't. He took a house in a mews, with the front door in a street off Grosvenor Square, furnished it like a second-class German restaurant, dressed himself like a bookmaker, and fancied that with the help of a few shady City chaps and a broken-down swell or two he had gathered around him, that he was fairly on his way to Park Lane and the House of Lords.



"And the only thing that struck him as being at all in his way was his wife. In her cap and apron, or her Sunday print, she had always looked as dainty and fetching a little piece of goods as a man could wish to be seen out with. Dressed according to the advice of his new-found friends, of course she looked like nothing else so much as a barn-yard chicken in the costume of a red Indian chief. He was shocked to find that her size in gloves was seven-and-a-quarter, and in boots, something over five; and that sort of thing naturally irritates a woman more even than finding fault with her immortal soul. I guess for about a year he made her life pretty well a burden for her, trying to bring her up to the standard of the Saturday-to-Monday-at-Brighton set with which he had surrounded himself, or which, to speak more correctly, had got around him. She'd a precious sight more gumption than he had ever possessed, and if he had listened to her instead of insisting upon her listening to him it would have been better for him. But there are some men who think that if you have a taste for champagne and the ballet, that proves you are intended by Nature for a nob, and he was one of them; and any common-sense suggestion of hers only convinced him of her natural unfitness for an exalted station.

"He grumbled at her accent, which, seeing that his own was acquired in Limehouse and finished off in the Minories, was just the sort of thing a fool would do. And he insisted on her reading all the society novels as they came out—you know the sort I mean—where everybody snaps everybody else's head off and all the proverbs are upside down; people leave them about the hotels when they've done with them, and one gets into the habit of dipping into them when one's nothing better to do. His hope was that she might, with pains, get to talk like these books. That was his ideal.

"She did her best, but, of course, the more away she got from herself the more absurd she became, and the rubbish and worse that he had about him would ridicule her more or less openly. And he, instead of kicking them out into the mews—which could have been done easily without Grosvenor Square knowing anything about it, and thereby having its high-class feelings hurt—he would blame her when they had all gone, just as if it was her fault that she was the daughter of a respectable bootmaker in the Mile End Road instead of something more likely than not turned out of the third row of the ballet because it couldn't dance and didn't want to learn.

"He played a bit in the city, and won at first; and that swelled his head worse than ever. It also brought him a good deal of sympathy from an Italian Countess, the sort you find at Homburg, and that, generally speaking, is a widow. Her chief sorrow was for society—that in him was losing an ornament. She explained to him how an accomplished and experienced woman could help a man to gain admittance into the tip-top circles which, according to her, were just thirsting for him. As a waiter he had his share of brains, and it's a business that requires more insight than perhaps you'd fancy, if you don't want to waste your time on a rabbit-skin coat and a paste ring, and give the burnt sole to the real gent. But in the hands of this swell mob he was, of course, just the young man from the country; and the end of it was that he played the game down pretty low.

"She—not the Countess; I shouldn't like you to have that idea, but his wife—came to be pretty friendly with my missis later, and that's how I got to know the details. He comes to her one day looking pretty sheepish-like, as one can well believe, and maybe he'd been drinking a bit to give himself courage.

"'We ain't been getting along too well together of late, have we, Susan?' says he.

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"'We ain't seen much of one another,' she answers; 'but I agree with you—we don't seem to enjoy it much when we do.'

"'It ain't your fault,' says he.

"'I'm glad you think that,' she answers; 'it shows me you ain't quite as foolish as I was beginning to think you.'

"'Of course, I didn't know when I married you,' he goes on, 'as I was going to come into this money.'

"'No, nor I either,' says she, 'or you bet it wouldn't have happened.'

"'It seems to have been a bit of a mistake,' says he, 'as things have turned out.'

"'It would have been a mistake, and more than a bit of a one in any case,' answers she.

"'I'm glad you agree with me,' says he; 'there'll be no need to quarrel.'

"'I've always tried to agree with you,' says she. 'We've never quarreled yet, and that ought to be sufficient proof to you that we never shall.'

"'It's a mistake that can be rectified,' says he, 'if you are sensible, and that without any harm to any one.'

"'Oh!' says she, 'it must be a new sort of mistake, that kind.'

"'We're not fitted for one another,' says he.

"'Out with it,' says she. 'Don't you be afraid of my feelings; they are well under control, as I think I can fairly say by this time.'

"'With a man in your own station of life,' says he, 'you'd be happier.'

"'There's many men I might be happier with,' replies she. 'That ain't the thing to be discussed, seeing as I've got you.'

"'You might get rid of me,' says he.

"'You mean, you might get rid of me,' she answers.

"'It comes to the same thing,' he says.

"'No, it don't,' she replies, 'nor anything like it. I shouldn't have got rid of you for my pleasure and I'm not going to do it for yours. You can live like a decent man and I'll go on putting up with you; or you can live like a fool and I shan't stand in your way. But you can't do both, and I'm not going to help you try.'

"Well, he argued with her and he tried the coaxing dodge and he tried the bullying dodge, but it didn't work, neither of it.

"'I've done my duty by you,' says she, 'so far as I've been able, and that I'll go on doing or not, just as you please; but I don't do more.'

"'We can't go on living like this,' says he, 'and it isn't fair to ask me to. You're hampering my prospects.'

"'I don't want to do that,' says she. 'You take your proper position in society, whatever that may be, and I'll take mine. I'll be glad enough to get back to it, you may rest assured.'

"'What do you mean?' says he.

"'It's simple enough,' she answers. 'I was earning my living before I married you and I can earn it again. You go your way, I go mine.'

'It didn't satisfy him, but there was nothing else to be done, and there was no moving her now in any other direction whatever, even had he wanted to. He offered her anything in the way of money—he wasn't a mean chap—but she wouldn't touch a penny. She had kept her old clothes—I'm not sure that some idea of needing them hadn't always been in her head—applied for a place under her former manager, who was then bossing a hotel in Kensington, and got it. And there was an end of high life so far as she was concerned.

"As for him, he went the usual way. It always seems to me as if men and women were just like water; sooner or later they get back to the level from which they started, that is, of course, generally speaking. Here and there a drop clings where it climbs; but, taking them on the whole, pumping up is a slow business. Lord! I have seen them, many of them, jolly clever they've thought themselves, with their diamond rings and big cigars. 'Wait a bit,' I've always said to myself, 'there'll come a day when you'll walk in and be glad enough of your chop and potatoes again with your half-pint of bitter.' And nine cases out of ten I've been right. James Wrench followed the course of the majority, only a little more so; tried to do others a precious sight sharper than himself and got done; tried a dozen times to scramble up again, each time coming down heavier than before, till there wasn't another spring left in him, and his only ambition victuals. Then, of course, he thought of his wife—it's a wonderful domesticator, ill luck—and wondered what she was doing.

"Fortunately for him, she'd been doing well. Her father died and left her a bit, just a couple of hundred or so, and with this and her own savings she'd started with a small inn in a growing town and had sold out again three years later at four times what she paid for it. She had done even better than that for herself. She had developed a talent for cooking that was a settled income in itself, and at this time was running a small hotel in Brighton, and making it pay to a tune that would have made the shareholders of some of its bigger rivals a bit envious could they have known.

"He came to me, having found out, I don't know how—necessity smartens the wits, I suppose—that my missis still kept up a sort of friendship with her, and begged me to try and arrange a meeting between them, which I did, though I told him frankly that from what I knew his welcome wouldn't be much more enthusiastic than what he'd any right to expect. But he was always of a sanguine disposition; and borrowing his fare and an old greatcoat of mine he started off, evidently thinking that all his troubles were over.

"But they weren't exactly. The Married Women's Property Act has altered things a bit, and Master James found himself greeted without any suggestion of tenderness by a businesslike woman of thirty-six or thereabouts, and told to wait in the room behind the bar till she could find time to talk to him.

"She kept him waiting there for three-quarters of an hour, just sufficient time to take the side out of him; and then she walks in and closes the door behind her.

"'I'd say you hadn't changed hardly a day, Susan,' says he, 'if it wasn't that you'd grown handsomer than ever.'

"I guess he'd been turning that over in his mind during the three-quarters of an hour. It was his fancy that he knew a bit about women.

"'My name's Mrs. Wrench,' says she; 'and if you'll take your hat off and stand up while I'm talking to you it will be more what I'm accustomed to.'

"Well, that staggered him a bit; but there didn't seem anything else to be done, so he just made as if he thought it funny, though I doubt if at the time he saw the full humor of it.

"'And now, what do you want?' says she, seating herself in front of her desk and leaving him standing first on one leg and then on the other, twiddling his hat in his hands.

"'I've been a bad husband to you, Susan,' begins he.

"'I could have told you that,' she answers. 'What I asked you was what you wanted.'

"'I want for us to let bygones be bygones,' says he.

"'That's quite my own idea,' says she, 'and if you don't allude to the past, I sha'n't.'

"'You're an angel, Susan,' says he.

"'I've told you once,' answers she, 'that my name's Mrs. Wrench. I'm Susan to my friends, not to every broken-down tramp looking for a job.'

"'Ain't I your husband?' says he, trying a bit of dignity.

"She got up and took a glance through the glass door to see that nobody was there to overhear her.

"'For the first and last time,' says she, 'let you and I understand one another. I've been eleven years without a husband, and I've got used to it. I don't feel now as I want one of any kind, and if I did it wouldn't be your sort. Eleven years ago I wasn't good enough for you and now you're not good enough for me.'

"'I want to reform,' says he.

"'I want to see you do it,' says she.

"'Give me a chance,' says he.

"'I'm going to,' says she; 'but it's going to be my experiment this time, not yours. Eleven years ago I didn't give you satisfaction, so you turned me out of doors.'



"AIN'T I YOUR HUSBAND?" SAYS HE, TRYING A BIT OF DIGNITY

"'You went, Susan,' says he; 'you know it was your own idea.'

"'Don't you remind me too much of the circumstances,' replied she, turning on him with a look in her eyes that was probably new to him. 'I went because there wasn't room for two of us; you know that. The other kind suited you better. Now, I'm going to see whether you suit me,' and she sits herself again in her landlady's chair.

"'In what way?' says he.

"'In the way of earning your living,' says she, 'and starting on the road to becoming a decent member of society.'

"He stood for a while cogitating. 'Don't you think,' says he at last, 'as I could manage this hotel for you?'

"'Thanks,' says she; 'I'm doing that myself.'

"'What about looking to the financial side of things,' says he, 'and keeping the accounts? It's hardly your work.'

"'Nor yours either,' answers she dryly, 'judging by the way you've been keeping your own.'

"'You wouldn't like me to be head waiter, I suppose?' says he. 'It would be a bit of a come-down.'

"'You're thinking of the hotel, I presume,' says she. 'Perhaps you are right. My customers are mostly an old-fashioned class; it's probable enough they might not like you. You had better suggest something else.'

"'I could hardly be an under waiter,' says he.

"'Perhaps not,' says she; 'your manners strike me as a bit too familiar for that.'

"Then he thought he'd try sarcasm. 'Perhaps you'd fancy my being the Boots,' says he.

"'That's more reasonable,' says she. 'You couldn't do much harm there and I could keep an eye on you.'

"'You really mean that?' says he, starting to put on his dignity.

"But she cut him short by ringing the bell. 'If you think you can do better for yourself,' she says, 'there's an end of it. By a curious coincidence the place is just now vacant. I'll keep it open for you till to-morrow night; you can turn it over in your mind;' and, one of the page boys coming in, she just says, 'Good-morning,' and the interview was at an end.

"Well, he turned it over and he took the job. He thought she'd relent after the first week or two, but she didn't; he just kept that place for over fifteen months and learnt the business. In the house he was James the Boots, and she Mrs. Wrench, the landlady, and she saw to it that he didn't forget it. He had his wages and he made his tips, and the food was plentiful; but I take it he worked harder during that time than he'd ever worked before in his life, and found that a landlady is just twice as difficult to please as the strictest landlord it can be a man's misfortune to get under, and Mrs. Wrench was no exception to the rule.

"At the end of the fifteen months she sends for him into the office. He didn't want telling by this time; he just stood with his hat in his hand and waited, respectful like.

"'James,' says she, after she had finished what she was doing, 'I find I shall want another waiter for the coffee-room this season. Would you care to try the place?'

"'Thank you, Mrs. Wrench,' he answers; 'it's more what I've been used to and I think I'll be able to give satisfaction.'

"'There's no wages attached, as I suppose you know,' continues she; 'but the second floor goes with it, and if you know your business you ought to make from twenty-five to thirty shillings a week.'

"'Thank you, Mrs. Wrench; that'll suit me very well,' replies he; and it was settled.

"He did better as a waiter; he'd got it in his blood, as you might say; and so after a time he worked up to be head waiter. Now and then, of course, it came about that he found himself waiting on the very folks that he'd been chums with in his classy days, and that must have been a bit rough on him. But he'd taken in a good deal of sense since then, and when one of the old sort, all rings and shirt-front, dining there one Sunday evening, started chaffing him, Jimmy just shut him up with a quiet: 'Yes, I guess we were both a bit out of our place in those days. The difference between us now is that I have got back to mine;' which cost him his tip, but must have been a satisfaction to him.

"He worked in that hotel for some three and a half years, and then Mrs. Wrench sends for him again into the office.

"'Sit down, James,' says she.

"'Thank you, Mrs. Wrench,' says James, and sat.

"'I'm thinking of giving up this hotel, James,' says she, 'and taking another near Dover, a quiet place with just such a *clientèle* as I shall like. Do you care to come with me?'

"'Thank you,' says he, 'but I'm thinking, Mrs. Wrench, of making a change myself.'

"'Oh,' says she; 'I'm sorry to hear that, James. I thought we'd been getting on very well together.'

"'I've tried to do my best, Mrs. Wrench,' says he, 'and I hope as I've given satisfaction.'

"'I've nothing to complain of, James,' says she.

"'I thank you for saying it,' says he, 'and I thank you for the opportunity you gave me when I wanted it. It's been the making of me.'

"She didn't answer for about a minute. Then says she: 'You've been meeting some of your old friends, James, I'm

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afraid, and they've been persuading you to go back into the City.'

"'No, Mrs. Wrench,' says he; 'no more City for me and no more neighborhood of Grosvenor Square, unless it be in the way of business; and that couldn't be, of course, for a good long while to come.'

"'What do you mean by business?' asks she.

"'The hotel business,' replies he. 'I believe I know the bearings by now. I've saved a bit, thanks to you, Mrs. Wrench, and a bit's come in from the wreck that I never hoped for.'

"'Enough to start you?' asks she.

"'Not quite enough for that,' answers he. 'My idea is a small partnership.'

"'How much is it altogether?' says she, 'if it's not an impertinent question.'

"'Not at all,' answers he. 'It tots up to £900 about.'

"She turns back to her desk and goes on with her writing.

"'Dover wouldn't suit you, I suppose?' says she, without looking around.

"'Dover's all right,' says he, 'if the business is a good one.'

"'It can be worked up into one of the best things going,' says she, 'and I'm getting it dirt cheap. You can have a third share for a thousand pounds, that's just what it's costing, and owe me the other hundred.'

"'And what position do I take?' says he.

"'If you come in on those terms,' says she, 'then, of course, it's a partnership.'

"He arose and came over to her. 'Life isn't all business, Susan,' says he.

"'I've found it so mostly,' says she.

"'Fourteen years ago,' says he, 'I made the mistake; now you're making it.'

"'What mistake am I making?' says she.

"'That man's the only thing as can't learn a lesson,' says he.

"'Oh,' says she, 'and what's the lesson you've learnt?'

"'That I never get on without you, Susan,' says he.

"'Well,' says she, 'you suggested a partnership and I agreed to it. What more do you want?'

"'I want to know the name of the firm,' says he.

"'Mr. and Mrs. Wrench,' says she, turning around to him and holding out her hand. 'How will that suit you?'

"'That'll do me all right,' answers he. 'And I'll try and give satisfaction,' adds he.

"'I believe you,' says she.

"And in that way they made a fresh start, as it were."

Henry M. Stanley

The Explorer, Lecturer *and* Journalist *as* I Knew Him

By Major James B. Pond

IN THE summer of 1886, while traveling in England with Henry Ward Beecher, I was asked if I did not want Henry M. Stanley in America. I replied that Mr. Stanley had once made the attempt and had been a most dismal failure. A day or two later, when I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Beecher, he replied:

"Stanley is one of the greatest men we have. I have been reading Through the Dark Continent; it is a great book. He is doing good work for civilization."

I arranged then to call upon Mr. Stanley at his apartments in New Bond Street and learn what his ideas were in regard to revisiting the United States. There I saw him for the first time, and found a very quiet, unassuming little man with dark hair and penetrating light blue eyes, reticent, but very pleasant. He allowed me to do the talking.

I related what I had heard Mr. Beecher say of him, and saw at once that it pleased him. It was about one o'clock. I asked him if he had lunched; he had not, so I invited him to the Café Royal, where we lunched together.

At luncheon I tried to entertain him with conversation, telling of America and the changes that had taken place during his absence. He listened attentively, but made no response; finally, in order to get him to speak, I began to put questions to him about Africa and its people. I then discovered that I had found and touched the proper key, and he was soon relating to me wonderful accounts of his adventures. When we came to separate, I remarked that there was a great American comedian playing at the Gaiety Theatre and asked if he would not like to see and hear him. He replied that he would be delighted, so the appointment was made and we occupied a box at the Gaiety together that evening in company with a young English friend of mine. Mr. Stanley seemed to enjoy the play very much, paying the closest attention until the curtain dropped.

We parted at Charing Cross, Stanley saying, "Good-night; I am indebted to you for a very enjoyable evening," and started home. I don't know why, but as he turned the first corner I hurried after him. I have never told this before and I cannot tell now why it was that I could not help following him. But he had produced a most remarkable impression upon me. I kept saying to myself: "That is Stanley! Stanley, the wonderful explorer! What a life he has had! How I would like to have shared with him his hazardous adventures! How I would like to serve such a man!"

The next morning I received the following letter from Mr. Stanley, which he must have written and mailed to me on his return from the theatre:

> "My Dear Sir: I am willing to go to America and deliver fifty lectures for you, beginning November 29 next, six lectures a week, you paying me one hundred dollars a lecture and my traveling expenses from the date of the first lecture to the close of the tour, settlements to be made weekly. In case I am recalled by the King of the Belgians, I am to be allowed to return without let or hindrance. If this proposition meets your views, you may sign and return a copy of this letter, which I send in duplicate.
>
> "Yours very truly,
>
> "Henry M. Stanley."

I at once signed a duplicate copy of the letter and then cabled to America that I had secured Stanley for a lecture tour. I returned home in October and found a number of letters and inquiries relating to the lectures.



There were representatives of the metropolitan press of America

Through the Dark Continent

When Mr. Stanley arrived in America, November 27, 1886, I had rented Chickering Hall, New York, for the first lecture of the tour. I secured Henry Ward Beecher to present Mr. Stanley, who had been interviewed fully by the reporters on his arrival. There were columns about him in all the newspapers in New York and adjoining cities.

The evening came, but tickets had gone slowly. Mr. Beecher introduced Mr. Stanley in a brief description of his remarkable career, paying a handsome tribute to his work for usefulness to mankind, and then followed the lecture entitled Through the Dark Continent. It was descriptive of his many adventures in Central Africa and proved to be thrilling and interesting in the extreme.

Mr. Beecher had prophesied correctly.

At the third lecture, given in New Haven, it became evident that Mr. Stanley would be a success. Mr. Beecher had been right. The next lecture was at Hartford. I could not get a hall or opera house, so I rented Unity Church. Here in Hartford Mr. Stanley was the guest of his friend, S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), who presided and introduced the explorer in a characteristic address of welcome to his city and his fireside. After the lecture, returning to Mr. Clemens' home, I invited Mark to go to Boston with us on the following day and introduce Stanley, where I was sure of a great crowd. Mark said the only objection to accepting such an invitation was the "taking a feller so unawares, with no possible time to prepare a suitable, impromptu, extemporaneous speech for so important an occasion." Mr. Stanley seemed pleased with the suggestion, and as the two men were great friends the arrangement was made. As Mark and Stanley and I spent the time together after the Hartford lecture, each apparently unmindful of the coming event of the evening, the following introductory speech by Mark on that occasion will give an idea of his resources in an emergency. The humorist and the explorer walked on to the platform simultaneously—a combination such as a Boston audience has rarely met. Mark stepped to the front and introduced his friend as follows:

Mark Twain's Introduction

"Ladies and Gentlemen: If any should ask, Why is it that you are here as introducer of the lecturer? I should answer that I happened to be around and was asked to perform this function. I was quite willing to do so, and, as there was no sort of need of an introduction, anyway, it could be necessary only that some person come forward for a moment and do an unnecessary thing, and this is quite in my line. Now, to introduce so illustrious a name as Henry M. Stanley by any detail of what the man has done is clear aside from my purpose; that would be stretching the unnecessary to an unreasonable degree. When I contrast what I have achieved in my measurably brief life with what he has achieved in his possibly briefer one, the effect is to sweep utterly away the ten-story edifice of my own self-appreciation and leave nothing behind but the cellar. When you compare these achievements of his with the achievements of really great men who exist in history, the comparison, I believe, is in his favor. I am not here to disparage Columbus.

"No, I won't do that; but when you come to regard the achievements of these two men, Columbus and Stanley, from the standpoint of the difficulties they encountered, the advantage is with Stanley and against Columbus. Now, Columbus started out to discover America. Well, he didn't need to do anything at all but sit in the cabin of his ship and hold his grip and sail straight on, and America would discover itself. Here it was, barring his passage the whole length and breadth of the South American continent and he couldn't get by it. He'd got to discover it. But Stanley started out to find Doctor Livingstone, who was scattered abroad, as you may say, over the length and breadth of a vast slab of Africa as big as the United States.

"It was a blind kind of search. He was the worst scattered of men. But I will throw the weight of this introduction upon one very peculiar feature of Mr. Stanley's character, and that is his indestructible Americanism, an Americanism which he is proud of. And in this day and time, when it is the custom to ape and imitate English methods and fashion, it is like a breath of fresh air to stand in the presence of this untainted American citizen who has been caressed and complimented by half of the crowned heads of Europe; who could clothe his body from his head to his heels with the orders and decorations lavished upon him. And yet, when the untitled myriads of his own country put out their hands in welcome to him and greet him, 'Well done,' through the Congress of the United States, that is the crown that is worth all the rest to him. He is a product of institutions which exist in no other country on earth—institutions that bring out all that is best and most heroic in a man. I introduce Henry M. Stanley."

After this Boston triumph, applications by telegraph and mail came pouring in from all parts of the country. Stanley saw that he was a success and seemed pleased that his manager was on the winning side. He suggested that I might as well lay my season out for one hundred lectures, instead of fifty (singular, too, he did not suggest a rise in his fee), and so we agreed and I hurried back to New York to complete the bookings for one hundred nights. Of course, in our contract, Mr. Stanley had stipulated that in case he was recalled by the King of Belgium he was to be allowed to return without let or hindrance, but that was not expected.

Mr. Stanley was delivering his tenth lecture in Amherst, Massachusetts, on Saturday evening, November 11. I was in my office in New York writing letters. It was ten o'clock in the evening when I received the following telegram:

> "Amherst, Mass., November 11, 1886.
>
> "J. B. Pond, Everett House, New York.
>
> "Must stop lecturing. Recalled. Sail Wednesday at 4 A. M.
>
> "Henry M. Stanley."

All my hopes dashed to the ground in a moment. It was not the first disappointment in my life, however. I turned out my lights and retired, to try to rest and think. Stanley certainly would and must go, and no power on earth could prevent that. I determined to meet him cordially on his arrival and to lend him all the aid in my power toward getting away on so short a notice.



A dinner was given to Mr. Stanley that night at Delmonico's

On the King's Business

The next morning (Sunday, November 12) about six o'clock, Mr. Stanley arrived, and came immediately to my room in my hotel to tell me that it required every moment of his time to get ready and sail Wednesday morning by steamship Eidler at four o'clock. His decorations and valuable presents from Queen Victoria and other monarchs were at a jeweler's on exhibition. He asked me to collect them personally; he had a great deal to

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Editor's Note—This is the first of two anecdotal papers about the man who was sent to "find" Livingstone.

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do. He had accepted a commission to go back to Africa at once, heading an expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha; there was no time to lose, for he must equip the expedition in the shortest possible time, as many lives were at stake.

Early in the forenoon people began to call. There were representatives of the manufacturers of firearms and every sort of equipment necessary for the work.

That evening, after a long day of consultations and dictations of correspondence in preparation for his hurried departure, after we had dined together, Mr. Stanley sat down in my office for about two hours, smoking vigorously and uttering not a word. I knew he was undergoing a severe mental struggle. He realized the hazardous risk he was taking, the deprivation and suffering incumbent on such an expedition with the chances, even the most favorable to be considered, against losing not only his own life, but the lives of many others. He finally spoke to me of the singular business he had been engaged in during the day—that of examining and getting information as to which were the most effective firearms for the destruction of human life.



There was a bulldog in his caravan which attracted the especial admiration of a Karagua chief

As his and my experience in the Indian country had been somewhat similar, he asked me if I did not think, after all, that if we had pursued wholly peaceful tactics with the Indians our Government would have been more successful with them. He was considering whether it was not best to undertake this mission across Africa with an unarmed company rather than to have the appearance of a body of armed invaders. So far as the natives were concerned, he had no misgivings, but the army of slave-hunting Arabs under the leadership of Tippo Tip were dangerous foes and must be resisted. I discovered in Mr. Stanley that night a good man, with a brave, sympathetic, tender heart. I know I felt a deep sympathy and love for him and confidence in him that has lasted ever since and will last while I live.

Saturday morning Mr. Stanley and his stenographer were at work early. People that he had set to work on Sunday were going in and out, all busy carrying out instructions or orders for such arms and equipment as he wanted and could best get in this country. I know he ordered several hundred repeating rifles and a large stock of camp equipments.

Monday night a dinner was given to Mr. Stanley at Delmonico's by his friend, Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, an American merchant residing in London. It was a delightful occasion. All who were present knew Stanley well and expressed absolute faith in the ultimate success of this the most hazardous adventure the great explorer had ever attempted. As the Eidler was to sail at the unseasonable hour of four the next morning, we proposed to see Stanley on board the ship, so there was a long evening on hand. Stanley related many incidents of his African experiences, among them a visit among the Karaguas, a large and somewhat intelligent African tribe. There was a bulldog in his caravan which attracted the especial admiration of a Karagua chief, who called attention to the fact that the white man's dog resembled his men more than the white man himself, for the dog's nose and the Karagua's noses were very much alike, and the white man and the Karagua dogs were also very much alike, both having long noses.

It was proposed that we adjourn to Madison Square Garden. We occupied two boxes and enjoyed the performance to a late hour. And as it was not in the nature of Stanley to keep his friends waiting up all night, he insisted on a separation then and there, that he might go on board the steamer. As he and I shook hands when we parted, all that he said to me was: "I owe you eighty-nine lectures which I will deliver if ever I return from Africa."

Home Again After Three Years in Africa

Stanley went to Africa; three years rolled by, during two years of which no tidings were heard of him or his expedition. Finally the news came—he had reached the goal. Since his departure for Africa I had been non-committal in all of my correspondence for Stanley. I heard that his London agent was booking dates. I was satisfied that if such were the case he was doing it without authority, for no one had had time to hear from him; besides, he was otherwise engaged. His friend, Mr. Wellcome, in London, wrote me that he was sure Stanley would not lecture, as he had his book to write, besides, he was such a hero now and was receiving so much recognition from Royalty, that he could not lecture in public, for it would be undignified. The air was full of rumors, but remembering Stanley's last words, I had not the slightest fear of these rumors.

In due time, after the explorer's arrival in Zanzibar with Emin Pasha, I received a long letter from him, telling me that he had yet to finish his book; that as soon as he got to London he would write me again. He reached there in April, 1890, after an absence of three and one-half years. Business took me to London at that time, where I arrived on May 8, 1890. Stanley was the hero of the hour and his name was on every tongue. Here let me say that at no time had I for one moment a doubt of his safe return to civilization, nor—a matter of much less moment—a single fear that when the time came he would fail me in renewing the broken lecture tour we were engaged in when he was called to take the leadership of the Emin Relief Expedition. This brief statement will serve as a key to the little comedy that followed on my arrival. It was given out that Mr. Stanley would see no one. The book, which he himself considered as his report of the Emin Expedition, was being written, and the publishers naturally were pressing for "copy." There were other reasons for speech, as was seen when the cruel and strangely sad story of The Rear Guard had not only to be published but more fully explained in its tragic features, because a concerted attack on Stanley's reputation in Great Britain was made. It came about when there was a possibility of its wrecking the lecture tour which finally grew into the most successful lecture engagement ever made in the United States.

I said nothing of all this in London, but at once called on Mr. Wellcome at his place of business there. I found him absorbed in preparations for a great dinner to be given to Henry M. Stanley by "Americans in London." He declared himself glad to see me, but regretting that he was too busy to give me any attention. I was at once informed that no one could see Stanley. He received no callers in his apartment, I was candidly told, and was so overwhelmed with letters and cards that none received attention except those under Royal seal. I must wait until June 3 and see him at the banquet, where all would have an equal chance. There was no use writing him, for he opened no letters. So I must wait and take my chances with the crowd, according to this information. At the same time, I could see no reason why I should not drop Mr. Stanley a line of congratulation and let him know I was near him. This I did.

The next morning a rap on my door and a call, "Letter, sir." "Tuck it under the door," I replied. I took my time for getting out of bed. When I did get up and opened the letter I found it was from Mr. Stanley, dated the same evening I had written him:

"34 Devere Gardens, S. W.

"DEAR MAJOR POND: I am glad to know that you are in London; come down and see me at eleven to-morrow. You will see 'Not in' on the door. Get right into the lift and come straight to my apartments. Will be glad to see you.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

Stanley's I.O.U. for Eighty-Nine Lectures

I was in that "lift" at exactly eleven o'clock on the morning of May 14, 1890. The "lift" boy asked, "Is this Major Pond?" "Yes," I replied. "This way, please," and he opened a door. There stood Stanley; not the Stanley of three and one-half years ago. His black hair was now white. We grasped each other by the hand, and it was some time before Stanley said: "It's all right, Major. I am glad to see you. Sit down." I replied that I did not want to occupy one moment of his time. He assured me that I need not hurry. So for two hours he entertained me, relating much of his experience; how gratifying it was to return and how much he would like to accept the generous hospitality and courtesies shown him on all sides, but he had his book to finish and some engagements to dine with friends, so with the coming dinner by Americans he was filled up as far as he dared engage himself. Of course, I said nothing about lecturing in America and soon arose to bid him "Good-by." He asked for my address, which was given, but I did not see him again until the American banquet. Then he discovered me in the crowd and sent for me, and in the presence of that great crowd of hero-worshipers and banqueters, introduced me to his officers, Doctor Park, Stairs, Jephoen and Nelson, who were seated on the right and left of him.

After this first interview I thought I would call on Mr. Wellcome again. I found him still eagerly engaged in the preparations for the coming banquet. He was very cordial. I told him that I had called to see if I could ascertain any further news about our hero. He assured me that I should surely see him at the dinner; but he could give me one piece of news: Stanley was not going to lecture. I did not tell him, or any one else, that I had seen Stanley.

Business kept me fast in London until early in June. It was Friday, the sixth, when I received a telegram from Stanley at Ascott, asking me to meet him at his London apartments at five o'clock that day. I was there and he met me cordially, saying:

"Major Pond, on the twenty-fifth of September I am to be married and on the tenth of October I take a degree at Cambridge. I owe you eighty-nine lectures. It is needless for me to tell you that I have received some very fabulous offers: I show you two of them, but I conceal the signatures."

They were very dazzling. I recognized the writing of one of them. It was an offer of fifteen hundred dollars a lecture for one hundred lectures, and all expenses from London and return.

"I have no thought of accepting them. I want you to go to your hotel and put your proposition in writing, whatever you wish; do the best you can for me. Come Sunday at five o'clock and we will sign the papers. We will have a little dinner together. I will introduce you to the future Mrs. Stanley. Then you can go about your work."

I was there with the proposition made out in duplicate, and found a card on the door which read as follows:

"MAJOR: Unavoidably called away. Put the papers under the door. I will sign and return them." (No signature.)

I was disappointed, not distrustful. I had expected to meet Miss Tennant, of whom there was being so much said and written. It was a lonesome walk back to my hotel. I did not care to visit the club and did not want to talk, so I dropped into a Methodist meeting at St. James' Hall, heard the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes give a great crowd a real Calvinistic lashing, and then dined at the Café Royal, alone and gloomy and homesick. Reaching my hotel at ten o'clock I found a package in a large envelope waiting for me. It was the contract I had drawn up and left at Stanley's apartments, duly signed by Henry M. Stanley. It was for one hundred lectures, more or less, in America, to begin in New York Tuesday, November 11, 1890. Not an alteration of any kind nor a word of suggestion.

I did smile all by myself that night and the smile lingered on my face all the next day, when I called again on my friend Wellcome and told him I was going back home to America, asking him if he could possibly give me any encouragement about Stanley; he replied that he could not. "It would not do for so great a man so to disregard the general sentiment of Royalty as to condescend to lecture for money, though he might obey Royal command and speak for some charities."

The Confusion of Mr. Wellcome

I told him that I was going on Wednesday to Glasgow (the Royal Scottish Geographical Society were to dine Stanley that night, and I had received an invitation from the President, of course, at Stanley's request) and I wished he, Villiers and a few friends would dine with me at the Savoy on Tuesday. Wellcome accepted, and six of his friends and my friends had a jolly good time. During the evening Mr. Wellcome entertained us with talk about his friend Stanley. Everybody *knew* he was the nearest man to the hero of the hour.

During the evening Mr. Wellcome mentioned that Stanley was going to be banqueted in Glasgow. I suggested (having an invitation in my pocket) that I would like to be there. He explained how impossible it was for any one not a member to obtain an invitation or to be admitted.

After a long and to me enjoyable evening, when the gray of dawn showed itself on the Thames embankment, the party broke up. I called Mr. Wellcome to one side and in strict confidence told him that I had a contract with Stanley for an American lecture tour; that we had been frequently together; that I was going to Glasgow to the Stanley dinner. He—well, he wilted!



We grasped each other by the hand, and it was some time before Stanley said, "It's all right, Major"

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Doctor Gladden in City Politics

Sometimes in politics the independent reformer is a great fraud, for in the course of several months or years, should he be successful in getting elected or appointed, he often develops into a fine professional office-seeker. Of course there are many exceptions to this, and certainly one of them is Dr. Washington Gladden, who is known to millions of readers for his broad and philanthropic work in literature, and to all of the city of Columbus, Ohio, by his successful pastorate of one of its famous churches. Doctor Gladden does not restrict his usefulness to the pulpit, and recently when there was a municipal election on he took part in the fight. He ran for the City Council in the richest residence ward of the city where there was a Republican majority of over five hundred in a total vote of only 2000. Although he received the indorsement of the Democratic primaries, he ran strictly as an Independent. Around his candidacy was organized a Non-Partisan Municipal Association which made a house-to-house canvass. The fight was an extremely lively one, and Doctor Gladden was elected by a majority of 76 over the regular nominee of the Republican party.

One secret of Doctor Gladden's strength in addition to his high standing as a man was his position on the street railway franchise. He claimed that the street railways of Columbus should be rechartered by the new council, and he expressed his conviction that a three-cent fare would return good remuneration upon the actual cost of the plant and equipment.

"I believe," he said, "that a straight three-cent fare—perhaps with a transfer of five cents—would pay a good interest on what the road and its equipment have actually cost." He received many votes upon this issue.

Mr. Bill Cook's Lost Opportunity

Miss Maude Adams, whose real home, Sandy-garth, is set in the midst of the woods in an exceedingly rural part of Long Island, tells this story of herself and a somewhat distant neighbor, one Bill Cook, of whom she buys cattle, and to whom she goes for all sorts of advice pertaining to the management of her modest stock farm.

On the occasion of her first visit to Bill Cook, Bill knew no more of Miss Adams than her name, and when she expressed a desire for a second-hand wagon that she happened to see in the yard, he let her have it for the price he would have charged any one else. A day or two after, when he was standing in the door of the blacksmith's shop, Miss Adams drove by in that identical wagon, and the blacksmith, who is a reader of the daily news, looked up from his anvil and remarked:

"There goes a woman who made $100,000 in six weeks just by play-acting."

"And I let her have that good wagon for thirty-five dollars!" groaned Bill Cook.

Mr. McKinley's Democratic Secretary

George Bruce Cortelyou, Secretary to the President, is one of the most expert stenographers in the world.

He is also a musician, and he has degrees from two universities as a lawyer. In addition to this he has contributed to periodicals and newspapers, and has the respect of all classes of public men.

A curious fact in his career is that it was through Mr. Cleveland that he was transferred to the White House, his services in the Post Office Department having attracted the attention of the President. This led to his appointment as Executive Clerk, which position he filled with conspicuous success.

The position of Secretary to the Senate received official recognition when Daniel Lamont was in the White House. In reality it is of larger importance than a Cabinet position, and for this reason the title was changed and the salary was increased.

For more than a year before Mr. John Addison Porter resigned Mr. Cortelyou was practically the confidential manager to the President, and his appointment to the office followed as a matter of course.

He is very popular with the newspaper correspondents and with all others in spite of the many difficulties of the position, for hardly one out of a hundred people who call can see the President, although all the visitors think that they should have the right of an immediate interview. The other day there was a large crowd waiting in the outer room of the White House, and among these Mr. Cortelyou mingled in his diplomatic way.

Some one said, "I like Cortelyou; he is so democratic."

"Yes," drawled out a Southern journalist, "democratic in everything except his politics."

The Day Senator Platt was Talkative

Among the strong points of United States Senator Thomas Collier Platt, of New York, is his knowledge of human nature. He is seldom mistaken in a man, and this is a trait that is essential for political managers to possess. This characteristic was never better illustrated than by a transaction between the Republican "boss" and a reporter on a New York evening newspaper not long ago. Political matters were warm in the Empire State and Mr. Platt's views were in great demand. One day the city editor of this journal sent his best reporter down to interview Mr. Platt at his business office in lower Broadway. The reporter was a favorite



DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN
MRS. ISABELLA M. ALDEN ANNA A. GORDON EUGENIE TRAIN LAWTON
GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

of the Senator and he had never betrayed his confidence.

"What do you want?" the Senator asked.

"I want your views on the Brooklyn fight."

"I'm busy to-day," returned the Senator. "You know how I feel about that matter. Write a little piece about it for me and I'll stand by it. Good-by."

When the reporter got back to his office the city editor asked him what he had.

"A talk with Platt."

"Is it a good one?"

"First class. How much do you want of it?"

"Let it run," replied the city editor.

So the reporter turned out a two-column interview. The next day, uptown, the reporter met the Senator in a hotel corridor.

"I was rather talkative yesterday, wasn't I?" he said.

The Making of Governor Brady

A good many years ago John G. Brady, the present Governor of Alaska, was a little boy in New York City. At that time he possessed but one name—that of Brady—by which he was known among the other street Arabs of his neighborhood. He was a homeless, orphaned waif, who picked up a scanty living by selling papers, blacking boots and doing odd jobs about the city streets. While still a very young lad he was taken West with a carload of children like himself for distribution.

In a small town in Indiana there lived a lawyer—Judge Green—who came home to dinner one day and told his wife about the invoice of children that had just come to town. She listened with interest, and then said:

"I think we ought to take one, John." Her husband looked at her a moment.

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Yes; why not? We can well afford it," she replied.

"Well, then, I'll go right down before the car is taken away and pick out the toughest gamin in the lot for you."

In a little while he returned, leading a small, dirty-faced boy, who seemed to fulfill most satisfactorily the requirement he had mentioned.

That was the way John Green Brady—the boy took his patron's name—found his way into a Christian home. He went through the public grammar and high schools, and then, partly through his own efforts and partly through the kindness of Judge Green, took a course at Yale College. After his graduation he went to Sitka, Alaska, as a missionary, where he worked for several years as a preacher and teacher. Later he became a trader, but still continued to wield an influence for good with the Indians.

In appearance, Governor Brady is a strongly built man of medium height. He wears his hair and beard in a manner that reminds one of his sometime neighbor, the grizzly bear. Though he cares very little for the small amenities, there is a certain charm in his ruggedly honest manner, and all who come in contact with him realize at once the stern integrity of his character. In his missionary days he very soon won the respect and affection of the Indians, which he has never lost in his long experience as a trader and storekeeper.

Though living for so long a time on the edge of the continent, far away from his Alma Mater and all centres of literature and learning, he has kept up his intellectual life. At one time, for mere pleasure, he taught geometry to the son and daughter of a friend who was an official at Sitka; again he read Chaucer and Spenser with the beautiful woman who has long since resigned her position of Government school teacher to become his wife. Now they have a family of stalwart sons and daughters.

At present Governor Brady is bending all his efforts to induce Congress to give Alaska better laws, and his efforts in the direction of the development of our remote territory ought to meet with success, for he has shown throughout his long service in Alaska that he has the best interests of the country at heart, and is not influenced by politics.

A Fountain Built with Dimes

Anna Adams Gordon, the vice-president at large of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was for twenty-one years private secretary to the late Frances E. Willard, and it was due to her that the beautiful Willard Fountain opposite Willard Hall, Chicago, was erected. She is a woman of tireless energy and excellent system, and she contrived a plan of dime collections from the children of the United States. It was these ten-cent pieces which paid for the fountain.

Miss Gordon was born in Boston and was educated at Mt. Holyoke College. She has written six books connected with the temperance cause to which she has devoted her life.

Mrs. Alden's Registered Trade-Mark

One of the most prolific writers of this country is Mrs. Isabella Macdonald Alden, who has written nearly one hundred books of one kind or another. The most of these are Sunday-school publications, but this year she has broadened out and has collaborated with Mrs. C. M. Livingston in a novel which is called The Way of the Wilderness. Mrs. Alden is better known to the young and old children of the country as "Pansy," and so valuable did this title become because of her various stories that it was formally registered as a trade-mark. Mrs. Alden's books have been translated into a dozen languages.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

Running for the Highest Office on Earth

It is easier to run for President of the United States than for alderman or coroner. This is one of the peculiar facts of American politics. The Constitution throws the contest wide open to everybody who aspires to the Chief Magistracy. From the first day the boy enters the public school he is led to know that he may become President of the United States. Examples are before him. Those who slept upon the ground in the primitive log cabins, who rode the uncongenial mule along the tow-path, who hewed their way to fortune through the unfamiliar wildernesses, reached the proudest position in all the world. These instances are regularly cited in the lessons and recitations, and thus each generation is brought up to believe. Thus, too, the Presidency, as far as the election laws are concerned, has been kept as free and as wide as possible; but in local matters there has been a closing up of the side streets. The man who wishes to be mayor or alderman must possess a certain amount of property, must show a certain amount of strength, must possess a number of things before he can presume to invite the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. On the face of these circumstances running for the Presidency is easier than running for the City Council or for the Legislature, but of course other things make the conditions different.

In all recent elections several tickets have gone forth with no hope of success, but were persisted in because of the transient glory that comes of being a nominee for the greatest office in the world. Whatever party may come up and however curious and peculiar its tenets and inclination may be, one can always find two men to accept its nominations. A very interesting fact explains this. When a man is nominated for the Presidency his name stands forth for evermore as a fact in American history. Even though he has no chance of election his name is perpetuated as long as the nation endures.

There are a great many people who cannot understand why a man should accept the leadership of a losing cause, but the very person who takes a Presidential nomination of a party which is hopelessly in the minority may live in history a thousand years longer than the person of millions who laughs at him for his folly.

But this is not the full reason for the political fever which so many men catch of their own accord. It is the special glory of this country that men not only seek to achieve success in politics, but that they strive to turn their material fortunes into political eminence. Most men run for office for the glory of it. There is a fascination in the publicity, an attraction in the cheers of an audience, in the applause of a party. It is a great thing to be at the head of any movement, especially when it is connected with such a place as the Presidency of the greatest and richest nation of the world. The only thing that prevents more factions and more parties from being formed is the fact that a Presidential campaign is a costly undertaking.

The Conventions that Have Been Held

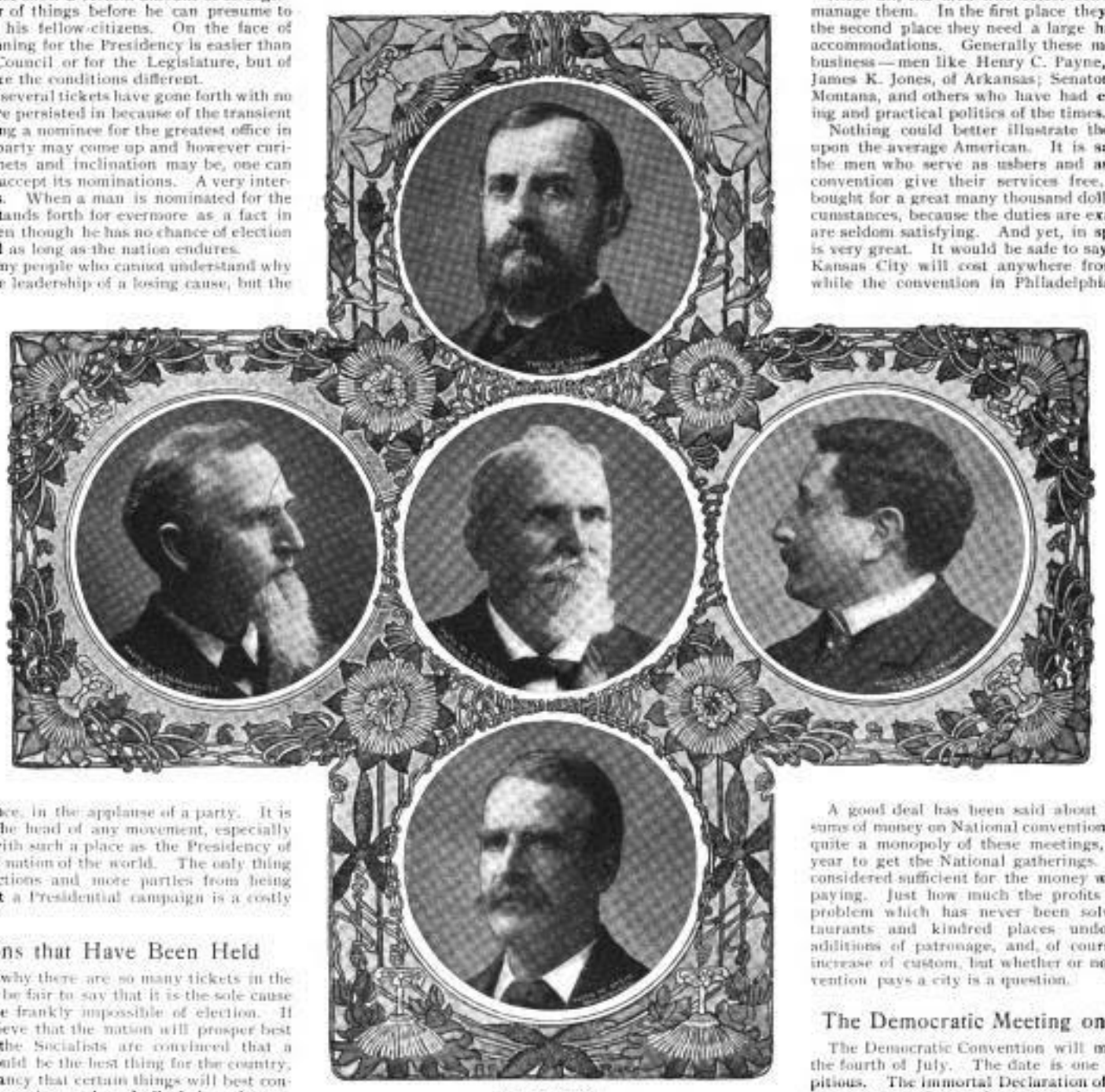
That partly explains why there are so many tickets in the field, but it would not be fair to say that it is the sole cause of nominations that are frankly impossible of election. If the Prohibitionists believe that the nation will prosper best on cold water, or if the Socialists are convinced that a division of property would be the best thing for the country, or if any body of men fancy that certain things will best conduce to the general prosperity, each and all of them have a perfect right to put forth their principles and their candidates. In such a case there is a natural struggle for leadership. There never was an organization formed or a movement started for whose honors there were not competitions. How much greater, therefore, should be the desire to lead in any part of the great Presidential contest. Even in the side shows there must be ambitions.

So far two conventions have been held—one in Sioux City nominating Mr. Bryan as the Populist candidate for President and Mr. Charles A. Towne as the candidate for Vice-President. So distinguished a Populist as Senator Pettigrew was there to superintend the proceedings. It has since been announced that Mr. Towne is ready to step down and out, and that he was placed upon the ticket as a convenient stalking horse. The other convention on the same date was at Cincinnati, when Mr. Wharton Barker was nominated for President and Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, for Vice-President. These claim to be the Middle-of-the-Road Populists, and they represent the curious fact that even in the most radical of movements there are irreconcilable factions. The Sioux City Convention is a kind of adjunct to the Democratic Convention, but it is scarcely likely that many of those who took part in the Cincinnati gathering will indorse what shall be done at Kansas City in the first week of July.

The Convention's Life of Three Days

On June 19 the Republican convention will meet in Philadelphia. It is the comment of the newspapers of all parties that it will be a cut and dried affair. How far this is true remains to be seen, but if there should be no special enthusiasm, enough will have to be manufactured to keep the affair going for at least three days. That is the tacit, if not the acknowledged, agreement of all convention managers with the city in which the convention is held. Otherwise the good citizens who contribute the cash for the expenses of the affair would not be able to get their money back.

The historical interest in this country is the fact that almost the same date forty-four years ago the Republicans



R. F. PETTIGREW
THOMAS H. CARTER JAMES K. JONES SAMUEL W. ASHBRIDGE
H. C. PAYNE

held their first national meeting in Philadelphia. It was not such a crowd as that which will assemble this month, not a mass of cheering thousands with music and accompaniments that involved an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, but a comparatively few earnest people who were organizing a new political party in the United States.

Abraham Lincoln was proposed for the Vice-Presidency and he received 110 votes, but Dayton got 259 and thus the man from Illinois was withdrawn. The thing that defeated Lincoln was the question all around, "Who is Abraham Lincoln?" Of course, history has answered the question, but it did not answer it quick enough in that convention to bring about his nomination. Another thing that helped to defeat Lincoln was the generally expressed doubt as to his fighting qualities. The man who proved to be the greatest war President in our history was regarded as too timid.

The Machinery of National Conventions

It seems a whole lot of noise and fun to the average person who attends a National convention. He sees the glare in the blare of it all. It is like a great big show—a wonderful circus—an impromptu exhibition of political enthusiasm, but back of it all is the keenest kind of business sense and organization. In the first place, it takes money. That is why the convention usually goes to the city which offers the most cash. Philadelphia captured the Republicans by a check for $100,000. It happened that the check did not represent much at the time, but it was banked upon local pride; and through the very vigorous and effective efforts of Mayor Ashbridge that large sum was finally collected from the citizens. Of course, after it was known that the city was committed it would not do for the people to falter, and by hard work and industry the amount was finally collected. Kansas City was a little more fortunate in that the money was all raised before the check was offered.

After all, the men who select conventions are those who manage them. In the first place they want the cash, and in the second place they need a large hall and abundant hotel accommodations. Generally these men are veterans in the business—men like Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin; Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas; Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, and others who have had experience in the working and practical politics of the times.

Nothing could better illustrate the hold of partisanship upon the average American. It is said that practically all the men who serve as ushers and assistant managers in a convention give their services free. These could not be bought for a great many thousand dollars under ordinary circumstances, because the duties are exacting, and the returns are seldom satisfying. And yet, in spite of all this the cost is very great. It would be safe to say that the convention in Kansas City will cost anywhere from $20,000 to $30,000, while the convention in Philadelphia may be double that sum. It is the habit of the campaign committees after each contest is over to burn its records, and no man will say how much money was spent or where it was spent. There are two facts, however, which seem to be generally admitted. One is that the Republicans had a large surplus at the close of their last contest, and another is that of the $20,000 contributed by the people of Chicago for the last Democratic Convention every cent was consumed in the cost of the convention, and not a dollar reached the committee for the Presidential contest.

A good deal has been said about declining to pay large sums of money on National conventions. Chicago, which had quite a monopoly of these meetings, made little effort this year to get the National gatherings. The returns were not considered sufficient for the money which the city had been paying. Just how much the profits are to any place is a problem which has never been solved. The hotels, restaurants and kindred places undoubtedly receive large additions of patronage, and, of course, the stores have an increase of custom, but whether or not the Presidential convention pays a city is a question.

The Democratic Meeting on Jefferson's Day

The Democratic Convention will meet at Kansas City on the fourth of July. The date is one that is politically propitious. The immortal Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, has that as its natal day, and as he is regarded as the father of American Democracy his name will naturally play a large part in the proceedings.

Soon after Kansas City was chosen as a meeting place the splendid convention hall, which was one of the deciding features of the contest, was burned to the ground, but the spirit of the people was not hindered by such an incident. Just as soon as the ruins could be cleared another building was begun. Unfortunately there was not enough time to build the galleries of the old structure, but with judicious distribution there will be accommodations for at least 13,000 people in the new building. It is said that thousands of farmers will drive from the prairies in the old schooner wagons which are familiar in the illustrations of Western life, and political use will be made of this fact. Contrast will be drawn between the sturdy farmer who drives modestly into Kansas City and the plutocrat who rolls luxuriously in his palace car into Philadelphia. This, of course, is a part of the game of politics.

In the meanwhile it is stated that neither Mr. Bryan nor Admiral Dewey will magnetize the convention by his presence.

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IT IS A SPLENDID SIGHT TO SEE THOSE GLOSSY CREATURES LEAP FROM OVERHANGING CLIFFS INTO THE WATER FULLY FIFTY FEET BELOW

How *the* Great New York Aquarium Was Made *and* Lost

From *the* Notes of W. C. Coup

Edited *by* Forrest Crissey

EVERY prominent showman has had some venture into which he has put his whole heart. Nothing in my career touched and moved me like the great New York Aquarium enterprise. Into this I not only put a fortune—more hundreds of thousands of dollars than were ever put into anything of the kind before or since—but I also invested the ambitions of my life.

I was inspired by a profound desire to promote the interests of natural science in what appeared to me its most picturesque and attractive field—the marine world; and everything concerned in this mammoth undertaking exercised a strange fascination over me. All commercialism vanished, and I was as true and devoted a student of the wonders which I had collected as was the most erudite scientist that had ever looked upon that strange assemblage of creatures from the depths of arctic and torrid oceans.

Neither money nor pains was spared to the end of maintaining an aquarium approximating that of my fondest dreams. Early in the history of this gigantic enterprise I became associated with a member of one of the great animal importing houses, a German, my partner, although I undertook the active management of the institution.

The aquarium was first opened in October, 1876, the year of the Centennial, and I think I may truthfully say that the former received as frequent mention in the press of the day as did the latter.

The Quest of the Three-Tailed Kingio

On the first opening of the New York Aquarium I exhibited a fish from Japanese waters which was no larger than a man's hand. The Japanese name of this species is *kingio*, and the fish is very handsome in appearance, having three perfect tails, and is so graceful in its movements that these tails resemble folds of beautiful lace. It was presented to me by a friend of mine in Baltimore, who was in the habit of spending a portion of each year in Japan. Knowing how far advanced are the Japanese in pisciculture, this gentleman succeeded in persuading me to interest myself in their methods. I soon learned that these three-tailed fishes were the result of the Japanese system of breeding, of which they alone knew the secret, and when, on investigation, I learned that their waters contain many varieties of fish of gorgeous colors, I determined to spare no expense to possess a collection from this coast, especially after I learned that even Nature itself seemed reversed there, and that there are fishes in those waters that swim on their backs.

Supplying a trusty agent with the necessary money, I first sent him to Yokohama, with letters of introduction to some friends of mine. Here, assisted by the natives, he commenced forming his collection. The captured fish were placed in a series of tanks swung from the deck of the steamer, and so arranged that a constant flow of water from a cheaply improvised reservoir should keep the fish in a healthy condition. However, the use of this device proved the inexperience of the agent, for, although the fish managed to thrive for about twenty days' time, one after another died until, on the twenty-eighth day of the voyage, on landing in San Francisco, he was obliged to wire me that not a single fish had survived the passage. My answer was: "Take the same steamer back to Japan and try again." This he did with somewhat better success, reaching San Francisco with eighteen live fish belonging to rare and beautiful species. From his description I judged that they could not be worth less than $1000 each. My hopes were high for the ultimate success of the undertaking. But my pleasure was destined to be short-lived, as my agent arrived at the Aquarium with only one living fish. The changeable climate and the overland journey had been too much for the delicate beauties from Oriental waters, and one by one they had expired, leaving "a sole survivor to tell the tale."

Just as a matter of personal curiosity I figured up the cost of this precious member of the finny tribe from far-away Japan. He cost me more than $2200 in gold. This may be scoffed at by some as a very fishy fish story, but when it is remembered that this specimen represented the outlay of two expeditions from America to Japan, including expenses for tanks, Japanese assistance, and all the ocean transportation, it will easily be realized that this statement is within reasonable limits.

Half Hours with Bashful Whales

We were equally zealous in our efforts to obtain the largest living creatures of the deep; and the fact that we exhibited live whales from the Isle Aux Condries was proof of our enterprise in this direction. Whales are timid, stupid creatures; in pursuit of small fish they run up close to the shore, and are captured by a comparatively simple method. Across the mouth of some deep bay a line of piles is driven when the water is at low tide; then the fishing fleet only awaits the arrival of a school of cetacea. These will sooner or later be seen rushing madly shoreward in pursuit of the schools of smaller fish on which they feed. When the whales are sighted the fishing vessels separate and endeavor to surround the assemblage of marine monsters. At high tide, when the line of piles is deeply submerged, the fleet crowds in toward the shore, and the frightened whales take refuge in the bay. Here they remain undisturbed, and are generally quiet until they feel the tide receding. Then they become restless, and finally make a dash for deep water, only to run against the line of piles. It would be comparatively easy for a big whale to batter a great gap in the improvised fence, and, in fact, there is frequently room enough between certain piles for him to pass through unharmed, but he is naturally timid and cowardly, and when within a yard or two of the piles, wheels about and darts back in terror toward the shore. This fruitless and exhausting manœuvre is kept up until the tide has completely gone out and he is left helpless and stranded. In all my experience in this peculiar line of live fishing I have never known a whale to break through the barrier of piles and make his escape.

A Slippery Deal in Sea-Lions

In 1870 my men captured the first seals, or "sea-lions," as we termed them. The hunters experienced no difficulty in ensnaring these creatures by means of wire nets. This observation is a most interesting one in view of the fact that later we found it impossible to procure them by this method, showing that their intuitive sense of self-protection had taught them to fear man and to avoid his devices. No sooner did we find that these curious creatures had learned wisdom from the experience of their unfortunate fellows than we set about to originate some other plan by which we might make captives.

Each of our first seals cost more than would five good specimens to-day, and they died before we could perfect our arrangements for exhibiting them. This was very discouraging, but we determined to try again, and our renewed efforts were rewarded with better success. One of the captives was an enormous creature and lived until the Fourteenth Street fire, when he was burned, together with $300,000 worth of other personal property.

Some of these monster sea-lions are very deceiving when seen in their native element and surroundings. At a little distance they do not appear larger than an ordinary Newfoundland dog, but when captured are found to weigh from twelve hundred to two thousand pounds, and to measure from thirteen to fifteen feet in length. It is a splendid sight to see these glossy creatures leap from overhanging cliffs into the water fully fifty feet below.

After our first capture there was a great demand for these animals from superintendents of zoological gardens in all the large cities of this and foreign countries. Realizing the large profits to be acquired by meeting this demand, I greatly desired to replenish our stock of sea-lions, and made an arrangement to that end with a man in California. We supplied him with all the money he required, which mounted high in the thousands of dollars by the time he had captured about three carloads of the interesting creatures. The man then came on to New York and delivered ten of the animals to us, stating that the others were en route. We at once wrote to the zoological gardens at Cincinnati and Philadelphia, offering to supply them with these rare animals. Imagine my surprise and indignation when I received answers to these communications, stating that the gardens had already procured sea-lions—from our agent! Of course we instantly made an investigation, and discovered that this crafty hunter had also supplied various European institutions with sea-lions, for the capture of which we had furnished the money. The fellow disappeared before we were thoroughly alive to the extent of the swindle which he had carried forward to such a brilliant success, and I have never seen him since. As he was a "canny Scot," he probably retired to his native heath and purchased himself a castle in the Highlands. Certainly he could easily have done this on the proceeds of his nefarious enterprise, for at that time the sea-lions commanded from $2000 to $2500 each in the European cities, and the market could not be satisfied even at that price. Take several carloads of sea-lions at these figures and the total would represent a snug little fortune.

An Eventful Monday Morning at the Aquarium

So far as I am able to learn, no enterprise of the magnitude of the New York Aquarium was ever disposed of on the flip of a penny. This transaction may not, at first thought, appeal to the church people of the country as being right, and the average business man will doubtless condemn it as unbusinesslike. The attending circumstances, however, were peculiar. This true story was never made public by my partner or myself, and the transaction always had a touch of mystery in the eyes of the showmen of the country.

From the opening of the Aquarium until a certain eventful day its success, financially, scientifically and morally, was unqualified. This, as I have already intimated, was in large measure due to the enthusiastic support of clergymen, scientists and educators, whose commendations brought us the patronage of the intelligent masses with whom these eminent leaders of thought had the greatest influence.

I received scores of letters from celebrated divines indorsing the Aquarium, and these were, of course, made use of in the way of advertising. My partner was a German and could not appreciate the American feeling for the Sabbath.

He was determined to open the doors of the museum for Sunday patronage, declaring that this would bring in a very large number of people who were naturally inclined to Sabbath-day pleasure-seeking, and were quite generally interested in things of a scientific nature. He continued this campaign of argument for two years, during which I steadfastly urged that such a step would be an offense to the belief of the majority of our patrons; that it would bring into the place an undesirable element, from which it had been entirely free, and that the enterprise was enjoying a steady prosperity with which it would be wise to remain content.

Then I repeatedly tried to buy his interest in the Aquarium, but he steadfastly refused to yield a single point, and became more imperative in his demands for Sunday opening. This persistency and increasing aggressiveness at last wore me out. One Monday morning, as he dropped in at the office and once more brought up the old contention, I determined that it should be settled, in one way or another, before he left the room. Instinctively I felt there was no use offering to purchase his interest, for I had previously gone to the limit of reason in that direction.

The Ultimate Fate of the Aquarium

Calmly and coolly I took a mental survey of the whole situation during a moment of silence between his arguments for Sunday opening. In addition to the Aquarium, we also had a joint interest in four giraffes and five small elephants. The Aquarium was worth at least half a million dollars, as it included the two acres of land at Coney Island, on which was located our storage and supply aquarium, from which the exhibition house was replenished with attractions.

Suddenly, as if waking out of a reverie, I fairly startled my partner with the exclamation:

"See here! we can never agree on this Sunday business in the world. I'll stump you to flip a penny to see which one of us shall take those giraffes and elephants as his portion and walk out of this place next Saturday night, leaving the other in full possession of all the Aquarium property."

"All right," he calmly answered, and led the way into the private office. There he drew up a brief statement embodying my proposition. We both signed it, and then I reached into my pocket and drew forth an old-fashioned copper cent.

"Heads I win, tails you win," said the German, as I poised the coin on the nail of my thumb. As I nodded assent to this I realized that not only my fortune, but the dearest dreams of my life depended upon the fall of that copper. More to me than this, however, was the thought that my wife had become intensely interested and strongly attached to this undertaking—so much so that it was her personal pride and joy. Still another consideration which flashed through my mind at that instant was the realization that if I lost it would mean months and years of the same sort of homeless wandering life that I had lived while building up the fortune invested in the Aquarium. These thoughts and many others flashed through my mind in less time than it takes to tell them. After scarcely a moment's hesitation I sent the coin spinning into the air. It dropped upon the desk, and I can now see just how the light fell upon the fateful "head" which transferred my fortune to my partner! Instantly I executed to him a bill of sale, covering my entire interest in the concern.

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Americans *in* Paris

IT WAS in the Salles des Fêtes. They sang the Marseillaise; brass bands crashed; President Loubet and one of his Ministers made speeches; the music flared out again, and, officially at least, the Universal Exposition of 1900 was open to the world. Then the President of the Republic and his guests set out on foot to examine what they had opened. Under foot there was dust—a dust of plaster and sand and clay. M. Loubet, who walked ahead, looked like a pillar of cloud, and we followed him hopefully. Overhead the sky was cut with rafters and ladders; on either hand were huge strips of chaos, stood on end and labeled. One label read Palace of Agriculture. M. Loubet entered, turned on his heel and came back to us. We sang the Marseillaise! Inside and out that palace was naked as an eggshell. It was nothing but roof and walls and label. M. Loubet led, and always we followed, each of us (like cherubs) in his own cloud of dust. Palace after palace—naked as eggshells. At the corner of the Palace of Electricity we pricked up our ears. At last there was something. Fifty guardsmen in blue uniforms and white helmets were drawn up under an American flag that took the air bravely. As the Presidential crowd passed they dipped the colors. President Loubet took off his hat. Then the cheers began, and went ricochetting through the naked halls.

This international courtesy, unexpected as it was, made the hit of the day. Commissioner Peck's guards are all young college fellows, but Captain Bowen, their commander, they will tell you proudly, is a real cowboy. They get fifty dollars a month and glory. The good Parisians take them for heroes of other battlefields than those of football, and salute them with notable respect.

Always the procession, white now with plaster, and mired with clay, passed. We looked like wandering millers, like lost Pierrots. The national pavilions along the Seine were empty as the hollow of your hand. In the Austrian pavilion, to be sure, there were a few flowers and a strip of carpet; in that of the United States nothing—absolutely nothing under the enormous dome save one small, red-headed guardsman, who waved the Stars and Stripes with one hand, while the other was glued, rigid and military, to his white helmet. He was the Kansas City representative of "Peck's Own," and we cheered him for Kansas City, and also because he was the only exhibit that there was to cheer.

Through white ravines and on across the splendid new Alexander bridge, back to the Champs Elysées—after all, what had we seen? Merely the skeleton of an Exposition, gruesomely decorated with flags and hectic with deceptive paint.

An Arab Solution of Parisian Problems

No; the Exposition was officially "open," but it was far from being ready. You might wander there all day if you would. You might go around in the great wheel or ride along the moving sidewalk. You might watch the workingmen swarming over the huge buildings, but somehow or other this palled a bit. The first public day over 150,000 visitors passed the gates. The second day scarcely 90,000 were tempted to enter. It is wisdom to wait, always. Not until well on toward the end of May was the Exposition complete, settled and in working order.

You are not to imagine, however, that all the world has waited. Half the people you meet in trams and 'buses, boats and cafés are saying, "Oh, yes," to each other. In spite of the war the English are coming in shoals. As for the Americans, it was estimated that on April 17 there were 40,000 in Paris. Not all of them are happy. The hotels are crowded, and prices are going up, up—the visitor of the modest purse would do well to bring a hammock and swing it up between two trees in the Tuileries. The idea is not original. I got it this afternoon from a party of Arabs. They disembarked from one of the penny steamers at the Place de la Concorde. There were twenty of them; men, women and children. They wandered about aimlessly for a while and then sat down on their heels near the fountain. They drew out from under their white cloaks provisions of all sorts. There was a consultation. Then the old chief gave a gruff order. The women and children jumped up and scattered—to gather wood for a fire. They were already tearing down branches from the lilacs and young chestnut trees when the police arrived and led them I know not where. But the children of the desert were quite right. They were in the way of solving the difficulty of living in Paris during the Expositional half-year.

The Spirit of Bunker Hill at Montmartre

Of course one pays for pleasures in two ways, with money and fatigue. I overheard four Americans trying to cast up their accounts. There were two fine young lads, a mild giant of a father, and a tired, but determined little woman. What she said was:

"Who said to stop sight-seeing? Who said it? Do you mean to say that I said it?"

There were respectful murmurs from the man and the boys.

"You may have come to Paris to sit on a bench and rest, but I didn't," she added. "Don't you ever say I said to stop sight-seeing! I'd rather walk my feet off to the ankles than stop. Now come on!"

The tired little woman marched off like a grenadier and the man and the two lads followed limply. There were some English near by, who laughed; but I remarked, "My friends, that is the spirit of Bunker Hill—and Sjion-Kep"—and a very good spirit it is, too.

Admiral Schley as a Prophet of War

The invitation read:

"The President of the Republic and Madame Emile Loubet will receive at the Palace of the Elysée, Monday, April 16, at ten o'clock."

And then the name. The palace was bright with flowers and lights; everywhere officers in uniform, women trailing interminable gowns; statesmen and potentates spangled with orders; then the President, a red scarf bisecting his white shirt-front, and Madame Loubet, a motherly, dignified woman (like Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes in her White House days). Between two dances I had found my way to the supper-room. There I saw Admiral Parrayon, hobbling a bit, for he had a touch of the gout that night.

"So Admiral Dewey is a candidate for the Presidency," he said. "Well, I wish him luck, but have you noticed that we sailormen are not often called in to take the helm of state? The General who wins a war is very liable to be made Prime Minister, or President, or something with a higher title still; but, believe me, you may count on your fingers the sailormen who have had any more substantial reward than a monument."

"Do you know Dewey?"

"No," said Admiral Parrayon, "but Schley I remember very well—there was a man!" and the Admiral shifted his weight from his gouty foot and laughed, as one who would say, a man *par excellence*.

"You remember when Balmaceda, that curious half-breed who might have been Napoleon, had set all South America by the ears?" he added; "well, it was then I first met Schley. I was in command of the French fleet in those waters. Almost every nation had a ship or two there, and Schley was in command of the American. The night before Balmaceda, driven to bay, killed himself, there was a dinner of the naval officers, half diplomatic and half social, it may be. Of course we all expressed ourselves on what was taking place, and, among others, Admiral Schley made a speech. I can't recall the words after all these years, but it was energetic and long, and the leit-motif was war."

Admiral Parrayon paused for a moment and eased his gouty foot by lifting it on the rung of a red velvet chair; then he added:

"But I remember one phrase Schley used a number of times. 'Every nation,' said he, 'has a war once in forty years—without a blood-letting once in forty years there seems to be no national health.'

"I turned to Schley and said: 'We've had our blood-letting; it is the turn of your United States.'

"Schley said: 'We'll have that war, sir, before our forty years of peace have expired'—and he was right," Admiral Parrayon went on. "It was a wise prophecy, or perhaps I should say, a wise reading of history. Ever since your war with Spain I have had a double admiration for my old friend—he can prophesy and fight, too. England is having her first great war in forty years."

"Whose turn will it be next, Admiral?" I asked.

"Apply Schley's rule," he replied; and, indeed, the application is not difficult.

The Cost of a Day on the Midway

At the present moment you can buy all the admission tickets you want from the hawkers in the streets, or in the tobacco-shops, for eleven cents apiece. One of these tickets will admit you during the day; after six o'clock two are demanded. This, however, is merely a first cost. The charge for visiting the special attractions—the Eiffel Tower or the Aquarium, the Harem du Rachid or the Swiss village—ranges from twenty cents to one dollar. Inchoate and unfinished as things are just now, there are already seventeen of these side-shows open. Were you to visit them all your outlay would be exactly $5.25. Even then it would hardly cover those "streets of Cairo" and outlandish "Midways" that radiate from the Trocadero. It is in this section, by the way, that the authorities have instituted a reform that may not be quite to the taste of those who amused themselves at the World's Fair in Chicago. The dances of the strange little women from Java and Egypt and Indo-China have been tamed into respectability. That this reform should have started in Paris is noteworthy. They are not wicked themselves, these good Parisians—not more than the rest of us—and very wisely they have decided that it is not their business to provide wickedness for the rest of the world—whatever the world may expect of them.



WHEREVER YOU ARE

By Madeline S. Bridges

If only I could be with you, dear, with you wherever you are,
I would not care where our feet might fare, under what sun or star
So that my hand might reach your hand, and our step keep true and sure
By any sea, or through any land, while life for us both endure.

If only I could be with you—ah, the cloudiest sky were blue!
The roughest path that the wild waste hath would be smooth, if I walked with you—
I'd stoop to drink from the running brook, I'd feed from the berry-spray,
For my soul could live on your tender look whenever it turned my way.

If only I could be with you, dear, when day is done, and the night
Comes down out of heaven, so kind and near, to fold us away from sight,
Your pillow would be my faithful breast, and when we had knelt, in prayer,
Ah, what would matter, the place of rest, so that we both were there?

Dear, I would leave a throne for you, and my kingdom's door ajar,
To seek and find you, the broad earth through, and be—wherever you are,
While the swift days fly, and the slow years die, only no more to part!
Ah, small is the world, yet wide, wide, wide, its space between heart and heart!

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The Valley of Regret

By Arthur Stringer



"'IS LEGS is withered, ma'm," said the woman calmly, as she leaned over her reeking tub. "'Is legs is withered, and there ain't no 'ope for 'im, ma'm. Tell the lady, 'Enery, as 'ow there ain't no 'ope for you!"

"Yes, kind lady, my legs is withered and the doctor says as there ain't 'ope nor 'elp for me." The boy repeated it monotonously, like a lesson well learned.

"How perfectly dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Harding Sturtevant tranquilly, gazing down at the boy out of soulful brown eyes. "How perfectly dreadful!" Those eyes, for the moment at least, made Henry rather proud of his affliction. Sympathy was to him what gin had been to his forebears. But it was seldom the cup was held for him to drain.

"'E was took that way, ma'm, when we sailed from Birken'ead, nigh on seven years ago—'Enery and 'is paw and me. 'Is paw, ma'm, one of the 'andsomest men as ever you seen, though 'e *would* 'ave 'is drop."

The boy's mother jerked her head in the child's direction.

"But 'e's been dead this two year, ma'm," continued the woman at the tub, raising her eyes heavenward. "Drunk 'isself to death, ma'm; and wot with little 'Enery 'ere, with 'is doctorin' and 'is milk and 'is med'sen, it's 'ard, ma'm, for one poor woman!"

The figure at the tub brushed her eyes demonstratively with her soapy arm. Mrs. Sturtevant calmly murmured that it must be hard.

"But I ain't complainin,' ma'm. There's them, now, as is rollin' in money and 'as their kerriges like yourself, ma'm, beggin' your parding, as ain't 'arf as 'appy as little 'Enery there. 'Appy! W'y 'e's as 'appy as the day is long. And it's all that dawg of 'is, ma'm. That dawg is 'is life and soul!"

"Oh, yes, the dog!" said Mrs. Sturtevant. A new interest glowed in her great brown eyes. "*Do* tell me about that dear little dog of yours, Henry!"

"The most wonderful dawg as ever you seen, ma'm. 'E do be more than 'uman, that dawg. Whenever 'Enery is took bad, all I does is to fetch in Rags. 'Enery, 'e usually 'as 'is bad spells at night. It's 'is spine, you know, ma'm, as is all gone with the rickets, though 'is legs is took bad, too, ma'm. 'Enery, show the lady your legs."

"Perfectly dreadful. That's enough, dear," said Mrs. Sturtevant hastily. "Cover them up now or you may take cold, dear; and tell me all about that beyewteeful dog."

"'Is name is Rags," said Henry dreamily; "Rags."

"And the doctor says, ma'm, as 'e is as 'igh bred a dawg as ever wagged 'is tail—bein,' of course, if you could say as Rags 'ad a tail. Just a week gone Monday the doctor looked at little 'Enery and shook 'is 'ead and says, says 'e, 'My little man, if you 'ad one 'arf as good blood as your dawg in that little body of yourn we might build up them bones some day!' And 'is father, ma'm, as 'and some a man as ever worked on the Liverpool docks. But doctors is queer gentry. And there's them will agree with me when they've 'ad as much to do with them as me since 'Enery come."

"But may I not see this beyewteeful little dog of yours, Henry?" asked Mrs. Sturtevant softly, though a little wearily.

After looking up at her suspiciously from under his small brows for several moments the boy shook his head sullenly.

"'Enery is a little queer, ma'm, specially about Rags," the boy's mother hastened to explain. "You see, Rags was give to 'Enery by Dinney Crockett, and there is them as thinks that Dinney didn't come by 'im honest. But Dinney never stole one farthin' from this 'ouse. And I ain't one as is going to cast slurs on an honest boy. And that kind-'earted, ma'm, 'e 'as walked six miles down to Fulton Market for 'arf a dozen oysters for little [illegible] there! And sit up nights with 'im, ma'm, a doing wot 'e calls stunts for 'Enery by the hour, till 'e 'as the child a-larfing through 'is groans!"

"Didn't you know, Henry, that I have a great many very beyewteeful dogs at home? Some of them, dear, that cost hundreds of dollars. But here I have come all the way down to have a little peep at Rags, and you won't let me see him!"

Mrs. Sturtevant's intonations of sorrow did not seem to soften the boy. "'E ain't much to see, ma'm," he said nervously, looking imploringly, but fruitlessly, at his mother.

"W'y 'Enery, this kind lady don't want to take your dawg. She 'as a 'ole 'ouseful of 'em at 'ome. She 'as dawgs as took prizes and things at the dawg-shows, and some as is worth—now, about 'ow much would some of them be worth, ma'm?" asked the woman at the tub.

"Three thousand dollars," said Mrs. Sturtevant carelessly. "That's what little Lord Beresford cost me."

"Did you 'ear that, 'Enery? Three thousand dollars. And p'raps, 'Enery, this kind lady might give you a mite or two for a bit of dawg-soap. For Rags ain't 'ad a honest wash, ma'm, since 'Enery started 'aving 'is last bad spells."

Mrs. Sturtevant opened her purse. Before the child on the bed knew what she was about, not being used to such things, she had slipped a bill into his hand.

He looked at it stupidly. Then he flushed up to the temples and held it out for the woman to take back. In some way he felt that it might compromise his claim on Rags.

The woman at the tub saw the movement and stopped her work.

"'Enery!" she cried shrilly, "'Enery! don't you sit there and insult the kind lady. 'Ere! 'Enery, you 'and that to me and I'll see as it's took care of right for you. There! It's only 'is way, ma'm. 'E ain't ungrateful, but 'e's that jealous of that dawg of 'is 'e ain't right in 'is 'ead sometimes."

This might not have been the absolute truth but it served its purpose.

"Poor child," sighed Mrs. Sturtevant. She saw that it was only through the woman that she could gain her point. "He must be a great trial to you, Mrs. Hill."

"'E is, ma'm," said Mrs. Hill, showing signs of tears. She made no effort to hide the confession from the boy. He turned his thin face to the wall.

"And won't you let me see this wonderful little pet of Henry's, Mrs. Hill?" There was something like impatient command in the smiling suavity of the visitor. She was not used to being denied requests.

"In course, ma'm. You see, I 'as to keep 'im shut up under the stairs most of the time, 'e is that destructive when 'e's with 'Enery. And 'Enery, 'Eaven bless you, 'e never seems to see. As soon as Rags walks into this room 'e is on that bed and a-chewin' of the clothes like mad, 'e's that crazy with joy when 'Enery speaks to 'im. Yes, and 'Enery just sits there and lets 'im chew up a 'ole coverlet without so much as sayin' a word, 'e is that 'appy to see 'im. That's why I 'ave to keep 'im outside. One minute, ma'm, and I'll 'ave 'im 'ere."

The boy gave his mother one last imploring look. It was too late, for she had already left her tub. She went to the back door, but feeling intuitively the boy's eyes were on her, turned and faced the bed.

"Now, I don't want no nonsense, Marster 'Enery, you understand," she said in a hard voice, feeling uneasy in her own soul. "This kind lady ain't a-goin' to 'urt your dawg, and maybe as she'll do the 'andsome thing by 'im when she sees those tricks of 'is."

The woman passed out into the dark little hallway and a moment later there could be heard a number of short, sharp barks and a great deal of scratching and whining and jumping at a farther door.

Then Rags appeared. He did so by shooting in like a white and black cannon-ball. In two bounds he was on the bed beside his master. There he fell to licking the boy's hands, then he licked his cheek, then he snuggled and muzzled under his nightgown and held his impertinent little nose up in the boy's face and shrieked his shrill delight. And all the time his tail-stump waggled wildly, like a trip-hammer gone mad. And the boy stroked the terrier's nose and tickled his ribs and rubbed his ears and commenced to talk to him. Whereupon, of course, Rags began to chew the bedclothes and had to be soundly cuffed by Mrs. Hill.

Mrs. Sturtevant gazed at that dog, and she saw that what had been sung of him had all been truth. Never, indeed, had her trained eyes looked upon a finer fox-terrier.

He had the straight back and the hard, smooth, abundant coat that bespoke his breeding, plain as print. She noticed that he was flat skulled and that there was just the proper drop in the profile between the forehead and the upper jaw. He had, too, just the right deep-set, small, dark-rimmed eyes and black nose and long sloping shoulders on his tense little body to show at once what blood was in him.

Mrs. Sturtevant noticed also that Rags was white all over, save for one clear-cut spot of black that reached almost to his stump tail. He seemed nothing but muscle and hide, and so light and quick of movement that he could dance on egg-shells.

So it was no wonder Mrs. Sturtevant drew in her breath and looked with all her eyes whilst Rags, quivering with excitement, was doing his best to swallow Henry's pillow.

And Henry's mother, too, saw that which gave her an uneasy feeling. Her visitor had spoken no word, but Mrs. Hill knew what she knew.

The visitor herself had quite forgotten her surroundings, as Mrs. Hill could see by the fixed and hard expression about her mouth, though Mrs. Hill scarcely knew that the lady was saying to herself at that very moment that Rags was going to win the next Kennel Club blue ribbon. She was also thinking that Mrs. Sanderson-Cooper might scour the Continent for all the terriers she could carry across the Atlantic, yet still Mrs. Harding Sturtevant would carry off the next prize for the terrier class. Every paper in the land would proclaim her the triumphant owner,



Found the child adopted how Rags could read the paper and smoke a pipe

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and her pictures would be in the Sunday supplements. Then her cup would be full.

Mrs. Harding Sturtevant was never half-hearted about a thing. Neck or nothing was her unwritten principle. When she went into an enterprise she went in to win. For five long years Mrs. Sanderson-Cooper had flaunted that Kennel Club blue ribbon in her face and harried her into spending more money on imported terriers than she ever dared tell her husband. They had never won, of course, but now she would show them! In fact, she even decided just how she should sit when being photographed with the prize-winner on her lap. The sporting papers, she knew, would put the old, old jest about Beauty and the Beast under the picture, at which, of course, she must pretend to be indignant. She smiled gently.

Then her eyes fell on Rags again, and from Rags on to Henry. The sight of the boy, something in the way in which he sat in his bed and gazed at his dog and talked to it as though it were human, pulled her up short.

"You must break your eggs before you can make your omelette" was the thought that was running through her head, when Mrs. Hill pretended to look up suddenly from her washing and, womanlike, ventured subtly but carelessly:

"Show the lady, 'Enery, as 'ow Rags can do 'is tricks."

So the little terrier was put through his tricks. First the child showed how Rags could read the paper and smoke a pipe. Then Rags was made to waltz, and put out lighted matches with his forepaws, and sing rag-time, and turn somersaults, and act drunk, and play dead, until Mrs. Hill herself left her tub and came and stood with her steaming arms akimbo, and explained how the boy had spent months and months "a-training the little critter."

Poor child! He did not dream that each new trick sealed the more inexorably the fate of his Rags, how each new exhibition placed one more stone on the wall that would separate them.

When Mrs. Sturtevant finally drew up her skirts and took her departure, she called Mrs. Hill out into the hallway after her, where a low-toned conversation took place. Just what Mrs. Sturtevant said there is no concern of ours, beyond the fact that she rustled out to her carriage indignant and disappointed. Mrs. Hill stood in the doorway tearfully but triumphantly protesting "as she darn't do it; not for five 'undred dollars!"

Before the boy's mother locked Rags up that evening she looked at Henry and then at the dog and then at Henry once more. Then she sighed heavily. In fact, she sighed several times, and, hanging out her washing some hours later, she said to herself "as 'ow it was a 'ard world."

But Mrs. Sturtevant could afford to wait. If not by her own strength then by her enemy's weakness she would win. And she knew her enemy was pitiably weak.

In less than a week she called again on little Henry, bringing with her a jar of wine jelly, a box of honey and a great armful of Jacque roses. Solicitude shone from her limpid brown eyes as she stepped into the close and odorous little room.

That day Henry's gods had forsaken him, for he was fast asleep when the visit took place, and Mrs. Sturtevant wouldn't have him wakened—not for the world. A long talk ensued between the two women. Before that visit was over Mrs. Hill was given a roll of something which she took great pains to secrete about her person, and Rags was placed in a covered market basket, the lid was tied down and it was carried out and stowed away in the carriage.

It was to be for just four days, not an hour longer. And little Henry would be so proud and was to get the prize-money and the blue ribbon at the end of the exhibition, when Rags was to be brought triumphantly back with a beautiful silver collar around his neck.

The next day the child was restless and asked for Rags. Instead of the dog his mother gave him the jar of jelly and the honey. Being inordinately hungry, Henry devoured them both and peevishly asked for Rags once more. Then his mother brought him out the roses.

The child looked at them and started up in bed.

"*She's* hin 'ere!" he cried suddenly, pointing a lean, challenging finger at his mother.

"'Oo?" said the woman sullenly.

"'Er, '*er*, you know 'oo! Rags! I want my Rags!" now almost screamed the boy, thoroughly aroused.

His mother tried desperately to quiet him.

"Rags!" shrieked the child. "I want 'im! Rags! Let 'im come, I say. I *shall* 'ave 'im!"

His mother then lied to him—tried to lie to him, at least—but broke down under the weight of her own guilt and through her maudlin tears told him everything.

The boy fell gasping back on his pillow, and shook the little bed with his sobs. Mrs. Hill knew the only thing to do was to send for Dinney Crockett. Dinney would come and do stunts for him and then he might forget. It was only three days!

Four days later Mrs. Sturtevant's carriage drew up in front of Mrs. Hill's door. Mrs. Sturtevant was clasping and unclasping her hands nervously and her lips were dry.

She winced, in the doorway, under Mrs. Hill's questioning gaze.

"Oh, Mrs. Hill, it's so dreadful! I hardly know how to begin!"

"Rags?" asked the woman coldly, looking toward the carriage. "Where's Rags?"



His mother then lied to him—tried to lie to him, at least

"Yes, poor Rags," said Mrs. Sturtevant, touching a bit of lace to her eyes. There were real tears in them, for she was a clever woman. "He's—he's dead! I did everything for him, everything that could be done, but he—he died."

A short, sharp scream rang through the little house. It was the child. He had heard.

The two women seemed drawn, step by step, into the room where he lay.

They did not hesitate, yet when they stood in the room they cowered together. The boy was sitting up in his bed, his two eyes glowing like coals of fire. His commanding, lean finger was pointing straight at the heart of his mother.

"My—my dawg?" he asked shrilly, terribly. Mrs. Hill's knees were shaking and she looked hopelessly at the other woman. The other woman tried to draw herself up proudly, half-challengingly, and then looked at the pointing figure on the bed and dropped her eyes again.

She felt that this child stood above her, that he held his heel on her neck and in some way had the power of passing judgment on her. She did not think of the bit of lace.

"He's—he's dead—dear," she murmured. She meant to have said it coldly, decisively, even icily. But the words seemed to choke her.

"'E's dead!" repeated the boy, "dead!" His voice rang through the room. "'E's not! You lie. I say you lie; *you lie*. You know in your 'eart you lie!"

He raised his feeble body and held himself up by the bedpost. The flood of blasphemy he flung out at her had come down to him from his father. At any time and in any place that sudden volley would have been horrible in its depravity; on his white, little childish lips it was doubly, incomparably horrible.

The woman shrank back and put her hands up to her face as though to ward off a blow. With a gasp of fear she turned and fled from the room. But from the voice she could not flee. It followed her into her carriage, and up the avenue, and through the park, and into her own quiet home, where it rang louder than before, and night after night was heard echoing in all her dreams.

"If Dinney would only come!" whined the boy's mother weakly, pacing between the tub and the window and looking despairingly at the figure on the bed, that lay back clutching spasmodically at the ragged quilt, and gazed with blank, dull eyes up at the cracked ceiling. "If Dinney would only come!"

It was two nights before Dinney came. Mrs. Hill was sitting with her arms locked together, swaying her gaunt body to and fro and moaning quietly to herself. Never had she known Henry to be taken so bad. The lamp burned low, but it showed a bunch of faded Jacque roses standing on a little table beside the bed.

There came a tap at the window. A moment later an indistinct figure showed itself outside and the woman went to the window and raised the sash.

A gaunt, wistful, roguish, whimsical, laughing face was thrust through the opening. It was Dinney Crockett.

Under his coat was a sniggering, trembling, whining something that made it all he could do to climb in through the window without letting it get away.

"Ain't I bin up ag'in it, though!" half whispered and half gurgled Dinney, glancing at the bed and winking eloquently up at the woman. "T'ree hours hidin' in de coachhouse, an' seven whole hours under de main guy's bed, den stealin' de guy's keys an' gettin' blame near pinched by a cop as I slid down de fire-escape! But, say! Missus Hill, did I git 'im? Did I? Well, I guess!"

Dinney could contain himself no longer. He opened his coat, and out shot Rags.

"Won't he t'row a fit, though!" said Dinney rapturously, beaming toward the bed.

The woman turned to where the dog's nose was nuzzling down among the folds of Henry's ragged little nightgown, for the boy had covered his head with the quilt. From under the clothes came a dry sob or two, and then a deal of whimpering and barking. Just what was taking place under those same bedclothes Mrs. Hill could not altogether see. But she could guess that Rags was all but going mad with joy.

"Don't stop 'im, Dinney. Let 'im eat 'em!" said the boy's mother with a tear or two on her shrunken cheeks, as Rags, in his delight, fell to his old trick of chewing the pillow. As Mrs. Hill often afterward recounted, with a touch of awe, it was the first time in the history of Henry's dog that she hadn't the heart to cuff him for a-chewing up good bedclothes.

"I think," said the doctor that night, as he closed his medicine case with a meditative snap, "I think we've been making a mistake with this patient of ours. Dinney, you young rascal, take that"—slipping something into Dinney's hand—"and get back here with a pint of the fattest oysters you can find this side of Bowling Green."

The doctor pulled on his gloves leisurely. It was the fag end of a wearing day, but for some reason or other he felt wondrously light-hearted once more. He looked at the boy propped up in the little bed and the dog cuddling against his breast, and he went out smiling.

"Oh, I say, Mrs. Hill," he cried cheerily, putting his head in at the door again, "if that patient of yours doesn't sleep well, just give him a good big dose of Rags!"

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IF IT be true, as some one says, that "seldom is faction's ire in haughty minds extinguished but by death," then, in my humble opinion, almost every man who has risen to any prominence in either branch of our service will have to die before the factional strife here in Washington will be extinguished. It seems to me that to mention the name of any distinguished officer is enough to "let slip the dogs of war" and to set every tongue a-wagging.

I read somewhere the other day that an English writer had paid a high tribute to a certain great and wise statesman by saying that "he could hold his tongue in ten different languages," and I was immediately consumed with jealousy over the performance when I reflected that we seemed not to have a single hero who could hold his tongue even in one language. What with denials, explanations and reprimands, we have had a lively time of it at the Capital City of late. There is a tremendous army and navy contingent living here ever ready to do battle upon any provocation whatsoever, and, as the provocations are many and varied and the tongues of the two branches of the service are hung in the middle, the wagging is pretty considerable. I cannot help recalling that the five words which Zacharias spoke cost him forty weeks of silence, and to my mind another coming of Gabriel dealing out a like infliction would be a wholesome thing.

I was talking with Robert and Senator P—— about the extraordinary loquacity of our officers.

"I cannot understand," grumbled I, "why they are all possessed of so much tongue. I wonder they don't know that the tongue is just as true an indication of the state of the mind as of the state of the body. Discretion ought to be taught at the military academies, along with tactics."

"Oh, well, Agatha," said Robert, ever ready to take up the cudgels for his sex, "none of the big men of the two branches of the service have done any talking, and for the others, why it is very much the case of John Brown, of Haddington, and his students. He said to them, 'If you haven't grace, the Lord can give it to you. If you haven't learning, I'll help you to get it. But if you haven't common-sense, neither I nor the Lord can give it to you.'" Then Robert added:

"Truth is, a man scarcely dares to utter a word nowadays even in private, for there is always a newsmonger ready to rush it into print, and no letter, no matter how personal it may be, seems to be sacred to him who receives it. Why, only yesterday I met General Greely on his way to the War Department to meet the accusations brought against him concerning his speech in Worcester. Anybody who knows Greely knows that he is not a talking man. He is the most reticent, the most taciturn man going."

"That is very true," joined in the Senator. "I've known Greely well and known him for years, and he is singularly uncommunicative. It is a curious fact that never, since he returned from that terrible Polar Expedition, has he been willing to mention it in any way, nor will he permit anybody to mention it to him. In the Cosmos Club, of which he is a member, it is well understood, and the topic is never brought up. I remember, however, once that, when some of us were gathered around the pool-table, a man suddenly entered the club and, clapping the General on the back, said:

"'Well, how's my friend, General North Pole Greely?'

"There was a deadly hush for a moment all over the room, and the strange pallor which always has covered Greely's face ever since those terrible Arctic years of his seemed to deepen if possible, but he did not reply, nor appear even to hear the jocose allusion, but picked up a cue and began to knock the balls about."

Robert struck in here and said:

"By the way, Senator, you did the handsome thing by Miles in the Senate. You've given him the extra star. I hope we will do as well by him when the bill comes to us."

"Yes," replied the Senator, "we were all pretty much of one mind about Miles. He has borne himself with rare ability and discretion, and has shown on several trying occasions that he possesses what is often conspicuous in men by its absence, and what your friend Brown, of Haddington, whom you have just quoted, calls 'common-sense.' Miles has never been one to 'slop over.' The United States is the only first-class Power which does not have a full General at the head of its Army, and the days of our provincialism are past. As to the rest of the bill, there are some glaring reforms needed in our army which are provided for. One fact was developed in our war with Spain, and that was that there was very little cohesion between the line and staff, not enough working harmony between them for successful operations. The staff bureaus were almost entirely independent and with a most marked division of responsibility. The ostensible commander had practically no authority. This closer organization which the bill provides ought to do away with such misfortunes in camp and on the field as were ours in our last war."

"Still," asked Robert, "has it not always been the fate of every Commander-in-Chief of our Army in times of peace to be set aside and to be regarded as a figurehead?"

"Oh, yes. It is a grievance as old as the hills. When Sherman was General of the Army he became so incensed because Grant would send every army order from the White House to the Secretary of War that he pulled up stakes and moved his headquarters to St. Louis. But that little plan did not work, for it proved to be another case of the King of France who marched his men up a hill and then marched them down again. The War Department informed the General of the Army that the law of the land fixes the headquarters of the army at the Nation's Capital. So Sherman came back and submitted, and a smile went around the War Department."

"Please tell me," said I, "what it was that caused the Senate to smile so broadly the other day when there was an allusion during the debate on this bill to Senator Proctor and 'progressive transgression'? I saw Senator Proctor shake his head and smile. What was it?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Slocum, Proctor has always been the champion of the army. He was the first Secretary of War under Harrison's Administration and he is an authority on military matters, and if anybody knows the inner ropes it is Proctor. A year or so ago, when the Army bill was before the Senate, the Senator from Vermont was asked to explain the manner in which staff appointments are made in the army, and he was very frank and very funny in a dry way. He said in his quiet though resonant voice:

"'The man who has the strongest pull gets the place. Suppose, for instance, there is a vacancy of a captaincy in the Quartermaster's Department. There are about 600 first lieutenants. Perhaps 300 of these will be applicants for this place, the other 300 will be just as well fitted for the place, but because they have no influential friends to back them, or because, I am glad to say, they have a nice sense of propriety, they will not seek preferment or allow others to seek it for them, resting their claims entirely, and with rare exceptions, vainly, upon their records. The applicants file briefs of their records along with letters from officers and political friends, and then the wives and sisters come to the front and take a hand and importune the President or the Secretary of War in person. But bless me! precious little consideration is given to these applications. Senator A—— or Representative B—— has a relative or a constituent with powerful influence behind him, and they demand, simply demand, the appointment—and get it! The appointee has had a promotion, not upon merit, but by influence, and has jumped many of his fellows as good or better than he.'



Champ Clark would not be the likeliest man for the Speakership

"Mr. Hawley interrupted just here to ask, slyly, if all Secretaries were alike? Proctor replied drolly:

"'Human nature is pretty much the same and transgression is progressive. Most Secretaries, when they catch on to these points fall into the same rut, but I was glad to know that the first Secretary in Harrison's Administration was a little careful for a time, but it was from a want of understanding, not from any great amount of virtue.'

"This candid statement on the part of Proctor caused a great laugh in the Senate, in which he joined. Everybody knew who Harrison's first War Secretary had been, and knew, too, what a square man he was. And so, Mrs. Slocum, that was why there was a sly allusion poked at Proctor the other day when he was pushing this Army bill, and why 'progressive transgression' was quoted."

"Well," said I, "I hope this Reorganization bill will not molest the only woman who holds a commission in the army, for I am quite interested in her."

"Oh, no! it won't touch her," said Robert quickly.

"It seemed queer," said I, "to see among the army orders the other day this one:

> "'By order of the Secretary of War, Assistant Surgeon Anita McGee, U. S. A., will proceed from this city to Fort Monroe, on official business pertaining to the Medical Department of the Army, and, on completion of this duty, will return to her proper station.'

"Page told me lately that when Doctor McGee had first been graduated as surgeon and physician she looked a mere slip of a girl, and her young friends were inclined to poke fun at her medical aspirations, until one day at a luncheon party at which were gathered some ten or twelve young women, among whom was Anita McGee, something happened to change the opinion of this light-hearted crowd. The luncheon had progressed through half the number of courses, when some sudden excitement from the street penetrated to the dining-room where the party was gathered. Instantly the young women rushed to the windows to see what had happened. It was evident that an accident had occurred, for a helpless man lay on the pavement with an impotent crowd standing about not knowing what to do. There was a cry for a doctor and for the emergency ambulance. One young girl said half-derisively:

"'Here's your chance, Anita. They're calling for a doctor.'

"There was a moment of wavering uncertainty on the part of the untried young surgeon, then quickly the pretty ornaments, the pretty hat, the dainty gloves were all laid aside and Doctor McGee stepped out to the pavement and in an authoritative manner took command of the situation. She ordered the man to be carried into the house where she assumed charge of the case and worked so deftly and so skillfully that by the time the police and the emergency ambulance had arrived the patient had been properly bandaged, a cut had been neatly sewed up and the case was turned over to the hospital with little more to be done. Page says from that day to this there has been no question of Doctor McGee's ability. All of which goes to prove that 'beard never was the true standard of brains,'" said I, triumphantly.

Robert began to laugh at this concluding remark of mine and went on:

"You would do well not to let our venerable cousin hear such heresy, Agatha, for she was much scandalized when she heard that there was actually a woman doctor on the pay-roll of the War Department who held

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the rank of Major, and who went every day of her life to the War Department instead of staying at home and cooking the dinner or washing the children's faces. Cousin Melinda is one who believes that man and woman were 'for contemplation he, and valor formed; for softness she, and sweet attractive grace.' In fact she is just about as progressive as the Boer women are represented to be."

The two men laughed and the Senator went on to say:

"Your mention of the Boer women is a reminder of our Boer resolution that Teller offered in the Senate. We got off better on our side of the Capitol with it than you did with a like resolution from Sulzer over in the House, Slocum."

"Yes, but you see," said Robert, "Sulzer always plays to the galleries and the applause he received for his pro-Boer resolution from that source only spurred him on until the Speaker had to squelch him. By the way, Senator, what an ugly light has been thrown upon that famous Spion Kop dispatch business over in England!"

"Yes, but Lansdowne's explanation puts him in a somewhat better light, and as for Buller, his sturdy honesty ought to do much to efface his unfortunate lack of judgment. His reply to the suggestion to smooth down that dispatch reminds me of the story of Cromwell when a famous painter undertook to reproduce him on canvas. Oliver Cromwell was probably one of the ugliest men who ever lived, and the painter had the very laudable desire to soften his face as much as possible and to that end omitted altogether a very prominent wart which adorned his cheek. As soon as Cromwell found out that his countenance was being softened, and, above all, that the wart was omitted, he touched his cheek significantly and commanded sternly:

"'Paint me as I am, sir.'

"And so Cromwell was painted just as he was, wart and all, and was handed down to posterity thus. So Buller stood as he was, lack of judgment, disaster and all. There was something fine in it," wound up the Senator.

"Well," laughed Robert, reverting to his own affairs with grim humor, "I only hope that I have succeeded in painting myself in all my pristine honesty, just as I am, to my Legislature."

"Why, I hope you have not heard anything that makes you fear the success of your candidacy for the Senate, Slocum?" quickly asked the Senator.

"Oh, no, I'm in touch with Spruce City every day and things are looking my way just now. There is a strong probability of my rival candidate withdrawing, as Chilton did in Jo Bailey's case; but there's a good bit of dissatisfaction among Republicans in my State, and there's no certainty which way the legislative cat will jump. For Mrs. Slocum's sake I hope it will jump my way, for you know, Senator——"

And Robert paused a moment and looked at me, then continued wickedly, while I resigned myself to what was coming:

"My whole reason for wishing to go to the Senate is upon Mrs. Slocum's account. You see that with Senatorial credentials in her pocket and with relations firmly established with the Diplomatic Corps through the mediumship of, and guardianship over, the young Marquise de Courcelles-to-be, there is no knowing to what dizzy heights of glory we may scale next winter, and you know that true glory takes root, spreads and shines effulgently, and this alone spurs me on to renewed effort for the Senate."

"Yes, I see," smiled the Senator.

"Well, at least," said I dryly, "there have been no bad politics to imperil my campaign here in Washington, which is more than can be said of some politicians."

Robert shrugged his shoulders at this thrust at him. I continued:

"Why, I hear that the politics of the Republicans have been so 'trashy,' as my old black laundress would put it, that the House is already conceded to be sure for the Democracy in the Fifty-seventh Congress, and that the fight is already on among the Democrats for the Speakership; that it is only a question of 'out-scheming' between two men whether it will be the Honorable Champ Clark from Pike County or the Honorable James Richardson, whom you politicians call 'Slick Jim.'"

This had the desired effect. Neither man had any desire to poke any further fun at me. Robert was roused at once.

"Where did you hear any such stuff as that, Agatha?" he demanded testily; then he went on emphatically:

"The House Democratic in the Fifty-seventh Congress—pooh! And Champ Clark or Jim Richardson for Speaker—pooh, again! Why, it is as clear a case of one 'lie having to be thatched with another to keep the rain from coming through' as I ever heard of."

"Well," I said, continuing my theme placidly, "you Republicans ought to know just how much reason there is for such talk. You have had it all your own way for three years. But I tell you that I know the candidacy of these men is being canvassed genuinely in the Democratic cloak-room of the House, and they must have some serious grounds for belief that they will carry the House in November."

"Well, any way," said Senator P——, "Champ Clark would not be the likeliest man for Speaker, for it is a rule that the leader of the minority shall be in line for the chief honor of the House when his party shall succeed to power. This would place it with Richardson who is minority leader, but Richardson is under fire just now and that might leave the mantle to fall on De Armond, of Missouri, and——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Robert, too impatient at the improbability of such things happening to hear the Senator out.

"There is just as little likelihood of our not holding the House next November as there is that Page Mason will not marry that foreign chap next week as she is scheduled to do."

"Well," said I, "I am pretty sure, as you say, that Page will marry Alain de Courcelles next week, but I am by no means so sure of the Republican House next November. I suppose, however, Robert, that you are whistling to keep up your courage, as a schoolboy does in going through a dark wood."



Mr. Hawley interrogated



Doctor McGee stepped out on the pavement



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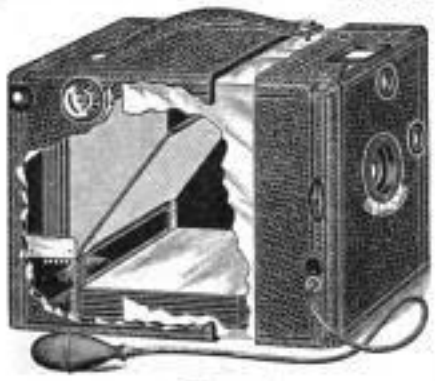
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A Busy Man's Recreations

By Thomas B. Bryan

BUSINESS itself has not been more radically revolutionized in the past decade than has the physical side of the average business man's life. The change is as significant as it is sweeping. Better still, it is wholesome, inspiring, and in line with progress and national development.

On every hand we hear comments upon the strenuousness of modern life, particularly of that lived by the active man of affairs in America. That this condition exists, and is characteristic of the present hour, I cheerfully grant. Over against this admission, however, must be set the statement that the representative business man of to-day takes more recreation in a month than his predecessor of a generation earlier was wont to take in a year.

Who can doubt that herein is to be read the secret by which our young man of affairs is able to bear the burden of strenuousness which is peculiar to this day and hour, and to thrive under its intense exactions? Because he lengthens his hours of relaxation, he is able to shorten his day at the desk, the counter or the factory. Recreation is the oil by which the wheels of business life are lubricated. Without it the wear and tear quickly become abnormal and the human machine prematurely worn out; but when all absorbing cares and intense application to business are reduced to a minimum, the mind is given variety, and turns from business to recreation and from recreation to business with equal pleasure and zest.

This is as it should be; there should be as spontaneous a pleasure in beginning a day's work as in putting that work aside for a few hours of indulgence in a favorite sport. The successful man, the world over, is the one who loves his work, to whom it is a joy instead of a task. Such an attitude of mind cannot be forced, but it may be cultivated, and nothing would seem better calculated to foster it than the regular indulgence in some form of vigorous, absorbing and wholesome athletic sport.

In the choice of a medium of mental relaxation and physical development, the field of selection is growing constantly wider, and the man who cannot find something of this kind which appeals to his personal tastes must be strangely fastidious. As this is so largely a matter of individual preference, it is most difficult to formulate any general rules of guidance which are of value. There is, however, one rule applicable to every individual. Indoor sports, while valuable and perhaps indispensable, are wholly insufficient, and fall short of that great essential—life in the open air. This, however, is not enough to ask of his sports; they should give him good, stirring exercise while he is out of doors.

The Two Most Popular Sports

The two forms of recreation which have taken the greatest hold upon the American public are bicycle riding and golf. Why these pastimes have attained so great a popularity in this country is not difficult to understand, and an analysis of the elements of their great success involves an enumeration of those elements which must be found in every sport which approaches the ideal.

Wheeling and golfing are equally adapted to the pleasure of both men and women, and naturally bring them together for their outings. This insures the wheel and the golf club a place in thousands of homes from which they would otherwise be excluded, for many husbands will not allow themselves regular indulgence in a recreation which may not be shared by their wives, and when to the intrinsic interest of any recreation is added the zest of social intercourse between the two sexes, its pleasures and attractions are multiplied.

That pastime which calls its participants into places of scenic beauty, and at the same time furnishes them with the exhilaration of interesting exercise, possesses a sure and a potent charm. No recreation possesses this characteristic in a greater degree than does golf. In order that my words may not appear to be those of a devotee, I will say that I am wholly unskilled in this pastime, and view its charms from the standpoint of a disinterested spectator. However, I must confess that it appears almost ideal as a means of recreation for the young business man who is in fairly comfortable circumstances financially.

The hold which the ancient Scottish sport has secured upon the American public is little short of astounding. A conservative authority places the money spent in golfing last year by the people of this country at fifteen million dollars, and estimates that the grounds, buildings and improvements of those golf clubs owning their links and houses reach a value of $150,000,000. If any further testimony to the popularity of this recreation is needed, it may be said that the membership of the golf clubs of this country is fully 100,000, and that new associations are being organized with greater rapidity than that of industrial "trusts" and consolidations.

The Ideal Sport for Business Men

So much for the hold which this sport has upon the nation at large. The power which it exercises upon the individual is peculiar, and well worthy of analysis. Thousands of business men, young and old, cut short their work day for the sake of a few hours on the links. Instead of eating a hearty luncheon and then returning to his office, the golfer remains until he feels at liberty to quit for the day. When he draws down the curtain of his desk, it is with the happy consciousness that the click of the lock has shut within the cares and anxieties of business until another morning. He then hurries directly to the train, where he meets congenial associates who are full of enthusiasm for their sport. So diverting is this topic that the thirty or forty minutes required to reach the suburban station nearest the golf grounds are passed almost before our golfer is aware. Then follows a ride in the coach or 'bus to the club house.

From the moment of arrival at the station until the instant of return thereto the eye is rejoiced and rested by surroundings as distinctly rural as could be found a hundred miles away from the city. At the club house our golfer goes at once to the locker-room where he takes a hasty "scrub" and discards his business suit for the habiliments of the links. In place of the stiff collar and shirt of conventional wear, he has substitutes of the most grateful kind, which admit the utmost relaxation. Most restful is the change of shoes, for the low, heavy-soled affairs devised for walking over the grassy, uneven and yielding surface of the links are remarkably easy to the feet.

Thus appareled he goes to the café, and there takes a cup of coffee and a roll, deferring his hearty meal until after his physical exertions have sharpened his appetite and prepared his system for a repast of generous proportions. He will not neglect to drink plenty of water before going out for his long tramp over the sward. When he returns to the club house, after playing an eighteen-hole course, he has walked little less than four miles, and over soft-rolling greensward, instead of a hard, level, city pavement. This in itself is a most refreshing change and brings into play muscles not exercised in the routine of city walking.

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Add to this the splendid exertions of the golfer in driving his ball, his intense interest in the results of his strokes, and there is little room to marvel at the glow of health and enthusiasm which flushes the countenances of staid and white-headed business men, to whom the coming of golf has brought a positive renewal of youth. But the mere physical exercise of a round on the links is by no means the chief benefit of the pastime.

While our golfer is chasing his ball up hill and down dale over the grass, he is unconsciously drinking in the "sweet influences" of the landscape. Few men, indeed, are of so cold and material a fibre as not to be subject in some degree to this subtle power of field and wood, of stream and sky. The assimilation of the charm of Nature may be unconscious, but it is nevertheless certain. Every breath he draws and each glance over the green and inviting prospect ministers to the best that is in him, and he finds himself more vitally refreshed in soul, sentiment and mind than in body. In most instances the pleasure of this pilgrimage is augmented by the delights of companionable intercourse with friends who share his enthusiasm for the sport in hand.

Once more he repairs to the locker-room, where he takes a shower bath, and possibly a plunge in the swimming pool. Then he is



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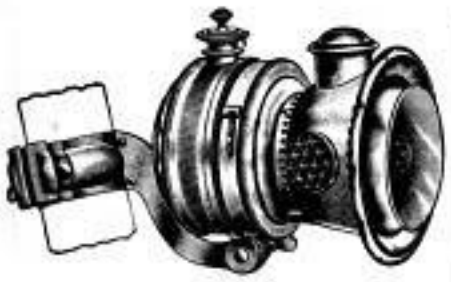
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rubbed down and, after a complete change of underclothing, is ready for dinner—and such a dinner as only a golfer can eat after making the circuit of the links! It is eaten with genuine gusto amid surroundings of the pleasantest kind. If the day be Saturday it is likely to conclude with dancing in the evening.

Who can look at the history of such a day as this and doubt that its rejuvenating and inspiring influence will follow him throughout the week to come? Equally certain is it that in this sketch of a young business man's day at the links its charms have not been exaggerated.

The Benefits of Bicycling

Although much is now being said concerning the decline of wheeling, this form of exercise has already exerted a marvelous influence upon the physical and also the mental side of a young business man's life, and it has as surely come to stay. In the report of that manufacturing organization frequently referred to as the bicycle trust the statement is made that the output of wheels for the present year is based upon the conviction that more bicycles will be sold in the coming season than in any preceding year. This announcement is significant, inasmuch as it is the basis upon which this combination of bicycle manufacturers has regulated its supply.

It is undoubtedly true that the day of the bicycle club as separate and distinct from the social club has passed. Wheeling has taken a more individual and less organized form. There is less club riding, it appears, but more individual riding. Thousands of business men in the smaller cities and country towns, who have long withstood the temptations of bicycling, are now joining the ranks of the wheelmen. There can be little question that the bicycle has been one of the main factors in revolutionizing the physical life of the American business man, broadening his horizon and giving him keen enjoyment, vigorous exercise, variety of scene and many other pleasures where before he had only additional hours of drudgery.

As an apt illustration there may be cited the instance of a country parson, of only local renown, recently elevated to the Episcopate.

His almost unanimous election as Coadjutor Bishop in the Episcopal church is ascribable to the rare combination in a clergyman of mental and physical muscle of the most robust character.

His ability to aid effectively the venerable Bishop, whom in time he is likely to succeed, is largely due to systematic and vigorous outdoor exercise with its reflex, invigorating influence on the naturally strong brain with which he is gifted. In a single day he has sped, with delight to the body and refreshment to the mind, some ninety miles on his wheel before discharging the evening duties of his high calling.

The Italians say that "in every priestling there is a pope," a playful exaggeration of an exceedingly rare occurrence, but here we have a priest in a country parish of such signal ability, mental and physical, running quickly, suddenly, unexpectedly and as smoothly as a wheel over an asphalt pavement, from his little rural church into the most exalted office of his sacred calling.

Six Days of Systematic Exercise

It is very difficult to prescribe any arbitrary program of exercise applicable to the majority of young business men. The nearest approach to success in an attempt of this kind is the following program, which is designed for a business man who has not a private gymnasium, but is a member of a club having athletic privileges:

Monday: Exercise ten minutes with half-pound dumb-bells before going to business. In afternoon a swim in the tank at the athletic club, and, if possible, an impromptu game of water polo.

Tuesday: Before going downtown, ten minutes of lively work with an elastic or pulley exerciser; very light lunch; leave business early for the country club, and play eighteen holes of golf; shower bath and plunge, followed by brisk rubbing and an entire change of clothing; hearty dinner and a social evening.

Wednesday: Ten minutes with two-pound dumb-bells; business; hearty lunch; four three-minute rounds with the boxing instructor at the athletic club, following the close of business; billiards in the evening, playing not more than 150 points balk line, or 200 points straight rail, to strengthen the muscles of legs and back.

Thursday: Indian clubs in the morning for ten minutes; stand out of doors and practice diaphragm breathing of the cool air for five minutes; business lunch; close the day with a twenty-mile spin on the wheel.

Friday: A pull of ten minutes at the elastic exerciser, followed by bag punching for five minutes before hearty breakfast; light lunch at noon followed by a game of billiards; in the evening a swim in the pool at club or game of horse tennis in the gymnasium.

Saturday: Morning exercise over back of chair to strengthen muscles of the back and abdomen and legs; light breakfast followed by half day at the office; leave business at midday and take cup of coffee and roll at the golf club; play until dark, and take a shower bath and a brisk rub on returning to the locker-room; eat hearty dinner, and conclude the day with dancing in the evening.

The Advantages of Athletics in Business

No doubt very many young men of affairs may find it inconvenient, if not impossible, to carry out so thorough a program of physical exercise. To such be it said: Get as much good, wholesome out-of-door exercise as possible, and absolutely refuse to be content with less than an average of two hours of stirring recreation every day. This should be regarded as the minimum limit.

Those forms of diversion which have already been referred to are the principal ones, but there are many others which may be easily substituted to meet individual tastes. Horseback riding may be preferred to wheeling, and walking to either. The forms of indoor exercise are numerous, and capable of meeting a wide variety of tastes. One of the most fascinating and beneficial of the gymnasium sports is handball, and it seems unfortunate that this should recently have fallen into disuse, as compared with its former popularity.

The need of healthy and normal men in business and public life is becoming daily more clearly recognized. The day of the super-refined, æsthetic recluse is past. Men who would lead in their profession or business must not be physical weaklings. The great modern enterprise is almost invariably found to be in the hands of the man who is physically, as well as mentally, able to bear the brunt of things, to endure protracted exertion and strain, and to face a crisis with the assurance that he will not "go to pieces" because of bodily weakness. In hundreds of different situations this requirement is absolute, and those lacking this qualification are arbitrarily shut out, no matter how brilliant their mental endowments.

Broadly speaking, therefore, it may be said that no young man of to-day is fitted for business life who is not in excellent physical trim, and who neglects to keep himself in this condition by means of faithful and judicious exercise. He increases his chances of success as he increases his bodily strength, soundness and capacity. The less artificial the means of exercise the more easily is it sustained and the greater the benefit derived. For this reason games and sports are much more to be recommended than physical drills devoid of the element of contest and prosecuted by sheer force of will. It is also wise to vary one's diversions before they become stale and outworn. This insures a fresh influx of enthusiasm, and keeps the recreation free from irksomeness and artificiality.

That the world should have reached a period in which the hours of toil are so generally shortened and the hours of recreation prolonged is certainly a gratifying proof of progress, for it demonstrates, in a measure, that man's existence need not be an unbroken round of toil, and that he may become more useful, more happy, more successful by taking time for a reasonable amount of stirring physical exercise, than by denying himself this wholesome joy to become the abject slave of care and ambition.

The Literature of the Automobile

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL has been bitten by the automobile craze, as he was by the bicycle craze in its early days. The other day he drove a road-car from Maidenhead to Warwick Square in London, a distance of twenty-nine miles, a good part of it through the crowded streets of the city, in an hour, and is proud of his record. The automobile seems a less inspiring subject than the bicycle to draw or to write about. But when one remembers how delightfully Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have described their cycling trips one hopes that the new mode of locomotion will furnish many subjects for articles.

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

Mr. Jacobs' Nautical Farce *

If a man may be judged by the children of his brain, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, author of A Master of Craft, is a most immoral man—a man with no appreciation whatever of the beauties of truthfulness and exemplary conduct; for, of the sixteen or eighteen characters engaged in deceiving one another throughout this story, not a sinner among them shows the slightest contrition for his misdeeds or regret for his condition.

Mr. Jacobs has gained a reputation as a writer of sea tales, and he may be familiar with the field; but neither in this book nor in any of its predecessors is there internal evidence that he knows the poop-deck downhaul from a splice in the main brace. Admiring landsmen, engulfed in non-nautical ignorance, have given him this reputation, and he wears it lightly and jauntily. With a few stock properties, such as ship, schooner, a skipper, a mate, a cabin-companion and a forecastle-scuttle, he concocts a story, calls his characters sailor-folk, and gives the tale a nautical title. And in this he does wrong—not to his readers, but to the small number of limited writers whose thunder he appropriates without needing it.

But, admitting all this, we cannot deny him a place higher than that of the most realistic and erudite of sea-writers; he is a humorist; he is intensely human and he knows human beings; he can make us laugh—and a man who can do that, who can take us for one short half-hour away from the troubles of life and give us the relaxation of a hearty laugh, is a valuable man to his kind and to his generation.

The story is of a schooner Captain, strong in physique but weak in character, who, with a penchant for pretty girls, allows himself to become engaged to three, only one of whom he wants. In his efforts to escape the other two, he is hampered by the movements of his wealthy uncle, who has chosen one of the girls for him, and who is finally rendered innocuous from his own capture by a designing widow. He is worried and harried around the country by the relatives of the other unwanted young lady, and, escaping them, ships before the mast on a deep-water voyage, thinking that the loved one is on board as passenger. He is assisted throughout by his mate, who unconsciously and helplessly falls in love with this loved one while earnestly working for his friend's interests; and he is helped, harmed, checkmated and misled by the well-meant interference of his crew—three men and a cook. Be it said that the mate is a good fellow—though a liar—and that Poppy Tyrrell, equally untruthful, is a charming girl, who eventually marries the mate, thinking the Captain drowned at sea; and that the Captain, after shipwreck and trouble, returns just in time to meet the wedding party emerging from the church, with dignity and philosophy enough in his composition to induce him to heave a handful of rice over them, and we have the salient points of a story in which vice is rewarded and misfortune punished.

But it is a story for hypochondriacs and convalescents. —*Morgan Robertson.*

Debts of Honor †

Maurus Jókai is, we are given to understand, the most popular of Hungarian novelists, and the fact that all his books are speedily translated into English proves that he has many readers outside his native land. People enamored of incident and indifferent to art may well take pleasure in these rudely-constructed tales. Robbery, murder, plots and counter-plots, crimes of every order and variety are huddled together in uneasy abundance. Now and then we have a pleasant picture of family life, as in the house of the Pressburg baker, where the schoolboys help to knead the dough and cut the smooth, round rolls before hurrying off to their lessons; but this is too speedily followed by a mass of confusing detail, which we dimly feel is intended to be humorous, or by scenes of lurid and eminently disagreeable violence.

Debts of Honor is written partly in the first and partly in the second person. It deals with the fortunes of a Magyar family over whom hangs an ancestral curse impelling all its men to commit suicide. In the first chapter the head of the house, for no apparent reason save to keep up ancient traditions, blows out his brains; and his mother takes this admirable opportunity to conduct her two young grandsons into the vault where their father lies buried to narrate to them the suicidal history of their race, and to impress upon their tender minds the impossibility of escape. A finer method of securing the perpetuity of the curse could not well be devised and so the excellent old lady seems to understand, for she winds up her story by remarking that she does not ask the boys to swear they will never kill themselves lest they carry with them into eternity the added burden of an unkept oath.

She then "wept and gasped until finally she fainted away," and Lorand and Desiderius are left to face the unpleasant future before them.

They do face it, but in different fashions. Lorand, the most amorous of youths, falls in love first with his uncle's wife, then with his cousin, and lastly with a handsome, half-tamed gypsy girl. When his uncle's wife runs away with an actor, his cousin marries a rogue and the gypsy girl is killed by a robber, he grows melancholy, acquires a bad habit of reading mathematical books, and is saved from suicide only by the superhuman wisdom and goodness of Desiderius, who constitutes himself his brother's keeper, rescues him in every emergency and watches over him with tenacious affection. After a time this influence weakens, but Lorand dies opportunely of a bee's sting in "the moment of temptation," and the novel closes with a speculation on the part of Desiderius as to how long his own life will last.

It is a cheerful tale. —*Agnes Repplier.*

Glimpses of New Books

Any one who watches at all closely the stage and the bookstall must notice the tremendous reaction which has set in against the novel of decomposition—or, if the word is offensive, of analysis; the historical novel and the tale of adventure are in great vogue now. Mr. Andrew Balfour, whose name should give him right to treat of things Scotch, swells the tide with a dashing story of a shipwrecked American girl, a runaway Scotchman, a French dancing master, much fighting and some misunderstanding, and the usual percentage of patient solicitor necessary to precipitate a happy ending from the troubled elements of the solution. The ending, by the way, is less vindictive than the title Vengeance is Mine would indicate was the author's intention. *The New Amsterdam Book Company.*

In opposition to the Divine Comedy, Mrs Lee—whom the magazine public has long known as Jeannett Barbour Perry—entitles her first book Kate Wetherill: An Earth Comedy. The opposition, however, is purely titulary, whereas the resemblance is structural. Like the Divine Comedy, the story, which deals with internal forces and moral happenings, falls naturally into the three divisions of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. The volume is prefaced by Dante's apology for the Comedy, and closes significantly with a phrase which shows that the interpretation of the earlier master was in mind throughout: "The comedy was ended." *The Century Company.*

Hearts Importunate is published in a single volume, and so cannot by any stretch of imagination soever be likened to the English novel of the eighteenth century, which, in its leisurely career across the centuries, Mr. Kipling, sighting from the horizon of the twentieth century, has named the "three-decker." It has not even any "scent of Old World roses about it," for the climate of the Australian bush is too hot for anything of the sort. Yet there is something suggestive of the method of Richardson in Miss Dickinson's workmanship. The action is similarly lazy; in fact, very little happens in the whole book. The few bodily facts of the daily, outside work in which the characters move are direct resultants of the heated and active forces of the inner world in which they live. And such a method—essentially dramatic in feeling if not in form—is suggestive of Richardson. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

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* A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. *F. A. Stokes Company.*

† Debts of Honor. By Maurus Jókai. Translated from the Hungarian by Arthur B. Volland. *Doubleday & McClure Company.*



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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

With Mr. Clive Holland's system of work his literary career need not cease until, like Alexander, he sighs for more worlds. This does not mean that Mr. Holland intends to be an epic poet, a historian of ancient Chaldea or a professional humorist; rather that with his weapon of fiction he means to traverse the globe and write stories full of the local color of as many countries as he can manage to visit. "I began with Japan, I have done something with Northern Italy and with Egypt, and I am now fresh from Paris and the Latin Quarter."

Mr. Holland thinks four countries a small record, but he likes to feel that he has written all he can about a country before he leaves it. It might also be said that he likes to take all the photographs of it he can before he departs. It would be a difficult artistic question to decide, Mr. Holland thinks, whether a love of local color makes one a photographer, or whether love of photography sends one traveling in search of local color. At any rate, the result is that it takes one a long time to see a country, even a city.

"I have been wandering everywhere in Paris, seeing fashionable 'meets' of automobiles in the Bois and half anarchistic meetings of workingmen in La Villette, exploring historic quarters, and tracking Du Maurier through what I call 'Trilby land.' Marcelle of the Latin Quarter is the first result of this Parisian visit. There will be more stories later."

"Isn't it a difficult thing to write of life in the Latin Quarter without offending some readers' sensibilities?" Mr. Holland was asked.

"Yes, it is," he replied, "and I for one have no wish to. That's one reason why this story was not published serially. I mean always to write delicately, but—you never can tell. So I think my title has helped me. Any one who buys a book called Marcelle of the Latin Quarter knows what risk he is running. If he is disappointed, it is, in this case, probably because he expected something bad."

The Home of the Treasure-Seekers

When story-tellers do not put the people around them into their books, they are apt at least to put in the streets, or the fields and meadows in which they live. The reader of that delightful book of stories about children, The Treasure-Seekers, if he knew his London well, might almost have found out from the book where its clever author, E. Nesbit, or as she is in private life, Mrs. Hubert Bland, was to be found. The children in the book had picnics in Greenwich Park, and Blackheath was familiar ground to them. It was near there that they found the Princess.

The little village of Eltham lies near Blackheath and Greenwich and at the foot of Shooter's Hill, on which you can see the roofs of Mr. Nat Goodwin's delightful house nestling in the trees. It is only a little over a half hour's journey from the very heart of London, yet is a country village still. Well Hall is the Bland place. It is a delightfully old house, or it would be for America. And when it was found that the winding staircase must be propped up by poles as big as a yacht's masts, even the English family living in it had to grant it antiquity. Yet all around are traces of the older house which preceded it. Well Hall was originally a moated grange, and the moat still surrounds the house on three sides. The children catch fish in it in the summer, and skate on it in the winter—when the English winter grows cold enough for the ice to form, which is not often. The combination of Old World country surroundings with quick and frequent trains to town is a rare one, even for England.

Henry Harland's New Novel

Mr. Henry Harland is shortly to bring out a new volume entitled The Cardinal's Snuff-Box, the scene of which is laid, like so many of the author's short stories, in the Italy he paints so well. This is the first long story Mr. Harland has written since the earlier days of his career when he signed himself "Sidney Luska." For the last few years he has been known by his collections of short stories.

Mr. Harland writes very slowly, as the finished quality of his work indicates, and he is greatly affected by his surroundings. It is no uncommon thing for him to arrive in a place where he has intended to stay and work for some weeks, and to find that it is quite uncongenial to him and that he must move on somewhere else. Paris always inspires him; so does Dieppe, and the greater part of The Cardinal's Snuff-Box was written in a delightful and primitive old inn in Normandy, perched up some five hundred feet above the Seine and surrounded by fairy forests.

Even the pen of Mr. Harland, capricious as it is, could hardly help moving swiftly in a spot like that. Yet he seems to find his own workroom in town just as inspiring, though it is bare of all furniture except a chair and a writing-table, and has a real London view of the housetops. It does not suggest the elfin charm of his stories, but—*cherchez la femme!* The walls of this den are covered with prints of all the beautiful ladies in the picture galleries of Europe; and perhaps they, endowed by the author with life and wit and soul, are the charming creatures who step in and out of his pages.

At all events they have the power to keep him working all through the daylight, for Mr. Harland is not one of those who write far into the night. He goes into his study after an early breakfast, takes very little food all day, and emerges at dinner-time ready for any friendly intercourse that may come his way. He is a marvelously lively and enthusiastic talker, and has a kind of vivacity of manner which is scarcely English or American. He likes to be on his feet, to pace the rooms while his thoughts flow and to gesticulate when they excite him. He laughingly says of himself that talking is the best exercise he knows, and that he keeps his health by it.

Busy Miss Sharp

Even for London and the year 1900, a place and a time when all women have interests various enough to have driven their grandmothers mad, Miss Evelyn Sharp is an unusually busy young woman. The public knows her as the author of occasional delightful volumes of fairy tales, and of short stories in the magazines for older people. The initiate in London also know that she is responsible for the humorous sketches of social and literary London which are printed week by week in the Pall Mall Gazette over the initials E. S. And she has lately undertaken to do a similar weekly contribution to a new morning daily.

This amount of regular literary work would be quite enough to make many a writer think himself busy, but it is only the beginning of Miss Sharp's activities. Every morning between breakfast and luncheon she teaches a family of children whose good fortune it is to have their primary instruction committed to her charge. Then there are two afternoons a week when Miss Sharp plays hockey with a women's team in Battersea Park, and two evenings when she works hard in a class in gymnastics. She has found time to give a course of lectures on the history and names of the London streets to a club of working girls in a social settlement. To these duties Miss Sharp adds cheerfully the one which the old-fashioned view of woman's sphere thought quite sufficient for her activities, for she keeps house in a snug flat in Kensington, with a most uncommon outlook, over the gardens of the Carmelite Monastery.

As to pleasures, Miss Sharp finds time for many a tea, dinner or supper with the best-known people in the London artistic world, and time to see almost everything at the theatres. The stage is a great delight to her, and not only does she know the West End playhouses, but she visits the cheaper theatres of the East End. It is said that some holiday time she means to amuse herself by trying to write a lurid melodrama which would please a Whitechapel audience.

"I like writing fairy stories best of all," replied Miss Sharp to a question, "but sometimes I think that nowadays only 'grown-ups' like reading them. Modern children are a hard-headed, practical lot. They are always so afraid that fairy tales are being 'written down' to their level. And children resent nothing so much as that."





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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

AT WELLESLEY, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston and the seat of Wellesley College, are to be found the only successful Italian gardens in this country.

As most people are aware, the distinctive feature of such gardens is the picturesque distortion of trees and shrubs, which are made to assume as many strange and outlandish forms as possible, imitative of anything unplantlike, from a buffalo to a pepper-caster. Very weird effects are produced in this way by the expert, and, at Wellesley, a considerable area bordering upon Lake Waban, a beautiful sheet of water, has been thus transformed into a playground of horticultural fancy.

The gardens are directly across the lake from the college, and, with their groves of arboricultural freaks, stretch down to the very edge of the water in a series of grassy terraces. They belong to the country place of Mr. Hollis Hunnewell.

The trees manipulated in this curious way are chiefly pines, spruces, firs and hemlocks.



BY THE LAKESIDE, WELLESLEY, MASS.

It is wonderful what may be done with a pine tree, for instance, by taking it when it is very young and keeping its branches cut down, the result being that, instead of spreading outwardly in the normal fashion, its limbs put out a multitude of tiny branches, so as to form at length a veritable mass of interlaced twigs.

When this has been accomplished, the gardener's shears will convert the tree into any shape that may be desired; it is simply a matter of sculpture and persistent trimming to maintain the form.

The Rarest of Living Birds So rare and remarkable a fowl is the Notornis, of New Zealand, that the recent capture of a specimen—the fourth ever taken so far as science has record—is quite an ornithological event. The first two, killed in 1849 and 1851, are preserved, stuffed, in the British Museum, and the third, which was sold for $500, is in Dresden. For the fourth, just mentioned, $1500 is said to have been refused.



The Notornis is more popularly known as the Weka. It is a species of rail, but looks somewhat like a goose, and has a curious triangular bill with a small red comb above it that stands crosswise. It cannot fly at all, its feathers being too soft and yielding, but it is a first-rate runner, and one of its odd traits is a weakness for thieving, its special passion being to steal everything it can lay beak upon, even to such articles as pipes and watches.

New Zealand has many queer birds. One of them, the Apteryx, lives in a burrow, being flightless like the Notornis, and, owing to this misfortune, it has been hunted almost to extermination. The Apteryx is related to the gigantic Moa, which became extinct in New Zealand not much more than a century ago. The Moa weighed as much as 1000 pounds when full grown. Still surviving is a species of plover which is the only known bird whose bill is bent sidewise, the peculiarity being not a malformation, but designed by Nature to enable the fowl to turn over pebbles in seeking its food.

In New Zealand also is found the strange flesh-eating parrot, which became such a nuisance to the sheep farmers in that country some years ago that active measures had to be taken for its destruction. It attacks sheep in the pasture, clinging to the wool of the animal and pecking at its flesh until it literally bores a hole through its back, thus getting at the kidneys, the location of which it seems to know perfectly.

Portraits of the Sun Photographic observations of the recent total eclipse of the sun will certainly prove far more satisfactory and valuable than any hitherto obtained. On no previous occasion has the scientific outfit for picture-making been anything like so complete, and publication of prints from the negatives secured by the Smithsonian Institution with the aid of its gigantic camera, set up at Wadesboro, North Carolina, in the track of the moon's shadow, is awaited with eagerness by astronomers. This camera—the largest ever constructed—was provided with a telescopic lens having a focal length of 135 feet, the dry plate, twenty inches square, being that distance away from the lens!

If it had been desired merely to take a picture of the sun on an ordinary day, an exposure of about four one-thousandths of a second would have sufficed. As it was, the face of the luminary being covered by the moon, exposures of four to five seconds were made to photograph the red flames which are seen leaping from the photosphere at the moment of totality. To catch the fainter, but even more interesting, "corona," which extends its filmy and mysterious network millions of miles into outer space, exposures of ten to fifteen seconds were required.

Inasmuch as totality lasted only a minute and a half, it was important that the smallest possibility of mistake in the management of the instrument should be eliminated, and repeated drills with the camera were practiced preliminarily, under the supervision of Mr. Smillie, of the National Museum, who, at the conclusion of the performance, carried the exposed plates back to Washington for development. How carefully they were handled may well be imagined.



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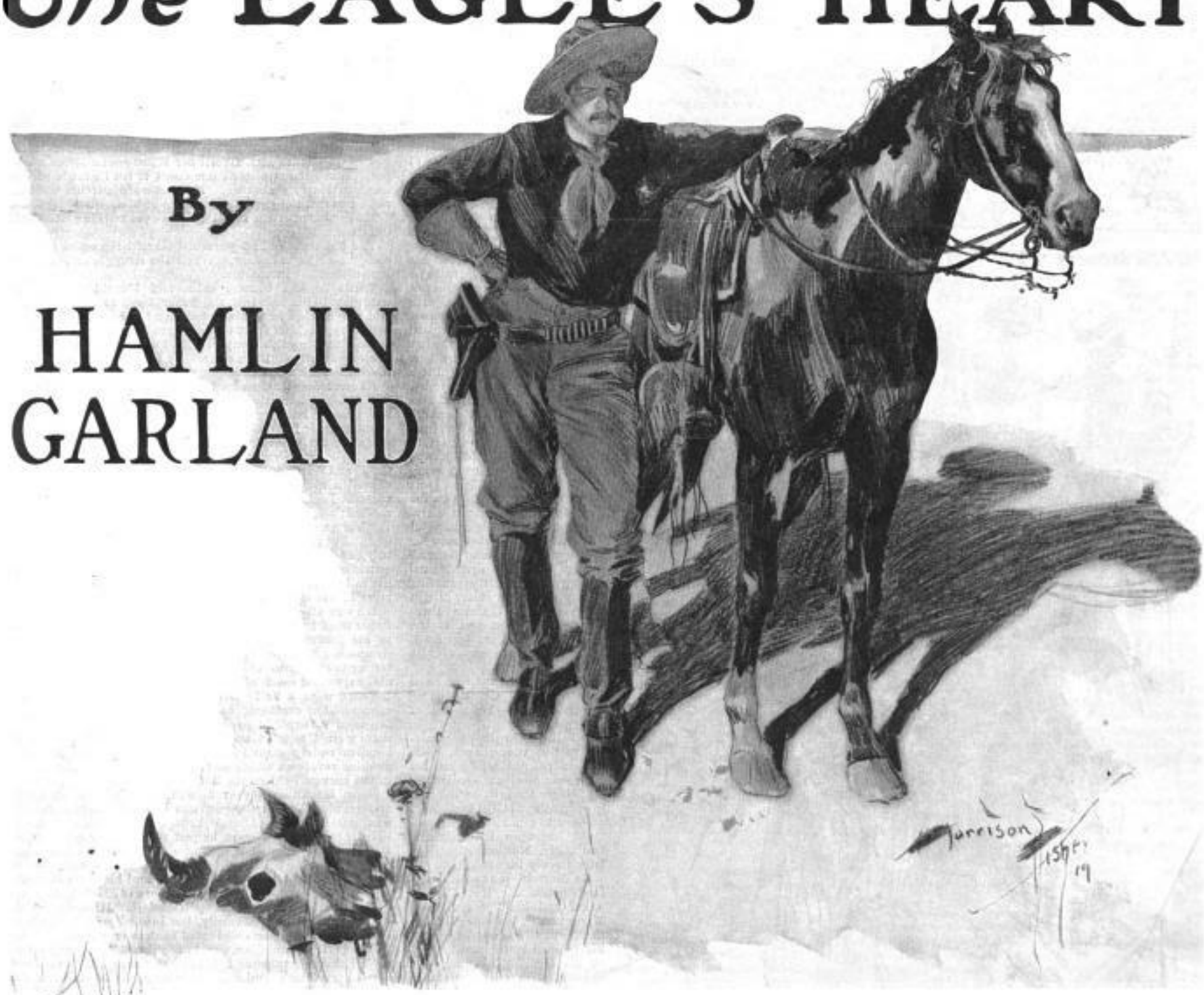
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The EAGLE'S HEART

By

HAMLIN GARLAND



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The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, SONS OF BUTCHER'S COOLEY, ETC.

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FIRST CHAPTER—HIS YOUTH

HAROLD was about ten years of age when his father, the Rev. Mr. Excell, took the pastorate of the First Church in Rock River. Many of the people in his first congregation remarked upon "the handsome lad." The clear brown of his face, his big yellow-brown eyes, his slender hands and the grace of his movements gave him distinction quite aside from that arising from his connection with the minister.

Rev. John Excell was a personable man himself. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with abundant brown hair and beard and a winning smile. His eyes were dark and introspective, but they could glow like sunlit topaz, or grow dim with tears, as his congregation had opportunity to observe during this first sermon—but they were essentially sad eyes.

Mrs. Excell, a colorless little woman who retained only the dim outline of her girlhood's beauty, sat gracelessly in her pew, but her stepdaughter, Maud, by her side, was carrying to early maturity a dainty grace united with something strong and fine drawn from her father. She had his proud lift of the head.

"What a fine family!" whispered the women from pew to pew under cover of the creaking fans.

In the midst of the first sermon, a boy seated in front of Harold gave a shrill whoop of agony and glared back at the minister's son with distorted face, and only the prompt action on the part of both mothers prevented a clamorous encounter over the pew. Harold had stuck the head of a pin in the toe of his boot and jabbed his neighbor in the calf of the leg. It was an old trick, but it served well.

The minister did not interrupt his reading, but a deep flush of hot blood arose to his face, and the lids of his eyes dropped to shut out the searching gaze of his parishioners. From that moment Harold was known as "that preacher's boy," the intention being to convey, by significant inflections and a meaning smile, that he filled the usual description of a minister's graceless son.

Harold soon became renowned in his own world. He had no hard-fought battles, though he had scores of quarrels, for he scared his opponents by the suddenness and the intensity of his rage.

"You touch me and *I'll kill you*," he said in a low voice to the fat boy whose leg he had jabbed, and his bloodless face and blazing eyes caused the boy to leap frenziedly away. No one, not even youths grown to man's stature, cared to attempt violence with him. One lad, struck with a stone from his cunning right hand, was carried home in a carriage. Another, being thrown by one convulsive effort, fell upon his arm, breaking it at the elbow. In less than a week every boy in Rock River knew something of Harry Excell's furious temper and had learned that it was safer to be friend than enemy to him.

He had his partisans, too, for his was a singularly attractive nature when not enraged. He was a hearty, buoyant playmate and a good scholar five days out of six, but he demanded a certain consideration at all times. An accidental harm he bore easily, but an intentional injury—that was flame to powder.

The teachers in the public school each had him in turn as he ran rapidly up the grades. They all admired him unreservedly, but most of them were afraid of him, so that he received no more decisive check than at home. He was subject to no will but his own.

The principal was a kind and scholarly old man, who could make a boy cry with remorse and shame by his Christ-like gentleness, and Harold also wept in his presence, but that did not prevent him from fairly knocking out the brains of the next boy who annoyed him. In his furious, fickle way he often defended his chums or smaller boys, so that it was not easy to condemn him entirely.

There were rumors from the first Monday after Harold's pin-sticking exploit, that the minister had "lively sessions" with his boy. The old sexton privately declared that he heard muffled cries and the sound of blows rising from the cellar of the parsonage—but this story was quickly hushed on his lips.

The boy admittedly needed thrashing, but the deacons of the church would rather not have it known that the minister used the rod himself.

The rumors of the preacher's stern measures softened the judgment of some of the townspeople, who shifted some of the blame of the son to the shoulders of the sire. Harry called his father "the minister," and seemed to have no regard for him beyond a certain respect for his physical strength. When boys came by and raised the swimming sign he replied, "Wait till I ask 'the minister.'" This was considered "queer" in him.

He ignored his stepmother completely, but tormented his sister Maud in a thousand impish ways. He disarranged her neatly combed hair. He threw mud on her dress and put carriage grease on her white stockings on picnic day. He called her "chiny-thing," in allusion to her pretty round cheeks and clear complexion, and yet he loved her and would instantly fight for her, and no one else dared tease her or utter a word to annoy her. She was fourteen years of age when Mr. Excell came to town, and at sixteen considered herself a young lady. As suitors began to gather about her, they each had a vigorous trial to undergo with Harold; it was indeed equivalent to running the gauntlet. Maud was always in terror of him on the evenings when she had callers.



"Gosling," she said in her sweet, soft breathing voice

One day he threw a handful of small garter snakes into the parlor where his sister sat with young Mr. Norton. Maud sprang to a chair screaming wildly, while her suitor caught the snakes and threw them from the window just as the minister's tall form appeared.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Maud, eager to shield Harry, said: "Oh, nothing much, papa—only one of Harry's jokes."

"Tell me," said the minister to the young man, who, with a painful smile on his face, stammeringly replied:

"Harry thought he'd scare me, that's all. It didn't amount to much."

"I insist on knowing the truth, Mr. Norton," the minister sternly insisted.

As Norton described the boy's action, Mr. Excell's face paled and his lips set close. His eyes became terrible to meet and the beaded sweat of his furious anger stood thick on his face. "Thank you," he said with ominous calmness and, turning without another word, went to his study.



Rev. John Excell was a personable man himself

His wife, stealing up, found the door locked and her husband walking the floor like a roused tiger. White and shaking with a sort of awe, Mrs. Excell ran down to the kitchen where Harold crouched and said:

"Harold, dear, you'd better go out to Mr. Burns' right away."

Harold understood perfectly what she meant, and fled. For hours neither Mrs. Excell nor Maud spoke above a whisper. When the minister came down to tea he made no comment on Harry's absence. He had worn out his white-hot rage, but was not yet in full control of himself.

He remained silent and kept his eyes on his plate during the meal.

The last time he had punished Harold the scene narrowly escaped a tragic ending. When the struggle ended Harold lay on the floor insensible.

When he had become calm and Harold was sleeping naturally in his own bed, the father knelt at his wife's knee and prayed God for grace to bear his burden, and said:

"Mary, keep us apart when we are angry. He is like me: he has my fiendish temper. No matter what I say or do, keep us apart till I am calm. By God's grace I will never touch his flesh again in anger."

Nevertheless he dared not trust himself to refer to the battles which shamed them all. The boy was deeply repentant, but uttered no word of it. And so they grew ever more silent in their intercourse.

Harold early developed remarkable skill with horses and once rode in the races at the County Fair, to the scandal of the First Church. He not only won the race, but was at once offered a great deal of money to go with the victor to other races. To his plea the father, with deep-laid diplomacy, replied:

"Very well; study hard this year and next year you may go." But the boy was just at the age to take on weight rapidly, and by the end of the year was too heavy, and the owner of the horse refused to repeat his offer. Harold did not fail to remark how he had been cheated, but said nothing more of his wish to be a jockey.

He was also fond of firearms, and during his boyhood his father tried in every way to keep weapons from him, and a box in his study contained a contraband collection of his son's weapons. There was a certain pathos in this little arsenal, for it gave evidence of considerable labor on the boy's part and expressed much of buoyant hope and restless energy.

There were a half-dozen Fourth of July pistols, as many cannons for crackers, and three attempts at real guns intended to explode powder and throw a bullet. Some of them were "toggled up" with twine, and one or two had handles rudely carved out of wood. Two of them were genuine revolvers which he had managed to earn by working in the harvest field on the Burns' farm.

From his fifteenth year he was never without a shotgun and revolver. The shotgun was allowed, but the revolver was still contraband and kept carefully concealed. On Fourth of July he always helped to fire the anvil and fireworks, for he was deft and sure and quite at home with explosives. He had acquired great skill with both gun and pistol as early as his thirteenth year, and his feats of marksmanship came now and then to the ears of his father.

The father and son were in open warfare. Harold submitted to every command, outwardly, but inwardly vowed to break all restraint which he considered useless or unjust.

His greatest ambition was to acquire a "mustang pony," for all the adventurous spirits of the novels he had known carried revolvers and rode mustangs. He did not read much, but when he did it was always some tale of fighting. He was too restless and active to continue at a book of his

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own accord for any length of time, but he listened delightedly to any one who consented to read for him. When his sister Maud wished to do him a great favor and to enjoy his company (for she loved him dearly) she read some exciting story of the plains while he lay out on his stomach in the grass under the trees, with restless feet swinging like pendulums. At such times his face was beautiful with longing and his eyes became dark and dreamy. "I'm going there, Beauty," he would say as Maud rolled out the word *Colorado*, or *Brazos*. "I'm going there. I won't stay here. I'll go, you'll see, and I'll have a big herd of cattle, too."

His gentlest moments were those spent with his sister in the fields or under the trees. As he grew older he became curiously tender and watchful of her. It pleased him to go ahead of her through the woods, to pilot the way and to help her over ditches or fences. He loved to lead her into dense thickets and to look around and say: "There, isn't this wild, though? You couldn't find your way out if it wasn't for me, could you?" And she, to carry out the spirit of the story, always shuddered and said, "Don't leave me to perish here."

Once as he lay with his head in the grass, he suddenly said, "Can't you hear the Colorado roar?"

The wind was sweeping over the trees, and Maud, eager to keep him in this gentle mood, cried: "I hear it; it is a wonderful river, isn't it?"

He did not speak again for a moment.

"Oh, I want to be where there is nobody west of me," he said, a look of singular beauty on his face. "Don't you?"

"N—no, I don't," answered Maud. "But, then, I'm a girl, you know; we're afraid of wild things, most of us."

"Dot Burland isn't."

"Oh, she only pretends; she wants you to think she's brave."

"That's not so." He said it so savagely that Maud hastened to apologize.



His gentlest moments were those spent with his sister — under the trees

SECOND CHAPTER
HIS LOVE AFFAIRS

NATURALLY a lad of this temper had his loves. He made no secret of them, and all the young people in the town knew his sweethearts and the precise time when his passion changed its course. If a girl pleased him he courted her with the utmost directness, but he was by no interpretation a love-sick youth. His likings were more in the nature of proprietary comradeship and were expressed without caresses or ordinary words of endearment.

His courtship amounted to service. He waited about to meet and help his love, he hastened to defend her and to guide her, and if the favored one knew her rôle she humored his fancies, permitting him to aid her in finding her way across a weedy pasture lot or over a tiny little brook which he was pleased to call a torrent. A smile of derision was fatal. He would not submit to ridicule or joking. At the first jocular word his hands clenched and his eyes flamed with anger. His was not a face of laughter; for the most part it was serious in expression and his eyes were rapt with dreams of great deeds.

He had one mate to whom he talked freely, and him he chose often to be his companion in the woods or on the prairies. This was John Burns, son of a farmer who lived near the town. Harry spent nearly every Saturday and Sunday during the summer months on the Burns farm. He helped Jack during haying and harvest, and when their tasks were done the two boys wandered away to the bank of the river, and there, under some great basswood tree on delicious sward, they lay and talked of wild animals and Indians and the West. At this time the great chieftains of the Sioux, Sitting Bull and Gall, were becoming famous to the world, and the first reports of the findings of gold in the Black Hills were being made. A commission appointed by President Grant had made a treaty with the Sioux wherein Sitting Bull was told: "If you go to this new reservation and leave Dakota to the settlers, you shall be unmolested so long as grass grows and water runs."

But the very guard sent in to protect this commission reported "gold in the grass roots," and the insatiate greed of the white man broke all bounds—the treaty was ignored, and Sitting Bull, the last great chieftain of the Sioux, calling his people together, withdrew deeper into the wilderness of Wyoming. The soldiers were sent on the trail and the press teemed for months with news of battles and speeches and campaigns.

All these exciting events Harry and his friend Jack read and discussed hotly. Jack was eager to own a mine. "I'd like to pick up a nugget," he said, but Harold was not interested. "I don't care to mine; I'd like to be with General Custer. I'd like to be one of the scouts. I'd like to have a coat like that." He pointed at one of the pictures wherein two or three men in fringed buckskin shirts and wide hats were galloping across a rocky plain.

Many times, as the two boys met to talk over these alluring matters, the little town and the dusty lanes became exceedingly tame and commonplace.

Harold's eyes glowed as he talked to his sweetheart of these wild scenes, and she listened because he was so alluring as he lay pouring out a vivid recital of his plans.

"I'm not going to stay here much longer," he said; "it's too dull. I can't stand much more school. If it wasn't for you I'd run away right now."

Dot only smiled back at him and laid her hand on his hair. She was his latest sweetheart. He loved her for her vivid color, her abundant and beautiful hair, and also because she was a sympathetic listener. She, on her part, enjoyed the sound of his eager voice and the glow of his deep brown eyes. They were both pupils in the little seminary in the town, and he saw her every day walking to and from the recitation halls. He often carried her books for her and in many other little ways insisted on serving her.

Almost without definable reason the "Wild West" came to be a land of wonder, lit as by some magical light. Its cañons, arroyos and mesquit, its broncos, cowboys, Indians and scouts filled the boy's mind with thoughts of daring, not much unlike the fancies of a boy in the days of knight-errantry.

Of the Indians he held mixed opinions. At times he thought of them as a noble race, at others—when he dreamed of fame—he wished to kill a great many of them and be very famous. Most of the books he read were based upon the slaughter of the "redskins," and yet at heart he wished to be one of them and to taste the wild joy of their poetic life, filled with hunting and warfare. Sitting Bull, Chief Gall, Rain-in-the-Face, Spotted Tail, Star-in-the-Brow and Black Buffalo became wonder-working names in his mind. Every line in the newspapers which related to the life of the cowboys or Indians he read and remembered, for his plan was to become a part of it as soon as he had money enough to start.

There were those who would have contributed five dollars each to send him, for he was considered a dangerous influence among the village boys. If a window were broken by hoodlums at night it was counted against the minister's son. If a melon patch were raided and the fruit scattered and broken, Harold was considered the ringleader. Of the judgments of their elders the rough lads were well aware, and they took pains that no word of theirs should shift blame from Harold's shoulders to their own. By hints and sly remarks they fixed unalterably in the minds of their fathers and mothers the conception that Harold was a desperately bad and reckless boy. In his strength, skill and courage they really believed, and, being afraid of him, they told stories of his exploits, even among themselves, which bordered on the marvelous.

In reality he was not a leader of these raids. His temperament was not of that kind. He did not care to assume direction of an expedition because it carried too much trouble and some responsibility. His mind was wayward and liable to shift to some other thing at any moment; besides, mischief for its own sake did not appeal to him. The real leaders were the two sons of the village shoemaker. They were under-sized, weazened, shrewd, sly little scamps and appeared not to have the resolution of chickadees, but had a singular genius for getting others into trouble. They knew how to handle spirits like Harold. They dared him to do evil deeds, taunted him (as openly as they felt it safe to do) with cowardice, and so spurred him to attempt some trifling depredation merely as a piece of adventure. Almost invariably when they touched him on this nerve Harold responded with a rush, and when discovery came was nearly always among the culprits taken and branded, for his pride would not permit him to sneak and run. So it fell out that time after time he was found among the grape-stealers, or the melon raiders, and escaped prosecution only because the men of the town laid it to "boyish deviltry," and not to any deliberate intent to commit a crime.

After his daughter married, Mr. Excell made another effort to win the love of his son, and failed. Harold cared nothing for his father's scholarship or oratorical powers, but he sometimes boasted of his father among the boys.

"If father wasn't a minister, he'd be one of the strongest men in this town," he said once to Jack. "Look at his shoulders. His arms are hard, too. Of course he can't show his muscle, but I tell you he can box and swing dumb-bells."

If the father had known it, in the direction of athletics lay the road to the son's heart, but the members of the First Church were not sufficiently advanced to approve of a muscular minister, and so Mr. Excell kept silent on such subjects and swung his dumb-bells in private. As a matter of fact, he had been a good hunter in his youth in Michigan, and might have won his son's love by tales of the wood, but he did not.

For the most part, Harold ignored his father's occasional moments of tenderness and spent the larger part of his time with his sister or at the Burns' farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns saw all that was manly and good in the boy and they stoutly defended him on all occasions.

"The boy is put upon," Mrs. Burns always argued. "A quieter, more peaceabler boy I never knew except my own Jack. They're good, helpful boys, both of 'em, and I don't care what anybody says."

Jack, being slower of thought and limb, worshiped his chum, whose alertness and resource humbled him, though he was much the better scholar in all routine work. He read more than Harold, but Harold seized upon the facts and transmuted them instantly into something vivid and dramatic. He assumed all leadership in the hunting and upon Jack fell all the drudgery. He always did the reading, also,

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while Harold listened and dreamed with eyes that seemed to look across miles of peaks. His was the eagle's heart; wild reaches allured him. Minute beauties of garden or flower were not for him. The groves along the river had long since lost their charm because he knew their limits—they no longer appealed to his imagination.

A hundred times he said: "Come, let's go West and kill buffalo. To-morrow we will see the snow on Pike's Peak." The wild country was so near, its pressure day by day moulded his mind. He had no care or thought of cities. He dreamed of the plains and horses and herds of buffalo and troops of Indians filing down the distant slopes. Every poem of the range, every word which carried flavor of the wild country, every picture of a hunter remained in his mind.

The feel of a gun in his hands gave him the keenest delight, and to stalk geese in a pond or crows in the cornfield enabled him to imagine the joy of hunting the bear and the buffalo. He had the hunter's patience and was capable of creeping on his knees in the mud for hours in the attempt to kill a duck. He could imitate almost all the birds and animals he knew. His whistle would call the mother grouse to him. He could stop the whooping of cranes in their steady flight and his honking deceived the wary geese. When complimented for his skill in hunting he scornfully said:

"Oh, that's nothing. Any one can kill small game; but buffaloes and grizzlies: they are the boys!"

During the winter of his sixteenth year a brother of Mr. Burns returned from Kansas, which was then a strange and far-off land, and from him Harold drew vast streams of talk. The boy was insatiate when the plains were under discussion. From this veritable cattleman he secured many new words. With great joy he listened while Mr. Burns spoke of cinches, ropes, corrals, buttes, arroyos and other Spanish-Mexican words which the boys had observed in their dime novels, but which they had never before heard any one use in common speech. Mr. Burns alluded to an aparejo or an arroyo as casually as Jack would say "singletree," or "furrow," and his stories brought the distant plains country very near.

Harold sought opportunity to say: "Mr. Burns, take me back with you; I wish you would."

The cattleman looked at him. "Can you ride a horse?"

Jack spoke up: "You bet he can, uncle. He rode in the races."

Burns smiled as a king might upon a young knight seeking an errant.

"Well, if your folks don't object, when you get done with school and Jack's mother says *he* can come, you make a break for Abilene; we'll see what I can do with you on the 'long trail.'"

Harold took this offer very seriously, much more so than Mr. Burns intended he should do, although he was pleased with the boy.

Harold well knew that his father and mother would not consent, and very naturally said nothing to them about his plan, but thereafter he laid by every cent of money he could earn, until his thrift became a source of comment. To Jack he talked for hours of the journey they were to make.

Jack, unimaginative and engrossed with his studies at the seminary, took the whole matter very calmly. It seemed a long way off at best, and his studies were pleasant and needed his whole mind. Harold was thrown back upon the company of his sweetheart, who was the only one else to whom he could talk freely.

Dot, indolent, smiling creature of cozy corners that she was, listened without emotion, while Harold, with eyes ablaze with visions of the great, splendid plains, said: "I'm going West sure. I'm tired of school; I'm going to Kansas, and I'm going to be a great cattle king in a few years, Dot, and then I'll come back and get you and we'll go live on the banks of a big river, and we'll have plenty of horses and go riding and hunting antelope every day. How will you like that?"

Her unresponsiveness hurt him and he said:

"You don't seem to care whether I go or not."

She turned and looked at him vacantly, still smiling, and he saw that she had not heard a single word of his passionate speech. He sprang up, hot with anger and pain.

"If you don't care to listen to me you needn't," he said, speaking through his clenched teeth.

She smiled, showing her little white teeth prettily. "Now, don't get mad, Harry; I was thinking of something else. Please tell me again."

"I won't. I'm done with you."

A big lump arose in his throat and he turned away to hide the quick tears of mortified pride. He could not have put it into words, but he perceived the painful truth Dot had considered him a boy all along, and had only half listened to his stories and plans in the past, deceiving him for some purpose of her own. She was a smiling, careless hypocrite.

"You've lied to me," he said, turning and speaking with the bluntness of a boy without subtlety of speech. "I never'll speak to you again; good-by."

Dot kept swinging her foot. "Good-by," she said in her sweet, soft-breathing voice.

He walked away slowly, but his heart was hot with rage and wounded pride, and every time he thought of the tone in which she said "Good-by," his flesh quivered. He was seventeen and considered himself a man; she was eighteen, and thought him only a boy. She had never listened to him; that he now understood. Maud had been right. Dot had only pretended, and now for some reason she ceased to pretend.

There was just one comfort in all this: it made it easier for him to go to the sunset country, and his wounded heart healed a little at the thought of riding a horse behind a roaring herd of buffaloes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



—the father knelt at his wife's knee and prayed God for grace to bear his burden

The Gospel Ships of the Prairies

By Waldon Fawcett

ONE of the strangest and yet one of the most effective religious revivals which has ever taken place in this country has been in progress during the past two years along the lines of several of the great Western railroads and is rapidly spreading to others. Of course, practical missionary work of various kinds was inaugurated among the railroaders long ere that, but it was on no such unique plan as that now followed. The present work is being carried on by the men who operate the trains across the plains themselves. There are engineers of the fast mail, train dispatchers, firemen, brakemen and conductors. Said one good-natured reprobate recently:

"This road is getting too good for me. Why, you can't even swear any more when you miss a coupling but some one puts his hand on your shoulder and asks you not to. If it was some missionaryin' cuss you wouldn't need to pay any attention to him, but the worst of it is it's your own familiar friends that's doin' it. And the blame thing's ketchin'."

The Contagion of Railroad Revivals

It all started when Jim Burwick, the Dwight L. Moody of railroad men, went out to the junction town of Ottumwa in the winter of 1898 and began to ask the "boys" there in a very practical way what was the matter with Kansas and all the other States in that vicinity. Now, Jim Burwick runs on the road six months of the year as a freight conductor, spending the remainder of his time in conducting services for railroad men, and he seems to know just how to talk to his fellow-craftsmen. At least he knew just how to talk to the men who dropped into his meetings at Ottumwa. It wasn't very long until train dispatchers were telling each other over the wire at odd moments that the meetings at this and that point were "O. K.," and engineers were nailing up in the cabs copies of the little marked Testaments which were freely distributed.

The interest was indeed "ketchin'." A constantly increasing number of men came out of the railroad service for brief intervals to help along the work, and even the boilermakers and other shopmen began to take a hand. Before the present year was very far advanced the revival was spreading from one end to the other of several of the most extensive transportation systems west of the Mississippi River. In many cases the general morals of towns along the line have been perceptibly improved. The little stories which are told at the "experience" meetings are glimpses into the inner life of the railroader that are as fascinatingly interesting as the tales one hears at a Salvation Army mission in the slums.

Mission Work in a Caboose

One Sunday morning a Burlington engineer asked his conductor to join him for a walk. "I didn't tell you last night," he said, "but your head man was loaded coming in on that last trip. I was afraid you'd fire him, so I let him stay in the cab, and by using the air pretty frequent, and having Jimmy turn the switches, we got in on time."

"Think we can get him saved?" says the conductor.

"Well, we can try."

Then they paid the brakeman a little call, and—well, he didn't lose his job.

While the railroad men are pushing the work of making better railroaders, the promoters of another plan with a somewhat similar object are steadily extending their operations. The chief difference is that the chapel cars are designed to carry an educating and uplifting influence not only to the railroad men of the West, but to the inhabitants of remote, sparsely settled sections as well. Many people in the West who had an opportunity to observe the work will tell you that they believe that these chapel cars are doing fully as much good as the loudly lauded gospel ships plying on the rivers of Africa.

It was fully ten years ago that a wealthy man who made a trip in a private car through the States along the northern border of the country, from Chicago to the Pacific, was impressed with the fact that many of the towns were utterly devoid of religious privileges and opportunities for mental recreation. He told some of his friends about it, and a coterie of men in Wall Street who had a keen eye for other good investments than stocks and bonds, formed the Chapel-Car Syndicate and furnished the funds to build the first car. Now there are a number of these cars in service in all sections of the Western country. The railroads, which are, as a rule, very liberal in any expenditures for the good of the communities along their lines, transport the cars and their attendants free of charge.

Big Dividends of the Chapel-Car Syndicate

The different cars are designated Good Will, Glad Tidings, and other appropriate titles. One car was built from subscriptions received exclusively from women, and another from the contributions made by young men. The cars remain from four days to three weeks at a place. Not only are religious services held, but Sunday-schools are organized, and frequently a movement is started for a young people's organization of some kind. Then, too, people of the community have the benefit, during the stay, of the well-stocked library which is an adjunct to almost every car. The cars will seat only about one hundred persons, but this is adequate, as seldom does a car visit a town of more than five hundred inhabitants, and very frequently a stop is made at a community with only thirty, forty or seventy-five inhabitants.

One or two of the cars such as have been described are devoted almost exclusively to work among the railroad employees. Often they are side-tracked at the repair shop at some junction, and the men attend the opening meeting in their working clothes during the noon lunch hour. Manifestly, it would be unfair to dismiss the subject of the work being carried on in the interest of ambition and progress among railroad men without a word relative to the extensive operations of the rapidly growing railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. The efforts of this organization are, of course, confined largely for the present to the territory east of the Mississippi, but ere long the entire country will share in the benefits of the projects. Special buildings are being erected convenient to repair shops or railroad yards, and every effort is made to enable the railroader to enjoy the privileges of the gymnasium, baths and reading-rooms during the brief interval when he may be waiting to go out on a "run."

Already the effect of these influences is apparent in the gradual evolution of "the new railroad man"—one of the most capable, most intelligent and most interesting types of the American citizen.



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RUNNING A CITY ON BUSINESS LINES

By Honorable Bird S. Coler



HON. BIRD S. COLER

IN RECENT years there has been a growing tendency in the larger cities of the country to relax party lines and partisan issues in municipal campaigns, and the chief platform declaration of all parties, factions and candidates has been a promise, usually positive and specific, to apply business methods in the conduct of city government. It has become popular political metaphor to liken a municipality to the property of a corporation, the taxpayers, or the entire population, representing the stockholders, and the elected officers the directors or trustees. To carry the comparison along in logical sequence it would then become the duty of city officers to manage the affairs of the corporation with a view of obtaining the best results for the entire population with the smallest outlay. This is, in the broad sense of the phrase, applying business methods to city government.

But the purpose of management is not identical in the case of a municipality and a private corporation, and methods must therefore differ in a number of particulars. Every private business is conducted for the purpose of making money for the owners, and investments are made and new enterprises undertaken with a view to early and profitable returns upon the capital invested. The affairs of cities are not conducted with a view to the accumulation of property or money for the corporation, and it is often necessary to make large investments from which no return can be expected except better physical and moral conditions for the inhabitants.

No intelligent person will seriously dispute the proposition that the financial affairs of a municipality should be conducted on the same general lines as those of a private corporation; but in applying the system the public officer is confronted at the outset by grave problems over the solution of which public opinion is apparently hopelessly divided.

The Necessity for Home Rule in Great Cities

In my opinion, the first and most important step toward businesslike conduct of city government is complete home rule. Cities that are governed in large part by State Legislatures are invariably badly governed. Urban and suburban interests are constantly in conflict in such cases. The country is jealous and suspicious of the city, and the people of the latter are disposed to be intolerant of the rights and prejudices of rural communities. In every State Legislature the country members outnumber the representatives of the cities, and whenever there is a conflict of interests the municipalities suffer. Large cities become footballs of politics when ruled from the State capitol. Unable to obtain their rights by fair means the temptation to bribery and corruption is often too strong to be resisted.

Every city should have the best charter that statesmanship can devise, and it should be left free to manage all local affairs without the possibility of interference by a superior lawmaking power. In the making of the charter the local interests of a city should be considered, and its growth, development and government should not be hampered by unnecessary restrictions. All the States of the Union, I believe, limit by constitutional provision the power of cities to incur debt. This limitation is fixed by some arbitrary rule and applies to every municipality within the State, without regard to local conditions. This is a relic of State rule that antedates the intelligent study and development of business methods in the government of cities, and in many cases it has become a handicap upon commercial progress.

A good charter for the great city of New York might prove a license for reckless extravagance and corruption in an interior town or village. In fixing the debt limit of cities by constitutional or charter enactment, provision should be made for the proper development of the great commercial and other property interests that are created by the building of large municipalities. Cities ought to have ample power and means to develop to the utmost all public property that is at once a utility and a profitable investment. Money invested by a municipality in the development and operation of property that yields a profitable revenue need not be charged against the borrowing capacity of that city to the same extent as property that does not yield revenue.

How New York is Crippled by Debt Limitations

To make my meaning clearer, I will take the case of the city of New York and some of its investments. New York has expended many millions in the construction of a great system of water-works. The revenue derived from the sale of water is sufficient to pay interest on the bonds issued, to build the plant, and to create a sinking fund sufficient to retire the securities as they fall due. In time the city will own the water-works free of debt and derive from them a large net revenue.

The city has spent $30,000,000 building piers and developing the water front for commerical purposes. Money for this work was borrowed at three and three and one-half per cent. interest.

The modern piers are leased for rentals that in some cases pay the city seven per cent. upon their cost.

If permitted by law the city could expend fifty to one hundred million dollars in the purchase and improvement of additional water front property which would yield a revenue sufficient to pay interest on the bonds and retire them in twenty years. This would greatly facilitate the shipping interests of the city, add largely to its commercial prosperity, and would be the best permanent investment the corporation could make. But under existing constitutional restrictions every bond issued for water-works or dock improvements is a charge against the borrowing capacity of the city, which is limited to ten per cent. of the assessed value of real estate. That is not business, because it prevents the city from making profitable investments on a large scale.

New conditions must be recognized and the proper development of resources that are the common property of the inhabitants of cities must be provided with safeguards that are not mere checks upon prosperity. State Legislatures should not interfere in the government of cities except under extraordinary circumstances.

The Wisdom of Centralizing Municipal Power

I believe, also, and on this point I speak from experience and observation, that in the government of large cities there might safely be less division of power and responsibility. The government should be centralized in the hands of the elected officers, for however bad may be the political conditions of a city it is never an easy matter to elect to office a really bad man. If the important officers of a city have ample authority over all subordinates and are charged with full responsibility for their official acts, the result in time will be that none but capable, honest and independent men will be elected or appointed to office. In regard to the question of labor and employment, wherein lies the most difficult and embarrassing problem connected with the application of business methods to city government, I want to say that Legislatures should interfere there even less than with the regulation of financial questions.

Next to the Federal Government, the city of New York is the largest employer of labor, skilled and unskilled, in the western world. The average number of persons employed by the city is 40,000, of whom almost 10,000 are classed as laborers, or persons unskilled in any art, trade or science, and the average rate of payment for service is higher than that of any other city, state or national government on earth. Of this army of employees, less than 1000 are men of expert knowledge, special education and training that would enable them to command high salaries in private employment. Probably 1000 others are classed as artisans or skilled laborers, 10,000 are school teachers, leaving 18,000 persons engaged in work, not classed as common labor, for which no special education or intelligence is required. For the 10,000 laborers and 18,000 other unskilled employees of the city the average of salaries is $750 a year.

We are prevented by legislation, over which the city authorities have no control, from applying the first principles of business to the affairs of the municipality. In most cases these laws have been enacted by the Legislature without opposition from any source, and they have the support of public opinion. The municipality should be permitted to regulate its own affairs, and under no other system can any uniform business method be established or maintained. In the regulation of the city's pay-roll the State Legislature has been most inconsistent, and has followed no rule of business known in the commercial world.

How New York Could Get Her Money's Worth

As a matter of business pure and simple, the considerations of local pride and sentiment aside, the city of New York, with its great wealth and population, its glorious history and vast possibilities along every avenue of human endeavor, should have the best of everything that can add to the greatness, the glory or utility of a municipality. It should have the best engineering, the best architecture, the best art. It should have the best schools to train its children; it should have the best streets, docks and wharves to facilitate and increase commerce. Its bridges, tunnels and public buildings should be enduring monuments representing the best skill and genius of engineering and architecture, and its parks should be more than breathing spaces; they should be object-lessons of the beautiful, where true art has enriched the handiwork of Nature.

To obtain these results the city must bid against private capital for genius and technical skill. It is the economy of business and in no sense extravagance for the city to employ only the best talent where skill is required. There should be no salary limit if the business of the city requires the employment of the best lawyer, the best architect, the most skilled engineer or the greatest artist. This condition of affairs would soon result from a proper application of business methods to all the details of municipal government.

Another and far more difficult barrier to the application of business methods in city government is the almost universal feeling that public employment is, for one reason or another, different from other service, and less exacting in its requirements. There exists among a majority of the persons employed by cities, as well as among those seeking public service, a feeling, in many cases amounting to conviction, that there rests upon them no moral or business obligation to do as much work as they would for a private employer.

The Logic of the Shirk Employed by the City

The average man who obtains appointment through a civil service examination feels that he is, to the extent of a few merit marks, at least, better qualified for the place than any other applicant, and that he is sure of his job so long as he gets through with his work; the temptation to become a laggard and a shirk is often too strong to be overcome. The man, no matter how honest and energetic, soon falls into a rut and studies to do as little work as possible. He does not feel that he is cheating any one by neglecting his duty. The average man cannot understand why the same rules of service should apply when he works for the public, the city as a whole, as when he works for an individual or private corporation. The shirk is not alone to blame. He is the creature of a condition, and his moral sense is blunted by a public sentiment he did not create.

The remedy for the man and the condition is the strict application of business methods. In the first place, there ought not to be any useless offices or sinecures in any department. Every man appointed to a city office or employed for any minor service should understand that he must do a certain amount of work for fixed pay. His working hours and duties ought to be as clearly defined as if he were employed in a bank or a dry-goods store, and his advancement in position and salary should depend upon his honesty, industry and intelligence.

In brief, cities ought to have the same right and power as the individual or corporation to employ the best help obtainable for the price paid, and should be enabled to recognize and utilize to the utmost special ability in the public service, and should have full power to compel an honest and conscientious day's work for a liberal day's wage. So long as cities pay better wages than private employers they ought to receive as good service, and should have power to compel that service and to remove the shirk, the laggard and the incompetent.

No political power and no civil service regulation ought to keep a man in the employ of a city who is incapable or unwilling to render the same service that would be required of him for like salary in private employ.

This is a simple business proposition, and its application is so fair that no reasonable person could object, yet the benefit to a city, the saving in money, and the improvement in public work would be enormous. The popular feeling that it is not dishonest to draw salary from a city without rendering, in service, value received should be overcome. It is the first and most difficult barrier to the proper enforcement of business methods in city government.



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Chances for Young Men in the Philippines

By Frank G. Carpenter



Native plowing



Buffalo teams in Pasa

IF I WERE not in the army I could make $40,000 a year on a capital of $10,000." These words were uttered by General Frederick G. Funston not long ago in the Oriente Hotel, in Manila. We had been chatting of the chances which the Philippine Islands offer to enterprising young Americans. General Funston had just returned from a trip along the coast of eastern Luzon, and he was full of the riches of the country and of its possibilities. He went on to say that the above sum might be made by trading there with the natives, by selling cloths and other goods to the merchants of the various towns, and taking in exchange the products of the country, such as hemp, tobacco, sugar and rice. He then spoke of other lines in which money could be made, and grew enthusiastic as he described the country, the fertility of its soil, and the wealth of its mineral and timber resources.

His view of the opportunities for fortune making here is not an uncommon one. Nearly every practical business American who has investigated the subject expresses a similar opinion, although few would venture to predict such large returns within such a short time.

After a stay of several months, and travels which have covered the principal parts of the Philippine Islands, I am impressed with the enormous development that must come in the near future. As soon as the war is entirely over the country will be opened up along modern lines, and its vast resources will be exposed to the world. At present, the conditions are such as to make most travel and investment unsafe. The principal islands are overrun with brigands and robbers, and it is dangerous to go anywhere outside the cities without a military escort of twenty or more men. The country, however, is fast being pinned down with bayonets, the *insurrectos* have lost their organization, and the pacification of the people is only a matter of some months. Within a year conditions should have become settled, and then the big, fat oyster of the Philippines will be ready for any one who is big enough and brave enough to attempt to open it.

Shut and Open Fields for Labor and Capital

At the start, I would say that this part of the world has no place for young Americans without money, who have only ordinary muscle and brains as their stock in trade. The common day laborer cannot expect to find work here. He cannot compete with the Chinese or the Filipino. He cannot do hard manual work day after day in the tropics, nor can he live on the twenty-five cents a day which the ordinary day laborer receives. There are also plenty of cheap clerks and bookkeepers here, and ordinary second-class positions of all kinds are easily filled.

When it comes to skilled labor the situation changes. There will be plenty to do for engineers and high-grade mechanics. The land will be opened up by railroads, and it has been estimated that at least one thousand miles of profitable road can be constructed, necessitating an investment of more than $100,000,000. Factories and machine shops will be established, and all sorts of modern improvements will be introduced into the cities, so that plumbers, electricians and mechanics of various kinds will be needed.

As to professional men, there are already American doctors and dentists who have opened offices in Manila and are doing well. They charge high prices for their services, and get them. There are a number of American lawyers who boast many clients, and, in the litigation which is sure to arise in the transfers of landed property, there will be abundant opportunities for others. There will also be places for stenographers and men able to act as foremen and managers of estates. The photographers who are here are making money, and the same may be said of the small traders who are handling American goods.

No one should come to the Philippines unless he has enough money to pay his way here and back home, and no one should come with the idea of staying without enough to enable him to go into some business, even though it be in a small way. Three thousand dollars is the least capital with which the venture should be made. The passage here, supposing the start be made at New York, will cost about $400, and the living expenses in the islands while looking about will be much the same as at home. If the man is disgusted he will need another $400 to take him back, so that he cannot allow much less than $1000 for an experimental trip.

This is a great deal to pay for an experiment, and a young man should think well before he decides. He would better not come unless he has the expectation of spending from ten to fifteen years in making his fortune, if not with the purpose of making the Philippines his home for life. For such men there are many opportunities, and such men are practically the only men who will succeed.

What Little We Know of the Country

But what are the Philippine Islands, and what are the chances which they offer? It is difficult to answer in detail. The country is so little known that it is hard to get an intelligent idea of it, even when on the ground. The Spaniards held it for more than three hundred years, but they have merely skimmed the surface of the more accessible parts. They did not know what they had, and the United States to-day is not able to give accurate figures as to the extent of the land and the character of its resources.

There are large tracts of the islands which have never been explored, and mountainous districts which have never been prospected. But few parts of them have been accurately surveyed, and the actual area has not been scientifically calculated. We only know that the islands number more than a thousand, and that the archipelago is longer from north to south than from our Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. We know that it is wider from east to west than from New York to Pittsburg, and that certain of the islands are as big as certain of our greatest States. Luzon, at the north, about equals New York in area, and Mindanao, at the south, is almost as big as Ohio. Panay and Mindoro are each larger than Connecticut, and Negros, Leyte and Cebu would each cover one of our smaller States.

The topography of the Philippine Islands is of a somewhat uniform character. Coasting about through them, you are never out of sight of mountains, many of which are extinct volcanoes. Every large island has its ranges rising from fertile plains along the coast, with extensive tracts of valley and plateaus in the interior. The Philippines, in fact, are made up of valleys and mountains, although some of the valleys are so flat as to be almost plains. The valley of Luzon, just north of Manila, has a slope so slight that its rivers sometimes change their course, now flowing into the gulf of Lingayen at the north, and again flowing southward into the bay of Manila.

Nearly all of the valleys are flooded during the rainy season. The water, loaded with the earth-washings of the mountains, lies for weeks upon the land, dropping its rich fertilizing silt and revivifying it as the Nile does Egypt. Indeed, some of the best lands of the Philippines are of this nature; they raise abundant crops year after year without artificial fertilization. Take, for instance, the Cagayan Valley, of northeastern Luzon, the best tobacco lands in the Philippines. Tobacco is a soil-exhausting crop. In the United States the best tobacco farms are regularly manured, and it is necessary to renew the land by rotation of crops. In the Cagayan Valley tobacco is raised in the same place year after year, and the soil is such that the crops in the older estates are better than those grown on land newly cleared, as the latter are too rich to produce tobacco of the finest flavor.

Present and Future Methods of Farming

So far I have seen no fertilization whatever in the Philippine Islands. Sugar lands and rice lands are cultivated year after year by merely planting and harvesting the crop. No deep plowing is done, and all farming is of the rudest possible character. The agriculture is about the same as was that in Palestine in the days of the Scriptures. The plows are little more than forked sticks, with now and then an iron mould-board attached. The harrows are made of bamboo poles, with the branches left on; a half-dozen such poles are tied together, and the branches scratch the soil as they are dragged over it. The reaping is all done by hand. In many localities the rice is cut a stalk at a time with a little knife which the harvester holds inside his or her hand.

Fully half of the farming is done by the women. The rice is usually hulled by women, who pound the kernels out in a mortar made of a hardwood log. Much of the grain is threshed by piling the straw upon the ground and driving water-buffaloes or ponies over it. Indeed, I have seen men and women jumping up and down upon the sheaves of rice with their feet to thresh the kernels out of the stalks.

Sugar making, which requires such costly machinery in other countries that it takes tens of thousands of dollars to establish a small factory, is, in the Philippines, of the rudest possible nature. Some of the mills are run by water-wheels like those which turn our old-fashioned grist-mills. In others, the motive power is the carabao, or water-buffalo, which is driven round and round, turning the wheels which, after the principle of the ordinary clothes-wringer, squeezes the juice from the cane. Nothing but the lowest grade of unrefined sugar is made; notwithstanding which it is said that the business is so profitable that the planter makes at least twenty-five per cent. annually upon his capital invested.

In the future, modern methods of farming will be introduced, and the profits will be doubled. This is so in almost all branches of agriculture, and it should be especially so in gardening and fruit raising. One of the chief crops of parts of the Luzon Valley, for instance, is tomatoes. You find acres of land planted in them, and the tomatoes are, as a rule, small and knotty. By the use of American seeds, vegetables equal to those raised at home could be produced, and they would command high prices. It is the same with melons, squashes and other things. Cabbages are now imported here from Hongkong. They sell for twenty-five cents in silver each in the Manila markets. Oranges and other fruits are imported, all of which could undoubtedly be raised here.

A country house in Luzon



The Undeveloped Land Resources of the Islands

And what about the lands of the Philippine Islands? Are there good lands in the market, and can they be bought at reasonable prices? Yes. Much of the best land here was owned by the Spaniards, some of whom have already left, and almost all of whom are anxious to get away. There are large tracts held by the natives which are offered for sale, and among these some of the very outskirts of Manila. I was told the other day of a tract of 7500 acres upon which an American had an option price of $112,000 gold. He offered the land to persons in New York for half a million dollars, but his proposition was not accepted, and his option has expired. At the first price the land would have cost about fifteen dollars an acre, and, considering that it was good sugar land, near Manila, it was exceedingly cheap. As an illustration of how the natives handle such property, the owner did not cultivate more than one-third of his estate, and this was farmed out on shares. Nevertheless, his receipts

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were about $10,000 a year. This appears to have satisfied him, for when he was asked why he did not cultivate the whole of his property, he replied: "Why should I? I cannot spend in one year more than $10,000. Why should I?"

The above should not be accepted as an average price for land in the vicinity of Manila. Some of the property is held very high, but there are lands scattered over the islands which can be gotten for five and ten dollars an acre, and some for much less. I do not pretend to give prices.

Uncut Forests of Mahogany and Rosewood

The opening up of the country by railroads will furnish numerous chances for land speculation. The natives, who are bright enough along their own lines, do not appreciate the increase in value of property which arises from cheap transportation, and during the first years of the new development lands of this character can be acquired at much the old prices.

There is also an enormous amount of land here which belongs to the United States Government. The lands in the mountains and of the out-of-the-way districts have not been taken up. They still belonged to the Spanish Government at the time of our taking possession of the islands, and, by the treaty of Paris, they have become the property of the United States.

These lands include most of the timber of the Philippine Islands, timber which is of enormous value. There are, indeed, few parts of the world which have so much and such valuable hardwood as this archipelago. Mahogany is as common here as pine is in the United States. Woods that in the United States would be cut into sheets and used for veneering are here manufactured into boats and bridges. I have ridden my horse over planks of mahogany and rosewood, and I walk daily upon floors, the boards of which would make excellent piano cases. I have seen houses built of mahogany, with stairs of rosewood and posts of ebony, and I find almost daily some new tree or log, the wood of which has a beautiful grain, but which is almost unknown to commerce.



A street of Jolo

It is difficult to describe the timber resources of the Philippines. Most of the mountains are covered with trees, and there are vast tracts of virgin forest. The timber resources of the great island of Mindanao, which, as I have said, is almost as big as Ohio, are practically untouched. Mindoro is almost all woods, and there are valuable forests in the mountainous parts of Luzon. Some of these trees are easily accessible, while others, owing to their distance from the sea and the fact that certain kinds of the logs are so heavy that they will not float, will not soon pay for their cutting and transportation.

The trees in nearly all the mountainous regions are enormous. I have seen some so big that you could not reach half way around them with your two arms, which rose up to a distance of 150 feet from the ground without a branch. Mahogany boards six feet wide are now and then met with, and I have been told of rosewood logs which were nine feet in diameter, but have so far seen none which approximate this size.

Up to the present time no modern means of exploiting these timber resources have been attempted. The Spanish Government had a heavy tax upon all lumber industries, and the restrictions on cutting the trees were such that the industry was never developed. There are not a dozen sawmills in the whole archipelago, and such a thing as a planing-mill is almost unknown.

Nevertheless, lumber is very high in all Philippine cities, due largely to the rude method of bringing the trees to the market and manufacturing them into lumber. Many of the largest trees are cut down with bolos, knives which somewhat resemble the old-fashioned corn cutters of the United States. The logs are squared in the forest, and are often dragged for miles upon buffalo carts or sleds to the streams. In turning them into boards the sawing is done by hand, the motive power being two Filipinos, and the saw being much like our cross-cut saws, with an upright handle set at right angles to each end. There are millions of feet of flooring in the islands which have been hewed out with the adz. Some of the floors of the best houses of Manila are of this nature. You can see the rough places where the chips have been cut out, but the grain of the wood is so fine that, from daily sweeping and scrubbing, it has taken a polish like that of a plate-glass mirror.

The development of these lumber resources will offer opportunities to many young men with more or less capital, who will establish sawmills and ship lumber all over the world. Some of it is so valuable that it can be exported to the United States and to Europe at a profit. The great market for Philippine lumber, however, will be Asia, and this, with the prospective development of the far East, will increase its demands from year to year. The opening up of China will result in the building of thousands of miles of railroad, necessitating the purchase of millions of ties. During the present year the lumbermen of Burmah received one order from the Chinese for 5,000,000 ties, and that at such a price that the same could have been shipped from the Philippines at a net profit of twenty cents gold the tie, or a million dollars on the specified contract.

The Outlook in the Vast Hemp Industry

One of the most profitable crops of the Philippines is hemp. It brings into the islands about $18,000,000 in silver every year, and it forms an aggregate product weighing more than a quarter of a billion pounds. There are hemp plantations in nearly every one of the islands, and there are large provinces which are supported almost entirely by the hemp industry. There are merchants and exporters who devote themselves to dealing in hemp, and millions of pounds of it are shipped by them annually to the United States. Nearly all our clothes-lines are made of Manila hemp, and vast quantities of it are sent to our grain fields of the Northwest for the binding of grain.

Hemp raising is one of the most attractive as well as the most profitable kinds of farming. The hemp plant is a species of the banana. The plants look just like the banana plants, from which come the fruit sold in our markets. Each plant is composed of many leaves wrapped about a central stalk, and extending, when full grown, to a distance of ten or twelve feet from the ground. Each leaf of the plant is composed of thousands of fibres as fine as human hair, and the harvesting consists in cutting off the leaves, squeezing out the juice or sap, and drying the fibre for the market. The plants are set out six or eight feet apart. It requires three years for them to arrive at maturity. After that they continue to reproduce themselves.



In a cigar factory

The profits of hemp farming are enormous, and when one, in addition to raising the hemp himself, has enough capital to buy of his poorer neighbors, he can do exceedingly well. Only a small portion of suitable land is now in use.

There are vast tracts of uncleared country suitable for the plant. All that is required is some capital and energy, and the waiting of three or four years until the plantation comes into bearing.

A Big Future Open to the Coffee Planter

I believe there is a big future for the coffee planter in the Philippine Islands. The great island of Mindanao is in much the same latitude as Java, and its soil is said to be of the same nature. I saw luxuriant coffee plants about Zamboanga and on the island of Sulu, near by. I visited a plantation containing 35,000 trees, which is, I believe, as fine as any plantation of its age in the world. I have traveled quite extensively through the coffee regions of the West Indies and Brazil, and I have never seen anything which quite equals this plantation in Sulu. The trees are but three years old, the age at which the coffee tree first comes into bearing. Each of these trees will produce this year at least a pound of coffee, and some are so heavily laden that their limbs are breaking down with the fruit. The trees are about three inches in diameter, and are perfectly healthy, although I am told that the coffee plantations of southern Luzon have been ruined by the blight. As to this, however, it is said that a remedy has been discovered within the past year by some man in the Hawaiian Islands, and, if so, there may be opportunities to buy the Luzon plantations at low prices and revivify them.

Another extensive field of investment and work in the Philippine Islands will be in the development of their mineral resources. There are now prospectors moving cautiously here and there through the mountains looking for gold. Small quantities of the metal have been found in many localities, and some promising quartz mines have been located. Extensive coal deposits are known to exist here and there throughout the archipelago, and also veins of copper, iron and lead. In the south an extensive industry is carried on in the shipping of shells to Europe for the making of mother-of-pearl buttons, combs and similar articles, and the same fisheries produce valuable pearls.

The whole Philippines, in short, are an undeveloped empire of agricultural, industrial and mineral wealth, and if they are to remain the property of the United States they will, within the near future, have a development which will be surprising to the world, and which will furnish our young men opportunities for successful ventures along many lines.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles on Chances for Young Men in the far East, which began in The Saturday Evening Post of March 10.

Mr. Wu's Ideas About America

A Talk with the ***Chinese Minister at Washington***

"THE educated Chinaman who comes to America is not so much impressed with the superiority of your civilization as you might be inclined to imagine. Certain advantages you may have over ourselves, but there are offsets. After all, the object of existence is the pursuit of happiness, and I do not think that people generally are happier in the United States than they are in my country.

"Happiness is a condition of the mind rather than one dependent upon extraneous circumstances. The Chinese have managed to get along until now very comfortably without electric cars and telephones, but we are not so reluctant as is generally imagined to accept what you call 'modern improvements,' and both these instruments of civilization are being rapidly introduced.

"I do not find that the great stores of your large cities are superior to our own, so far as the opportunity of buying what one wants is concerned. On the contrary, it is a rather interesting fact that we are able to buy in China many products of American manufacture at prices less than are charged for the same articles in the United States. That seems odd, doesn't it? Our markets, in which provisions and other food supplies are sold, are at least as good as yours. In our own view, our method of living affords us comforts equal to those which you enjoy. In respect to the clothes we wear, we have an advantage over you. Prejudice aside, I am sure that the costumes worn by men and women in China are handsomer and more comfortable than those which are the fashion in the United States.

"Perhaps it may be said that the American costume is more suitable for work. As for the comfortableness of it, I might speak with more certainty if I had ever tried it on. Our shoes are surely more pleasant to wear than yours; I never heard of a Chinaman who had a corn. Our women compress their feet, and I am not prepared to defend the custom; but how about the habit of tight-lacing adopted by so many American women? It is admitted that tight-lacing constricts the body organs and is a serious injury to health, and yet it is very general in your country. Chinese women, on the other hand, wear no corsets, and not even a belt—nothing to interfere with the normal development of their bodies.

"From the Chinese standpoint, the full-dress costume of American women is extraordinary. What can be the reason for such exposure? I do not understand it. How did it originate? The dress of American women, in my opinion, is not nearly so sensible, so becoming, or so hygienic as that of my own countrywomen.

"The opportunities offered for ability and worth in China are not less than in the United States. A public career presents quite as many attractions. It is not possible in my country for a wood-chopper to become Emperor, but he may rise to the premiership. One thing I may mention incidentally is that the opium evil, which is supposed to be a national vice in China, is not nearly so widespread, nor does it bring in its train such dreadful evils as are caused by alcohol in America."

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



CABELL WHITEHEAD



HON. F. W. HACKETT



O. L. SPAULDING



MARTIN A. KNAPP

The Handling of the People's Money

It was perfectly natural that the recent stealings in Cuba should have been a great shock to the Administration. The curious fact about it was that it affected the public a great deal less than it did the official circles in Washington. There is a general idea born of extravagance on the hustings and in the partisan newspapers that men in office get all they can in any way they can, taking due care to keep within the law. As a matter of fact, no business in the world is conducted upon a more rigid system than the Government of the United States. Every penny has to be accounted for and all the finances are encircled in the red tape of discipline and bookkeeping. It may be that some big politicians and some big corporations rob the Government on large contracts, but woe be to the average man who thinks he can steal from Uncle Sam. The United States Government is to-day the greatest business machine in the world.

We can appreciate the importance of this better when we recall what it was when it began life as a new nation. The Revolutionary War cost this country, according to Professor Sumner, $135,000,000, which, by the way, is not so much as we are expending annually for pensions, and which is much less than we have already paid for our experiences in the Philippines. In addition, it cost France $60,000,000. After the war the condition of our finances was truly distressing. Each of the thirteen States reserved the right to make its own money, levy its own taxes and raise its own armies. Many of these States did not pay their shares of interest upon the public debt, and after eighteen months of effort only one-fifth of the taxes were collected. The new nation had no credit, no business management, and its standing army dwindled to exactly eighty men. Congress led a tramp existence, voting plans that were never carried out, monuments that were never erected. It was not until 1790 that even the glimmer of business methods was seen. Then Hamilton proposed his famous Settlement of the Public Debt, recommending first that the foreign debt of the Confederacy should be assumed and paid in full; second, that the domestic debt of the Confederacy, which was considered worthless, should be paid at its par value, and third, that the debts incurred by the States and still unpaid should be paid in full by the Federal Government.

It rather reconciles us to the politicians of our day to know that these three great propositions, especially the third, were gotten through Congress by a dicker, which was nothing more nor less than the agreement to locate the Capital on the Potomac River.

A Government that Does Almost Everything

In most cases in which the Government has lost money in the past the fault has been the same as that which existed in Cuba. Political favorites were placed in important offices and were not sufficiently watched. In Cuba, of course, it was almost like starting a new government. Possibly it may be that way in the Philippines, but it is quite probable that the supervision will be so strict that every dollar will be accounted for.

The great fact is that we now have assurances of honesty in every department of the Government.

But what is most interesting is the almost incredible multiplication of duties and responsibilities which this Government has taken. When it began it could not even attend to its own bills for its running expenses; now it is doing almost everything under the sun, and in the earth beneath, from running saloons for the soldiers to furnishing religion for the same, from watching potato-bugs to watching the stars, from correct spelling to every form of statesmanship; and for all this it is employing more people than all the soldiers who fought in the Revolutionary War.

We are rapidly approaching an expenditure of two million dollars a day, including Sundays, and the fact that this enormous amount, divided up into tens of thousands of accounts and items, is handled safely is a wonderful tribute to the system and personnel of the Government. The only consolation for the shameful robberies in Cuba is that they could not have occurred in the post-office management of this country.

Uncle Sam as Printer and Publisher

One thing that is mounting up rapidly is the official literature of the Government. Most citizens complain if the President's message fills more than one page of the average newspaper, but they fail to remember that behind that message are thousands of reports and tons of documents. Indeed, if the average man were to attempt to read everything the Government publishes in one year he would have to devote about a half a century to the task, taking eight hours a day for the work of reading. Hundreds of these volumes are beautifully prepared with plates and maps that are works of art. Although the Government printing office and the Government engraving plant are the largest in the world, yet a great deal of work is done by private firms. Simply a résumé of the reports would fill a very large book.

Looking Out for the Commissary

One department of work has a peculiar interest for everybody. It is in the preservation and increase of our food supplies. An illustration of it was seen this spring when shad were so plentiful that they were within the reach of all. No better results have been achieved than in the increase of fish, and every hatchery that does its work well is saving money for the people. Unfortunately, the same service has not been possible for the oyster, but through local laws and a better understanding of oyster culture, the exhaustion of the bivalve which was at one time threatened is being arrested. There was a rather amusing simile in use a few years ago that the oyster, like the buffalo, would soon be a memory in the United States.

When the present century began people did not even know what elements or factors in the soil produce crops. Now the knowledge is universal. Not only that, but the world has been called upon by the Agricultural Department to contribute plants and vines best adapted for development in the different sections of the United States. Some of the finest and most productive horticultural and agricultural districts in the country have been developed from unused land by the scientific work at Washington.

The specialists in the Agricultural Department are always at work chasing every enemy of the food products. There is a Bureau of Animal Industry, and there are divisions of chemistry, entomology, biology, forestry, botany, agrostology—this means the study of grasses and field plants—pomology, vegetable physiology and pathology, soils, public roads, gardens and grounds and seeds. Indeed, there are a few other divisions, and of course more will be added.

Things on the Earth and Beneath

So complete and so varied is the special work of the Government that very soon it will have a history of everything that swims, walks, flies or creeps—elaborate and faithful presentations of animate and inanimate nature. There are some economists who object to the Government going so far into this kind of service. But the intelligence of the country fully approves of it. Majestic and overwhelming as the reports seem to be, they give the data for the textbooks and education of the age.

So much has been done it seems that little remains for exploration and record. All the land has been surveyed, and we know the bottoms of our waters as well as the levels of our fields. But Nature is a worker, and every day makes a change. The shore lines are affected by tides, and the mountains and valleys by the rains, especially when too much timber-cutting leaves them bare. The work will go on as long as the country lasts and is able to pay for it.

The Biggest Department

The largest department of the Government is that about which there seems to be the least public interest. It is the Department of the Interior, and each of its eight divisions—patents, pensions, general lands, Indian affairs, education, railroads, geological surveys and census—has ten times as much work as any Cabinet office had a hundred years ago. At the head of each of these divisions there must be a man of broad experience and active mind. In addition to his other duties, the Secretary of the Interior has charge of the national parks and the supervision of hospitals and eleemosynary institutions. The divisions of railroads under the Department of the Interior is entirely separate from the Inter-State Commerce Commission, of which Hon. Martin A. Knapp, of New York, is chairman.

Testing Gold and Silver Coin

Another department which combines many important duties is that of the Treasury. It engraves and prints money, puts up buildings, runs the life-saving service, collects the taxes, keeps track of navigation, manages the light-house service, runs the marine hospitals, attends to the immigrants, and a great many other things. Most people do not know that this department makes the official examination of the coins. A commission meets at the Mint in Philadelphia and goes carefully into the value of the people's money, but the really important work is done by an assayer, who for a number of years was Dr. Cabell Whitehead, a noted metallurgist, who has recently gone to Nome, Alaska, to report upon its gold. The coinage is kept from debasement in this way: two coins each week from the new minting are sent to the assayer in order that he may find out if they are up to the standard. This is necessary, not only for the protection of the people, but in order that the value of American money may be absolute throughout the whole world. The excellence of the Government's workmanship is shown by the fact that gold coins have been condemned only once in the past ten years, and this was due to ingots made from Spanish gold coin, which either contained a small amount of zinc or had been counterfeited. The whole lot of $125,000 was melted down. On three occasions silver coins have been found deficient.

The duties of leading officers of the Department of the Treasury are numerous. For instance, Assistant Secretary Spaulding is assigned the general direction and supervision of all matters pertaining to the Customs Service, the Bureau of Navigation; the Office of the Supervising Inspector-General, Steamboat Inspection Service; the Office of the Supervising Surgeon-General, Marine Hospital Service; the Office of the Supervising Life-Saving Service; the Division of Customs; the Division of Special Agents, and the Division of Revenue-Cutter Service.

New Cabinet Positions Suggested

Of course the main business of the War Department is to keep the Army in trim, but at the same time it has other duties that demand the best work of experts in all the parts and directions. The Navy, of which the Assistant Secretary is Hon. F. W. Hackett, who recently succeeded Mr. Allen, takes in a thousand and one important things, and is now spending over $60,000,000 a year. All the other departments have their sub-divisions, showing the great number of things this Government has to operate.

Before many years we shall undoubtedly have a department devoted to Commerce. And after that, if not before, there will be another for Manufactures. The country is growing so rapidly, and the problems of expansion have increased the necessity for larger work so greatly that more things will have to be done, and it will take more men to do them. It will be noticed that the new offices which are being created are carrying larger salaries than the old ones. Curious as it may seem, it is harder to get Congress to increase the salary of an existing position than to persuade it to pay a much larger sum for a new place which it may create. Take it all in all, the Government does not pay well for the higher class of work, and thus it is constantly losing some of its best men, who find better remuneration in private work.

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR



MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE



HON. JOHN WANAMAKER



HON. T. E. BURTON



MISS ELIZABETH WALLACE

A Millionaire in Politics

Timothy Lester Woodruff was graduated from Yale College twenty one years ago. He then went through a commercial school, and twenty years ago he went into business for himself. He was the first of his class to send a son back to his alma mater. His son is to graduate from Yale next year. He was the first of his class to make a large fortune. His wealth is estimated at several millions of dollars. Since Mr. Woodruff went to Brooklyn, in 1881, and began his career in politics he has gone forward steadily until he has been twice chosen Lieutenant-Governor of New York.

During his weekly trips to New York from Albany he is the most approachable and at the same time the hardest man for a stranger to find in the metropolis. At the Grand Central railroad station he is met by one of his confidential employees, or a visitor who goes by appointment. On the way to his hotel he talks business. After leaving the hotel he goes from one business headquarters to another—from the upper west side down to Wall Street—and he makes each visit count. He can probably "go through" a package of letters or bundle of documents or pile of contracts as quickly as any man in the country.

The "pink waistcoat" is as closely connected with the Lieutenant-Governor as the white hat was with Horace Greeley, and it has served the same excellent purpose. It has advertised his personality from one end of the country to the other. When the newspaper cartoonists and wits, a few years ago, were drawing pictures of and making jokes about Mr. Woodruff's gorgeous raiment they did not stop to think that this same Mr. Woodruff is one of the largest buyers of advertising space in the American press, and that few men understand better the value of printers' ink. The truth is, the pink waistcoat was largely an imaginative creation.

It was as a tranquilizer that the Lieutenant-Governor won his fame in local politics. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion he threw open his beautiful town house to the leaders of two widely differing branches of the Republican party. A discreet butler stood at one door and an able politician at another, and they divided the callers as they arrived by factions, and sent one into the right drawing-room and the other into the left. So quietly was this done that neither party knew the other was present. Before dinner was announced Mr. Woodruff had made a number of visits to each band of disputants, and the moment a compromise was effected the great doors were opened wide and peace was cemented over a perfect dinner.

After Mr. Woodruff built the famous cycle path from the Brooklyn Bridge to Coney Island, which he accomplished as Park Commissioner, he was easily the most popular man on Long Island, and his election as Lieutenant-Governor followed. With this came the control of the Republican party in Kings County, as Senator Platt's chief assistant. During the last campaign he made his first speech. It was a public debate which was forced upon him by an eloquent Democratic antagonist who had no idea his challenge would be accepted. But it was as soon after it was received as the letter could be written, and with the acceptance went a check for $750, one-half the rent for the use of the largest public hall in Brooklyn. The Democrats were fairly taken off their feet, as also were some of the Republicans, who did not know the Lieutenant-Governor's capabilities. On the appointed night the challenger wore an evening suit and clothed his speech in the finest grade of oratorical habiliments. When he had ended the stalwart "Governor," dressed in his business clothes, walked to the footlights. The galleries broke into tumultuous applause. Mr. Woodruff raised his hand, beckoning for silence.

"Give me a chance, boys," he said, "and I'll be with you in a minute."

And he was. His speech was the chief political surprise of the campaign. It was logical, forceful, humorous, witty and eloquent, and since then Mr. Woodruff has been in demand the country over as a public speaker.

In business Mr. Woodruff is a believer in the value of young men's work. He has surrounded himself with men in the early prime of life and many of them he has trained in his business from the start. The "Governor" also believes in mental concentration. He does whatever he has to do with all his might. He demands the same kind of service.

How Burton Withdrew a Juror

One of the members of the lower house of Congress who well exemplifies the amount of industry which may be expended upon legislative tasks is the Honorable Theodore E. Burton, who occupies the chairmanship of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

Very few people have any conception of the number of harbors and rivers and bays there are in this broad land, or how determined are the citizens in the vicinity of each that their particular waterway shall receive a generous appropriation. Almost all the spare time of Chairman Burton is taken up in listening to delegations who come to Washington with some such mission. The program for a single day during the recent session will show how Mr. Burton's time was taken up. He had breakfasted by eight o'clock. By nine the morning mail had been disposed of, and soon after he was engaged with the first delegation. All day the representatives of commercial bodies and committees of chambers of commerce kept coming in a steady stream, and it was with difficulty that the hard-worked chairman stole ten minutes at noon for lunch. Dinner did not consume a much longer period, and the evening was given over to a political caucus. When Mr. Burton returned to his apartments at midnight he found two reporters waiting to interview him. One of them asked incidentally how he managed to get through so much work. "Well," replied the chairman with a smile, "I attribute it to the fact that I sleep so excellently. Some nights I get as much as six hours sleep."

Chairman Burton comes from Ohio, and from Senator Hanna's own city. He was defeated once by that unique figure in politics, Tom D. Johnson, but at the next election he returned the compliment. You would scarcely think from his appearance that he is approaching the half century mark. He is a lawyer by profession, a student by instinct and a bachelor from preference. Early in his career in Washington, in order to carry a seemingly unimportant point in debate, he translated in full a French technical work as large as an ordinary novel.

One particularly amusing incident characterized Congressman Burton's early experience at the bar. For some reason it became necessary to request a continuance in a case in which he was counsel. After Mr. Burton had explained why there should be a continuance the court told him simply to withdraw a juror and the case would be marked continued. For the moment the young attorney was nonplused, but after glancing at the court to satisfy himself that the judge was in earnest, he walked over to the jury box, eyed the jurors for an instant and then firmly seized a large, portly German and endeavored with no little effort to drag him out of the jury box. In the midst of the general laugh which followed, the court came to the rescue of the discomfited young barrister by explaining that the term was simply technical and need only be written on the docket.

Women in Summer Work

Never before were so many women taking part in the numerous summer schools as this year. At Chautauqua, for instance, there are several dozens of them, and at the large universities they almost equal in number the male members of the faculties. For instance, one of the important departments of the Summer School of the University of Chicago will be under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Wallace, who has won a high place for her scholarship and her ability to interpret it in an interesting way.

It takes special aptitude to teach the summer courses, but the difficulties are fully repaid by the appreciation and cooperation of the students, who go to school in summer to study and not simply as a recreation.

Mrs. Dodge's Little Admirer

One day on a railroad train Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge sat beside a girl about fourteen years of age. When the newsboy with his books and magazines appeared, the little passenger asked her grandfather to buy a magazine which contained one of the installments of Mrs. Dodge's most successful story, Donald and Dorothy. Naturally, Mrs. Dodge watched the results with the keenest interest, and when she saw the girl had nothing with which to cut the pages she opened her satchel to find a substitute for a paper knife. Finally, seeing one of her own visiting cards, there came the happy thought of offering it and of watching for the surprise that would follow as a climax to the incident. The girl took the card, carefully cut the pages of the magazine, and then returned it with a smile and a bow, becoming absorbed again in the story.

She does not know to this day that the famous author was the kind lady sitting next to her, and the famous author tells the incident as a joke upon herself.

The Wanamaker Propulsive Handshake

John Wanamaker's recent act in ordering out of his office two local politicians who tried to bulldoze him led the former Governor of one of the Western States to tell a story.

"I almost believe," he said, "that Mr. Wanamaker could have gotten them out as well by giving each of them one of his official handshakes. When he was Postmaster-General I was in Congress, and went to see him a great many times; in fact he had more calls than any other member of the Cabinet of the Harrison Administration. The way he received everybody was most satisfactory, but the thing that delighted me was the beautiful manner in which he got rid of a visitor. His farewell handshake was courtesy and geniality itself, but at the same time it was a gentle push toward the door. It was done in such a manner that nobody could possibly take exception to it. A while afterward I became Governor of my State. I had seen the thing worked so well in the Postmaster-General's office that I thought I would try it. Of course, you know, when the Legislature meets, the Governor of a State has quite a few people to handle. I practiced a little on my wife, and thought I had got the hang of the performance, although she expressed her doubts. The day when I tried the experiment I began on an old political supporter, grasping his hand firmly, and with my best smile I gave him the gentle push. But the results were not altogether what I had hoped. He gazed at me steadily for a moment and then said: 'It's all right, Governor, if you want me to go, but I don't want to be thrown out.'

"'Come back here,' I exclaimed, and grabbed his hand in the old way, and gave him a pull toward me. Then, in order to remove any other doubts he may have had I made him promise to take dinner that day at the Executive Mansion. It was the first and last time I tried the Wanamaker handshake. He can do it, but I don't believe there is anybody else in the world who has the subtle genius necessary to perform it successfully."

The Princeton Corkscrew Market

Doctor Patton, President of Princeton University, is more noted for the logic of his sermons than the wit of his speeches. But he can be very humorous on occasion. In an after-dinner speech, discussing the advisability of advocating local prohibition in Princeton, he said, "Local prohibition would only create a market for corkscrews." Last summer he decided to shave off his side whiskers, which he had worn for many years. After shaving off the left side he went to his bedroom where his wife was sitting and said: "My dear, I shaved one side. If you like it I'll shave the other."

Doctor Beecher's Consolation for Burdette

When "Bob" Burdette started out to lecture he struck the same town as Henry Ward Beecher, who sent for him.

"Well, young man, how do you like it?"

"Mr. Beecher," he replied, "it is awful. I nearly die every night from nervousness."

"Let me console you, then. The longer you lecture the more nervous you'll get." And "Bob" declares it is true.

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The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

By Joel Chandler Harris

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Francis Bethune, a cashiered officer of the Confederacy anxious to retrieve himself, volunteers upon a dangerous mission within the Union lines. Openly, and under a guarantee of safe conduct from Abraham Lincoln, he is to bring back with him an imprudent young woman who has attempted to supply the Confederate Government with information; secretly, he hopes to abduct the President. Taking with him a sealed and addressed envelope given to him by Mr. Phil Doyle, concerning whom he can discover little, he goes to Washington, via New York and the "Western Route," with only a single companion, Mr. Billy Sanders. On the train he meets a former townsman, in whose care, knowing himself recognized, he places himself. This gentleman, Waldron Awtry, takes him direct to the White House, introduces him to Lincoln, and places before him the ostensible purpose of his mission.

PART THIRD

WHEN Bethune and Mr. Sanders were ushered into the room, Elise clapped her hands together as the soubrettes do on the stage, gave a smothered scream supposed to represent joy, and fell upon Francis Bethune and kissed him until he wished himself well out of the uncomfortable position.

"Francis!" she cried, "allow me to present you to my dear, dear friend, Mrs. Lincoln. My nephew, Mrs. Lincoln. And here is Mr. Sanders! Oh, you dear, good man! you make me feel quite at home. Mrs. Lincoln, this is my dear old friend, Mr. Sanders. Are both of you prisoners, too? Oh, isn't it glorious to suffer for one's country?"

Bethune looked at Mr. Lincoln. The President was standing with his hands clasped behind him. He was not smiling, but there was a comical expression on his face. Mrs. Lincoln was laughing unrestrainedly, and it was very evident to Bethune that the Lady of the White House had found Elise Clopton sufficiently amusing. His irritation was such that he could scarcely refrain from showing it in words. Youngster as he was, it seemed to him that the whole South was here on exhibition in the person of his frivolous aunt. He was on the point of saying something regrettable when Mr. Sanders stepped in, as it were.

"You don't look like you've been sufferin' for your country much. Appearances is mighty deceivin' if you ain't been havin' three square meals a day—fried meat an' biscuit an' hot coffee for breakfast, collards an' dumplin's an' buttermilk for dinner, an' ashcake an' molasses for supper."

"You see how the men mistake us," protested Elise, turning to Mrs. Lincoln. "Our keenest anguish is mental, but the men never think they are suffering unless they are in physical pain. And the men think the women are too timid to take any risks. Look at me, Mr. Sanders."

"I see you, Leese," said Mr. Sanders so dryly that Mrs. Lincoln burst out laughing.

"Don't mind him, dear friend; he always was comical. And then there was your grandmother, Mr. Sanders, Nancy Hart. Didn't she suffer for her country?"

"She stayed at home an' hit the Tories a lick when they pestered her, two for one, maybe; but she didn't complain of no sufferin' so fur as I know. The sufferin' was all wi' them that pestered her. Anyhow, we've come to take you home, an' when we git there I'm goin' to build a pen to keep you in. Goodness knows, I don't want to be runnin' my head in no more hornets' nests."

"Why, you don't call this a hornets' nest, I hope?" said Mrs. Lincoln, smiling.

"By no manner of means, mum," replied Mr. Sanders with a bow. "This is the only homelike place I've struck sence I left Shady Dale. But I hear you're a Southerner, an' Mr. Lincoln is Georgy all over, an' that accounts for it. If we wa'n't here, where'd we be?"

"Well, we'll go back now and talk about Georgia," said Mr. Lincoln. "To-morrow or the next day we'll arrange about the lady's journey home."

"Yes; I am willing to go now," said Elise dramatically; "I have performed my duty; I have risked my life for my native Southland."

"If you only knew what a close call it was, you'd doubtless be prouder still, I reckon," remarked Mr. Lincoln with a smile.

With that Bethune and Mr. Sanders bade the ladies goodnight and followed the President to his private office, where Waldron Awtry awaited them. They were for returning to the hotel at once, as the hour was growing late, but Mr. Lincoln would not hear to it unless they were willing to admit that they were tired of his company. There were nights, he said, when sleep flitted away from his neighborhood, and refused to be coaxed back, and this, he thought, would prove to be one of those nights.

First he wrote out a new certificate for Francis Bethune, as well as a document to insure the safety of Mr. Sanders, and then he began to talk about Georgia sure enough, addressing his conversation mainly to Mr. Sanders, whose comments he appeared thoroughly to enjoy. He asked about the people, their views and hopes. Once he declared that if the people of the South knew his intentions and desires as well as he did himself, he believed they would put an end to the war and come back into the Union.

"But what about the politicians?" inquired Mr. Sanders.

"That's a fact!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln; "the politicians and the editors. We have 'em here, too. Oh, I was just telling you of a dream I once had."

"An' then, ag'in, you're a Ab'litionist, Mr. President," said Mr. Sanders.

"Well, that matter has been settled, so far as I can settle it, but, up to a few months ago, that question was a mere matter of moonshine compared to the Union. I said as much to Horace Greeley, and he and his friends had a good many duck-fits about it. All the Government doors have big keyholes except Stanton's. Well, Abolitionism was a great question, but it was small compared with the preservation of the Union. All other political questions are small by the side of that."

They talked until some time after midnight, with occasional interruptions from messengers connected with the War Department, or with some of the committees of Congress. Once Mr. Lincoln, after receiving a telegram, held it open in his hand and was silent a long time. Finally he folded it lengthwise many times and then wrapped it around his forefinger, holding it in place with his thumb.

"It has got so now," he said, breaking the silence, "that I can tell by the rumble of the wheels whether the man in the carriage is fetching good news or bad."

The President made no remark about the contents of the telegram, but he fell into such a state of abstraction that Bethune nodded to the others, and simultaneously they all arose and bade him good-night. He no longer urged them to stay, but asked them to return early the next day, saying that he wanted to have a good long talk with "friend Sanders."

When Bethune and Mr. Sanders went to breakfast the next morning they were escorted to a table at which sat John Omahundro, who saluted them in the most familiar manner. Bethune, whose temperament lacked that offhand heartiness which is sometimes attractive and sometimes repelling, bowed coldly. Mr. Sanders, who was heartiness itself on almost every occasion, smiled vacantly at Omahundro, remarking: "I've seed your face some'rs, I reely do believe."

"Why, certainly," said Omahundro in his drawling voice; "I traveled with you from Albany to New York."

"That's so!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders; "you're the feller that helt the 'oman's baby while she give it castor-ile. Well, you're a mighty handy man, but I've been in sech a buzz an' racket, an' seed so many folks that I'd 'a' never know'd you ag'in."

They talked on indifferent subjects until the meal had been dispatched, and then they sat in the reading-room of the hotel and talked business.

"What about your program? It's foolhardy, but I'm willing to go into it on conditions—I mean this kidnaping business."

"It's as easy as falling off a log," replied Bethune.

"Lots easier," remarked Mr. Sanders; "but——"

"Now you're beginning to say something. But—but how are you going to get away? You don't know a step of the road. How are you going to get Mr. Lincoln safely to the South?"

"Trust to luck, I reckon," replied Bethune.

"What I was tryin' to say when you jumped in betwixt me an' my words was that the job is easy, but 'twould be a pity to put it through."

"You've said something again," remarked Omahundro. "Mr. Lincoln has the hardest time of any human being I ever saw. He reminds me of my father."

"He puts me in mind of all the good men I've ever know'd. He takes 'em all in," said Mr. Sanders.

"He's a good deal like you," Bethune declared.

"Well, I wish to the Lord I was more like him," said Mr. Sanders solemnly. "I'll tell you what, fellers, that man has looked trouble in the eye so long that he pities ev'rybody in the world but hisself. Frank, I'll go into this business if you'll le' me do the engineerin'—if you'll put it in my hands."

"Oh, I've no objection to that," assented Bethune with a short laugh. "He's so different from what I expected. By George! don't you believe it would break his heart to be taken away from here?"

Mr. Sanders pursed up his mouth and looked at the ceiling. "No-o-o, 'twouldn't break his heart," he announced after some reflection. "He's a good, strong man, an' from the look he has in his eye, he's seen so much trouble that he's ready to shake hands wi' it wherever he meets it, knowin' purty well that he'll git some fun out'n it somehow or some'rs. You leave it to me, Frank—leave it to me."

"Well," said Omahundro, "if it's to be done, to-morrow night is the time, between ten and twelve—the nearer ten the better. Mr. Stanton usually calls about half-past twelve or one. Mr. Lincoln may ask you to stay to supper. If he does, say yes, and thanky, too. If you take supper here, a carriage will be waiting for you at the door. If there is more than one vehicle near the hotel entrance, the driver on your carriage will say, 'Whoa, Billy!' If you don't take supper here, the carriage will drive into the White House grounds precisely at ten o'clock. The driver of the carriage will stay with it until he hears pursuers or until you meet another conveyance in the road driven by a country chap. If you are pursued, one of you must be on the driver's seat to take the lines when my man retires, and then you'll have to take the consequences and get out the best way you can. I tell you candidly, I don't see how you are going to get out with the President, and but for orders from Captain McCarthy I wouldn't make a move in it. I'm fond of Mr. Lincoln; I feel like he's kin to me."

"Well, there are bigger principles at issue than kinsfolk and Presidents," remarked Bethune with some emphasis.

"That's so," assented Mr. Sanders, "but I wish from my heart he was more like some of the other Presidents we have had in North Ameriky."

"Good-night," said Omahundro. "We may never see one another again. I'm going to help you out all I can, but I can't say that I wish for your success."

"Nor me, nuther," commented Mr. Sanders.

The next day found Bethune and Mr. Sanders at the White House. While Mr. Lincoln was busy they walked about the grounds with Elise Clopton. They were not in a very gay humor, as may well be supposed, and it was a relief to their minds to listen to the lady's chatter. She related her experiences from the time she left Shady Dale to visit her family in Maryland, and, if her reports were correct, she had been through many daring adventures. She was quite a heroine in her own estimation, and there is no doubt that, frivolous and giddy as she was, she possessed both courage and presence of mind. Mr. Stanton paid her a high tribute when he told Mr. Lincoln that she was quite the most dangerous and daring spy that had operated around Washington, and he wanted to make an example of her.

As Mr. Sanders had remarked on more than one occasion, there were good points about the lady if you didn't have to live on the same lot with her. Curiously enough, she had conceived a romantic friendship for Mr. Lincoln.

"Isn't he the dearest man?" she said to her companions as they strolled about, enjoying the warm sunshine. "I think he is just grand. I am dead in love with him. Oh, he is the most fascinating human being I ever saw. I used to hate him"—clasping her hands and throwing her head back—"and now I love him. How can our newspapers abuse him as they do?"

Presently Tad, Mr. Lincoln's little son, came from the rear of the house with his goats, and was soon joined by his father. Elise wanted to go where they were.

"Now, Leese, don't let's make geese of ourselves," said Mr. Sanders. "The man hardly has time to speak to his family. Let him alone."

"Oh, don't you believe that," said Elise. "Why, he's the most devoted man to his family I ever saw. He allows them to impose on him right and left. It's perfectly grand to see how patient he is. And look at that child's clothes; see what a misfit they are."

"It's the fashion, I reckon," responded Mr. Sanders.

Elise laughed merrily. "The fashion! Why, the world never saw such a fashion as that."

"Well, a President and his family don't have to be in the fashion. When it comes to that, they're mighty nigh as independent as me, I reckon."

The President heard Elise Clopton laugh and, seeing Bethune and Mr. Sanders with her, joined the group, Tad following with his horned team.

"You seem to be worried this morning, Mr. Lincoln," said Elise with one of her brightest smiles.

"Yes; we all have to worry about something, at some time or other," replied the President. "There's a man down in Tennessee they are trying to hang because he wandered off from camp one night, and his mother's at this end of the line crying her eyes out. I've spent half the morning trying to get a dispatch to the officer in command. Before they hang or shoot the boy, I want to see the record. But it's all right now," he said with a sigh.

They walked a little while in silence. Finally Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Sanders: "Does your President have much opposition?"

"Not among them that he can get his hands on. But Joe Brown is after him with a sharp stick, an' Bob Toombs rares around, an' they manage to keep the water warm, if not a-b'ilin'. The States' rights plaster does purty well when you slap it on some un else, but when the other feller slaps one on to you, it burns like fire."

"How is that?" Mr. Lincoln asked, his eyes fairly dancing with amusement.

"Well, Jeff Davis was put in to slap the States' rights plaster on to you-all, an' now he can't hardly git a law passed but what Joe Brown bobs up wi' a States' rights plaster an' slaps it on to Mr. Davis." Mr. Lincoln roared with laughter. "I don't think it's fair," Mr. Sanders went on, "but some of the boys apperiently git a good deal of fun out'n it."

The President's unrestrained laughter attracted the attention of Tad, who left his goats to the temporary care of Elise and went running to Mr. Sanders. "I wish you'd stay here all the time," he said in a pleading tone.

"What for, I'd like to know?" inquired Mr. Sanders, lifting the lad in his strong arms.

"Because you make papa laugh," replied Tad. "He laughs that way with me sometimes, but I want to hear him laugh that way when he's with grown people."

"That puts me in mind of the little chap that wanted a candy elephant," said Mr. Sanders. "He worried about it so till his pappy sent off an' bought a dollar's worth of sugar, an' his mammy put it in the preserve kettle, poured in a

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couple of gourdfuls of water, an' stewed it down, an' then, after so long a time, took it out, pulled it the best she could, an' then built it up into some kind of animal that a blind man might take to be a rough imitation of a wooden elephant. Then she called in the little chap an' turned the elephant over to him. Well, he took this elephant out to the woodshed an' started in on him, but he hadn't gnawed his way no furder than one of the hind legs till he was the sickest boy you ever saw; an' after that he'd turn pale an' cry if anybody so much as said 'candy elephant' to him."

"And no wonder!" exclaimed Tad.

"That's a fact," responded Mr. Sanders; "no wonder. An' I wouldn't be here a week before your pappy would pull out his hankcher an' cry if he so much as heard the name of Sanders."

"Would you?" cried Tad, turning to his father.

"Why, certainly not," replied the President. Satisfied, the lad slipped from Mr. Sanders' arms and went skipping to his goats. "I'll tell you the truth, my friend," Mr. Lincoln went on, laying a familiar hand on Mr. Sanders' shoulders, "you have no idea what a joyous relief it is to meet a man who knows how to say things and who doesn't want a post-office for himself, or his wife's cousin, or who doesn't want to take command of all the armies in the field, or take entire charge of the Government, or who hasn't some complaint to make, or some objection to offer—why, it's like seeing the sun again after a couple of months of rainy weather."

"I reckon it's wuss now than ever before," remarked Mr. Sanders. They were walking along together, Bethune having lagged behind, intent on his own reflections.

"Yes, I reckon it is," said Mr. Lincoln. "If it wasn't for Stanton, who likes to have his hand in everything, I don't know what I'd do. He can stand up to more hard work and worry than any man I ever saw. Now, if you had a machine, full of intelligence, that was greedy for all the work you could pour into the hopper, you wouldn't mind it much if it pinched your fingers once in a while, or took off a finger-nail now and then, would you?"

"I jest reckon not," responded Mr. Sanders with emphasis.

"Well, that is the reason I take no offense when Stanton cusses me out behind my back, or when he cuts up his capers before my face."

"I see," said Mr. Sanders. "When you want to bluff some feller that's a little too smart, you fetch out Stanton. It puts me in mind, in some ways, of Roach's race-hoss."

"How was that?" Mr. Lincoln inquired.

"Why, there was a young chap in our settlement by the name of Waters, an' he had a quarter-hoss that he vowed an' declared could outrun anything on four legs, includin' a steam engine. Well, he bragged about his hoss an' went on so that one day old man Johnny Roach, who had about a thimbleful too much of dram, up'd an' said he had a racer that could beat Waters' hoss so fur that he'd turn an' meet him half way comin' back. Waters hankered him for a bet an' a trial, an' he got both. They set the day, an' when the time come Waters was there, an' presently Uncle Johnny's youngest boy come gallopin' up on a steer.

"Now, ev'rybody in the county know'd the steer. He was old as the hills, but he was game, an' his horns was a plum cur'osity. From the p'int of one to the p'int of t'other was mighty nigh nine feet, an' he had a way of shakin' 'em that made folks stan' 'roun'.

"Waters begun to take water right off. Says he, 'That ain't no hoss.'

"'I never said he was a hoss,' says old man Johnny; 'I said he was a racer.'

"'Well, he ain't no racer,' says Waters.

"'That's yit to be decided,' says Johnny Roach. 'The money's up,' says he, 'an' I'm gwine to walk off wi' it.'

"Waters hem'd an' haw'd, but it didn't do no good. 'Git ready!' says old man Roach. 'Some of you men give the word.'

"'Well,' says Waters, 'I dunner whether your steer can run or not; beat or git beat, *he's liable to do some damage*, an' I'll not run my hoss ag'in him.'

"So Roach's boy rode the steer over the course, an' old man Johnny poled off home with the stakes in his pocket."

Mr. Lincoln seemed to enjoy this anecdote very much. He said there was a very pungent moral in it which could be given a variety of applications, and he forthwith added it to his already large collection of stories.

All this while Bethune was wandering about the lawn with head hung down like a boy with the posts. He was thinking hard, and his thoughts were not pleasant ones. Nan Dorrington gazed at him through the mists of memory with sad eyes. Of the many familiar faces he could remember, only one seemed to wear a smile—and that was the face of Miss Puella Gillum. Bethune came to Washington, it will be remembered, to seize and carry off the President. He had, in fact, hit upon the only plan which was in the least likely to paralyze the North, bring about peace and establish the Confederacy. Though the Georgian was a young man, he had tolerably fair judgment; and he had already seen that this patient, kindly man, with the bright smile and sad eyes, with Melancholy at one elbow and Mirth at the other, was the sole mainstay and reliance of the vast machine that was carrying on the war; that but for his prevision and tact, the halls of the Capitol and the corridors of the departments would swarm with relentless and ruinous factions.

It was true that Bethune's head was full of romantic notions. He had descended from a chivalrous race, and had been reared in a region where chivalry and knightly courtesy were very real things to those who aspired to them, and he now felt himself pulled about by conflicting emotions. He was keen to perform some feat or accomplish some result that would advance the Southern cause, and here was the opportunity. And yet the bare idea of carrying it out left a bad taste in his mouth. He was at war with himself. He felt, in a dim, vague way, that the President was the heart of a mystery, the centre of a wonderful problem. As in an old picture, a light from some unseen source appeared to fall on the worn face of this man, who, born with "the wolf at the door" and in the most abject surroundings, had been lifted up to guide the nation.

Bethune had been so wrapped up in his own reflections that his Aunt Elise could hardly make him hear when she called him. He lifted his head and sighed, and then a frown fell on his face as he realized that she was speaking to him. Her frivolity irritated him, her gushing volubility oppressed him.

"Frank! oh, Frank!" she called, laughing; "pray stop thinking about your sweetheart, and come with me. The President told me I was not to go outside the gates. But I'm going now just to see what he'll say. Won't you come with me?"

For answer Bethune turned sharply away from his aunt. She ran after him. "Don't be so cross, Frank!" she cried. "It's not becoming to you. I wasn't going at all. You and old Billy Sanders, between you, will cause the people here to think I have no standing in my own family. Both of you are very rude. What have I done to deserve it?"



"Now, about this kidnaping business," he remarked

This last remark was spoken with some show of temper, for the beautiful Elise could be spiteful at times.

"Nothing, Aunt Elise," replied Bethune; "but in your position a little more dignity would be suitable."

Elise laughed loudly, but her face was red with indignation. "A professor of etiquette!" she cried. "Before you try to teach me etiquette, nephew, do you learn to be polite and agreeable."

Mr. Lincoln, talking with Mr. Sanders some distance away, noticed by the actions of Bethune and his aunt that something was wrong. "What's the matter with our young friends?" he asked. "They seem to be quarreling."

"Well, it's a family fuss, I reckon," replied Mr. Sanders. "Frank was never fond of Leese, nor she of him."

"The lady seems to be somewhat flighty," remarked the President, "but I've remarked the symptoms in so many charming women that I rarely notice it now."

Mr. Sanders pursed his lips as your country lawyer does when he is about to make some remark which he thinks is unusually profound. "Leese is about as good as the common run, I reckon. She's not nigh as flighty as she looks to be. A right smart of it is put on, same as her clothes. When you come to know her, she's got lots of good p'ints. I don't like her much, but I dunno but that's my fault."

"Likely enough it is," said the President. "I've had a great opportunity to find out what people think of me; nine out of ten misjudge or misunderstand my words, my actions and my motives. You should be President for a little while, friend Sanders, just for the fun of the thing."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders; "would I have to have a Secretary of War?"

"Why, certainly; that's a part of the game."

"Well, you'll have to excuse me. I don't mind takin' a turn at checkers, or marbles, or mumble-peg, but that's about the limit of my appetite. No, sir! no playin' President for me if there's a Secretary of War in the game. I may have to tousle your'n before I leave this town; if I do, an' it don't hurt your feelin's too much, I aim to make a clean, healthy job of it."

Mr. Lincoln laughed and excused himself. A great many people had passed them by, going to the White House, some on business, some moved by curiosity, and some impelled by interest and sympathy.

"It takes a heap of people to make a world, friend Sanders," said the President, as he turned away, "and I must go and examine some more of the specimens. When you get ready to come in, Miss Brandon—I mean Mrs. Clopton—will show you how to avoid the crowd. I hope," he said, pausing again, "that you'll take dinner with us. Maybe you'd prefer to call it supper."

"About what time, Mr. President?"

"Early candlelight," replied Mr. Lincoln with a twinkle in his eye. The phrase was so familiar that the Georgian took it as a matter of course.

"Any gal company?" inquired Mr. Sanders.

"No, I think not. Mrs. Lincoln will have some of her friends to dine with her, and we can have a snug little dinner of our own. We'll have a member of Congress who was in Georgia once, and Stanton threatens to come, too."

"Well, I dunno about Frank Bethune, but none of 'em can turn my stomach."

"Stanton says he wants to discover whether you are fish, flesh or fowl," remarked the President, smiling.

"Jest tell him I'm a plain old snappin'-turtle from Georgia wi' red eyes an' cold feet." Mr. Lincoln turned away laughing, and Mr. Sanders was left alone until little Tad came along driving his goats. He fell into conversation with Mr. Sanders, and the talk was so interesting to both of them that they sat flat on the grass. They went from one subject to another until Mr. Sanders, who was a famous hand with young ones, landed Tad in the midst of that wonderful collection of animal stories with which Southern children have been familiar for many generations. The old Georgian told them so simply, and with such apparent confidence in their reality that the little son of the President accepted them as facts and was, for the time being, in another world—the world that had been created by the negro romancers who lived long ago.

Great statesmen passed and repassed them as they sat or lay reclining on the grass; Generals of the army, Congressmen, civilians, office-seekers, a curious and motley throng formed part of the procession, but, so far as Mr. Sanders and Tad were concerned, they were all phantoms, invisible to the eye.

Bethune and his aunt were soon on good terms again and they made their way slowly back to the White House, evidently thinking that Mr. Sanders had gone in. Presently a servant came out hunting for Tad.

"We have been searching for you everywhere," the man said. "Your lunch is ready."

"Lunch!" cried Tad. He had been brought out of fableland so suddenly that he could hardly realize his surroundings. "Won't you come?" he said to Mr. Sanders with appealing eyes. "Please! oh, please come!"

"No; I reckon I better wait for you out here, or in the pen where they put the office-hunters," said Mr. Sanders.

"We have some extra fine soup, sir," remarked the servant by way of a suggestion.

When Mr. Sanders had been made perfectly sure that whatever pleased the child would be pleasing to his father and mother, he took Tad's hand, and together they went to the children's lunch-room. It is doubtful if Tad ever had another such day. The fun (for him) began when he made a somewhat riotous protest against a bib.

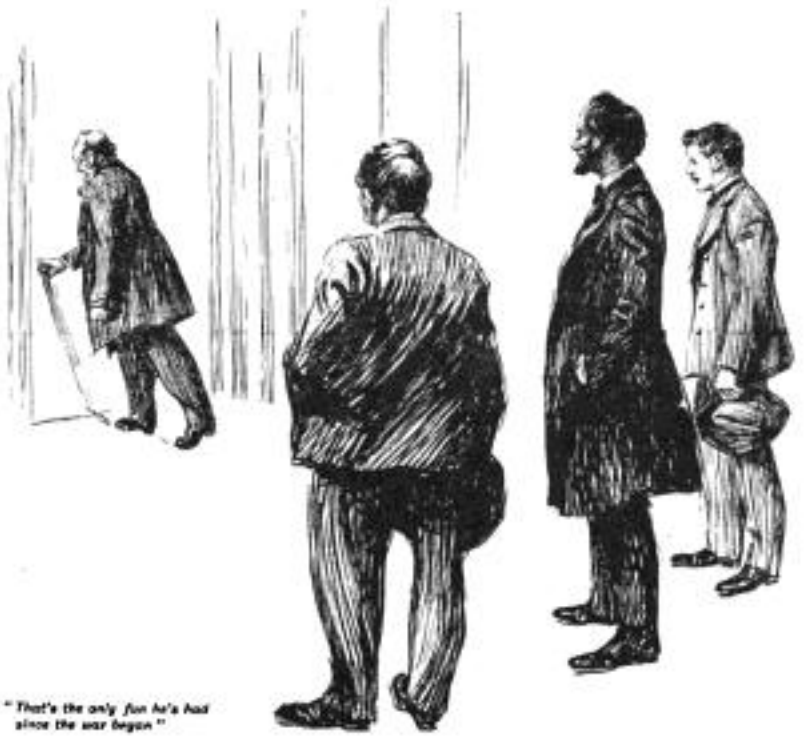
"Don't you wear 'em?" inquired Mr. Sanders in tones of surprise. "Well, I allers do." He turned to the waiter. "I wisht you'd pin one around my neck. I don't feel right wi'out 'em."

Then, with the napkin on, he made believe to be a little boy, and he carried out the pretense so solemnly that Tad fairly screamed with laughter. In fact, the youngster reached the point where he'd laugh almost to exhaustion every time Mr. Sanders looked at him. Mrs. Lincoln, hearing this unusual sound, left her guests for a moment and peeped in the door. For an instant she couldn't realize the situation. Mr. Sanders was saying, "What's your name?" and Tad was telling him. To which the reply was: "Well,

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I'm named little Billy, an' I want some syrup in my plate so I can sop it." As Tad could say nothing for laughing, Mr. Sanders went on:

"One time I was eatin' a chicken gizzard an' I got to laughin', an' the fust thing anybody know'd the gizzard was stuck in my goozle. My mammy seed I was chokin' an' she hit me a lick on the back as hard as a mule can kick, an' the gizzard flew out an' knocked the cruet-stand off'n the table. This made me laugh, an' my mammy says, 'Sposin' you'd 'a' been gnawin' on the whole chicken, where'd you be now?' an' I says, 'Humph! you better ax where the chicken'd be.'"



"That's the only fun he's had since the war began"

This was too much for Tad. He slid out of his chair and fell on the floor, where he fairly screamed with laughter. The dignified waiter caught the contagion, somehow. He turned his back upon the rest and leaned half bent against the wall, trying to hold his sides with one arm. Mrs. Lincoln ran back to relate the episode to her guests and, in her efforts to tell of the scene she witnessed, her laughter became uncontrollable, and pretty soon she and her guests were in a state bordering on the hysterical—all except one, an elderly lady, the wife of a Cabinet Minister, who sat looking from one to the other with eyebrows lifted and a countenance expressive of contempt.

This lady seized upon this unpropitious moment to take her departure, and the gravity of her demeanor as she bowed herself out was such as to give new cause for laughter. The finishing touch was given when Mrs. Lincoln, who had a keen eye for the ridiculous, so far succeeded in controlling her countenance as to give a swift imitation of the solemn exit of the lady who had retired.

This last incident, as free from malice as an innocent caper of a schoolgirl, was duly reported to the Cabinet Minister's wife, and that lady made it her business from that time forth to spread abroad hints of Mrs. Lincoln's "flightiness," and out of these hints, so industriously planted, grew the thousand and one fictions that were scattered up and down the land in regard to the mental condition of this bright Lady of the White House.

That evening at dinner, after Bethune and Mr. Sanders had been introduced to Mr. Stanton and to Congressman Hudspeth, Mr. Lincoln referred to Tad's enjoyable luncheon, an enthusiastic account of which the lad had already given his father. Mr. Sanders made some humorous remarks on the subject of amusing children. For a time the talk was wholly between these two. Mr. Stanton seemed to be absorbed, though he watched the two Southerners very closely, while Hudspeth's thoughts appeared to be far afield. Finally, Mr. Sanders turned to Mr. Hudspeth and asked him if he had ever been in Georgia.

"Yes; I had some peculiar as well as some very pleasant experiences there."

"I allowed I'd met you there; you lived wi' Addison Abercrombie," remarked Mr. Sanders. "You needn't be ashamed of it," he went on, "for Mr. Seward was a school teacher down in that neighborhood years ago."

"Well, I wonder!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Stanton, the Governor has never told us about that. Well, well!"

"I mind him well," Mr. Sanders continued. "He was thin as a rail, wi' a big nose, an' his Adam's apple stuck out like a potleg. He had red hair an' a freckled face."

Mr. Hudspeth asked about little Crotchet, who was dead, and about Aaron, the Arab, in regard to whom Mr. Sanders volunteered the information that he now owned the Abercrombie place.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Stanton, almost angrily.

"I mean, sir," exclaimed Mr. Sanders with a deprecatory gesture, "that Aaron is by the Abercrombie place like some folks I've seen are about the Government. He thinks he owns it an' he don't; they think they're runnin' the Government an' they ain't."

Mr. Stanton swelled up like a gobbler, as Mr. Sanders described it afterward, but Mr. Lincoln came to the rescue. Laughing heartily, he cried:

"A fair hit, friend Sanders! You've touched my weak point. I reckon I do put on too many airs."

Mr. Sanders had a remark ready, but he felt his foot pressed and he held his peace. At that moment Mr. Stanton addressed him.

"Who gave you a commission to come here?"

"A fellow named Doyle." It was Bethune who answered, and not Mr. Sanders. "Doyle gave me a pass from Mr. Lincoln. I regarded it as an invitation."

"And so it was," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Who invited you?" inquired the Secretary, turning his spectacles on Mr. Sanders.

"Well, I'm like the stranger at the infare. The folks saw him hangin' 'roun' the door, an' some on 'em axed him what he was doin' there, an' he said, says he, 'I heard the fiddlin' an' the shufflin', an' smelt the dram, an' I jest thought I'd look on an' see well done done well.'"

"Well, you may say that you had an invitation, too," remarked Mr. Lincoln. "I wouldn't have missed knowing you for a good deal."

"I can vouch for that," said Mr. Stanton ironically.

"If you can, Mr. Secretary, so much the better," Mr. Lincoln declared with some emphasis. "But these gentlemen are my guests. If they are to be catechized I'm the one to do it."

"But will you?" inquired the Secretary.

"No, I won't," replied the President.

"Why, Mr. President," cried Mr. Sanders, "he don't pester us one grain."

"Mr. President, I have just one more question to ask," said the Secretary.

"Fire away!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders.

"Did the man Doyle give you a dispatch to be delivered at the War Department?"

"He did," replied Bethune. "I suspected that it was a trap laid for us, opened it and had it deciphered. I kept a copy of the translation, and will now take occasion to present it to the President, so that he may see how the lives of human beings are trafficked in by those who desire to win Mr. Stanton's favor. We fell into the hands of a man named Awtry, but we insisted that he should bring us to the President."

He handed the copy of the dispatch to Mr. Lincoln, who read it, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. Then he turned to Bethune and regarded him with a half-humorous, half-melancholy, but wholly attractive smile.

"May I see this extraordinary dispatch, Mr. President?" asked the Secretary, holding out his hand for it.

"You have no objections?" the President nodded to Bethune.

"None in the world, Mr. President," was the calm and confident reply.

"Well, anyhow, I reckon I'd better put it in my pocket," said Mr. Lincoln in his slow, deliberate way. "It might worry you, Stanton, and it's a matter too trifling for you to be worried about. No, I'll take charge of it myself."

With that he folded the copy carefully and placed it in an old morocco pocketbook. He was absorbed in thought a moment or two, drumming on the table with his fingers. Then he lifted his head and laughed, remarking: "It reminds me of a story I heard——"

"Good-night, Mr. President! Good-night, Hudspeth!" exclaimed the Secretary sharply as he arose from the table. "You two," he said, indicating Bethune and Mr. Sanders, "will hear from me again."

"My post-office is Salem, Injianny," remarked Mr. Sanders in his matter-of-fact way.

This was too much for Mr. Lincoln, who laughed uproariously as Stanton stalked out. But he suddenly grew grave again. "I'm always forgetting my dignity," he declared. "Stanton is angry, and he has a right to be. But if he had seen this affair"—tapping his pocket—"he'd have half a regiment on guard here, and he'd keep it up until I went out and dismissed 'em, as a country showman dismisses his audience."

Congressman Hudspeth had a good many questions to ask about old acquaintances, and he and Mr. Sanders were soon engaged in a friendly discussion over the rights and the wrongs of the war. It was a discussion altogether useless, a fact to which the President called attention, with the result of putting an end to it. Shortly afterward Mr. Hudspeth, he being a prominent member of the military committee, excused himself and retired, and Bethune and Mr. Sanders soon followed his example.

"I'd ask you to sit up with me a while," said the President, "but I'll have a busy night of it. Come to-morrow night about ten. We must talk about your trip. Miss Brandon is very particular, and we must try to meet her views."

"You leave her to me, Mr. President," remarked Mr. Sanders suggestively.

"Gladly, gladly, my friend!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln so heartily that Mr. Sanders was compelled to laugh, and even Bethune smiled.

Curiously enough, neither of the Southerners as they returned to their apartments spoke of the scheme which had originally brought them to Washington. Each was anxious that the other should make a suggestion to abandon it altogether, while each, for reasons that will be clear to every masculine mind, hesitated about making such a suggestion. Thus it was that neither mentioned the plan in any shape or form that night or the next day. It was a queer situation, and it was altogether characteristic that Bethune should worry over its embarrassments while Mr. Sanders was inwardly chuckling over its humorous features.

It was not until they were about to leave the hotel at the hour agreed upon that a word was said on the subject.

"I reckon you're feelin' a little nervous, Frank," suggested Mr. Sanders.

"Not more than you, I venture," replied Bethune calmly.

As Mr. Sanders had expected a somewhat different reply, he merely pursed his lips as though he were going to whistle, and said no more.

The carriage was at the door and Bethune and Mr. Sanders were driven swiftly to the White House. The two Southerners found Mr. Lincoln in high good humor. He welcomed them in the heartiest manner, slapping Mr. Sanders on the back and displaying in the most unaffected manner his delight at seeing his "two friends from Georgia," as he called them.

"You must have heard good news, Mr. President," suggested Bethune.

"Well, if I had I wouldn't tell you fellows; it would be bad news to you. But, as an old friend of mine used to say, 'No news is good news,' and when there's no fuss in the family, and no quarrel about a fence line, and the cow is giving down her milk, and the hens are laying, the man who forgets to be happy will miss a mighty good chance."

"That's so," assented Mr. Sanders.

"By the way," said Mr. Lincoln, turning to Bethune, "what put it into that man's head to charge you fellows with plotting to kidnap the President?"

"Doyle, you mean? Well, Mr. President, he could as easily have charged us with plotting to assassinate the President. I wonder he didn't, since all he had to do was to choose the word," replied Bethune.

"Well, when you two get back, what will you do to this man?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Why, we are in hopes his case will be attended to before we lay eyes on him again," was the answer.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, sitting bolt upright. Then he laughed lightly, and leaned back again, throwing one of his long legs over the arm of his chair. "Well, don't be too hard on him."

The President, leaning back with his hands behind his head, gazed at the ceiling in silence for some time, apparently in a profound study. Then he laughed aloud at some amusing thought, and once more sat upright in his chair.

"Now, about this kidnaping business," he remarked. "Do you think it would be an easy matter to kidnap the President?"

Mr. Sanders gave a gasp of surprise as he turned in his seat.

"Mr. President," said Bethune, leaning forward and speaking in grave, measured accents, "Mr. President, it would be the easiest thing in the world."

"What time is it?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"About half after ten," replied Mr. Sanders, consulting his silver watch, which was big as a biscuit and weighed about half a pound.

"Well, Stanton is to be here about half-past eleven, and he usually comes ahead of time. Now, what I want you to do," Mr. Lincoln went on with some eagerness, "is to show me how that kidnaping business could be carried out. Let's suppose a case, what we lawyers call a hypothetical case. Let's take it for granted that, in the performance of your duty, as you look at it, you had concluded that the easiest way to achieve what you call your independence is to seize the President and carry him South. Then let us suppose that matters had fallen out pretty much as they have. Here you are, two quick-witted Confederates; now show me how the kidnaping could be carried out."

"But, Mr. President," exclaimed Bethune, "that is precisely——"

Mr. Lincoln stopped him. "I know—I know!" he cried, and his voice overbore that of Bethune. "Know! what did he know? "I know how you feel about it; but this is purely a hypothetical case. I am supposed to be taken unawares."

Both Bethune and Mr. Sanders had arisen from their chairs, partly to conceal their excitement and partly to seize what seemed to be a providential opportunity. The event had, as it were, been taken out of their hands. They seemed to have no choice in the matter.

"Well, Mr. President, supposing that we had come here on such a mission," said Bethune, "it would probably be carried out in this way, making due allowances for emergencies." He went to the inner door and looked in. Then he went to the outer door and looked out into the wide entrance. The moment was propitious. He returned, stood by the President's chair, and then touched him sharply on the shoulder.

"Mr. Lincoln, great emergencies sometimes call for cruel remedies." Bethune's voice was grim in its earnestness. "We are two Confederates. You are our prisoner. Make no outcry. Not a hair of your head shall be harmed if you obey instructions. The situation is desperate for us, but it is more desperate for you."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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SILENT SAM'EL

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

MISS ANGELINA BROWN was a young woman of many charms. Every one in Little Africa conceded that. No one who had seen her dash gracefully up the aisle of Mount Moriah Church to the collection-table with tossing head and rustling skirts; no one who had seen her move dreamily through the mazy dance at the hod-carriers' picnics could fail to admit this much. She was a tall, fine-looking girl, with a carriage that indicated that she knew her own worth, as she did.

What added to the glamour that hung about the name of the brown damsel was that she was the only daughter of a very solid citizen—a man who was known to have both "propity" and money. There was no disputing the solidity of the paternal Brown, as there was no question of his utter simplicity and unaffectedness. He had imparted to Angelina a deal of his own good sense, and though she did not flaunt it, she did not, like many others born hitherside the war, disdain the fact that her father had learned on his master's plantation the trade that supported them.

Under these circumstances it is easy to believe that the young woman had many suitors. There were many proper and stylish young men in the community who were willing to take the entrancing girl for herself in spite of the incubus of her riches. Indeed, there were frequent offers of such noble sacrifices; but Angelina was a shrewd high priestess, and she found it better to keep her victims in her train than to immolate them on the altar of matrimony. So it happened that there were few evenings when a light was not visible in the parlor of old Isaac Brown's house, and one or another of the young men of Little Africa did not sit there with Angelina.

It was of a piece with the usual good sense that governed this house that slow-going, unpretentious Samuel Spencer—"Silent Sam'el," they called him—made one of these evening sitters. Samuel was a steady-going, good-humored fellow, and a workman under the elder Brown. This may have accounted for Angelina's graciousness to him. For even when he was in her company he had never a word to say for himself, but sat, looked at the lamp, twirled his hat, and smiled. This was certainly not very entertaining for the girl, but then, her father had a high opinion of Samuel's ability. So she would make conversation, and endure his smiles, until old Isaac would call gruffly to him from the kitchen, and he would rise silently and go. Then Angelina was free to entertain whom she pleased for the rest of the evening, for the two men did not part until near midnight.

Once with his employer, Samuel would venture a remark now and then over the something like oily looking tea which they stirred round and round in their glasses. But usually he listened while the old man expounded his new plans and ideas, and every once in a while would shake his head in appreciation, or pat his knee in pure enjoyment. This happened every Wednesday, for that was Samuel's particular evening. Isaac Brown looked forward to it with more pleasure than Angelina. For as he said, when Samuel's silence was referred to, "You needn't say nothin' to me 'bout Sam'el Spencer. I reckon he talks enough fu' me; and 'sides dat, I's allus noticed dat hit took a might' sma't man to know how to keep his mouth shet. Hit's a heap easier to talk."

But there were others who were not so favorably disposed toward old man Brown's "pet," as they called him. Jim White, who was head waiter at the big hotel, and consequently widely conversant with men and things, said: "Huh, ol' Sam go down to ol' man Brown's, an' set up there fur an hour an' a half 'side Miss Angelina, her talkin' an' laughin' an' him lookin' like a bump on a log." And this same joke, though often repeated, never failed to elicit a shout of laughter from the waiters assembled about their leader, and anxious to laugh at anything the autocrat of the dining-room might condescend to say. Others went so far as to twit Samuel himself, but he bore all of this good-naturedly, and without attempting to change his manner, until one memorable night.

It was on the occasion of a great rallying festival at Mount Moriah Church, and a large part of Little Africa was gathered within the church walls, partaking of ice cream, oyster stews and coffee. As Angelina was one of those who had volunteered to help serve the company she had denied herself the pleasure of a "gentleman escort" and had gone early with her father and mother.

Jim White and Samuel Spencer were not the only ones who followed her about that evening with amorous glances. Young men bought oyster stews if she could serve them when they had eaten far beyond their normal capacities. Old men with just teeth enough left to ache gave themselves neuralgia with undesired ice cream.

Jim White had about him a crowd that he treated lavishly every time he could get Angelina's eye; and Samuel himself had already accomplished six oyster stews and was looking helplessly at his seventh.

There is no telling what might have happened had not the refreshments given out and the festival been forced to close. The young men and young women came together in twos and took their way home. But while Angelina stood counting her takings there were no less than six anxious beaus who stood waiting her pleasure.

Of these Sam was the nearest, and those who looked on were about to conclude that even slow as he was he would reach her this time first and gain permission to take her home, when just as a slight sinking of her head showed that her counting was done, Jim White stepped up and, with a bow, asked for "the pleasure." She looked around for a moment and her eye fell on her silent admirer. She hesitated, and then, turning, bowed to White.

The smile died on Sam's face, and he stood watching them blankly. Not until her escort had found her wraps and had put her in them and she had said a light good-night to those who waited did Sam awake from his stupor.

There were some titters as he passed out, and a few remarks such as, "Uh huh, Sam, you too slow fu' Jim. You got to move an' talk faster," or "You sholy was cut out dat time."

But he went on his way, though in spite of the smile that came back to his lips there was a determined look in his eyes. On the church steps he paused and looked after the retreating forms of Angelina and his rival, then with a short but not angry "Huh!" he went his way home.

There was in his mind the consciousness of something wrong, and that something was wrong, his far from dull wits told him, neither with Jim nor Angelina, but himself. He had a perfect right to speak to her first if he could, and she had a right to accept his company. He was bleakly just to every one concerned, and yet he knew by rights he should have taken Angelina home, and then the thought came to him that he could have said nothing to her even had he taken her home. Jim could talk; he couldn't. The knowledge of his own deficiencies overwhelmed him, and he went to bed that night in no happy frame of mind.

For a long while he did not sleep, but lay thinking about Angelina. It was nearly morning when he got suddenly out of bed and began dancing a breakdown in his bare feet, whispering to himself, "By gum, that's it!"

The landlady knocked on the wall to know what was the matter. He replied that he had been attacked with cramp in his feet, but was better now, and so subsided.

From now on a change took place in Samuel's manner of proceeding. The first thing that marked this change was his unexpected appearance in the Brown parlor on the next Monday. Angelina was entertaining another caller, but she received him pleasantly and, so far as an occasional reference to him would suffice, drew him into the conversation. However, he did not stay long, and so his hostess concluded that he had just been passing and had casually dropped in. What was her surprise when promptly at the same hour on the next night Samuel again came smiling in and settled himself to listen to the talk of that night's caller. Angelina was astounded. What did he mean? Had he begun to spy upon her and her company? Wednesday was his acknowledged night, and of course he had a right to come, but when he turned up on Thursday she openly tossed her head and treated him with marked coldness. The young man who had the pleasure of sitting out the hours on Thursday brought her a bunch of flowers. Samuel was evidently taking lessons, for on Friday night he appeared with a wondrous bouquet.

For one whole week, including Sunday, he was by the side of his divinity some part of every evening. The other young men were provoked. Angelina was annoyed, but less seriously than she might have been when she found that Samuel had the consideration never to stay long. The most joyful one of all concerned was old Isaac Brown himself.

"When Sam'el sets out a cou'tin' he does it jes' like he does evahthing else. Huh, de way he sot his cap fu' Angie is a caution."

But the truth of it was, Samuel Spencer was deeper than those who knew him could fathom. His week's visit to Angelina had not been without reason or result, and its object might have been discovered as he mumbled to himself on the last night of his constant attendance: "Well, I've heard 'em all talk, but I reckon that little Scott fellow that comes on Friday night's about the slickest of the lot. He'll have to do my talkin' fur me." He chuckled a little, and shook his head solemnly, "Ef somebody else got to speak fur me," he added, "I do' want nothin' but the best talent."

The next week it appeared that Samuel's sudden passion must have burned itself out as suddenly as it had appeared, for not even Wednesday night saw his face in the Brown parlor. Then was Angelina uneasy, for she thought she had offended him; and she didn't want to do that, for he was her father's friend anyway, even if he was nothing to her, and her father's—oh, well, her father's friend deserved respect. So she instructed the elder Brown to inquire the reason for the young man's sudden defection, and she was greatly soothed, even though she did not care for him, when her parent brought back the message that "Sam'el was all right, an' 'ud be 'roun'."

It was not until Friday night that he came and, contrary to his usual custom, he went directly back into the kitchen, where he spent the hours with the old man. Angelina was piqued, and she tossed her head as he came in just as Mr. Scott was leaving. He sat down and smiled at her for a little while, and then he said abruptly:

"I mean all he said."

She gazed at him in astonishment.

"I mean all he said," he repeated, and soon after bade her good-night.

Friday night after Friday night he came at one hour or another, and after Scott had poured out his heart to Angelina Samuel merely whispered in her ear that he meant all that. Now this was very shrewd of Samuel, for Mr. Scott was a very eloquent and fluent talker, and Angelina thought that if Samuel meant all the other said he must mean a good deal.

One night, with burning words, Scott asked the momentous question. Samuel was in the kitchen with Isaac Brown at the time his rival was making his impassioned plea. Angelina bade her wooer wait until she had time to think, and when he had gone she awaited the coming of Samuel.

He came in smiling, as usual.

"I mean all he said," he asserted.

"How do you know you do? You do' know what he said," retorted Angelina.

"I mean all he said," repeated Sam.

"La, Mr. Spencer, you are the beatenes' man! If you mean all he said why don't you say it yo'se'f?"

"I can't," said Sam simply.

"Well, Mr. Scott surely has said enough to-night."

"I mean all he said."

"I'm mighty 'fraid you'll want to back out when you hear it."

"I mean all he said," and Sam laid an emphasis on the "all." He was slowly working his way toward Angelina. His wits began to tell him what Scott had said.

"You ain't never ast me what he said."

"What?"

"Oh, I can't tell you; don't you know?"

By this time he had reached her and put his arm around her trim waist.

"I mean all he said."

"Well, then, I says yes to you fur what you means, even if you won't say it," and Angelina ducked her head on his breast.

Sam's eyes shone, and it was a good deal later before he left that night. As he stood at the gate he suddenly broke his silence and said, "I thought Scott was nevah goin' to git to the question."



He sat down and smiled at her for a little while, and then he said abruptly, "I mean all he said"

A Hindu Literary Woman

THE world grows smaller day by day and the old walls of linguistic and racial difference are crumbling away. The latest addition to English writers is a bright little Hindu woman whose lectures are well known in the United States. She comes of a high-caste family, and her name is S. Rajahgopaul. Her work is a compilation of the Hindu children's songs and her own metrical compositions.

Here and there is an odd resemblance between the ancient Indian songs and games and those of our own race. Where the Anglo-Saxon child refers to the dog, the cow and the bear, the Hindu child speaks of the tiger, the buffalo and the elephant.

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The Gold Cure for Anti-Expansionists

NO INCIDENT of our war with Spain seemed stranger than that the first volunteer soldiers sent to the Philippines were drawn largely from the newest States of the Union—Utah, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. They were as stalwart a lot of men as could have been found anywhere, and they gave a good account of themselves, but the change from the high altitudes and invigorating air of their homes to the swamps and torrid heat of the Philippines was great enough to startle the dullest imagination, as well as wear upon the strongest physique.

Yet some of them did not wish to come home when their term of service expired, and the reason has been dribbling slowly from soldiers' letters. Most residents of the States named are prospectors, either professional or amateur, for the precious metals; they cannot pass a ledge of rock without chipping it, nor can they cross a brook without lingering to examine its sands for "color." That they have been disappointed hundreds of times does not discourage them, for the future is the only time of which the prospector thinks, and even good luck in the past is as nothing to the fortune that is to come.

It was already known that gold existed in the Philippines, though the Spaniards had not succeeded in finding much of it. But our mining States' soldiers who did not return with their regiments, as well as many who went over with subsequent detachments of troops, kept their eyes and ears open, and between them, according to letters that have reached the United States, they learned where there is "placer" gold in paying quantities, as well as promising quartz veins, and at last accounts a few hundred discharged soldiers were impatiently awaiting permission to "rush" the country, stake claims and resume their home occupation, though they were ten thousand miles from home. Some who did not wait for permission, and had to be driven out by their late companions-in-arms, brought back a pleasing quantity of gold dust and nuggets to show to the doubting and envious.

It is unnecessary to say that if the new gold-fields "pan out" as well as reports indicate, and rich quartz veins are located, all home opposition to the retention of the islands will fall upon deaf ears. So will all talk about the inability of white men to live in the Philippines. Experience has proved abundantly that neither heat nor cold, distance nor hardship, difficulty of access nor inhospitality of natives has ever deterred Americans from seeking gold wherever it was known to be. Whatever our civil and military authorities may not know of the interior will soon be learned by the miners and by the prospectors, who always distance the miners and form the advance-guard of the movement toward new fields. Trade follows the miner as surely as it follows the flag; so does civilization—not at a bound, perhaps, but faster, at worst, than it makes its way in rude countries through any other influence. —JOHN HABBERTON.

It is always well to expand, but it is rather dangerous to get beyond one's income.

War Mounted on the World's Stage

WAR is one of the fine old conservative occupations and, apart from planting cabbages and all for which planting cabbages may be allowed to stand, is certainly one of the best established and best recognized facts in existence. Mankind began to fight as soon as it began to exist and has gone on fighting ever since. This century has been as bloody as any in the world's history. And if the amount of fighting has been about the same the manner of it until recently has not been very different. Not, of course, that there have not been great actual changes, as, for example, when the burgher, harquebus in hand, proved himself more than a match for the mail-clad knight, and chivalry and privilege reeled in the saddle. But there has always been the same business character about it. Now, however, with the altered world of discovery and invention, a change undoubtedly has taken place in the way in which the average onlooker regards an important war.

In the first place, when it is only a few days to anywhere, the scene of conflict seems brought much closer. An American of the Napoleonic days, getting his news in months, could have only a very distant interest in what was going on, but it is assuredly different nowadays when every skirmish is served up "hot and hot," and when a battle is often reported almost step by step. The sending out of a small army of reporters to write and artists to illustrate exactly as is done for a great prize fight is a proof that war has become in a measure a sporting "event." What wonder is it, then, that with hourly dispatches and instantaneous photography war has come to assume something of the character of a spectacle! When one reads in the morning paper that some important post is being attacked, or that some desperate defense is being made, knowing that the story is to be "continued in our next," and that one may even have the dénouement in an "extra," an interest is created in which the critical pleasure of the reader is mingled with the thrills of the spectator.

This change may be said to have begun with the Franco-Prussian war, which was the first great spectacle mounted in this way on the world's stage. Since then each considerable war has become more and more scenic, more a spectacle at which the world "assists." It may almost be said that we enjoy our wars now.

Whether such a way of looking at what is a most unfortunate fact is something that makes for progress and civilization is not quite clear. At first there is a suggestion about the condition of affairs that recalls the Roman thousands thronging the amphitheatre and gazing enthralled upon the arena. For indeed it has come to this: that every battlefield is an arena on which the world looks down. However, there is unquestionably an advantage in the fact that since all is done under the eyes of the world there is more likelihood that the rules of the game will be observed; there is less chance of undue advantage being taken of a weaker foe, and more probability that an end will come quickly.

—GEORGE HIBBARD.

As a rule, the spirituality of the modern man depends mainly upon his digestion.

Oom Paul in New Jersey

AN ENTERPRISE of recent growth but apparently of unlimited possibilities is that of the moving picture as it manifests itself under various names in the theatre and other places of entertainment.

For some months it has been possible for a man to mingle with a crowd at a parade or something of this sort and go to the theatre in the evening and see himself walk across the screen with his fellow-victims. There has been a certain nervousness about this form of art, with an ominous sputtering of the machine up in the gallery, and a general impression in the mind of the beholder that something was going to happen; but on the whole the exhibition has usually been interesting.

The urban crowd and similar domestic scenes have for some time been accounted too prosaic by the moving-picture artist, and the recent wars have proved welcome material. There were shown to us Cuban conflicts, and now South African struggles. The idea of the heroic artist taking, so to say, his life in one hand and his camera in the other and going out on to the field of actual battle, and pressing the button three hundred times a minute amid the awful smoke and swirl of the conflict, has touched the popular imagination and drawn large crowds. Nor has the danger to the hardy picture-taker been wholly imaginary. He has known what it is to bleed and suffer for his art.

Take the battle of Spion Kop, for instance, one of the most desperate of the present war. The unfortunate wounding of the moving artist was responsible for the public becoming aware of the heroism of his kind. This frenzied struggle of Spion Kop took place among the fastnesses of the Orange Mountains, near Orange, New Jersey. But did the artist shrink from duty on this account? Far from it! Two hundred men had been engaged—many of them veterans of similar conflicts. Half were dressed in the uniforms of the Boers, half in that of the British. All the leading generals on both sides were on hand, and it is reported that Oom Paul himself was in the background, smoking a furious pipe. Some say that Queen Victoria was present, wearing her crown, but this is probably an exaggeration.

Just as the word was to be given to start the awful struggle a cannon was prematurely discharged. It was a heavy piece of ordnance, weighing, including the carriage, two hundred or two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and had done savage execution in the War of 1812 and at many noisy Fourth of July celebrations at Patterson and West Hoboken since. It was aimed pointblank at the artist. The wad struck him in the back and lifted him along some twenty feet. With remarkable self-possession Lord Roberts ran to the nearest district messenger box and sent in an ambulance call. The wounded artist was soon rattling over the kopjes to the Newark Homeopathic Hospital. Did he complain? Not he! His only regret was that the photograph apparatus was not going at the time, so that no picture of the scene was secured. Who shall say that this man was not a hero? But it is doubtful if either the British or the Transvaal Government will give him a pension.

This touching account of the battle of Spion Kop suggests many things. One of the most important is this: Why have we not in the moving picture a way to settle the question of the existence and habits of people on other planets? There is Mars—a few realistic domestic scenes of Martial life carefully worked up in the artistic atmosphere of New Jersey ought to prove interesting both to the ordinary citizen and to the astronomer. Men like the hero of Spion Kop are capable of arranging them. But cannons must be ruled out, or waddled with something soft and innocuous.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH.

The real summer girl is always campaigning for an autumn wedding.

Our Uneasy Consciences

THERE is nothing more unreasonable than an overweening conscience. The sense of "ought," which an activity appeases; the sense of shame for one's "shortcomings," no matter how "long" we come in reality: this is an element in life which often tends to evil results.

Nagging is disagreeable and generally useless, whoever does it; and to have a perennial nagger incorporated in one's system is worse than an outside one.

There are two extreme results. One is a nervous, restless, ceaseless activity, without the accompanying rainbow in the soul that is supposed to accompany duty performed—it never is performed under such a conscience; the other is a callosity developed by the efforts of the organism toward self-preservation. The irritative conscience is encysted, wrapped up in smooth hardness, like the offending grain of sand in the oyster.

Neither of these conditions is healthful, nor promotive of wise, good conduct. Is it not possible to have it out with one's conscience, settle on a level of virtue one may consider attainable, and pursue the even tenor of one's way?

Here is a woman, a good deal of an invalid, fretting because she cannot write letters to deserving friends: feeling daily remorse at neglecting them. Now this is a simple matter to decide. She either can or cannot write a letter a day—or two—or three. If she *can*, there is no power that can prevent her. If she *cannot*, she is not to blame.

One can ascertain one's powers by a little careful experiment, live easily up to them, and experience a profound sense of piety and peace in the fulfillment.

Either one can or one cannot. How is one to know? By trying. Try hard, try nobly, test your outside limit; then walk easily within it.

We are not to blame for not doing what we cannot.

There is no great difficulty in doing what we can.

The best method of settling one's conscience is to drag it into the open, carefully define its demands, fulfill what is in one's power, and then refuse to be disturbed by any required impossibility. An undisciplined, exorbitant, irrational conscience is more distressful than a scolding mother and a teasing child. —CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Man wants but little here below—and unless he owns stock in a trust he generally gets it.

Seeing Ourselves Through Cuban Spectacles

WHEN the poet exclaimed the desire to see ourselves as others see us he expressed a thought that is constantly in the human mind, but in reality it is something like confessing our sins—we would rather make excuses for them than publicly to acknowledge them.

All governments as well as all individuals who amount to much in the world make bold professions. From the budding youth who determines to go forth in the world and shoot Indians and tigers, and who proclaims his dauntlessness, to the great organization which annexes gold mines and wins States for benevolent reasons, there is a spirit of extravagant claim to doing the thing for the good of the Indians and the tigers and the gold mines. Nobody when going to war is going hunting ever admits selfishness or confesses anything but the highest motives.

Undoubtedly much of the noble language we used in the literary part of the war with Spain was right and well deserved. We were acting for the good of the world. There is no doubt about that. But the foolish people whom we took under our protection expected us to live up to our advertisements, and consequently when a marauding band of politicians from Ohio and Indiana got into the postal service of Cuba and stole a hundred thousand dollars or so the natives made invidious comments. And when in the face of absolute promises that Puerto Rico should have free trade we placed a tariff on all her products, the ungrateful beneficiaries of the new brand of freedom had the temerity to make complaints. So it goes. Even the Filipinos are saying that so far American occupation has been marked mainly by an inordinate increase in the imports of beer.

Of course these people will be educated up to things after a bit. If they are at all hopeless they have only to see how well we have civilized the American Indian.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

The reformer who simply seeks to reform himself into office is worse than the worst spoilsman.

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Americans *in* Paris

THE famous art palaces of the Exposition, the Great and the Small, were thrown open May 1. Only a few thousand visitors were admitted to that section of the grounds. Outside of the gates of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées the police and cavalry kept back the mob.

"It's always that way," said a melancholy socialist; "we do the voting and the silk hats get the cake."

At two o'clock the President and Madame Loubet arrived, in a democratic barouche, without footmen or outriders. There were no cheers, for M. Loubet, in spite of the fact that he is a pleasant little man, has not the art of making himself popular with that class of the population that likes to shout in the streets. Physically the President of France is the exact counterpart of Mr. Andrew Carnegie; they are about the same age, and neither one is taller, thinner or grayer than the other.

Of the two thousand guests who received him at the doors of the Small Palace of Art, one-half were foreigners—artists or functionaries; they expressed their emotion by taking off their silk hats. M. Leygues, the Minister of Beaux-arts, and the Commissioner of the Exposition, M. Picard, are fairly long-legged men. They started off on a tour of inspection at a tremendous pace, the President trotting between them, while the guests swept after. Upstairs and down, through stone corridors and flowery courts, along endless galleries the procession passed, breathless. Always the President smiled and trotted and gasped "*qu'il y a du bon!*" Everywhere were pictures, sculptures, tapestries, ivories, jewels, furniture, precious objects of all sorts—a historical review of the art of France—brought from old châteaux and provincial museums. It took M. Loubet exactly twenty minutes to sweep through it all. Then the Grand Palace of Art——

The procession had grown a trifle; it was a hundred feet long and twenty feet wide. It flowed through the huge doors into a court, which the irreverent Parisians had already dubbed The Stables. Here it is the sculptors have stabled their horses. And what horses! They are twenty feet high; they are thirty feet high. They squat and rear and go curvetting up toward the blue sky. On D. J. French's horse is a marble Washington; on that of Saint-Gaudens poses General W. T. Sherman, led on by Victory; MacMonnies' horses stand ramping on their hind legs, while a Norwegian sculptor has reversed the idea, and his horses race head down into the earth, bearing "the dead who descend."

M. Loubet's Insatiable Appetite for Art

Through The Stables, up the grand staircase—up innumerable staircases—the crowd rushes, pursuing M. Loubet, who still trots and smiles. Here is the centennial of French art—all the masterpieces of a hundred years. (They are not all masterpieces now; time turns the old days to derision.) And here, at last, are the foreign sections, the United States having the best place of all, at the right of the grand staircase. It is admirably decorated. The hangings are all in pale green, while the frieze is ornamented with gilt laurel leaves and the national arms. It is a pretty harmony and in excellent taste. When Mr. John B. Cauldwell, director of the American Art Department, welcomes him, M. Loubet smiles and shakes hands and says something about "cordial fraternity—republican brotherhood," and hurries on through the five rooms of the American exhibit. He has made nearly six miles in one hour and a half. It is a record. As he spins away on his last half-lap all good Americans leave him. They look at the pictures. The triumph and sensation of the exhibit is Mr. Whistler's portrait of himself. It is a picture as delicate and profound as that masterpiece of modern portraiture, his portrait of his mother, which is now owned by the French Government, and hangs in the Luxembourg. A Harmony in Brown and Gold, Mr. Whistler calls his self-portraiture. And yet it is not only himself he has painted; he has painted what is perhaps the best type of the artist. There is distinction in the face—something at once mysterious and aristocratic and, if I am not mistaken, ironic. You can see there is not only the great artist who paints, but as well the man who sees in life only a subject to be painted. And this surely is James McNeill Whistler. His work is sincere for the very reason that it is not complicated with theories. The "eccentricities" of which every one talks have no place in his art.

As we said these things and others far more enthusiastic there passed a slight, little man, dressed all in black. His hands and feet were small as those of a child, and he wore a huge silk hat of the fashion of thirty years ago. His face was the color of parchment, and mustache and imperial were grizzled, and a mass of fluffy grayish hair stood out around his head like a halo.

He walked slowly, staring through his eye-glass.

We took off our hats—for this was Whistler in the flesh—a "living old master," as The Saturday Evening Post aptly called him once upon a time.

Abbey's Hamlet, Sargent's portraits of a woman in rose and of the President of Bryn Mawr College, a portrait by Chase of a woman in a white shawl, Alexander's Rodin, and Julius L. Stewart's delicious composition, The Nymphs of Nysa, are pictures that appeal to one even in the bustle of an "inauguration" day. The exhibit is good and strong. In this competition the United States has nothing to fear. The general characteristic of all these paintings seems to be extraordinary ability—that is, a mastery of the painter's craft. It is the American characteristic of doing things well. There is little sentimentality and little of what one might call profound thoughtfulness. It is the art work of a nation vigorous, accomplished and little given to brooding; and this is just what it should be.

"The Best Bear Story in the World!"

Alexander P. Proctor came out of Colorado. He had a ranch out there ten years ago and he sold it and went to New York and studied art. By the time the Chicago World's Fair came along he had some reputation. You may remember his polar bears, and especially his jaguars. So he got married and came to Paris for his honeymoon——

"The visit and the honeymoon have lasted seven years," he says, "but I'm going back to my cottage up the Hudson after the Exposition."

Of all the American sculptors, I think Mr. Proctor deserves most of America. Mr. Proctor is essentially and racially American. His sculptures all speak of that great West from which he came; they are Indians, elk, panthers, broncos—they are the West. And this racial interpretation is, after all, the only vital form of art. There is nothing like modeling in the clay of your own back yard.

I have no intention of talking art—I merely started to tell you the Best Bear Story in the World, and as Mr. Proctor figures in it, you had to know him first. It came about this way: The other day I saw this dignified sculptor in his garden in Auteuil making exciting casts with a thirty-six-foot lasso, while his three-year-old girl, Hester, looked on in amazement.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Son and heir," he shouted, lassoing a lilac bush; "he came last night, and I had to get out the old lasso to celebrate. It's the happiest day in my life—except the day I killed my first bear."

And this is how it happened:

The Bear Still Coming

"When I was sixteen years old I was at Grand Lake, Colorado, some hundred miles or more from Denver. The family were on their usual summer vacation, you understand, and I and my brother George were along. George had a new Sharp's forty-calibre rifle, so he swapped me his old gun for a hunting-knife that cost me seventy-five cents. Late in September there was a fine tracking-snow, and I determined to go out for a day's elk hunt. I wanted to go with George and an old hunter named All-Horse Johnson, but they refused me and Old Roary, as they called my gun. It wasn't much of a gun, I admit. In the beginning of its career it had been an army musket, but it had been born again and come out a fifty-calibre needle gun. It was cranky at times, refusing to explode the cartridge or to eject the empty shells, but it had a full-grown two-mule kick that it used on all occasions.

"Well, this September morning as I said, there was a fine tracking-snow. My brother and All-Horse got off at four o'clock, leaving me behind. By the time I started it was nine o'clock. About eleven o'clock I ran into a bunch of nine elks. There was one good bull, but he was on the other side of the gulch. I stalked him through the bushes and down timber to within one hundred yards. Just as I was getting ready to fire, one of the cows, some thirty yards away, saw me and gave the alarm. As the bunch started off, I took a running shot at the bull and wounded him. All the elk ran a short distance and stopped. I sent one shot after them, but nothing happened. Then I followed the trail of the wounded bull until late in the afternoon, when I found where he had lain down quite frequently. I ran down from my elevation into the little thicket, thinking he had gone on—and came almost plump upon him. He dashed for me and I blazed away without taking the gun to my shoulder. As I jumped aside he struck at me with his horns. In a moment he was after me again, but clumsily, for his left hind leg was broken. It was hard work dodging the elk and trying to load at the same time, but at last I got a cartridge in and placed a shot that broke his neck."

The Arrival of the Bear

Up to this point Hester and I had not believed there was a bear in the story at all; but there was.

The bear was coming up the gulch leisurely, through the shallows and grass. The bear had seen the boy and the boy hesitated. Perhaps Old Roary would fail to explode the cartridge; perhaps—but remembering that ever since he could toddle he had been looking for a bear, the boy blazed away.

Now, old Len Pollard had told the boy that the only time to fire at a bear is when he is looking away and can't tell where the shot comes from. The boy did his best, but before he got the sight and pulled the trigger, he saw the bear looking straight at him. That shot went through the ribs and liver, but it didn't stop the bear; he came on at a sort of lumbering gallop. Old Roary refused to be loaded again, and the boy said to himself: "If I don't get out of here pretty quick, the folks at camp will never hear about that elk." He started to his feet, and as he did so the bear pitched forward on his nose, and fell. He was dead—dead as the elk.

The boy forgot his bruises and kissed Old Roary and danced with him in the twilight. Then he dressed the bear and struck out for camp, four miles away. And what the boy said when he got there and what All-Horse said and what George said, you may imagine for yourself.

When Mr. Proctor finished this story we went in and looked at the skin of the bear and the horns of the elk—upstairs the son and heir yelled fiercely.

"That boy's dreaming of Colorado already," said the sculptor proudly.

—VANCE THOMPSON.



LETTERS to the EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Calling on my aunt, Mrs. Grundy, to-day, I found her considerably exercised over the editorial on Fairy Stories in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

She says that she does not object to Mother Goose, or to Hawthorne's fairy tales retold, or to Kipling, or even to Rudyard's stories for children, though here I noticed she paused a minute.

She dotes on Andersen and fairly chuckles over Grimm's stories, unexpurgated, though she would not urge children to read the latter, and would never read or tell them to them. She only looks mildly bored when the children singsong Hiawatha, and she shook with glee when one school class read in concert, with close attention to the blackboard illustration:

"At the evening, by his tent door,
Sat the little muddy turtle."

She wants the children to have plenty of pure sugar, especially with their oatmeal. But she would not feed them entirely on nectar, and not at all on cheap, dirty, colored candy; and she objects to the feeble, unwholesome, imitation literature (?) that children have been overwhelmed with. She admires Palmer Cox, but is weary of the long train that tags after him.

Fairy tales by people of genius she holds precious, but she says that the children's papers are not crowded by the mark of Genius.

"Let genuises," she says, "write poems and fairy tales, but let commonplace writers give us a rest from twaddle."

Meriden, Massachusetts. MRS. GRUNDY'S NIECE.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Say five years ago a corporation was organized. A year later the company finds that after paying expenses, interest and reasonable dividends on paid-up stock, there is still a fund on hand of $90,000 = net profit. The general manager shows the board that this was one of the years when "America has been wearing her old clothes"; that following years promise even better returns; that six cents is reasonable interest on one dollar; that prosperity always follows depression; that $90,000 pays six per cent. interest on $1,500,000; that our plant has increased in real, productive value in the sum of $1,500,000, and should be capitalized to that additional amount. This is duly effected, a dividend of six per cent. declared on this new issue, the books correctly balanced, and the company tells the world of its prosperity, and necessary increase of capital to meet a growing trade.

Here we have a model corporation, but the $1,500,000, which cost nothing, is not all. This capitalization, productive, paying six per cent. dividend in depressed times and promising more in better times, forms a selling and perhaps legal basis for a bond issue of another million dollars, and allows an increase of the business without the investment of a dollar. In fact, they receive $90,000 in cash for taking the $1,500,000 in stock and the $1,000,000 in bonds. With many companies doing this for years, it is no wonder capital has passed into the hands of the few.

New promoters can usually arrange to have sufficient capital stock issued to avoid any troublesome question of method of increase. They can protect the real investor by preferred stock and can usually make the protection ample. Then they can make an outlet for surplus earnings in common stock, but the same principle governs. Every six cents of net earnings shall be a dollar in their hands.

Now the public is inquiring if this method is just, if this stock should be of the value of money. They do not see any individual manipulating funds in this way. The laborer thinks his influence in producing that $90,000 was very direct, and not very liberally paid, and perhaps that this $1,500,000 of stock dollars, if it is dollars, should be his, and then he could have a factory or mine or store and bond it for $1,000,000, and do business. He says the capital drew its dividend, the officers good salaries, the bondholders their interest, and only his own wage was small, yet that it is so arranged now that he must continue to earn this annuity for all time, and that the grasping of this dollar by the stockholder is an unjust and oppressive scheme.

But the masses of the people, not being in direct contact with the plant like the laborer, are beginning to see the influence of these stock dollars, and to learn their source, and to think their base is taken from them in unnecessary profits. They argue much the same, that the capital, dividend, interest, salaries and wages are fully paid, and that they have furnished the net profits out of which this dollar in stock is maintained; that it is in the hands of moneyed men who will make its interest or dividend a perpetual annuity that the public must pay.

Besides this kind of capitalization, the public has furnished the main contributions for many plants; bonds have completed the expenditures; and the public pays dividends on the stock which cost nothing.

If the $1,500,000 stock mentioned above and all like profits are to be maintained as dollars in value, then every employee in proportion to his effectiveness should be a recipient of his share with the capitalist.

Clinton, Missouri. P. B. D.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

If education is a developing of the possibilities which exist in the individual, considered in his threefold nature, physical, mental and moral, discontent, as a result, is inconceivable. But if one of the departments of his nature is educated to the exclusion, or even neglect, of the others, or if two of these are developed and the remaining one uneducated, the result may easily be conceived to be discontent. Unbalanced, there cannot be harmony, consequently there must result restlessness and discontent. Whether our system of education is producing this harmony of development is a most serious and interesting question.

If it is a fact that our schools are turning out, as a result of their training, a generation of restless and discontented young men and young women, it is high time to probe our system for the cause.

Oakland, California. MRS. D. S. CURTIS.

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Uncle Podhardy's Foot Race

By Hayden Carruth



—"Git 'em, Midget!" yells Polkberry, and away they went

I WAS frequently told that Mr. Milo Bush had, hidden away in the recesses of his mind, a story about an alleged aged athlete who at a former period was said to have infested the town, and was assured that it was worth my while to draw it from him. This I doubted, not being able to see the positive benefit which I had derived from any of his other tales. Indeed, I had come to look upon him as a man careless of the truth, though it was impossible to doubt that he did not himself fully believe all his stories. If he did not believe them he was a most marvelous actor, for he told them in a frank, simple manner and always as if the hearer were being in some way benefited rather than entertained by the recital. And the thought that the listener might doubt any statement of his never seemed to enter his mind.

So, after hearing from several sources of the ancient gymnast, I decided to face him through Mr. Bush. But this biographer seemed to have forgotten about him; at least, several references on my part to the grandfather in outdoor sports brought no response. This nettled me a little and I decided on a bolder course. One day, when he dropped in to proffer some advice concerning the training of pointer pups (I was not a pointer pup owner and stood in no need of advice on that head), I picked up a newspaper clipping and pasted it on a sheet of copy paper, at the same time observing carelessly that it was an interesting account of how a Connecticut man, eighty-three years old, had walked ten miles on a wager, and that I purposed printing it in my paper. Mr. Bush instantly dropped the vital question of pointer pups, hitched his chair closer and said:

"How old did you say the party might be?"

"Eighty-three."

He snorted once or twice and then said: "Well, a man at eighty-three ain't any boy, now, is he? He ain't wot you'd call an infant in arms, eh? He's cut his teeth, *prob'bly*—the *heft* of 'em, at least. But I don't see why he should make any *great* fuss about walking ten miles. A man at that age ain't gener'ly very busy—lots of spare time—don't see why he *shouldn't* walk. That's wot he's *for*. Ought to be a law *compelling* any man who has passed his eighty-third birthday to just get right out on the road and *travel*. But the idee of *bragging* about it!"

He paused and for the space of a minute was lost in reflection, then he continued: "Yes, *I* can't see why a man only eighty-three should crow about walking ten miles to the post-office, or anywhere else. If he'd *hopped* it, for instance, on one leg, then he might *talk*. I never heard of a man eighty-three bopping ten miles on one leg, nor never seen anybody that ever said *they* had. Don't believe any man eighty-three ever *did* hop that distance on one leg—not at one time, anyhow. Consider'ble hop, *I* should say. Likely to rattle his teeth loose, if he had any. Don't believe old Uncle Podhardy ever done it. Now, *there* was a man—say, I'll just *tell* you about Podhardy, then you'll never need to get took in again with stories about any old gent doing things.

"Old Uncle Podhardy. Lived here in an early day. Had a grandson—*Jeff* Podhardy. Jeff's third wife was Samantha Bugle, widder of old Pete Bugle, who had a pension and never was satisfied with the diseases he had, but was always on the lookout for fresh ones. If you was a doctor and thought up a new disease you could just go right to old Bugle about it and if he didn't have it, he'd *get* it. Just tell him the symptoms and he'd have the disease good and hard inside of a week. Made a specialty of constitoutional diseases—got insulted if the Doc told him he had an *organic* disease—said he'd had all them organic diseases 'fore he was ten years old. Says the Doc to him one day in the drug store: 'Old man, wot you've got is prevaricatis.' 'Wot's that?' says Pete. 'Well,' says Doc, 'it's a sort of a mental disease. Shows itself in the talk of the patient mostly. First case on record was Ananias. Ananias had it bad—it finally killed him.' 'Pshaw,' says Pete, 'I was *born* with it. I've doctored for it for thirty years.' 'Well, you ain't cured yet,' says the Doc; 'you've got it chronic.'

"But old Uncle Podhardy never seemed to take to diseases a-tall—they didn't *fetch* Pete; he finally slipped up on the ice and come down on his back kerflop and broke his spiral colyum—Uncle Podhardy just went to the other extreme and was always bragging 'bout his blame good health. Said he used to be ailing some till he got to be about eighty, when he sort o' braced up and give his spectacles to a tramp and sent his cane to the furren mission society for the heathen in distant lands, which he heard was going 'round scand'lous, without anything they ought to have.

"The only time Uncle Podhardy was ever under the weather after that was when some of Jeff's girls got it into their heads that he was hurting himself smoking and hid his pipe, and got him a box of anti-nicotine cigars. It was a sad sight to see the old gent setting on the stoop pumping away at them patent cigars, finishing one every ten minutes and reaching for another and raising smoke enough for a brick kiln. But he couldn't get no satisfaction out of 'em, and finally he just laid down on the floor and turned up his toes and wiggled 'em a little—just sort o' fluttered 'em, like that—it would 'a' made you cry to see him—and they sent for the Doc and he come and give him a hypodemocratic injection of about two teaspoonfuls of pure nicotine—*b'iled-down* nicotine—and that sort o' revived him and the girls brought back his pipe, kind o' sniffling and saying, 'Poor old grandpop—here's your dear old pipe,' and he sot up and took it and waved his hand like a play-actor and says he: 'Remove them pestilences hence!' meaning the patent cigars—he was all excited and sort o' talked poetry—and they took 'em away, and the next day the girls unrolled 'em and dyed 'em and used 'em to trim their spring hats; and after that old Uncle Pod never let his pipe out of his mouth—just *anchored* it right there—and kept getting stronger and his health O. K.-er the longer he lived.

"Well, all his life Uncle Podhardy had been a great hand for sport. *Amateur* sport, that is—no perfessionalism for the old man. 'Wot's the great hope of this country?' he used to say. 'Wot is it that we must depend on to keep us from becoming like them European dinnasties? Our strong, athletic young men, I say. Them must ever stand a mighty bull-work against national decay.' Always ready to tell you just who it was made the highest jump and the streakenest run in any particular year. Could rattle off the winner in the Yale and Harvard foot race for every year since it started. If you wanted to know which college used the London Prize Ring rules and which the Marquis of Queensberry he could tell you, and why, and which was best for a stoodent.

"But Podhardy was always down on perfessional sport. 'This thing of making a business of developing the body and building up the system is all wrong,' he used to say. 'Give me the clean, honest amateur who is in sport for the love of it. A chance at the purse and the opportunity to place a few side bets ought to satisfy any man—let him leave the gate receipts to them base souls that care for sich.' Economical citizen, the old man was, too—always saved the pertater the grocery man stuck on the spout of his coal-ile can. Used to buy half a can at a time so's to get more pertaters.

"But a thing that worried Podhardy a good deal was that men didn't keep up their exercising and athleticing when they got older. 'Here's a young man works hard and conscientiously in college,' he used to say, 'and gets so he can throw a hammer a mile and a half, and then when he gets out, wot do we see? He stops it all and keeps getting fatter and fatter, till finally from a slender, athletic man he develops into a critter it takes five minutes to walk around. Then next thing he knows he keels over with fatty denomination of the heart. How often do you see a man of sixty up on a trapeze hanging by his toes? Alars, too seldom!'

"But the old gent kept up his own exercising. You could see him 'most every morning 'fore breakfast hustling down to the grocery store, his head up and his shoulders throwed back and his coal-ile can in his hand. Then he'd come downtown after supper and challenge the young fellers to a broad jump, or a fifty-yard dash, or pitching quates, or something. Many a time he'd beat 'em, too. Used to be very fond of jumping up and cracking his heels together—you know how hard it is to hop up and crack your heels twice before you come down. Well, there's no telling how many times he *could* crack his heels, but it was a good many. Crack, crack, crack, it went, just like that, like a boy drawing a lath along on a picket fence. Strong on the running jump, too, and on handsprings, though he quit them mostly after his sickness, 'cause they was apt to make him lose his hold on his pipe, and he never knowed when them girls might be lurking 'round to catch it on the fly and put him on patent cigars again.

"Just before the old man was ninety he hatched up a scheme to mark the event. So, on his birthday he put a challenge in the papers to run a foot race with any other man in the country of his age for $500 a side, quarter-mile dash. It got copied all over and he soon begun to get replies. You'd be surprised to know how many old parties there was that wanted to run, or thought they did. But they was the crankiest lot—all making conditions of some sort. One feller in Michigan wanted ten rods start 'cause he was ninety-four; but Podhardy wrote him that he wouldn't give him one rod the start if he was a hundred and twenty. Then a party in Tennessee said he'd run if the stakes could be made $50,000; but Podhardy wouldn't listen to him. Next an aged citizen of California proposed a start of fifteen rods 'cause he didn't have but one leg, having lost the mate to it in the War of 1812; but Podhardy wrote him a stinging letter and told him he couldn't have an inch the start, not if he'd lost both legs in the Revolution.

"Then a feller in Wisconsin said he'd race if Podhardy would throw off two years, he being only eighty-eight; but Podhardy told him he might arrange a race later on with boys, but that this was strictly a go between men. Next a Pennsylvania man wanted to put up only $100 against Podhardy's $500 'cause he had rheumatiz and asthma; but Podhardy wrote him that this was a foot race and not a field hospital. Then a Georgia man said he'd do it if Podhardy would agree to their both running backward, the backward sprint being his strong holt; but Podhardy told him that this was a race, not a game of lawn-tennis, and he never heard nothing more from the Georgia Reversible.

"Well, it begun to look as if Podhardy wasn't going to get any race a-tall. It run on for three or four months, with fellers finding fault and proposing this and that, when he got a letter from a man in Arkansawr saying he was just ninety and the stakes was all right and the distance sooted him, and everything was lovely and the goose hung high, which tickled Podhardy, 'cause he hadn't heard that observation for forty or fifty years. So he wrote to him and told him to come on and hurrah for Andrew Jackson or Tippecanoe, whichever his politics was.

"Then the feller wrote back and said there was one little condition, after all, though it wa'n't hardly worth mentioning, but he thought everything ought to be fair and square, and no shenanigan, as Aaron Burr used to say; and this was, that owing to defective vision, he always was in the habit of running with his little dorg Midget to lead him and keep him on the track. Hoping this finds you in your 'customed health, I have



the honor to subscribe mysell, your obegent servant, the goose being still high, Jabez Washington Polkberry.

"Well, Podhardy was pretty mad and wrote and told him that it was a foot race and not a dorg chase. But the feller wrote back a sort of begging letter, saying it had been the custom since the year one for blind men to be led by little dorgs, and he thought it was pretty hard that he couldn't have no show because he'd been patriotic and got out and fit and helped lick them British and Hezzians and bloody Injuns and got his sight damaged. Podhardy needn't be afraid of Midget, 'cause he was gentle and wouldn't hurt a flea, which could be proved, he always having some sound ones on him; and besides, he'd agree to double muzzle the dorg and pay ten dollars if he bit. And then he was Uncle Pod's obegent servant again, with the goose higher than ever.

"Well, this was too much for Podhardy and he give in, and they fixed up the articles of agreement. Polkberry wrote in the section about the dorg:

> "'Whereas, the party of the second part, being defective of vision from handling them British, our naitteral enemies, rough at Landy's Lane, New Orleans, Washington and wherever they showed their Hydray heads dooring the late war, therefore be it resolved, and it hereby is resolved, and made a part of this indenture and instrument, namely, to wit: That he be allowed to be led by his dorg Midget, the said party of the second part being attached to the said dorg Midget by a string, cord, twine or other ligiment; and it being further covenanted and agreed that the said dorg Midget shall be double muzzled to protect the legs of the party of the first part, and his nails clipped.'

"Well, the articles of agreement was signed and the stakes deposited with Judge Peters, of the Orphans' Court, neither of the parties, it appeared on careful investigation, having parents living; and the Judge also agreeing to hold Pod's pipe and watch out for the girls, so everything was ready. The race had been sot for county fair day, and Podhardy went into training and got out on the track every morning and practiced, leaving his ile can behind the fence. Of course we didn't know anything about the other's running, but Podhardy making it every morning a second or two better, and we also being in favor of encouraging home industries, we all got ready to bet on him.

"Polkberry hadn't appeared up to twenty minutes before the time for the race to be called and Podhardy was getting pretty nervous, not wanting to take the race by default. But five minutes later we seen a little old dried-up party wearing big bloo goggles toddling along from the deepot, hold of the arm of a big young feller wearing spurs and a belt with a gun in it which looked as if it had been used at the battle of New Orleans and had been growing ever since. Biggest feller and heftiest personal weepin *I* ever seen. There was a little wad of a dorg tagging along behind and the old gent carried a cane and kept swinging it around; and the feller had a covered basket on his arm big as a bale of hay.

"We seen who it must be, and I, as chairman of the Reception Committee, went up to him and says I: 'Old man, do I have the honor to address Jabez Washington Polkberry, Esquire?' 'You do, me boy, you do,' squeaks the old gent; 'but, alars! I cannot behold your face, owing to my defective vision, got on them tremenjous battlefields.' 'And who might this party with the artillery be?' says I. 'Lemmy interjuce him—my little great-grandson Frankie,' says he. 'Howdy, Frankie,' says I, reaching up and shaking a hand like a sugar-cured ham; 'wot might you have in the crate, Frankie—cotton bale?' 'Just my baggage,' pipes the old man, 'just

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my track fixings—blankets, shoes, toe-weights and such truck. Show us the way to the track, me boy—I must uphold the credit of old Arkansawr.' And about this time we noticed several strangers on the grounds wearing boot-leg mostly, though they had on some gun; and they was all anxious to bet on Polkberry and we 'commodated 'em, it being plain as a pikestaff that he wa'n't in Podhardy's class a-tall as a runner.

"'Well, when we'd bet all the money we had we led Polkberry over to the track and he give his cane to the Judge and changed his shoes and took a pull out of a black bottle. Then Podhardy come out and I interjuced 'em. They shook hands, and says the stranger: 'He, he, me boy; glad to meet you at last. I can tell from your grip that you've got the right stuff in you. All ready, me boy! Toe the scratch! Keep off the track! Pity the poor, old, blind man!' And Frankie opened the other side of the basket and the old scoundrel grabbed a piece of rope, and a dog as big as a yearling calf jumped out and come down so he shook the track, his stub tail standing straight up and two muzzles on him made out of bird cages.

"'Wot—*wot* is that?' yelled Podhardy.

"'That—*that* is my dorg Midget,' says Polkberry.

"'But I thought he was a little dorg!'

"'Them articles don't say nothing about his size. That's my dorg Midget. Get out of the way! Pity the blind man!'

"'But where's that little dorg I seen with you?'

"'Don't know nothing 'bout him. I ain't responsible for stray dorgs that take a notion to foller me.'

"'Fraud! Fraud!' yells Podhardy.

"'That's my dorg Midget that I'm to run with,' says Polkberry, calm. 'Is it not so nomernated in the bond?'

"Well, you peg-diggled old hippopotamus!' says Podhardy, unable to articulate more.

"'This is no fit time for personalities,' says Polkberry. 'Clear the track! All ready, Midget!' And all the time little Frankie leaning on the basket, careless like, his hand sort of caressing the butt end of that ordnance.

"'All right—I'll run the old scoundrel!' says Podhardy.

"'Pity the blind man—sic 'em, Midget!' yells Polkberry, and away they went, Podhardy making more gravel fly than he ever made before in his life. But, jimminy-joe! he didn't make enough fly, not by ten tons. That there blame' dorg just put down his head and doubled up and straightened out, and doubled up and straightened out, and that confounded old skeesicks just froze to the rope and touched his toes along on the ground once in a while, merely to steady himself in the air; and poor little Frankie legging it behind, carrying that cannon in one hand and the articles of agreement in the other.

"Of course there was nothing for Judge Peters to do but pass the money over to Polkberry, and he counted it, careful, and kicked on one bill 'cause it was counterfeit and got a good one in place of it. And then them two jayhawkers walked away, the old gent carrying his cane over his shoulder, and Frankie toting his gun up under his chin, and Midget with his tail p'inted a little forward of straight up. And after we had paid our bets them strangers wandered off, too; and then we happened to think of Podhardy. We looked around and found him lying on his back on the ground, his toes just fluttering feebly.

"'Old man,' says I, 'it is done.'

"He still had strength to answer. 'Thou speakest trooth,' says he; 'so am I. Did the Arkansawyer take also my pipe? Was it so nomernated in the bond?'

"We seen that the shock had temporarily upset his mind, so we give him his pipe and carried him to his home."

Chestnut Culture

By René Bache

THE growing of chestnuts for market is the newest agricultural industry, and promises to be a source of great profit to the growers who have been far-seeing enough to go into it. Hitherto the chestnut has been regarded in this country as a wild crop, and the notion of improving it by grafting and reducing it to domestication, as it were, is as yet a novelty. Already, however, the cultivated chestnuts are being offered for sale in considerable quantities, and there is a steady demand for them on account of their larger size, and at high prices. Thus the business of producing them has been stimulated, and a good many large groves of grafted trees are now to be found in Pennsylvania and other Eastern States, as well as in California. The soil of Pennsylvania seems to be specially well adapted for this purpose.

There never has been any question of the fact that the Yankee chestnut is by far the finest in the world, none of the foreign varieties comparing with it in point of flavor. But the latter have a great advantage in respect to size, and for that reason efforts have been made during the last few years to graft the big French marron and the still larger Japanese chestnut upon American stocks. The Japanese chestnut is the largest in the world, being nearly twice as big as the marron. It was introduced into the United States about 1876, and the variety is propagated readily here by planting the nuts. The tree bears early and grafts readily.

Experiments in cross-grafting with the marron have been very satisfactory. This variety, which is largely grown in Spain, Italy and Portugal, as well as in France, was introduced originally from Asia Minor into Europe by way of Greece. It is as large as a fair-sized horse-chestnut, but decidedly inferior in flavor to the American chestnut. It grows well in this country, and many orchards of marrons are now to be found in the central States along the Atlantic and as far west as the Mississippi River. In fact, the marron will soon become fairly plentiful as a native crop. It is not new in this country, having been produced on this side of the water early in the present century.



—a dog as big as a yearling calf jumped out

As yet, of course, the quantity of cultivated chestnuts brought to market is relatively small and they are bought up with such avidity, as one might say, that one rarely sees any of them. However, it is not the marrons or the Japanese nuts that are wanted, but American chestnuts of superior size, whether produced by cross-grafting or otherwise. Wonderful things have been accomplished by cross-fertilizing the marron and native chestnut, using the pollen of one to impregnate the blossoms of the other. At a recent show of the National Pomological Association in Washington nothing excited so much attention as a plate containing four huge open burrs, in each of which were four gigantic chestnuts. These nuts were a cross between the American and the marron. It is coming to be realized that there is as sure a profit in a chestnut grove as in an orchard of apples or pears, and the time will soon arrive when the wild nuts will cut a very small figure in the market. When it is understood that a single tree in full bearing will yield a profit of forty to fifty dollars a year under favorable circumstances, intelligent growers will go into the business.

Along a narrow belt in this country, in Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and the mountains of Virginia, are found wild chestnuts nearly as big as the marron. They are, in fact, as large as small horse-chestnuts, and the reason why one never sees them in the market is obvious, the supply being very limited. Some of them measure as much as an inch and a half in diameter and their flavor is exquisite. Grafts from the trees produce admirable results, and it has been strongly recommended by the Department of Agriculture that they be utilized. On the other hand, we have a dwarf chestnut called the chinkapin, which is more or less abundant on sandy knolls and hillsides along the Atlantic seaboard from Delaware to Northern Florida and westward across Pennsylvania to eastern Texas. It is small, but very sweet and delicious, and experiments in grafting the European and Japanese varieties upon it have been most successful. Some chinkapins, indeed, are as big as good-sized chestnuts.

In France, where chestnuts are widely grown, they have come to play an important part in the dietaries of the poor. A common way of preparing them is to remove the shells and steam them, when they may be eaten with salt or milk, furnishing a cheap and nutritious food.

Thus prepared, they are sold hot in the streets, and form a popular dish for the working classes.

Large quantities of them also are dried and ground to flour, which may be kept for some time without deteriorating. This flour, mixed with water and baked in thin sheets, forms a heavy, but sweet and nutritious cake which is highly esteemed.

In Italy the use of chestnuts as an article of food supply is very general. They are eaten as a substitute for corn-meal in the national dish called "polenta"—a form of porridge greatly liked by the poorer people. A common delicacy in the Apennines is "necci," which are flat cakes of chestnut-flour and water, baked between flat stones.

In Korea the chestnut is said to take almost the place which the potato occupies with us, being consumed raw, boiled, roasted, cooked with meat, or dried whole, as may be preferred by the eaters.

Recently in Italy some very interesting experiments have been made and the results tabulated in regard to the digestive and nutritive properties of chestnuts. One man was fed upon them for several days, taking no other food. The conclusion reached was that chestnuts, contrary to the popular impression, are very digestible and one of the most nutritious of food substances. They contain much more starch and much less oil than other kinds of common nuts.

Now and then a chestnut twig is found which has a series of burrs all along it, instead of the usual two or three that dangle together. This means that all the blossoms along the "spike" which bears the burrs have been fertilized by the pollen, whereas ordinarily only two or three of them are thus impregnated. Experts of the Department of Agriculture think that if some grafts of this unusual kind of growth can be secured, possibly the producing power of chestnut trees may be multiplied.

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

THE great Lady Montagu is credited with having said: "It goes far toward reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one." As clever and bitter a remark as was ever made against my own sex, and one that I am always moved to resent. I feel convinced that even if the witty Montagu could have looked on Page upon her wedding day she would have recanted on the spot, for Page has, during the past week, become the Marquise de Courcelles.

After all, I did not have things all my own way as I thought I should at this wedding. I had planned that the cherubic rector of St. John's Church should bless the alliance, but alas! I had reckoned without my host in the shape of the bridegroom himself, for I found that Alain de Courcelles, when he arrived, was determined that the utmost quiet and simplicity should mark the occasion because of his recent bereavement, and, secondly, I had not taken into the account that there would have to be two ceremonies—a civil one and a religious one.

But when it came to the wedding breakfast I was in my glory, for it was delightfully select, being made up almost exclusively of the Diplomatic Corps, with a few high dignitaries and officials of the Capital. I got in a few revengeful strokes on some one or two of the smart set by omitting them from the invitation list. As for Jules and the wedding feast, I never saw anything more beautiful than the dishes which he prepared. On the morning of the wedding, at rather an unearthly hour, I noticed Jules, in his peaked white cap, peering very anxiously up at the soft May sky. He wore so anxious a look that I feared some dire mishap had befallen him in the way of failure of some one of his masterpieces, and that he was invoking the aid of Heaven in consequence. I asked quickly:

"What are you looking for, Jules? I hope nothing has gone amiss with any of your arrangements?"

"Oh, no, madame; I look at ze sky to see if it haf ze smile. Ze day should be wizout ze cloud, like ze Hill of Olympe. It should be happy like ze face of mademoiselle."

I was relieved; Jules was merely anxious for the bride to have a fair day, but I wondered what he could possibly know about the Hill of Olympus. I felt, however, that his part in the day would be performed in splendid shape, but I was by no means so sure of Robert or of Cousin Melinda. Robert began the day by waxing sarcastic on the subject of the formality and ceremony to be observed, and I fear that my temper had become a trifle ruffled, for I snapped him into subjection by inviting him to take himself out of the house until he should be wanted. He replied with mock meekness:

"I suppose, Agatha, that in inviting me to take myself out of the way you must be working along on the plan of that wise old saw that 'Ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance?'"

I had to smile, but I reminded him that I was not alone in thinking all this despised ceremony necessary. I said severely:

"Goldsmith says, Robert, that neither politics nor religion should be divested of ceremony, and that all ranks should be impressed with a sense of subordination, whether it be effected by a diamond buckle, a virtuous edict, a sumptuary law or a glass necklace."

I had scarcely got rid of Robert when I encountered Cousin Melinda, who was inspecting the final work of the decorators who had had possession of the house for twenty-four hours. I said enthusiastically:

"Isn't everything beautiful?"

"Y-e-s," she replied doubtfully, "but I don't like those outlandish colors being woven into the decorations over there. I think they spoil the rest. Anyhow, it is not nearly so handsome as our town hall in Spruce City was the night the Trades Unions gave their banquet to the Mayor."

I was in despair. After all my effort, to be compared to the Trades Union banquet out in Spruce City!

"But, cousin, that decoration over there which you object to is the tricolor of France. This wedding is an international one, and you know that Alain de Courcelles is a descendant of Lafayette. And we all honor Lafayette."

"You don't say so! If he's really one of the 'Lay-fayette' family why that makes him almost an American. But really, Agatha, I should much rather have had a big wedding cake built up high, with a sugar candy bride and groom on the top of it, than all those little satin boxes with only a scrap of cake inside. It looks to me kind of skimpy."

However, outside of Robert's and Cousin Melinda's remarks the wedding arrangements met with nothing but praise, and what with the presence of Mr. Cambon, the French Ambassador, and Lord Pauncefote, together with all the other Embassies and Legations and the magnificent flowers from the Executive Mansion, I felt that my social cup was full. In looking back over my arduous season,-in which I had worked more hours out of the twenty-four and far harder than any day laborer, I felt, in contemplating this crowning effort, that I had succeeded, and that, as the French say, "I had arrived."

When all was over, with every guest departed and the bride gone, I drove over to Fort Myer to see the wonderful exhibition drill by the cavalry stationed there. The President had ordered this special drill in honor of Governor Roosevelt, and the occasion was brilliant in every sense of the word. I tried to inveigle Robert into going with me, but no, he pleaded committee work and betook himself back to the Capitol. Truth is; Robert detests my carriages, and I accuse him of being in awe of the coachman and footman. At any rate, he will not drive in state with me, but prefers to jump on and off the democratic street car instead. But if Robert would not go, I at least dragooned Senator P—— into attending me, and thither we drove early in the afternoon. As every one of my Diplomatic guests, together with all the other big-wigs who had been at the wedding, also were guests at this drill, it seemed like a brilliant prolongation of the wedding festivity.



When you talk about John Tyler Morgan, my son, you are talking about a man in the fullest sense of what the word means

We arrived just a little before the Presidential party and long before the guest of honor put in an appearance. Indeed, the Rough Rider Governor was distinctly late in coming, and, therefore, some of the ceremony of his greeting had to be dispensed with, but he looked as smiling as possible, though a trifle red in the face as though from undue haste.

It must have been considerable satisfaction to him to know that at least during this one afternoon of his stay in Washington he was safe from the political newsmonger. For there could be no possible chance for anybody to take his eyes off the exciting feats going on in the tanbark ring long enough to spy upon him, and to wonder if, after all his denials, he did not have a Vice-Presidential boom stowed away in his pocket somewhere out of sight, or whether in his brief, smiling greeting to the President he had not communicated a sort of "Barkis is willin'" state of mind, or that his nod to the Secretary of War or smile to the Honorable Perry Heath did not indicate some deep political understanding.

The exhibition was given in the big drill hall and the guests were received by the commanding officer, Major Kingsbury, and when the President and Mrs. McKinley entered the hall the band struck up that tune of all tunes, Hail to the Chief, which I am convinced could not be pronounced by the most indulgent musical critic to be "little dew-drops of celestial melody." If I were the President of the United States I would issue a royal ukase that no band in the military service of the country should ever again strike up a bar of Hail to the Chief, under penalty of death. If a "song will outlive all sermons in the memory," as some one says, why I am sure that this ugly ditty will do the same, though perhaps not for the same cause.

The exhibition drill was simply the most wonderful thing I ever saw. It would make the Cossack and the cowboy seem hopeless clods on horseback. Promptly at the sound of a bugle-call the doors were swung open and Troop G, in command of Captain Hardie, the celebrated drill-master, rode in. They were put through every manœuvre that a soldier is required to know in his training with his horse. There were fancy drills and sword exercise, and this part of the program was concluded with the entire command being drawn up in front of the Commander-in-Chief with sabres held at salute, which the President responded to by standing with uplifted hat. This was followed by a detachment from Troop I riding in without coats or hats, with blankets in lieu of saddles, and going through the most thrilling feats of mounting and dismounting in full gallop, jumping hurdles and almost flying from one horse to another and to the ground and back while the animals were in the air going over obstructions.

This exhibition of hurdle-jumping was concluded by the horses jumping in pairs, then by fours, then by eights, and, as a climax, in half troop fronts. One most exciting thing was when a dozen troopers rode to the centre of the tanbark and, making their horses lie down, knelt behind them, the rest of them riding like Indians in a mad circle around them pouring in a hot fusillade of shots.

The enthusiasm of the distinguished guests knew no bounds, and Governor Teddy was the most enthusiastic of the whole assemblage. It seemed to me that this tanbark had stretched out into boundless plains and that I was looking upon a veritable attack and repulse. I felt as though I had been through an Indian campaign of thumb-nail proportions.

When it was all over the Senator returned with me to town, and I persuaded him to remain and dine with us and talk over with Robert the political situation and the prospects for adjournment. During the talk Robert boasted that so far as the House was concerned, it had its business so well in hand that it could adjourn almost any day.

"Yes," said the Senator shaking his head, "I have heard that talk before about early June adjournments, and I am not wholly convinced that Congress will get away before the Philadelphia Convention. I am convinced, however, of one thing, that, should we have to stay here till after the Philadelphia Convention, we Republicans would not be willing in that event to adjourn till after the Kansas City Convention."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "what wit would there be in staying here into July?"

Editor's Note—This series will be brought to a conclusion in the next number of The Saturday Evening Post.

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"Why, Agatha," broke in Robert, "the reason of that would be that we'd want to be sure of what they meant to do at Kansas City, and we might want to assail them by legislation, or offset them in some way, so we should hold on."

"Mercy, what a conscienceless set of schemers you all are!" I exclaimed in disgust.

"Oh, well," laughed the Senator half cynically, "it is a well-known fact that so far as conscience goes in these matters, 'no one has any conscience but the onlooker.'"

"And, by the way, Senator P——," said Robert, "I heard that fine old fellow, Senator Morgan, announce very emphatically that he would not attend the Kansas City Convention. He tells me that he never goes to a convention. He considers, he says, that conventions violate one of the very fundamental principles of the Constitution, in that they virtually repeal that very wise provision which looks to the election of our Presidents by a body of chosen electors, very much as Senators are provided to be chosen by the State Legislatures instead of by the people directly. Conventions, he says, by nominating candidates for the Presidency, take away from the electors that freedom of choice which it was the intention to provide, so that instead of the electors choosing the President they merely record the will of the conventions expressed in advance. There is much force in his view," Robert went on, "for look at the present situation. One convention has nominated Debs; another has nominated Barker; another Bryan, and there are yet to be heard from the Democratic Convention, the Republican Convention, and Heaven knows how many more, so that, in the immortal query of the Alabama Congressman, we are tempted to ask, 'Where are we at?'"

"Yes," said the Senator, "there is force in Morgan's statement. When you talk about John Tyler Morgan, any way, you are talking about a man in the fullest sense of what the word means. You know, perhaps, that he is a descendant of the last Virginia President, John Tyler? Well, he is a wonder! He is one of the ablest lawyers in the Senate, and as far as an expounder of the Constitution goes he could knock the whole Foreign Relations Committee out with one hand tied behind his back. He is one of the best talkers we have ever had in the Chamber. He is terse, lucid and musical. He never pauses for a word but seems always to have the most fitting one ready. When he first came to the Senate, like all Southerners, he had but one viewpoint of the Constitution. After he had been here a while he began to study all the questions that arose from both points of view, from the standpoint of North as well as South. He made an exhaustive study of all our famous Northern statesmen and their methods of thought, with the result that Morgan is a tremendous factor in legislation."

"He is making a gallant fight for this Canal bill, and it was a signal triumph for him to get it out of committee and favorably reported, but he meets powerful opposition."

"Oh, well," replied the Senator, "he's one of those men of whom Emerson speaks, who 'rise refreshed on hearing of a threat, men to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyzes the majority comes graceful and beloved as a bride.'"

"When is the finale to be reached in the Clark case?" asked I, rather irrelevantly.

"Well," said the Senator, "I think we may look for some startling conclusion either one way or another pretty soon."

The Senator when he made this remark did not dream what a sensational dénouement was to be sprung in the Senate. On the day that had been appointed for Mr. Chandler to press his resolution declaring Mr. Clark's seat vacant, I went up to the Senate prepared to enjoy a stormy scene, but instead of a scene there was a bolt out of a clear sky—one that left the astute Mr. Chandler completely dumb and outwitted.

A spirited contest was evidently expected, for every Senator was at his desk and there was an atmosphere of waiting everywhere apparent. No sooner was the morning hour over than Mr. Clark arose from his desk and began to address the Chair in a quiet, though tense, voice. Scarcely had his first words been uttered when it seemed to me that half the Senators on the floor crossed over to his side of the chamber where they could breathlessly follow his even, quiet words. He began with a vigorous and sharp arraignment of the committee's action and report and followed with an explanation of political and business affairs in Montana, making a complete denial of any and all charges which have been made against him.

His entire address was accorded an eager attention, rare even in the Senate, and throughout Mr. Chandler's face wore a grim and sardonic smile. It was not until Mr. Clark reached the closing remarks that he evinced any emotion, and this was when he adverted to his desire to hand down to his children a name untarnished by even the hint of disgrace. There was a pause here in his remarks, and there was a profound hush all over the Chamber, then quickly the Montana Senator resumed his remarks and announced that he had tendered his resignation. This announcement was such a shock that it created a buzz and stir all over the Chamber which drowned the speaker's voice.

Then followed a most remarkable demonstration which seemed to me altogether out of harmony with the supposed opposition to the Senator from Montana, for almost the entire Senate irrespective of party crowded around him, and he was given an ovation such as I never saw accorded to any man in that Chamber before, and the Chair made no effort to control the demonstration. The Senate was only recalled to itself finally by Mr. Chandler's announcement that the resolution relating to Mr. Clark would go over until the next day.

But this remarkable political drama was not to end here, for before the Senate had digested this dramatic performance came the news over the wire of the appointment of Mr. Clark to fill the vacancy his own resignation had created. Could anything have been more complete in the way of rout than this to the chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections?

I was talking with Robert and Senator P—— and asked what the Senate could do about it.

"I don't see what we can do; what we shall try to do is another matter, but Chandler will no doubt object to Clark's being sworn in on these new credentials. He will probably have the papers referred to our committee and there try to bury them until the session comes to an end. He will hope by this means to keep Mr. Clark out of the Senate and thus have the last throw of the dice."

"But has he the power? Can he do all this?"

"No, I'm inclined to think he cannot. If Chandler had as ample power to manage the Senate as he has ample will to do, perhaps he could succeed in ousting Clark, but ample will and ample wit won't do it alone. There are several of us, notably Frye and Allison, who think, with me, that Clark has us in a tight place. This *coup* of his was brilliant, and for the life of me I cannot but think we are outwitted and that we would do well to make the best of it."

"Well, for my part," said I, "it seems to me to be only a trick, and in keeping with the whole proceeding from start to finish. It would seem as though a Senatorship nowadays was put up to the highest bidder, and that the old saying is clearly borne out that 'when a king creates an office, Providence at once creates a fool to buy it.'"

The Reward *of the* Systematic

By Oliver Otis Howard

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. ARMY (RETIRED)

HOW familiar to every New England schoolboy were the lines of Alexander Pope:

"Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

As they were used in our school for paraphrasing and parsing, when as a lad I began my English grammar, they impressed me, like an old proverb by which one of Dickens' characters was accustomed to regulate his life.

Of course, it goes without saying that, to a child, arrangement is a most important idea, to be so imbedded in the mind that it works and controls him, till method shall show itself in whatever he undertakes. Perhaps the mother's proverbial phrase is more nearly universal than any other: "My son, have a place for everything and everything in its place." His dog, his bobby-horse, his picture-book and his playthings generally must find their corner by bedtime. The cap, mittens, comforter and shoes ever have their chosen closet. None of us forgets how she exemplified and enforced her lessons in this respect, particularly when there were several children in the same small house.

This course faithfully followed at our house early produced in me a habit of order. Every member of our family seemed to come to it most naturally. For my wonderment and imitation, my grandfather, my father and my mother had a place for nearly every article of personal use, and they had neatness and arrangement in all places for the common use of the family. The parlor, the sitting-room, the kitchen, the pantry, the chambers and the cellar were never wanting in an order which was seldom modified or altered. The same principle extended to everything in the barn, the stable and the outbuildings, and, in fact, to the entire farm. The fences, both rail and stone-walls, the gateways and the field-bars, as I remember them, seemed to understand the will of the master and kept themselves in prime condition. Herein, I believe, is a secret of New England training—the orderly training of boys and girls. As I now recall the old schoolhouse, there was a like attention on the part of the teacher to the same principle. His own desk, with a variety of books, was always trim, and the scholars were required to be careful of their books and to put them away when not in use.

Captain Hardie, the celebrated drill-master



At the Military Academy there has always been a strict adherence to the idea of the supreme necessity of order. The body itself, after the arrival of a new cadet, who used to be called a "plebe" or sometimes only a "thing," is taken charge of by some senior official and moulded; the shoulders raised, the chest brought out, the back straightened, the limbs developed and the pace changed. To see him for the first few months a stranger has an idea of a mere automaton. And, indeed, there is soon such a perfection of form and rigidity of posture preserved in sitting and in walking, at all times when the "plebe" is under observance, that an ordinary civilian cannot help laughing at this painful exhibition of discipline; yet that very process in time gives dignity of deportment, fineness of form, strength of muscle and the perfection of health.

In the cadet-room one sees, when inspection is made, a singular regularity and completeness in all the furniture and belongings of the occupants. The mattress is folded at the head of the single bedstead, all washing arrangements present tidiness; each spike knows its accoutrement, and each rack its rifle; the very shoes have arranged themselves in perfect alignment under the foot of the bed, and every article in the open shelves somehow makes itself square with other articles with even edges. Here at the Military Academy there is no elective process. It often seems to me that the cadet's head must be primarily divided into just so many compartments, and the appropriate compartment subsequently assigned to a given professor, picked to fill it with his best teaching. Order touches the divisions of time and the divisions of labor, mental and physical, and also adheres to all Government processes.

The elaborate system which regulates the conduct of cadets by merit and demerit is very remarkable, and bears hard upon them; yet by the use of it wholesome method and effective habits of regularity and order have been secured. Of course, no moral or ethical instruction can absolutely construct an honest or godly man. Each individual soul must deal with his own great Master, and stand or fall according to the approval of an enlightened conscience; yet I think that the regularity of good moral and ethical teaching produces habits of life and conduct in young men which make them really strong, when they choose to step upward from plane to plane. There are such noble characters who are now devoting themselves to our country's service and standing fearlessly on the front line of duty. Some we know have given their lives to maintain the honor of the flag and the integrity of the Republic.

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The Training of a University Crew

By Ralph D. Paine

Yale University Crew '91, '92, '93

S-L-O-W, up! Steady, all together—heave—heave! Watch your feather, Bow; you're behind, Five. Only a few strokes to the finish—show your sand and give her ten good ones. Now—one—two—three, heave, steady, four—five—lift her, everybody! V-a-a-s-t!"

It is the last pull against time over the four-mile course before the University race.

"Fastest time of the year," the coach whispers to his assistant. "Within twenty seconds of the record. They'll do!"

Three days later another four-mile pull brings victory, perhaps, and reward for infinite toil. This is the only part of the rowing man's career of which the public sees anything—this brilliant and fleeting climax of a half year's daily grind and sacrifice.

Nine Months' Work for Twenty Minutes' Racing

A championship University eight is the most perfect exhibition of trained muscular skill and delicacy, with complete harmony of interaction, evolved in the stress of athletic competition. The preparation for the twenty minutes of racing in June begins in the previous autumn with light rowing and exercise for veterans and recruits. The "heavy work" for the season does not start until the term opens early in January.

The squad which responds to the first call of the captain is oddly assorted. The old men who will form the nucleus of the eight have a distinctive swagger that is the despair of the novice. Next in point of promise are the members of the Freshman crew of the year before, from which some good material is usually hammered out. There are "hangovers" who have tried before, and many green candidates altogether in the rough. Saddest sight to a knowing observer is the crowd of Freshmen, sublime in their optimism, who "intend to make the crew for the sake of the folks." They come in all sizes, some of them so willowy that when pronounced too light to row they promptly try for the coxswainship, determined to be somewhere in the race.

The first week of training is a rheumatic nightmare even to the old men. Relaxed muscles stiffen and seem to warp in hard knots after long disuse. The work is therefore increased gradually until, at the end of the first fortnight, the daily program leaves tender Freshmen hanging exhausted over the fences of distant countrysides. The squad reports at four o'clock in the afternoon, and bounds out from the gymnasium in sweaters, rowing tights, long stockings and easy shoes, for a run of from four to eight miles. Out into the country the long line winds at a brisk trot, until the bracing air becomes precious to the laggards whose lungs are hard pressed. Usually one or two broad-beamed youths whom Nature did not build for running, trail rearward, amid prodigious puffing, grunting and stumbling. A few of these spins weed out the weaklings without need of mandate from the captain.

Preparation in the Gym and in the Tank

The squad returns to the gymnasium damp and wilted. A larger measure of anguish is in store for them. Now comes a series of calisthenic exercises for developing the arms, back and legs. With arms above the head, the men bend back, *à la* serpentine, and then forward, bringing the hands down until they touch the floor without bending the knees. This is a sometime feat in parlor entertaining, but try it, if you please, seventy-five times, as fast as you can, after a little jog of half a dozen miles with the bulk of your work ahead of you. Next, stand erect and squat as low as possible, straighten again, down and up, forty times the minute for two minutes.

If you still thirst for work, lie on the floor with your hands clasped beneath you, and, keeping the legs straight, raise them to the perpendicular and let them down again as many times as the foregoing schedule calls for.

All this is by way of preparation for the daily row in the tank, which as an instrument of torture should be shown with the Nuremburg relics. In this contrivance the boat is stationary, and the water is rowed past. A similar effect of never getting anywhere after tremendous effort may be gained by heaving lustily at one's boot straps.

The tank is divided in the middle by a narrow box rigged with eight outriggers and sliding seats, and is almost surrounded by about two feet of extraordinary dense water, which is forced round and round by the sweep of the oars. The blades are whittled down and a small section cut out of them to lessen the heavy drag of the water. A very slow stroke must be rowed because of this resistance, and only the foundation principles of blade, body and slide work can be taught by this makeshift which would move a galley-slave driver to pity.

A remarkable improvement was one day noticed in the rowing of a sluggish Freshman candidate. He tore his oar through the water of the tank with such amazing dash and vigor that he seemed always to be several strokes ahead of his laboring fellows. Investigation revealed that the intelligent tyro had sought the tank under cover of darkness and whittled out the hole in his oar blade until he might as well have been rowing with a picture frame.

An Impromptu Tank Drama

For two days of the Junior Promenade week at Yale the rowing-tank room is crowded with "Prom" girls and their escorts. This causes an alarming expansion of chest measure among the proud and callow neophytes, but the veteran assumes to be bored by this intrusion into business hours. So closely were the visitors packed along the unguarded edge, one afternoon, that a Washington belle was crowded into the surging waters. The oarsmen had often debated their course of action in the event of such a catastrophe. They arose, as one man, clasped their hands above their heads and dove fearlessly into the depths, two feet in the deepest soundings. They accomplished a multitudinous and thoroughly dramatic rescue, and furnished a genuine "tank drama."

That the afternoon's work of the early season is severe is shown by the losses in weight. In the two and a half hours of daily exercise the average loss is four pounds, and I have known men to drop seven pounds in this short time. Food and sleep return nearly all of this weight within twenty-four hours—a remarkable example of Nature's recuperative powers. Even after six months of arduous training, when men are supposed to have reached the limit of "fineness," contestants in the four-mile race will drop three and four pounds within a little more than twenty minutes of the heart-breaking struggle.

When the ice leaves the river or harbor late in February, the long runs and the indoor toil are done and the heavy working barge is taken out. The first day on the water marks an epoch in the annals of the season. More than likely the wind is freezing cold, and the spray turns to ice whenever it strikes oar, brace or bare, red knees. The coach, bundled in sweaters into the semblance of a Polar bear, sits in the coxswain's seat, and the eight men who are picked as the "first crew" pull the barge for two or three miles, making rather bad work of it after their practice in the staid and pacific tank.

Perhaps, as has happened more than once, a submerged oyster stake rips the boat's bottom, and the shivering castaways have to shoulder their oars, splash ashore, breaking the thin ice beyond the channel and run miles to the boathouse. But one seldom catches cold at this sort of matinée, and it is rather jolly to talk about after a brisk rubdown.

The Beginning of Social Life for the Squad

With the first of March the training-table is started. For the next four months the men must not eat or drink anything at any time except at the table, smoking is barred, and bedtime is ten thirty o'clock. The fare is no longer raw beef and dry bread as in the old and barbarous days, but a pleasant variety of wholesome food is provided in astonishing quantities. The social life of the season begins with the training-table. A dozen thoroughly manly fellows, the pick of a great University for intelligence, pluck and strength, thrown intimately together, and bound by the strongest ties of common toil and a common aim, cannot fail to get much that is good and pleasant out of such intercourse.

As soon as the sluggish barge is exchanged for the skittish racing shell, every stroke counts for the race. The old coaches begin to flock back and perch on the bow of the swift launch every afternoon, rain or shine, calm or blow. The pleasure of rowing is first tasted in these balmy spring days. Often the shell does not leave the boathouse until the wind dies with the sun, and the oarsmen stretch out on the float and doze and tan and lazily talk shop, superbly content in the perfection of physical fitness.

To coax the fractious creature of a shell to be steady on its bottom is no slight task in itself. This frail dish is sixty feet long and only twenty-four inches wide, and the most delicate handling is required of the twelve-foot oars and the eight heavy and continually shifting bodies to bring harmony and speed. There are sixty odd things one can do wrong in rowing one stroke, and the wobble of a knee, the "cocking" of a blade or the slightest break in time will destroy the rhythm of the swing or cripple the stride. Rowing has been compared in delicacy of touch and harmony of action to the response of a well-trained orchestra to the baton of the leader.

The Appearance of the Rival Crew at Red Top

May slips into June and the crew and coaches with a household brigade of cooks, waiters and followers migrate to New London and the Thames, the battleground of glorious history. Three weeks remain before the race, and the crimson flag flies from the Harvard quarters at Red Top, while the blue banner of Yale ripples defiance over the cottage at Gales Ferry. One day's routine is like the others. "Ha' pas' six, Captain," shouts the darky waiter in the first room he enters. "Ha' pas' six, number sebben," in the next, and so on until the heavy-headed household is in action. In ten minutes the cheery voice of the captain calls, "All ready," and in white flannels and sweaters the squad tumbles out into the cool, sweet air of the early June morning.

As they stride up the country road the joy of living comes to them in the bracing draughts of morning air and the pervasive vigor of their condition; brain cleared of cobwebs, muscles that stand out clean and beautiful under skins burnt black, and young blood running free after ten hours of dreamless slumber. For two miles the captain leads the way and back to the quarters and breakfast.

The eight gets out late in the forenoon, and again in the cool of the late afternoon. Several years ago this was accomplished only after manœuvring so that the substitutes of the rival crew might not dog the practice with stop-watches and field-glasses, it being their business to scurry madly in chase in a pair-oar shell, like gigantic water-spiders. A masterly stroke of strategy occasionally baffled this espionage, now sensibly discarded.

One afternoon, I remember, the Yale Freshmen were dressed in "Y," or University jerseys, and caps, and sent over the first mile of the course. The Crimson "subs" chased them furiously while the bona-fide University eight sneaked up river and round measured distances unnoticed. During that same week the Yale coaches were anxious to send the crew over the four-mile course without allowing Harvard to catch the time. The conditions were perfect late in the day, but the substitutes from Red Top lay off Gales Ferry and calmly waited for the enemy. At the usual hour the dark blue crew swung its shell into the water and pulled up the river, away from the course. At an easy stroke they jogged for two miles and down again, then paddled up to the float and carried the shell into the boathouse. Presently a string of unclothed athletes ran to the edge of the float, jumped overboard, splashed buckets of water over one another and ostentatiously fought for bath towels. The captain sung out, "Hurry up for supper, fellows," and the spies paddled down to Red Top and put up their boat. Half an hour later the Yale shell shot out across the river into the shadows of the other shore, and

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Mr. W. A. Fraser has written for summer numbers of the magazine a series of most engaging stories of Rod, the Boy, and his friends, the fur-bearing animals of the Northwest. Mr. Fraser knows these dwellers of the forest better than most city folk know their next-door neighbors, and he introduces into his stories a vast mass of entertaining and little-known beast-lore. He explains why Umisk, the Beaver, sleeps with his tail in the water; the habits of Whiskey Jack (whose nest no man ever found); the misfortunes of the Red Widow, and how Pisew, the Lynx, went to the bad.

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The Curtis Publishing Co.

Philadelphia

was off down the course for the fastest time of the season, without evoking a sign of life at the Harvard quarters.

The Machine in Action When the boat is running well the satisfaction of rowing is profound in these finishing days. The eight blades flash out of the water so that, from behind, only one oar can be seen on either side. They go back, fast at first, then coming slowly down to the water until, with the lightning lift of shoulder and arm, they grip the water clean and sharp, while eight backs swing up as one, and eight pairs of lunging thighs finish out the power of the stroke. The handles come in easily and gracefully with the bending of the arm, then shoot away with instant speed. The backs sway forward ever rhythmically, the slides start with the quick jerk of the toes, and then slow down, until, just as arms and back are getting ready for the next stroke, this mass of fourteen hundred weight stops and starts back so carefully that the sensitive shell feels no shock, and shoots along between strokes without stop or jar. Thirty-four times a minute these eight men combine the terrific lift and heave, this delicate finish, lightning recover, and slow, careful slide action all as one harmonious mechanism. It is the poetry of motion.

Nine o'clock at night is welcomed in the quarters. At the captain's "all ready" the white clad company files into the road and stalks spectre-fashion into the country for the bedtime walk of a mile. The night air, laden with the odors of hay-fields and hedge roses, is a wonderful sleeping potion. These last weeks pass swiftly with much hard work, and much that is very pleasant to live and remember, until the last night in quarters looms as an event solemn and tragic.

The Restless Night Before the Big Race There is an unwonted quietude about the house and the men are absent-minded and restless. Even the veteran of three races tosses through an age before sleep comes, and wakens frequently. The man who must row his first race goes over every mile of the struggle again and again, until he is in a fever, and sleeps only by fits and starts. The race is to be rowed at five in the afternoon, and through the interminable day the victims try to read, decide the race by throwing dice, and play "penny ante" with feverish absorption. After luncheon the coaches go to New London to board steamers for the race and the quarters seem deserted.

At half-past four, the thin-faced, bright-eyed athletes are dressed, or rather undressed, sitting in a bunch on the float, waiting for the whistle of the referee's boat over at the start. They are not so nervous now, and sing Jolly Boating Weather until the captain tells them to save their wind.

The racing shell, which has been used only three times in practice, its bottom pot-leaded, is brought out, after the three shrill and fateful toots from the distant yacht. The stern young captain calls his men into the boat-house and says simply:

"If you are licked, I want you to know that I feel every man has done his best — you can't do any more. Get your oars."

Here all is still, and country and river seem asleep, while three miles down the stream thirty thousand people wait tumultuously to see this wisp of a shell.

There is the familiar swing and power to the stroke as the eight pulls easily over to the start, and this inspires nerve and confidence, until they paddle alongside their rivals at the stake-boat and see for the first time that they look formidably strong and businesslike. One glance at the knotted muscles and bulky bodies of the foemen, and the gorgeous observation train unwinds its clamorous length abreast of the waiting crews. Another glimpse aside, and the referee from his yacht shouts, "Harvard, are you ready?" and roars the same question to the tense and straining men from New Haven. There is no reply, and there flashes through each man's mind the things he must keep thinking of. Number Five says to himself, as if in prayer: "Watch your time, start your slide and keep your blade down," and then comes the start.

Swinging Into the Winning Stroke There is a frantic plunge and showers of spray as the oars desperately dig, dig, and the two shells lunge in startled flight down that gleaming four miles that is the end of it all. The men are undergoing little of the complicated mental gymnastics sometimes credited to the oarsmen in the crisis time. Each has his eyes on the neck of the man in front of him, and in his head is drumming the refrain of the faults that he must watch every stroke as, "slow, slow, heave, heave, hands out quicker, don't drop over."

After the first twenty strokes Number Five can see out of the tail of his eye the coxswain of the other crew dropping back; the eight swaying backs come in range one by one and Number Five knows that his boat is a length ahead when the first mile flag flashes by. The lead is increased, the faster crew is going like clockwork, and at the Navy Yard dock, half way down the course, there is enough open water in front of that other toothpick prow to make the leaders think of victory. Rowing is a matter of instinct now, as the shell flies through the long lane of yachts and where the thunder of cannon and the fog of low drifting smoke seem to threaten annihilation to the heroes of the hour.

Praise to the Winners — Credit to the Losers Aching backs are forgotten; Number Five begins to think of the speech he must make at the campus celebration in the evening; he is keenly conscious that he never felt so happy in his life, meantime pulling like a demon. The word is passed from stern to bow to raise the stroke for the final spurt, and up it goes. "Vast," yells the coxswain, as the pier of the railroad bridge flies by and eight half-naked, dripping, crazy young men turn and hug each other, shouting in hoarse gasps, and nearly upset the shell. The victors alone wait to cheer the splendid pluck of the beaten crew, which staggers across the line, and then, broken-hearted, cheers the conquerors in the pitiful ghost of their college slogan. Then they creep back up the Thames to their quarters, to sob in their bitter grief and disappointment, where they can be alone. Joy so keen and sorrow so bitter while they endure do not often come to young men.

But vanquished as well as victor have gained a measure of mental, moral and physical benefit which will stand them in staunch service when dead languages and tortuous mathematics are consigned to the limbo of memory.



A Football Incident in New York

MR. FRANK W. GRAVES, during his newspaper career, witnessed many singular scenes, but the oddest one happened, according to Mr. Graves, in the old days when the big college football teams played their star games on the New York polo grounds on Thanksgiving Day.

On the occasion mentioned Yale and Princeton had played and Yale had won.

Going up Broadway, there walked a dapper young Princeton man and a girl. Going down Broadway at the same moment were eight victorious young Yale men. They were happy, but silent, and they came straight down the street until they spied the Princeton pair.

Then still in silence, moved by a single purpose, the Yale men formed a circle, and as the other pedestrians made way for them they went around and around the Princeton pair. At first the young man was surprised, then angered, and at last he raised his cane and made a dash for liberty, whereupon the Yale men stopped and, without a word, fell upon him as they do in football, quietly, heavily and quickly.

Then, straightening themselves again into a line, the eight Yalesians stopped a moment, and in concert raised their hats to the thoroughly frightened girl, and silently resumed their march down the street.

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

The Bewitched Fiddle*

Mr. Seumas MacManus, who has wisely determined to make hay while the sun of favor is shining warmly upon him, has published a third volume of stories, a very little volume this time of very little stories, mere sketches most of them, trifling yet never insignificant. In his search for material—which may perhaps be running low—he has utilized scraps of folk-lore, old fables, which in various forms have been handed down to us through many generations, and thrice-told tales, like that of the uneaten dinners which were paid for by the jingling of coins. Once, and once only, Mr. MacManus attempts a tale of Irish-American life in New York, and this is the manifest failure of the book. With all the patience in the world, we are growing pardonably weary of variations upon The Christmas Carol. That immortal narrative has begotten a progeny as inexhaustible as the Nile gods. The swift conversion of a hard-hearted miser into a genial and generous sentimentalist is a theme of which writers never weary, and one which they apparently deem true to life and experience. Mr. MacManus believes that the sight of a "ten-cent" Irish flag on St. Patrick's day can change the current of a man's nature and force it into broader channels; but even the Celtic nature—more plastic than the Saxon—has hardened at fifty-three and cannot be so easily remoulded. It took more than a flag and a procession to convert old Scrooge, and we never felt sure of him.

The best stories in the book are those which give us glimpses into sleepy little Irish towns where life drones pleasantly along, unvexed by the tyranny of progress. Aughnadhrin is ideal in its way. What a wealth of leisure belongs to the loungers in its market-place! Every Saturday Mrs. Dolan, of the Long Bog, brings thither her four hens—"two muffies, a marley and a spreckly"; and every Saturday she carries them back again, nobody in Aughnadhrin dreaming of such extravagant purchases. Thus the "fowl-market" is firmly established and lends an air of bustling prosperity to the town. There is even an attempt at competition, for one fine morning Pathrick Blake, of Corabbon, offers three of his wife's chickens for sale. "But Mrs. Dolan heaped upon him such bitter reproaches for a 'low, mane, underminin' villain, who'd come and fetch in his dhirty chickens without any other rhyme or raison than to do a sthrugglin' poor woman out of her rights,' that poor Pathrick was shamed into quitting the town with more speed and a lower head than when he came in; and after that Mrs. Dolan had the entire trade of the fowl-market all to herself, the two muffies, and the marley and the spreckly."

With such a background at his command, how can Mr. MacManus be so unwise as ever to locate a story in New York?

Passengers†

Readers averse to realism and to the commonplace veracities of life cannot do better than peruse Mr. Myles Hemenway's Passengers. Here is a book guiltless, not only of probabilities but of possibilities, a book wholly wedded to the unnatural and bizarre. There are two stories in the volume; the first dealing with a fisherman prophet who preaches the coming of the judgment day; and the second with a mysterious and beautiful creature named April, for love of whom men drown themselves like flies, or kill each other with less compunction than wild beasts. In the first tale, the prophet, finding that he has miscalculated his date, sails away with Margaret Holme; in the second the fair April, having proved herself as disastrous as Helen of Troy, is slain accidentally by her husband, to his infinite distress and self-reproach.

Mr. Hemenway worships at the shrine of femininity. "Any woman," he says, "is interesting"—he is to be envied his experience; "the veriest hag, gnawed by the rough tooth of time, moves us like a play." Margaret Holme, the wife of a drunken sailor in Doomsday, is fair as a dream; but April! well, April is just a trifle beyond credence. Born and bred on a lonely island, amid rude fisherfolk, she wears flowing garments of white or blue held in place by a silken cord, while the masses of her ruddy hair are bound by a golden fillet, "cunningly fashioned, its mystical whorls bursting into a rosy blossom of fires in the single great stone of which it was the setting." That she is the "far-away daughter of courts" is held to be sufficient explanation both of her wonderful beauty and of her wonderful clothes. Appreciating this fine fact, her husband buys her velvets and silks and laces, and "a great rope of jewels" that can be wound around and around her slender body. It is all so exceedingly like a fairy tale that we feel no surprise when the fishermen stab each other and the sailors fling themselves into the sea, out of "unutterable and hopeless longing." In fact, only the death of April can prevent her from depopulating the earth, so that the greater good of the greater number requires her lamentable decease. "You who read this may think me distraught," says the writer of this singular story, and possibly he is right.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

Salons Colonial and Republican*

The nation never has known so charming a feminine personality as that of Dolly Madison; or at least it has never been willing to acknowledge one. The mention of her name calls up all that is graceful, thoughtful, simple-minded, well-mannered and kind-hearted—an epitome of the hostess.

From her position it was in the nature of things that Dolly Madison could never, accurately speaking, hold a salon. Yet, in another sense, she held the only salon that this country has known. The salon was distinctly something more than a gathering, at stated or casual intervals as the case might be, of brilliant talkers and clever amateurs of the arts. It held, in the apogee of its brilliance as it shone in the Hotel de Rambouillet, a national significance. It moulded the taste of a country and fixed the standards of literature for two centuries. Even in its later extravagances and the follies of its imitators, it was the theme of a masterpiece—Les Précieuses Ridicules.

Such a salon has never been known in this country or in England. The literary dogma and dicta which went forth from the Mermaid and the Mitre were of far more weight and far wider flight than those which emanated from the circle of Lady Montagu and the other intimates of the Blue Stocking Club. Neither Ben Jonson nor Samuel Johnson, the two men who exercised the strongest influence upon English letters, was of a cast to fit gracefully into drawing-room niches. That they went and came or stayed away, to and from Lady Montagu's and Mrs. Thrales' in Streatham, is neither here nor there. Such literary pilgrimages neither shaped nor determined their tastes. They afforded them an opportunity to get off clever speeches.

Now, Dolly Madison gained and held some such a national sway in matters social as the Hotel de Rambouillet wielded over matters grammatical and æsthetic. She made the nearest approach to those qualities which the leader of the salon must have. Accordingly, it is in nowise surprising to find that Miss Wharton acknowledges that among those suggestions which prompted the writing of her book was the meeting with several persons "who distinctly remembered Mrs. Madison—the delightful Dolly." That the Colonial salons antedated the delightful Dolly, and hence that all association with them must be through a retrogressive and not an advancing sequence; also, as has been pointed out, that Mrs. Madison never could have held a salon in the strict sense of the word, only serves to clinch the points just made.

No, in America we have never had salons. Scattered spots of culture and interest in culture we have had. In the early Colonial society, and in all that it held of simplicity and dignity, there has been a widespread, a deep-seated and growing interest. Miss Wharton to her own knowledge adds the recollections of many with whom she has talked who could still recall incidents from a fast fading century. She writes intimately and clearly—can more be said of a prose style?—what is fairly a résumé of the manners of the nineteenth century.—*Thornton Shrburne Hardy.*

*The Bewitched Fiddle, and Other Irish Tales. By Seumas MacManus. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

†Passengers. By Myles Hemenway. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

*Salons Colonial and Republican. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

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The Saturday Evening Post

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, former Speaker of the House, gives his personal recollections of the days when debates begun on the floor of the House were not infrequently ended on the old dueling ground at Bladensburg.

To most of these famous encounters Mr. Grow was an eye-witness, and in the most celebrated of all—that with Congressman Keitt—he was a principal.

The Last Days of the Duello in Congress

By Hon. Galusha A. Grow

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Tales of the Credit Man

By Harlow N. Higinbotham

BRET HARTE tells in his own inimitable way the story of the awakening of a sleepy little place in Southern California by a young man who drove off a desperado and carried off the prettiest woman in town.

A Widow of the Santa Ana Valley

By Bret Harte

JOE LINCOLN, the popular chronicler of the humorous happenings on Cape Cod, recites the peculiar adventures of an inventive farmer's boy with a traveling wonder-worker.

Josiah and the Seventh Son

By Joe Lincoln

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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

It may be very pleasant sometimes for a literary man to be made the hero of his friend's book, but if that book is successful and if it appeals to a different class of readers from those of the hero's own work, the results are not so agreeable. This is what has happened to William Butler Yeats, familiarly known as the "Irish Poet," who is supposed to be the original of Ulick Dean, in George Moore's novel, Evelyn Innes.

The novelist is of the ultra-realistic school and has well been named the English Zola. The poet, on the other hand, is a man of fine ideals and great delicacy of thought and expression. The secret leaked out and Mr. Moore's readers became seized with a burning desire to see the hero of the story. Mr. Yeats' readers, a much smaller circle, also heard about it, and came to the conclusion that their poet must be leading a double intellectual life. For some time now Mr. Yeats has been burdened by calls, letters, and by comments of all kinds in the daily press.

Henry James' Method of Work

Mr. Henry James is rarely seen in London nowadays, and the occasional visit which he pays to that city is an event in literary society. The amusements of the town have no great charm for him, and he has come to a point where his own work and the creatures of his imagination are more attractive than the chatter of London. Technically, Mr. James may still be called a resident of the capital city, but his flat is usually unoccupied or lent to some friend.

Lamb House at Rye is his real home. Rye is a quaint little walled town, perched on a hill and full of curious old brick and half-timbered houses. It was formerly one of the Cinque Ports, but the sea has receded and Rye sits on her hill by a little tidewater river, with long stretches of marsh between her and the channel. Lamb House is perhaps the most important house of the little city, yet it is only a modest establishment. An eighteenth century brick house of exquisitely simple architecture, its paneled rooms have been filled by its owner with the most carefully chosen old furniture, old pictures and old china. To some the place might seem sparsely furnished, but the most rigidly artistic house decorator would say that not one thing is wrong and that Lamb House is an almost perfect dwelling. There is a sunny garden surrounded by high brick walls and covered with the thick turf which is only found in the south of England.

Mr. James is a hard and regular worker and the best part of his day is spent in his study. It is interesting to know that Mr. James dictates all his work to a secretary, and rewrites and polishes it from a typewritten version. Considering how involved and periodic Mr. James' style has become of late years, it is marvelous that he should be able to dictate—or is, perhaps, the dictation the cause of the quality of the style? Life in Rye must, at best, be placid. Mr. James explores the country on a bicycle, geared low, takes tea at the golf club, or walks through the town. He does not play golf on the links on the downs, nor does he join in the clatter with which the Rye Harriers occasionally rouse the sleepy town as they start forth.

A New Biography of Ruskin

There is to be a new biography of Ruskin. Collingwood, his secretary, put together a tolerably interesting book; but its limitations were obvious. The style is—well, T. P. O'Connor at his most journalistic, and the contents are very deficient, especially as regards the earlier and middle periods of Ruskin's career before Collingwood knew him. How to find a new biographer? The difficulty is all the greater because any English contemporary of Ruskin is too old for the task, as is also Professor Charles Eliot Norton. The Professor's colleague as a literary executor is Mr. Wedderburn, a lawyer who shares the common disability of his profession—he cannot write. Though he who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat, it is certain that he who writes of Ruskin must have a pretty style.

Then, as to the proprieties of what to publish and what to suppress, great difficulties are in store for Ruskin's biographer. That miserable marriage of his, which he endured for several years, challenges explanations hitherto withheld. Ruskin's own version of it, as told to an intimate friend, was very simple. He said that he and the lady entered upon a platonic union, from which she receded, and he, disappointed by the association in every other respect, gladly let her go.

Ruskin, seared as he was, did not, with that, kill all thought of matrimony. Two proposals were made by him in later years, both to very young girls. "Rosie," to whom he consecrates a chapter of memories and sighs in Præterita, was, in fact, only a little girl when she met "the master." The withheld surname of the girl is La Touche; she was of an Irish family that numbered Ruskin among its friends. The attachment brought only unhappiness, and the girl, torn by religious scruples, lost her balance of mind and so died. The estrangement that followed between Ruskin and her family was afterward repaired, and to Rose La Touche's mother he addressed, perhaps, his most extended and important series of letters, all of which have been religiously preserved.

The Splendor of Gilbert Parker

An agent for an American publishing house called, not long ago, upon Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, at his house in St. James Place, London. Mr. Parker makes a handsome income from his writings, and his wife has a fortune in her own name. They live in one of the aristocratic parts of London, in an imposing house. None of these things, however, ruffled the agent. He had dealt with authors before on both sides of the Atlantic and he knew many publishers who were even richer. Therefore, in setting out for Mr. Parker's house, he wore his ordinary business clothes, and in spite of the cloudiness of the day carried no umbrella. When he reached the house and ascended the marble steps that led to the glass doors he looked around him for the bell, but before he could find it, two flunkies, immaculate as to dress, immovable as to form and impassive as to face, stood like statues holding the doors apart.

With this ceremony he was ushered into a tiled vestibule at the farther end of which were more glass doors. Here, again, he paused for the electric button. But, as before, two more flunkies, cast in the same mould and clad in the same style, opened the doors for him to enter. This time he was in a handsome hall from which more doors opened upon drawing-rooms and studies. Here another and a very superior flunky met him, asked him what his errand was and took him into Mr. Parker's reception-room.

Now, this agent had called to bid for the novelist's forthcoming book. He was prepared to offer a pretty stiff figure for the same, but when he reflected that Mr. Parker wrote only one book a year, that he lived in an expensive part of London, and that five flunkies were expensive to maintain, he made up his mind that he could not afford to pay what, in accordance, he believed would be Mr. Parker's price.

Presently the author appeared, and after a pleasant chat, chiefly social in character and devoted largely to current British topics, he started to leave. Mr. Parker bade him adieu at the reception-room door. There the superior flunky took him in hand and led him to the first doors. At this point the first pair of statues received him. At the outer door stood the other pair, apparently just as they were a half hour before.

As he stepped on the outer stairs he noticed that it had begun to rain and he carefully rolled up the bottoms of his trousers. This took him a trifle longer than usual, for he was unaccustomed to London weather, and, happening to glance backward out of the tail of his eye, he saw the two flunkies, stiff as stone, with the doors wide open just as he had left them.

Then it dawned on him that it was London etiquette for flunkies to stand at "present arms" until the caller had reached the street. So he hastily descended the flight and lost himself in the crowd. As he reached the last step the flunkies vanished, the doors came to, and the Parker house resumed its natural order.

Two days later the agent summoned courage to make Mr. Parker an offer for his book by mail.

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Side Lights on Senator Hanna

Senator Hanna's health is subject to the most marvelous fluctuations—in the newspapers. Stories have appeared representing him as full of vigor and busy with new plans. It must have been most trying to the Senator, for the next day his friends would learn—"from the inside," the correspondent assured them—that he was on the point of quitting politics for good.

The first story of Senator Hanna's failing health was written by a young man who was on very friendly terms with the chairman of the National Republican Committee and should have known better. A day or two after his column had appeared in print the reporter stood waiting for the elevator when he was suddenly seized from behind and hurled lightly some eight feet. When he recovered sufficiently from his surprise to look around he encountered the smiling politician who said, "Well, young man, I'll convince you of the inaccuracy of those stories you have been printing about me."

Mr. Hanna and the Pressman On one occasion a young newspaper man saw at Mr. Hanna's house an old photograph of the Senator as he looked when he wore a flowing beard.

"Oh, would you mind loaning me that portrait?" inquired the enthusiastic scribe. Mr. Hanna looked at him.

"Why, my boy, I wouldn't have that picture printed for a thousand dollars." Then the reporter, imbued with that determination characteristic of the profession, resorted to diplomacy. A few days later Senator Hanna, suspecting nothing, wrote out for him an order to a photographer to "Give bearer such photographs of my residence and such other pictures as he may desire." The enterprising newspaper man happened to be in the Hanna offices when the national chairman received a copy of the newspaper, staring from the front page of which was the tabooed picture as natural as life. He did not get angry in the least, but, instead, simply turned to the reporter and smiled in a way that meant almost as much of a tribute to the young man as would have an increase in salary.

When Senator Hanna suddenly sprang into national prominence almost in a day, four years ago, many persons who were not thoroughly conversant with his life story marveled at the acquaintance, apparently of long standing, which he possessed not only with politicians but with men and women prominent in the world of art and literature. A large volume which has a prominent place in the Hanna home explains it all. It is filled with autographic sentiments from an endless list of the men and women who occupy places of more or less prominence in the public eye, including pretty nearly everybody from Sara Bernhardt to Edward H. Townsend, of "Chimmie Fadden" fame. Senator Hanna is not in any sense what is termed a "tuft hunter," but he delights to extend the hospitality of his home to people whose intellectuality makes their conversation not only entertaining but instructive. For society, in the common interpretation of the term, the Republican manager cares little or nothing. Next to a little gathering to which cleverness is the passport, he enjoys the companionship of a few of his particular cronies with whom he can talk "shop"—which means, of course, business or politics.

A Homely Taste for Plain Things When Senator Hanna is in his home city of Cleveland he very frequently patronizes a small restaurant in the building where his offices are located. The reason for this was for a long time a secret. Senator had previously been unwavering in fidelity to the chef of the Union Club, but he broke out. The director of a political party didn't seek the unpretentious little luncheon because it saved time or trouble, but because he could always find there some delicious, old-fashioned, home-made hash.

Probably few people ever think of Senator Hanna as a contributor to charities, but nevertheless the great iron merchant follows the very excellent plan of never turning a deaf ear to the appeals for any worthy cause. The officers of the Salvation Army have always known Senator Hanna as a generous contributor, and as a rule he hands an offering to every wearer of the garb of a Sister of Charity without even inquiring the identity of the institution which she represents. During the campaign of 1896 a poor woman, who sold flowers in the building, brought to Chairman Hanna's desk at headquarters each morning a red carnation. As the fight waxed warmer the campaign manager was often either busy or absent from his office, but in a niche in the desk there was always to be found a piece of silver in payment for the offering of the flower woman.

When in the mood Senator Hanna is a famous story teller, and inasmuch as a majority of his after-dinner tales are based on personal reminiscences he has as yet escaped charges of plagiarism. In the theatre and in a good horse race he takes almost equal enjoyment. For a business man whose time has been fully occupied he is well read, but for art as exemplified in paintings he cares little. Occasionally the author of the Hanna-Payne bill indulges in some diversion that savors very much of a boyish prank. A notable instance of this was afforded when, during the last national campaign, he and President McKinley stole away from their friends one afternoon and gravely consulted a clairvoyant of great local repute in one of the suburbs of Cleveland.

The Absorption of Politics For a long time Senator Hanna persevered in the determination to sign personally every letter which went out from his office, but as the bulk of his correspondence reached enormous proportions he had to give up the ambition. Fortunately he made a great "find" in his present secretary, Elmer A. Dover. One of the qualifications which has endeared this young man to his chief is his ability to imitate exactly Mr. Hanna's signature, a qualification which had not been possessed in so remarkable a degree by any of the Senator's former assistants.

Mrs. Hanna declares that she has been virtually compelled to cultivate self-reliance since her husband went into politics. "I find that I cannot depend upon Mark any more at all," she declared the other day. "However," she continued, "I am getting bravely over my old-time cowardice. The thought of a journey alone to Constantinople does not dismay me any more now than would a trip to New York unattended a few years ago."

Song for a June Day

By Clinton Scollard

YOU and I, you and I,
Footing it together
Under God's blue dome of sky
Through the winsome weather!
Oh, the dream of being free
As the gull above the sea,
Trammeled by no tether!

Free to snatch the moment's mood,
Letting fancy thrall us;
Free to laugh, or free to brood,
If the spirit call us;
Wandering kindred of the wind,
Cousins to the swallow-kind,
Free whate'er befall us!

Gleaning all the glad and good
Teeming earth produces;
Wilding wonders of the wood
Storing for our uses;
Through the sun-enlinked hours
Learning tenderness from flowers
With their fragrant cruses.

In each loving shade-caress
Something subtle sharing;
Overtaking happiness
With its beaming bearing;
Under God's blue dome of sky
You and I, you and I,
Far together faring!

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The Last Days *of the* Duello *in* Congress

By Hon. Galusha A. Grow
Ex-Speaker *of the* House

A Widow *of the* Santa Ana Valley

By Bret Harte

Tales of the Credit Man

By Harlow N. Higinbotham



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The Last Days of the Duello in Congress

By Galusha A. Grow

THE popular branch of Congress has always been a more or less turbulent body, and it would be a matter of surprise if such were not the case. Indeed, occasional outbreaks in Congress, however much they are to be deprecated, are perfectly natural. Crowd some hundreds of men together on a hot afternoon or night; fill them with the fire of partisan ardor; perplex them with doubt as to the personal gain or loss that may follow their vote on the question at issue; and instil them with envy of and ill-will toward their fellows, and you have abundant material for a row. All that is needed is an excuse, and that is too often found.

In these latter times quarrels on the floor of Congress usually end in words, but during the earlier decades of the century resort was frequently had to the code, and duelling was not uncommon among public men outside of Congress.

The encounter in which Alexander Hamilton was killed by Aaron Burr remains a lamentable and striking example of the purely political duel. Jackson, Benton, Clay, Randolph and many other prominent political leaders were participants in one or more duels before they reached middle age. Bladensburg, about three miles from Washington, was long a noted duelling ground. There occurred the meeting in which Commodore Stephen Decatur received a mortal wound at the hands of Captain James Barron, a fellow-officer, and there took place the fatal encounter between Jonathan Cilley, of New Hampshire, and William J. Graves, of Kentucky, both members of the House of Representatives.

The Fatal Duel Between Cilley and Graves

Cilley, a Democrat, in a speech on the floor of the House, charged James Watson Webb, the Whig editor of the New York Courier and Inquirer, with having accepted a bribe from the managers of the Bank of the United States. Webb without delay appeared in Washington, and sent Cilley a challenge by the hand of Graves. Cilley declined to accept the challenge on the ground that Webb was not a gentleman. Thereupon Graves, accepting the stigmatization of Webb as a personal affront, offered himself in his principal's place. This challenge was accepted, rifles were named as the weapons, and Cilley fell at the second fire. The Cilley duel aroused the public sentiment to a more intense and widespread excitement than had any such previous encounter, because of its political character and because it grew out of a discussion on the floor of Congress. One of the principal themes of discussion in the Presidential campaign of 1844 was this duel, for Clay, Wise and other Whig leaders participated more or less in its preliminaries.

For some years after Cilley's death appeals to the code were not so common as they had been formerly, especially among the members of either branch of Congress. However, the combative spirit that animated the old duello was to some extent revived by the intense political excitement that, during the decade from 1850 to 1860, attended the legislation of Congress and the crisis of the irrepressible conflict between free and slave labor institutions which culminated at Appomattox. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the struggle over the admission of Kansas as a free State were marked by a greater intensity of feeling than had been developed at any previous clash between these two civilizations; and its white heat dissolved political and religious ties, and dismembered the old associations of party organization and of church unity between the sections.

Moreover, during that period of acute and ever-growing sectional disagreement there was always a class of men in the House from the South who, adepts in the use of the pistol, sought to make a reputation with their constituents by pitting themselves against members from the Northern States, where single combats were not only in violation of the law, but were sternly discountenanced by public opinion. An easy method of gaining prominence, it did not always serve its purpose, and frequently these gentlemen ran against Northern members of firmness and bravery, prompt to repel an affront, and prepared to meet an antagonist in any way.

Now and then the Southerners quarreled amongst themselves. In the thirty-second Congress, which began in December, 1851, Albert G. Brown, afterward Senator, and John A. Wilcox were members of the House, from Mississippi. One day in March, 1852, the House being in committee of the whole on the state of the Union, Wilcox referred to a recent speech of Brown's in which the latter had stated there was "no party in favor of disunion or secession in Mississippi or in the United States."

"I thought," said Wilcox, "that the gentleman had too high a regard for truth to make a statement so baseless of truth."

"To prevent all misapprehension," Brown interrupted, "I desire to ask my colleague if he means to say that I have been guilty of falsehood? For that inference might be left upon the minds of some by his language."

"I have spoken explicitly enough," said Wilcox. "My language will bear no misconstruction. None whatever."

"Do you mean to say," persisted Brown, "that what I have said is false?"

"If you say," was Wilcox's rejoinder, "that there is no party in Mississippi in favor of secession or disunion you say what is false."

Here Brown, who was standing near Wilcox, struck him in the face. The blow was returned, and instantly the two men were engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight. The committee at once arose and the Speaker, resuming the chair, ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrest the parties.

As soon as order was restored, Brown, asking unanimous consent, "in justice to himself and the House," to make an explanation, apologized for violating its order and decorum. Wilcox followed with a like apology, and there the matter ended.

A Spark Blown Before the Coming Blaze

The next collision on the floor, which promised a hostile meeting outside of the House, was also provoked by the burning question which then commanded the attention of Congress to the exclusion of all others. The parties to it were Francis B. Cutting, of New York, and John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. Cutting was a splendid speaker and one of the first lawyers of the New York bar, a man of wit and courage, and keenly sensitive to any imputation on his honor. Breckinridge, who sprang from one of the oldest and most celebrated families of Kentucky, had much the same mental and moral makeup. One day in March, 1854, in a debate on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, Cutting, referring to Breckinridge's action on the House and Senate bill, said, "he retreats, and escapes and skulks behind the Senate bill."

"I will ask the gentleman," Breckinridge interjected, "to withdraw that last word."

"I withdraw nothing that I have uttered," was Cutting's response.

"If the gentleman," answered Breckinridge, "says I skulk, he says what is false and he knows it."

"I do not, sir, upon this floor," was Cutting's reply, "answer remarks such as the member from Kentucky has just made. It belongs to a different arena."

After the adjournment of the House, Cutting sent Breckinridge a challenge which he accepted and named rifles as the weapons. Friends intervened to effect an amicable settlement, but not till Breckinridge had spent a week or more in unknown retirement at Silver Spring, the house of Francis P. Blair, senior, five miles out of Washington, in preparation for the encounter. The friendship which the elder Blair showed to the Kentuckian at this time was remembered ten years afterward, when General Early and Breckinridge halted their army for the night at Silver Spring, on their way to attack Washington. They burned to the ground the house of Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General under Lincoln, but they spared that of his father, although their men drank all the wines and ate all the good things they found, celebrating in advance the sure victory of the morrow, which their tarry for the night turned into defeat.



Cilley fell at the second fire

The Sequel to the Assault upon Sumner

Brooks' assault on Sumner has been dealt with so often that the story of it need not be retold in this place. Inexcusable, if not wholly unprovoked, it filled the North with horror and indignation. In the Senate, Henry Wilson denounced it as "brutal, murderous and cowardly." For this language Brooks sent him a challenge by the hand of General Joseph Lane, of Oregon. Wilson's prompt reply deserves to be recalled, if only for the benefit of readers of a later generation.

"I characterized on the floor of the Senate," he wrote to Brooks, "the assault upon my colleague as brutal, murderous and cowardly. I thought so then; I think so now. I have no qualifications whatever to make in regard to those words. I have never entertained or expressed, in the Senate or elsewhere, the idea of personal responsibility in the sense of the duellist. I have always regarded duelling as the lingering relic of a barbarous civilization, which the law of the country has branded as a crime. While, therefore, I religiously believe in the right of self-defense in its broadest sense, the law of my country and the mature civilization of my whole life alike forbid me to meet you for the purpose indicated in your letter."

The challenge to Wilson, whom "religious belief in the right of self-defense" probably saved from further annoyance, was not the only one issued by Brooks. In the House a few weeks later, Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts, made a speech on the slavery question, and devoted the latter part of it to Brooks' assault.

"On the twenty-second of May," said he, "the Senator from Massachusetts sat in the silence of the Senate chamber, when a member of the House, who had taken an oath to sustain the Constitution, stole into the Senate, that place which has hitherto been sacred against violence, and smote him as Cain smote his brother."

"That is false," answered Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina, from his seat.

"I will not bandy epithets with the gentleman," rejoined Burlingame; "I am responsible for my own language; doubtless he is responsible for his."

"I am," was Keitt's response.

Brooks at once challenged Burlingame, but this time he encountered a Northern man ready to fight him in his own way. Burlingame sturdily refused to retract or modify his language, and promptly accepted a call to the field. The arrangement of details was referred by him to Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, who selected the rifle as a weapon, and for the meeting a place near the Clifton House, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls. Brooks, however, declined to go to Canada, for the alleged reason that he would not be safe from violence during the journey through the free States. The affair thus ended.

The Debate on Buchanan's Kansas Message

On the second of February, 1858, President Buchanan sent a message to Congress recommending the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution, which was an exact copy of that of Missouri, changing merely the name of the State. It was moved to refer the message to a special committee of fifteen. This gave rise to a heated session lasting all night. Having been chairman of the Committee on Territories in the previous Congress, I was asked to take charge of the anti-Lecompton forces which sought to secure a vote on the motion referred to. Toward three o'clock in the morning I crossed to the Democratic side to consult with John Hickman, a Douglas Democrat from Pennsylvania. Just then John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, arose and asked consent to make a few remarks. We did not want talk but to keep on voting, and I promptly objected to Quitman's proposal.

"If you are going to object," shouted Lawrence M. Keitt who was sitting near, "return to your own side of the House. You have no business over here, anyway."

"This is a free hall," I responded, "and everybody has a right to be where he pleases."

At that Keitt, whose seat was in the second aisle from me, sprang to his feet, strode down into the area, and advanced up the aisle in which I was standing, closely followed by Reuben Davis, of Mississippi.

"I want to know," demanded Keitt, "what you meant by such an answer as that."

"I mean just what I said," I replied; "this is a free hall, and everybody has the right to be where he pleases."

"Sir," said Keitt, attempting to seize me by the throat, "you are a d——d, black, Republican puppy!"

"Never mind what I am," I retorted, knocking up his hand. "No negro-driver shall crack his whip over me."

Keitt again attempted to grasp me by the throat; I struck out from the shoulder and he fell to the floor. In an instant John F. Potter, of Wisconsin, closely followed by Elihu Washburn, of Illinois, and a number of others who were standing in the area in front of the Speaker's desk, came rushing up the aisle, Potter striking right and left. As he reached me he hit Davis with one hand, and Barksdale, who had hold of me—in no angry mood but in way of friendly restraint—with the other. Barksdale, not knowing where the blow came from, turned to Elihu Washburn and asked if the latter had struck him. Washburn replied that he had not.

"You are a liar," said Barksdale, and letting go of me caught hold of Washburn. Cadwalader Washburn, coming up just then and seeing Barksdale and his brother in a clinch, struck out for Barksdale and hit him a glancing blow on the forehead which knocked off his wig. Barksdale, picking it up, put it on backside first, which gave him such a grotesque appearance that everybody near by broke out into a loud guffaw. Meantime, the Speaker had called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to restore order. The rush of members into the aisle had prevented Keitt from immediately regaining his feet, but as soon as he did the Sergeant-at-Arms led him out to the door opening into the corridor in the rear of the Speaker's desk. Then the combatants, still laughing at the ludicrous spectacle presented by Barksdale, drew off one by one, and quiet was restored.

Before that, however, many blows had been given and taken, with much pulling and hauling. Lovejoy, of Illinois, and Lamar, of Mississippi, were pawing each other in the area, each seeking to persuade the other to be still. Mott, a gray-haired Quaker from Ohio, was seen in the mêlée, his hand bleeding, but he afterward declared that he intervened in the interests of peace. Covode, of Pennsylvania, grabbed

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a heavy stone spittoon sitting by his desk and marched down the broad aisle into the area in front of the Speaker. In the end he placed the cuspidore on a desk and returned to his seat, but, his attention being called to it, he took it back to his seat. Questioned later as to his purpose he said he thought that some one might draw a "weepin," and if so he intended to "spot" him.

Lawrence Keitt's Public Apology to the House

The session continued till six o'clock Saturday morning, when a motion to adjourn to the following Monday was made and carried. On Monday, Keitt apologized to the House. I followed in a few words to the effect that I regretted what had occurred, and that good order should prevail in all parliamentary bodies, but that I recognized the right of self-defense as "one of man's inalienable rights to be exercised on all occasions and under all circumstances where it is necessary to protect life and person."

During the next session of Congress the Senate amended the Post-Office Appropriation bill, which had originated in the House, by increasing the rate of postage. When the bill was returned to the House I rose to a point of privilege, that, under the Constitution, the Senate could not originate a revenue bill; and, as they could not do that, they could not put a revenue measure as an amendment to a bill to which it was not germane.

I then offered a resolution in these words:

"Resolved, That the House bill making appropriations for defraying the expenses of the Post-Office Department for the



—hit him a glancing blow on the forehead which knocked off his wig

year ending June 30, 1860, with the Senate amendments thereto, be returned to the Senate, as section thirteen of said amendments is in the nature of a revenue bill."

The House supported my motion; the Senate, after repeated conferences, refused to leave out the amendment in question, and as a consequence the bill failed of passage. At the time no attempt was made to give the affair a partisan bias, but soon after Congress reconvened in December, 1859, Lawrence O'Brien Branch, a member of the House from North Carolina, who had been one of the conferees with me in the House and Senate disagreements on the bill, declared in debate that my real object in sending it back to the Senate had been to defeat it in order that the President might be compelled to call an extra session of Congress, and, as the Republicans had made important gains in the late election, and as I had been the Republican caucus candidate for Speaker in the preceding Congress, an early control of the organization of the House would be to my advantage.

When I obtained the floor, after reciting all of the circumstances connected with the defeat of the Post-Office bill, I said that if the gentleman from North Carolina had been as familiar with constitutional law and parliamentary precedents as his long experience in legislation would have led one to suppose, he could have found sufficient reasons to justify my conduct and that of a majority of the House without violating the parliamentary and gentlemanly courtesies recognized in all deliberative bodies by impugning the motives of his peers, and charging sordid and selfish considerations as the springs of our action. Branch demanded if he was to understand my language as imputing to him conduct that was ungentlemanly. I answered that he had impugned my motives of action, and that the impugnment of motives in a legislative body was everywhere regarded not only as unparliamentary, but as ungentlemanly under parliamentary practice and law.

The Imbroglio Over the Post-Office Bill

"The gentleman," said Branch, "has not responded to my inquiry, and I shall take his failure to respond as an affirmative answer."

"The gentleman," was my rejoinder, "can take just what he pleases."

"I will do so," said Branch.

During the session of the House next day, December 30, Governor Winslow, a member from North Carolina, handed me a challenge from Branch. It was dated December 29, and ran as follows:

> "Sir: Will you please name a time and place outside of the District of Columbia in which you will receive from me a communication in writing? L. O'B. BRANCH."

I read the note and informed Winslow that I would give him an answer in due time. That evening, after consulting with some of my friends, I sent this reply by the hand of Reuben E. Fenton:

> "Sir: Your note of the twenty-ninth instant was placed in my hands by your friend, Governor Winslow, at twelve o'clock to-day. I know of nothing that makes it necessary for me to name a time and place outside the District of Columbia to receive from you a communication in writing. Your note was doubtless—as nothing else has occurred between us—based upon remarks made by me in debate in the House of Representatives in reply to your speech impugning my motives and the integrity of my acts as a legislator. On that occasion I used no language in violation of parliamentary law, and none not warranted by your remarks thus impugning my conduct. If your note is to be considered of a hostile character I have this to reply: Regarding dueling as at variance with the precepts of the Christian religion and the sentiments of a Christian people, and it being prohibited and declared a crime by the laws enacted by the body of which we are members, I cannot recognize it as a justifiable method of settling difficulties among men, even in cases of unwarranted provocation. But my personal rights and the freedom of debate guaranteed by the Constitution I shall defend whenever and wherever they are assailed.
>
> "GALUSHA A. GROW."

The following day Branch published his letter and my reply in a Washington newspaper, supplementing them with the statement that he left the "whole matter to the impartial judgment of honorable men of all sections of the country." At the same time both of us were arrested and placed under bonds to keep the peace. Under the code, had Branch wished to continue the quarrel, it was his privilege to attack me on sight. Expecting such an assault from Branch, backed by some of his friends, John F. Potter the next day kept me company to and from the Capitol, but I was never molested in any way.

While the affair just referred to occurred the House was occupied with a contest for the Speakership. This contest was marked by many exciting incidents. The most memorable of these had its origin in the bitter and violent attacks made by some of the Southerners upon such of their fellow-members as had recommended, on the suggestion of Francis P. Blair, Sr., the compiling of a pamphlet containing statements as to the material resources and industries of the South compared with the North as set forth in Helper's Impending Crisis, a lately published book embodying a novel and impressive analysis of the economic disadvantages of slavery. During the Speakership contest the Republicans refrained from speech-making, but after it was ended, Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, took the floor to reply to these Southern speeches. His speech was an argument against slavery, and never was there a more violent one.

"The principle of enslaving human beings because they are inferior is," he asserted, "the doctrine of the other side, and the doctrine of devils as well; and there is no place in the universe outside of the five points of hell where the practice and prevalence of such doctrines would not be a disgrace."

As Lovejoy spoke, in his vehemence of delivery, he advanced into the area and occupied the space fronting the Democratic seats. Angered at this action, Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, who, with Barksdale, was sitting at the front of the Democratic side, arose, and with gestures full of menace exclaimed:

"The gentleman from Illinois shall not approach this side of the House, shaking his fists and talking as he has talked. It is bad enough to be compelled to sit here and hear him utter his treasonable and insulting language; but he shall not come on this side of the House, shaking his fist in our faces."

The Virginian had not to deal with Lovejoy alone. Potter, of Wisconsin, was instantly on his feet, and shouted:

"We listened to gentlemen on the other side for eight weeks, when they denounced the members upon this side with violent and offensive language. We listened to them quietly and heard them through. And now, sir, this side shall be heard, let the consequences be what they may."

"I make the point of order," replied Pryor, "that the gentleman shall speak from his seat; but, sir, he shall not come upon this side shaking his fist in our faces and talking in the style he has talked."

"You are doing the same thing," retorted Potter.

By this time thirty or forty members were on their feet shouting and gesticulating, while above the din could be heard the voice of Potter, declaring:

"I do not believe that side of the House can say where a member shall speak, and they shall not say it."

Order being restored, Lovejoy proceeded with his speech, the dispute as to where he should speak being settled by his taking the clerk's desk.

The Issue of the Last Challenge in Congress

Some days afterward, the publication of the Globe having been delayed, Pryor arose to a personal explanation. Potter was reported in the Globe as saying "this side shall be heard, let the consequences be what they may." Pryor complained that these words had been inserted in the report by Potter, though not used by him in the debate. This charge was denied by Potter, who explained that he had inserted the words in the official report because, though he had used them, they had accidentally been omitted by the reporter.

"The member from Virginia," he added, "erased those words, and he had no right to do it. I would have cut my right hand off before I would have done it. It was none of the gentleman's business, and he had no right to take the liberty of amending it. I stand by what I said."

"The gentleman stands by his language," rejoined Pryor. "I am very glad to hear it. I understand him then to give me the liberty of construing his remark as I please. I will put what construction upon it I please, and whether he stands by it or not the sequel will demonstrate."

"Let it demonstrate," was Potter's reply.



Mr. Breckinridge had spent a week or more in preparation for the encounter

Pryor had changed the record, but was not aware that the Government printer would not send the copy to press until it had the indorsement of the member who had spoken the words concerned in the expurgation or change. Potter was, therefore, correct in the facts when he said that a change had been made, and he was within his privilege when he made them appear in print as he claimed to have spoken them.

Pryor, through seconds he had chosen, sent Potter a peremptory challenge. This challenge was considered the same night at the rooms of John W. Forney on Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite Willard's Hotel. That gentleman, Colonels E. F. Beale and F. W. Lander, Potter and myself were present at the conference. "It is for Potter," began Forney, "to consider what is to be done."

"Dueling is a barbarous custom," was Potter's reply; "but this is an attempt to suppress free speech in Congress. I am going to accept the challenge."

"Take bowie-knives, and I'll show you how to use one," said Beale, leaping from his chair and drawing a bowie-knife from his boot-leg.

Beale's suggestion was adopted without discussion, and Lander, as Potter's second, drew up a formal note of acceptance, after which the parties to the conference separated. Lander and I were then stopping at the National and kept each other company in the walk to the hotel.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do," said Lander, "but don't let Potter know; he might not allow me to do it if he knew about it. Pryor's seconds will refuse to allow him to fight on the ground that the bowie-knife is a barbarous weapon. My principal being denounced by implication as a barbarian, I will then, following the precedent established in the Graves-Cilley duel, challenge Pryor myself, and they may select any weapons from broadswords to cannon."

Lander's forecast proved correct. Pryor's seconds when he delivered Potter's reply, promptly declared that "not recognizing this barbarous mode of settling difficulties," they could not allow their principal to engage in it. Thereupon Lander challenged Pryor and selected Beale for his second, but answer was made that, as neither Pryor nor his seconds had any quarrel with him, they could not accept his "courteous offer." On the following day Pryor returned from Virginia, where he had gone to escape arrest. It was said afterward that he repudiated the action of his seconds and would have fought with bowie-knives.

Pryor suffered from the outcome of his challenge mainly because it was believed that he had refused to fight with bowie-knives when the code prescribed that the sender of a peremptory challenge must accept whatever weapons might be named by the challenged party. Potter, on the other hand, gained from it wide popularity. In the North he was the hero of the hour, and, at the Chicago Convention of 1860, the Republicans of Missouri presented him with a bowie-knife seven feet in length. On one side of the blade was the inscription, "Presented to John F. Potter by the Republicans of Missouri," and on the other appeared the words, "Will always meet a 'Pryor' engagement."



—drawing a bowie-knife from his boot-leg

Pryor's challenge to Potter was the last sent by one member of Congress to another. The duello in Congress ended with the opening of the Rebellion.

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As she was turning away from the window a horseman appeared

A Widow *of the* Santa Ana Valley

By Bret Harte

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THE Widow Wade was standing at her bedroom window, staring out in that vague instinct which compels humanity in moments of doubt and perplexity to seek this change of observation for superior illumination. Not that Mrs. Wade's disturbance was of a serious character. She had passed the acute stage of widowhood by at least two years, and the slight redness of her soft eyelids as well as the droop of her pretty mouth were merely the recognized outward and visible signs of the grievously minded religious community in which she lived. The mourning she still wore was also partly in conformity with the sad-colored garments of her neighbors and the necessities of the rainy season. She was in comfortable circumstances, the mistress of a large ranch in the valley, which had lately become more valuable by the extension of a wagon road through its centre. She was simply worrying whether she should go to a "sociable," ending with a "dance"—a daring innovation of some strangers—at the new hotel, or continue to eschew such follies that were, according to local belief, unsuited to "a vale of tears."

Indeed, at this moment the prospect she gazed abstractedly upon seemed to justify that lugubrious description. The Santa Ana Valley—a long, monotonous level—was dimly visible through moving curtains of rain or veils of mist to the black mourning edge of the horizon, and had looked like that for months. The valley—in some remote epoch an arm of the San Francisco Bay—every rainy season seemed to be trying to revert to its original condition, and long after the early spring had laid on its liberal color in strips, bands and patches of blue and yellow, the blossoms of mustard and lupin glistened like wet paint. Nevertheless, on that rich alluvial soil Nature's tears seemed only to fatten the widow's acres and increase her crops. Her neighbors, too, were equally prosperous. Yet for six months of the year the recognized expression of Santa Ana was one of sadness, and for the other six months—of resignation. Mrs. Wade had yielded early to this influence, as she had to others, in the weakness of her gentle nature, and partly as it was more becoming to the singular tragedy that had made her a widow.

For the late Mr. Wade had been found dead with a bullet through his head in a secluded part of the road over Heavy Tree Hill, in Sonora County. Near him lay two other bodies, one afterward identified as John Stubbs—a resident of the hill, and probably a traveling companion of Wade's—and the other a noted desperado and highwayman, still masked, as at the moment of the attack. Wade and his companion had probably sold their lives dearly and against odds, for another mask was found on the ground, indicating that the attack was not single-handed, and as Wade's body had not yet been rifled, it was evident that the remaining highwayman had fled in haste. The hue and cry had been given by apparently the only one of the travelers who escaped, but, as he was hastening to take the overland coach to the East at the time, his testimony could not be submitted to the Coroner's deliberation. The facts, however, were sufficiently plain for a verdict of willful murder against the highwayman, although it was believed that the absent witness had basely deserted his companion and left him to his fate, or, as it was suggested by others, that he might even have been an accomplice. It was this circumstance which protracted comment on the incident and the sufferings of the widow far beyond that rapid obliteration which usually overtook such affairs in the feverish haste of the early days. It caused her to remove to Santa Ana, where her old father had feebly ranched "a quarter-section" in the valley. He survived her husband only a few months, leaving her the property and once more in mourning. Perhaps this continuity of woe endeared her to a neighborhood where distinctive ravages of diphtheria or scarlet fever gave a kind of social preeminence to any household, and she was assisted so sympathetically by her neighbors in the management of the ranch that, from an unkempt and wasteful wilderness, it became paying property. The slim, willowy figure, soft, red-lidded eyes and deep crêpe of "Sister Wade" at church or prayer-meeting were grateful to the soul of these gloomy worshipers, and in time she herself found that the arm of these dyspeptics of mind and body was nevertheless strong and sustaining. Small wonder that she should hesitate to-night about plunging into inconsistent, even though trifling, frivolities.

But apart from this superficial reason there was another instinctive one deep down in the recesses of Mrs. Wade's timid heart which she had secretly kept to herself, and, indeed, would have tearfully resented had it been offered by another. The late Mr. Wade had been, in fact, a singular example of an idle, frivolous existence carried to a manlike excess. Besides being a patron of amusements, Mr. Wade gambled, raced and drank. He was often home late, and sometimes not at all. Not that this conduct was exceptional in the "roaring days" of Heavy Tree Hill, but it had given Mrs. Wade, perhaps, an undue preference for a less uncertain, if even a more serious life. His tragic death was of course a kind of martyrdom which exalted him in the feminine mind to a saintly memory, yet Mrs. Wade was not without a certain relief in that. It was voiced, perhaps crudely, by the widow of Abner Drake in a visit of condolence to the tearful Mrs. Wade a few days after Wade's death. "It's a vale o' sorrow, Mrs. Wade," said the sympathizer, "but it has its ups and downs, and I reckon ye'll be feelin' soon pretty much as I did about Abner when *he* was took. It was mighty soothin' and comfortin' to feel that whatever might happen now I always knew jist whar Abner was passin' his nights." Poor slim Mrs. Wade had no disquieting sense of humor to interfere with her reception of this large truth, and she accepted it with a burst of reminiscent tears.

A long volleying shower had just passed down the level landscape and was followed by a rolling mist from the warm, saturated soil like the smoke of the discharge. Through it she could see a faint lightening of the hidden sun, again darkening through a sudden onset of rain, and changing, as with her conflicting doubts and resolutions. Thus gazing, she was vaguely conscious of an addition to the landscape in the shape of a man who was passing down the road with a pack on his back like the tramping "prospectors" she had often seen at Heavy Tree Hill. That memory apparently settled her vacillating mind; she determined she would not go to the dance. But as she was turning away from the window, a second figure, a horseman, appeared in another direction by a cross road, a shorter cut through her domain. This she had no difficulty in recognizing as one of the strangers who were getting up the dance. She had noticed him at church on the previous Sunday. As he passed the house he appeared to be gazing at it so earnestly that she drew back from the window lest she should be seen. And then, for no reason whatever, she changed her mind once more and resolved to go to the dance. Gravely announcing this fact to the wife of her superintendent, who kept house with her in her loneliness, she thought nothing more about it. She would go in her mourning, with perhaps the addition of a white collar and frill.

It was evident, however, that Santa Ana thought a good deal more than she did of this new idea, which seemed a part of the innovation already begun by the building of the new hotel. It was argued by some that as the new church and new schoolhouse had been opened with prayer, it was only natural that a lighter festivity should inaugurate the opening of the hotel. "I reckon that dancin' is about the next thing to travelin' for gettin' up an appetite for refreshments, and that's what the landlord is kalkilatin' to serve," was the remark of a gloomy but practical citizen on the veranda of The Valley Emporium. "That's so," rejoined a bystander, "and I notice on that last box o' pills I got for chills, the directions say that a little 'agreeable exercise'—not too violent—is a great assistance to the working o' the pills."

"I reckon that Mr. Brooks, who's down here lookin' after mill property, got up the dance. He's been 'round town canvassin' all the women folks and drummin' up likely gels for it. They say he actually sent an invite to the Widder Wade," remarked another lounger. "Gosh! he's got cheek!"

"Well, gentlemen," said the proprietor judicially, "while we don't intend to hev any minin' camp fandangos or 'Frisco falals 'round Santa Any (Santa Ana was proud of its simple agricultural virtues), I ain't so hard-shelled as not to give new things a fair trial. And, after all, it's the women folk that has the say about it. Why, there's old Miss Ford sez she hasn't kicked a feet sence she left Mizoori, but wouldn't mind tryin' it ag'in. Ez to Brooks takin' that trouble—well, I suppose it's along o' his bein' *healthy!*" He heaved a deep, dyspeptic sigh which was faintly echoed by the others. "Why, look at him now, ridin' 'round on that black hoss o' his, in the wet since daylight, and not carin' for blind chills or rheumatiz!"

He was looking at a serape-draped horseman, the one the widow had seen on the previous night, who was now cantering slowly up the street. Seeing the group on the veranda, he rode up, threw himself lightly from his saddle, and joined them. He was an alert, determined, good-looking fellow of about thirty-five, whose smooth, smiling face hardly commended itself to Santa Ana, though his eyes were distinctly sympathetic. He glanced at the depressed group around him and became ominously serious.

"When did it happen?" he asked gravely.

"What happen?" said the nearest bystander.

"The Funeral, Flood, Fight or Fire. Which of the four F's was it?"

"What are ye talkin' about?" said the proprietor stiffly, scenting some dangerous humor.

"*You*," said Brooks promptly. "You're all standing here croaking like crows this fine morning. I passed *your* farm, Johnson, not an hour ago, the wheat just climbing out of the black adobe mud as thick as rows of pins on paper; what have *you* to grumble at? I saw *your* stock, Briggs, over on Two Mile Bottom, waddling along, fat as the adobe they were sticking in, their coats shining like fresh paint; what's the matter with *you?* And," turning to the proprietor, "there's *your* shed, Saunders, over on the creek, just bursting with last year's grain that you know has gone up two hundred per cent. since you bought it at a bargain: what are *you* growling at? It's enough to provoke a Fire or a Famine to hear you all groaning—and take care it don't some day, as a lesson to you."

All this was so perfectly true of the prosperous burghers that they could not for a moment reply. But Briggs had recourse to what he believed to be a retaliatory taunt. "I heard you've been askin' Widow Wade to come to your dance," he said with a wink at the others. "Of course she said 'Yes!'"

"Of course she did," returned Brooks coolly. "I've just got her note."

"What!" ejaculated the three men together, "Mrs. Wade comin'!"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't she? And it would do *you* good to come, too, and shake the limp dampness out of you," returned Brooks as he quietly remounted his horse and cantered away.

"Darned ef I don't think he's got his eye on the Widder," said Johnson faintly.

"Or the quarter-section," added Briggs gloomily.

For all that, the eventful evening came, with many lights in the staring, undraped windows of the hotel, coldly bright bunting on the still damp walls of the long dining-room, and a gentle downpour from the hidden skies above. A close carryall was especially selected to bring Mrs. Wade and her housekeeper. The widow arrived, looking a little slimmer than usual in her closely buttoned black dress, white collar and cuffs, very glistening in eye and in hair—whose glossy

Mr. Wade had been found dead with a bullet through his head. Near him lay two other bodies



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black ringlets were perhaps more elaborately arranged than was her custom—and with a faint coming and going of color, due, perhaps, to her agitation at this tentative reëntering into worldly life, which was nevertheless quite virginal in effect. A vague solemnity pervaded the introductory proceedings, and a singular want of sociability was visible in the "sociable" part of the entertainment. People talked in whispers or with that grave precision which indicates good manners in rural communities; conversed painfully with other people whom they did not want to talk to, rather than appear to be alone, or rushed aimlessly together like water drops, and then floated in broken, adherent masses over the floor. The widow became a hopeless religious centre of deacons and Sunday-school teachers, which Brooks, untiring yet fruitless in his attempt to produce gayety, tried in vain to break. To this gloom the untried dangers of the impending dance duly prefigured by a lonely cottage piano and two violins in a desert of expanse added a nervous chill. When at last the music struck up—somewhat hesitatingly and protestingly, from the circumstance that the player was the church organist and fumbled mechanically for his stops—the attempt to make up a cotillon set was left to the heroic Brooks. Yet he barely escaped disaster when, in posing the couples, he incautiously begged them to look a little less as if they were waiting for the coffin to be borne down the aisle between them, and was rewarded by a burst of tears from Mrs. Johnson, who had lost a child two years before, and who had to be led away, while her place in the set was taken by another. Yet the cotillon passed off; a Spanish dance succeeding "Money Musk" with the Virginia reel put a slight intoxicating vibration into the air, and healthy youth at last asserted itself in a score of freckled but buxom girls in white muslin, with romping figures and laughter at the lower end of the room. Still a rigid decorum reigned among the older dancers, and the figures were called out in grave formality, as if, to Brooks' fancy, they were hymns given from the pulpit, until at the close of the set in half real, half mock despair he turned desperately to Mrs. Wade, his partner:

"Do you waltz?"

Mrs. Wade hesitated. She had, before marriage, and was a good waltzer.

"I do," she said timidly, "but do you think they——"

But before the poor widow could formulate her fears as to the reception of "round dances," Brooks had darted to the piano, and the next moment she heard with a "fearful joy" the opening bars of a waltz. It was an old Julien waltz, fresh still in the fifties, daring, provocative to foot, swamping to intellect, arresting to judgment, irresistible, supreme! Before Mrs. Wade could protest Brooks' arm had gathered up her slim figure, and with one quick, backward sweep and swirl they were off! The floor was cleared for them in a sudden bewilderment of alarm—a suspense of burning curiosity. The widow's little feet tripped quickly, her long black skirt swung out; as she turned the corner there was not only a sudden revelation of her pretty ankles, but, what was more startling, a dazzling flash of frilled and laced petticoat which at once convinced every woman in the room that the act had been premeditated for days! Yet even that criticism was presently forgotten in the pervading intoxication of the music and the movement. The younger people fell into it with wild rompings, whirlings, and claspings of hands and waists. And, stranger than all, a corybantic enthusiasm seized upon the more emotional among their elders, and those priests and priestesses of Cybele who were famous for their frenzy and passion in camp-meetings seemed to find an equal expression that night in the waltz. And when, flushed and panting, Mrs. Wade at last halted on the arm of her partner, they were nearly knocked over by the revolving Johnson and Mrs. Stubbs in a whirl of gloomy exaltation! They all waltzed together until the long room shook, and the very bunting on the walls waved and fluttered with the gyrations of these revolving dervishes. Nobody knew, nobody cared, how long this frenzy lasted—it ceased only with the collapse of the musicians. Then with much vague bewilderment, inward trepidation, awkward and incoherent partings, everybody went dazedly home; there was no other dancing after that—the waltz was the one event of the festival and of the history of Santa Ana. And later that night, when the timid Mrs. Wade, in the seclusion of her own room and the disrobing of her slim figure, glanced at her spotless, frilled and laced petticoat lying on a chair, a faint smile—the first of her widowhood—curved the corners of her pretty mouth.

A week of ominous silence regarding the festival succeeded in Santa Ana. The local paper gave the fullest particulars of the opening of the hotel, but contented itself with saying, "The entertainment concluded with a dance." Mr. Brooks, who felt himself compelled to call upon his late charming partner twice during the week, characteristically soothed her anxieties as to the result.

"The fact of it is, Mrs. Wade, there's really nobody in particular to blame, and that's what gets them! They're all mixed up in it; and when old Johnson tried to be nasty the other evening and hoped you hadn't suffered from your exertions that night, I told him you hadn't quite recovered yet from the physical shock of having been run into by him and Mrs. Stubbs, but that you being a lady, you didn't tell just how you felt at the exhibition he and she made of themselves. That shut him up."

"But you shouldn't have said that," said Mrs. Wade with a frightened little smile.

"No matter," returned Brooks cheerfully, "I'll take the blame of it with the others. You see, they'll have to have a scapegoat, and I'm just the man, for I got up the dance! And as I'm going away I suppose I shall bear off the sin with me in the wilderness."

"You're going away," repeated Mrs. Wade in more genuine concern.

"Not for long," returned Brooks laughingly. "I came here to look up a mill site and I've found it. Meantime I think I've opened their eyes."

"You have opened mine," said the widow with timid frankness.

They were soft, pretty eyes when opened, in spite of their heavy red lids, and Mr. Brooks thought that Santa Ana would be no worse if they remained open. Possibly he looked it, for Mrs. Wade said hurriedlly: "I mean—that is—I've been thinking that life needn't *always* be as gloomy as we make it here. And even *here*, you know, Mr. Brooks, we have six months sunshine—though we always forget it in the rainy season."

"That's so," said Brooks cheerfully; "I once lost a heap of money through my own foolishness and I've managed to forget it, and I even reckon to get it back again out of Santa Ana if my mill speculation holds good. So good-by, Mrs. Wade—but not for long." He shook her hand and departed, leaving the widow conscious of a certain sympathetic confidence, and a little grateful for—she knew not what.

This feeling remained with her most of the afternoon and even imparted a certain gayety to her spirits, to the extent of causing her to hum softly to herself, the air being, oddly enough, the Julien waltz. And when, later in the day, as the shadows were closing in with the rain, word was brought to her that a stranger wished to see her in the sitting-room, she carried a less mournful mind to this function of her existence. For Mrs. Wade was accustomed to give audience to travelling agents, tradesmen, working-hands and servants as châtelaine of her ranch, and the occasion was not novel. Yet on entering the room, which she used partly as an office, she found some difficulty in classifying the stranger, who at the first glance reminded her of the tramping miner she had seen that night from her window. He was rather incongruously dressed, some articles of his apparel being finer than others; he wore a diamond pin in a scarf folded over a rough "hickory" shirt; his light trousers were tucked in common mining boots that bore stains of travel, and a suggestion that he had slept in his clothes. What she could see of his unshaven face in that uncertain light expressed a kind of dogged concentration, overlaid by an assumption of ease. He got up as she came in, and with a slight "How do, ma'am," shut the door behind her and glanced furtively around the room.

"What I've got to say to ye, Mrs. Wade—as I reckon you be—is strictly private and confidential! Why, ye'll see afore I get through. But I thought I might just as well caution ye ag'in our being disturbed."

Overcoming a slight instinct of repulsion, Mrs. Wade returned: "You can speak to me here; no one will interrupt you—unless I call them," she added with feminine caution.

"And I reckon ye won't do that," he said with a grim smile. "You are the widow o' Pulaski Wade, late o' Heavy Tree Hill, I reckon?"

"I am," said Mrs. Wade.

"And your husband's berried up thar in the graveyard with a monument over him setting forth his virtues ez a Christian and a square man, and a high-minded citizen! And that he was foully murdered by highwaymen?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wade, "that is the inscription."

"Well, ma'am, a bigger pack o' lies never was cut on stone!"

Mrs. Wade arose, half in indignation, half in vague terror.

"Keep your sittin'," said the stranger with a warning wave of his hand. "Wait till I'm through and then you can call in the hull State o' California—*ef* ye want."

The stranger's manner was so doggedly confident that Mrs. Wade sunk back tremblingly in her chair. The man put his slouch hat on his knee, twirled it around once or twice, and then said with the same stubborn deliberation: "The highwayman in that business was *your husband*—Pulaski Wade and his gang—and he was killed by one o' the men he was robbin'. Ye see, ma'am, it used to be your husband's little game to rope in three or four strangers in a poker deal at Spanish Jim's saloon—I, see you've heard o' the place," he interpolated as Mrs. Wade drew back suddenly—"and when he couldn't clean 'em out in that way, or they showed a little more money than they played, he'd lay for 'em in a lone part o' the trail and go through them like any road agent. That's what he did that night—and that's how he got killed."

"How do you know this?" said Mrs. Wade with quivering lips.

"I was one o' the men he went through before he was killed. And I'd hev got my money back, but the rest o' the gang came up, and I got away jest in time to save my life and nothin' else. Ye might remember thar was one man got away and give the alarm, but he was goin' on to the States by the overland coach that night, and couldn't stay to be a witness. *I* was that man. I had paid my passage through and I couldn't lose *that*, too, with my other money, so I went."

Mrs. Wade sat stunned. She remembered the missing witness and how she had longed to see the man who was last with her husband; she remembered Spanish Jim's saloon—his well-known haunt; his frequent and unaccountable absences; the sudden influx of money which he always said he had won at cards; the diamond ring he had given her as the result of "a bet"; the forgotten recurrences of other robberies by a secret masked gang; a hundred other things that had worried her, instinctively, vaguely. She knew now, too, the meaning of the unrest that had driven her from Heavy Tree Hill—the strange unformulated fears that had haunted her even here. Yet with all this she felt, too, her present weakness—knew that this man had taken her at a disadvantage, that she ought to assert herself indignantly, deny everything—demand proof—and brand him a slanderer!

"How did—you—know it was my husband?" she stammered.

"His mask fell off in the fight; you know another mask was found; it was his. I saw him as plain as I see him there!" He pointed to a daguerreotype of her husband which stood upon her desk.

Mrs. Wade could only stare, vacantly, hopelessly. After a pause the man continued in a less aggressive manner and more confidential tone, which, however, only increased her terror: "I ain't sayin' that *you* knowed anything about this, ma'am, and whatever other folks might say when they know of it, I'll allers say that you didn't."

"What, then, do you come here for?" said the widow desperately.

"What do I come here for?" repeated the man grimly, looking around the room; "what did I come to this yer comfortable home—this yer big ranch and a rich woman like yourself for? Well, Mrs. Wade, I come to get the $600 your



"You say he positively recognized your husband?" "Yes, yes!" added the widow—"and knew that photograph!"

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husband robbed me of, that's all! I ain't askin' more! I ain't askin' interest! I ain't askin' compensation for havin' to run for my life, and"—again looking grimly around the walls—"I ain't askin' more than you will give."

"But this house never was his—it was my father's," gasped Mrs. Wade; "you have no right——"

"Mebbe 'yes' and mebbe 'no,' Mrs. Wade," interrupted the man with a wave of his hat, "but how about them two drafts to bearer for two hundred dollars each, found among your husband's effects and collected by your lawyer for you—*my drafts*, Mrs. Wade!"

A wave of dreadful recollection overwhelmed her. She remembered the drafts found upon her husband's body, known only to her and her lawyer, and believed to be gambling gains, and collected at once under his legal advice.

"But you shall have to prove it—before witnesses."

"Do you *want* me to prove it before witnesses?" said the man, coming nearer. "Do you want to take my word and keep it between ourselves, or do you want to call in your superintendent and his men, and all Santa Ana, to hear me prove your husband was a highwayman, thief and murderer? Do you want to knock over that monument on Heavy Tree Hill, and upset your standing here among the deacons and elders? Do you want to do all this, and be forced, even by your neighbors, to pay me in the end as you will? Ef you do, call in your witnesses now and let's have it over."

He made a step toward the door, but she stopped him.

"No! No! Wait! It's a large sum—I haven't it with me," she stammered, thoroughly beaten.

"Ye kin get it."

"Give me time!" she implored. "Look! I'll give you a hundred down now—all I have here—the rest another time!" She nervously opened a drawer of her desk, and taking out a buckskin bag of gold thrust it in his hand. "There! Go away now!" She lifted her thin hand despairingly to her head. "Go! Do!"

The man seemed struck by her manner. "I don't want to be hard on a woman," he said slowly. "I'll go now and come back again at nine to-night. You can git the money—or what's as good, a check to bearer—by then. And ef ye'll take my advice you won't ask no advice from others, ef you want to keep your secret. Jest now it's safe with me; I'm a square man—ef I seem to be a hard one." He made a gesture as if to take her hand, but, as she drew shrinkingly away, he changed it to an awkward bow, and the next moment he was gone.

She started to her feet, but the unwonted strain upon her nerves and frail body had been greater than she knew. She made a step forward, felt the room whirl around her and then seem to collapse beneath her feet, and, clutching at her chair, sank back into it, fainting.

How long she lay there she never knew. She was at last conscious of some one bending over her, and a voice—the voice of Mr. Brooks—in her ear, saying: "I beg your pardon—you seem ill. Shall I call some one?"

"No!" she gasped, quickly recovering herself with an effort. "Where is—when did you come in?"

"Only this moment. I was leaving to-night, sooner than I expected, and thought I'd say good-by. They told me that you had been engaged with a stranger. I beg your pardon—I see you are ill. I won't detain you any longer."

"No! No! Don't go! I am better—better," she said feverishly. As she glanced at his strong and sympathetic face a wild idea seized her. He was a stranger here, an alien to these people, like herself. The advice that she dared not seek from others, from her half-estranged religious friends, from even her superintendent and his wife, dare she ask from him? Perhaps he saw this frightened doubt, this imploring appeal, in her eyes, for he said gently: "Is it anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," she said with the sudden desperation of weakness, "I want you to keep a secret!"

"Yours—yes!" he said promptly.

Whereat poor Mrs. Wade instantly burst into tears. Then amidst her sobs she told him of the stranger's visit, of his terrible accusations, of his demands—his expected return and her own utter helplessness. To her terror, as she went on she saw a singular change in his kind face; he was following her with hard, eager intensity. She had half hoped, even through her fateful instincts, that he might have laughed, manlike, at her fears. But he did not.

"You say he positively recognized your husband?"

"Yes, yes!" sobbed the widow, "and knew that photograph!" She pointed to the desk. Brooks turned quickly in that direction. Luckily his back was toward her, and she could not see his face nor the quick, startled look that came into his eyes. But when they again met hers it was gone, and even their eager intensity had changed to a gentle commiseration. "You have only his word for it, Mrs. Wade," he said gently, "and in telling your secret to another you have shorn the rascal of half his power over you, and he knew it. Now, dismiss the matter from your mind and leave it all to me. I will be here a few minutes before nine—*and alone in this room*. Let your visitor be shown in here—and don't let us be disturbed."

It lacked a few minutes of nine when Mr. Brooks was ushered into the sitting-room. As soon as he was alone he quietly examined the door and the windows and, having satisfied himself, took his seat in a chair casually placed behind the door. Presently he heard the sound of voices and a heavy footstep in the passage. He lightly felt his waistcoat pocket—it contained a pretty little weapon of power and precision, with a barrel scarcely two inches long.

The door opened and the person outside entered the room. In an instant Brooks had shut the door and locked it behind him. The man turned fiercely, but was faced by Brooks quietly—with one finger carelessly hooked in his waistcoat pocket. The man slightly recoiled from him, not so much from fear as from some vague stupefaction. "What's that for? What's your little game?" he said half contemptuously.

"No game at all," returned Brooks coolly. "You came here to sell a secret. I don't propose to have it given away first, to any listener."

"*You* don't—who are *you*?"

"That's a queer question to ask of the man you are trying to personate—but I don't wonder. You're doing it badly!"

"Personate—*you*?" said the stranger with staring eyes.

"Yes, *me*," said Brooks quietly. "*I* am the only man who escaped from the robbery that night at Heavy Tree Hill and who went home by the overland coach."

The stranger stared, but recovered himself with a coarse laugh. "Oh, well, we're on the same lay, it appears! Both after the widow—afore we show up her husband."

"Not exactly," said Brooks with his eyes fixed intently on the stranger. "You are here to denounce a highwayman who is dead and escaped justice. I am here to denounce one who is *living!* Stop! drop your hand, it's no use—you thought you had to deal only with a woman to-night and your revolver isn't quite handy enough. There! down! down! So! That'll do."

"You can't prove it," said the man hoarsely.

"Fool! In your story to that woman you have given yourself away. There were but two travelers attacked by the highwaymen. One was killed—I am the other. Where do *you* come in? What witness can you be except as the highwayman that you were? Who is left to identify Wade but you, his accomplice?"

The man's suddenly whitened face made his unshaven beard seem to bristle over his face like some wild animal's. "Well, ef you kalkilate to blow me, you've got to blow Wade and his widder, too," he said whiningly.

"I've thought of that," said Brooks coolly, "and I calculate that to prevent it is worth about that hundred dollars you got from that poor woman—and no more! Now sit down at that table and write as I dictate."

The man looked at him in wonder, but obeyed.

"Write," said Brooks, "I hereby certify that my accusations against the late Pulaski Wade, of Heavy Tree Hill, are erroneous and groundless, and the result of mistaken identity, especially in regard to any complicity of his in the robbery of John Stubbs, deceased, and Henry Brooks, at Heavy Tree Hill on the night of the thirteenth of August, 1854."

The man looked up with a repulsive smile. "Who's the fool now? What's become of your hold on the widder now?"

"Write!" said Brooks fiercely.

The sound of a pen hurriedly scratching paper followed this first outburst of the quiet Brooks. "Sign it," said Brooks. The man signed it.

"Now go," said Brooks, unlocking the door, "but remember, if you should ever be inclined to revisit Santa Ana you will find *me* living here also."

The man slunk out of the door and into the passage like a wild animal returning to the night and darkness. Brooks took up the paper, rejoined Mrs. Wade in the parlor and laid it before her.

"But," said the widow, trembling even in her joy, "do you—do you think he was *really* mistaken?"

"Positive," said Brooks coolly. "It's true it's a mistake that has cost you a hundred dollars—but there are some mistakes that are worth that to be kept quiet."

They were married a year later, but there is no record that in after years of conjugal relations with a weak, charming woman, Henry Brooks was ever tempted to tell her the whole truth of the robbery of Heavy Tree Hill.



Tales of the Credit Man

By Harlow N. Higinbotham

1—PREPARATION AND QUALIFICATIONS

A MAN may write credits for half a lifetime and not be a credit man. It sounds trite to say that the real credit man is born, not made; but this phrase seems to apply with greater fitness and truth to this member of the executive staff of the modern wholesale establishment than to any other of its departmental heads. Why this is so will easily be seen by a little examination into the qualifications which afford the best equipment for the peculiar responsibilities of the credit desk.

Most important of all, he must be a temperate man—and I use the word in its broadest, its dispositional sense. He must not only maintain the appearance of a calm and equable temperament, but this must be in fact his mental attitude and condition. For a credit man to become excited would be as incongruous and unpardonable as for a judge on the bench to give place to a display of passion or temper. His every act should be judicial, analytical and far removed from passion or prejudice. Then he must be gifted with a talent for affairs—a "nose for business," as the good editor or reporter has a "nose for news." This quality is more intuitive than logical in its operation, and may well be classed as a gift of Nature rather than one of the ordinary faculties of reason.

Now, as to the artificial acquirements, the study, training and experience which give the man who is about to take up the duties of the credit desk the best possible preparation for the exacting demands of the position: I am profoundly convinced that the credit man who has not lived on a farm or in a country village must always be at a distinct disadvantage in his work. No amount of native shrewdness can make up for the lack of an intimate, first-hand knowledge of all the conditions which affect the prosperity of the farmer and the rural community. The ideal basis of experience upon which to build a good credit man is a boyhood on a farm, a few years in the typical "general store" of the average village, a period of service in the country bank and a thorough drill in the cashier's department of the wholesale house. The young man who comes to the credit desk with this kind of experience behind him has the best schooling for the place that he could possibly possess.

The Ideal School for the Future Credit Man

Why place so much stress on this country training? Why insist that no credit man who has not lived on a farm may reasonably hope to come up to the full stature of the ideal credit man? Generally speaking, each customer of the wholesale dealer is his distributing agent in the centre of a circle of farmers. The latter may be spoken of as the final customers, for all trade must, sooner or later, get back to them for a basis—and this step is ordinarily shorter and more direct than is commonly supposed. Whatever affects the farmer affects the retail merchant and makes his prosperity or his adversity, and the credit man's task is simply that of accurately forecasting the financial condition of the country merchant. If the retail tradesman is dependent for his prosperity upon that of the farmer, it is plain to see that a knowledge of all that makes good or bad times for the farmer is the elemental thing in the calculations of the credit man. If he knows the climatic conditions which have prevailed in certain localities during the crop-growing season he does not need to have his customer come to the city to tell him how trade and collections have been. No matter how bright, shrewd and sound may be the country merchant, he cannot prosper without trade and its harvest of collected profits, and when the weather in any locality has been against the farmers the credit man knows that he must watch the account of the merchant from that locality a little more carefully than he would if the farmers there were enjoying the best of conditions.

If he can form a first-hand judgment of the "prospects" of any customer, uncolored by the views or arguments of the latter, he is able to determine how much credit to extend to the country merchant, how large a stock of goods the tradesman should carry, when to be lenient with him and when not. Here is a case in point:

How the Credit Man Uses His Sixth Sense

A country merchant, apparently above the average in prosperity, came to me and asked for a large credit. No sooner did he name the town from which he came than I had a fair idea of the possible extent of his trade under the most advantageous circumstances, for I knew the population of the town, the extent of farming territory from which he might hope to draw trade, and the general productiveness of the locality. Then came a few casual inquiries about the kind of weather that had prevailed in his region, and I had a survey of his business situation and prospects which was far more comprehensive and exact than he suspected. The line of credit which he wished to establish was large enough for a merchant leading the trade in a community five times the size of that in which he was located. Consequently, instead of receiving the liberal credit for which he asked, he was given a limit of $1000. Of course, he did not like this, and at the time my decision might have seemed a little arbitrary, as I had no reason to believe he was not an honest man. But I knew he did not need to buy the big stock of goods he wished to start out with, as the possible volume of trade at his command would not warrant so heavy an investment. An Eastern jobbing house, however, did not take this view of the country

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of four papers by Mr. H. N. Higinbotham, of Chicago.

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merchant's situation, and trusted him to the extent of more than $50,000. Very likely the credit man of that establishment had never done any actual farming and had not served an apprenticeship in a country store or bank. Certainly he demonstrated that he was utterly unable to form any idea of the trade capacity of a farming community. The merchant who had thus secured from the Eastern house an enormous quantity of goods disposed of the major part of them by the most expeditious methods possible and then made his escape to Canada with the proceeds.

Though agriculture is the basis of business in this country, and though I think it of greater advantage to the young credit man to understand by experience the life of a farming district rather than of any other kind of industrial community, I do not wish to place an absurd or exaggerated value on this point of rural experience. Rather let the emphasis rest on this statement: Get a clear and intelligent idea of the environments of each customer, whether he lives in a dairy, a mining, a lumbering, a stock-raising or a manufacturing community. This will enable you to form an independent and unprejudiced idea of the situation.

How to Study Business Law

Next in the list of acquirements which the young credit man must have to make him successful is a good, practical familiarity with accounts and a sound knowledge of commercial law. The first he may obtain at the bookkeeping desk of the country store, in the village bank or, perhaps, in the commercial school. Though I hold that actual experience is the best school for an accountant, I am not prejudiced against the commercial school, for the reason that a certain amount of scientific or, if you please, theoretical knowledge is necessary in the making of a good accountant—one who is able to start a set of books or reorganize a set which has been incompetently handled. A man may post a set of accounts for thirty years, following blindly an established routine, without understanding the first principles of accounting. Therefore, a fair grounding in the theory of bookkeeping enforced by actual experience is by far the best training in this direction.

One line of preparation which no young credit man can afford to neglect is that of commercial law. The occasions on which this kind of information is most needed generally arise unexpectedly and suddenly. There is no opportunity for leisurely consultation of legal authorities. Action must be taken immediately. How may the young man ground himself in this branch of the credit business so that he will not, through ignorance or misunderstanding of the law, plunge his house into an expensive mistake? Attendance upon a course of lectures on the fundamentals of commercial law, delivered by a plain, practical, common-sense lawyer, is probably the most convenient way in which to get a good grounding in this branch of legal knowledge. This is easily to be had in any well-equipped law or business college. If this means of information is not available, and if he does not already know an able and experienced commercial lawyer, let him make the acquaintance of such an attorney, and cultivate the acquaintance into a friendship so intimate that the professional man will gladly answer his questions by the hour. If the lawyer is inclined to illustrate each legal point with a good story or anecdote, so much the better, for nothing so fixes a principle in the memory as does a good story.

Of course the young credit man may put in his evenings reading commercial law, if he has the application and energy to do this in a systematic way, but the individual so gifted is rare. He will start into the reading with colors flying, but will drop out of the dreary pursuit as soon as its "deadly monotony" is fully realized. By far the better way is to absorb the legal knowledge from a lawyer who is gifted with sound common-sense and has had experience in commercial litigation.

Whenever some problem in commercial law is suggested by the experiences of the day, let this be carefully considered and finally proposed to the lawyer. To be sure that none of these problems is forgotten, keep a written memorandum of each hypothetical case, making its statement clear and exact. It will be well for the young man to record his own unaided conclusions in each case before submitting the problem to his counselor. This practice will tend to show the soundness of his individual judgment in matters of commercial law, and also will impress the whole bearings of the case upon his recollection. Of course the epitome of the lawyer's decision should be placed on record. Almost unconsciously he will be continually alert to see to what extent the conclusions of his friendly legal adviser are verified in the stern test of actual experience. Until the future credit man is actually a part of the credit department he cannot put in his best efforts at learning the wisdom of the credit desk. His first year or two of active service in the department of credits must "make or break" his future record in the greater number of instances. This must be the time of his hard training, of his seasoning, when his theories are demonstrated under the severe pressure of responsibility. Then it is that the general knowledge of accounts and of commercial law, which he has picked up in the cashier's department and previously in the country bank or store, is applied under the stress of the hurry and push which is as much a feature of the modern counting-room as of the salesroom or factory. In some sudden exigency the advice of his lawyer friend flashes into his mind. Instantly he concludes, "That man was right!" and his line of action is quickly determined.

The Necessity for Diplomatic Letter-Writing

Letter-writing is a branch of credit work to which altogether too little attention is paid. No matter how shrewd a judge of character any credit man may be, he labors under a serious and dangerous handicap unless he becomes an adroit letter-writer. When it is remembered that, as a general thing, the credit man must be regarded as the monitor of the establishment, and that the merchant who never has occasion to exchange a letter with him or to call at his desk is most to be congratulated, it will be seen that the relationship is a peculiarly sensitive one. As a rule, each letter written by the credit man means a favor granted or denied, a reminder of unfulfilled obligations or a rebuke administered. The letters from the credit man which are not particularly welcome are considerably in excess of those which grant all that has been asked; therefore the situation resolves itself into a constant study of how so to word an unpleasant letter that it may be effective and still not give serious offense. Scores of credit men are able to exercise sound diplomacy in handling a delicate situation when face to face with the customer, who fail utterly when it comes to stating the situation on paper. In employing the agency of correspondence they lose their facility and accuracy of expression, and are either so concise that their correspondents think them cold and curt, or they are so profuse that the country merchant sees in the multiplicity of words a betrayal of indecision, of timidity or lack of directness, dignity and force. If a young man does not know how to write letters he may learn—and to this task he should apply himself with energy and patience, realizing that the importance of the result aimed at is an ample justification of severe and continued effort.



MR. HARLOW H. HIGINBOTHAM

The art of saying no in a manner so gracious that the person who receives the denial does not feel aggrieved, and is inclined cheerfully to grant its justice, is nowhere so constantly in demand as at the credit desk. There the frequency of informing a customer that his request for an extension of time or for an increase of his credit must be denied depends only upon the size of the business. In a large house it is an hourly routine. Then the matter becomes even more sensitive when the house is compelled to call the customer's attention to the fact that he is crowding his limit, that he is behind in his payments, that, in one of a possible score of particulars, his relationship is not quite satisfactory. The tone of every letter should be pitched with nicety and in harmony with the credit man's knowledge of his customer's character and with the effect it is desired to produce.

Each epistle demands its own individual adjustment so that it may "wing" without killing the bird, for it must be remembered that the general object of the credit man's epistolary efforts is to hold the customers of the house in safe lines and to educate them into sounder business methods, so that he may rely upon them with greater certainty for prompt payments—and for larger payments, too. The credit man who writes his letters as if his function were to get the money due from a customer in such a manner that the latter could not, with self-respect, continue to trade with the house, is not entirely an unknown species, but he should be.

The Credit Man's Perplexities

There is a general impression that the credit man must be remarkably proficient as an accountant and as a mathematician—a "lightning calculator," as it were. While he must have a good, firm grasp of the principles and practice of accounting, he will generally injure instead of help his chances by displaying the powers of a mathematical prodigy.

A gift for judging men is, of course, the basis of the credit man's equipment. Without this peculiar knack of insight he is certain to make shipwreck of his career, if he does not of his house. Sometimes the statement of a prospective customer and all the information obtained from other and presumably impartial and reliable sources go to indicate that the merchant is worth all the credit for which he asks. At the same time the man at the credit desk has a feeling—perhaps rather vague and indefinable—that the man is not what he claims and that his request for credit should be denied. This brings the young credit man face to face with a difficult and perplexing situation. The first time he confronts a condition of this kind he may well pause and ask which is the safer guide to follow, intuition or reason.

Confidence in Intuition Not Misplaced

Speaking from individual experience I would say, act upon the intuition, for if the case were analyzed thoroughly it would be found that the intuition is but the impression gained from a kind of subconscious reasoning. I recall one time when I was confronted by a situation of the kind I have described. A man from one of the large towns in a Western farming State came and asked for a considerable credit. He stated that he had $75,000 capital. This was a large amount for such a place. By a few questions, which he answered without hesitation and apparently without reserve, I gained the information that quite a large share of this fortune was lent in Chicago on collateral security and brought interest at the rate of three per cent. to five per cent. a month. He told how extensive a line of credit he was able to command from other houses, and also gave the name of the man who attended to his loan business in Chicago. The latter verified all the claims of our prospective customer, and when the latter's name was mentioned to the credit man of a neighboring house it drew out the remark, "We'll trust him for $20,000." In the face of such corroboration and indorsement I said:

"You must pay cash before we ship you any goods whatever." Shortly afterward the papers contained sensational accounts of the sudden disappearance of this provincial "merchant prince." He sold his goods for less than their cost and made good his escape across the Canadian border.

The Road to the Credit Desk

As I have intimated, the natural road to the credit desk is by way of the cashier's department. There the young man handles the correspondence and quickly learns the names of customers and of their towns. What is still more important, he becomes familiar with their business characteristics and habits. If Smith, of Smithville, is inclined to remit a few days over time, and if Jones, of Jonesboro, is in the habit of overreaching the strict limits in taking his discount, the accountants in the cashier's office acquire this information in the routine discharge of their duties. This is not only valuable but necessary information to an assistant credit man.

There is little room for advice on the relationship of the young credit man with the head of the house, or with the dominant personality of the establishment, as the nature of this relationship must depend so largely upon the character of the man. If he is a broad, progressive, modern man of affairs he will simply define a general policy for the credit department and refuse to be consulted upon the details of its execution, save in cases of the utmost importance. The only way by which the young credit man may cultivate the confidence and esteem of such a man is to do his work so well that the results will speak his praises. It is equally certain that the only way in which to develop a credit man is to push him out on his resources, where he must act on his own judgment and act quickly. Any other line of treatment is certain to destroy the stamina and independence of the credit man, who must be the backbone of the house in the way of often sacrificing what seems to be a "bird in the hand"—the account of a promising customer—for the remote fear of future disaster. The credit man needs all the stamina he can develop, and the cultivation of this quality should be encouraged instead of hindered.

The Credit Man's Relations with the House

There is also another excellent reason why the credit man should be firmly established in the attitude of independent and responsible action, without feeling any necessity for consultation with his superior. The more solid and desirable the customer the more sensitive is he to anything which he may construe as a reflection upon his financial standing. Let us suppose that a merchant of this kind goes into a wholesale house where the credit man feels that he cannot take a single important step without consulting higher authority. He offers his statement and makes a showing which, he is proudly conscious, is above question or reproach and entitles him to instant welcome among the best patrons of the house. This is what he expects, and when the credit man asks to be excused for a moment and goes to the private office of the proprietor for consultation, the customer instantly interprets the hesitation to grant him the line of credit asked as a challenge to the record he has offered. Probably he recalls very distinctly that he did not have to wait in the office of the competing house while the credit man submitted his case to the proprietor, but that he received all he asked without question or delay.

The credit man who is not given the full authority of his position has not an enviable task. It will be doubly wearing and irksome if he has interference and timidity to deal with in the very quarter from which his support should come. The word support is used advisedly, for the credit man soon finds that he stands between the selling department and the vested interests of the house. Salesmen are anxious to sell, and often feel that a ruling of the credit man is too conservative, and works a direct hardship to them in cutting down their sales, driving away customers, and consequently curtailing their profits. On the other hand, he is forcibly reminded of the other side of his problem when a customer with a big credit line goes to the wall or to Canada, and thousands of dollars go with him. It is the delicate and difficult mission of the credit man to minimize this friction between the selling and the proprietary interests of the establishment, to hold all the good customers firmly in line, to coax or prod the lagging into step with the prompt ones, and to keep the worthless out of the ranks altogether.

These views are offered simply as the conclusions of one credit man based upon his personal experience, and if their expression seems didactic it is his misfortune, for they are not so intended. Let them be accepted, therefore, as the personal opinions of one who does not assume to speak with authority, but is willing to give to those engaged in this line of work the benefit of a frank statement of the problems which have come to him and of the conclusions and impressions they have left with him.

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MEN AND WOMEN *of the* HOUR

A Legion of Partners

Probably no business man in the United States has had a more varied career than W. J. White, who has recently been made president of the American Chicle Company, the newly formed consolidation of all the chewing-gum interests in the country. An orphan boy, raised on a farm, his first business venture was the sale of apples at the county fair, when he was a lad of fourteen years. Later he was cook for a gang of railroad builders in Kansas, and when he lost his job he "tramped" back East. The next turn of fortune found him a peddler of candy on the streets of one of the big cities.

When Mr. White first attempted to launch a new chewing gum on the market he met with failure after failure in his effort to interest capital.

He once offered to a man an interest in the establishment for $1000. From this incident has grown the claim made by a thousand and one nobodies that they might have been partners of the wealthy manufacturer. Nothing so arouses Mr. White's ire as a fraudulent contention of this character. On one occasion he was seated in a hotel dining-room and heard a young man at the adjoining table relating to his companion how he might have been as fortunate as the chewing-gum manufacturer if he had but yielded to the entreaties of Mr. White. The president of the consolidation stood it as long as he could, and then walking over to the table he explained that he was W. J. White, and confessed that he had entirely forgotten ever making such an offer as that which he had just heard recounted.

Hamlin Garland's Pluck

Few writers have the splendid physique possessed by Hamlin Garland, whose courage is equal to his muscle. In his recent pilgrimage to the Klondike over the new Canadian trail he deliberately exposed himself to dangers from which veteran prospectors and mountaineers were disposed to shrink, but he confesses that he was once so thoroughly scared that his heart pounded like a steam trip-hammer. This was when he was "looking for color" in the Cripple Creek country.

Learning that he could reach the largest ranch of that region in time to witness the grand round-up, he set out in post-haste on the back of a piebald bronco for which he conceived a decided liking. When he reached the ranch his bronco was turned into the immense corral, into which had already been driven a hundred or more head of cattle.

After a night's rest he went out with his bridle on his arm to "get up" his bronco. In his boyhood he had "punched cows" on the prairies, and knew that a man on foot is a natural target for horns of a drove of Western cattle. One glance at the situation told him that it was a risky thing to venture into the corral, but he felt that his standing with the cowboys would be irretrievably lost if he were to retreat.

The moment he entered the corral he was sighted by an enormous bull, the king of the herd. Instantly this monarch of the range threw up his head and gave a ferocious snort. Shrewdly calculating that the bull would indulge in a slight theatrical prelude before leading the onslaught of the herd, Mr. Garland made his way rapidly toward his bronco. Before he reached the animal's side, however, he heard a terrific bellow and saw a cloud of dust where his enemy was pawing the dirt. Then the whole herd bore down upon him.

When the charge of broad horns was only a few rods away the apostle of Western realism reached his pony, grabbed its short mane and leaped upon the creature's back. Instantly the attacking force came to a halt, sniffed the air and looked about in astonishment and confusion, unable to account for the sudden disappearance of the intended victim of the charge. A horse with a rider was a thing familiar and to be respected by the fiercest bull; but a man without a horse was an alien and an intruder.

A Convention on the Philadelphia Plan

One of the famous dining organizations is the Gridiron Club, of Washington. Its dinners are celebrated in all parts of the world. There are men who will travel thousands of miles to be present at one of the feasts. It is new and lively from start to finish, and every great man not only of the United States, but every one who has visited this country has enjoyed its hospitality. The club is composed of forty of the best-known newspaper correspondents at Washington. The dinners are given monthly and each has its special burlesque. The one given the other night, for instance, was the Convention Dinner and was a huge take-off on Presidential gatherings. The chief Democrats and the chief Republicans were there, Chairman Hanna and Chairman Jones and a majority of the Cabinet and many of the leading Democrats all being present. The president of the club is Henry Litchfield West, who probably knows more politicians than any journalist in the United States. Mr. West has a serious manner which inspires confidence, and his voice is deeply solemn. His speeches are indescribable in their effectiveness. At this particular dinner he announced, as if he were calling the roll or doing some other unemotional thing, that all the details, such as the selection of temporary and permanent officers, the appointment of committees and the nomination of the ticket and so on, had been arranged beforehand.

"Then what kind of a convention is this?" asked a member of the club.

President West gazed at Senator Hanna. "A convention on the Philadelphia plan," he replied. "The delegates have nothing to do but furnish the enthusiasm."

General Gordon's Gifted Daughter

Miss Caroline Gordon, of Georgia, daughter of John B. Gordon, ex-Governor, ex-Senator and famous Confederate soldier, will give public readings of Southern folk-lore and anecdotes of plantation life. The late Mr. Frank Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, put this idea in her head. He considered her one of the most brilliant story-tellers among women. He promised her anything to make her career successful if she would give such entertainments as he proposed. His house near Philadelphia entertained more distinguished men of this country and Europe than any other house in Pennsylvania. It was at a dinner of brilliant personages that Mr. Thomson launched Miss Gordon into public story-telling. She was the guest of his daughter, and had delighted her host for days in succession with her remarkable narrative gift, her folk-songs and her imitation of plantation cake-walks—not the absurd thing one sees in the North, when a prize is offered, but the genuine thing in front of the cabins, to the light of torches.

Mr. Thomson told Miss Gordon that she must tell her best story at this dinner party. She tried to beg off, but finally consented if they could arrange a tactful method of bringing the story into play. She rehearsed her story and he decided upon the method of bringing it up. He would guide the talk to shop and mention some experiments with locomotives the road had recently been making.

"Speaking of locomotives," Miss Gordon was to say, and then launch out on her best anecdote, which was about a train. The plan succeeded perfectly, but Miss Gordon confessed that she nearly had hysterics when she caught the twitching of her host's mouth, and the symptoms of choking in his daughter as the cue was given.

Hugh J. Grant's Rise

Most of the success of Hugh J. Grant, the recent receiver for the Third Avenue Railroad and twice Mayor of New York, is popularly supposed to start from his honesty in refusing to vote with the "Boodle" aldermen, in 1884, for the Broadway railroad franchise, a transaction which landed several of the lawmakers in prison and sent many others to Canada as exiles. From this time on Alderman Grant's progress was Napoleonic. He was Sheriff and Mayor, being four times the candidate of his party for the latter office.

But Mr. Grant made his beginning long before that. When he was little over twenty years old he determined to make a place in local politics. He chose three lieutenants, all of them rich and prominent now, and made an assault on the Tammany forces in the old Nineteenth District, which took in all the upper Westside of New York. At the primary election the Grant men were clubbed by the police and hustled about by the ward heelers, but they climbed over their heads as if scaling a wall, and deposited their ballots safely. They were beaten, however, but the next year opposition shifted and they carried the district. Soon after that Mr. Grant became an alderman.

When the great dinner was given to President Harrison and the Cabinet during the Washington Centennial in 1889, Mr. Grant was Mayor. He had been chiefly known before that as an honest and active politician who had inherited a fortune and was making another. At this dinner, which was engineered by the leaders of New York's four hundred and was attended by the pick of the big men of the nation and the chief members of the diplomatic corps, steps were taken to prevent Mayor Grant from presiding. It was thought that he would mar the function by ignorance and uncouthness. But the Mayor was firm, and he not only presided, but he established a reputation as a model and graceful toastmaster, and in his own address he captured the heartiest applause of the evening, a large part of which came from the very men who had opposed him at the beginning.

Miss Brown and the Gypsy

An adventure in Warwickshire, England, which Miss Alice Brown has not recorded in her recent volume, By Oak and Thorn, is thus related by a friend of hers:

"Of course you know that By Oak and Thorn is a story of pilgrimages through rural England. It was toward the close of a day devoted to a long tramp that Miss Brown and her companions came to a gypsy camp by the roadside.

"A gypsy girl came forward and, in wheedling tones, begged permission to tell their fortunes. Miss Brown has a strong element of the Puritan in her character, and she objected to encouraging what she regarded as pure humbug, but, at last, good-naturedly yielded.

"The gypsy took her hand and, after the usual flattery and promise of a wealthy and handsome husband, looking long and earnestly into Miss Brown's eyes the while, suddenly began a really remarkable chronicle of Miss Brown's past. The sibyl not only announced such, perhaps, discernible facts as that Miss Brown's nationality was American, and that she was a writer, but went into particulars of her life in America that really astonished, so accurate were they.

"Miss Brown said afterward that the only way she could explain it was by telepathy—that she was fatigued herself, and her mind had been dwelling on pictures of her home life—but it was her first experience of the kind, and she believed it would be her last. She had no more faith than before in the possibility of a human mind predicting the future accurately."



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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

Checks Great and Small

A few days ago Honorable Ellis H. Roberts, the Treasurer of the United States, signed two checks, one for two cents and the other for $137,594,653.15. The same routine was necessary for each. The two-cent check gave just as much trouble in the clerical routine of the office as the check for millions. This wide difference illustrates the wonderful variety of the financial operations of the National Government. Nominally the revenues of this country are $650,000,000 a year, but in handling this almost incredible sum the transaction reached several billions of dollars. Uncle Sam not only collects an enormous amount of money, but he pays it out in many thousand different ways, and every cent expended goes through a labyrinth of red tape, which, though tortuous and complicated, is a necessary safeguard for the money of the people.

We do not hear much of the Treasurer of the United States in the news and discussions of the day, but, after all, he is one of the most important officers of the Government. He is custodian of all the moneys and of the securities pledged by the national banks for their circulating notes and for public moneys deposited with them. There are sub-treasurers in nine cities and all these are under his order. With the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller he signs all warrants for payments and with the Register all checks for transfers of moneys from any depositories. He pays by checks interest on registered public securities and redeems national banknotes and worn Government currency. Upon his suggestion are determined the denominations of United States paper printed for circulation, and this is the man who has to be as careful about two cents as about one hundred millions of dollars.

The Legal Money for Paying Debts

Every hour of the day we use money in one form or another, either earning it, spending it or changing it, and yet how few of us really understand the actual value of the notes and coins that we receive or distribute. What is legal tender? Do you pause to consider the fact that about one-half of the money of the United States is really not legal in the matter of paying a debt?

Legal tender is familiar in the discussion of politics, and it is one of those things which we hear much about and which we very inadequately understand. Legal tender currency means that it is money which can be lawfully used in paying a debt.

Of course, all the money of the United States is accepted for any indebtedness, but as a matter of fact much of it is not really legal tender. For instance, gold certificates are not legal tender; silver certificates are not legal tender; trade dollars are not legal tender; fractional currency is not a legal tender; foreign gold coins and foreign silver coins are not legal tenders. There is even a question as to the old Continental currency, although the States, with the exception of Rhode Island, passed a law in favor of it, while the Continental Congress decided that any man who refused to take this money should be deemed an enemy of his country.

The legal tenders under the present laws are eleven in number and they are so determined under this definition, which is taken from Bouvier's Law Dictionary:

"Money of a character which by law a debtor may require his creditor to receive in payment in the absence of any agreement in the contract or obligation itself."

These are gold coins, standard silver dollars, subsidiary silver coin—the silver coins of the United States of smaller denominations than one dollar are a legal tender in all sums not exceeding ten dollars—copper, bronze and copper nickel coin, United States notes—known as greenbacks—demand treasury notes, the one and two year notes of 1863, the compound interest notes of the sixties, the treasury notes of 1890, the Columbian half dollars and the Columbian quarters. In actual business, needless to say, the question of legal tender is not often raised.

A Look at Uncle Sam's Books

It is a very curious fact that the taxpayers of the country, as a rule, are ignorant of the way in which they are taxed and of the direction in which the taxes go. You who are reading this may be an average or a special citizen, but if you were asked about the details of the Government finances you would probably be unable to answer.

For instance, in the first place you should explain that this country, in addition to its other innovations, has discovered and put into operation a system of taxation which gets the money without the person who pays it knowing it. There was a time, beginning in 1862 and ending in 1888, when a part of the revenue to sustain the Government was raised by direct taxes. But even then the sum was a very small one compared to the amount required for the support of the Government.

The recent war tax is almost direct, but it is peculiar that our modern mechanical developments have increased our blindness to facts. That is to say, while this tax is direct the stamps are so conveniently furnished on our blank checks that we do not feel the burden of it. At the same time it exists.

Another thing about our finances is the variation that has existed since the beginning of the Government. Of course it is not necessary to go back to the beginning of the century because the contrast would not be valuable, but suppose we take 1860 and compare it with 1900, a period of forty years. In 1860 the Government was supported entirely from the customs—the receipts being a little over fifty-three million dollars—and from the sale of public lands, the receipts being $1,778,000, and miscellaneous resources, bringing the total to $56,064,607.83, and in that year the Government spent over $7,000,000 more than it received.

It is impossible to say exactly how much the Government will receive this year, but it will be somewhere between six and seven hundred million dollars. Of this amount the largest sum will come from internal revenue, the next largest from customs, and then there will be miscellaneous items running up to thirty or forty million dollars, which will swell the total to the amount necessary to run the machinery of Government.

How will this be spent? In 1860 the War Department cost $16,409,767.10. In 1897 the cost was $48,950,267.89; in 1898 it was $91,992,000.29; in 1899 it was $229,841,254.47. This year it will be a very large sum again, which goes to show how much war and expansion cost. In 1860 the Navy cost exactly $11,514,964.96. This year the naval appropriation bill is over $63,000,000. The civil and miscellaneous establishments of the country will cost us this year about $120,000,000. We have done our best to make the Indians good angels, but in spite of all our efforts the cost of the work has increased from $2,949,191.34 in 1860, to over $12,000,000 in 1890. In the matter of pensions the growth has been something almost incredible. In 1860 it was a little over a million dollars. Now it is almost $150,000,000 a year—another illustration of the cost of war. The interest on the public debt in 1860 was about $3,000,000; now it is nearly $40,000,000.

In 1860 the total expenditures were about sixty-three millions of dollars; now they are ten times that sum. So when we speak of expansion spreading over the face of the earth we may congratulate ourselves that we have expanded somewhat at home.

Our $10,000 Notes

The other day when one of the rascals who had been stealing from the postal revenues in Cuba was caught, and was held in $20,000 bail, two crisp ten thousand dollar notes were sent by the bank, in which he was a depositor, to the court. The incident attracted considerable attention from the fact that ten thousand dollar notes are not familiar to the general public. Indeed, few people know that they are in circulation, yet the figures of the Treasury, as sent in the latest statement to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST from Washington, show that there are six thousand of them outstanding at the present time, all of them, with few exceptions, being gold certificates. There are five thousand $5000 notes and there are over seventy-five thousand $1000 notes, or to make the matter more interesting, suppose we take the table as kindly furnished by Secretary Gage:

One dollar	$ 59,607,532
Two dollars	37,686,259
Five dollars	298,621,215
Ten dollars	352,873,112
Twenty dollars	279,361,366
Fifty dollars	65,529,965
One hundred dollars	78,984,070
Five hundred dollars	21,074,500
One thousand dollars	75,908,500
Five thousand dollars	25,855,000
Ten thousand dollars	58,030,000
Fractional parts	32,642

NOTE—Currency Certificates issued under Act of June 8, 1872, and representing United States notes deposited in the Treasury, $7,470,000.

This table, however, does not show the entire amount of money in circulation. There are coins in addition to the bills, and the total amount, counting everything, is considerably over two billions of dollars. The exact sum as supplied from the Treasury Department in one of its late reports is $2,323,042,973. The population of the United States as calculated by the Treasury Department was then estimated at 77,535,000, so that the circulation of money per capita was $26.58.

The Struggle for Treasury Offices

The Custom House and the Revenue Office collect and Congress appropriates. Few people understand the great battle, or rather the series of battles, which takes place in every meeting of the National Legislature. There are thousands of interests which fight for their own profits, and the Congressmen are pulled hither and where in the contest of diplomacy. It is a matter of competition all the way through. Applicants fight one another, Congressmen fight the applicants, and finally comes the great battle between the House and the Senate, both of which are jealous to the extreme of their rights and precedents.

The Cost of Being Governed

The other day the statement was made that the United States Government was rapidly approaching a record of two millions a day. The figures of the Congress which has recently adjourned more than bear this out. It is almost impossible to explain just what this means, but it shows the tremendous operations of a great government. In all big plants machinery costs, and there is nothing so expensive as the machinery of politics. People are usually extravagant when handling other people's money. Receivers exact big fees; Congressmen try to get the highest possible appropriation, even for alleged rivers which run dry, according to "Sunset" Cox, when you bore a hole in the earth.



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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

COUSIN MELINDA has packed up her trunks ready for a start for Spruce City, and the hot weather has made me think of cool sylvan glades and rippling streams and has made everything Congressional long and plan for speedy adjournment.

The most remarkable change seems to have taken place in the appearance of Congress. I was up there one Monday, not long since, and in more ways than one this change was noticeable, and as I glanced around I was sure that "variety of mere nothings gives more pleasure than uniformity of something," for the variety and styles of dress among Senators and Representatives in their vain effort for coolness and dignity combined convinced me that they had made it a principal rule of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

First and foremost, about two weeks ago, before old Sol had climbed quite so high, the surest harbinger that summer was upon us was the Congressional white vest which made its appearance. As soon as one man had worn this hot-weather badge others donned a like raiment, until Messrs. Hanna, Hale, Lodge, Elkins, Daniel and a host of others were tricked out thus. The next step in the stripping of Senatorial dignity was when man after man discarded his long frock coat and appeared in every conceivable cut and style of go-as-you-please sack coat of abbreviated dimensions. Then old Sol suddenly, as though he had winked one eye at this concession, climbed a peg higher and Senatorial dignity stepped down a peg lower, and lo! the waistcoat was discarded.

When a Senator discards that garment he feels that he has in truth parted with his last attribute of solemn grandeur and goes about much as the little old woman in Mother Goose, who had her skirts cut off on the King's highway and did not know herself, but was consoled with the reflection that "if this be I, as I suppose it be, then I have a little dog at home and he'll know me." Several Senators secretly stripped off their waistcoats and went around with their coats buttoned up, in the fond notion that nobody guessed their secret.

Senator Wolcott boldly defied Senatorial tradition, and the public, too, by appearing in a brilliant shirt of gamboge tint with his coat flapping wide open. This shirt would have outrivaled the hues of a Turner sunset, and during the first hour or two of his presence in this costume he wore his yellow-red shirt with all the dash and aplomb of a knight tilting at the ring, but gradually, whether the eyes of the gallery or the sly allusions of his colleagues were too much for him, he buttoned up his coat and subsided behind his desk. But he need not have become so bashful all of a sudden, for did not Mr. Foraker run him closely in a shirt covered over with bright spots which resembled a thick sprinkling of currants on a shiny bun? And Senator Jones, of Arkansas, the embodiment of Senatorial dignity, stalked about in a waistcoat and long, square coat of linen crash. As for Senator Sullivan, he was the attraction of the whole gallery. On one of the warmest days he appeared in a gorgeous summer suit of lightest shade, with the frock coat cut with the fullest and longest skirts I have ever seen on any one but a woman, and when he sat down these skirts had to be carefully gathered up by both hands and disposed of in his lap, which one of our newspapers very funnily described as giving him "the appearance of an old woman with a lap full of sewing."

No one praises Washington more enthusiastically than a certain new Congressman from New York. "Everybody is good-looking here," he said the other day. "Everybody has leisure and is never in a hurry. This is the only city where everybody takes off his hat when a woman enters an elevator, and where men give up their seats to women in the street cars, and the conductor remembers where you want to get off. Policemen are polite and are not globular in form, as they are in New York. The saloons close at twelve o'clock and the astonishing thing is that they actually do close with no side light left burning. And one altogether delightful thing is that with the coming of summer the women go about hatless. Unhatted they ride in electric cars, on bicycles, in carriages and automobiles, and the summer get-up of men is funny, comfortable and not altogether unbecoming. I actually saw a fellow wearing a short frock coat of white flannel, with flannel trousers to match, brilliant shirt and bright-hued golf-stockings and a straw hat with a multi-colored hatband, and——"

"Oh," I interrupted, laughing, "you must have seen the new third Secretary of one of the Legations; that sounds like one of his costumes. He has come over here, bringing twenty-two trunks, and he is evidently going to let the beauty of his wardrobe gradually unfold itself like a flower. Why, this man's clothes are the talk of the town. He appeared on the golf links at Chevy Chase the other day in two different golf suits, one for morning wear and one, a veritable creation, for afternoon, and no other diplomat can keep the pace with him in style. When he buys a neck scarf, he buys a whole bolt of silk and has a tie made, and keeps the rest of the silk so that no one else may have a duplicate."

Both men laughed at this description and the New York member said:

"Well, I must have seen this Secretary, then. I shall never forget his appearance. But, Slocum, there is one queer and altogether inexplicable thing about this town, and that is that newspapers seem to cost a cent more than their prices. Can you account for this?"

"No," said Robert, "I can't. I have had some surprises myself since we came to Washington. One of them is that I cannot find the traditional pretty Treasury young woman who has been written about so much. In vain do I look among the outpouring clerks from the Departments, but this young woman, who is supposed to be of dashing appearance and who is popularly supposed to spend her all upon her back, does not exist. You may search in vain among the tired, apathetic-looking throng of clerks. She is in reality in nine times out of ten a faded, quiet girl in a shabby gown that has seen hard use, who speeds along paying little heed to the crowd around her, and whose only future will be to marry some 'Sundowner' from a neighboring Department."

"Sundowner?" queried the New York member and I simultaneously. We had never heard of such an individual, and, somehow, the name of "White Cap" or "Kuklux" did not sound any more formidable to my ears.

"Why, yes," said Robert earnestly; "it seems that in all the Departments there are men who have been college bred, who have been graduated in the professions, but who have not made a go of life and have had to seek Government employ in order to live. Well, these men practice their professions half-secretly after office hours and thus eke out their livelihood, and they have become known as 'Sundowners,' and they are frowned down and in some cases dismissed when it becomes known.

"There are lots of such waifs here," continued Robert, "and I am told that when Congress adjourns, and the city becomes practically deserted of the best class of its inhabitants, then the odds and ends of humanity that have drifted in and lodged here come to the surface and stand out prominently against the background of quiet streets and deserted parks."

"Yes," said I, "it must be like a still place in a river. Have you ever noticed that many times in the course of a great river there will be still places where the water is darker colored, perhaps stagnant, and its surface covered over with bits of driftwood that have floated in out of the hurry and turmoil of the stream? I could fancy that Washington would be just such a bit of still water at midsummer."

When we left the House gallery, where we had been sitting, Robert suggested that we should go over to the Senate café, and, although the afternoon was already in its third quarter, thither we went. We sent for Senator P—— to make our party complete, and there we dawdled away an hour while those three men discussed everything political under the sun. Senator P—— brought with him several bits of news. One was that Senator Morgan's motion to take up the Canal bill had just been defeated, and the second was that the Supreme Court had just handed in its opinion in the Kentucky Governorship case—that it had no jurisdiction; the third was that the resolution to grant the privileges of the floor of the Senate to the Boer envoys had been tabled, and the fourth news was that the Clark case had gone over once more.

These three men drew their heads close together and their talk was earnest and low-toned.

"Of course," said Senator P——, "we all knew pretty well that the Supreme Court would render such an opinion, it could scarcely have done otherwise perhaps, but it is a noticeable fact that all the Democratic Justices on the bench were with Beckham, and that Harlan, the only Kentucky man, openly and vigorously dissented."

"It will result in another and fiercer fight for the Governorship," said Robert.

"What do you think of the Canal bill and its chances, and the chances for adjournment?" I asked.

"Well, things are about where they were last week in the Senate. I believe that Administration leaders will successfully block the Canal bill. Of course Morgan will call it up every chance that offers, and it may be defeated again and again. Even if consideration of it is voted down that cannot be considered a test of the strength of the measure. It would merely indicate that the majority wish to postpone it to next session. Truth is, we all to a man want to adjourn and get away from Washington, and its trying summer climate. The longer we sit the more complicated the situation will become, and there's a good deal at stake."

"I should think there was, what with all this fraud that is being unearthed in the Postal Service," croaked I.

"You see, Senator P——," broke in Robert, "Mrs. Slocum is still persuaded that we cannot pull our party machine through safely next November."

"Perhaps so," I retorted, "and, Senator P——, Mr. Robert John Slocum is like the illustrious Daniel Webster in one respect, that he sees no cure for any political ill save by the use of unlimited power of his own party, and in all crises he echoes Webster's words even if a knell be already ringing in his ears: 'For my part, in the dark and troubled night that is upon us, I see no star above the horizon promising light to guide us, but the intelligent, patriotic, united Republican party of the United States,' only Webster said 'Whig' instead of 'Republican.'"

"Surely you don't believe, Mrs. Slocum," interrupted the member from New York, "that a change of power would be the only way to correct or put a stop to these evils which, after all, are the evils which follow in the wake of every war, no matter what party is in power?"

"Oh, no," cried I quickly, ever staunch to party under all my grumbling, "but I do say this, that, in regard to these frauds, if the Republican party will strike boldly at the root of the evils instead of merely whacking away among the branches they would have a stronger claim to a perpetuation of their power."

"I believe that that is not only sound doctrine but sound politics, Mrs. Slocum," said the Senator, "but the trouble is that in these campaign years people won't look at things fairly. Ever since the early history of our country there has always been a great deal of working up of public sentiment, and everything that can be heaped upon an Administration in the way of abuse and criticism is resorted to when a campaign is on. George Washington, sickened of public life by attacks which, as he said in his own language, were 'in terms so exaggerated and indecent as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket,' refused a third term and retired to private life. Adams, the impeccable, was accused of a variety of crimes, one of the least of which was that he was pandering to the Czar of Russia. Jackson was stigmatized as a murderer, a cock-fighter and a turf-sportsman. No man and no party can hope to escape in a campaign year when all kinds of censure, just and unjust, are used for bludgeons."

"Yes, and you know what Juvenal says of censure, that it pardons the ravens and censures the doves?"

After a moment or two the Senator changed the topic and asked:

"Has the curtain been rung down on your smart doings? Have you entered yet upon that intermediate season which somebody says is to the man or woman of pleasure more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal?"

"Yes, I think I may say that the intermediate season has drawn on. There have been a few belated garden parties and one delightful pilgrimage to Mount Vernon gotten up by Secretary Root, while the Lady Regents were holding their session there."

"Well, I could never see any pleasure in these graveyard picnics," commented Robert.

"It was anything but a graveyard affair," said I; then I added as an afterthought when I recalled the impression made upon me:

"True, we did not go there reverently or tearfully as poor Lafayette did when he made his pilgrimage of love to his old friend's tomb to weep over his ashes, but there was something solemn and impressive in standing before that grated tomb and being told that 'Washington's remains were placed in its present resting place in 1837 and the door of the inner vault closed and the key dropped into the river.' I will confess that there was something grim and sobering in the thought that there was no escape from that tomb, with the key lying in the river."

"Well, at any rate it saved you from making the mistake of weeping over the ice-house that Mark Twain tells about," said the member from New York.

"What else did you do?" asked the Senator.

"We picked a few blossoms from the 'posy garden' and plucked a sprig of box from the old hedge around the garden which was laid out by George Washington after the plan of the garden at Versailles. We lunched in the superintendent's office, then we drove back to town over the old 'King's Highway' that leads through Alexandria. Secretary Root and General Corbin cavorted and pranced along on horseback at our side, while some of the young girls of the smart set, together with two or three army officers, loitered at the tail end of the cavalcade."

"Were the Bobby Shaftos along?" slyly asked the Senator.

"No, the 'Bobby Shaftos,' as you call them, are not back from their honeymoon."

"What are your plans after Congress adjourns?" asked he again.

"I am going to make a flying trip to Spruce City to take our venerable cousin home; then, while Robert is stumping his State for his party in the campaign, I shall go to Newport, where I hope to spend the greater part of the summer with Page and Alain de Courcelles, and where——"

Robert broke in here with a sly thrust at me which brought a smile to the faces of all of us around that table:

"Where the new Congressman's wife will hold her place against the field, and possibly enlarge that field against the time that she is a new Senator's wife."

Editor's Note—With this paper The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife is brought to a conclusion.

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The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS, MOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Harold Excell is the only son of the Rev. John Excell, pastor of the First Church, of Rock River. Intense, energetic and overbearing, he masters his associates or wins their lasting hate. To him has been imputed the leadership in all boyish scrapes. His intimate and confidant is Jack Burns. Together they discuss all accounts of the opening of the West, and talk of wild animals, Indians and adventures. Naturally alert and active, with the hunter's instinct, he has developed great skill in the use of horse, gun and pistol. The admiration which he craves he finds in Dot Burland, but at seventeen he learns she has "only pretended," amused by his enthusiasm for action; and, hurt and indignant, he drops her with characteristic suddenness.

THIRD CHAPTER—THE YOUNG EAGLE STRIKES

A FARMING village like Rock River is one of the quietest, most humdrum communities in the world till some sudden upheaval of primitive passion reveals the tiger, the ram and the wolf which decent and orderly procedure has hidden. Cases of murder arise from the dead level of every-day village routine like volcanic mountain peaks in the midst of a flowering plain.

The citizens of Rock River were amazed one Monday morning to learn that Dot Burland had eloped with the clerk in the principal bank in the town. Some of the people when they heard of it said, "I do not believe it," and when they were convinced, the tears came to their eyes. "She was such a pretty girl, and think of Mrs. Willard—and then Sam—who would have supposed Sam Willard could do such a thing!"

To most of the citizens it was drama; it broke the tedious monotony of every-day life; it was more productive of interesting conversation than a case of embezzlement or the burning of the county courthouse. There were those who smiled while they said, "Too bad, too bad! Any p'ticlers?"

Some of the women recalled their dislike of the lazy, pink-and-white creature whom they had often seen loitering on the streets or lying day after day in a hammock reading "domestic novels." The young girls drew together and conveyed the news in whispers. It seemed to overturn the whole social world so far as they knew it, and some of them hastened to disclaim any friendship with "the dreadful thing."

Of course the related persons came into the talk. "Poor Mrs. Willard and Harry Excell!" Yes, there was Harry; for a moment, for the first time, he was regarded with pity. "What will he do? He must take it very hard."

At about eleven o'clock, just as the discussion had reached this secondary stage, where new particulars were necessary, a youth, pale and breathless, with his right hand convulsively clasping his shoulder, rushed into the central drug store and fell to the floor with inarticulate cries of fear and pain. Out of his mouth, at last, came an astonishing charge of murderous assault on the part of Harold Excell. His wounds were dressed and the authorities notified to arrest his assailant.

When the officers found Harold he was pacing up and down the narrow alley where the encounter had taken place. He was white as the dead and his eyes were ablaze.

"Well, what do you want of me?" he demanded as the officer rushed up and laid hands upon him.

"You've killed Clint Slocum," replied the constable, drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

"Oh, drop those things!" replied Harold. "I'm not going to run; you never knew me to run."

Half ashamed, the constable replaced the irons in his pocket and seized his prisoner by the arm. Harold walked along quietly, but his face was terrible to see, especially in one so young. In every street excited men, women and children were running to see him pass. He had suddenly become alien and far separated from them all. He perceived them as if through a lurid smoke-cloud.

On most of these faces lay a smile, a ghastly, excited, pleased grin, which enraged him more than any curse would have done. He had suddenly become their dramatic entertainment. The constable gripped him tighter and the Sheriff, running up, seized his other arm.

Harold shook himself free. "Let me alone! I'm going along all right."

The officers only held him the closer and his rage broke bounds. He struggled till his captors swayed about on the walk and the little boys screamed with laughter to see the slender youth shake the big men.

In the midst of this struggle a tall man, without hat or coat and wearing slippers, came running down the walk with great strides. His voice rang deep and clear:

"*Let the boy alone!*"

It was the minister. With one sweep of his right hand he tore the hands of the Sheriff from the boy's arms; the gesture was bearlike in power. "What's the meaning of all this, Mr. Sawyer?" he said, addressing the Sheriff.

"Your boy has killed a man."

"You lie!"

"It's true—anyhow, he has stabbed Clint Slocum. He ain't dead, but he's hurt bad."

"Is that true, Harold?"

Harold did not lift his sullen glance. "He struck me with a whip."

There was a silence, during which the minister choked with emotion and his lips moved as if in silent prayer. Then he turned. "Free the boy's arm. I'll guarantee he will not try to escape. No son of mine will run to escape punishment—leave him to me."

The constable, being a member of the minister's congregation and a profound admirer of his pastor, fell back. The Sheriff took a place by his side, and the father and son walked on toward the jail. After a few moments the minister began to speak in a low voice:

"My son, you have reached a momentous point in your life's history. Much depends on the words you use. I will not tell you to conceal the truth, but you need not incriminate yourself—that is the law"—his voice was almost inaudible, but Harold heard it—"if Slocum dies—oh, my God! My God!"

His voice failed him utterly, but he walked erect and martial, the sun blazing on his white forehead, his hands clenched at his sides. There were many of his parishioners in the streets, and several of the women broke into bitter weeping, and many of the men imprecated the boy who was bringing white lines of sorrow into his father's hair. "This is the logical end of his lawless bringing up," said one.

The father went on: "Tell me, my boy—tell me the truth—did you strike to kill? Was murder in your heart?"

Harold did not reply. The minister laid a broad, gentle hand on his son's shoulder. "Tell me, Harold."

"No; I struck to hurt him; he was striking me: I struck back," the boy sullenly answered.

The father sighed with relief. "I believe you, Harold. He is older and stronger, too: that will count in your favor."

They reached the jail-yard gate and there, in the face of a crowd of curious people, the minister bowed his proud head and put his arm about his son and kissed his hair. Then, with tears upon his face, he addressed the Sheriff:

"Mr. Sheriff, I resign my boy to your care. Remember he is but a lad and he is my only son. Deal gently with him. Harold, submit to the law and all will end well. I will bring mother and Maud to see you."

As the gate closed on his son the minister drew a deep breath, a cry of bitter agony broke from his clenched lips: "O God, O God! My son is lost!"

The story of the encounter, even as it dribbled forth from Slocum, developed extenuating circumstances. Slocum was man-grown, a big, muscular fellow, rather given to bullying. A heavy carriage whip was found lying in the alley and this also supported Harold's story to his father. As told by Slocum, the struggle took place just where the alley from behind the parsonage came out upon the cross street.

"I was leading a horse," said Slocum, "and I met Harry and we got to talking, and something I said made him mad, and he jerked out his knife and jumped at me. The horse got scared and yanked me around, and just then Harry got his knife into me. I saw he was in for my life and I threw down the whip and run, the blood a-spurting out o' me, hot as b'ilin' water. I was scared, I admit that. I thought he'd opened a big artery in me, and I guess he did."

When this story, amplified and made dramatic, reached the ears of the minister, he said: "That is Clinton's side of the case. My son must have been provoked beyond his control. Wait till we hear his story."

But the shadow of the prison was on Harold's face and he sullenly refused to make any statement, even to his sister, who had more influence over him than Mrs. Excell.

A singular and sinister change came over him as the days passed. He became silent and secretive and suspicious, and the Sheriff spoke to Mr. Excell about it. "I don't understand that boy of yours. He seems to be in training for a contest of some kind. He's quiet enough in daytime, or when I'm around, but when he thinks he's alone he races up and down like a lynx—and jumps and turns handsprings, and all sorts of things. The only person he asks to see is young Burns. I can't fathom him."

The father lowered his eyes. He knew well that Harry did not ask for him.

"If it wasn't for these suspicious actions, Doctor, I'd let him have the full run of the jail yard, but I dassent let him have any liberties—why, he can go up the side of the cells like a squirrel! He'd go over our wall like a cat—no doubt of it."

The minister spoke with some effort. "I think you misread my son. He is not one to flee from punishment. He has some other idea in his mind."

To Jack Burns alone, plain, plodding and slow, Harold showed a smiling face. He met him with a boyish word—"Hello, Jack! How goes it?"—and was eager to talk. He reached out and touched him with his hands wistfully. "I'm glad you've come. You're the only friend I've got now, Jack." This was one of the morbid fancies jail life had developed; he thought everybody had turned against him. "Now, I want to tell you something—we're chums and you mustn't give me away: These fools think I'm going to try to escape, but I ain't. You see, they can't hang me for hurting that coward, but they'll shut me up for a year or two and I've got to keep healthy, don't you see? When I get out o' this I strike for the West, don't you see? And I've got to be able to do a day's work. Look at this arm." He stripped his strong, white arm for inspection.

In the midst of the excitement attending Harold's arrest, Dot's elopement was temporarily diminished in value, but some shrewd gossip connected the two events and said: "I believe Clint gibed Harry Excell about Dot—I just believe that's what the fight was about."

This being repeated, not as an opinion, but as the inside facts in the case, sentiment turned swiftly in Harold's favor. Clinton was shrewd enough to say very little about the quarrel. "I was just givin' him a little guff, and he up and lit into me with a big clasp-knife." Such was his story constantly repeated.

Fortunately for Harold, the case came to trial early in the autumn session. It was the most dramatic event of the year, and it was seriously suggested that it would be a good thing to hold the trial in the opera house in order that all the townspeople should be able to enjoy it. A cynical young editor made a counter suggestion: "I move we charge one dollar per ticket and apply the funds to buying a fire engine." Naturally, the Judge of the district went the calm way of the law, regardless of the town's ferment of interest in the case.



"I claim the right to be heard: will the Court refuse me the privilege of a word?"



"...rushed into the central drug store and fell to the floor"

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The county attorney appeared for the prosecution, and old Judge Brown and young Bradley Talcott defended Harold.

Bradley knew Harold very well and the boy had a high regard for him. Lawyer Brown believed the boy to be a restless and dangerous spirit, but he said to Bradley:

"I've no doubt the boy was provoked by Clint, who is a worthless bully, but we must face the fact that young Excell bears a bad name. He has been in trouble a great many times, and the prosecution will make much of that. Our business is to show the extent of the provocation, and, secondly, to disprove so far as we can the popular conception of the youth. I can get nothing out of him which will aid in his defense. He refuses to talk. Unless we can wring the truth out of Slocum on the stand it will go hard with the boy. I wish you'd see what you can do."

Bradley went down to see Harold, and the two spent a couple of hours together. Bradley talked to him in plain and simple words, without any assumption. His voice was kind and sincere, and Harold nearly wept under its music, but he added very little to Bradley's knowledge of the situation.

"He struck me with the whip, and then I—I can't remember much about it, my mind was a kind of a red blur," Harold said, at last, desperately.

"Why did he strike you with the whip?"

"I told him he was a black-hearted liar."

"What made you say that to him?" persevered Bradley.

"Because that's what he was."

"Did he say something to you which you resented?"

"Yes—he did."

"What was it?"

Right there Harold closed his lips and Bradley took another tack.

"Harry, I want you to tell me something: Did you have anything to do with killing Brownlow's dog?"

"No," replied Harold disdainfully.

"Did you have any hand in the raid on Brownlow's orchard a week later?"

"No; I was at home."

"Did your folks see you during the evening?"

"No; I was with Jack up in the attic, reading."

"You've taken a hand in *some* of these things—raids—haven't you?"

"Yes, but I never tried to destroy things. It was all in fun."

"I understand. Well, now, Harold, you've got a worse name than belongs to you, and I wish you'd just tell me the whole truth about this fight, and we will do what we can to help you."

Harold's face grew sullen. "I don't care what they do with me. They're all down on me, anyway," he slowly said, and Bradley arose and went out with a feeling of discouragement.



"Hello, Jack! Have gone it?"—and was eager to talk

FOURTH CHAPTER—THE TRIAL

THE day of his trial came as a welcome change to Harold. He had no fear of punishment and he hated delay. Every day before his sentence began was a loss of time—kept him just that much longer from the alluring lands to the West. His father called often to see him, but the boy remained inexorably silent in all these meetings and the minister went away white with pain. Even to his sister Harold was abrupt and harsh, but Jack's devotion produced in him the most exalted emotion and he turned upon his loyal chum the whole force of his affectionate nature. He did not look up to Jack; he loved him more as a man loves his younger brother, and yet even to him he would not utter the words young Slocum had flung at him. Lawyer Talcott had asked young Burns to get at this if possible, for purpose of defense. But it was not possible.

The court met on the first Tuesday in September. The day was windless and warm, and as Harold walked across the yard with the Sheriff he looked around at the maple leaves, just touched with crimson and gold and russet, and his heart ached with desire to be free. The scent of the open air made his nostrils quiver like those of a deer. Jack met them on the path—eager to share his hero's trouble.

"Please, Sheriff, let me walk with Harry."

"Fall in behind," the Sheriff gruffly replied, and so out of all the town people Jack alone associated himself with the prisoner. Up the stairs whereon he had romped when a lad Harold climbed spiritlessly, a boy no longer.

The halls were lined with faces, every one as familiar as the scarred and scratched wall of the court-room, and yet all were now alien—no one recognized him by a frank and friendly nod, and he moved past his old companions with sullen and rigid face. His father met him at the door and walked beside him down the aisle to a seat.

The benches were crowded and every foot of standing space was soon filled. The members of the First Church were present in mass to see the minister enter, pale and haggard with the disgrace of his son.

The Judge, an untidy old man of great ability and probity, was in his seat, looking out absently over the spectators. "The next case" to him was *only* a case. He had grown gray in dealing with infractions of the law, and though kindly disposed he had grown indifferent—use had dulled his sympathies. His beard, yellow with tobacco stain, was still venerable, and his voice, deep and melodious, was impressive and commanding.

He was disposed to cut short all useless forms and soon brought the case to vital questions. Naturally, the prosecution made a great deal of Harold's bad character, drawing from ready witnesses the story of his misdeeds. To do this was easy, for the current set that way, and those who had only *thought* Harold a bad boy, now *knew* that he was concerned in all the mischief of the village.

In rebuttal, Mr. Talcott drew out contradictory statements from these witnesses and proved several alibis at points where Harold had been accused. He produced Jack Burns and several others to prove that Harold liked fun, but that he was not inclined to lead in any of the mischief of the town—in fact, that he had not the quality of leadership.

He pushed young Burns hard to get him to say that he knew the words of insult which Slocum had used. "I think he used some girl's name," he finally admitted.

"I object," shouted the prosecution, as if touched on a hidden spring.

"Go on," said the Judge to Talcott. He had become interested in the case at last.

When the lawyer for the prosecution cross-examined young Burns he became terrible. He leaned across the table and shook his lean, big, jointed finger in Jack's face. "We don't want what you *think*, sir; we want what you know. Do you *know* that Slocum brought a girl's name into this?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied Jack, red and perspiring.

"That's all!" cried the attorney, leaning back in his chair with dramatic complacency.

Others of Harold's companions were browbeaten into declaring that he led them into all kinds of raids, and when Talcott tried to stem this tide by objection, the prosecution rose to say that the testimony was competent; that it was designed to show the dangerous character of the prisoner. "He is no gentle and guileless youth, Your Honor, but a reckless young devil, given to violence. No one will go further than I in admiration of the Reverend Mr. Excell, but the fact of the son's lawless life cannot be gainsaid."

Slocum repeated his story on the stand and was unshaken by Bradley's cross-examination. Suddenly the defense said, "Stand, please."

Slocum arose—a powerful, full-grown man.

Bradley nodded at Harold. "Stand, also."

"I object," shrieked the prosecution.

"State the objection," said the Judge.

"Keep your position," said Bradley sternly. "I want the jury to compare you."

As the prisoner and the witness faced each other, the court-room blossomed with smiles. Harold looked very pale and delicate beside the coarse, muscular hostler, who turned red and looked foolish.

Ultimately the Judge sustained the objection, but the work was done. A dramatic contrast had been drawn, and the jury perceived the pusillanimity of Slocum's story. This was the position of the defense. Harold was a boy, the hostler had insulted him, had indeed struck him with a whip. Mad with rage, and realizing the greater strength of his assailant, the prisoner had drawn a knife.

In rebuttal, the prosecution made much of Harold's fierce words. He meant to kill. He was a dangerous boy. "Speaking with due reverence for his parents," the lawyer said, "the boy has been a scourge. Again and again he has threatened his playmates with death. These facts must stand. The State is willing to admit the disparity of strength, so artfully set forth by the defense, but it must not be forgotten that the boy was known to carry deadly weapons, and that he was subject to blind rages. It was not, therefore, so much a question of punishing the boy as of checking his assaults upon society. To punish him properly here would have a most salutary effect upon his action in future. The jury must consider the case without sentiment."

Old Brown arose after the State had finished. Every one knew his power before a jury, and the room was painfully silent as he walked with stately tread to a spittoon and cleared his mouth of a big wad of tobacco. He was the old-fashioned lawyer: formal, deliberate, and though everybody enjoyed Bradley Talcott's powerful speech, they looked for drama from Brown. The Judge waited patiently while the famous old lawyer played his introductory part. At last, after silently pacing to and fro for a full minute, he turned, and began in a hard, dry, nasal voice.

"Your Honor, I'm not so sure of the reforming effect of a penitentiary. I question the salutary quality of herding this delicate and high-spirited youth with the hardened criminals of the State." His strident, monotonous tone, and the cynical inflections of his voice made the spectators shiver with emotion as under the power of a great actor. He paced before the Judge twice before speaking again. "Your Honor, there is more in this case than has yet appeared. Every one in this room knows that the elopement of Dorothy Burland is at the bottom of this affair, every one but yourself, Judge. This lad was the accepted sweetheart of that wayward miss. This man Slocum is one of the rough, loud-spoken men of the village, schooled in vice and fisticuffery. You can well imagine, gentlemen of the jury," he turned to them abruptly, "you can well imagine the kind of a greeting this town loafer would give this high-spirited boy on that morning after the night when his inamorata disappeared with a married man. The boy has in him somewhat of the knight of the old time, Your Honor; he has never opened his lips in dispraise of his faithless love. He has refused to repeat the insulting words of his assailant. He stands today at a turning point of his life, gentlemen of the jury, and it depends on you whether he goes downward or upward. He has had his faith in women shaken; don't let him lose faith in law and earthly justice." His first gesture was on the word "downward," and it was superb.

Again he paused, and when he looked up again a twinkle was in his eyes and his voice was softer. "As for all this chicken-roasting and melon-lifting, you well know the spirit that is in that; we all had a hand in such business once, every man Jack of us. The boy is no more culpable now than you were then. Moreover, Excell has had too much of the mischief of the town laid on his shoulders—more than he deserves. 'Give a dog a bad name and every dead sheep is laid at the door of his kennel.'

"However, I don't intend to review the case, Your Honor! My colleague has made the main and vital points entirely clear; I intend merely to add a word here and there. I want you to take another look at that pale, handsome, poetic youth and then at that burly bully, and consider the folly, the idiocy and the cowardice of the charge brought against our client." He waited while the contrast which his dramatic utterance made enormously effective was being felt—then, in a deep, melodious voice, touched with sadness, he addressed the Judge:

"And to you, Your Honor, I want to say, we are old men. You on the bench and I here in the forum have faced each other many times. I have defended many criminals, as it was my duty to do, and you have punished many who deserved their sentences. I have seen innocent men unable to prove their freedom from guilt, and I have known men who are grossly criminal, because of lack of evidence—these things are beyond our cure. We are old, Your Honor: we must soon give place to younger men. We cannot afford to leave bench and bar with the stain of injustice on our garments. We cannot afford to start this boy on the road to hell at seventeen years of age."

He stopped as abruptly as he had begun, and the room was silent for a long time after he had taken his seat. To Harold it seemed as though he and all the people of the room were dead—that only his brain was alive. Then Mrs. Excell burst into sobbing. The Judge looked away into space, his dim eyes seeing nothing that was near, his face an impassive mask of colorless flesh. The old lawyer's words had stirred his blood, sluggish and cold with age, but his brain absorbed the larger part of his roused vitality, and when he spoke his voice had an unwontedly flat and dry sound.

"The question for you to decide," he said, instructing the jury, "is whether the boy struck the blow in self-defense, or whether he assaulted with intent to do great bodily injury. The fact that he was provoked by a man older and stronger than himself naturally militates in his favor, but the next question is upon the boy's previous character. Did he carry deadly weapons? Is he at heart dangerous to his fellows? His youth should be in mind, but it should also be remembered that he is a lad of high intellectual power, older than most boys of his age. I will not dwell upon the case; you have heard the testimony; the verdict is in your keeping."

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During all this period of severe mental strain Mr. Excell sat beside Lawyer Brown, motionless as a statue, save when now and again he leaned forward to whisper a suggestion. He did not look at his son, and Harold seldom looked at him. Jack Burns sat as near the prisoner as the Sheriff would permit, and his homely, good face and the face of the Judge were to Harold the only spots of light in the otherwise dark room. Outside, the voices of children could be heard and the sound of the rising wind in the rustling trees. Once a breeze sent a shower of yellow and crimson leaves fluttering in at the open window, and the boy's heart swelled high in his throat, and he bowed his head and sobbed. Those leaves represented the splendor of the open spaces to him. They were like messages from the crimson sunsets of the golden West and his heart thrilled at the sight of them.

It was long after twelve o'clock and an adjournment for dinner was ordered. Harold was about to be led away when his father came to him and said:

"Harold, would you like to have your mother and me go to dinner with you?"

With that same unrelenting, stubborn frown on his face the boy replied: "No—let me alone."

A hot flush swept over the preacher's face. "Very well," he said, and turned away, his lips twitching.

The jury was not long out. They were ready to report at three o'clock. Every seat was filled, as before. The lawyers came in, picking their teeth or smoking. The ladies were in Sunday dress, the young men were accompanied by their girls, as if the trial were a dramatic entertainment. Those who failed of regaining their seats were much annoyed; others more thrifty had hired boys to keep their places for them during the noon hour, and others, still more determined, having brought lunches, had remained in their seats throughout the intermission and were serene and satisfied.

Harold was brought back to his seat, looking less haggard. He was not afraid of sentence; on the contrary, he longed to have the suspense end.

"I don't care what they do with me if they don't use up too much of my life," he said to Jack. "I'll pound rock or live in a dungeon if it will only shorten my sentence. I hate to think of losing time. Oh, if I had only gone last year!"

The Reverend Excell came in, looming high above the crowd, his face still white and set. He paid no heed to his parishioners, but made his way to the side of Lawyer Brown. The Judge mounted his bench and the court-room came to order instantly.

"Is the jury ready to report on the case of the State vs. Excell?" he asked in a low voice. He was informed that they were agreed. After the jury had taken their seats he said blandly, mechanically: "Gentlemen, we are ready for your verdict."

Harold knew the foreman very well. He was a carpenter and joiner, in whose shop he had often played: a big, bluff, good-hearted man whom any public speaking appalled and who stammered badly as he read from a little slip of paper: "Guilty of assault with intent to commit great bodily injury, but recommended to the mercy of the Judge." Then with one hand in his breeches pocket he added, "Be easy on him, Judge; I believe I'd 'a' done the same."

The spectators tittered at his abrupt change of tone and some of the young people applauded. He sat down very hot and red.

The Judge did not smile nor frown; his expressionless face seemed more like a mask than ever. When he began to speak it was as though he were reading something writ in huge letters on a distant wall.

"The Court is quite sensible of the extenuating circumstances attending this sad case, but there are far-reaching considerations which the Court cannot forget. Here is a youth of good family who elects to take up a life filled with mischief from the start. Discipline has been lacking. Here, at last, he so far oversteps the law that he appears before a jury. It seems to the Court necessary, for this young man's own good, that he feel the harsh hand of the law. According to the evidence adduced here to-day, he has been for years beyond the control of his parents and must now know the inflexible purpose of law. I have in mind all that can be said in his favor: his youth, the disparity of age and physical power between himself and his accuser, the provocation and the possession of the whip by the accuser—but all these are more than counterbalanced by the record of mischief and violence which stands against the prisoner."

There was a solemn pause, and the Judge sternly said: "Prisoner, stand up." Harold arose. "For an assault committed upon the person of one Clinton Slocum I now sentence you, Harold Excell, to one year in the penitentiary, and may you there learn to respect the life and property of your fellow-citizens."

"Judge! I beg——" The tall form of Mr. Excell arose, seeking to speak.

The Judge motioned him to silence.

Brown interposed: "I hope the Court will not refuse to hear the father of the prisoner. It would be scant justice if——"

Mr. Excell's voice arose, harsh, stern and quick. He spoke like the big man he was, firm and decided. Harold looked up at him in surprise.

"I claim the right to be heard; will the Court refuse me the privilege of a word?" His voice was a challenge. "I am known in this community. For seven years as a minister of the Gospel I have lived among these citizens. My son is about to be condemned to State's prison, and before he goes I want to make a statement here before him and before the Judge and before the world. I understand this boy better than any of you, better than the mother who bore him, for I have given him the disposition which he bears. I have had from my youth the same murderous rages; I have them yet. I love my son, Your Honor, and I would take him in my arms if I could, but he has too much of my own spirit. He literally cannot meet me as an affectionate son, for I sacrificed his good will by harsh measures while he was yet a babe. I make this confession in order that the Court may understand my relation to my son. He was born with my own temper mingled with the poetic nature of his mother. While he was yet a lad I beat him till he was discolored by bruises. Twice I would have killed him only for the intervention of my wife. I have tried to live down my infirmity, Your Honor, and I have at last secured control of myself, and I believe this boy will do the same, but do not send him to be an associate with criminals. My God, do not treat him as I would not do, even in my worst moments. Give him a chance to reform outside State's prison. Don't fix on him that stain. I will not say send me—that would be foolish trickery—but I beg you to make some other disposition of this boy of mine. If he goes to the penitentiary I shall strip from my shoulders the dress of the clergyman and go with him, to be near to aid and comfort him during the term of his sentence. Let the father in you speak for me, Judge. Be merciful as we all hope for mercy on the great day."

The Judge looked out over the audience of weeping women and his face warmed into life. He turned to the minister, who still stood before him with hand outstretched, and when he spoke his voice was softened and his eyes were kindly.

"The Court has listened to the words of the father with peculiar interest. The Court *is* a father and has been at a loss to understand the relations existing between father and son in this case. The Court thinks he understands them better now. As counsel for the defense has said, I am an old man, soon to leave my seat upon the bench, and I do not intend to let foolish pride or dry legal formalities stand between me and the doing of justice. The jury has decided that the boy is guilty, but has recommended him to the mercy of the Court. The plea of the father has enlightened the Court on one or two most vital points. Nothing is further from the mind of the Court than the desire to do injury to a handsome and talented boy. Believing that the father and son are about to become more closely united, the Court here transmutes the sentence to one hundred dollars fine and six months in the county jail. This will make it possible for the son and father to meet often and the father can continue his duties to the church. This the Court decides upon as the final disposition of the accused. The case is closed. Call the next case."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



—and there, in the face of a crowd of curious people, the minister bowed his proud head and put his arm about his son and kissed his hair

Hance's Proof

MRS. EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER, the author, is a Vassar graduate and a daughter of the late Congressman Sessions, of New York State. Probably the most interesting trip she ever took was through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado a year or so ago. She made the acquaintance there of John Hance, of Arizona, who lives in the cañon the year round and who knows more about it than any man living. Hance is a picturesque character with a vivid imagination, and this is some of the information he imparted to the tourist:

"Captain," Mrs. Tupper asked one morning as they sat before his cabin door on the rim of the cañon, "what was the greatest peril of your life?"

Hance considered a moment and then said: "I reckon about as nigh as I ever come ter going ter glory was when my hoss jumped fourteen hundred feet into the cañon with me on his back." Then he eyed Mrs. Tupper reflectively to see how she took it. She hesitated a moment and then replied:

"Of course, Captain, I realize that I am new out here, but you cannot expect me to believe any such story as that."

The Captain rose promptly, and leading his visitor to the very edge of the precipice demanded: "Now, then, ma'am, do you see suthin' white down there on the trail?"

Mrs. Tupper acknowledged that she did.

"Well," he said with an important grin, "that there white pile you see is the white bones of that there hoss of mine a-bleachin'."

And although Mrs. Tupper knew that the pile of bleaching bones on the trail belonged to a pack animal recently killed, she had not a word to say.

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Paris and Its Charity Bazar Prices

IT SEEMS likely that Parisians, whose hatred of the English is equaled only by their contempt for the average American tourist, are to be wounded in their most vulnerable spot—the pocketbook. Preparations for an unparalleled plucking of the Anglo-Saxon race have been going forward in Paris, steadily, joyously, for several years back. The ending of the century furnished a pretext; a great exposition to celebrate it would prove the magnet to attract the loose dollars and sovereigns of the English-speaking world. An expansive smile of unctuous anticipation settled on the Parisian countenance, and the steamship companies raised their rates.

Though Americans have not entirely forgotten that it was unsafe to be a citizen of the United States in France during the early weeks of the Spanish-American War, and Englishmen will long remember the unspeakable insults offered to the Queen by certain Paris journals, they would doubtless have visited the Exposition in overwhelming numbers had it not been for the folly of those most to be benefited by their attendance. The French idea of profit is overcharge; of good business, extortion. And before their Fair, in all its incompleteness, was opened, the shop and hotel keepers had discarded the methods of the second-story man for those of the highway robber. Life in Paris, always a long list of extras for the tourist, had itself become an extra.

Not only was this bad business, but bad brigandage as well. Good sense should have dictated excursion rates on steamship and railroad, for it is more profitable to carry the million at a low fare than the thousand at a high one; and cheap accommodations, for there is more money in feeding and housing the crowd at coupon prices than the few at a fancy tariff. And then, once there, the Extra could have been brought out of hiding and let loose among the crowd, to take what the shopkeeper and the Midway spared.

It is too early yet to tell just how far Parisians have overreached themselves; for the steamship companies have already taken alarm and lowered their rates, but it is safe to say that thousands of Americans and Englishmen who intended to visit the Exposition have been frightened off by the premature fleecing of the advance guard of their compatriots. And for the Exposition to be the great financial success expected it must have the Anglo-Saxon contingent.

But even should it become possible now to make the trip and see the sights at a reasonable outlay, it is doubtful whether it is worth the time and trouble of the average American. Early reports indicate a rather second-class affair, inferior in size, in beauty and in completeness to the great Chicago Exposition. To those who saw the White City by the Lake, the Paris Fair would probably be a disappointment, and those who did not will doubtless have an opportunity to visit something better worth seeing at home early in the new century.

Woman is judged by her dress; man by his address.

The American Steer in Trouble

THE day that Congressman Dolliver prophesied, "when the American hog, with a curl of contentment in his tail, should travel untrammeled through the markets of the world," has not yet come, and now the American steer is in trouble. That obliging and adaptable beast, who generously yields up his choicest fat that on the kind-eyed cow alone may not devolve the labor of furnishing butter for the world's bread; who goes down into the refrigerating fleet by thousands that the roast beef of old England may not become merely a tradition, is threatened with expulsion from Germany, for whose comfort his plumpest bologna and his juiciest brisket, packed in tins of convenient sizes, have always been ready.

Something of the sort was to have been looked for as a sequence to the war-time, embalmed-beef talk. But whether or no the Government was then made the victim of injudicious experiment or the grasping avarice of one or two contractors, any one who is familiar with the facts knows that American food products are on the whole the best and the cleanest in the world; that our canned beef is finer in color and quality, and cleaner and more wholesome than that exported from "the Argentine" or put up in Europe. Discrimination against the American steer is unfair and unjust to an animal that feeds over the finest ranges, is fattened on the best corn, is killed, corned and tucked away in neat little tins by the cleanest possible methods and most scientific machinery in the world.

At best, retaliation is bad business, but we must have justice for the American steer even though we have to impose a prohibitive tariff on barons and pretzels and Noah's Arks.

One reason why pride goeth before a fall is that pride is able to raise itself high enough for the fall.

The Rage for Lectures

A GREAT deal of ridicule has been expended on "the rage for lectures," as it is called, which characterizes the American people, especially in New England. Instead of diminishing, through the satiety of hearers, the number of courses of lectures in our large towns is steadily increasing, and the throngs of listeners are swelling with each successive season. In Boston, the hotbed of lectures, the various courses at the Lowell Institute during the last winter attracted more than the usual number of hearers; and all the tickets for the last course, on Birds, were snapped up in fifteen minutes, to the great disappointment of hundreds who were anxious to secure seats.

This craze for lectures, as it is called by a certain class of literary cynics, is the theme from time to time of a great deal of owlish wisdom and cheap ridicule. The object of these lectures, it is said, is not to convey a thorough exposition of any subject, but merely to put in a lively and attractive form so much of it as is agreeable and entertaining, and to hide all the elaborate research and abstruse reasoning by which the results have been reached. The lecturer is deemed to have gained his point if he has skillfully dressed a rather spare dish of knowledge with occasional paradoxes, brilliant epigrams and startling discoveries of science, and sent away his audience pleased and tickled with the conceit of having gone to the bottom of a subject, or at least of having acquired its pith and essence, when they have only skimmed its surface.

What can be more foolish, the cynic triumphantly asks, than thus to waste one's time and money and injure one's health in the foul atmosphere of a crowded, stuffy, draughty lecture-room, when he can obtain the very same information, and a great deal more, in a popular treatise by a master of the subject, whose pages, when necessarily abstruse, he can read again and, moreover, can recur to, whenever he finds their contents slipping from a weak or treacherous memory?

The answer to these questions is not far to seek. Hundreds of persons go to public lectures as a pleasant and intellectual recreation. They do not expect, or, perhaps, care to obtain, a thorough knowledge or mastery of the subject discussed, but simply to possess themselves of its leading principles, its most pregnant or suggestive truths, and to learn the latest limits to which its investigation has been pushed. It sometimes happens that a frequenter of lectures, with no higher motives than these, finds his curiosity so piqued, his interest so stimulated, that the lecturer's discussion only whets his appetite, and he never rests till he has given years to its study and probed it to the quick.

The men who talk of "the lecture craze" seem to overlook the fact that "the rapture of noble words rushing across kingly lips" is a most powerful attraction. Oratory is the most intellectual and the most impassioned of the arts, and when the lecturer has rare elocutionary gifts, the charm of his speech is doubled. Again, the personality of the speaker, especially if he is a man of magnetic presence and national or world-wide fame, is a legitimate and potent attraction. Sometimes it is a matter of more interest than the lesson taught. Why do men flock, at great cost, to hear Hamlet or Macbeth at the theatre, when, without a penny's expense, they can read the masterpieces of tragedy at home?

To all such questions the answer is that no other attraction can rival that of the living presence. The knowledge conveyed by books is impersonal. It is cold and unpenetrating, compared with that which comes from the lips of a living teacher. One word alive and burning with the passion of a speaker has more significance than a hundred dead ones in a volume.

"Show me," said Omar, the caliph, to Amru, the warrior, "the sword with which you have fought so many battles and slain so many infidels." "Ah!" replied Amru, "the sword without the arm of the master is no sharper or heavier than the sword of Farezdak, the poet."

—WILLIAM MATHEWS.

The man who waits for the office to seek him is satisfied in his own pride, but lonesome.

The Line of Colonial Pilferers

THE claim made by friends of the Administration, that the officials now charged with complicity in the Cuban postal frauds were men of tried honesty and efficiency, is at first comforting. But upon second thought, material for disquieting reflection is found in this claim. If these officials were men of probity prior to their connection with the Cuban posts, what changed their nature and their character? Undoubtedly their new environment.

At a home post an official is hedged about with checks of every kind; his actions are open to the observation of fellow-officials, the public, and, in these days, to the examination of an inquisitive press. There is, also, the restraining influence of home and the feeling of self-respect that is strongest when a man is among people he knows and whose good opinion he covets. Far from home and engaged in the work of inaugurating a new system of administration, none of these checks and restraints lie upon the official. And it is the lesson of history that men are likely to "go wrong" under such circumstances. It is this reflection that suggests that our first steps in the territory that has just come under our ownership or control are likely to be impeded by the peculation and maladministration that have always marked the early days of colonial governments, from the time of the rapacious governors of Greece and Rome, from the days of Clive and Hastings, to the thieving administrators of German, French and Belgian African possessions of to-day. These three nations are now going through the experience of England a century ago, when the East and West Indies and India afforded happy hunting-grounds for the avaricious colonial official, and when Cowper complained

> That thieves at home must hang, but he that puts
> Into his overgorged and bloated purse
> The wealth of Indian provinces escapes.

England long since profited by her experience, and now her colonial officials are the pride of the Empire. Spain, as old as England in colonial experience, never learned; to the last her officials regarded her colonial treasuries as tills to be pilfered. The lesson of the past policy and present position of the two nations is too obvious to call for comment.

We shall not, of course, see in the possessions for which we became responsible at the close of the war with Spain the old orgies of official fraud and peculation and malfeasance, and there are good grounds upon which to base the belief that our administration of Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines will be marked by few, if any more, such scandals as that uncovered in the postal department of Cuba. Enough has been learned, however, from our own brief experience, and more may be learned from the experience of others, to show that good men may suddenly develop into thieves under the temptations afforded by the laxness of new and unguarded governments of distant colonies, and that something more than care in the selection of officials is needed to prevent such scandals as the present ones.

—D. T. PIERCE.

Honesty in business, constancy in love, and the front second-story room at the summer boarding-house make up real success in life.

The Straightening of Crooked Politics

SLOWLY but surely the professional politicians and the men who place the dollar above the ballot are being made to realize that the movement for honest elections in this country is neither a farce nor a spasm. It is proceeding with all the solemn earnestness of a new commandment. Always it takes years to correct a wrong, to upset established ideas and conditions. It was more than a decade ago that sincere men began a crusade against the criminals high and low who make a business of corrupting the suffrage. One of the laws was the corrupt practices act which compelled every candidate to make a statement of his campaign expenses. It was laughed at as one of those chimerical notions which reformers sometimes have. "A man who would buy an election would not hesitate to lie about it," said the opposition very logically. But it so happened that a man who would spend money secretly for bribery and other criminal means got scared when he faced the dilemma of either telling the truth under oath, or of convicting himself as a perjurer. And thus the results have come to pass.

Not long ago, in an election in New York, a candidate for a judgeship admitted in his own handwriting that he contributed $10,000 to a party organization that had no more right to it than it had to a church collection. Recently we have seen one of the richest men in the whole United States turned out of the United States Senate. The fact that did as much as anything else to make the vote of the committee unanimous was his neglect to obey the law and to file a true account of his election expenses.

It is hard to exaggerate the tremendous importance of these laws. Said a distinguished Judge the other day: "In my circuit is a county which had probably the highest average of morality of any population of its size in the world. Twelve years ago the use of large sums of money in elections began, and the demoralization that has steadily followed is almost incredible. It has robbed men of their honor and women of their virtue. It has broken up homes and, in fact, has contributed to every grade of crime, including murder."

The same story could be told in other States and regions. However trite and familiar the term may be—for we hear it at the hustings every year—the ballot is the palladium of our liberties, and when thieves control it, and rich men corrupt it, the evils that result are as many as those which flew from the casket of Pandora. The great consolation is that progress is being made, and that the rascals who laughed at reform are finding that, after all, there is something in it.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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At the English Capital

EVEN Lords have their virtues. Serving in South Africa at the time of writing there are more than forty Lords. There are four Dukes, viz.: the Duke of Norfolk, who is the premier Duke of the Kingdom; the Duke of Westminster, who is the richest aristocrat in England; the Duke of Marlborough, descendant of the famous fighter, and whose wife is your own Consuela Vanderbilt, and the Duke of Roxburghe, who is just a plain, every-day, sober, ordinary Duke; he is a young man who is serving as Lieutenant in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, better known to readers of English society novels as "The Blues." Of Earls there are almost any quantity, and they count among their number the Earl of Dunraven, whom some of the readers of The Saturday Evening Post may remember in connection with a race or so for the American Cup, and the Earl of Erroll, who formerly commanded the Royal Horse Guards.

In connection with Lords and war I have heard a story which brings in the name of the Earl of Rosebery, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Mr. Gladstone was supposed to fall. He has kept ominously quiet on the question of the war, and, perhaps, this has annoyed certain sections of the public. Anyhow, after a meeting one night, some roughs, for reasons best known to themselves, shied a few odds and ends at his carriage. The occurrence was recorded in the newspapers. Now, the Earl has sons at Eton, and in English public schools young aristocrats are always roughly handled and quickly have any snobbishness that may be in them jostled out. On the morning after the vegetable-flying episode, a bright Eton boy shouted across to one of Rosebery's sons:

"I say, Primrose, that governor of yours is a pretty clever man. He's got Kipling to advertise you, you know." Young Primrose did not know what was meant, of course.

"Why, you're the only son of a pelted Earl I know of."

Since then Rosebery's son has been called nothing else than "son of a pelted Earl." Here it may be mentioned that Lord Brooke, heir to the Warwick title and estates, is at the front with French's cavalry. He is not yet eighteen years of age, and is the youngest Lord on the shoot.

Lord Haddo's White Ribbon Studies

Another Lord story. Lord Haddo, eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen, has just come of age amid great rejoicing up Scotland way. Lord Aberdeen, it will be remembered, was Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Aberdeen there, as over here, took an energetic part in temperance and other social reform work. Both Lord and Lady Aberdeen have brains, and know how to use them, but, to all appearances, young Lord Haddo, the heir to the Earldom, will set no river afire, even though it be made of more inflammable material than the Thames. When Aberdeen was in Canada he sent Lord Haddo across to France in charge of a French tutor. The two were to cycle together through the most glorious districts of France, to see the scenery, and instruct themselves in the customs and language of the country and all that. Well, the unfortunate tutor was driven almost to despair before he could bid good-by to the wheel and take to a transatlantic liner again. To begin with, his pupil could not summon up presence of mind in the most innocent of circumstances, and if a dog trotted across the road a hundred yards ahead of his bicycle, Haddo would lose his grip, the machine would wobble and, let his teacher shout what warnings he might, the young aristocrat would find himself pitched into the hedge by the roadside. One thing in the young Lord's favor was that he never lost his good nature, and would pick himself up, laughing heartily, mount again without complaint, and ride on bravely to meet the next disaster, which was sure to befall him inside of the hour. One of the districts through which tutor and Lord cycled was the Champagne region. For two days they had pedaled their way along winding roads between immense, interminable vineyards, the vines then in full leaf. Not a tree was to be seen, not a bush, nothing but vines, vines, vines. On the afternoon of the second day Haddo called out to his tutor in a thin, boyish voice: "Teacher, teacher!" "Well, what is it, Haddo?" Cautiously nodding his head to the vines that clad the countryside, the young Lord said: "I say, teacher, those are hops, are they not?" The tutor fell off the machine this time.

The Shuffling of London Editors

I notice that of all the experts who are writing in the English newspapers, criticising day by day the various changes of the campaign in South Africa, there is no one of them whose opinions are so generally quoted both in England and the United States as Spencer Wilkinson, of the Morning Post. For many years Mr. Wilkinson has been a famous writer on all things pertaining to military matters, but the public looked for his articles only in the more expensive reviews or in book form. None dreamt of meeting with his name in the columns of a penny paper. Yet all those years he had been writing away day by day for the Morning Post, and no one a whit the wiser. But a born journalist changed all that. That born journalist was and is James Nicol Dunn. Mr. Dunn is a Scotsman, of course. In the beginning of things I believe he worked for the Scotsman, Scotland's greatest daily, but some ten or twelve years ago he joined the poet Henly, and together they produced the Scots Observer, a spirited, somewhat acid weekly, to which, it will be remembered, Kipling contributed before overwhelming success came to him. The Scots Observer ran a course of literary brilliance and financial distress, left its native northland and journeyed to London like an invalid in a panic for health, only to hesitate, decline and die. Shortly before the coppers were placed upon its eyes, Dunn was offered and accepted the position of news editor on Astor's paper, the Pall Mall Gazette, and held that post during the brilliant run of the paper under Editor Harry Cust. Shortly before the Astor-Cust quarrel, which resulted in the clever editor's resignation, Dunn took upon his shoulders the editorship of Black and White, one of the most successful of big British illustrated weeklies. In fact, Dunn undoubtedly made Black and White, and placed it alongside the Graphic and News in popular favor. Then the editorial chair of the Morning Post fell vacant, and James Nicol Dunn, parting his coat-tails, sat down in it. On that day a marvelous change came over the Post. It hitherto had a moderately large circulation, but was read exclusively by women, who devoured the fashionable intelligence and general snobbery that filled its columns to the exclusion of vital news. The ladies still buy, but so do the men now, for Dunn has made the Morning Post one of the most virile and progressive dailies in the Kingdom. He found writing in his columns anonymously a number of celebrated men. One day before the paper went to press he issued instructions, and the next morning people were startled and delighted to see, by signatures to articles, cablegrams and news, that many able men had *begun* to contribute to the Post. Among those signatures there is none more popular than Spencer Wilkinson, who, like the rest of them, for years had been writing the same sort of articles that are now so widely quoted. There is something to be said in favor of editors, after all—that is, some editors.

A New Kipling Conundrum

Kipling has returned to his home in England, and is once again a sober, suburban gentleman down Brighton way. After a lifetime spent in writing soldiers' stories, songs and verse, he has been studying hospital trains and giving his observations to the press here. No doubt those observations were widely read in the States as well as in the United Kingdom. Now, in the London Press Club, the most practical institution of its kind in the world, there is a limited circle of members—a circle never likely to grow larger—that sits around and indulges in spelling-bees and conundrum compounding whilst waiting for the hour to arrive when duty calls. The other day these journalists were racking their brains in order to confound each other with subtle conundrums when one sprung this on his fellow-sufferers: "Which one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas is Kipling the reverse of?" When they gave it up he made answer: "Why, the opera is called Ruddygore, whereas Kipling is Gory Rud."

The Evolution of the London Policeman

If Professor Ray Lankester, the controller of that vast storehouse of art treasures and curiosities, South Kensington Museum, accepts the latest knickknack that has been offered him, the Paris Exhibition will be compelled to take a back seat this year. All artistic America, and many in the United States who have no claim to ability in art, will remember that three or four years ago the famous Professor came up from his University to London to attend a farewell dinner to a friend. Leaving the dining-room, Professor Lankester proceeded to walk across Piccadilly to his club when he suddenly came upon a knot of quarreling people. He paused to look on, and his pause was disastrous. A burly policeman strode up to the learned man and ordered him to move on. Lankester indignantly told the policeman to mind his own business. The policeman minded it according to his lights, by haling the austere Professor to the Vine Street Police Station and locking him up as a disorderly character.

After some considerable trouble the agitated Professor got bail and next morning appeared before Newton, the most unjust magistrate London has seen for many a long day. Great men, famous men of all sorts and kinds, came forward on behalf of the Professor, but to no purpose. The evidence of the police was quite enough for Newton who, in the end, inflicted a fine. This raised a great storm against the London police and since then the "peelers" have been a little more careful.

Well, Professor Lankester has now taken charge of South Kensington Museum and, among other attractions, he is arranging objects in order according to the Darwinian theory. For instance, a jungle-fowl stands surrounded by specimens of the breeds of barnyard fowl that have sprung from her; a rock pigeon, an ordinary looking bird, has around it the fancy breeds, and even the oyster is made to illustrate development otherwise than in a stew. When this enterprise was announced, the Professor received a letter from the medical students of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Now, medical students in London do not love policemen. The St. Bart's boys wrote congratulating Professor Ray Lankester on his idea, and said they were desirous of assisting him. They remembered his little matter at Vine Street, and if he would arrange a glass case containing a jackal, a rhinoceros, a fox and a jackass, they would undertake to supply him with an embalmed policeman to represent the development of the combination. The Professor is considering the matter.

'Angin' 'Enry 'Awkins Bested

Only sporting men in America will be likely to know anything of the "Waterloo Cup." The Waterloo Cup, nevertheless, is one of the greatest sporting events that annually come off in this land of outdoor recreations; it is, in fact, the greyhound Derby. The greyhound that wins the Waterloo Cup occupies the position in dog society that the Derby winner does in horse land. But many in the United States have heard of our great hanging Judge, Sir Henry Hawkins. Hawkins is supposed to have taken a keen delight in sentencing murderers to the gallows; certainly he was very prolific of executions. He has now retired from the bench, being created Lord Brampton, and occupies a seat in the House of Lords.

During the running of the Waterloo Cup Lord Brampton happened to stroll out into the lobby of the House of Lords wherein stands the "tape," or "ticker," machine. A crowd stood around watching for the news as it was ticked out. At the moment the ex-Judge entered a strange record came over the wires, and a subdued shout went up to the late Judge Hawkins to read the news. Lord Brampton hastened over and read:

"Waterloo Cup—Backslider beat Judge Hawkins."

Lord Brampton grinned and said:

"Well, I don't think he ever did in the law courts." —E. W. SABBEL.



The Turning of the Babies in the Bed

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Women sho' is cur'ous critters, an' dey ain't no doubtin' dat,
She's a mess of funny capahs f'om huh slippahs to huh hat.
Ef you tries to un'erstan' huh, an' you fails, des' up an' say:
"D'ain't a bit o' use to try to un'erstan' a woman's way."

I don' mean to be complainin', but I's jes' a-settin' down
Some o' my own obserwations, w'en I cas' my eye eroun'.
Ef you ax me fu' to prove it, I kin do it moughty fine,
Fu' dey ain't no bettah 'zample den dis ve'y wife o' mine.

In de ve'y hea't o' midnight, w'en I's sleepin' good an' soun',
I kin hyeah a so'tah rustlin' an' somebody movin' 'roun'.
An' I say, "Lize, what you doin'?" But she frown an' shek huh haid,
"Heish yo' mouf, I's only turnin' of de chillun in de bed.

"Don' you know a chile gits restless, layin' all de night one way?
An' you' got to kind o' 'range him sev'al times befo' de day?
So de little necks won't worry, an' de little backs won't break;
Don' you think case chillun's chillun dey hain't got no pain an' ache."

So she shakes 'em, an' she twists 'em, an' she tu'ns 'em 'roun' erbout,
"T'well I don' see how de chillun evah keeps f'om hollahin' out.
Den she lif's 'em up head down'ards, so's dey won't git livah-grown,
But dey snoozes des' ez peaceful ez a lizard on a stone.

W'en hits mos' nigh time fu' wakin' on de dawn o' jedgment day,
Seems lak I kin hyeah ol' Gab'iel lay his trumpet down an' say,
"Who dat walkin' 'roun' so easy, down on earth ermong de dead?"—
'Twill be Lizy up a-turnin' of de chillun in de bed.

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The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

By Joel Chandler Harris

AUTHOR OF UNCLE REMUS AND HIS FRIENDS, WHY THE CONFEDERACY FAILED, CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN, ETC.

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PART FOURTH

THE President looked into Bethune's eyes and seemed to understand the situation. "Well, you'd certainly make a fine actor," he remarked.

"Come, Mr. President; we have not a moment to lose," said Bethune.

"Let me get my hat," suggested the President. Having secured this he said: "Some sort of weapon is necessary where force is talked of."

"What is this?" asked Bethune, holding up a pistol.

"And this?" said Mr. Sanders, holding up its mate.

"The argument is concluded and the witness is with you," remarked Mr. Lincoln with a chuckle. Then he added: "But kidnaping can't be carried on on foot. I'm a pretty good walker, but if I was to take the studs and lie down in the road, you'd have some trouble."

"The carriage waits, Mr. Lincoln," replied Bethune grimly. "Remember, you are supposed to be going of your own accord."

"By jing!" exclaimed the President: "I reckon this is what the play-actors call a full-dress rehearsal."

He went forward very cheerfully, however. When they came to the carriage the President entered first, Bethune following. Mr. Sanders mounted to the driver's seat.

"Where are you, Sanders?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"I'm goin' to take the air," Mr. Sanders replied.

"Well, here, swap hats with me. I can't wear mine in here unless we cut a hole in the roof."

Mr. Lincoln leaned from the window and passed his tall hat up to Mr. Sanders, and received in return the soft felt hat that Mr. Sanders wore.

The carriage turned into the street and went whistling away in the direction arranged by John Omahundro.

"Which way are we going?" the President asked.

"I couldn't say, Mr. President; I'm not familiar with this part of the country."

Mr. Lincoln said nothing more for some little time. Then, "Don't you think this affair is getting to be a little too natural?" he suggested.

"I had some such idea, Mr. President," replied Bethune.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Lincoln, "that if Stanton should come to the White House and find me gone, and begin to inquire about it—I was just thinking what would happen to that kinswoman of yours."

"Well, he would have to reckon with Mrs. Lincoln," replied Bethune.

"That's so," assented the President with a chuckle. "Stanton is not much of a favorite with any of the family except me. But if Mrs. Lincoln should take alarm, then there would be trouble for the Southern lady."

This was a new phase of the affair. But Bethune felt that Providence or Fate had tied his hands. He could do nothing. They went forward rapidly for two or three miles. Then they heard a protesting voice:

"Hold on there, will you! Hain't you got no eyes in your blamed noggin? I lay if I take a rock an' knock you off 'n that barouche you'll think you saw somethin'."

There was a light wagon in the road to which a couple of horses were hitched. The driver of Bethune's carriage stopped his team, handed the reins to Mr. Sanders and joined the complaining person, who was no other than John Omahundro, in the road.

"Wait!" said the latter in a low tone. He put his hand to his ear and listened. "I hear a cavalry squad coming. Jump on the carriage, turn around—there's plenty of room here—and drive back the way you came."

"Any danger for me?" asked the driver nervously.

"Not a bit in the world," responded Omahundro. "Get a move on you; you want the cavalry to meet you with your horses' heads turned toward town."

No time was lost in making this movement. The driver put the lash to the horses as they were making the turn, and when they met the squad of pursuing cavalry the carriage was moving toward the city at a brisk trot.

"Halt!" cried a commanding voice.

"Well, if you know'd who you was haltin', maybe you wouldn't be so uppity," exclaimed Mr. Sanders.

The Captain, making out the outline of Mr. Lincoln's hat, which the genial Georgian was wearing, cried out: "Is that you, Mr. President?"

For answer, Mr. Lincoln leaned his head from the window and said: "Yes, it's me; what's the trouble? Any bad news from the front? Speak out, my man. I'm used to trouble. You seem to be excited; what is it?"

"Why, Mr. President, Mr. Stanton is at the White House in a great state of alarm. He thinks you have been seized and carried off. He gave me orders to take ten men, pursue the carriage and overtake it at all hazards."

"What then?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"He took me aside, Mr. President," explained the Captain, "and said: 'When you catch those villains, let your patriotism dictate your course.'"

"Well, what does your patriotism dictate?" asked Mr. Lincoln dryly.

"I am under your orders, Mr. President. If you have none to give, I will have the honor of escorting you to the White House."

"It is unnecessary," replied Mr. Lincoln. "Ride on ahead and, when you arrive at the White House, tell Secretary Stanton to disband his forces, horse, foot and dragoons, take down the barricades, and permit my friends and myself to enter on the terms that have always existed."

The officer saluted in the dark and was about to give the necessary orders, when Mr. Lincoln again spoke. "What time is it?"

The officer struck a match and looked at his watch.

"Ten-fifty, Mr. President."

"Thank you. The Secretary was a notch or two ahead of time," Mr. Lincoln remarked.

"Yes, Mr. President. A man named Doyle arrived from the South to-night, and informed the Secretary that two rebels——"

"You mean Confederates, I reckon, Captain," suggested Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, Mr. President, two Confederates had come to Washington for the purpose of kidnaping you. When he described the men, the Secretary made haste to the White House, summoning me as he went. When he arrived there and found you had gone off with the very men accused by Doyle, you may imagine his excitement."

"Yes; I'm mighty glad I wasn't there. Well, Captain, you have acted with commendable energy, and I am under obligations to you. Call on me some day at the White House. I want to have a talk with you."

"Thank you, Mr. President; I have simply done my duty." He wheeled his horse, gave a curt order to his detachment, and the small cavalcade was soon clattering toward the White House, where, in no long time, the Captain reported to the Secretary, who was still in a fury of rage and excitement.

"Did you seize the two spies? Where are they?" he thundered.

"Under the circumstances, Mr. Secretary, I could but obey the commands of the President."

"Remain here with your men," Mr. Stanton said. Then, his fury getting the better of him, he paced up and down the floor crying, "Oh, he will ruin the country!"

"Don't you think you had better restrain yourself, Mr. Secretary?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, who, coming out of the state of alarm and apprehension into which she had been thrown by the wild and stormy excitement of Mr. Stanton, was now somewhat angry.

"Nothing but Providence has saved your husband from those two spies and traitors—that is, if he is saved. They had everything planned to carry him off to-night."

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln.

"But every word is true, madam," declared Doyle, who was sticking as close to the Secretary as he dared. "They planned it in my presence in Richmond."

"I don't know you," replied Mrs. Lincoln. "What were you doing in Richmond?"

"Serving my country to the best of my poor ability, madam."

"As a spy?" There was so much scorn in the lady's voice that Doyle assumed a more chastened attitude.

After a while the carriage drove up, and the President, Bethune and Mr. Sanders alighted. Mr. Lincoln was in high glee. As the carriage stopped, he was saying to Bethune: "You remember when I asked you if the affair wasn't getting to be too natural, too real?"

Bethune assented, but the President waited until they were near the portico of the White House, then he continued:

"Well, I remember it, too. It reminds me of the fellow who set out to play ghost in his village. He had tolerable success, until he happened to run across a crabbed old fellow who had a good deal of money out at interest. The ghost says: 'Squire Brown, you've got too much money. What'll you do with it when you die?' Squire Brown gripped his hickory, and says, 'You talk lots too natural for a ghost,' and with that he lit in and trailed the fellow out."

Bethune had no time to digest the moral which might or might not be attached to this brief narrative of a village incident. As the three walked into the light, Secretary Stanton cried out with a voice full of passion:

"Mr. President, I hope you are convinced that I was correct in what I said about those detestable spies. Captain Bird, do your duty!"

But before the Captain could make a movement Mrs. Lincoln burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which she was joined by all except Mr. Stanton. Even the officer failed to maintain his dignity. Mr. Lincoln, tall and lank, was wearing Mr. Sanders felt hat, which, slouched as it was, gave him the aspect of a pirate. On the other hand, Mr. Sanders was wearing Mr. Lincoln's tall beaver. It was tipped to one side a trifle, and this, together with the fact that he wore a bobtail jeans coat, added the last touch of the comic to his rotund figure. Mr. Lincoln joined in and led the laughter, and for several long minutes the hilarity ran high, while Mr. Stanton gazed with undisguised scorn and contempt upon the scene.

Presently, taking advantage of a lull in the laughter, he cried in harsh, commanding tones:

"Captain Bird, arrest those men!"

"Why, what have we done, Stanton?" demanded Mr. Lincoln. "What are we guilty of?"

The Secretary, with an angry gesture, turned to Doyle.

"Mr. President," said Doyle, "these men came here to seize you and carry you off. I am willing to make oath to that fact. But for the energy of Secretary Stanton to-night their plot would have succeeded."

"What is your opinion, Captain Bird? What did you find when you came up with your detachment?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Mr. President, we met the carriage on its way to the White House and, in accordance with your orders, hurried here in advance of it."

"My friend," said the President, turning to Doyle, "if there was any plot to kidnap to-night, I'm the guilty party."

"That's so, Mr. President," Mr. Sanders solemnly asserted. "You not only took us off, but you took my hat. It looked to me like mighty squally times out there in the dark road, but, anyhow, I thank you kindly for fetchin' us back."

"Oh, you are more than welcome, friend Sanders. There's another thing I want to say to you gentlemen," remarked Mr. Lincoln, straightening himself up: "The less you say of this affair the better. If it slips into the newspapers I propose to see that the public get the straight of it. One thing more: these gentlemen here—Mr. Bethune and Mr. Sanders—are in Washington by my invitation; they are my guests; I am responsible for their conduct here, and whoever interferes with them will be held responsible by me. Captain Bird, I thank you again for the energetic way in which you carried out your orders. If the Secretary of War has no more for you to-night, neither have I."

Mr. Stanton had retired in disgust to the inner office, where the Captain sought him,

Editor's Note—The Kidnaping of President Lincoln began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 2.

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returning in a moment to bid the President good-night and to lead his squad of cavalry to their quarters.

Mr. Doyle stood where the Secretary had left him, and his embarrassment was so plain that Bethune, following one of his impulses, said:

"Mr. President, I think I can set Mr. Doyle right, but before I do so I'd like to ask what grudge he bears me."

"Grudge! I have no grudge against you," Doyle asserted.

"Why did you try to use my own hand to entrap me? Why did you intrust me with a dispatch in which you committed me to the gallows, not for the good of the country, but for the advancement of yourself and your friend Awtry?"

"Why, I gave you no such dispatch as that," Doyle asserted.

"Well, the President has a copy of it," remarked Bethune dryly.

Mr. Lincoln looked at Doyle with a puzzled expression on his face. He seemed to be studying the man. It was a very embarrassing stare.

"What put the notion in your head," said the President, turning to Bethune with something like a sigh, "that the gentleman needed to be set right with me?"

"It struck me, Mr. President, that you might misunderstand him, considering all the circumstances," replied Bethune.

"No; I think I understand him perfectly." But he still continued to regard Mr. Doyle with a puzzled, melancholy expression on his face.

"But if you will permit me to explain, Mr. President," Bethune persisted.

But Mr. Lincoln shook his head and raised his long arm in a protesting gesture. "No, not now; I'll have a talk with this gentleman at another time. He must excuse me now. Bethune, you and Mr. Sanders come into my private office."

He bowed to Doyle and went out. As Bethune was following, Doyle caught him by the arm and detained him. "What did you intend to say to him?" he asked.

"Why, I intended, and still intend, to tell him the simple truth," replied Bethune.

"That you came to kidnap him?" gasped Doyle.

"Why, certainly. I don't want him to believe that you are engaged in ensnaring men merely to advance your own fortunes."

"Do you think I'd do the like for you?" inquired Doyle.

"Why, I never asked myself the question," replied Bethune, regarding the man with a smile. "I owe you no good will, but I owe it to myself to be honest and straightforward. Now, answer me this: why did you have men ready to follow me out of Richmond?"

Doyle hesitated, but finally spoke out: "I wanted to make sure that you fell into the hands of the right parties when you reached Washington. If I had it to do over again, it wouldn't be done. And I want to say to you that I'm glad I met you."

"Well, we have no time for compliments. Good-night."

Mr. Sanders was waiting for Bethune, and together they went into Mr. Lincoln's private office. The President and Mr. Stanton were in the larger room, and the tones of their voices, coming through the door, showed that they were conversing as if nothing unusual had occurred. Indeed, it seemed that Mr. Stanton had been, for the moment, entirely subdued.

Presently Mr. Lincoln came to the door. "Sanders, you and Bethune come in here. I want you to see that my Secretary of War is not always ready to eat folks up."

Mr. Stanton greeted them in a friendly manner. He had his glasses off for the moment, and for the first time the two Southerners saw that in repose his features were cast in a genial mould, and that his eyes could command a kindly expression.

"Bethune," said the President, "what was that explanation you wanted to make about Doyle? Mr. Stanton seems to appreciate his abilities. I don't know how able he is, but that last part of his dispatch doesn't sound nice to me. Mr. Stanton agrees with me about this, but he says the first part is correct." The copy of the dispatch lay open on the table between the President and the Secretary.

"Mr. President, after what has happened to-night, taking everything as it occurred, I feel sure that you'll not misunderstand my motives when I say to you that the first part of Mr. Doyle's dispatch is correct." Bethune's tone was quiet, but firm.

"I told you so," remarked Mr. Stanton with emphasis.

"Well, then, why didn't you carry out your plan to-night?"

"They had a very good reason," exclaimed the Secretary of War.

"Mr. President," said Mr. Sanders, suddenly and emphatically, "there ain't enough cavalry in fifty mile of this town to 'a' kept us from carryin' you off to-night. You know where we turned around? Well, right there was a light wagon, an' all we had to do was to hustle you in it. The man a-drivin' it knows ev'ry foot of ground betwixt here an' Richmond."

"No doubt," said Mr. Lincoln; "but why didn't you take advantage of all this?"

"Mr. President, I would as soon kidnap my grandfather, or some one else equally dear to me," Bethune declared. "But it was a great temptation."

"It was so, especially to a young feller," remarked Mr. Sanders. "When the bosses turned I fully expected Frank to stick his head out an' use some words that you don't hear in parlors; an' when he didn't, I never was so happy in my life. What we mought 'a' done if you hadn't gone an' kidnaped yourself right before our face, I can't say. I'm like the feller the mule kicked in the stomach. Says he, 'I seed her switch her tail—that I seed p'intedly. What she done arter that, I can't say.'"

"If you would only trust me, Mr. President!" exclaimed Mr. Stanton. There was no bitterness in his voice.

"Why, I trust you precisely as far as I can trust myself," replied Mr. Lincoln earnestly. "No man could do more; would any other man do as much?"

The Secretary made no reply. He resumed his spectacles and turned to Bethune.

"But why, now that the affair is over, do you come in here and admit what nobody could have proved. What is Doyle to you?"

"Less than nothing, Mr. Secretary. I think the President understands my motives."

"Perfectly, perfectly," said Mr. Lincoln. "But I don't understand why you changed your mind when you had everything in your own hands."

"Well, I can only say this, Mr. President, that if the plain people of the South knew you as well as we know you, the war wouldn't last much longer."

Mr. Lincoln arose from his chair and laid his hand on Bethune's shoulder. "My son," he said solemnly, "no human being ever did or ever can pay me a higher compliment than that. I wish all your people would take a month off and come up here to kidnap me!"

"They are engaged in some such adventure now," remarked Mr. Stanton dryly.

The President paid no attention to the remark, but walked about the room with his hands behind him and his head forward. Finally he paused and stood before Bethune and Mr. Sanders, his feet planted somewhat apart.

"I'll tell you gentlemen the honest truth," he declared, raising his right arm high above his head, "my heart bleeds night and day for every wound the war inflicts on both sides. If I know my own mind, I know no North and no South. All that I hope for and pray for is the Union—the Union preserved, and the Union at peace, with all factions and all parties working together for the glory and greatness of the Republic. I would, if I could, take the South in my arms and soothe all her troubles, and wipe out all the old difficulties and differences, and start the Nation on a new career. I have the will, but not the power." He paused a moment, and then resumed with a smile: "Stanton there says I'm a politician, and, I reckon I am, but if I were nothing else I'd be ashamed of myself."

"Mr. President," said Bethune gravely, "if we had found you to be a politician, petulant and intriguing, you wouldn't be here to-night."

"Ain't it the truth!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders with unction.

"Well, Mr. President," remarked Mr. Stanton, rising from his chair, "your friends are more agreeable than I supposed they would be. But hereafter I hope you will believe that I know what I am talking about."

"Why, I never doubted it," Mr. Lincoln declared; "but you'll have to take me as you find me."

"The trouble wi' him, Mr. President," said Mr. Sanders, "is that he's afraid he'll not be able to find you."

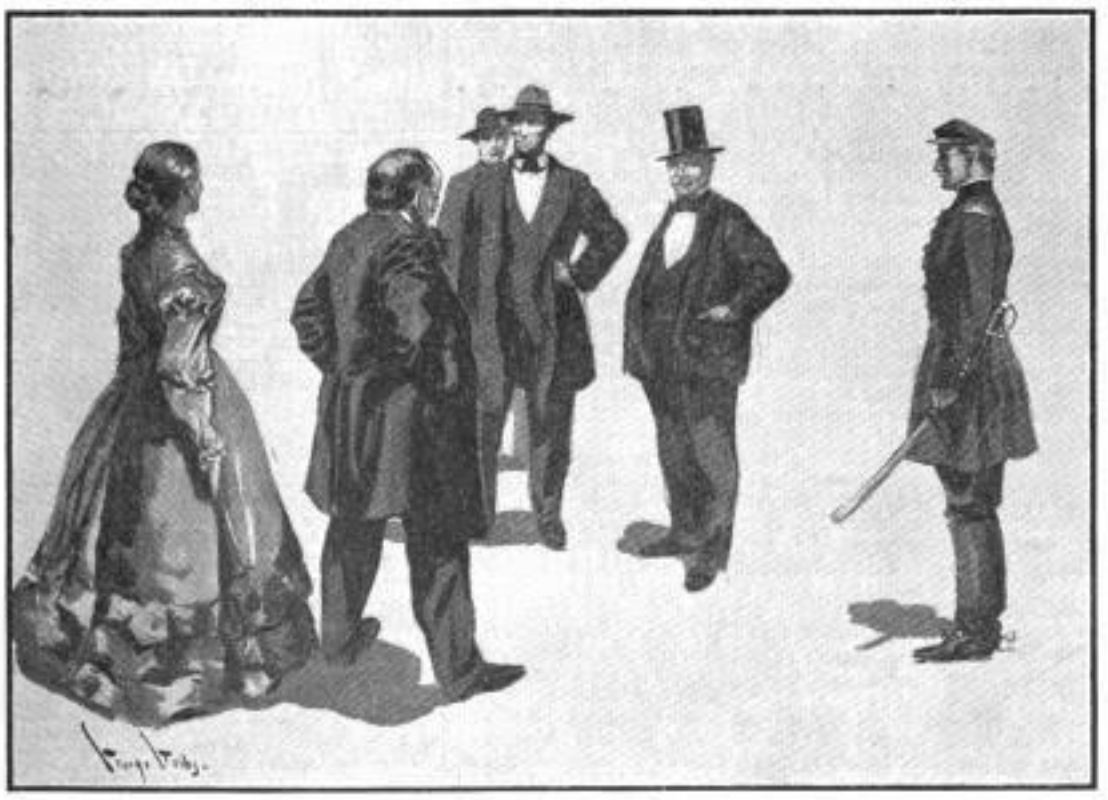
The Secretary regarded Mr. Sanders from behind his inscrutable glasses, smiled faintly, and exclaimed, "Ain't it the truth!" Then, as if the effort to mimic Mr. Sanders had thawed him out, he shook hands with the two Southerners, laughing softly to himself, and went out. The episode was sufficient to show that the great War Secretary (and he was truly great in his line) could be agreeable when he chose to be.

"That's the only fun he's had since the war began," Mr. Lincoln asserted.

Nothing more remains to be told. Bethune, Mr. Sanders and Mrs. Elise Clogton had no difficulty in making their way South. They had an escort through the Federal lines, and were turned over to their compatriots under a flag of truce.

(THE END)

As the three walked into the light, Secretary Stanton cried out with a voice full of passion



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Stories of Old-Time Shows and Showmen

From the Notes of W. C. Coup *Edited by Forrest Crissey*



— entered and drew his revolver to kill

NOTHING can afford a better idea of the variety and picturesqueness of a showman's life than the medley of odd incidents, of strange experiences and homely happenings that crowd the thought of a veteran when in a reminiscent mood. Under this kind of inspiration I have jotted down, in a scrappy and haphazard way, the episodes which sufficiently impressed me at the time of their occurrence to claim frequent rehearsal when talking over the "old days" with other pioneers of the tent and the ring. I must begin with a word concerning the greatest clown America ever saw.

Dan Rice was, at one time, the most famous circus performer in America, and, with the exception of John Robinson, the most daring. I have never met a more nervy man; he was without an equal in trying emergencies. He would face a mob at any time and under any circumstances. Besides being a natural fighter he was a natural orator. He had a sonorous, penetrating voice, his enunciation was clear and distinct, and he knew the secret of flattering and delighting his auditors. Dan had many competitors for the patronage of the river towns, the most prominent of whom were two veteran showmen who owned a Floating Palace. The "Palace" was simply a large boat fitted up as an opera house with the most elegant appointments. It would seat several hundred people and was provided with a complete stage and elaborate sets of scenery. This was towed by a tug called the "James Raymond," on which all the performers roomed and took their meals. They had, besides, a steamer called the "Banjo," on which they gave a minstrel performance.

Dan Rice's One-Horse Show

Dan had formerly been "featured" as one of their attractions; but, some trouble arising, he had left them and started in business on his own account. He experienced the usual ups and downs of a showman's life, finally "went broke," and was at last cleaned out to what he boldly announced as "Dan Rice's One-Horse Show." With this little affair he courageously fought his former associates and did a large business. During the performances he was in the habit of singing a song entitled My One-Horse Show, which took the popular fancy and materially helped him. In this song he told how the opposition had placed false buoys in the river, thereby misleading his pilots and throwing him on sand bars where his craft stuck for days.

For the information of those unacquainted with river travel I will say that buoys are placed by the Government in dangerous parts of the river to point out the only safe channel. Now, whether or not the opposition was really guilty of this trick, Dan's verses gained him the sympathy of the people, and with that sympathy came their dollars. In fact, to such an extent did Dan work upon the sympathies of the people that, at many points, they actually refused to allow the opposition boats to land. At some of these places the opposition had themselves incurred the displeasure of the people by touching at the landing only long enough to receive their audiences, and then going into the middle of the river to give their performances, thus avoiding the payment of the license fee.

This lasted through the winter, and when summer came both shows took to their tents and traveled toward New York State. There Dan's enemies succeeded on some charge or other in getting him in jail. While in his cell he composed the song Blue Eagle Jail, in which he described the jailer, whom he disliked, as "Dot-and-Go-One," from the fact of his having a wooden leg. This song made the one-legged jailer notorious all over the country.

One thing I must say for Dan Rice: He was the only original clown I ever heard—with the single exception of Dilly Fay. The latter was an erratic individual who actually became a clown that he might save money to complete his studies in Paris. Fay was educated and original, but lacked the physical power and deep voice of Rice. I never heard of Fay after he started for Paris, but presume he never reentered the ring.

Tan-Bark Oratory and Harlequin Pluck

One time when I was with Dan Rice on the river circus we showed at Memphis. At this place a certain fellow was loud in his denunciation of Dan and the show. He was a source of great annoyance to the showman and had also made himself very unpopular by declaiming against slavery. In retaliation Dan entered the ring and returned the compliment in kind. He capped the climax by singing a song in which he described his enemy as playing cards with a negro on a log, and so boldly was this done that the people believed it and the fellow became so exasperated that he threatened to shoot Dan. The clown, however, defied him, and continued ridiculing him until the man was actually obliged to leave the city in a hurry.

Dan also had trouble at Yazoo City, Mississippi. He had, it appears, on a former visit, flogged a prominent man there, and the latter had sworn to shoot him on sight. One night when Dan was clowning in the ring the prominent citizen entered and drew his revolver to kill. A plucky bystander, however, knocked the iron from his hand and prevented bloodshed. The scene that followed I shall never forget. Dan stood undaunted in the ring, called the man a coward and dared him to shoot. His audience went into ecstasies over such an exhibition of bravery and applauded to the echo. Whereupon Dan, stimulated to further efforts, poured forth a torrent of the most stinging denunciation of cowards that ever fell from mortal lips. I have often wondered where Dan picked up such a command of language.

At that time he was not an educated man, although years after, when visiting him at his magnificent house at Girard, Pennsylvania, I found that he had a well-stocked private library, and he had certainly become an exceedingly well-read man.

An Imitation Patriot Shown Up

My last experience with Dan Rice when he was in the circus business was at Elkhart, Indiana. It was a very stormy day during the war. The weather was too windy to permit the hoisting of the usual flags, and one pompous young fellow, inflated with conceit, appointed himself a committee and visited Dan, demanding that the flags be hoisted. He charged that Dan had made secession speeches in the South. With an ugly mob at his heels the fellow declared that if the flags were not hoisted he would burn the whole outfit. Dan truthfully told the crowd that he had already erected, at Girard, Pennsylvania, a monument to the Union soldiers; that he owned more flags than the whole city of Elkhart, and that he would show them if they desired; but he absolutely refused to hoist a stitch of bunting upon such a demand. Threats and arguments were alike powerless to move him from his stand. I thought him rather foolish, in those exciting times, and there appeared to me great danger in his action.

Dan, however, mastered the situation. He publicly announced that at the night show he would give a full history of the leader of the mob, and did so with a vengeance. He had learned by careful inquiries something of the character of this fellow, who was a cashier in a bank, and at the evening performance, and in the actual presence of the man and his associates, Dan mounted a stool and gave his enemy such a verbal castigation as few persons have ever received. As he progressed in his speech he waxed eloquent, and in a marvelously deep, clear and penetrating voice pictured the vices and foibles of this "patriotic" cashier, until the audience was ready to mob the man. Suddenly a rush was made to where he had been sitting. But he was gone and the eloquent showman was a complete victor.

That night I roomed at the hotel where Rice was stopping and in the morning he accompanied me to the depot, to see me off for my home in the West. While waiting there the cashier appeared and begged Dan to retract his assertions of the night before, declaring that otherwise he would be run out of town. Dan replied that if he did not immediately leave him he would receive the worst thrashing of his life—and Dan would have kept his word, to the letter, had not the fellow beat a quick retreat. I saw Rice but once after that time, but always regarded him as a prince of the circus ring.

At one time we started our show through Kentucky, where we did a splendid business. On this journey through the South our horses were all caught in a fire and so charred and burned that we had to shoot many of them. In Mississippi we were greatly troubled and delayed by the muddy roads. We were three days going a distance of only eighteen miles. At one point, where there was only one house, our tent was delayed on account of the deep mud and we were forced to show without it, putting up the seats in the form of a circle, thus making a ring in which the performance was given. The people could see the performance without paying, but nearly all of them had principle enough to pay. A few ruffians, however, began abusing the showmen and a genuine fight ensued, which was a repetition of most of the others, and some of the toughs were badly hurt. Our men had all gone to the farmhouse to bed, and I was alone on the grounds to look after my property, when, after midnight, a crowd began to gather and suddenly surrounded me, shoving the muzzles of their pistols and guns in my face. This crowd hung about until daylight, and I pleaded so heartily that they did not shoot. The fact that I was then little more than a boy in years was, I think, the only reason I was not instantly shot by the ruffians.

When our company began to gather in the morning these ruffians left, but I shall never forget that night sitting there surrounded by a half-drunken mob, in a drizzling fall of rain. I was completely exhausted and half frozen, and never before nor since was I so glad to see daylight come.

This trip led us through Georgia, Alabama, Florida and North Carolina. In those States we frequently traveled at night, and sometimes all night, illuminating our way by setting fire to the patches of gum on the pine trees at the spots where they had been "blazed" for their sap. In the mountains of North Carolina we encountered the "clay eaters." I was assured that they subsisted to a great extent upon a certain kind of clay which appears to be able to sustain life. The reader can imagine the character and intelligence of these beings. There was also, in a certain region, a strange people who held regular monthly fairs where they met to barter. They were said to be descendants of a certain Scottish clan, who, when they first came to this country, were fairly well civilized, but instead of settling in the fertile soils and lowlands, took up their homes in the mountains, because the latter reminded them of their native country. Here they became more and more isolated until, at length, they were governed solely by their own outlandish laws and customs, knowing nothing of the usages of civilization. Outside of the clay-eating districts these mountain people grew to an enormous stature and possessed great strength. I found them very hospitable, always treating their guests with marked kindness.

In Which Cupid was Master of the Ring

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rooms at the hotel and explained to them the situation. I proposed to pay them all off and let them remain idle until the opening in the following spring. To this all agreed save two, our principal riders, a woman and a man. These positively refused to make any compromise. The woman snapped her fingers in my face and said: "No, I was engaged for a year and you will have to pay me my salary just the same. You are able to do it, and do it you shall." The man took precisely the same stand, and as they were not only our star riders, but also the best equestrians in America, I was at a loss to know what to do.

I took a little time for deliberation and learned that both malcontents were very much in love with each other. This immediately helped me to determine what course to pursue. I first sent for the woman and told her to get ready at once to go to my farm in Wisconsin, where I intended to build a ring around a tree, to furnish her with a ringmaster, and to allow her to earn her salary by giving two performances daily to the birds and squirrels. She claimed that her contract did not call for such performances, but a reference to the contract proved that she was to ride in any part of America I might designate. Then I sent for the man and told him that he and his horses must take the next steamer for New York City. He refused to do this, but I quickly proved to him that his contract with us, though calling for transportation for himself and horses, did not specify of what nature that transportation should be: I had a perfect right to send him by sailing vessel if I chose. His refusal to go of course canceled his contract, and I accordingly left him. The woman expressed her willingness to go to Wisconsin, but I knew she could not leave her sweetheart—and I was right. In less than half an hour they proposed a compromise, but I refused. Finally I agreed to take the woman to New York and pay her half salary until the season opened.

Among the many men employed with the Barnum show was one large, handsome fellow who was superintendent of the equestrian department. As showmen are fond of having nicknames, some one called this man "Barnum." The poor fellow was wholly illiterate and tolerably fond of whiskey, consequently the name was decidedly inappropriate, but, as a nickname will, it stuck to him hard and fast. One day, while Mr. Barnum was visiting the show, his namesake was lying asleep outside one of the horse tents on a pile of hay, and one of the hands, desiring to waken him, shouted at the top of his voice: "Barnum! Barnum! Wake up!" Mr. Barnum had been a witness to this scene and he came to me in a tremendous rage, saying: "Have you no respect for me at all?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Barnum?"

"What do I mean?" he replied. "Why, I wish to know your intent in calling that drunken, illiterate brute by my name."

Of course, after an explanation, Mr. Barnum's rage cooled, but I think he was never so much annoyed in his life. It well illustrates how thoroughly he hated the vice of drunkenness. After that episode strict injunctions were given to refrain from calling the man "Barnum."

On one occasion when we had run to Joplin, Missouri, the train was divided into three sections, the first having been switched on a siding to wait for the other two. I was sitting at the hotel, eating breakfast, when the superintendent of the road came in and announced, "I am afraid you will not show to-day."

"Why not?" I replied.

"Well," said he, "the section of your train that has already pulled out has run wild down a steep grade over an immense trestle with nothing but zigzags and reverse curves. We have to run over them with our passenger trains at very slow speed, and, as your cars are top heavy, I can see nothing but complete destruction for them."

"Well," said I, "can't you send an engine after the runaway section?"

He promised to do this and, as there was nothing more I could do, I finished my breakfast at leisure.

Barnum's One Unconquerable Superstition

The locomotive went out and caught the train. It had passed safely over the trestle and had reached a heavy ascending grade. Here it naturally lost its momentum and began to back down the grade toward the city. I was unaware, at that time, that a passenger train was then due and that the superintendent fully expected a collision to take place. I can assure my readers that I drew a long breath when the operator looked up from his key and remarked: "Thank the Lord! Number Six, the passenger, is an hour late!" Thus a dreadful catastrophe was prevented. Two men were asleep on one of the platform cars of the circus train, and one of them, in the stress of excitement, jumped off and was instantly dashed to pieces one hundred feet below. The man who stuck to the train was saved, although nearly frightened to death.

Mr. Barnum, although never particularly nervous about accidents, usually refused to travel in the same train with me, giving as his reason that should we both be killed the show would be without a head. Really he regarded me as something of a "hoodoo." In the course of one trip from New Orleans to New York we were compelled to ride together, and on that occasion the sleeper caught fire and was very nearly destroyed. Fortunately this happened in the daytime.

Not only was Mr. Barnum quick to grasp a situation, but was also ready at repartee. Once, at the hotel at Block Island, the dining-room was crowded with people from all over America. One of the guests was a somewhat notorious Mayor of a well-known Western city. During a partial lull in the conversation, this politician had the temerity to bawl out: "Barnum, what is going to be your next humbug? Your last one, the White Elephant, was a failure!" Mr. Barnum, in a voice equally loud and without a moment's hesitation, replied:

"I think my next humbug will be the present Mayor of your city! I have been twice Senator of my State and three times Mayor of Bridgeport; but from what I have learned of politicians and their methods in the West I have come to the conclusion that I am now in a far more respectable business—that of showman—in which no man is either corrupted or injured."

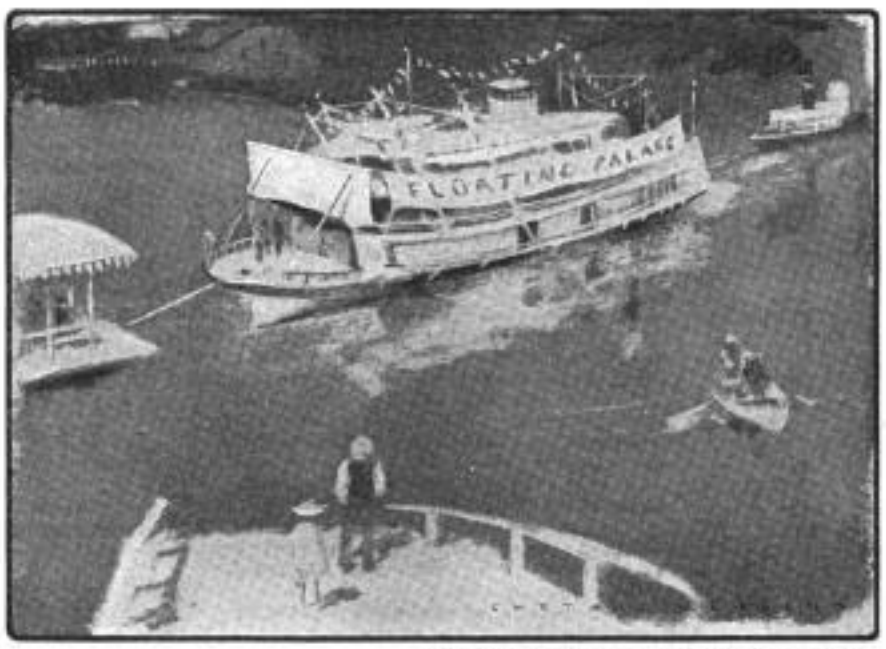
Without a doubt Mr. Barnum was one of the best-known men in the world. While in England I found plenty of quite intelligent people who imagined it was he who brought Moody and Sankey to their country. George Middleton, of dime museum fame, states that in sailing from Australia to Java he found in the limited ship's library Barnum's autobiography, and there, 9000 miles from home, where the English language is scarcely spoken, he saw passengers while away the time by reading the "Life of Barnum, Written by Himself."

One evening, during the run of our hippodrome in New York, we were honored by the presence of King Kalakaua, who, after visiting the state geologists and dining with A. T. Stewart, had expressed a wish to see our great institution. His Majesty was conducted through the menagerie in which nothing appeared to interest him except the elephants and the rhinoceros. Then he was taken to a box which I had caused to be specially prepared for him. I then took Mr. Barnum into the box and presented him to the king, who seemed delighted at the introduction, as he said he had read much about the world's greatest showman. Mr. Barnum remained some time in the royal box, explaining everything to his dusky Highness, who declared he had enjoyed his visit better than anything else since his arrival in America.

Kalakaua's Entry into the Show Business

At the conclusion of the "Fête of Pekin," a special fireworks piece which I had ordered purposely prepared, was ignited. Beneath the design appeared the words "King Kalakaua." At this the immense audience applauded to the echo, but His Majesty did not deign to notice the compliment, except by an uneasy movement. The next feature was a flat race which he evidently enjoyed hugely, becoming quite excited and presenting the young lady rider who won the contest with the flower he wore in his buttonhole. This graceful act was also applauded, but still His Majesty took no notice of the compliment. After the next race I arranged to have a few friends start a cry of "Kalakaua." This being well taken up by the audience, I had the handsome carriage, that was used to bring the performers from the dressing-room to the ring, driven rapidly in front of the box. Mr. Barnum, with a characteristic grasp of the situation, arose and led the king toward the carriage. His Majesty hesitated a moment but soon followed his host, and, entering the conveyance, they were soon driven rapidly around the track amid the tumultuous applause of the assembled thousands. Men, women and children arose to their feet, waving handkerchiefs, hats, umbrellas and canes. While this was the most popular reception the king had had, he did not seem particularly pleased with it, and he told me he did not expect to be made a show of. I answered that it was the demand of the people who had flocked there to see him, and that he was the magnet which had drawn them. At this he appeared satisfied. The following morning the papers teemed with elaborate descriptions of the dramatic episode.

Mr. Barnum by his prompt grasp of the situation had scored a great success. Under cover of a most flattering tribute to his guest he had really added another feature to his show, delighted the public and captured the press. It was an instance of the kind of greatness which distinguished him.



The "Palace" was simply a large boat fitted up as an opera house

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of papers on the Memories of an Old Showman, taken from the notes of W. C. Coup. The first paper appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of November 18, 1899.

The Midnight SUN

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Josiah and *the* Seventh Son

By Joe Lincoln



— whisked over the fence and disappeared in the cornfield

ENTERING the gate and passing by the front part of the house, where the blinds were never opened except on Sunday, I rapped at the back door. No one answered and, with the familiarity of old acquaintance, I opened the door and called, "Mrs. Ellis!"

Still there was no answer, and I was about to turn away when I became aware that curious sounds were proceeding from the barn at my back; sounds which might be produced by beating a carpet with a cane, supposing—which is rather improbable—that said carpet possessed a voice and howled dismally.

I turned toward the barn and, as I did so, out from its side door darted a coatless and disheveled boy of about fourteen years, who paused not at sight of me, but whisked over the fence and disappeared in the cornfield. In his wake, like a battleship pursuing a torpedo boat, lumbered a stout, red-faced woman with a switch in one hand and the jacket belonging to the fugitive in the other. She halted at the fence and gazed at the spot where the youngster had disappeared, with something like a smile gradually o'erspreading her plump, round face.

"He's getting too lively for you, Mrs. Ellis," I ventured. She started and, turning, saw me. "Land sakes! Is that you?" she exclaimed. "Yes, yes! he's gittin' too spry fer *my* short breath. I feel it's my duty, once in a while, ter give him what his father would if he was alive, but I sha'n't be able ter do it much longer, I cal'late."

"Josiah never appeared to me to be a bad boy," I said.

"He ain't reel bad. He's jest full of his mischievous notions and doin's. I stan' it long 's I kin and then I git out er patience and whale him, same's I was doin' jest now, 'fore he slipped his jacket and run."

"What was the particular prank this morning?" I inquired.

"Playin' he was 'Somebody, the Scalp Hunter,' and heavin' a wooden tommyhawk right through the open window and smashin' the best lookin'-glass. Sure sign er death, let alone the price of a new one! Books is what's the matter with him."

"Books, Mrs. Ellis?"

"Yes, books, story-books; he can't read one of 'em without actin' of it all out. One time he read somebody's travels in Afriky, and what did he do but dig a big hole out in the pastur', and cover it up with brush, and put dirt on top er that, so it looked jest like the rest er the grosnd. Our cow fell into it and had ter stay there all night 'fore he could dig a place fer her ter walk up. He told me he was playin' trappin' elephunts."

I laughed and Mrs. Ellis laughed with me.

"'Nother time," she continued, "he stuck a candle into his hat and rigged a double rope over the windlass and lowered himself down the well; playin' coal miner. When he got down there somehow er nother he couldn't make his histin' app'ratus work and he was purty nigh drownded and froze ter death when I found him and hauled him up. But the greatest thing he ever done, and one that reelly saved us all consider'ble, was when he ketched the Seventh Son."

"Caught *which?*"

"The Seventh Son. Set down on the bench out door here while I get cooled off, and I'll tell yer about it. I dunno whether it's 'cause he's so lively or 'cause I'm so fat, but thrashin' that boy alters gits me bilin' hot."

We seated ourselves on the wash-bench back of the kitchen.

"It come about by Josiah's readin' story-books, as I told you. This time 'twas detective stories, and partic'lar them 'bout some critter named Burdock Homes."

"Sherlock Holmes?" I suggested.

"That's the feller. Well, Josiah he read and read about him till he got ter be purty nigh crazy. He said this ere Burdock feller could jest look at a man and tell how old he was, and what his bus'ness was, how many children he had, what church he b'longed ter, an' anything yer wanted ter know.

"He had a notion that he was purty nigh as smart as Burdock himself. I come in one time and he looks me all over and he says, 'Ma,' he says, 'you've been makin' apple sass and yer tasted of it and it was too sour.'

"'How did yer find all that out?' I says.

"'I dedoosed it,' says he. 'There's a piece er apple peelin' on your dress, and when yer come in yer face was all puckered up.'

"'Well, your dedoosin' ain't good fer much,' I says, 'cause that apple peel fell outer some leavin's I was feedin' the pig, and I had my face puckered up 'cause I thought I wanted ter sneeze.'

"But you couldn't squelch him that way; he kep' up his dedoosin' and detective foolishness right along. When the Bearse house was broke into he was right on his uppers, as yer might say, and wished I'd let him be a detective and 'ferret out the crim'nals.' I told him I'd 'ferret' him with a barrel stave unless he quit his foolishness.

"Then he went ter work makin' the house burglar proof. He got a whole lot of old sleigh-bells and cow bells and rigged two or three of 'em up over each winder on wires, so's when yer shoved the winder up 'twould jiggle the bells and make a racket. Then he whittled out some wooden plugs ter fit the key-holes in the doors. Them was ter keep burglars from gittin' in with false keys—another book notion. Next thing he rummaged out all his ole muskrat traps and one ole fox trap somebody give him, and took ter settin' of 'em under all the winders at night; so's if a thief should git in he'd git caught, yer see. I never said nothin' against these contraptions; they was better'n coal-minin' down the well, anyhow.

"Well, about this time Uncle Elkanah and A'nt Tabithy come ter visit us. Uncle Elkanah, he's over eighty and is pretty shaky with the palsy and consider'ble childish. A'nt Tabby, she's 'bout ten years younger and is smart enough, only she's the greatest critter fer b'lievin' in fortune-tellin' and all that kind er rubbish that ever was.

"They'd been here a week or so when it come Circle day and the Sewin' Circle was ter meet down ter Miss Lurany Black's. I did want ter go, dreadful, 'cause Lurany 'd jest got back from a trip ter her brother's in Pennsylvany, and I wanted ter hear her tell about it. So A'nt Tabby, she says ter me, s'she, 'You go right along now, Mary Emma,' s'she; 'I'll look arter the house and cook the vittles. I'd jest as lief as not.'

"I didn't want ter go 'way and leave my comp'ny ter look arter themselves, but A'nt Tabby said she and Uncle Elkanah wa'n't comp'ny, and I must go sure; so I done so.

"We had a reel nice Circle meetin'; and Lurany had as good a supper 's ever I set down to. 'Twas after eight o'clock when I got home, and when I come in I see there was a stranger in the settin'-room. He was free and easy as yer please, settin' with his chair tipped back and his loigs crossed, and his tongue rattlin' like a hay cutter. A'nt Tabby and Josiah was settin' there with their mouths open listenin' ter him, and Uncle Elkanah's mouth was open, too, but 'twas 'cause he was asleep.

"I come in, and A'nt Tabby jumps up and says, 'Mary Emma,' says she, 'here's a gentleman I know yer'll be glad ter meet. This is Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Montmorency,' says she.

"The feller jumps up and makes a tremendous low bow. 'Ma'am,' he says, 'I am charmed ter make yer acquaintance.' I wa'n't particular charmed ter make his; I didn't like his looks a mite. He had on a shiny black coat, like a minister's, spotted up consider'ble and with pretty rusty-lookin' buttons on it. He had more'n an average dirty shirt with a glass diamond in the front of it, and his hair was black and curly and sorter greasy lookin'. He had a big black mustache curled up at the ends. Take him all tergether he looked ter me like a scalawag.

"I could see, though, that A'nt Tabby thought he was jest elegant. 'Mr. Montmorency's a Seventh Son,' says she, proud as all out door.

"'Seventh Son *of* a Seventh Son, if yer'll excuse the correction, ma'am,' says the man with another grand bow.

"'I think large fam'lies are reel nice,' says I, fer the sake of sayin' somethin'. I was wond'rin' all the time who the critter was and how he come ter be makin' so free of my settin'-room.

"'What business air you in, Mr. Montmorency?' I asks him, after a spell.

"'I am a seer, ma'am,' says he, and I noticed A'nt Tabby kinder puff up with importance when he said it.

"'Overseer?' I says.

"'Oh, no, ma'am. A seer, a prophet, a reader of the stars, an astrologist.'

"'Astrology must be awful interestin',' I says; 'they didn't uster study it when I went ter school. I s'pose you've got a tremenjous big telescope in your office?'

"'Pardon me, ma'am,' he says, 'but I think you still mistake me. I am not an astronomer; I am an astrologist, a reader of the future, one who pierces into the darkness surroundin' the things ter come.'

"'Oh!' I says, and I reckon my voice must have showed how disgusted I felt, 'a fortune-teller.'

"The feller went off on a long gabble tellin' how his bus'ness was diff'rent, and lots superior ter common fortune-tellin', but I didn't pay much attention ter him. Soon 's ever I could I got A'nt Tabby out in the next room and asked her how he come ter be here. 'Twas jest as I thought. He'd come ter the door, and as soon as she found out he was a fortune-teller she'd asked him in. He told her a lot of stuff; said she was goin' ter be rich 'fore she died, and things like that, and she asked him ter supper. And that wa'n't the wust of it. She was so gone on him that she'd invited him, as 'twas quite a ways ter the hotel, ter stay ter my house over night.

"Well, I *was* upset! I couldn't say he shouldn't stay, because A'nt Tabby never'd forgive me, and, on t'other hand, I knew I shouldn't sleep a wink.

"The Seventh Son was full of his talk the rest of the evenin'. He looked at the palm er my hand and said I'd seen consider'ble trouble in my life and would see some more, but that I'd also seen consider'ble happiness and would see more er that, too. Well, I guess them things are true, so p'raps he wa'n't a fraud altogether.

"Finally, he went off ter the spare room ter bed, and Uncle Elkanah and A'nt Tabby went off ter their room. I locked up the house, and Josiah, he plugged up the key-holes, and seen ter his burglar alarms, and sot his traps same as usual.

"When I got inter my room I was wide-awake as could be. I laid and tried ter git ter sleep, but it wa'n't no use; all I could think of was that pesky Seventh Son, and listen and listen. I had my door open jest a grain, with a chair set against it, so I could hear if there was any noise in the house. I heard it strike 'leven, and twelve, and one, and then I reckon I dozed off a leetle.

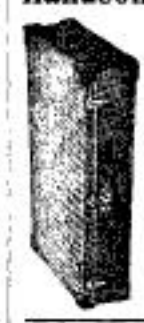
"What waked me up was one of Josiah's burglar alarms a-jinglin'. It didn't jingle very loud ner long, but I was sleepin' so light that I heard it and riz right up in bed, with my heart goin' bumpety-bump.

"'Twas still fer a minute and then I heard the bell jingle again. I jumped outer bed and run ter the door er my room, and jest as I got there, there come a sorter thump, and then a-rattlin' and jinglin' and poundin', enough ter wake the dead. I was scart almost ter death, and, as I stood there tremblin', Josiah burst out er his room hollerin', 'I've got one! I've got one!' and went downstairs three steps at a time.



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The Saturday Evening Post

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Philadelphia

"Thinks I, 'That child will be murdered!'

"The noise come from the kitchen and was gittin' louder every minute. When I got ter the dinin'-room door, Josiah come tearin' outer the kitchen screamin', 'It's a burglar! He's caught in the winder and he's got one er my traps on his foot! Light a lamp, quick!'

"He lit one, himself, 'fore I could do anything. Honest and true, that young one wa'n't ha'f so scart as I was. I reelly b'lieve he'd been hopin' a burglar would come so's he could have the glory of catchin' him. He went inter the kitchen with the lamp and I follered him, and there was a sight!

"Stickin' out inter the room from the winder on the back er the house was the lower ha'f of a man. The rest of him was hangin' outside the winder and the sash was down tight on his back so he couldn't git out no further. He was in his stockin' feet and Josiah's big fox-trap was clamped on to one foot, with the chain and bells a-bangin' and jinglin'. I recognized them faded plaid pants; 'twas the Seventh Son!

"He was kickin' and fightin' ter git out, but that winder-sash had caught him right in the small er the back and held him solid. He roared fer me ter put up the winder and let him out, but, thinks I, 'I'll find out what yer was up ter, old man, 'fore I help yer.'

"I went and got my keys and unlocked the kitchen door, after pullin' out the plug, and looked out. The Seventh Son was pawin' the air, and when he see me, he told me ter come and help him out or he'd break my neck. I didn't pay no attention, fer, under the winder where he'd throwed 'em, I see his shoes and hat and a bundle. I went over and picked up the bundle and brought it in and opened it. The fust thing that fell out was my silver teaspoons.

"Them teaspoons was give ter me when I was married, and I wa'n't pleased ter see 'em so nigh ter bein' stole by a Seventh Son; so I didn't think no more about settin' him loose; fact is, I was thinkin' how I could keep him where he was. Just then A'nt Tabby and Uncle Elkanah come down, and when A'nt Tabby see the Seventh Son stuck in the winder and the bag er plunder on the table, down she flops in a swoon.

"Then, ter help things along, Uncle Elkanah, who 'tween his palsy and the scare was shakin' so he fairly rattled the winders, got his hand inter a sheet of sticky fly-paper on the table. Tryin' ter git it off that hand he got it on the other; then he got his long whiskers into it, and then, dancin' round so, he stuck his poor old bare foot inter one er Josiah's muskrat traps.

"I thought I should go ravin' distracted! The Seventh Son was kickin' frightful and swearin' at the top of his lungs. Sich language I never heard before ner sense. Uncle Elkanah was rollin' 'round the floor, all stuck up with fly-paper, hollerin', 'Take him off! Take him off!' havin' some kind er crazy notion that the trap was a dog that had holt of him. A'nt Tabby had swooned, and, take it all tergether, it beat my time.

"But Josiah, he was cool as could be, fer all I could see he was blazin' with excitement. 'That feller's kickin' so he'll git out,' he says, pointin' ter the Seventh Son; 'hold on a minute and I'll lassoo him.' Then he went and got a rope he called his lassoo. It had a slip-knot in it, and what does that young one do but git the slip-knot around the Seventh Son's shanks, and haul tight.

"The Seventh Son, he roared and raved louder'n ever and kep' haulin' up his laigs like a frog swimmin', but, fast as he hauled 'em up, Josiah'd haul 'em straight again. And then, thank goodness, Eben Baker and some er the neighbors come in, and they carried the Seventh Son off ter the lockup.

"The rascal had crep' downstairs from his room, and filled his bundle with all the stealable things in the house, and then, 'cause he couldn't open the doors, had tried ter git out the kitchen winder. This is an old house, and when yer want ter keep a winder open yer have ter prop it up with a stick. He done that, but he knocked the stick out climbin' through and the sash come down and ketched him jest right.

"A'nt Tabby come out of her swoon purty quick, and I wished yer'd seen the time we had with Uncle Elkanah. His whiskers was all tangled up in the fly-paper and it pulled dreadful gittin' 'em free. His toes was sore, and his head was so muddled up that he ain't quite right yit, I b'lieve."

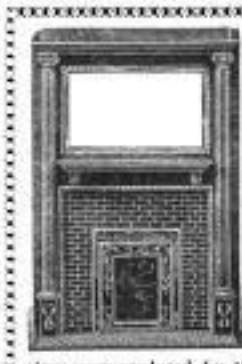
Mrs. Ellis paused, and I wiped away the tears of laughter from my cheeks.

"What became of the Seventh Son?" I inquired.

"Oh, he got five years!" was the answer. "And Josiah was so puffed up because 'twas his notions that ketched him, that he haint got over it, even now. That's why I have ter dust him once in a while, same 's I was doin' this mornin'."



—"that young one wa'n't ha'f so scart as I was."



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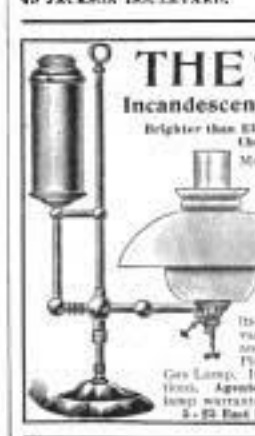
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Literary Folk — Their Ways and Their Work



READERS of No. 5 John Street were alarmed to hear last spring that Mr. Richard Whiteing was suffering from a sharp attack of double pneumonia. Now that he is out of danger the way he fell ill is worth telling, illustrating as it does his unfailing energy in getting to the bottom of everything about which he means to write. His next novel is to treat of country life in much the same searching manner in which his last book discussed the London slums, and in order to obtain the necessary local color Mr. Whiteing took up his abode in an ordinary workman's cottage in a pretty little village known as Chalfont St. Giles, in Hertfordshire. Here the bad food and bad drainage alike combined to make him fall ill, and a chill soon brought on pneumonia. Fortunately his friends managed to move him up to his London house, where a constant stream of anxious callers testified to his universal popularity. It is a comment on the way in which the English agricultural laborer lives that one should be able to escape unhurt from a sojourn in the East End of London and yet fall a victim to worse dangers in the country—a comment that will, no doubt, be made in Mr. Whiteing's new book when he is well enough to write it. At present he is only well enough to grumble at his forced inaction.

An amusing little incident told of him the other day, when his illness was almost at its height, illustrates his aptitude for turning a neat phrase at all times. Referring to one of the admirable nurses who have helped him to recovery without letting him have a glimpse of any personality beyond that of their calling, he remarked that she had "achieved an artistic perfection in being a nobody."

Mrs. Bigelow's Friday Afternoons

Mr. and Mrs. Poultney Bigelow not only make their house a rendezvous for young Americans who come to London, and who would find it a lonely place except for Mrs. Bigelow's Friday afternoons, but they also fill it with interesting and distinguished English folk. They are patriotic Americans, yet when the news came to London of the relief of Ladysmith the British flag was hung out so promptly in front of their house that some of the neighbors came in afterward to inquire whether they had had special news. The Bigelows' flag announced the tidings to the street before the extra editions of the newspapers.

Although Mrs. Bigelow is said to have a novel or so up her sleeve she is better known as a personality than as a writer. In literary circles she has the reputation of being one of the wittiest women in London. A short time ago she was staying in a country house with a typically British party. For two days she sparkled on. One of the guests tried a little word-fencing with Mrs. Bigelow but found himself no match for the repartee which came with such lightning-like rapidity. Finally he confessed to his hostess: "She's the most amusing woman I have ever seen, but, if American women are all like that, country houses ought to be arranged with placards of 'Silence' hung in certain rooms where the men could take to cover."

The Best Company of London

There may be houses in London where you will meet more distinguished literary men and women than at Lady Jeune's; others where you would find more powerful members of the Government; others, perhaps, where you might count on seeing more painters, or sculptors, or distinguished soldiers, or actors and actresses, or playwrights, or scientists, or celebrated travelers, or smart people and dukes and duchesses. But it is probable that the spacious old house in Harley Street where Sir Francis and Lady Jeune live, which receives into its hospitable doors some of all these classes, holds better company than any other house of the present time.

Lady Jeune's list of acquaintances is simply enormous; you can find a good part of it by looking through Who's Who, although that is not enough. Lady Jeune's theory is not the one so often held that one must choose and pick among one's acquaintances to find congenial spirits. Any one who is her guest is expected to be able to meet and to talk with any other guest. So the literary man does not talk shop with other literary men, but broadens his views.

Lady Jeune may not be called the busiest woman in London, but it is because she never seems in a hurry—not even if she has written an article after breakfast, has been to the East End to distribute relief to soldiers' wives and widows in Hackney, looked in on Sir Thomas Lipton's model restaurant for the poor in Commercial Road, has had a luncheon party in Harley Street, has attended a meeting of the executive council of the Women's Exhibition at Earl's Court, has paid three visits and is preparing to dine out, go to the theatre and then on to two parties. That would be an average day in the season. The next day would be quite different but just as busy.

Mr. Morrison's East End Studies

Mr. Arthur Morrison is not, perhaps, quite so well known in America as he is in England. But if, in London, you ask any literary person who has done "the real thing" about the slums of the East End he will answer instantly, "Morrison."

Recently, with much ceremony and the presence of the Prince of Wales, a large block of model dwellings was opened on the site of what used to be the worst slums in Shoreditch, and the Prince and all the other speakers spoke of the spot as "the Jago," and referred to Mr. Morrison's A Child of the Jago as the almost classic record of what the horrors of slum life might be. Indeed, the new model dwellings were exactly on the site of the district which was accurately depicted in that novel.

People who like the author's life to correspond in some way to the matter of his books may expect to hear that Mr. Morrison still prowls about the slums. If he does so nowadays it is surely only in search of antique furniture shops. He lives in the little village of Loughton and his walks are in the Epping Forest. He will talk to the visitor of life in London, if the visitor wishes, but he would much rather have as a topic his special hobby, Japanese art. Let Mr. Morrison start on the subject of Japanese painters and he will carry you from luncheon through teatime up to dinner, illustrating what he says by showing you his superb collection, one of the finest owned by any private individual in the world. The collection is constantly growing; its owner has an agent in Tokyo, and he knows every dealer in England.

He also knows every furniture dealer in London. But a small house forbids one's constantly buying furniture, and when Mr. Morrison discovers a fine piece which cannot go in the house at Loughton he gives some friend of his a tip. As with all collectors, the pleasure of discovering treasures is with him almost as great as that of owning them.

The mania for collecting is infectious. Mrs. Morrison collects Japanese embroideries, and little Master Morrison, aged something like eight or nine, has also his own special, though rather miscellaneous, Japanese collection.

Mr. Morrison's next novel, which is the result of long and careful study, will be a picture of life in a small Essex village forty years ago. The chief character is a local wizard. This person really existed and was feared by all the countryside. Mr. Morrison has come into possession of all his papers, journals, etc. The book will be a most curious one.

The Commodore's Discomfiture

Arthur Brentano, the publisher and bibliophile of New York and Paris, is an enthusiastic lover of aquatic sports. He was one of the founders of the American Canoe Association, and for a long time was Commodore of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club.

"My election to this high maritime office," says Mr. Brentano, "was of great practical utility because it induced me to learn how to swim. We were camping out at Canoe Island, Lake George, and agreed to attend some races to be held four miles away. Bright and early on the appointed day the fleet started. As I was Commodore I thought a single mast and sail were unworthy the dignity of my office and indulged in the unfamiliar rig of two masts and sails. I was dressed with great care for the occasion, and, as the wind was not favorable, I ballasted my craft with some boulders I picked up on the beach. I started a thing of beauty, but before I had gone a mile there came a wind which jammed the boom into the side of the canoe and threw the boat upon her beam ends. I went gracefully, though involuntarily, into the water and found that my feet had become entangled in the rigging. I worked myself loose and managed to get a good hold upon the side of the canoe. It was impossible to right the boat, so I tried to propel it by vigorous kicking. This proving too laborious I removed piece by piece most of my clothing and of course lost them. Finally, to my shame, I was rescued by some friends who had seen my predicament afar off and had come after me in a plebeian scow. As we reached shore I saw a number of young ladies who had come from the various fashionable hotels to witness the race. After many difficulties I secured a coat made for a man twice my width and a pair of trousers of another who was six feet tall. I made my toilet by rolling up the legs of the latter and by folding over the front breadths of the former. When I stepped ashore my reception was unique. The men cheered me and the young women, first preserving a polite silence, broke out into unpleasant laughter. The climax was reached when a late arrival, after looking at me critically, remarked, 'What an extraordinarily picturesque tramp!' The next day I took my first swimming lesson."



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The Saturday Evening Post

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EX-SENATOR J. J. INGALLS

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BRET HARTE

Stories Three: The first of Mr. Harte's condensed novels purporting to be written by R—DY—D K—PL—G.

H. N. HIGINBOTHAM

Tales of the Credit Man: The second of the great Chicago merchant's notable papers.

IAN MACLAREN

The Tournament: The second of Dr. Watson's stories, under the general title Young Barbarians.

JOHN HABBERTON

Great George's Work: A Southern story of a war-time Fourth.

ELIZABETH STODDARD

Literary Folk as They Came and Went With Ourselves: Personal recollections of the poets and prosers of the fifties.

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

The Lost Sense of Direction

That civilized man has lost a sixth sense, which his remote and savage ancestors possessed, is the recently published theory of a French scientist named Reynaud. It is the sense of direction—the faculty which enables animals to find their way—and it is located, according to this authority, in the semi-circular canals of the inner ear. These are three little passages, found in man and other vertebrates, which are filled with a fluid called endolymph. Any injury done to their structure by accident or disease, as has been proved by many experiments, impairs the power. They have nothing whatever to do with hearing, but are "associated with equilibrium," and to "furnish images of movement and displacement in space."

Thanks to this organ, animals are able to retrace, with an accuracy that seems marvelous, routes over which they have once passed. The lost dog goes back invariably to the place where it last saw its master. The horse, in like manner, when the reins are loosed on its neck, finds its way to the stable with the constancy of the magnetic needle turning to the pole. A pigeon, carried by rail in a closed basket for hundreds of miles, and then liberated, will go back to the starting point, not by the shortest path, but following the line of the railroad. The same swallows come every year to the same nests.

When the time for departure comes, migratory birds of the same species inhabiting the same region come together for the journey, and those which have already made the voyage take the lead, retracing the path by which they came a few months before. The young ones follow. In the same way migrations of fishes are accomplished, and knowledge of the routes invariably pursued by the finny schools is of very practical value to the fishermen. Cormorants and other fishing birds follow for months the tracks of the migratory fishes, and know how to get back to their homes when the fishing is over. Like the fish and the quadruped, the bird returns to the same point by the same route.

The animal, whether aquatic, aerial or terrestrial, according to Doctor Reynaud's theory, "carries the way back with it." Nor, in his opinion, is man without a remnant of this interesting sixth sense, which, he asserts, is found in a greater or less degree in many savages. But it is not properly to be regarded as a phase of intelligence, being most highly developed in those races which are lowest in the scale of humanity.

The Age of Portable Novelties

This is an age of portable conveniences, in which a man is able to carry with him, in condensed form, his house, his boat, his food supplies for a long period, or what not. Even steamboats and bridges are turned out in sections, so as to be easily transported. But the latest invention in this line is a complete photographic dark room, which is collapsible, so that one may pack it in small compass and conveniently carry it in one hand by a strap when one goes traveling.

This contrivance, which has been newly patented by two citizens of Wisconsin, enables a photographer to develop and finish pictures outdoors or wherever he may happen to be. All he has to do is to unfold the apparatus and get inside of it, and immediately he has a dark room complete in all respects for his work. It is provided with every necessary convenience, having a window of ruby glass, a light-tight receptacle for the temporary storage of undeveloped plates, a developer-tray suspended by hooks, and a "hypo" tray similarly secured. In short, the device is excellently adapted to supplement the portable camera, enabling the amateur to carry with him a complete and businesslike outfit for the production of photographs from start to finish.



Meanwhile, an ingenious citizen of Washington, D. C., has succeeded in reducing the ever-necessary typewriter to a size that fits the pocket. By an ingenious arrangement of types, the tiny machine is able to print 324 different letters and symbols, so that, when desired, it can be made to record shorthand, as well as longhand, characters. Provided with one of these little instruments, the stenographer will find his work vastly facilitated, and the beginner in the art will be relieved to a great extent of what hitherto has been his main trouble—namely, the difficulty of deciphering his own notes.

The Government and the Lobster

Congress has just appropriated the sum of $7000 to pay for an investigation of the lobster. The trouble with him is that he is getting scarcer and scarcer every year, and, unless something is done about it, it is obvious that he will soon become practically extinct, so far as any commercial usefulness on his part is concerned. What the Government wants to know is the reason why lobsters are diminishing in numbers, and what measures may be taken to put a stop to the mischief.

It is extremely fortunate that means have been found for augmenting the lobster tribe by artificial breeding, though as yet it is too soon to decide how far this plan is likely to be successful in maintaining or increasing the species numerically, inasmuch as the hatching of young lobsters by the incubator method has been conducted on a large scale for only six years, and sufficient time has not elapsed to give the work a chance to show marked results. Nevertheless, it seems to be telling, for fishermen along the New England coast declare that they have never seen so many small lobsters, five or six inches long, as are now being taken in their traps.

During the last five years more than five hundred million baby lobsters were hatched by the Fish Commission and "planted" in New England waters.

The cost of hatching and planting one hundred million young lobsters is about $10,000. Regular market prices are paid for the brood females to the fishermen, who are forbidden by law to sell the animals to ordinary purchasers when in that condition. However, the fishermen, who are not usually restrained by legal regulations on such subjects, readily convert the breeding lobsters into marketable ones by scraping the eggs off the swimmerets with a spoon or a woolen mitten. The egg-bearing females, when stripped by the Fish Commission people, are returned by them to the sea, thus doubly aiding the fishery.

Luckily, it is the easiest thing in the world to hatch lobsters. The eggs, taken from the swimmerets of the mother, can be incubated in an ordinary glass jar full of sea-water, if the latter is kept fresh. A better method is adopted by the Fish Commission, and it is one of extreme simplicity. The loss in hatching, too, is very small, inasmuch as the eggs are not easily injured, and every one of them is already fertilized. They do not have to be impregnated artificially, as do shad eggs. The one hundred and nine million infant lobsters contributed to the vasty deep last summer were obtained from only one hundred and twenty-two million eggs—a loss of less than ten per cent.

If young lobsters could be kept in captivity for only a few weeks after hatching, as is done with many fishes that are artificially incubated, such as the shad, the coastal waters of the United States might soon be made to swarm with these useful animals. Unhappily, no way of accomplishing this has been found as yet. The baby crustaceans are scarcely forty-eight hours old before they begin to eat each other, and no amount of toothsome provender supplied to them will persuade them to restrain their cannibalistic propensity. Also, they are attacked by epidemics which carry them off by wholesale. Consequently, it is necessary to dump them into the ocean shallows when they are only a day old and leave them to take care of themselves.



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The late Bishop Gilbert at his Idaho ranch

FROM the hour when he was obliged to leave Hobart College, stricken with a hemorrhage of the lungs, through all the years until, but a short time since, he yielded to a third attack of pneumonia, Bishop Mahlon N. Gilbert, coadjutor with Bishop Whipple of the diocese of Minnesota, had fought out many a hand-to-hand battle with death.

Years ago, when but just out of divinity halls, he was given a charge by Bishop Tuttle, his lifelong friend. It was the most difficult field in the West. Young Gilbert was the only minister of his faith in all the western half of a great territory. In the town of Deer Lodge, Montana, his headquarters, comprising some six hundred souls, he had at the beginning of his work but two communicants. It was from this town that he went upon mission tours throughout the region. He determined to build a church. Walking into the local bank one day, he said to one of the officials:

"I want two thousand dollars, without any indorsement, to be paid back some time in the future."

The banker looked at the young rector a moment, and then without a sign of further hesitation he said:

"You can have it! Any man that's got nerve enough to ask such a thing deserves to have it, and you shall have it without interest."

A very profitable church fair, held later, was liberally patronized, and soon after the proudest man in Montana, as he afterward said, marched into the bank and laid down the two thousand dollars in coin and currency.

The Bishop and the Gamblers In those days gamblers of the old school were numerous. They were gamblers to the core, in so far as the sin of gaming, but most of them played on the square and kept their pledges man to man. They knew the young rector for a manly man who hit out from the shoulder without mercy but who never struck below the belt. They were very much interested in the progress of the new church, and finally one of their number, delegated by the rest, handed the rector eighteen hundred dollars "for the new gospel mill."

The rector accepted the gift in the spirit in which it was proffered.

For a year after he began work in Montana he never saw a brother minister. Later, when he went to Helena to preach, the frontier was fast beginning to lose somewhat of its roughness.

A few days before Mr. Gilbert left Butte for Helena—he had for some time been stationed in Butte—a rough-looking man came up to him on the street and handed him two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Where did you get that?"

"Well," he replied, "this is the way it was. I knew you were going away, so I went down to one of the houses and I said to the boys, 'Boys, parson is going away to see his gal.' 'What parson is that?' asked one of the boys. 'Parson Gilbert,' I said. Well, sir, he just reached out, wiped the stakes off the board and said, 'Here, take that; he married me, and he did me the best turn I ever had.' That's how I got the money."

A heavy sea was running on one of the large lakes in the wilderness of northern Minnesota. Bishop Gilbert—for this was after his consecration and when he had taken up the mission work, so long followed by Bishop Whipple—had come hundreds of miles through the forest on his tour of the reservations, and had promised to be on the farther side of this lake on the following day to confirm a large class of Chippewa Indian converts.

An Object-Lesson in Faith Two silent Indians stood by his side and with them was another white man, a member of the party. The Indians looked out on the lake, too, and said through the interpreter: They would not attempt to cross the lake in their birch bark canoe in such a storm; it was death to do it.

The Bishop, through the interpreter, used all manner of arguments for a long time in vain, but when, at last, he told them he must go whether they did or not, something in the indomitable will of the man conquered the Indian in them and they set out. The Indians bent to their work. They spoke no word of any sort during the entire night, for the canoe was tossed on the waves, a cockle shell, from the hour of starting until the next morning.

It was a miracle, as I think the Bishop was willing to own, that the canoe was not swamped, and, indeed, he afterward said that, long before the gray dawn came, he had given up all hope. As soon as they were safely ashore and the confirmation services were about to begin one of the Indians asked that he might be confirmed, too. He wished to own allegiance to the Great Spirit of such a man, a Great Spirit that would hold him in safety through such a storm.

Once when the Bishop was engaged in a tour of the reservations a curious incident occurred. An entire nation, perhaps the first time in the history of the Christian church, came into the church in a body. The chief of the tribe, or nation, as it really was, Mah-dwa-go-nent, "The Man who Stands before his People," had absolute control over the tribe. He had been listening to the voices in the tops of the great pines, telling him he should accept the white man's God. None of his people would unite with any church without him. He decided one day it was his duty to follow the voices; so, together with all the tribe, men, women and children, they came to the Bishop for confirmation.

The Bishop's Life of Adventure During the tours of the forest regions of Minnesota the Bishop was exposed to dangers and to hardship. He traveled hundreds of miles in canoes, for there are elaborate chains of lakes and rivers in the region, the canoe journey often broken by portaging, when, should the region be swampy, the Bishop not infrequently was carried on the broad back of an Indian guide. Should it be in the fishing season he would have his trustiest tackle along, for no man was fonder of the catching of trout. In some of the northern streams the trout grow to prodigious size, and the Bishop was as deft above the laughing face of a swift brown stream in the forest as he was when he made a cast across the pews of the costliest church.

Some years ago Bishop Gilbert was enabled to buy a small ranch in Idaho, and here he enjoyed to the utmost the freedom and the activities of an out-of-door life, a life which, as a foil to his intense ecclesiastical life, strongly appealed to him.

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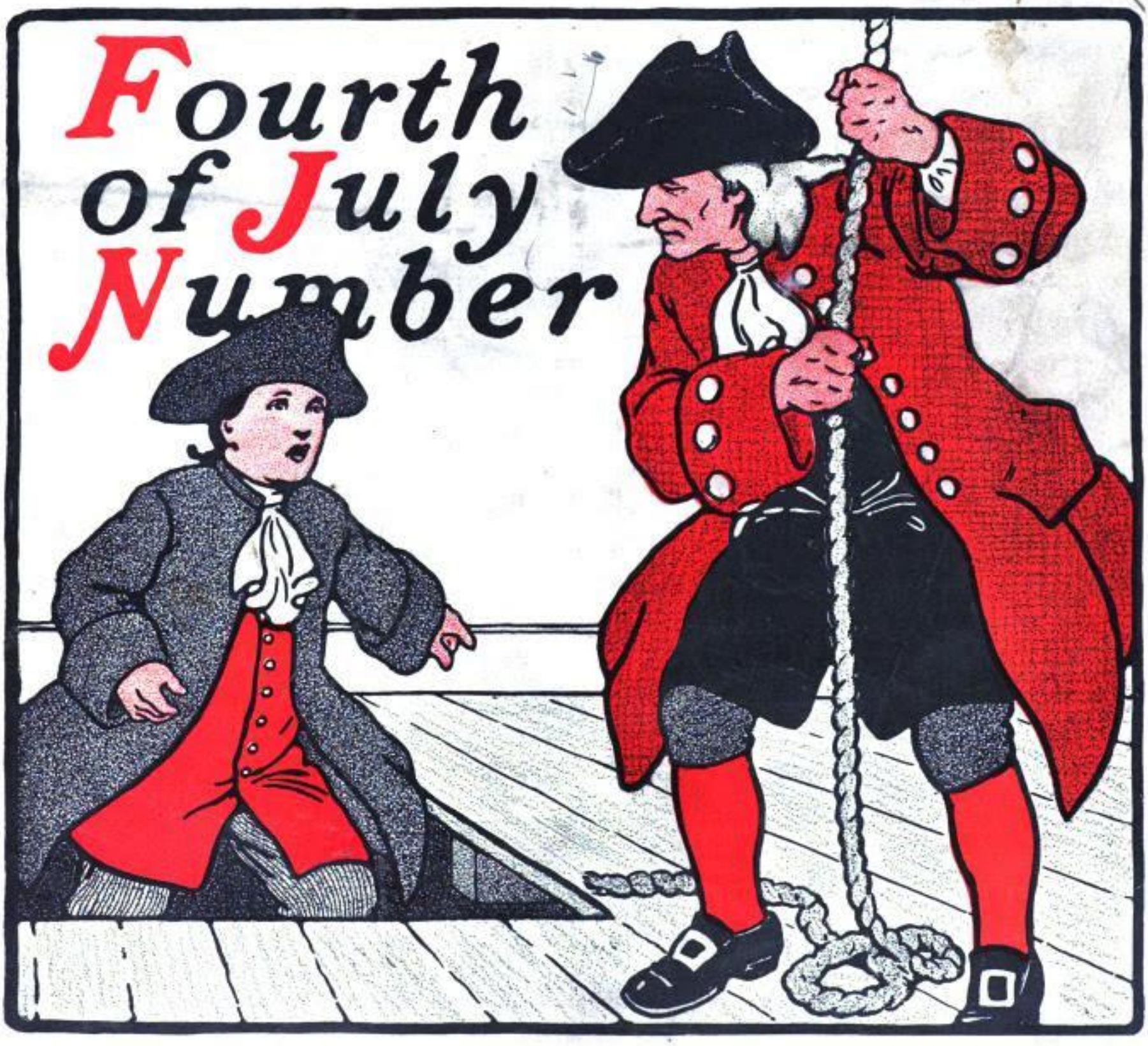
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 53 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 30, 1900 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

Fourth of July Number



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poverty No Bar *to a* Public Career

By John J. Ingalls

ALMOST distinguished lawyer and eloquent statesman not long since, in an address to the graduating class of one of our great universities, advised young men to take no active interest in politics till by business or professional activity they had secured competence or fortune sufficient to make them independent of party vicissitudes.

No doubt he was patriotic, and meant well, but no instruction could be more deleterious to democratic institutions. To confine political functions to the rich, or even to the well-to-do, would develop the most intolerable of all forms of despotism.

In practice it would have deprived our history of many of its most luminous and inspiring examples.

To proud, ambitious and sensitive spirits there is undoubtedly something of humiliation in accepting hospitality that cannot be returned. Sumptuous entertainments, splendid equipages and costly raiment, luxurious palaces and lordly expenditures have power and fascination that can be neither denied nor ignored. Added to high rank and station they give their possessor an importance and influence in legislation, diplomacy and statecraft much greater than that to which he might be entitled by his intellectual gifts and attainments. The club, the salon and the boudoir have quite as much to do with the policy of nations as the consultations of committee-rooms and the contentions of the floor.

The Money Factor in Our Politics

There is no magic at once so subtle and so potential as that of wealth. To multitudes no acquisition is so alluring as a great bank account. But our greatest civil and military leaders have not been favored by birth or fortune. Washington, to be sure, was the richest man of his time, but the situation is changed. Political millionaires are under the ban. They are suspected. Their attitude is apologetic and exculpatory. They are on the defensive. It would be easier for the camel to go through the eye of the needle than for the richest man in the country to become President to-day. The very fact of his wealth would render him ineligible. The plutocrat may now and then buy a cheap Legislature, or a convention that is on the bargain counter, but he never escapes detection and contempt.

The Romans had a proverb, "*Obolus non olet*"—money does not stink; but in American politics money accepted for a vote does stink, and Senates and constituencies hold their noses and call for disinfectants when the bribe-giver or the bribe-taker passes by.

Had the precepts inculcated by the orator to whom I have referred been the law of our society; had the competent and the aspiring waited for fortune before soliciting the suffrages of the people, all the great names of our recent annals would have been written on the roll of common men. Those who have made the history of the past half century have entered at the straight gate. I do not now recall one who was born with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth; who had a pedigree and a coat-of-arms and lay in the roses and lilies of life.

A Roll of Poor Boys Who Became Great Statesmen

The story of the ancestry of Lincoln, of the revolting hardships and privations of his childhood and youth, of his squalid environment, almost shock the sense of natural justice. We feel instinctively that destiny was unnecessarily cruel, harsh and severe. His great spirit bore the deep scars of those early struggles to the grave. Scarcely any man in the country had a past more depressing, or a future more hopelessly gloomy, desperate and unpromising than Grant at the outbreak of the Civil War. Henry Wilson, the "Shoemaker of Natick," Senator and Vice-President, was born in a vagrant community of basket-makers and tinkers, of unknown paternity. His real name was Jeremiah Colbath, and he took the patronymic of his patron, General Wilson, who, discerning the waif's powers, set him in the pathway of preferment and renown. Morton, the War Governor and Senator from Indiana, told me the proudest moment of his life, up to the age of twenty-one, was when he marched into his native village at the head of a band, playing a key bugle, while he was a hatter's apprentice. Garfield and Sheridan, the barefoot boys upon the towpaths of the Ohio canals; Andrew Johnson, the tailor; Blaine, the country school teacher; McKinley and Bryan, of humble origin—these and many others of smaller fame refute the instruction that the ambitious youth must put money in his purse before entering public life.

Another remarkable illustration is afforded by the life and career of Samuel Jackson Randall, of Pennsylvania, whose extraordinary qualities and achievements should have given him more conspicuous renown, but whose fading fame gives new pathos to Jefferson's mournful ejaculation, "So soon forgotten when we are gone!" He died in possession of an estate valued at less than $1000 after thirty years spent in municipal, State and national legislation.

His poverty was not specially creditable to him, for there is no reason why a Representative in Congress should not saw wood in vacation, practice law, buy and sell real estate, build houses, deliver lectures, write newspaper articles, and earn money in any legitimate and honorable calling; but it shows that there is no incompatibility between the narrowest simplicity of life, the most rigid economy in personal expenditure, and the highest success in public affairs.

Randall's career was coincident with the epoch of profligate profusion and extravagance that followed the war, that carnival of venality, the paradise of the parvenu, the boodler and the thief. The Credit Mobilier, office and pardon brokerage, whiskey rings, pension syndicates, sprang like toadstools from national decay. An obscene brood of harpies hovered over every department of Government. Great names were blighted. Honored reputations were blasted. The weak yielded to temptation. The needy fell into the pit. It was an epidemic of moral typhus, whose fatal contagion swept the innocent with the guilty to the hospital and the grave.

No tainted breath dimmed the bright mirror of Randall's reputation. Twice Speaker, acknowledged leader of the House, and chairman of the most important committee, he had opportunities for illicit gains beyond the dreams of avarice. But he lived modestly within his salary and by personal example not less than by legislative work rendered inestimable service to his State and the country. Whether such a career "paid" in the commercial sense would be a miserable interrogatory. Its equivalents were ample and will endure forever.

The compensations of political life, indeed, are not a matter of wages, profits and bookkeeping. They are not measured by income or per centum. It must be admitted that there are vicissitudes and misfits, but calamities attend all enterprises. Those who fail outnumber those who succeed. One is taken and the other left. Popularity and public favor sometimes seem capricious and fickle. The idol of yesterday is execrated to-morrow. The constituency of Aristides still survives, and Nemesis yet waits to resent and punish prosperity. Princes are not uniformly grateful, and the demands upon the time and strength of the public servant are not always considerate. The lamentation of Wolsey has not lost its pathetic significance, and the injunction to throw away ambition yet falls on wounded and weary souls. But the rewards of public life are far in excess of its burdens. The people are not always slow to anger, but in the end they are both just and generous to those who serve them with fidelity.

They honor courage, independent thought, manhood and truth, and are quick to forgive errors that proceed from an intrepid spirit. The ingratitude of republics is a stale proverb.

Strange Bed-Fellows Made by Politics

There are some scurvy companionships and occasional familiarities that are intolerable and not to be endured. The heeler and the fixer and the hummer cannot always be kicked downstairs. The man with the pull must be cultivated. Now and then relationships that in private life would be ignored must be submitted to with smiling complacence. If there be a doubtful remnant, an ignorant, detached, floating, debauched contingent, it must be taken into the account and dealt with, for if one party omits to secure it, the other will not, and this element may determine defeat or triumph. The statesman, the diplomatist and the commander who rely exclusively upon the Decalogue, the Golden Rule and the Thirty-nine Articles for success may retain the approval of conscience, but their adversaries will secure about everything else.

In the main, the associations and activities of public life are elevating and ennobling. The traditional frontier notion that the successful politician must be a voluble, swaggering, greasy demagogue, half horse and half alligator, has died out. The hayseed epoch is over. The day of the statesman who pledges his constituents that he will never wear evening dress or ride in a carriage has ended. Ben Butler, who knew human nature well, addressed the slums of Boston in full

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dress with a rose in his buttonhole on the theory that these children of the wharves wanted their representative not to be outshone by the aristocrats of Beacon Hill. Sunset Cox never forgot his manners nor his learning, though he had many supporters who cared little for either. It is an error long since outgrown to suppose that to become a politician the citizen must cease to be a scholar or a gentleman.



The "Shoemaker of Natick"

Politics, the active participation in public affairs, has been the favorite pursuit of men of energy, genius and ambition in every age. That it is honorable, as well as essential to the perpetuation of democracies, must be admitted. But whether political life as a vocation is desirable is quite another question. It depends, among other things, largely on temperament. Probably it would be just to say that the existing conditions of public life are not wholly favorable to happiness and are becoming less so. The obstacles are increasing rather than diminishing. Constituencies are more exacting. The telegraph and the daily newspaper impose increasing burdens. Time was when the candidate could start out on horseback and canvass an entire State with one speech. He cannot do it now.

Competition is more formidable, and money is becoming an indispensable factor, not in the corrupt way, but for the legitimate expenses of campaigns: for literature, handbills, music, headquarters, speakers, scrutiny of poll lists, traveling expenses, preliminary count of voters, and the cost of bringing the infirm and the indifferent to the booths on election day. But as these are largely shared and borne by contributions, financial considerations need not preclude the poorest from public life.

The Rarity of Great Men in Politics

It was formerly one of the favorite calumnies of our political incendiaries to stigmatize the public service as accessible only to the rich, and though there are some who occupy exalted stations merely because they have money, a very large fraction of those in public employment, much more than the majority, have no income but their salaries.

The pay of Senators and Representatives seems meagre compared with the earnings of corporation lawyers, railroad and insurance presidents, and prosperous merchants, but it is ample for decent support, and in most instances exceeds any income previously received from private pursuits.

Great men are as rare in politics as they are elsewhere, and are no more needed there than elsewhere. The main part of government is plain, practical business, and requires the same traits, faculties and methods as a great manufacturing or commercial enterprise. But the field is broader and the opportunities are more alluring. Government affairs concern every citizen, and the legislator with novel and forcible ideas, which he expresses in original and striking language, has an assured audience of as many millions as there are voters in the Republic. The bulk of our legislators and magistrates are men of fair average, every-day capacity, who would be content with the revenues of the leading attorney at the county seat or the teacher of languages or the principal tradesman in a country town.

To the ambitious and aspiring this is the inner secret of the irresistible fascination of public life—the consciousness of taking part in the great events which are of transcendent interest to mankind. There is no stage from which the voice of the actor penetrates so far, or where the response is so instantaneous from unknown multitudes as Congress or the "stump."

It might, perhaps, be of greater advantage in some directions if our system permitted the preparation of men for legislation, diplomacy and administration by the study of history, political economy, constitutional and international law, as they are now instructed and trained for service in the Army and Navy at West Point and Annapolis. But this is not practicable, and so long as our plan of party government continues, politics must be an episode rather than a pursuit.

It would, perhaps, be within bounds to say that the Speaker and twenty Representatives in each Congress have been the responsible architects and builders of our legislative fabric since the war. In the Senate, for obvious reasons, the proportion of influential participants is greater, but even here it is less than the majority.

Marked and conspicuous success is, therefore, no more to be taken into account in politics than in any other occupation. Those who succeed greatly in business, at the bar, in the pulpit, in speculation are the exceptions. Many are called, but few are chosen.

Office-Holding the Citizen's Duty

The corollary of suffrage is office—legislative, executive, judicial. One is the complement of the other. Both are indispensable components of the system. As there are voters, so there must be magistrates, law makers, judges. It is as much the duty of the good citizen to hold office as to cast the ballot. It is the same class who neglect their primary political obligations and are fatigued with freedom, who sneer and scoff at "office-seekers" as if the desire to enter the public service were an offense involving turpitude and moral degradation. These pseudo-reformers, who have a contempt for self-government and at heart are monarchists, stigmatize all aspirants for public employment as spoilsmen and place-hunters, and then expatriate themselves. Office-holding is like serving on the jury, or in the army and navy in time of war. It is a duty, an obligation which the State demands of its citizens, since it can be performed by no one else. It should be honorable and desirable, as without it the State would perish. In no other way can its functions be carried on, and it is therefore to be deplored that, instead of being serious and defined in their province, political careers are so random, helter-skelter and uncertain that they appear in common thought to combine the tinsel bombast of the stage, the fever of the gaming-table and the desperate hazard of battle.

Grave, calm and tranquil natures that love method and the orderly sequences of life, preferring the steady profits of trade to the glittering chances of faro and roulette, place politics in the same category with poker and pugilism. So that to describe a man as a politician is to many a disparagement implying taint, disrepute and stain. This is lamentable and unjust. Instead of being a stigma it should be a decoration and ornament. The degradation of politics is impossible without the degradation of the people.

The press and the platform resound with denunciation of bad government in the United States. There is much declamation against corruption in Congress, municipal boodleism, ring rule, legislation for monopolies, bosses, plutocrats, trusts and corporations.

Much of this clamor is manufactured by ignorant and dishonest demagogues, and is both sinister and insincere.

But were it true in terms, the appropriate answer would be that the people are supreme and have just as good government as they desire or deserve. If taxes are excessive, revenues squandered, and fools and knaves occupy high places, the people are to blame.

If a legislator sells his vote, the constituency that elected him is primarily at fault. If a mute and stolid millionaire sits dumbly in the Senate, speechless save at the roll-call, and almost inaudible then, finding in the public service only the occasion for brutal indulgence or vulgar ostentation, the State that sends him is responsible for the degradation. He represents the choice and preference of the majority of its citizens or he would not be there. His credentials are a waiver of complaint, reproof or reproach of his defects.

The Decision of the Ballot-Box

Aside from the sentimental considerations of pride and patriotism, nothing more nearly concerns the selfish personal welfare of every American citizen than good government. Wages, prices, taxes, income, profits, education, commerce, manufactures, farming, money, comfort, prosperity, security of life, property and liberty, all are political questions and are decided at last at the ballot-box. They err who sneeringly say it is only a fight for office and that it makes no difference which succeeds. Some of the recent revolutions in our politics have depreciated the value of every acre of land in the Republic, impaired the capacity of every debtor to borrow or to pay, and inflicted irreparable injury on the credit of rich and solvent States from which they cannot recover in a generation. In all communities there are more intelligent, industrious, upright, patriotic men and women than knaves, rogues and charlatans. If there were not society would decompose. It would perish from its diseases.

When the honest, thrifty majorities, upon whatever pretext, omit their political duties, neglect the primaries, the nominating conventions and the polls, they abdicate their sovereignty. They wear the crown and wield the sceptre if they will, and if they choose to lay them down it is puerile to whine about bad government. Our political system is not automatic, nor like a clock, that when wound will go till it runs down. It must be kept in motion by personal effort every day, and if good men will not exert its functions then bad men must.

The feeble lamentations in New York, Philadelphia and other popular cities about misrule, plunder and the machine disparage the capacity of their inhabitants for self-government. If such conditions are inevitable then a cleanly, strong, capable, honest despotism would be better than democracy. If the people do not value freedom highly enough to exert its prerogatives and discharge its duties they deserve to be, and sooner or later they will, through their own indifference, become, serfs, vassals and slaves.

The Burdens of the Presidency

The Presidency is the supreme goal of political ambition, but to one acquainted with the conditions of public life it is difficult to conceive why any man should desire to be President of the United States. Admiral Dewey says it is an easy job whose simple functions any one can discharge.

Time, strength and patience are wasted in the ceaseless multiplicity of petty and frivolous details. The study of historic questions, the formulation of national policies are perpetually interrupted by the distractions of paltry personal ambitions, solicitations for office, curiosity, the demands of society and the struggle for continuance in power. This is true the world over.

Few Presidents have gained in public estimation by their incumbency. Many have lost. Grant would have occupied a higher pedestal had he remained at the head of the army, and Lincoln and Garfield both died at a fortunate time for their fame. But, wearing and grinding as are the stress and strain, few, if any, have been broken by the tension. The White House has been exceptionally free from tragedies. Taylor died from a surfeit of cherries and milk, and Harrison from a cold contracted by riding bareheaded in a snowstorm up the avenue from the Capitol the day of his inauguration. Possibly Polk was the only President who succumbed to the wearisome burdens of his office. He died June 15, 1849, three months after the close of his term, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four.

The ideal place for one with aptitude for public life is the Senate. The House offers wider scope for leadership, broader field for power and fame. In the Senate there are no leaders, and rivalry and emulation never degenerate into vulgar strife for mere supremacy.

Representing States, rather than constituencies, its members are equals in dignity and station, and applause is conceded to excellence without respect to partisanship. Courtesy is the rule of its conduct and the characteristic of its debates. Its records have seldom been defaced by personal invective or discreditable altercation. Length of term exempts its action from the casual aberrations of popular error and the passions of the populace. The limitation of numbers affords opportunity for deliberate discussion of fundamental principles of government and administration, and a more leisurely consideration of public matters.

Its judgment of recruits is affable but pitiless. Every newcomer has a hearing, and scrutiny is relentless. He is gauged, weighed, estimated and assigned to his own place. From this verdict there is no review nor any exculpation nor appeal. For shallow shams, empty pretenders, smart Alecks and pompous dullness the Senate is a most uncomfortable tribunal.

Censure of the Senate is always popular. When icicles hang by the wall and days are dark and ways are foul, the fresh correspondent from the West finds an inexhaustible fund of entertaining and venerable plate material in denunciation of the American House of Lords, the Millionaires' Club, the Bankers' Syndicate, its methods, its expenditures, its bath-rooms, barber-shop, bay rum, stationery accounts and apollinaris lemonade. The demand for its immediate and unconditional abolition and the election of its members by the people is greeted with prodigious enthusiasm by every Wat Tyler, Perkin Warbeck, Guy Fawkes and Jack Cade in the land.

Randall . . . . . twice Speaker, acknowledged leader of the House



But as rocks resist the billows and the sky, the Senate stands an impregnable bulwark of constitutional liberty, the strong citadel and tower of defense for the constantly menaced institutions of self-government, a barrier alike against the frenzied onset of faction and the insidious encroachment of privilege and prerogative.

Born with the nation, it has advanced with equal footstep in dignity and power, and when the gavel falls to announce the close of its last session, the Government itself will stand adjourned without day.

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By

R-DY--D
K-P L--G

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IT WAS high noon of a warm summer's day when Moo Kow came down to the Watering Place. Miaow, otherwise known as "Puskat"—the warmth-loving one—was crouching on a limb that overhung the pool, sunning herself. Brer Rabbit—but that is Another Story by Another Person.

Three or four Gee Gees, already at the pool, moved away on the approach of Moo Kow.

"Why do ye stand aside?" said the Moo Kow.

"Why do you say 'ye'?" said the Gee Gees together.

"Because it's more impressive than 'you.' Don't you know that all animals talk that way in English?" said the Moo Kow.

"And they also say 'thou'—and don't you forget it!" interrupted Miaow from the tree. "I learnt that from a Man Cub."

The animals were silent. They did not like Miaow's slang, and were jealous of her occasionally sitting on a Man Cub's lap. Once, Dun-kee, a poor relation of the Gee Gees, had tried it on, disastrously—but that is also Another and a more Aged Story.

"We are ridden by The English—please to observe the Capital letters," said Pi Ból, the Leader of the Gee Gees, proudly. "They are a mighty race who ride anything and everybody. D'ye mind that—I mean, Look ye well to it!"

"What should they know of England who only England know?" said Miaow.

"Is that a conundrum?" asked the Moo Kow.

"No; it's poetry," said the Miaow.

"I know England," said Pi Ból prancingly. "I used to go from the Bank to Islington three times a day—I mean," he added hurriedly, "before I became a screw—I should say, a screw-gun horse."

"And I," said the Moo Kow, "am terrible. When the young women and children in the village see me approach they fly shriekingly. My presence alone has scattered their sacred Festival—The Sundés Kool Piknik. I strike terror to their inmost souls, and am more feared by them than even Kreep-mows, the insidious! And yet, behold! I have taken the place of the Mothers of men, and I have nourished the mighty ones of the Earth! But that," said the Moo Kow, turning her head aside bashfully, "that is Anudder Story."

A dead silence fell on the pool.

"And I," said Miaow, lifting up her voice, "I am the Horror and Haunter of the Night Season. When I pass like the Night Wind over the roofs of the houses men shudder in their beds and tremble. When they hear my voice as I creep stealthily along their balconies they cry to their gods for succor. They arise, and from their windows they offer me their priceless household treasures—the sacred vessels dedicated to their great god Shiv—which they call "Shivin Mugs"—the Kloes Brösh, the Boo-jak—urging me to fly them! And yet," said Miaow mournfully, "it is but my Love Song! Think ye what they would do if I were on the War-Path."

Another dead silence fell on the pool. Then arose that strange, mysterious, indefinable Thing, known as "The Scent." The animals sniffed.

"It heralds the approach of the Stalkies—the most famous of British Skool Boaz," said the Moo Kow. "They have just placed a decaying guinea-pig, two white mice in an advanced state of decomposition, and a single slice of Limburger cheese in the bed of their tutor. They had previously skillfully diverted the drains so that they emptied into the drawing-room of the Head Master. They have just burned down his house in an access of noble zeal, and are fighting among themselves for the spoil. Hark! do ye hear them?"

A wild medley of shrieks and howls had arisen, and an irregular mob of strange creatures swept out of the distance toward the pool. Some were like pygmies, some had bloody noses. Their talk consisted of feverish, breathless ejaculations—a gibberish in which the words "rot," "Oach" and "giddy" were preëminent. Some were exciting themselves by chewing a kind of "bhang" made from the plant called Pappahmint—others had their faces streaked with Djam.

"But who is this they are ducking in the pool?" asked Pi Ból.

"It is one who has foolishly and wantonly conceived that his parents have sent him here to study," said the Moo Kow, "but that is against the rules of the Stalkies, who accept study only as a punishment."

"Then these be surely the 'Bander Log'—the Monkey Folk—of whom the good Rhuddyidd has told us," said a Gee Gee—"the ones who have no purpose—and forget everything."

"Fool!" said the Moo Kow. "Know ye not that the great Rhuddyidd has said that these Stalkies become Major-Generals, V. C.'s and C. B.'s of The English? Truly, they are great. Look now, ye shall see one of the greatest traits of the English Stalky."

One of the pygmy Stalkies was offering a Bunn to a larger one, who hesitated, but took it coldly.

"Behold! it is one of the greatest traits of this Mighty Race not to show any emotion. He *would* take the Bunn—he *has* taken it!—he is pleased—but he may not show it. Observe him eat."

The taller Stalkie, after eating the Bunn, quietly kicked the giver, knocked off his hat, and turned away with a calm, immovable face.

"Good!" said the Moo Kow. "Ye would not dream that he was absolutely choking with grateful emotion?"

"We would not," said the animals.

"But why are they now all running back the way they came?" asked Pi Ból.

"They are going back to Punishment. Great is its power. Have ye not heard the Gospel of Rhuddyidd the Mighty? 'Force is everything! Gentleness won't Wash, Courtesy is deceitful. Politeness is Foreign. Be ye Beaten that ye may Beat. Pass the Kick on.'"

But here he was interrupted by the appearance of Three Soldiers who were approaching the Watering Place.

"Ye are now," said the Moo Kow, "with the Main Guard. The first is Bleareyed, who carries a Raven in a cage, which he has stolen from the wife of a Deputy Commissioner. He will paint the Bird snow white and sell it as a Dove to the same lady. The second is Otherwise, who is dragging a small garden Engine of which he has despoiled a native gardener, whom he has felled with a single blow. The third is Mulledwiney, swinging a cut-glass decanter of sherry which he has just snatched from the table of his Colonel. Mulledwiney and Otherwise will play the Engine upon Bleareyed, who is suffering from Heat Apoplexy and Djim Djams."

The Three Soldiers seated themselves in the pool.

"They are going to tell awful War Stories now," said the Moo Kow, "Stories that are Large and Strong! Some people are shocked—others like 'em."

Then, he that was called Mulledwiney told a Story. In the middle of it Miaow got up from the limb of the tree, coughed slightly and put her paw delicately over her mouth. "You must excuse me," she said faintly. "I am taken this way sometimes—and I have left my salts at home. Thanks! I can get down myself!" The next moment she had disappeared, but was heard coughing in the distance.

Mulledwiney winked at his companions and continued his story:

"Wid that we wor in the thick av the foight. Whin I say 'thick' I mane it, Sorr! We wor that jammed together, divil a bit cud we shoot or cut! At furrest, I had lashed two mushkits together wid the baynits out so—like a hay fork—and, getting the Haymaker's Lift on thim, I just lifted two Paythians out—one an aych baynit—and passed 'em, aisy-like, over me head to the rear rank for them to finish. But what wid the blud gettin' into me oi's, I was blinded, and the pressure kept incraysin' until me arrums was thrussed like a fowl to me sides, and sorra a bit cud I move but me jaws!"

"And bloomin' well you knew how to use them," said Otherwise.

"Thrue for you—though ye don't mane it!" said Mulledwiney, playfully tapping Otherwise on the head with the decanter till the cut glass slowly shivered. "So, begorra! there wor nothing left for me to do but to *ate* thim! Wirra! but it was the crooel worruk."

"Excuse me, my Lord," interrupted the gasping voice of Pi Ból as he began to back from the pool, "I am but a horse, I know, and being Built in that Way—naturally have the stomach of one—yet, really, my Lord, this—er——" And his voice was gone.

The next moment he had disappeared. Mulledwiney looked around with affected concern.

"Save us! But we've cleaned out the Jungle! Sure, there's not a Baste left but ourselves!"

It was true. The Watering Place was empty. Moo Kow, Miaow and the Gee Gees had disappeared. Presently there was a booming crash and a long, deep rumbling among the distant hills. Then they knew they were near the old Moulmein Pagoda and the Dawn had come up like Thunder out of China 'cross the Bay. It always came up that way there. The strain was too great, and Day was actually breaking.

Editor's Note—This is the first of Stories Three, the initial series of Bret Harte's Condensed Novels. A Private's Honor will appear next week. The Stolen Cigar Case and Rudolph the Resembler will follow in early numbers of The Saturday Evening Post.

Franklin and the Declaration of Independence

By John Gilmer Speed

WHEN the Declaration of Independence was prepared in 1776, Benjamin Franklin was seventy years old. He was one of the most talked-about personages in the world and by long odds the most learned and the most popular man in America.

Moreover, he had already acquired and won general recognition for marvelous skill in writing, a skill so great that after more than a century he is still regarded by critics as "the most uniformly readable writer of English who has yet appeared on this side of the Atlantic."

Indeed, he was the only man in America who then had a European reputation, the only man who had intimate personal knowledge of the men and the forces in England with which the Colonists were then at war. He was truly a distinguished man with tested abilities that justified his great distinction.

On June 11, 1776, the Continental Congress appointed Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston to draw up the Declaration of Independence, which was moved by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, and seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts, on July 2, and adopted on July 4—the Declaration which said that

> "These United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

It has always been a curious puzzle why Franklin, the man of ripe age, of commanding distinction and of approved literary skill, was not selected to write this Declaration instead of Thomas Jefferson, then only thirty-three years old and comparatively unknown. It could not be that Franklin was passed by because he had done everything within his power to avert the war and reconcile the differences between the Colonies and the Mother Country, for all wise men in the Colonies did all that honor permitted in that direction until the die was cast. No, it was not a fear of Franklin's earnestness in the cause of the Colonies—it was probably the fear of Franklin's humor.

He was not only the greatest man of his time but he was one of the greatest humorists of any time. And so his associates were possibly afraid that he would put a joke in the Declaration, and passed him by and selected the lank young Virginian with the freckled face.

As it was, Franklin did have his joke, for when the members of Congress were about to sign the declaration, Hancock, whose earnestness is expressed in the bold signature which comes first, said in his own earnest way: "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together."

"Yes," replied Franklin, "we must hang together or we shall be pretty sure to hang separately."

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— to succor Pat Ritchie, who was suspended by the seat of his trousers

Young Barbarians

The Tournament

By Ian Maclaren

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SINCE the day when the Sparrow and a few young friends had broken every pane of glass in the Count's windows, and the Count had paid for the damage like a gentleman, that excellent foreigner had spent all his spare cash—which we thought afterward was not very much—in encouraging athletic exercises among the Seminary lads. His zeal, like that of every other convert, was much greater than his knowledge, and left to his own devices he would certainly have gone far astray; but with the able assistance of the Sparrow, with whom he took intimate counsel, it was astonishing what a variety could be infused into the sports. When every ordinary competition had been held, and champions had been declared (and this had never been done before in the history of the school) for the hundred yards, the quarter and the mile (the ten miles down the Carse and over the top of Kinnoul Hill had been stopped by an impromptu meeting of parents), for broad jumping and high jumping, for throwing the cricket-ball and kicking the football, the Sparrow came out with a quite new program which was rapturously received, and, had it not met with a cross-providence, would have lasted over four happy Saturdays and considerably reduced the attendance at the Seminary.

The first item was a swimming match across the Tay, a river not to be trifled with, and four boys were saved from death by a salmon cobble, whose owner fortunately turned up to watch the sport. The Count was so excited by this event that he not only lost his hat in the river, but, being prevented from going in to help, for the very good reason that he could not swim a stroke, he took off and flung the coat, which was the marvel of Muirtown, into the river, in the hope that it might serve as a life-belt.

The second item, upon which the Sparrow prided himself very much, was a climbing match, and for this he had selected a tree which seemed to be designed for the purpose, since it had a rook's nest on its highest branch, and no branches at all for the first twenty feet. The conditions were, that every boy above twelve should have his chance, and the boy who climbed to the top, put his hand into the rook's nest, and came down in the shortest time should get the prize. The Seminary above twelve were going up and down that tree a whole Saturday morning, and in one kirk next day thanks were offered in the first prayer in peculiarly dignified and guarded terms that half the families of Muirtown had not been bereaved. As a matter of fact, nobody was killed, and no limbs were broken, but the Sparrow, who was not allowed to enter for this competition, but acted as judge, with his tongue out all the time at the sight of the sport, had to go up twice on errands of mercy, once to release his friend Howieson, who had missed a branch and was hanging by his feet, and the second time to succor Pat Ritchie, who was suspended by the seat of his trousers, swaying to and fro like a gigantic apple on the branch.

It was understood that the Seminary had never enjoyed themselves so entirely to their heart's content, but the Count's moral courage failed during the performance, and at the most critical moment he was afraid to look.

When Muirtown got wind of this last achievement of the Sparrow's, indignation meetings were held at church doors and street corners, and it was conveyed to the Rector—who knew nothing about the matter, and was so absent-minded that if he had passed he would never have seen what was going on—that if Providence was going to be tempted in this fashion again the matter would be brought before the town council. The Count himself would have been faithfully dealt with had he not been considered a helpless tool in the hands of the Sparrow, who was now understood to have filled the cup of his sins up to the brim, and he might have been at last expelled from the Seminary, of which he was the chief ornament, had it not been that the Count went to the Rector and explained that the idea had been his from beginning to end, and that it was with the utmost difficulty he could induce the Sparrow even to be present. For, as I said, the Count was a perfect gentleman and always stood by his friends through thick and thin; but the thrashing which the Sparrow got from Bulldog was monumental, and in preparation for it that ingenious youth put on three folds of underclothing.

What the Sparrow bitterly regretted, however, was not the punishment, which was cheap at the money, but the loss of the next two items in his program. He had planned a boxing competition, in which the main feature was to be a regular set-to between Dunc Robertson and himself, to decide finally which was the better man, for they had fought six times and the issue was still doubtful, and the Sparrow, who had a profligate genius outside the class-rooms, had also imagined a pony race with hurdles; and as about twenty fellows, farmers' sons and others, had ponies of which they were always bragging, and the Sparrow had the pick of his father's stables, he modestly believed that the affair would be worth seeing. When the hurdle race was forbidden, for which the Sparrow had already begun to make entries and to arrange weights with his father's valuable assistance, he took the matter so much to heart that his health gave way, and Mr. McGuffie, senior, had to take him to recruit at the Kilmarnock Races, from which he returned in the highest spirits and full of stories.

For some time after this painful incident the Count lay low and adopted a deprecating manner when he met the fathers and mothers of Muirtown; but he gave his friends to understand that his resources were not at an end, and that he had a surprise in store for the Seminary. The Sparrow ran over every form of sport in casual conversation to discover what was in the Count's mind, but he would not be drawn and grew more mysterious every day.

One Saturday evening in midsummer he took the Sparrow and Nestie into his confidence, explaining that his idea would be announced to the assembled school by himself next Wednesday, and that it had nothing to do, as the Sparrow had hinted in turn, with rats, or rabbits, or fencing, or the sword dance. With their permission he would say one word which would be enough for persons of so distinguished an imagination, and that word was "Tournament"; and he would speak of nothing else except the beauty of the evening light upon the river, which he declared to be "ravaging," and the excellence of a certain kind of chocolate which he carried in his pocket and shared generously with his "dogs." As he parted with his friends the Count tapped his nose and winked at them—"Tournament—great, magnificent, you will see, ha, ha! you will see"; and the Sparrow went home in a state of utter confusion, coming finally to the conclusion that the Count intended to introduce some French game, and in that case it would be his painful duty to oppose the Count tooth and nail, for everybody knew that French games were only for girls, and would bring endless disgrace upon Muirtown Seminary.

During Sunday Nestie had turned the matter over in his mind, and being full of Scott's novels he was able on Monday to afford the astonished school a full program with the most minute particulars. The tournament was to be held in the North Meadow, the judge was to be the commander of the cavalry at the barracks, John McGlashan, the town's bellman was to be herald, the Fair Maid of Perth was to be the Queen of Beauty, and the combatants were to be such mighties as Robertson, Howieson, and, of course, the Sparrow. Each knight was to be in armor, and Nestie freely suggested dish-covers would be useful as breast-plates, broom-handles would come in conveniently for lances, and, as ponies were now forbidden, sturdy boys of the lower forms would be used instead. The two knights who challenged one another would rush from opposite ends of the lists, meet in the centre, lance upon breast-plate, horse to horse, and man to man, and the one that overthrew the other would receive the prize; and at the thought of such a meeting between the Sparrow and Dunc Robertson, each in full armor, the delighted school smacked their lips.

"Muirtown Races 'ill be nothing to it," said Ritchie. "I'll lay anybody a shilling that Spiug coups Dunc the first meeting; but"—feeling as if it were almost too good to be true—"I dinna believe a word o't. Nestie is a fearsome liar." And after the school had spoken of nothing else for a day, Dunc Robertson asked the Count whether such things were true.

"*Mon ami*," said the Count, who had tasted Nestie's romance with much relish, "you will pardon me, but it is a *banalité*, that is what you call a stupidity, to ask whether so good a *jeu d'esprit* is true. True? Truth is a dull quality, it belongs to facts; but Nestie, he does not live among facts, he flies in the air, in the atmosphere of poetry. He is a *raconteur*. A tournament with knights on the North Meadow—good! Our little Nestie, he has been reading 'Ivanhoe' and he is a troubadour." And the Count took off his hat in homage to Nestie's remarkable powers as an author of fiction.

"But yes, it will be a tournament; but not for the body, for the mind. My dogs are jolly dogs; they can run, they can leap, they can swim, they can kick the ball; now they must think, ah! so deep. They must write their very best words, they must show that they have beautiful minds; and they will do so, I swear they will, in the tournament which will not be on the meadow—no; too many cows there, and too many washers of clothes—but in seclusion, in the class-room of that brave man called the Bulldog. It will be a battle," concluded the Count with enthusiasm, "of heads; and the best head, that head will have the prize, *voilà*."

"Silence!" and Bulldog brought his cane down upon his desk that Wednesday afternoon when the whole upper school was gathered in his class-room, bursting with curiosity. "The Count has a proposition to lay before you which he will explain in his own words and which has the sanction of the Rector. You will be pleased to give the Count a respectful hearing, as he deserves at your hands." And Bulldog was there to see that the Count's deserts and his treatment strictly corresponded.

"Monsieur," and the Count bowed to Bulldog, "and you," and now he bowed to the boys, "all my friends of the Seminary, I have the honor to ask a favor which your politeness will not allow you to refuse. Next Saturday I will dare to hold a reception in this place, with the permission of the good Bull—— I do forget myself—I mean the distinguished master. And when you come I promise you that I will not offer you coffee—pouf! it is not for the brave boys I see before me, *now*," and the Count became very roguish. "I will put a leetle, very leetle sentence on the——" ("Blackboard," suggested Bulldog) "*Merci*, yes, the blackboard; no, the honorable master he will have the goodness to write it in his so beautiful characters. One sentence, that is all, and you will sit for one hour in this room where you make your studies, and you will write all the beautiful things which come into your heads about that sentence. You will then do me the pleasure of letting me carry home all those beautiful things, and I will read them; and the writer who affects me most, I will ask him to accept a book of many volumes, and the Lor' Mayor" ("Provost," interpolated Bulldog) "will present it on the great day in the Town Hall.

"No one, not even the honorable master himself, will know that leetle sentence till it be written on the—the——" ("Blackboard," said Bulldog, with asperity), "and every boy will be able to write many things about that sentence. The scholars upon whom I do felicitate the honorable master will write much learning," and the Count made a graceful inclination in the direction of the two Dowbiggins, "and the brave boys who love the sport, they will also write, ah! ah!"—and the Count nodded cheerfully in the direction of the Sparrow—"such wonderful things. There will be no books; no, you will have your heads, and so it will be the fair play, as you say," repeated the Count with much satisfaction—"the fair play."

Bulldog dismissed the school after he had explained that no one need come unless he wished, but that any one who didn't come was missing the opportunity of securing an honorable distinction, and would also show himself to be an ungrateful little scoundrel for all that the Count had done for the Seminary.



— shouted at the pitch of his voice through the stillness of the hall, "Nestie Maclaren"

"Dod," said Jock Howieson with much native shrewdness, "aifter all his palaver it's naething but anaither confounded exercise," for that worthy had suffered much through impositions, and had never been able to connect one sentence with another in an intelligent manner. "The Dowbiggins can go if they want, and they're welcome to the books. I'm going next Saturday to Woody Island—will you come, Spiug?" And it hung in the balance whether or not the Count would be openly affronted next Saturday when he found himself in

Editor's Note—This is the second in the new series of stories by Ian Maclaren under the general title, Young Barbarians. The first story, The Count, appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of May 26. Each story is complete in itself.

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the company of half a dozen "swats," while his "jolly dogs" were off in a pack to their island of romance.

The Sparrow could not imagine himself sitting in a class-room on Saturday afternoon except under brute force, and yet he felt it would be ungrateful after all his kindness to leave the Count in the company of such cheerless objects as the Dowbiggins. The remembrance of all the sporting prizes he had won at the Count's hands, and the sight of the Count cheering at the sports, came over his ingenuous heart and moved him to the most unselfish act of his life. "Jock Howieson," said the Sparrow, with considerable dignity, "ye may go to Woody Island if ye like, but it 'ill be the dirtiest trick ye ever played, and I'll black both yir een for ye on Monday. Have we ever had a match, cricket or football, the last four years, and the Count hesna been there? Who got up the sports and gave the prizes? Tell me that, Jock. Who stands ginger-beer at Lucky McCrum's, answer me that, Jock, ye meeserable wretch?" and then clinching every argument on "who paid for the broken glass? I'm doon richt ashamed o' ye, Jock Howieson."

"Will ye go yourself, Spiug?" demanded Jock, rising under this torrent of reproach. "I think I see ye writin' an essay on the hestory o' the Romans, or sic like trash. Ye 'ill hunt us into Bulldog's class-room, and then off yirsel to hunt rabbits; but ye 'ill no play ony tricks on me, Peter McGuffie."

"I will go," said the Sparrow manfully, "though I'll no promise to write."

"Say as sure's death," said Jock, knowing the Sparrow's wiles.

"Sure as death," said the Sparrow, and then the school knew, not only that he would go though he had to sit six hours instead of one, but also that every self-respecting boy in the Seminary must also put in an appearance at the Count's reception.

"Best thing you ever did, Spiug," said Nestie on the way home, "since you pulled me out of the Tay, and I should say that you have a good chance of the prize. What the Count wants is originality, and I never heard a chap with so much original talk as you've got, Spiug. Just you put some of it down, like what you give to the Pennies, and you'll come out first, and it'll be the first prize you ever won."

"If there was a prize for impudence, and the entries were open to all Scotland," said Spiug, "ye would pass the post first and trotting."

"How I Spent My Saturday"

was what the school saw on the board when the Count removed the white cloth, and then he gave a brief exposition of his desires.

"Have the goodness, if you please, to write, not what you ought, but what you want. Were you at the cricket match, you will tell me of the capture of the wickets; or you were in the country, I will hear of the woods and the beautiful pheasants" (this delicate allusion to Mr. Byles' poaching experiences was much appreciated); "or you were among the books, then you will describe what you love in them; or you were looking at a horse, I expect to hear about that horse;" and the whole school understood that this was a direct invitation to the Sparrow to give an exact picture of an Irish mare that his father had just bought. "The subject, ah!" said the Count, "that does not matter; it is the manner, the style, the *esprit*, that is what I shall value. I wish you all the good success, and I will go a walk in the meadow till you have finished."

"Do your best, laddies," said Bulldog, "for the credit of the school and to please the Count. If I see ony laddie playing tricks I'll do my part to teach him sobriety, and if I see one copying from another, out he goes. Ye have one hour from this meenut—make the most o't," and the tournament was open.

Bulldog, apparently reading his morning paper, and only giving a casual glance to see that no one took advantage of the strange circumstances, was really watching his flock very closely and checking his judgment of each one by this new test. Dull, conscientious lads like the Dowbiggins began at once, in order that they might not lose a moment of time, but might put as much written stuff upon the paper as possible, yet now and again they stopped and looked around helplessly because they had no books and no tutor to assist them, and they realized for the first time how little they had in their own heads.

"Ha! ha!" said Bulldog to himself, "I kent ye were naithing but a painted show, and it 'ill do ye good to find that out for yirselves."

Jock Howieson and his kind regarded the whole matter as a new form of entertainment, and as he could not have put into anything approaching connected words the experiences of his last Saturday, he employed the time in cutting up his unwritten paper into squares of an inch, and making them into pellets with which he prevented the Dowbiggin mind from being too much absorbed in study, until Bulldog went down to call upon him with a cane and plain, simple words.

"His head is an inch thick," said Bulldog, as he went back to his desk, "but there's the making of a man in Jock, though he 'ill never be able to write a decent letter to save his life. He would suit the Scots Greys down to the ground."

The Sparrow had given a solemn promise to Nestie, under the customary form of oath, that he would write something, and whatever he wrote he would hand in, though it was only twenty words, and Spiug never went back from his oath. When Howieson caught the Dowbiggin ear with a pellet there is no doubt that a joyful light came into the Sparrow's eyes, and he struggled with strong temptation, and when old friends made facetious signs to him he hesitated more than once, but in the end assumed an air of dignified amazement, explaining, as it were, that his whole mind was devoted to literary composition, and that he did not know what they meant by this impertinent intrusion upon a student's privacy.

Cosh certainly jumped once in his seat as if he had been stung by a wasp, and it is certainly true that at that moment there was a piece of elastic on the thumb and first finger of the Sparrow's left hand, but his right hand was devoted to literature. The language which Cosh allowed himself to use in the heat of the moment was so unvarnished that it came under Bulldog's attention, who told him that if he wanted to say anything like that again he must say it in Latin, and that he ought to take notice of the excellent conduct of Peter McGuffie, who, Bulldog declared, was not at all unlikely to win the prize. And as the master returned to his seat his back was seen to shake, and the wink with which the Sparrow favored the class in a brief rest from labor was a reward for an hour's drudgery. Bulldog knew everybody up and down, out and in—what a poor creature Cosh was, and what good stuff could be found in the Sparrow; and he also knew everything that was done—why Cosh had said what he said, and why the Sparrow at that moment was lost in study.

Bulldog was not disappointed when Nestie's face lighted up at the title of the essay, and he knew why his favorite little lad did not write anything for fifteen minutes, but looked steadily out at the window and across the North Meadow, and he returned to his paper with a sense of keen satisfaction when Nestie at last settled down to work and wrote without ceasing, except when now and again he hesitated as for a word or tried a sentence upon his ear to know how it sounded. For the desire of Bulldog's heart was that Nestie should win, and if—though that, of course, was too absurd—the Sparrow by the help of the favoring gods should come in second, Bulldog would feel that he had not lived in vain.

"Ye have three meenuts to dot your i's and stroke your t's," said Bulldog, "and the Count will tell ye how ye're to sign your names," and then the Count, who had come in from his walk, much refreshed, advanced again to the desk.

"It would be one great joy to have your autographs," said the Count, "and I would place them in a book and say, 'My friends,' but honor forbids. As I shall have the too great responsibility of judging, it is necessary that I be—ah! I have forgotten the word—yes! show the fair play. No, I must not know the names; for if I read the name of my friend the ever active, the ever brave, the ever interesting Sparrow" (at this indecent allusion the Sparrow grew purple and gave the bench in front of him to understand by well-known signs that if they looked at him again he might give them something to look for outside), "I would say the Sparrow is a sportsman, he is not a *littérateur*, and I might not do my comrade the full justice. And if I read the name of the composed, the studious, the profound young gentleman who is before me" (and it was fortunate the Dowbiggins had their backs to the school), "I would know that it must be the best before I read it, and that would not be the fair play.

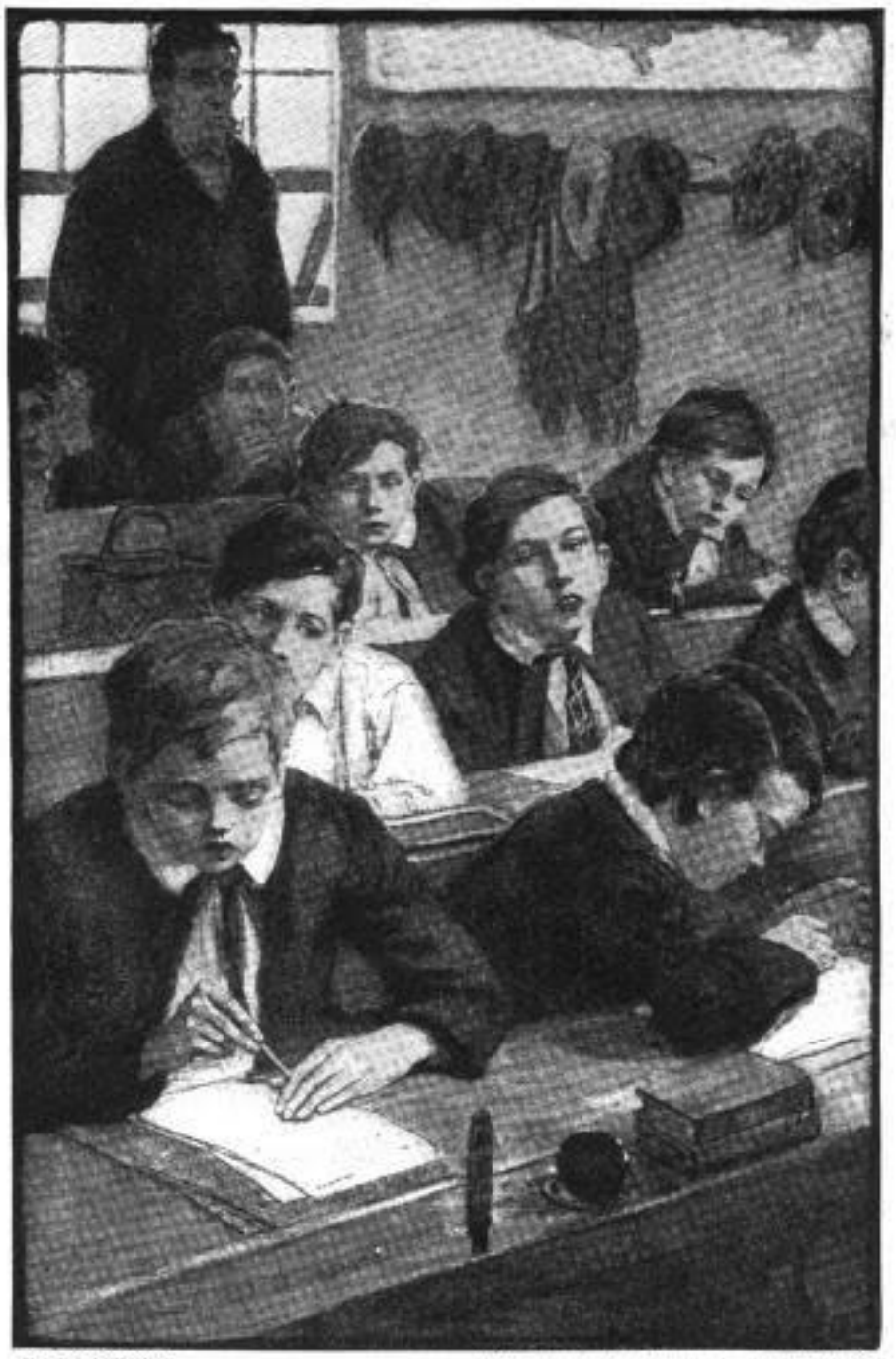
"No! you will write on your admirable essay a motto—what you please—and your name you will put in an envelope, so," and the Count wrote his own name in the most dashing manner and in an awful silence on a piece of paper, and closed the envelope with a graceful flourish; "and outside you will put your motto, so it will be all the fair play, and in the Town Hall next Saturday I shall have the felicity to declare the result. *Voilà!* Has my plan your distinguished approbation?" and the Count made a respectful appeal to Bulldog. "Nothing could be fairer, you say. Then it is agreed, and I allow myself to wish you adieu for this day."

When the school assembled for conference among the Russian guns their minds were divided between *two subjects*—the first was what Spiug had written, on which that strenuous student would give no information, resenting the inquiry both as an insult to his abilities and an illustration of vain curiosity on the part of the school. Nestie, however, volunteered the trustworthy information that Spiug had spent his whole time explaining the good which he had got from being kept in one Saturday forenoon, and doing mathematical problems under the eye of Bulldog. And Nestie added that he thought it mean of Peter to "suck up" to the master in this disgraceful fashion just for the sake of getting a prize. Peter confided to Nestie afterward that he had really done his best to describe a close race for the Kilmarnock Cup, but that he didn't think there were six words properly spelt from beginning to end, and that if he escaped without a thrashing he would treat Nestie to half a dozen bottles of ginger-beer.

Regarding the winner—for that was the other subject—there was a unanimous and sad judgment: that Dunc Robertson might have a chance, but that Thomas John, the head of the Dowbiggins, would carry off the prize, as he had carried off all the other prizes; and that, if so, they would let him know how they all loved him at the Town Hall, and that it would be wise for him to go home with the Count's prize and all the other prizes in a cab with the windows up.

The prize-giving in the Town Hall was one of the great events in the Muirtown year, and to it the memory of a Seminary lad goes back with keen interest. All forenoon the Provost and the bailies had been sitting in the class-room of the Seminary, holding Latin books in their hands, which they opened anywhere, and wagging their heads in solemn approval over the translation by Thomas John and other chosen worthies, while the parents wandered from place to place and identified their sons, who refused to take any notice of them unless nobody was looking. What mothers endured cannot be put into words when they saw their darling boys (whom they had seen dressed that morning in their Sunday clothes, and sent away in perfect array, with directions that they were not to break their collars, nor soil their jackets, nor disarrange their hair the whole day, or they need not come home in the evening) turn up in a class-room before the respectable of Muirtown as if their heads had not known a brush for six months, with the Sparrow's autograph upon their white collar, a button gone from their waistcoat, and an ounce of flour in a prominent place on their once speckless jacket.

"Yes," said one matron to another with the calmness of despair, "that is my Jimmy, I cannot deny it; but ye may



drawn by charles sarka

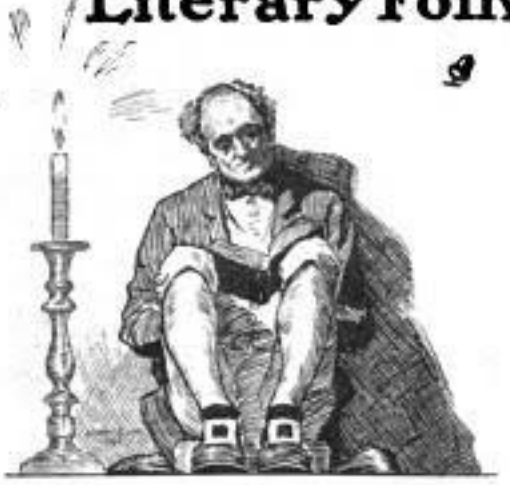
"Ye have one hour from this meenut—make the most o't"

(Concluded on Page 1248 of this Number)

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Literary Folk *as they* Came *and* Went With Ourselves

By Elizabeth Stoddard



The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter, and the Bird is on the wing.
. . . . . .
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run
The wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

—OMAR.

MEDITATING in the eventide of my days I do not admit that my meditations are only of ashes; there are embers that I would light again among them, but they refuse, and I would suggest that the young as soon as they know how to write should begin a diary, not of previsions, feelings, views and aspirations, but of facts, names, actual circumstances. Dates alone are the yardsticks to measure memory. Even now I am referred to regarding matters in which I bore a part, my behavior recalled, what I said and did, and my memory is a blank. Futile impressions remain as if graven on tablets of brass, and I venture to name one or two which have followed me through life.

Dining from home one day I heard a visitor, a little city boy, ask for the "liver wing," and the next time we had roast chicken I made the request for the "liver wing." I did not get it, but to correct this budding epicure a once famous tract was put in my hand, The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain. The happiness of the shepherd's pious children when they had salt for the roasted potatoes which comprised the whole meal, though they were as thankful without salt as with, gave me a lasting dream of going to Salisbury Plain, and among the furze bushes eating salted potatoes with those blessed children, but not one other thing in the tract did I remember a moment. These were the days when I was frequently told that I was only "knee high to a hop toad," and when at that height a certain leather-bound book haunted me—some work on India—and its illustrations have impressed me for life. Pictures of bald-headed fakirs in the dust of the wayside, their limbs fixed in every form of distortion, of men crushed by the wheels of Juggernaut; but the one which was overpowering was that of devout Hindus with iron hooks thrust through the naked shoulders, swinging gracefully from a high frame by means of ropes. I speculated a long time whether these pious souls did not enjoy the swing as I did mine in the orchard, especially when I was forbidden to swing high.

To swing back into my circle again, the opportunity for me to enter into ties of friendship which were to prove so much to me was about to arrive. The first link was forged when, at my sewing one morning, a young man entered whom I recognized as Bayard Taylor. Tall, slender, with close curling hair around a high brow, keen hazel eyes, a Roman nose which an African desert played havoc with afterward, he was all that became a man as well as a poet—though I noticed, as I often noticed afterward when I fell among the poets, that his mouth was weak, or to speak more agreeably, had a feminine touch. The late Wendell Holmes was a marked example of the same class peculiarity. Mr. Taylor wore his naval jacket, for he had just returned from the Perry Expedition and his long travels when "he met men from many lands." We exchanged grins of pleasure, and I soon felt that I should become an annex to his friendship for Mr. Stoddard.

He told me that Commodore Perry, who was an honest, blunt old salt, had allowed him to resign his position as master's mate on a salary of three hundred a year and rations, as he wanted to resume his literary work and to make money to build a house in Kennett. Little did I dream then that his beautiful place, Cedarcroft, was to be for many years my summer home. His young wife, dying with consumption when he married her, who lived but a few months afterward, had now been dead two years. As I looked at him I could not help thinking of the words he wrote to Mr. Stoddard in 1850, a few days after her death: "It is over; she died on Saturday and was buried on Monday in the cruel storm. And if now a saint in Heaven, she had no foes to pardon and no sins to be forgiven; God help me to be worthy of her guarding care through life and her welcome after death." But the arrow rankled in his heart; he never spoke of her; if any occasion suggested her or their past, a change came over his face, something moved him that imposed silence on all about him, a silence he could or would not break. There had been great opposition to his marriage with Miss Agnew, and though he yielded to it, as she did, it was the cause of great bitterness afterward. But alas for human constancy; in 1857 Mr. Taylor married Miss Hansen, of Saxe-Gotha!

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers by Mrs. Stoddard. The last article in the series will follow in an early number.

Never perhaps was a man's life so changed by two marriages and by two women so different, and none besides himself could better judge of their results. Mr. Taylor and Miss Agnew were attached from childhood, their families were united by marriage. With them, and those with whom she lived, she had the reputation of having no taint of earth about her. When I met in Kennett some of her early friends they spoke of her with bated breath and with reverence as if she were a saint indeed. She was accounted a scholar and faultless in character, but her letters as published in The Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor are those of a pure-minded girl *exalté*, but not of large intellect or force. The second marriage of Mr. Taylor was under entirely different circumstances. After an acquaintance of several weeks with Miss Hansen while visiting her uncle at Saxe-Gotha, they were married. Though not a woman of society, she was enough a woman of the world by education, training and capacity to support Mr. Taylor in the requirements of his increasing fame, whether as traveler, writer or diplomat, consequently the marriage proved an eminently suitable one. With his changed relations and habits there came a time when the people of Kennett seriously disapproved of the way of his living, which so exasperated him that he wrote from Cedarcroft what he never would have written if Miss Agnew had lived: "There are no such impertinent, meddlesome old Betties in domestic matters as some old male Quakers." It did not please them that he had wine on his table; the temperance workers assailed him, and the abolitionists were as zealous. But Time worked his wonders; the people of Kennett now cherish his memory.

This, his first visit to me, was the last agreeable incident in the green-shuttered bower in Sands Street. I have merely to repeat the miserable subterfuge of everybody, of "circumstances over which we have no control," for the reason of our moving back to New York and taking rooms in a small house on Third Street by Second Avenue, a forlorn place then sparsely built up. There was no garden at the rear, but the walls of a dingy Catholic church, from which, when the windows were open, we heard the roll of the organ. In a building between Third and Second Streets a colony of negroes lived, and they came out of mornings to buy porgies; negroes love fish as cats do, and I fancy have the same dislike for water. It is only of late that I learned what Lady Macbeth meant when she said to Macbeth, "Letting I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' the adage!" I never walked down our street, where slaughter-houses were, but I was compelled to hear the bellowing cattle, resisting the presage of their doom. Our rooms were small and not sunny. Our properties that were suitable before were not now. This was the beginning of the behavior of two bookcases, the size of a furniture van, which were a late purchase in Sands Street. I am sure the wily dealers knew what a vexation it would be to move them, and sent experienced hands to set them up, thereby deceiving us into keeping them. At each moving they played as many tricks as Gelett Burgess' furniture does in his remarkably funny sketches. If the clever person who wrote an admirable article for a well-known periodical on The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things could have witnessed the escapades of these demon bookcases she would have been assured of her theories. The cracked and broken glass doors, the knocking off of the spurious ornamentation, the twisting of knobs, the shrinking and swelling of the shelves and drawers! The men who moved were stirred to curses in getting them downstairs and up, in the heavy tops falling off on their heads, to say nothing of splinters of glass cutting their faces; and so it was ever thus in all our movings. When the books were put on the shelves I almost hated them, and did not consider that they were very necessary, after all.



BAYARD TAYLOR

For a time I was not "like the bird that sits and sings," for it was for me to prepare for that "rainy day," concerning which I was supposed to have no thought. The high emprise of our marriage was condoned; those who had been unkind came back to be kind again. They belonged to the life I had cast aside and they were magnanimous enough to look upon my spouse as an anomaly attached to me. They all knew of books, of poetry; some had parsed at school Paradise Lost, and on the centre-table of others Byron or Moore, bound in morocco, might be seen, but for one whose aim in life was to "write verses" while moving in a workaday world like everybody else they had little call. Now they are the shades of another world. My first start on an economic basis was the purchase of silver forks which shed a bright and shining light over our table, and then they were "so *convenable*, you know." It is astonishing to remember that I was proud to own them, but such trifles make up the sum of human life!

We had not been in the house long when we discovered that we were living with a mysterious family; there was none of the noise or stir of household life below us, the shutters were never opened, the landlord went away in the morning, his wife never went out. Occasionally, going through the hall, I caught a glimpse of her in a dark room, always standing in the attitude of one listening. A tragedy was running its length; how it ended we never knew. How many, women especially, are shut within these curtained and shuttered houses? The other day, looking across the street, I saw that gilded iron bars had been put before the upper windows of the house opposite. Somebody was shut in behind the bars!

And then I was ready to receive company in a house so furnished—I should not be willing to live a day in it now. Taste was at as low an ebb as literature. Nevertheless we were to have some good times there.

Mr. Taylor went on a lecture tour soon after his return from the East; his success astonished him so that he wrote us that he "began to examine himself to see what he was and to find himself to be somebody else than he thought he was." At first he disliked the work. Writing to his friend Boker he said: "I am not insensible that nine-tenths of my literary success springs from Views Afoot, as one who has succeeded with little money, strong legs and economical habits. What is there so humiliating as to be praised for the exhibition of poverty and privation, struggles I would have hidden forever?" He had crowded houses everywhere. Women were carried out fainting, the farmers rode miles over the prairie to see and hear him; he had obsequious attention everywhere. I heard him in Brooklyn the following year and was convinced that his reputation of Views Afoot was the cause of his popularity, for he was not remarkable as a lecturer either in delivery or material. At the close of the lecture the crowd, instead of going out as usual, filed before the desk where he stood to get a near look at him. He looked as he felt, as if he was in the pillory, and his face grew redder every instant. In spite of what he called the "miserable business of lecturing," it never lost him his sense of humor, and we reaped the advantage in letters which were bright and funny. From Niles, in Michigan, he sent us a long poem which is not in his collected verse. I quote a few lines. While thinking of his friends one rainy day before lecture time—

"Comes a rapping, tapping
At my chamber door,
But unlike Poe's raven
Crying Evermore,
'Tis the new Committee
Any one can tell.
'Hope you're very well,
Where'd you go to-morrow?
Where'd you lecture last?'
Then again a rapping.
Next a solemn gentleman
Unctuous of face,
'What's your real opinion
Of the human race?'
Then a grim one coming,
'Sprinkling or immersion,
Which do you prefer?'"

"Then from a crowd of bores come all sorts of questions."

On his way to Canada he attempted an ode to the river St. Lawrence, but catching a terrible cold he got no further than

"O St. Lawrence,
Thou'rt my abhorrence!"

He lost his voice and could not write plainly, and ended his letter with: "Give my kide rebebradces to O'Bried whed you see hib, ad believe me your sidcere Fred." The O'Bried he referred to was Fitz James O'Brien, one of a circle of brilliant young Irishmen from London.

These ex-patriots were very human. Boyle O'Reilly made us the best citizen of that company. He escaped in a



GEO. H. BOKER

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legitimate way from his banishment in Van Diemen's land, while Meagher tried to save his honor in breaking his parole by calling out at the magistrate's door: "I throw up my parole," and, jumping on the horse in readiness for him, rode off. I am inclined to think that these afflicted persons owed much to Miss Lynch's hospitality; her heart was tender toward such. O'Brien soon found his way to us, and immediately became a welcome and frequent visitor. He was connected with some newspaper and wrote for the magazines. He had the faculty of seeming to be in sympathy with the gifts of others, and, of course, that made him a delightful companion.

Then began the evenings which in time came to be known. From the small parlor in Third Street they went on for years in whatever place we happened to dwell, with changes and additions the same in charm and originality. They ended when Mr. Taylor published a small volume of them in 1872 which he named The Diversions of the Echo Club, but somehow the ancient fire did not illuminate its pages. At this season of lecturing, whenever Mr. Taylor came near enough to us for a run over he went to his rooms in Washington Square always ready for him, and then came to have an evening with us; O'Brien was sure to be there, too, and sometimes George Boker came from Philadelphia; and then the symposium was complete, especially when Mr. Taylor brought something he said was a Homeric beverage and Mr. Stoddard was enduring misery while learning to smoke a cigar. Then began a tournament of wit, neck-and-neck races for a ten-minute poem, a parody or an ode. It was my privilege to behold them in a corner, but, unlike Jack Horner, there was no plum for me.

One evening, when they were flourishing the pen, I was struck with their different characteristics when absorbed in the same pursuit. Mr. Boker had come from a dinner in full dress; he was the only moneyed one of the party. A remarkably handsome man, his head was like Byron's, and he had the vigor of a prize-fighter. There was a curious harmony of color in complexion, hair and eyes; the latter had a tinge of an umber-colored brook when stained by autumn leaves. Mr. Stoddard was more like the ordinary ideal of the poet, pale with dark hair, tossed carelessly, luminous eyes, and shoulders already slightly bent, not the student bend, but from labor in an iron foundry where his mother had blindly placed him when a boy.

Mr. Taylor was of commanding height, his aquiline features and his brows reminded one of the eagle, his eyes beneath

"Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,"

as if prepared to storm any height with "Excelsior."

O'Brien looked more like an Englishman, though one could see that the chip was ready on his shoulder; and yet I have seen his fine eyes fill with tears at something heroic or pathetic, a sensibility very misleading. He dropped into our quiet, homely ways, and munched our crackers and cheese as if he had never eaten anything better.

I might have offered them something besides, for I had learned to make scalloped oysters which was the usual fashionable treat then. Is that dish ever seen now that the atrocious little clams are served, properly named Quahogs? As I watched their hands flying over the paper I thought one learned in palmistry would have said noble blood was in their veins, for their hands were not the hands of laborers. How young they were, how they laughed and jeered each other!

O'Brien went on swimmingly for two or three years; he had been the dramatic editor of the Saturday Press, which "was suspended for the want of funds and recommenced for the same reason." Then he went on the staff of the New York Times. While there, a charity bazar was started by some of his influential friends who had the utmost confidence in him. With his usual energy he took all and any part assigned him. It was a success and the proceeds were sent to the Times office in his charge; he never returned the money, or made any explanation; he simply let his friends alone, but it was the beginning of the downward flight of the son of the morning. Then it came out that he had sold his story, The Diamond Lens, twice—to the Harpers first and then to the Atlantic Monthly. It is only recently that I saw the mention of that story as one of the best of that time. We heard sad things of him—of drunken fights, of his frequenting Pfaff's, where, according to Howells' account of a visit there, the Bohemians "played at orgies."

O'Brien made no attempt to visit us after the reports. Mr. Stoddard saw him coming toward him one day on the street. O'Brien held his hat in his hand and with a deep obeisance tried to speak, but he was passed by silently. When I heard of this I could not help feeling that he was sometimes sincere in the friendship which in no way could be of service to him. His end came mercifully; he enlisted in our Civil War, was wounded in an early skirmish and died in a camp hospital, dying, as perhaps he thought, "game." "Give my love to the boys" were his last words.

The Knickerbocker Magazine still lingered, in spite of the diatribes against its editor by Poe, who wrote that "the principal cause of its decline may be traced to the peculiar and unappreciated talents of its editor, Lewis Gaylord Clark, his best friends not being able to explain how he has made a considerable noise in the literary world." However that was, while we were in Third Street, on a certain evening we found ourselves in a parlor of a certain hotel, perhaps the Clarendon, where Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clark was holding forth in a small company. He was of the florid, rollicking style; at the piano he dashed off songs of the "flowing bowl" sort; if poverty gnawed at his vitals he hid it with a gay "tooral-looral-loo." It was owing to these traits, perhaps, that it was said he got a good deal out of people, especially in contributions for his magazine. Mrs. Elizabeth Kinney, the poetess, speaks in her memoirs of his twin brother, Willis Gaylord Clark, as a remarkably accomplished, intellectually gifted man, who died too young to confirm a reputation. After this evening a circular was sent to the Knickerbocker's contributors with the proposition that "it being known to the friends of the veteran editor, Lewis Gaylord Clark, that his pecuniary recompense was altogether disproportioned to his labors, a testimonial of esteem which should be pleasing as a compliment and a contribution to his happiness should be offered him in the form of a suitable cottage on the banks of the Hudson."

All the contributors fell to work in prose and verse. Steel engravings of the writers were effective when printed. A singular likeness appeared in the portraits in bushy hair, whiskers and weighty neckcloth in folds. Mr. Stoddard was represented as a young giant with a ferocious mustache, Mr. Taylor as an approaching conqueror with a Roman nose, and Mr. Boker as a debonair, gilded youth; but Mr. Hueston, the publisher of the magazine, brought out the book in fine form; Mr. Clark's portrait faced it, and a gilt, ornate cottage was on the cover. I have never seen but our own copy which has slumbered peacefully on its shelf for forty years, but the cottage on the Hudson was never built.

Having plenty of leisure the throes of composition set in upon me again, and, like Mr. Barkis in David Copperfield, getting out of bed toward his money bag, "with infinite pains and with mental groans," I composed several poems which I sent to Mr. Clark, who with kindly words accepted and published them. I then made an engagement with Charles Washburn, one of the celebrated Brothers Washburn and editor of the Alta California newspaper in San Francisco, to write New York letters, which I continued till he left the paper, two years afterward. This engagement proved useful in two ways: teaching me to write prose and the earning of money. Every month I received a check for twenty-four dollars, which possessed many imaginative possibilities which were never realized. At any rate, I was the first female wage-earner that I had known, and it gave me a curious sense of independence. I could take my purse and go forth after the manner of the sailor, whose voyage paid off, took his hat under his arm, full of silver dollars, and invited every one he met to help himself and do the same, provided I wished it.

I think it was in September of that year that Mr. Taylor, who in the interval of lecturing was at work on the Tribune, took a Saturday and Sunday to go with us to visit his family at the farm, a mile or so beyond the old village of Kennett Square. This visit was as great a novelty to me as if I had landed in Liverpool and started for London. Everything was different from the wind-shaken, flat shores where I lived by Buzzard's Bay. We left the train at Wilmington to find a carriage waiting for us, and rode fourteen miles through a pastoral country. The peace of harvest was over the land, and the barns were bursting with plenty; the woods of chestnut up the hillsides, the noble oaks or elms in the meadows still green and lusty, and the cattle with the spot of color like Constable's landscapes were all delightful. Away with the sordid city and dull Third Street; rather let me ruminate with the pleasant cow yonder, leg deep in a lovely brook! In the little runlets which crossed the road here and there between slight ridges the water was so clear and nimble that I wished to alight and paddle in it; in fact I was growing childish and gleeful every minute.

We passed through the centre of Kennett village—which was like an English village with its stone inn and bake shop next it, and a row of brick houses set together with glimpses of alleys with lovely views beyond; we rode up a way between high banks and turned into a rough lane which brought us to the house where the family—father, mother, two sisters and the youngest, a brother—were on the little portico to welcome us.

I was familiar with the picture of Mr. Taylor's home, which was painted by Buchanan Read and engraved as the frontispiece of Views Afoot. The house was old, with plastered walls broken and stained by time; there was no paint outside or inside the premises; the only thing in order was Mrs. Taylor's garden, with its flowers, its neat paths, and the tall, vigorous fir beside a plastered basin or a little fountain. The house had settled into a dell, and there was no view from any side of it. I do not think I saw a stick of modern furniture inside, but I had come across the cleanliness that was next to godliness, and upon a poverty, if I may call it so, where there was a certain plenty—a poverty that was frank and noble. From that day I was proud, and have continued so through long years, of the friendship thus begun.



Photographed for The Saturday Evening Post by Gunford & Van Brunt, New York

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard

Doctor Van Dyke's Browning Story

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, of Princeton, delivered his lecture on Robert Browning recently in Philadelphia in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. He was introduced by the Rev. Charles Wood, pastor of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, who said that he knew a story about Browning which he doubted if even such an authority as Doctor Van Dyke was familiar with. It was the story of a young lady engaged to a British officer. When she found out that he was not acquainted with the poetry of Robert Browning she immediately broke the engagement. Six months later the officer presented himself and asked to be examined on Browning. She found that he had read all of The Ring and the Book, knew the plot of Paracelsus and could recite the greater part of Sordello. Six weeks later Robert Browning himself gave away the bride.

Doctor Van Dyke made no allusion to his ignorance of this story until the close of his introductory remarks. He reviewed the great influence of Browning, attested even by the separation of families. Then he paused and, turning to Doctor Wood, said, "Here follows in my manuscript the story which Doctor Wood has told."

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR



John B. McDonald, Tunnel Digger

John B. McDonald, the contractor for the proposed New York tunnel for the rapid transit railroad, is about fifty-six years old and has made his fortune by hard work. From the moment he received his contract he became the most talked-about man in New York, but during all the controversy over his bonds he gave no statements to the press. Mr. McDonald believes in working, not talking, and when asked the other day what was the most memorable incident in his life he replied that there was none. Evidently the efforts of certain corporations to secure most of his prospective profits before they would guarantee his bonds were only a trivial detail of his business, like his final triumph in securing the aid of August Belmont and unlimited foreign wealth for his undertaking.

Mr. McDonald's offices are probably the highest in the world. He occupies the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh stories of a down-town building, and on a clear day, with field glasses, he can come near seeing every foot of his work from City Hall to Spuyten Duyvil without leaving his chair.

It is to his workingmen that the contractor is best known. He sees them daily and knows not only their work but their individual capabilities. It is said that he can get more work out of his men without urging them than any other man in New York, unless it is John D. Crimmins, the millionaire railroad builder.

One day last spring at Jerome Park, where Mr. McDonald is doing the greatest work of his life except the tunnel contract, a visitor noticed a square man, covered with mud and built like a peg top with wide-spreading shoulders, talking to the foreman.

"Say!" he asked of a laborer, "is that Mr. McDonald, the famous contractor who is going to build the rapid transit tunnel?"

"Naw," answered the workman. "He ain't no famous contractor. That's Jack McDonald, our boss."

Why Joaquin Miller Took to Farming

Mr. Joaquin Miller, the California poet, has a flourishing fruit farm which is his present fad. It has taken the place of the house in the tree. The new directory of San Francisco registers him as "Joaquin Miller, fruit farmer." When his friends twitted him about it he answered that, according to a girl in Chicago, he supposed he should write poetry, but farming was his passion. Mr. Miller explained, with a twinkle in his eye, that when he was being entertained in Chicago he was attracted by an exceedingly pretty girl about eighteen years old.

"I insisted upon knowing her," said Mr. Miller, "and tried to make her feel that I was as young as the rest of them by taking her out on the moonlit piazza and quoting poetry to her. At the end of my verses she looked up at the old man beside her with a pretty show of interest, and said: 'Dear me, Mr. Miller! you certainly should write poetry. You say such sweet things!'"

Miss Arnold's Reply to an Encore

Miss Sarah Arnold, now a prominent educator of the East, holds the position of supervisor in the primary schools of Boston, but in reality her specialty in the profession may not be defined, for her personal power is so great that she is a class by herself. "She is a master and yet a genius," said a man who has been closely associated with her in her work.

While she was still a girl, just from Bridgewater Normal School and teaching in Middleboro, Massachusetts, the townspeople made great opposition to her, but about that time the chairman of the State Board of Education, after a visit to her school, observed, "Miss Arnold is the best grammar school teacher I ever saw." That distinction by an expert marked the beginning of her reputation.

Soon after this Miss Arnold wrote Zachary's First Year at School. Miss Arnold was first generally known to New England educators through an appearance at a teachers' convention in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, several years after she had made a reputation in the West as a school supervisor in Minneapolis. There, among college presidents and all the best-known educators of the region, Miss Arnold made an address that held her hearers' attention for more than an hour.

It was past the time for dinner when she finished, and yet the applause which greeted her was tremendous. It was like an encore, and while the audience was still clapping, Miss Arnold arose and said in her quiet way that she was reminded of a small boy, Sammie, whose mother was always calling him, and one day when she had shouted "Sammie, Sammie," for a long time, and Sammie had sat unresponsive, the boy at last looked up.

"Say!" he asked, "do ye really want me or was ye just hollering?"

Secretary Long's Idea of Informality

This story relates to Secretary of the Navy Long's idea of social formality. Just before the first Cabinet dinner was given last season, Mr. Hay had a private talk with his colleagues in the Cabinet, in which the proposition was agreed to that the irritating precedent question at Cabinet dinners should be abolished. Each hostess must simply be careful not to put the same people together through the season. The Secretary of State was to inaugurate the plan. No one expressed himself as more rejoiced over the change than the Secretary of the Navy. He talked about it constantly between the agreement and the dinner.

When he arrived at the men's dressing-room the evening of the dinner, the man-servant handed him the usual small envelope with the name of the lady whom he was to take in to dinner. Mr. Long read it aloud to the other members of the Cabinet in the room. He looked puzzled and distressed. The other members showed that they also had cards.

Mr. Long sat heavily down in a chair and looked around them as one who had lost his last friend. "I thought," he said mournfully, "that Hay told us this was going to be an informal affair."

"What did you expect?" asked a Cabinet minister.

"Why, I thought every fellow would come in, and just go to the lady he liked best, take her out to dinner and sit down in the chair nearest him. That's my idea of informality."

The Recreations of a Famous Chemist

A few weeks ago a convention was called in Washington, D. C., composed of delegates from every incorporated association and college of medicine and pharmacy in this country. It is called only once every ten years and its object is the revision of the United States Pharmacopœia. The chairman of the committee of this revision is Dr. Charles Rice, the official chemist of the Department of Charities of New York City, and it is safe to say that he was the central figure of this as he was of the previous meetings of the congress which he has attended. For twenty years he has been the editor of this great undertaking and it has been largely a labor of love. Doctor Rice lives at Bellevue Hospital. He owns the finest private pharmaceutical reference library in the world.

The doctor is a recluse and, outside of the officials and inmates of Bellevue, he rarely sees anybody. He sleeps only a few hours a day and spends all his other time in work. One of the physicians at the hospital recently asked him what his recreations were and he answered:

"Making friends with little children and studying the Oriental languages. The best time I ever had in my life was spent upon the revising of the Sanscrit dictionary for the Russian Philosophical Society."

An American Mandarin in Detroit

Dr. Heneage Gibbes, health officer of Detroit, enjoys the distinction of being the only Chinese mandarin to hold an American office. He acquired his title after a series of adventures that would make Sinbad the Sailor look to his laurels. Doctor Gibbes is an Englishman by birth. He ran away from home when fourteen years old and went to sea. After several years as a sailor he was shipwrecked on the coast of China and fell into the hands of pirates, who took his clothing and turned the sailor loose in the garb of Nature. Finally he reached a Chinese town.

Then he fell in with an Englishman who gave him money for clothing on condition that Gibbes would work out the debt, and who informed him as soon as the bargain was closed that he would be expected to go into the camp of a rebel army to sell smuggled arms. The young Englishman never besitated and became an enemy of the Chinese Government.

From that he drifted into the Chinese service, was placed in command of a gunboat and set to patrolling the coast, looking for pirates and opium smugglers. He had a mixed crew composed of men from almost every nation on earth. But the crew was made up of fighters and Gibbes was successful in capturing some bad outlaws.

On one occasion he made a dash up a river which the smugglers practically controlled. He seized a cargo of contraband opium and made for the sea. But pirates and smugglers opened on his boat from the banks and gave him the closest kind of a call to capture. Once they tried to board his vessel with canoes and ran into a discharge of grape and cannister that tore them to pieces. Gibbes and his men escaped with an immense cargo of the captured narcotic, and when this was reported to the Government Gibbes was summoned into the presence of royalty and made a mandarin.

He went to England soon after to study medicine, then to India on the commission sent out to study cholera, and resigned to take the chair of pathology in Michigan University.

Senator Depew's Unfinished Speech

Senator Chauncey M. Depew recently made a trip to the South, and Charleston, South Carolina, is still gossiping over the things he did and said while a guest of the Gridiron Club. They will never forget how he danced the cake-walk with Little Red Riding Hood at Mrs. Andrew Symonds' Mother Goose party.

But he has just been confessing to his friends in Washington that it was at this party that he was "rattled" for the first time in his life while making a speech. The social life of Charleston and some surrounding cities was represented at the ball that night. Every one except Doctor Depew was dressed in the costume of a Mother Goose child. After the cake-walk, in which the Senator from New York showed that he was quite equal to the abandon of the occasion, the hostess asked him to make a speech to the "children."

He consented at once and stood up on a little platform at the far end where the orchestra was stationed. He admits that he began without qualms.

He spoke for about five minutes without creating either applause or comment. Then he used a word of four syllables. Suddenly the great audience of children ran toward him and pressed in on him, clapping their hands together, looking into his eyes beseechingly, the more venturesome pulling his coat-tails, and all crying out: "Oh, Mr. Depew, what does that word mean. Please spell it for us. We don't know any word like that down here." The Senator laughed and kept on with his speech, but the grown-up "children" wouldn't have it. They stamped the floor and cried aloud for him to spell the word for them. Then he was allowed to go on with his speech. This performance was repeated five times in the next ten minutes.

"I had to give up and apologize," he said. "I was completely 'rattled' for the first time in my public career."

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



The American Boy's Great Day

There is one day in the year which belongs to the American boy, and that is the Fourth of July. How it has gradually come into his possession is one of the most interesting developments of American life. A hundred years ago the day was celebrated, but those who took part in the functions were youths and men. The boys had to be satisfied to stand by the roadside—there were no paved streets in those days—and watch the processions. If they got a cake or two, or a glass of spruce beer, they were very lucky. The elders had all the fun, and ate and drank most of the refreshments.

It went on this way for years, but gradually in the evolution of things the American boy came into his own. In fact, the American boy to-day is about ten years older at the same age than he was a century ago, and he has much more liberty. It is to his credit that, as a rule, he uses his opportunities sensibly and decorously, and although he is apt to be a bit boisterous and to have a certain contempt for laws against pyrotechnics, his enthusiasm is genuine and his methods are clean and above board. He will run from the policeman, but he will seldom lie to him when caught.

The old people continually deplore the forwardness of the children of this day and generation. Some old maids have written books about it. But, to use a good American simile, it is "as sure as shooting" that the next generation will be more forward than the one that is now coming on. The American boy takes no steps backward—he is increasing his record as a sprinter every year. All things aid him in this course. Education comes easier to him, travel is open to him, the world seems smaller. Invention has made miracles tame and his powers of credulity are never strained. Even the thrilling intricacies of the three-ring circus scarcely cause him to lift an eyebrow.

The Father of Independence Day

It is curious that the man who is called the father of the Fourth of July, John Adams, predicted the picturesque development of the anniversary. To his wife he wrote, after the Declaration of Independence had been signed: "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by successive generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, for evermore."

The spiritual part of this conviction seems to have been forgotten, but the other features have been religiously developed. It will be remembered that in Daniel Webster's eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, he makes Adams the prophet of the Fourth of July, and he puts in his mouth the speech which nearly every schoolboy has repeated, including these words: "We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving and with festivities, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears; copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation and gratitude and of joy." It is true that the children do shed tears, copious, gushing tears, but they generally come from the toy cannon or the toy pistol or the premature firecracker. And the doctor does the rest.

The first year after the signing of the Declaration of Independence the anniversary was celebrated in Philadelphia, where Congress was then meeting, and John Adams viewed the parade, listened to the volleys of guns and the music by a captured Hessian band, and at night pronounced it the most splendid illumination he had ever seen. That was at a time when even the coal-oil lamp was unknown, and the humble tallow dip was about the best that could be had. What would he say next Wednesday night if he could stand in one of our big cities or towns and view the electric lights and the glare of Greek fire and other illuminants! But in those days patriotism was so fierce that the tallow candle looked as big and as bright as an arc light of to-day. At the same time we need not underestimate the seriousness of modern loyalty, for beneath all the flare and noise there is real feeling. As the boy is, so is the man, and this logic leads us to the conclusion that we are indeed an enthusiastic nation.

The Exercises for the Elders

But of course the older people have to do something in celebration of the nation's birthday, and as a rule they do it with interest and thoroughness. If they can, they get an orator—one who will not talk too long; they have a band of music, and if possible they sing the national hymns, although as a rule this part of the program is rather lame, whether from modesty or lack of lung power it is difficult to say. In Boston, for instance, they have a series of Fourth of July orations that has gone far beyond the hundred mark, and that is kept up religiously. Congressman Fitzgerald was one of the orators several years ago. Boston gets through the speechmaking in the morning so that the people may enjoy themselves in the afternoon. Then there is a procession of soldiers followed in the evening by an exhibition of fireworks. Boston also throws open the public halls with free entertainments for the children. There are regattas on the water and balloons in the air, and people crowd in from the countryside. "All Boston people get out of town and all the country people come in on the Fourth of July" is Dr. Edward Everett Hale's witticism.

In other sections there are different observances. Out in Iowa, for instance, it is probable that such an orator as Congressman Robert G. Cousins, who is a native and who has represented his State in four Congresses, will be telling of the glories of the American flag, and not saying anything against Expansion. Congressman John Dalzell, of Pittsburg, and Congressman Babcock, of Wisconsin, who have been in numerous Congresses and who are among the orators, will be doing the same thing in some centres of their districts, and so it will go all through the country. The oratorical Congressmen seldom get a rest on the Fourth of July, and some of them make speeches in the morning, the afternoon and at night, too, but as they have long summer vacations with full pay this overwork need not cause any anxiety.

The Two Hymns of Independence Day

Our two national hymns are regularly attacked for their lack of good grammar and real poetry, but though they may have technical defects, they unquestionably possess that indefinable something which arouses the inward thrill. The Star-Spangled Banner, written on old envelopes by Francis Scott Key after the anxious night of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, was first sung in the theatre by a variety actor. It was simply introduced as "verses by a gentleman who had been detained on board the English fleet." There was no claque to exploit it, and, in fact, Mr. Key did not want to be known as its author, but fitting the words to an old tune, the actor, with a voice which was not at all extraordinary, so impressed the audience that the song had to be sung again and again and repeated on following nights.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale has said that of all Fourths of July in Boston that of 1832 left the deepest mark in the history of the century. He said he had spent his last cent and bought medals, drunk root-beer, eaten oysters and other things, and was slowly returning home when at Park Street church he saw a procession of children entering. They were Sunday-school children. He followed, as any normal boy would, and went into the gallery. It was then and there that the hymn, My Country, 'Tis of Thee, was sung, the first time it had ever been sung in public. Happy fate that this hymn of the nation was consecrated on the national birthday!

The Old Celebrations and the New

Last year it was estimated that there were almost as many casualties from Fourth of July celebrations as in the War with Spain. This, of course, did not include typhoid fever or diseases, but simply the accidents from gunpowder and the different explosives. The same hue and cry will undoubtedly be raised this year; it has been regularly raised ever since the first anniversary in 1777, and it will be just as popular a hundred years hence as it is now. As with the protest against football, it only serves to increase the interest of the sport. The one thing the boys can remember this year while they are firing off the crackers is that fireworks originated in China, where proceedings somewhat more serious than pyrotechnics are now going on. From a mere explosive the firework has been developed into a wonderful spectacle, and it is really extraordinary how the colors and figures are so curiously and so beautifully arranged.

A hundred years ago the Fourth of July was a general celebration by each community; there were long speeches, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, music, shooting matches and a great deal of food and drink, especially drink. Now the day is broken up into as many circles as there are settlements and social coteries. Each summer hotel has its own fireworks. Each group of cottages or of friends has its program, and in almost every case the arrangements are for the pleasure of the children. It is the one holiday in all the year when the fathers and the uncles and the bachelor visitors work the hardest to make the youngsters have a good time, and of all the taskmasters in the world there is none to compare with the boys and girls on the Fourth of July. Any one who has followed the average boy on the Fourth of July from early dawn till bedtime need not wonder at the exploits of the American soldiers in capturing San Juan Hill or in the following of Aguinaldo throughout the length and breadth of Luzon.

The Birthplace of Our Independence

A visit was paid the other day to the old Independence Hall, where you may see the portraits of the signers, the chairs in which they sat, the inkstand that they used and a lot of other things, chief of which, of course, is the Liberty Bell with its immortal crack. It was a hot summer day, but the old place that has been made as new was cool—so cool that even the fat policeman who guards the medals that are for sale and the registry book wherein visitors inscribe their names looked as comfortable as the proverbial cucumber. Two young men who had wheeled half way across the continent had just left their autographs.

"How many visitors do you have in the course of the day?" was asked.

"Oh, they are coming and going all the time—they'll average about three hundred a day, I guess."

"And on the Fourth of July? Is there a crowd here all day?"

"It's about the same as at other places—quite a number in the morning, but hardly anybody the rest of the day. So far as that goes, we had just as well shut up after twelve on the Fourth."

So here it is in the very home of the Day, in the very centre which is within an hour or so of millions of good Americans.

Then a look at the book! Visitors from every part of the world, from every State in the Union, from country and city, a wide area of land and humanity!

So the interest exists. It is Liberty's birthday, and whatever may be said of the way in which it is celebrated, there can be no question about the earnestness that underlies the occasion, no doubt as to the conviction of nearly eighty millions of people that they have the cleanest flag that floats and the biggest and best thing in the way of government that history has ever known.

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Tales of the Credit Man

By Harlow N. Higinbotham

II—Duties, Difficulties and Dangers of the Credit Desk

THE first routine duty which the credit man discharges each morning, as soon as he reaches his desk, is that of looking at the business thermometer of the house. No other term so precisely describes the nature of the day's financial correspondence. By the time he has glanced at the stack of alternating letters and drafts with which his desk or basket is heaped he has as clear an idea of the "condition of the trade" as if he had made a tour of inspection and called upon a large number of representative customers. More than this, he looks through the glass of his correspondence and reads the character and the situation of each individual customer who has contributed a letter to that morning's mail.

A Glance at the Business Thermometer

Here is the terse, formal letter of the man of methodical habits who merely makes his letter the record of the draft with which it is accompanied; but the latter may be relied upon as being correct in amount and kind, and it is safe to take the absence of any complaint from this customer as a confession of his satisfaction with the manner in which the house has handled his business. Then there is the man who never sends a remittance without a complaint of some kind to keep it company. Here, also, is the man who has overstepped his discount time by a narrow margin, and thinks to make good this delay by apologies and arguments. The stories which these letters tell might be continued almost indefinitely, and in great variety; but the point is made if it is clear that the standing of the country merchant is determined by the contents of these letters; and the real credit man reads "between the lines" as swiftly as he scans each sheet. Even the remittances themselves indicate the character of their senders.

The moment the eye of the credit man detects the presence of a customer's personal check drawn on a local bank the standing of that customer suffers. The chief of the credit desk realizes that this man has sent an unbankable remittance through carelessness, through ignorance of metropolitan business methods and requirements, or to save the exchange fee sometimes charged by local bankers. No matter what the motive for sending a personal check in place of a draft upon the city bank, the result is not helpful to the reputation of the sender, so far as his relationship to the wholesale house is concerned. These checks should be returned with the information that they are not bankable in the city, and that, therefore, they should be replaced with bankable funds. This means annoyance and delay.

Decision on a Doubtful Order

After the remittance letters are disposed of the maker of credit takes up the orders. There is something like a perpetual contest between these two classes of documents, and the complementary relationship between them must be held constantly in mind by the credit man as he scans them. With one hand, so to speak, he sends the remittances to the cashier, and with the other hand deals out the orders to the salesmen. It is "nip and tuck" between them, as a remittance received by the same mail with the order may decide whether or not the goods called for in the latter will be sent.

Whenever he encounters an order about which he feels the slightest doubt he holds it out for inquiry and consideration, and places his OK upon those which pass without challenge. Under ordinary circumstances, each doubtful order receives a quick impression from a rubber stamp, which reads as follows:

Owes $——
Due $——
Bot. $——
H. C. $——
H. P. ——

In this list H. C. stands for "highest credit," and H. P. abbreviates "how pays." Each order is taken by a boy to the ledger in which the customer's account is carried, and the information called for by the stamp is filled in. Let it be supposed that the entry comes back as follows:

Owes $ 375
Due $ 000
Bot. $4560
H. C. $ 780
H. P. Promptly

This showing would be taken in at a glance, and an OK placed on the order, which would be hurried to the sales department. But suppose the boy returned from the ledger with this record:

Owes $4500
Due $2150
Bot. $5500
H. C. $4500
H. P. Slow

Then the credit man would instruct the boy to bring him the "information" on that customer's account. The lad would go to a formidable record where would be found all the detailed information calculated to shed light upon the financial standing and character of the merchant in question. The bookkeeper also would be called upon to contribute to the testimony on which the fate of the order must be decided. This addition to the evidence would be a statement of the items represented by the $2150 already due.

Letter Writing Not a Lost Art

A letter would then be dictated to the customer, calling his attention to the amount overdue, and also informing him of the credit man's decision on the shipment of the goods called for in the latest order. The tone of the letter should accurately express the attitude of the house to the customer, shading the degree of latitude of leniency allowed him, or dealing out censure and limitations according to the extent and gravity of the delinquencies.

A copy of the statement is handed to the assistant credit man with instructions to follow the matter up in five days, for instance. The assistant enters the customer's name in his diary five days ahead of date, and drops the statement into an index portfolio. In five days the name is met with on the diary page, and the statement taken from the portfolio. Then a new statement is procured from the bookkeeper, and the cashier is also consulted, as the morning's mail may have brought a remittance from the tardy customer.

Action of some kind is then decided upon by the chief credit man, to whom the documents are passed. He will take such decisive steps as he believes the situation demands and his customer will tolerate. To know just the right and effective thing to do in ninety-nine of every one hundred of these cases is to be a credit man.

While these doubtful orders are being investigated and disposed of and correspondence of every kind attended to, the credit man is constantly interrupted by prospective customers who wish to open accounts and are anxious to get as liberal a line of credit as possible.

On Trial Before the Credit Desk

Naturally, they dread this ordeal, for modern credit making methods have become so exact, scientific and searching that this preliminary examination is bound to bring to light, as a rule, any weakness in the business condition of the customer, and expose any flaws in his statement of the case. At the same time the credit man must occupy a diplomatic attitude; he must hold that every applicant for credit is a desirable customer until the contrary shall be established. And he must take good care, too, not to give offense to the candidate for credit while probing for any possible weakness in his financial condition. No matter how large or pressing the correspondence awaiting his attention, the credit man must hear all his caller has to say; he must be patient, courteous and resourceful, and, if he is wise, he will seek to prolong instead of curtail the interview.

Naturally, the customer feels that the meeting is an important one, and wishes time in which to present his case in the best possible light, and to give the credit man the most favorable idea of his affairs. If there is the slightest suspicion in his mind that his story is wearisome he feels that the importance of his business is not appreciated. Nothing is so well calculated to give the customer a satisfied and friendly feeling toward the house as the knowledge that the credit man has listened with apparent interest to every word he has wished to offer, and that his plea has been as full and fair as could be wished.

Courtesy to the Customer

Then there is another side to this matter of giving the prospective customer all the time he wishes in which to place his affairs before the credit man. Many men, and particularly those not accustomed to the rush and snap of metropolitan business methods, are not able to tell the most important things they have to say until after a certain amount of preliminary conversation. They do not "strike their gait" at the start, and have to "warm up" gradually to the main business in hand. Often this is the result of embarrassment, and in other cases it is simply the result of being accustomed to doing business in a less precipitate way.

At any rate, the credit man frequently finds that the most valuable information he is able to get out of the country merchant who calls at his desk cannot be secured until the caller has become accustomed to his immediate surroundings and has talked of the crops in his locality, of his town, of his family and other topics which he is accustomed to discuss at home as a kind of formal introduction to the more serious business under consideration. After this personal ground has been covered, it is the fault of the credit man if he fails to gather a fair idea of his man and the latter's surroundings. Very likely some chance remark dropped by the merchant after he seems to have finished his plea and has fully gained his ease will be the one bit of information which will determine the result of the whole conference.

The Personal Equation in Credit Problems

In this connection let me emphasize what may at first appear a trivial point. Learn where the man who seeks credit came from as well as where he is located at the moment. If he replies in general terms, naming only the State or general section of the country, persist until you know his former town. A disinclination on a customer's part to be explicit in answering a question of this kind is sometimes good ground for suspicion. Then, if he names as his "old home" a place with which you are personally familiar a pleasant bond of association is instantly established.

Once a Scandinavian came to my desk and asked credit. In the course of our talk I asked him where he came from, and he gave the name of a certain provincial town in Sweden. "Why," I exclaimed, "I spent one of the pleasantest winters of my life in that quaint old place!" This remark brought me closer to the man than years of casual business acquaintanceship could have done. He was delighted that I was familiar with the haunts of his boyhood.

Frequently the caller will mention a city in which the credit man has acquaintances—perhaps the local banker, a lawyer, or the station-agent—and there is a decided advantage in having the customer know that his town contains men with whom you are in touch. The value of this may be in putting the merchant on his "good behavior," as it were, or in giving him the comfortable feeling that you stand in a little closer relationship to his town than to some others. All these details are more important than they might appear, and he is a wise credit man who does not neglect one of them. Any item of information which gives a clearer idea of the community in which a customer lives, of the physical characteristics of the locality, its crops, its industries, its resources of every kind, is worth remembering. Often, too, a merchant will drop a word about his family affairs which may have a direct and practical bearing on the standing which he should have with his wholesale house. If his wife or child is an invalid, if his son is wayward or profligate, or if his household is phenomenally large, it stands to reason that he is carrying a heavy burden of private expense, and this will naturally have a decided bearing on his business success. Although he may not have to cripple his business in order to keep up private expenses, the burden of this family care and anxiety may so prey upon his thought and energy as to sap his vitality and make him discouraged or, perhaps, indifferent to his business. Therefore, know your customer, know the town in which he is located, and know the community from which he originally came.

Assurance Made Doubly Sure

But to return to the routine of the credit desk after the caller has been interviewed and has taken his leave. The credit man's approval of an order does not ship the goods therein listed. If it did he would be saved a large volume of detail work. He must have the last as well as the first word on every separate transaction that each customer has with the house. Before him are placed stacks of shipping tickets, on each of which must be stamped his approval before the goods are released and actually shipped.

This is a wise and necessary precaution, as some vital change may have taken place in the affairs of the merchant since the approval of the order. Perhaps a salesman has telegraphed that he has picked up information on the road which leads him to believe the merchant is in a "shaky" condition, or that a rival house has become suspicious and may be expected to close up the retailer's store at any moment. Or the friendly banker or lawyer or station-agent in the merchant's town may have sent in a quiet tip to the effect that in some way or other the applicant's prosperity is threatened. Any one of a hundred contingencies may make it judicious to hold up the shipment until further developments are had. Consequently, the credit man scans each shipping ticket, asks himself if there is any reason why the goods should not leave the house, and if there is not he stamps his OK upon the ticket. If the house is a large one, the amount of this ticket work is heavy and burdensome. In one day I have personally examined and stamped seventeen hundred of these tickets in addition to doing all other routine duties of the desk.

The Limits to Advice and Aid

Not a little of the credit man's time is required to answer the inquiries of his business neighbors and to send his messengers on similar errands. It should be understood, however, that it is not customary for competitors to exchange information. As a rule, this is done only between houses in different lines of trade. The wholesale shoe house and the dry-goods establishment occupying the same territory have, broadly speaking, the same customers.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of four papers which began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 23. The series will be continued in early numbers.

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John Smith, from Tipton, Iowa, conducts a general store, we will say, and decides to open an account with a wholesale shoe house. The credit man of that establishment sends to the wholesale dry-goods house around the corner, and asks the credit man there:

"Do you sell Smith, of Tipton?" The answer comes:

"Yes; he is good for a line of $3000."

An hour later the shoe house may be called upon to make a return of this courtesy. There is little temptation to furnish misleading information, as the houses are in different lines of trade, and their interests do not conflict. At the same time it is well for the young credit man not to rely too implicitly upon the advice of a neighbor. The degree of his reliance must depend upon the faith he has in the honesty and the shrewdness of the credit man whom he consults.

It is hardly a safe practice for two houses in the same line to attempt an exchange of information concerning credits. Were both to act in perfectly good faith it would be inevitable that disappointments and complications would sooner or later arise to shake this confidence and give the impression that there had been a deliberate violation of faith. Certainly the temptation would be strong so to manipulate information as to shift upon a competitor the burden of hazards, keeping the safe customers as exclusively as possible from the latter.

Common Errors of Credit Men

One of the most common and disastrous causes of failure among credit men is a lack of thoroughness in so interviewing a prospective customer at the start as to sift his responsibility to almost a scientific certainty. This tendency arises from an unwillingness to give each individual case a requisite amount of time and attention. Too often the interview which decides the limit of a man's credit is hurried through. In credits, as in law, "possession is nine points." Once a man is given a certain length of credit, it cannot be reduced without danger of giving serious offense.

The credit man feels this peril and will go to great expenditure of time and patience in attempting to educate the customer up to good business methods rather than to contract his limit of credit. Hours are spent by the conscientious credit man in the attempt to coach his customers into safer and sounder practice. Here the advisory functions of the credit man come into play; and if he has himself lived on a farm and worked in a country store he has an immense advantage, for his words will be listened to and will carry weight with the customer because backed by practical experience.

The Necessity for Close Analysis of Conditions

However, a large amount of this work of training customers will be obviated by making the credit a sound and conservative one at the start. The credit man may get from his customer all the information requisite for a safe credit, and then fail to act judiciously through an inability to analyze the facts thus secured. This failure to go to the bottom of conditions and to see the weak point of very plausible situations is a common and an easy fault, and it often arises with reference to a customer who has long been an excellent and a trusted patron.

Only recently an instance of this nature arose in my own experience which may illustrate this point. At the close of 1898 I received from a certain customer a statement of his financial condition. This was of the regulation kind asked of all customers; it showed he had real estate valued at $11,000, cash $5000 and $2500 worth of wool, and was free from debt. In other words, he had a clear fortune of $18,500. All the other features of his showing were excellent, and he was therefore given a liberal credit.

Only a few months ago he asked for an extension of time in which to pay bills due and amounting to a considerable figure. I was informed that he had the same real estate as when his account was opened. However, I determined to ask of him another full statement of his affairs. At this request he became seriously offended, raised the money due us, settled his account, and declined to furnish the statement other than to say he had a stock of goods worth $20,000 which our salesman had reported in good condition. My answer was: "The fact mentioned in your letter makes us still more anxious for a complete statement, as it is evident you must owe for a large proportion of your stock."

Here was a very plausible showing, well calculated to tempt the unwary credit man in the habit of taking things for their face value without careful analysis. The fact that the man raised the money and paid his account simply proves that he was able to convince some other person of his financial soundness. I expect the future to show that my diagnosis was sound, and that I was not unduly conservative.

It might seem from what has already been said that the attitude of the credit man is naturally one of practical opposition to the salesman. The tendency is in that direction, but the salesman's side of the problem should never be lost sight of. I am inclined to believe that, as a general rule, the credit man has too little rather than too much fear of losing a good customer. Certainly a stiff, arbitrary and unyielding credit man can easily demoralize the selling department, and make the salesman feel that it is hardly worth his while to make special effort to get a new customer because of the likelihood that he will not pass muster at the credit desk. There is a reasonable conservatism in keeping with the spirit of progress and not opposed to taking a fair risk, and when this kind of moderation obtains in a credit department the salesmen are likely to understand its soundness and make little or no complaint. It is when the rulings of the credit man become exacting that it looks from the viewpoint of the salesman as if he were trying to keep away all customers instead of simply ruling out those that are not up to a fair standard of reliability. Then the salesmen are plunged into discouragement and charge their sorrows to the credit department.

The Deliberate Confidence Man

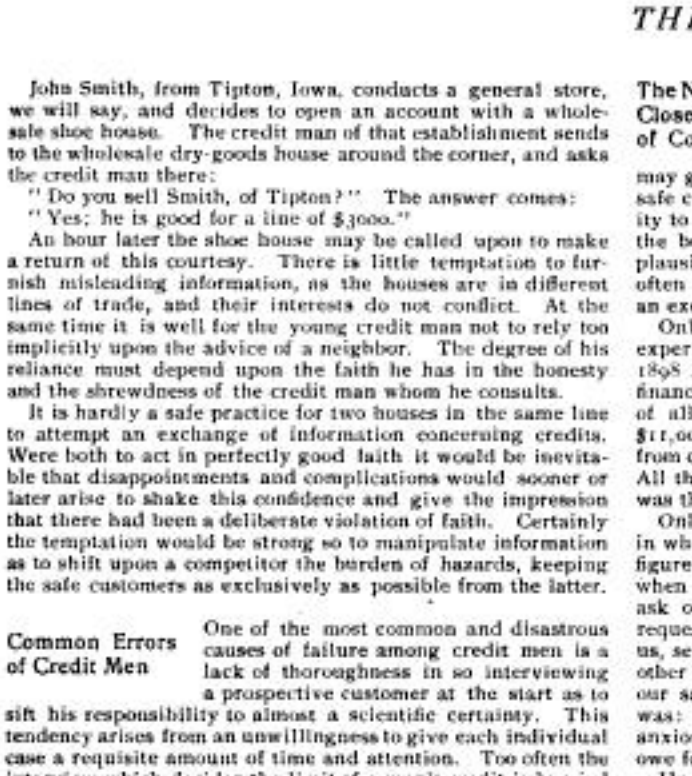
Probably no young man takes a responsible credit position without asking himself: "By what kind of a scheme am I most likely to be victimized?" The most common method of beating the credit man is that of "working" several cities at the same time and on the same basis of credit. Suppose the merchant in question to be located in a small town in the southern part of Illinois, near the Mississippi River. He comes to Chicago and says that he has decided to buy all his goods here because he can get better prices. His statement shows that he has $4000 in the local bank. As he only wishes for a credit of $3000 and a time limit of sixty days, the way seems very clear, particularly as the bank verifies his statement regarding the condition of his banking account. The credit is given and the customer repeats this operation in two or three other cities not too far distant from his town. Then he turns about and sells out the goods by sensational methods and flees with the money. Usually this is soon after he has started in business.

A remedy against this kind of a game is to keep close track of every customer. If he appears to be piling up a very heavy stock of goods, and resorts to "catch tricks" in order to sell a large line of goods in a short time, seeming to be indifferent to the matter of prices, it is well to tighten the lines about him and double the diligence with which he is watched. But here is where the faculty to judge of a man's honesty by his bearing and appearance comes into play. With this intuition, backed by good ability as an interviewer and the power to analyze information after it is procured, the young credit man may reasonably hope to avoid any serious experiences with deliberate confidence men and rascals.

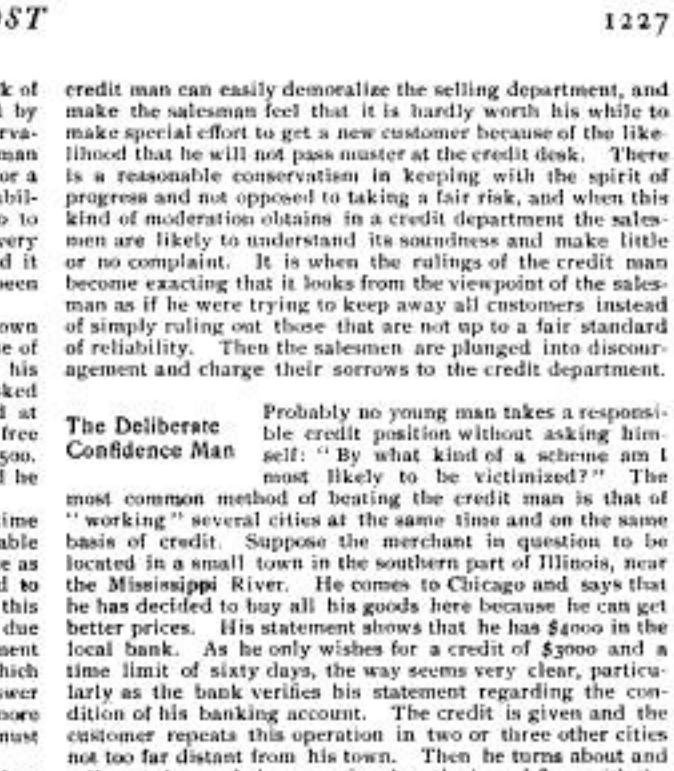
The EAGLE'S HEART
By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC.

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"I'm going to write to her to-day"



The girl and a long slow with the letter in her hand

favorite promenade for the young people of the town at all seasons, even in winter.

At times when the jail was filled with disorderly inmates these innocent lovers could hear the wild yells and see the gestures of the men at the windows, but ordinarily the grounds were quiet and peaceful. The robins nested in the maples, the squirrels scampered from tree to tree, and little children tumbled about on the grass, unmindful of the sullen captives within the walls.

For seven years Harold himself had played about this yard, hearing the wild voices of the prisoners and seeing men come and go in irons. Over these walks he had loitered with Dot—now he was one of those who clawed at the window bars like monkeys in a cage in order to look out at the sunshine of the world. The jail pallor was already on his face and a savage look was in his eyes. He refused to see any one but Jack, who came often and whose coming saved him from despair.

In one respect the county jail was worse than the State's prison; it had nothing for its captives to do. They ate, amused themselves as best they could through the long day, and slept. Most of them brooded, like Harold, on the sunshine lost to them and paced their cells like wild animals. It had, however, the advantage of giving to each man a separate bed at night, though during the day they occupied a common corridor. Some of them sang and others cursed their fellows for their stupidity, and fights were not uncommon among them.

The jailer was inclined to allow Harold more liberty after his trial, but the boy said: "I'm not asking any favors from you. I'm working out a sentence."

He continued his systematic exercise, eating regularly and with care in order that he should keep his health. He spent several hours each day leaping up the stairway which led from the lower cells to the upper, and his limbs were like bundles of steel rods. He could spring from the floor, catch the hand-rail of the run-way above and swing himself with a single effort to the upper cells. Every possible combination of strength and agility, which the slender variety of means allowed, he used, and not one of all the prisoners cared to try muscular conclusions with him. Occasionally a new prisoner would experiment, but those who held over knew better than to "bother the kid." When a rash man tried it, he repented it in cotton cloth and arnica.

The only way in which Harold could be enticed into the residence part of the jail was by sending Jack to him.

At such times the jailer gave him plenty of time and Harold poured forth his latest plans in a swift torrent. He talked of nothing but the West. "My sentence will be out in April," he said; "just the right time to go. You must make all arrangements for me, old man. You take my money and get these things for me. I want a six-shooter, the best you can find, the kind they use out on the plains, and a belt and ammunition. I want a valise—a good strong one; and I want you to put all my clothes in it—I mean my underclothes. I won't need cuffs and collars and such knickknacks out there. Then I want you to be on the lookout for a chance to drive cattle for somebody going West. We'll find chances enough, and we'll strike for Abilene and your uncle's place. I haven't money enough to carry me out there on the train. Oh! won't it be good fun when we have a good horse apiece and go riding across the plains herding the long-horns! That's life, that is! If I'd only gone last year, out where the buffalo and the antelope are!"

At such times the eagle's heart in the youth could scarcely endure the pale, cold light of the prison. For an hour after

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.—The village of Rock River had been shaken to its foundations. Dot Rutland had eloped with the head clerk of the leading town bank. The day after, Harry Excell, who passed for her sweetheart, in a quarrel with a young bully of the town, stabbed him lightly, and was arrested for assault. Proud, overbearing and self-centred, young Excell would give no explanation to his father, the Rev. John Excell, or to his chum, Jack Burns, but the town put two and two together, and shrewdly suspected that Clint Slocum, the man wounded, had taunted him beyond endurance and attacked him with a heavy whip. The Court found the prisoner guilty of assault with intent to do injury. Upon recommendation for mercy the sentence was commuted to six months in the county jail.

FIFTH CHAPTER—THE EAGLE'S EYES GROW DIM

THE county jail in Cedar County was a plain, brick structure set in the midst of the Court House Square. Connected with it was the official residence of the Sheriff, and brick walks ran diagonally from corner to corner for the convenience of citizens. Over these walks magnificent maples flung gorgeous banners in autumn, and it was a

Editor's Note—The Eagle's Heart was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16.

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and Sankey hymns, and the leader prayed resoundingly, and then, one by one, the others made little talks to the prison walls. There was seldom a face to be seen. Muttered curses occasionally rumbled from the cells where the prisoners were trying to sleep.

But the leader was a persistent young man, and not many Sundays after his initial attempt the prisoners were amazed to hear female voices joining in the songs. Heads appeared at every door to see the girls, who stood timidly behind the men and sang (in quavering voices) the songs that persuaded to grace.

Some of these girlish messengers of mercy Harold knew, but others were strange to him. The seminary was in session again and new pupils had entered. For the most part they were colorless and plain, and the prisoners ceased to show themselves during the singing.

Harold lay on his iron bed, dreaming of the wild lands whose mountains he could see shining through his prison walls. Jack had purchased for him some photographs of the Rocky Mountains, and when he desired to forget his surroundings he had but to look on the seamless dome of Sierra Blanca, or the San Francisco peaks, or at the image of the limpid waters of Trapper's Lake, and, like the conjurer's magic crystal sphere, it cured him of all his mental maladies, set him free and a-horse.

But one Sabbath afternoon he heard a new voice, a girl's voice so sweet and tender and true, he could not forbear to look out upon the singer. She was small and looked very pale under the white light of the high windows. She was singing alone, a wonderful thing in itself, and in her eyes was neither fear nor maidenly shrinking; she was, indeed, thrillingly absorbed and self-forgetful. There was something singular and arresting in the poise of her head. Her eyes seemed to look through and beyond the prison walls, far into some finer, purer land than any earthly feet had trod, and her song had a touch of genuine poetry in it:

"If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the whole earth through,
I would fly on the wings of the morning light
And speak to men with a gentle might
And tell them to be true—
If I were a voice."

The heart of the boy expanded. Music and poetry and love were waked in him by the voice of this singing girl. To others she was merely simple and sweet; to him she was a messenger. The vibrant, wistful cadence of her voice when she uttered the words "And tell them to be true," dropped down into the boy's sullen and lonely heart—he did not look at her, but all the week he wondered about her. He thought of her almost constantly, and the words she sang lay in his ears, soothing and healing like some subtle Oriental balm. "On the wings of the morning light" was one haunting phrase; the other was, "And tell them to be true."

The other prisoners had been touched. Only one or two ventured coarse remarks about her and they were speedily silenced by their neighbors. Harold was eager to see Jack in order to learn the girl's name, but Jack was at home, sick of a cold, and did not visit him during the week.

On the following Sunday she did not come, and the singing seemed suddenly a bitter mockery to Harold, who sought to solace himself with his pictures. The second week wore away and Jack came, but by that time the image of the girl had taken such aloofness of position in Harold's mind that he dared not ask about her, even of his loyal chum.

At last she came again, and when she had finished singing Not Half Has Ever Been Told, some prisoner started hand-clapping and a volley of applause made the cells resound. The girl started in dismay, and then, as she understood the meaning of this noise, a beautiful flush swept over her face and she shrank swiftly into shadow.

But a man from an upper cell bawled: "Sing The Voice, Miss! Sing The Voice!"

The leader of the band said: "Sing for them, Miss Yardwell."

Again she sang If I Were a Voice, and out of the cells the prisoners crept, one by one, and, at last, Harold. She did not see him till she had finished the last verse, and then he stood so close to her he could have touched her, and his solemn dark eyes burned so strangely into her face that she shrank away from him in awe and terror. She knew him—no one else but the minister's son could be so handsome and so refined of feature.

"You're that voice, Miss," one of the men called out.

"That's right," replied the others in chorus.

The girl was abashed, but the belief that she was leading these sinners to a merciful Saviour exalted her and she sang again. Harold crept as near as he could—so near he could see her large gray eyes, into which the light fell as into a mountain lake. Every man there perceived the girl's divine purity of purpose. She was stainless as a summer cloud—a passionless, serene child, with the religious impulse strong within her. She could not have been more than seventeen years of age, and yet so dignified and composed was her attitude she seemed a mature woman. She was not large, but she was by no means slight, and though colorless, her pallor was not that of ill health.

Her body resembled that of a sturdy child, straight in the back, wide in the waist and meagre of bosom.

Her voice and her eyes subdued the beast in the men. An indefinable personal quality ran through her utterance, a sadness, a sympathy and an intuitive comprehension of the sin of the world unusual in one so young. She had been carefully reared—that was evident in every gesture and utterance. Her dress was a studiously plain, gray gown, not without a little girlish ornament at the neck and bosom. Every detail of her lovely personality entered Harold's mind and remained there. He had hardly reached the analytic stage in matters of this kind, but he knew very well that this girl was like her song; she could die but never deceive. He wondered what her first name could be: no girl like that would be called "Dot" or "Cad." It ought to be Lily or Marguerite. He was glad to hear one of the girls call her Mary.

He gazed at her almost without ceasing, but as the other convicts did the same he was not observably devoted, and whenever she raised her big, clear eyes toward him, both shrank, he from a sense of unworthiness, she from the instinctive fear of men which a young girl of her type has deep planted within her. She studied him shyly when she dared, and after the first song sang only for him. She prayed for him when the hand knelt on the stone floor, and at night in her room she plead for him before God.

The boy was smitten with a sudden sense of his crime, not in the way of a repentant sinner, but as one who loves a sweet and gentle woman. All that his father's preaching and precept and example could not do, all that the judge, jury and prison could not do, this slip of a girl did with a glance of her big gray eyes and the tremor of her voice in song. All his misdeeds arose up suddenly as a wall between him and the girl singer. His hard heart melted. The ugly lines went out of his face and it grew boyish once more, but sadder than ever.

His was not a nature to rest inactive. He poured out a hundred questions to Jack who could not answer half a dozen of them.

"Who is she? How old is she? Where does she live? Do you know her? Is she a good scholar? Does she go to church? Does she go to parties? Does she dance?"

Jack replied as well as he was able. "She's a queer kind of a girl. She don't dance or go to parties at all. She's an awful fine scholar. She sings in the choir. Most of the boys are afraid to speak to her, she's so distant. She just says "Yes," or "No," when you ask her anything. She's religious—goes to prayer-meeting and Sunday-school. About a dozen boys go to prayer-meeting just because she goes and sings. Her folks live in Waverly, but she boards with her aunt, Mrs. Brown. Now, that's all I can tell you about her. She's in some of my classes, but I daresent talk to her."

"Jack, she's the best and grandest girl I ever saw. I'm going to write to her."

Jack replied: "I wish you was out of here, old man."

Harold became suddenly optimistic. "Never you mind, Jack. It won't be long till I am. I'm going to write to her to-day. You get a pencil and paper for me quick."

Jack's admiration of Harold was too great to admit of any question of his design. He would have said no one else was worthy to tie Mary's shoe, for he, too, worshiped her—but afar off. He was one of those whom women recognize only as gentle and useful beings, plain and unobtrusive.

He brought the pad and pencil and sat by while the letter was written.

Harold's was not a nature of fine-drawn distinctions; he wrote as he fought, swift and determined, and the letter was soon finished, and read and approved by Jack.

"Now, don't you let anybody see you give that to her," Harold said in parting.

"Trust me," Jack stanchly replied, and both felt that here was business of greatest importance. Jack proceeded at once to walk on the street which led past Mary's boarding-place and hung about the corner, in the hope of meeting Mary on her return from school. He knew very exactly her hours of recitation and at last she came, her arms filled with books, moving with such stately step she seemed a woman, tall and sedate. She perceived Jack waiting, but was not alarmed, for she comprehended something of his goodness and timidity.

He took off his cap with awkward formality. "Miss Yardwell, may I speak with you a moment?"

"Certainly, Mr. Burns," she replied, quite as formally as he.

He fell into step with her and walked on.

"You know—my chum—" he began, breathing hard, "my chum, Harry Excell, is in jail. You see, he had a fight with a great big chap, Clint Slocum, and Clint struck Harry with a whip. Of course Harry couldn't stand that and he cut Clint with his knife; of course he had to do it, for you see Clint was big as two of him and he'd just badgered the life out of Harry for a month, and so they jugged Harry, and he's there—in jail—and I suppose you've seen him; he's a fine-lookin' chap, dark hair, well built. He's a dandy ball player and skates bully; I wish you could see him shoot. We're going out West together when he gets out of jail. Well, he saw you and he liked you, and he wrote you a letter and wanted me to hand it to you when no one was looking. Here it is; hide it, quick."

She took the letter, mechanically moved to do so by his imperative voice and action, and slipped it into her Algebra. When she turned to speak, Jack was gone, and she walked on, flushed with excitement, her breath shortened and quickened. She had a fair share of woman's love of romance and of letters, and she hurried a little in order that she might the sooner read the message of the dark-eyed, pale boy in the jail.

It was well she did not meet Mrs. Brown as she entered, for the limpid gray of her eyes was clouded with emotion. She climbed the stairs to her room and quickly opened the note. It began abruptly:

"*Dear Friend:* It is mighty good of you to come and sing to us poor fellows in jail. I hope you'll come every Sunday. I like you. You are the best girl I ever saw. I like you and

He took off his cap with awkward formality



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I don't want you to think I'm a hard case. I used up Clint Slocum because I had to. He had bectored me about enough. He said some mean things about me and some one else, and I soaked him once with my fist. He struck me with the whip and dowsed me, then a kind of a cloud came into my mind and I guess I soaked him with my knife, too. Anyhow, they jugged me for it.

"Well, now I'm in here and I'm sorry, because I don't want you to think I'm a tough. I've done a whole lot of things I had not ought to have done, but I never meant to do any one any harm.

"Now, I'm going West when I get out. I'm going into the cattle business on the great plains, and I'm going to be a rich man and then I'm going to come back. I hope you won't get married before that time for I'll have something to say to you. If you run across any pictures of the mountains or the plains I wisht you'd send them on to me. Next to you I like the life in the plains better than anything.

"I hope you'll come every Sunday till I get out.

"Yours respec'fly,

"HAROLD EXCELL.

"Jack will give this to you. Jack is my chum; I'd trust him with my life. He's all wool."

The girl sat a long time with the letter in her hand. She was but a child, after all, and the lad's words alarmed and burdened her, for the meaning of the letter was plain. It was a message of love and admiration, and though it contained no subtleties, it came from one who was in jail, and she had been taught to regard people in jail as lost souls, aliens with whom it was dangerous to hold any intercourse, save in prayer and Scripture. The handsome boy with the sad face had appealed to her very deeply and she bore him in her thoughts a great deal, but now he came in a new guise—as a lover, bold, outspoken and persuasive.

"What shall I do? Shall I tell Aunt Lida?" she asked herself, and ended by kneeling down and praying to Jesus to give the young man a new heart.

In this fashion the courtship went on. No one knew of it but Jack, for Mary could not bring herself to confide in any one, not even her mother, it all seemed too strange and beautiful. It was God's grace working through her, and her devoutness was not without its human mixture of girlish pride and exaltation. She worshiped him in her natural moments, and in her moments of religious fervor she prayed for him with impersonal anguish as for a lost soul. She did not consider him a criminal, but she thought him godless and rebellious toward his Saviour.

She wrote him quaint, formal little notes, which began abruptly, "My Friend." They contained much matter which was hortatory, but at times she became girlish and very charming. Gradually she dropped the tone which she had caught from revivalists and wrote of her studies and of the doings of each member of the class, and all other subjects which a young girl finds valuable material of conversation. She was just becoming acquainted with Victor Hugo and his resounding, antithetic phrases, and his humanitarian outcries filled her mind with commotion. Her heart swelled high with resolution to do something, to help the world in general and Harold in particular.

She was not one in whom passion ruled, the intellectual dominated the passional in her, and, besides, she was only a child. She was by no means as mature as Harold, although about the same age. Naturally reverent, she had been raised in a family where religious observances never remitted; where grace was always spoken. In this home her looks were seldom alluded to in any way and vanity was not in her. She had her lovelinesses: her hair was long and fair, her eyes were beautiful and her skin was of exquisite purity, like her eyes. Her charm lay in her modesty and quaint dignity, her grave and gentle gaze and in her glorious voice.

The Reverend Excell was pleased to hear that his son was bearing confinement very well and made another effort to see him. Simply because Mary wished it, Harold consented to see his father, and they held a long conversation, at least the father talked and the boy listened. In effect, the minister said:

"My son, I have forfeited your good will—that I know—but I think you do me an injustice. I know you think I am a liar and a hypocrite because you have seen me in rages and because I have profaned God in your presence. My boy, let me tell you, in every man there are two natures. When one is uppermost, actions impossible to the other nature become easy. You will know this, you should know it now, for in you there is the same murderous madman that is in me. You must fight him down. I love you, my son," he said, and his voice was deep and tremulous, "and it hurts me to have you stand aloof from me. I have tried to do my duty. I have almost succeeded in putting my worst self under my feet, and I think if you were to come to understand me you would not be so hard toward me. It is not a little thing to me that you, my only son, turn your face away from me. On the day of your trial I thought we came nearer to an understanding than in many years."

Harold felt the justice of his father's plea and his heart swelled with emotion, but something arose up between his heart and his lips and he remained silent.

Mr. Excell bent his great, handsome head and plead as a lover pleads, but the pale lad, with bitter and sullen mien, listened in silence. At last the father ended; there was a pause.

"I want you to come home when your term ends," he said; "will you promise that?"

Harold said, "No, I can't do that. I'm going out West."



"Will you come for a single day?"

"I shall not prevent you, my son, but I want you to come and take your place at the table just once. There is a special reason for this. Will you come for a single day?"

Harold forced himself to answer, "Yes."

Mr. Excell raised his head.

"Let us shake hands over your promise, my boy."

Harold arose and they shook hands. The father's eyes were wet with tears. "I can't afford to forfeit your good opinion," Mr. Excell went on, "especially now when you are leaving me, perhaps forever. I think you are right in going. There is no chance for you here; perhaps out there in the great West you may get a start. Of my shortcomings as a father you know, and I suppose you can never love me as a son should, but I think you will see some day that I am not a hypocrite, and that I failed as a father more through neglect and passion than through any deliberate injustice."

The boy struggled for words to express himself; at last he burst forth: "I don't blame you at all, only let me go where I can do something worth while."

The minister dropped his son's hand and a look of the deepest sadness came over his face. He had failed—Harold was farther away from him than ever. He turned and went out without another word.

That he had hurt his father Harold knew, but in exactly what other way he could have acted he could not tell. The over-anxiety on the father's part irritated the boy. Had he been less morbid, less self-accusing, he would have won. Harold passionately loved strength and decision, especially in a big man like his father, who looked like a soldier and a man of action, and who ought not to cry like a woman. If only he would act all the time as he did when he threw the Sheriff across the walk that day on the street. "I wish he'd stop preaching and go to work at something else," he said to Jack. The psychology of the father's attitude toward him was incomprehensible. He could get along very well without a father; why could not his father get along without him? He hated all this fuss, anyway. It only made him feel sorry and perplexed and he wished sincerely that his father would let him alone.

Jack brought a letter from Mary which troubled him.

"I am going home in March, a week before the term ends. Mother isn't very well and just as soon as I can I must go. If I do, you must not forget me."

Of course he wrote in reply, saying:

"Don't you go till I see you. You must come in and see me. Can't you come in when Jack does? He knows all about us; COME SURE. I can't go without a good-by kiss. Don't you go back on me now. Come."

"I'm afraid to come," she replied; "people would find out everything and talk. Besides, you mustn't kiss me. We are not regularly engaged, and so it would not be right."

"We'll be engaged in about two minutes if you'll meet me with Jack," he replied. "You're the best girl in the world and I'm going to marry you when I get rich enough to come back and build you a house to be in; I'm going out where the cattle are thick as grasshoppers, and I'm going to be a cattle king, and then you can be a cattle queen and ride around with me on our ranch, that's what they call a farm out there. Now, you're my girl and you must wait for me to come back. Don't you get impatient; sometimes a chap has a hard time just to get a start, after that it's easy. Jack will go with me; he will be my friend and share everything.

"Now you come and call me sweetheart and I'll call you angel, for that's what you are. Get to be a great singer, and go about the country singing to make men like me good; you can do it, only don't let them fall in love with you; they do that too, just the way I did, but don't let 'em do it for you are mine. You're my sweetheart.

"From your sweetheart,

"HARRY EXCELL, Cattle King."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Turned Down the Mayor

WHEN Colonel William L. Strong was Mayor of the city of New York he received a call one day from a lot of bright-eyed little boys from the vacation schools of the East Side. They were of foreign birth and parentage, but were so intense in their patriotism they won the Mayor's heart.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" asked the Mayor.

The chairman of the committee replied: "Mr. Mayor, we have great pleasure in informing you that we represent the School City of the Norfolk Street School of the metropolis. We come within your jurisdiction, and look up to you as our superior authority. We have conferred the freedom of our city upon you, and would esteem it a high honor if you would favor us with an official visit."

Colonel Strong thought a moment and responded: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your invitation. If it meets with your approval I will be down in half an hour."

The committee, overwhelmed with the prompt acceptance, bowed, fell over one another in shaking hands with the executive, and then ran at full speed for the school. They worked very hard and had the School City in full operation by the time Colonel Strong reached it in his carriage. To their surprise the visitor knew apparently as much about it as they did. He called up the police force and also the mimic fire and street-cleaning departments. He was pleased with everything he saw, and when the display was over he told the children how he felt. They applauded him to the echo.

"What would you do if you were real citizens?" he asked. "Would you reelect me Mayor?"

There was an awkward pause and then the chairman said as bravely as he could: "I'm afraid not, Mr. Mayor. It's George Klatzkie's turn next. Next year we might, though."

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The Antics of "Bobs" on the Dead Line

THE spectacle of Lord Roberts, shriveled and seventy, plunging into the smoke and struggle in South Africa and emerging with "the garter" in one hand and a dukedom in the other, is exhilarating and suggestive in view of "the dead-line-at-fifty" discussion which has been raging for months past. Roberts, as an old man, who had fought his battles and won his medals, who had all to lose and nothing to gain, stayed at home during the early weeks of the war. And younger fighters, Methuen and Buller—Buller, hailed by admiring friends a human battering ram, who would smash through the Boers to Pretoria in the good old beefy British way—set out on the search for easy glory. What they got is recent and painful history for England.

Roberts and Kitchener—the younger man was expected to do the big things—were sent out as an eleventh-hour hope. For a few weeks Kitchener's picture loomed large in the papers; then he dropped out of sight. And in the end it was Lord Roberts, twenty years past the dead line, who fought out the war and won. When he found that the Boers did not do battle according to the books, he changed his tactics to suit their little ways. "Bobs" apparently did not know that he had been as good as dead for twenty years; and at seventy he showed ability to learn, to adapt himself to conditions instead of trying to conform them to his previous standards.

It is futile to lay down general laws; folly to apply them to individuals. Yet the dead-line-at-fifty heresy has been accepted as gospel by so many people that it is worth following up, with "Bobs" as a beacon. Undoubtedly there is a dead line. Some men have already passed it at thirty; others never reach it till they follow a clergyman feet first out of church. But every man has crossed it when he feels that he knows his business and can rest on his knowledge.

A young business man is naturally in touch with the new methods that revolutionize trade every few years in these rapid times; but the older one who keeps up with them is his equal and his superior by the weight of his added experience. For the professional man whose study lamp still burns, fifty is but a milestone on the road to greater power. And for him there is always something to be won and a new way to win it if the old one will not do. At seventy he is learning and planning and executing. He is climbing trees, like General Wheeler, to see what the enemy is up to; or drumming up wheat, like Mr. Armour, to freeze out the other youngster; or planning a great Home Rule program like that lively octogenarian, the late Mr. Gladstone. It's what a man is learning and doing, not what he knows and has done, that makes for youth and success. The ability to see new conditions and to meet them is the secret of youth's power in the world to-day. And so long as a man has that ability, the years count for nothing. You can draw a dead line behind him, but you can't catch and push him over it.

It is easy to dream big things in a hammock.

The Bad Spending of Good Money

THE immense growth of wealth in America during the last forty years has changed the standard of living for all classes to an extent which only close observers can measure. It is understating the facts to say that any workman can buy twice as much of any kind of necessary or comfort by the outlay of a day's wages as he could in the years before the Civil War. All classes have changed in as great a measure as this.

This increase is most visible, of course, in the accumulated wealth of the rich, and the impression is thus created that "the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer" as time goes on. But so long as but seven per cent. of the wealth of the nation is in the hands of the millionaires, and ninety-three per cent. is owned by the rest of us, we can observe their accumulation of fortunes with complacency. For are they not our servants after all is said? Is it not for us that their money for the most part has to be spent in earning profits and interest in supplying us with what we need and will pay for? No rich man can spend on himself more than a limited amount of a large fortune. The rest goes to procure for us things we should never have obtained if there were not some among us who have the power of accumulation.

Our rich people are generally of the class who have come by their wealth suddenly and have not yet acquired the art of using it gracefully. Some of them seem intent on the experiment of spending as much as possible, and in the most ostentatious way. It is this that has raised among us once more the question whether luxury is not morally wrong. The old economists defended it by the plea that it gave employment to the laboring classes, but later economists are obliged by Ruskin to ask whether the employment is worthy of human beings. And it certainly is not true that the employment is proportional to the outlay of wealth. Neither is it an answer that most of the definitions of luxury are arbitrary, and that what seems such in one age becomes a necessity in the next. The conception is one which corresponds to a moral actuality, and challenges more accurate definition.

The first element of the conception is that it is an outlay beyond the pleasure or other worthy satisfaction obtained. When a man lights his pipe with a five-dollar note, that is luxury, since he is wasting a form of power in accomplishing but a fraction of what it is capable of, and we infer that the element of ostentation enters into the act. He wants to impress us with the fact that he can throw away money if he pleases. And much of our reprehensible spending is of this sort, being intended to show what we can afford.

A second element in wrongful spending is that it is meant to obtain for us a pleasure we should be better without. Right spending can never be for what we value because others cannot have it as well as we. What we heartily wish all the world could enjoy with us, we may heartily enjoy, even although it be not possible for us to share it with all the world. What gives us enjoyment because it is the privilege of wealth, or culture, or of descent from eminent people, brings with it moral injury so long as we think of it as a personal monopoly and valuable as such. True enjoyment is like God's, in that it keeps open hand and open heart for all, and seeks no higher happiness than in sharing what we have with all we can help. —ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

Hold fast and hold to the last is good advice, but do not try it with firecrackers.

Mixing Business and Sentiment

A CURRENT piece of gratuitous advice against "mixing business and sentiment" is of great importance to us just now, and the necessity is hard upon us to discriminate wisely. What is business and what is sentiment? Probably the quality of one's moral nature has a large influence upon the color given to any proposed policy or act. The bias of training, the force of local environment, personal interest and the draft upon conscience caused by all sorts of special circumstance combine to overcome what may be called the demand of practical duty. Safe, wholesome sentiment is quite a different thing from sentimentality. Sound business principle is not equivalent to an unscrupulous theory of trade and commerce.

The American people at this moment are feeling the urgent need of honesty with themselves in making the rearrangement of their business relations with the world, enforced by a sudden and stupendous change of conditions. It is too late to deny that the change has come. The wrangles of political parties, no matter how they may be settled by the ballot, cannot eliminate the fact that, as a nation, we have entered the world's field of business.

The question is not, shall we do business? That is not open for consideration. We are going to do business, and a mighty volume of it. No mind can comprehend the magnitude of our trade in the near future. But how far shall mere sentiment control or modify this tremendous current of activity which is setting forth in every direction from our country? Is there any special reason why our new trade channels shall be dammed or choked by obstacles and restrictions different from those heretofore tolerated in narrower streams of opportunity? Is commerce any more a matter of sentiment because it is widening and deepening with a sudden access of volume? Is trade with the Orient or the tropics any more a matter of conscience than trade with England, France and Germany? Shall we take a flabby or maudlin estimate of our national character because we suddenly arrive at a broadening of our national influence, power, prestige, dominion? This is not a partizan question; it is a question as broad as the world; it involves what no Presidential campaign can break up into "issues" and settle by election.

Unwise and demagogical discussion on the rostrum and appeals to romantic sentiment from the stump may weaken the national unity of judgment and so enfeeble the national grasp upon opportunity that we may lose a large part of that volume of business which is our just premium, won by as fair and clean means as any nation ever used in readjusting its relations with the world. A lofty sense of national honor is indispensable. A strong hold upon justice, purity and fairness must be had in all our transactions; but it will be a sorrowful day for us when we permit a romantic tradition and a diluted whey of sentiment to take the place of steadfast courage and unhesitating business enterprise in making the very most of the opportunities for national prosperity opened up by our recent splendid achievements in war and diplomacy. There is no reason for doubting our national honor merely because we are entering upon a new and grand era of development. The only sentiments which should be mixed with business should be those that have always governed safe, honorable and successful enterprises.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Most people complain because the summer hotel man is not a philanthropist.

Steering the Ship of State

ON ANY issue which absorbs public attention, what is white with one party is black with the other, and what one extols as noble statesmanship exhibiting high moral aims the other denounces as a base surrender of constitutional principles, portending the overthrow of the liberties of the people. Politics seems to be a tug of war over the helm of the ship of state, giving occasion for perpetual alarm lest wild steering may cause a wreck. But the situation is not so dangerous as it appears to be.

History shows that changes in party control of the government do not produce alterations of public policy commensurate with the wide differences between parties in their views of national affairs. On the contrary, there is a general resemblance in the tendencies of the administration and in the course of the opposition no matter which parties occupy those positions respectively. At times it almost seems as if parties had accomplished a complete turn-about, each standing where the other used to stand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon is that performance and criticism are very different. The one is difficult, the other is easy. The one has to do with facts, which are stubborn; the other has to do with opinion, which is pliant. So when a party passes from opposition to administration it is confronted with conditions, and in the long run its conduct is moulded by those conditions into general conformity with the policy which the opposing party had pursued under similar circumstances. A marked instance of this is the way in which the old Jeffersonian party gradually developed a policy which could not be distinguished from the old Federalism save by fine distinctions. In a letter under date of May 22, 1823, Madison said:

"It is true that under a great change of foreign circumstances, and with a doubled population and more than doubled resources, the Republican party has been reconciled to certain measures and arrangements which may be as proper now as they were premature and suspicious when they were urged by the champions of Federalism."

Every party which rises to power goes through a similar experience and soon finds that circumstances alter cases. Our politics provide their own antidote for the bane of partizanship. The general course of political development is determined by influences far deeper than the ideas and opinions of politicians. The political storms which wreck the fortunes of candidates and party leaders are like the strife of the waves. In the depths move the great ocean currents unaffected by the commotion on the surface.

—HENRY JONES FORD.

Some men who think they are patriots are only partizans.

Uncle Sam Patriot or Pirate?

A CELEBRATION divided against itself cannot be a chorus. We have already had several Presidential conventions saying different things about the meaning of the American brand of Liberty, and we are about to have another which promises to denounce things in general. Next Wednesday there will be orators on one side of the town exploiting the glories of Expansion, and there will be just as much eloquence on the other side picturing in lurid colors the dangers of Imperialism. Some will want the flag to float from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, from Greenland's icy mountains to Afric's coral strands, while others will demand that it cling to its old pole, and wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave, which district extends from the uttermost wildernesses of Maine, where, excepting summer boarders, "the hand of man has never set his foot," to where the Sierra Nevadas wash their golden toes in the pearly waves of the sunset sea. As for Uncle Sam, he will not be able to tell whether he is a patriot, a pirate or simply a politician.

Possibly the best plan, after all, will be the old one. If it doesn't rain assemble in the public square, sing My Country, 'Tis of Thee, get the village elocutionist to read the Declaration of Independence, and then after waking up sing The Star-Spangled Banner and disperse to the brow of the hill to watch the amateur artillerist shoot off the ancient cannon. Then lead him to the doctor and go home to dinner, driving afterward to the field to see the games, and getting all the delight you can when the umpire is mobbed. That may be better than quarreling over new-fangled problems, even if the innocent spectator does have his doubts about it.

—WEBSTER WALLACE.

Remember, please, that the best Fourth of July speech ever made was less than ten minutes long.

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Americans *in* Paris

A NUMBER of young Americans have written to me from Indiana and Wisconsin, from the South and the far West, asking a dozen and one questions about the Exposition. One young school teacher wants to know whether he can come to Paris, learn French, see the Exposition and live—all on a sum that would hardly suffice for a month's stay at Long Branch. A Philadelphia boy of nineteen writes that he has saved up enough for the trip, and wants me to find him a room in the Latin Quarter, where he can live economically. Two Western farmers are anxious to secure comfortable quarters in a farmhouse, not too far from Paris. A woman asks whether she can pay her expenses here by "keeping boarders." I have tried to answer these questions as best I can, but there is evidently room for a general statement of just what can and cannot be done in this city of the world's delight.

In the first place, then, it is impossible for one who does not know French and is not used to foreign travel to live cheaply in Paris. The average visitor would do best to go to one of the twenty tourists' agencies and arrange for his entire trip—steamship, railway, hotel, Exposition tickets and all—before he leaves America. He will be well enough taken care of, and in addition will know exactly what he has to spend. At the most imposing of these "agency" hotels the charges range from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week, including guides, interpreters, carriages and admission tickets to the Exposition. At the smaller hotels and pensions good board may be secured for fifteen and twenty dollars a week. Later in the season prices will be probably much higher. In any case, the stranger who does not know his way about will find it difficult to unearth just what he wants, and will save both time and money by putting himself in the hands of reliable professional agents. In the second place there is almost nothing for the American to do in Paris. The city swarms with American typewriters, clerks, interpreters, guides, governesses—all of whom were led hither by the ambition to see the Exposition and pay for it in work. I might sum it all up by saying: "Don't come to Paris without money, and, unless you are expert in travel, do not try to 'play it off your own bat.'"

Private Block Stops the Gap

The United States Pavilion, all white and gold, stands on the left bank of the Seine in the Street of Nations. May 12, not quite a month after the opening of the Exposition, it was "inaugurated," officially if not formally. Invitations had been sent out to the chosen few of the American colony, but at the last moment Commissioner Peck was swept away by a good democratic impulse, and invited, through the newspapers, all Americans in Paris to come to the fête. And they came. They came in thousands. It was an army—a laughing, pushing, thronging, cheering army of Americans. They swarmed into the building like homing bees. They blocked the Street of Nations. Paris had never seen anything quite like that before. It was a political convention and a first night at the opera rolled into one. The French police drew back helpless and amazed. The fifty college boys who made up "Peck's Guards" were left in charge of things. They did their best, but it was a forlorn hope. The American girl in her thousands swept down on them, routed them, captured the pavilion and looted the lunch-counter long before the chosen few with tickets of invitation arrived. The young guardsmen made up their minds that something must be done; they decided that they would admit no one else. Outside, a crowd of thousands swarmed around the entrances. They begged and threatened, but the young Horatii were like adamant.

I, too, wanted to get in; it was not so much the sandwiches and lemonade—though a sandwich eaten is always a sandwich to the good—as it was that one always wants to go in when he is told to stay out. At last I thought of the basement door. Down there the crowd was not quite so dense, and I elbowed my way to the front. The young guardsman said "Hello!" and I shook hands. The last time I saw him he was the manager of three theatrical companies in New York; his name, then as now, was Block.

"I'll let you in," he said, "though it's against orders. And I say, I wish you'd tell this duffer that he can't come in—tickets don't go. He's the most persistent chap I ever saw, and I can't make him understand plain United States."

I looked at the angry but dignified little man whom Private Block was keeping out.

"I think you had better let him in," I suggested; "they are probably waiting for him in there."

He was M. Caillaux, the French Minister of Finance. Private Block consented to let him pass.

You know the old story—once a faithful sentinel stopped Napoleon, and the Emperor, pleased with the dutiful man, made him a Captain; but Private Block's promotion has not yet been announced.

An Exchange of Friendly Greetings

In the basement are a restaurant and a café of the New York type, uninteresting for the moment; you make your way up a short pair of stairs into the huge domed hall; you are just in time, for Commissioner Peck is making a speech. He says that the Exposition is a fête of peace and that it will strengthen the fraternity of nations. As Mr. Peck speaks in English you understand every word he says, but probably M. Picard, to whom he is speaking, does not. However, he winds up his speech in French, saying: "*Vive le commissaire général Picard! Vive l'Exposition universelle de 1900! Vive la France!*"

And that we all understood. Then M. Picard, who had been given a gold key, with a medallion of the building in relief, retorted in his own language. He said the Exposition was a fête of concord and would bind the nations closer in brotherhood. In conclusion he cried: "*Vivent les États Unis! Vive Monsieur MacKinley! Vive Monsieur Peck!*"

The ceremony was over; the sandwiches were eaten; we went away.

Our Model Post-Office in Paris

Architecturally the United States building is rather disappointing. It is high-shouldered and narrow, and the huge dome that tops it gives it somewhat the air of a small boy with his grandfather's hat on. Inside, however, it is admirable. It has the comfort of a well-appointed club. There are writing-rooms, smoking-rooms, parlors—in a word, everything that will serve to make the pavilion a home for the Americans exiled in Paris. There is even that last fine flower of civilization, an American bootblack. Only three of the States have private reception-rooms—Massachusetts, California and New York; they are in the second gallery.

The pavilion is, as I have intimated, just what it should be, a fragment of home set down here on the left bank of the Seine. It is a general rendezvous where every one may meet every one else. After you have had your boots blacked by the white-toothed darky in the basement, you may stroll up to your own pet clubroom and write letters, and then post them in a bona fide United States post-office. This is something new in its way. Indeed, Postmaster-General Smith has set the official world agog. If M. Mougeot, his French confrère, is right, no Government ever before established a branch post-office in a foreign country. This office is in charge of Mr. L. P. Moore, of Washington, who brought with him a detail of seven men and all the newest things in postal equipment. The office is run exactly as the post-office in your own city. You may register letters, dispatch money-orders or transmit any other postal business. More important still, you may receive your letters there. Any one who has traveled much knows how ill-equipped the banks and agencies are for classing and forwarding letters, especially in years of crowded travel; but in that Uncle Sam is expert. So if you have a friend in Paris whom you want to reach, or if you want to give an address to those you leave behind you, you can't do better than:

JOHN SO AND SO, Esq.
Post-Office
United States Pavilion
Paris, France

Mr. Moore brought with him four canceling machines, one of them capable of canceling 60,000 stamps an hour, and the others nearly as many. The French postal officials have buzzed like flies about these machines, for in France stamps are still canceled by hand. If you look in any post-office window you will see a little bearded man, smoking a cigarette, and working leisurely away with a rubber hand-stamp. The good example set by these Yankee machines will change all that within a year.

Mr. Sousa's Story of His Father

Sousa's band is here breeding homesickness in the colony and fascinating the Parisians. There is nothing quite so good in Paris; indeed, there is nothing quite so good anywhere. And the march king's music has got into the heads and hearts of the people—Gavroche and his fellow-gamins march the streets whistling El Capitan.

I had seen Mr. Sousa on his pedestal—dressed in gold-braided uniform and waving a baton—any number of times, but he is quite as interesting, I assure you, when he lounges in an easy chair behind a good cigar. There were thirty or forty exiles gathered in Henry Mayer's studio. Mr. Sousa and I smoked in a corner. Mr. Sousa comes naturally by his liking for cozy corners.

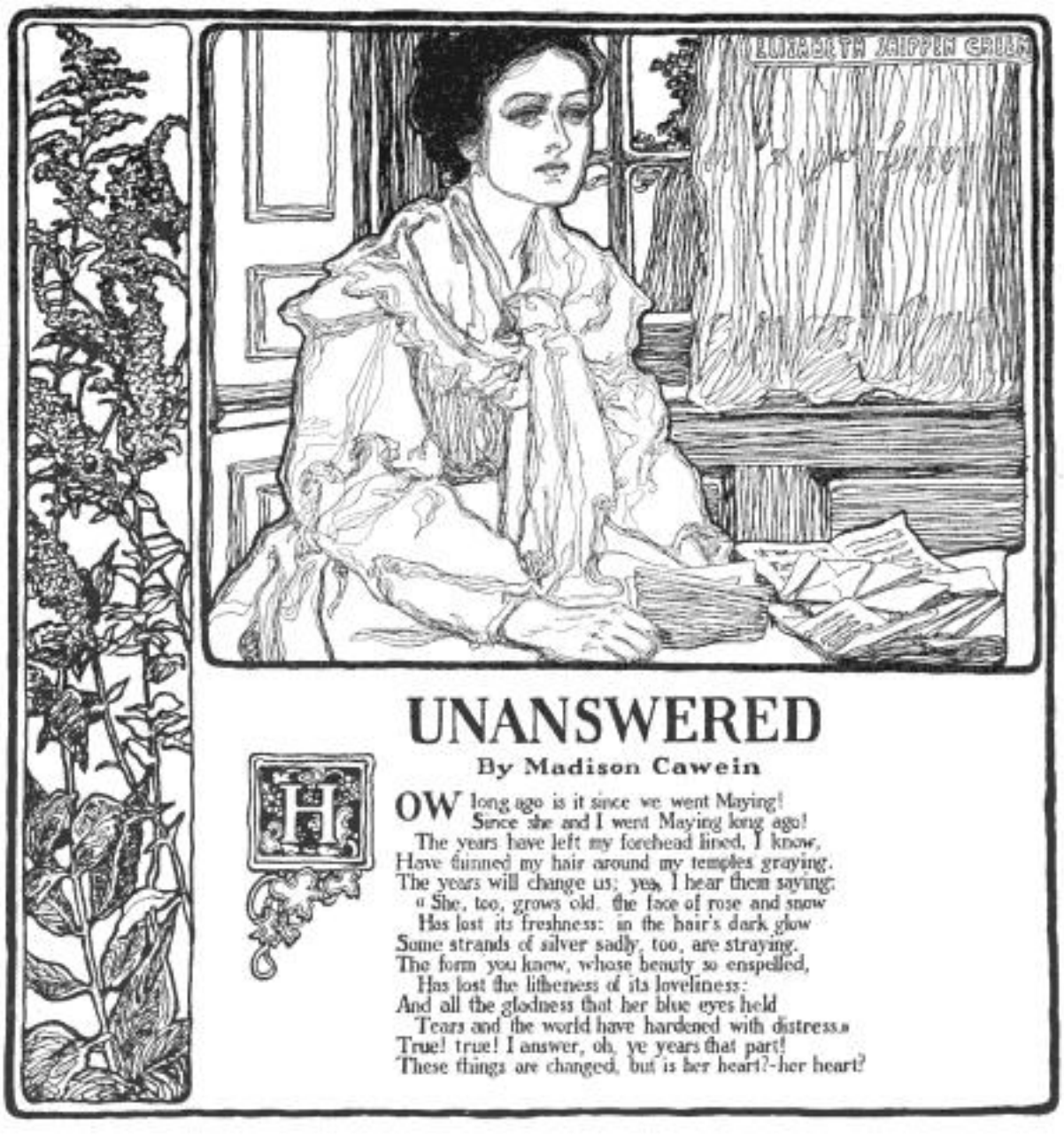
"My dear old father was a music teacher," Mr. Sousa explains. "I really believe he was about the worst musician I ever knew, and I've known a great many. And then he had a remarkably firm objection to work. Father used to come down to breakfast about midday. After the meal he would light a cigar and lie down in an easy chair.

"'Tony, Tony!' mother would say, 'don't you know you have three lessons to give to-day?'

"Father would get up, stretch himself—he was a big man—and go over and kiss mother.

"'Tut, tut, dear,' he would say, 'the day was made for rest and the night for sleep'—and he would go upstairs to bed again."

—VANCE THOMPSON.



UNANSWERED

By Madison Cawein

HOW long ago is it since we went Maying!
Since she and I went Maying long ago!
The years have left my forehead lined, I know,
Have tinned my hair around my temples graying.
The years will change us: yes, I hear them saying:
"She, too, grows old. the face of rose and snow
Has lost its freshness: in the hair's dark glow
Some strands of silver sadly, too, are straying.
The form you know, whose beauty so enspelled,
Has lost the litheness of its loveliness:
And all the gladness that her blue eyes held
Tears and the world have hardened with distress."
True! true! I answer, oh, ye years that part!
These things are changed, but is her heart?-her heart?

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Great George's Work

By John Habberton



MIDDLEWAY was one of the best-protected towns within the Union lines down South in the spring of 1865. The two infantry regiments, the cavalry battalion and the single light battery which collectively formed the garrison of the post were encamped at the right, left and rear of the town limits. All scouting parties, as well as the daily details of pickets and videttes, went to the front by roads which did not pass through the town, and, to prevent any cause of complaint by the natives against the troops, there was quartered within the town itself a provost guard of twenty men that kept soldiers from entering. The defensive lines of the post, determined by the lay of the land, were at the rear of the town, and occasionally the outposts were forced back to them, but both armies avoided fighting in the streets, for Middleway contained some historic buildings of the Revolutionary period, as well as a Masonic lodge-room in which Washington himself had occasionally appeared.

The precautions were greatly to the liking of the men of the town, all of whom were too old to be in the Southern army, but to two large and well-meaning though restless classes the careful seclusion of the place was unspeakably obnoxious. One of these classes contained many of the young women of Middleway; in the other were all the young men of the two infantry regiments, the cavalry battalion and the battery; in other words, about three-fourths of the entire garrison of the post. The young women hated the Yankee uniform and all that it typified, but they did sometimes long for society that did not consist wholly of a single sex. Occasionally a brother or sweetheart or cousin got out of the Confederate lines and into the town under cover of darkness, and great was some young woman's joy for a day or two, but the provost guard had acquired so many spies among the colored people that such visits became risky and infrequent.

Surely, reasoned some of the young women, it would not be disloyal or otherwise dreadful for a family or a few girls to sometimes entertain a few of the invaders who were gentlemen, if such there were. Besides, if the Yankees were not impervious to reason, it might not be impossible to convince some of them of the political error of their ways—if there could but be an opportunity of talking to the creatures!

True, there was the provost guard, but that organization, for some stupid reason that the young women could not imagine, was composed of staid, middle-aged men, who seemed content, in their leisure hours, to smoke, play chess, and exchange Revolutionary stories with the young women's grandfathers.

The feeling of the young men of the garrison was expressed more strongly and with great indignation. Such of the soldiers as had been reputable members of Northern society declared it an outrage that they should be kept out of the town because some men of the baser sort might plunder chicken-coops and steal exposed teaspoons. It was brutalizing for a lot of men to be herded together like so many animals, and deprived of a word with the other sex, when the means of alleviation were so near at hand. Some of them went so far as to join in a request for permission to attend Sunday services in the old church of the town, promising to go and return in a body, but their request was returned with the sad disapproval of the post commander.

"There's more than one way of doing a thing," said little Corporal Surtiss to the three men who shared with him an eight-by-ten log hut in one of the infantry camps. Surtiss had come from the West and brought with him a conviction that any man was equal to almost anything which he really wished to do; he had also earned, in the regiment, a reputation for able individual scouting and for thinking much on any subject before he talked of it. "All of us have sometimes dodged the camp-guards by daylight when we wanted to go outside for berries or nuts, or to go fishing, so why can't we do the same on a dark night, and get into the town?"

"We know where the weak spots of the camp line are," said Private Tattam, "but how about dodging the provost fiends—in the dark, too—when we reach the town?"

"It seems to me," yawned Private Roosley, who aspired to a commission and was studying not only tactics but strategy, "that before devising ways of entering the town 'twould be well to determine what we are to do when fairly in. None of us knows one house or family from another."

"Now, listen!" said Surtiss. "I confess that I've been engineering this job for some time. In fact, I've already scraped acquaintance, in a roundabout way, with some people whom I'm sure we shall like."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Walterson with a look that was almost reverential. "How did you manage it?"

"Through a darky—one of the women who have permits to visit camp to sell pies and cakes and things. Every colored person adores some white person of the same sex—'tis a well-known trait of the darkies."

"That's true. Go on."

"I asked one of the colored women, some time ago, if there weren't any real nice, clever Middleway girls who liked to read; I said I had several capital books, recently sent me by my mother and sisters, that I had read and would be glad to lend to any of the young people who would appreciate them. 'I'll t'ink up somebody; I will, fo' sho,' Massa,' the woman replied. She was better than her word, for in a day or two she gave me names and descriptions of four young women whom she'd approached on the subject, and who said they were simply dying for something new to read, and that there must be something good about some Yankees, after all. I sent back four books in the woman's basket. The girls were very curious as to the sort of man that sent them, so I——"

"So you sent a photograph of yourself?"

"I beg your pardon," said Surtiss with much dignity for so short a man. "I sent photographs of my sisters, as a hint that I was accustomed to the society of ladies. But I also sent one of those tintypes for which we four chaps sat together."

"Hurrah!" shouted Walterson. "Which of our several and special types of beauty impressed the ladies most favorably?"

"Well, they sent word that they wished all four of us might be put on the provost guard, so that they might hope for a call."

"No chance for youngsters like us to get into the provost guard," groaned Tattam.



"I sent back four books in the woman's basket"

"Not a chance," assented Surtiss. "Still, I've kept the acquaintance alive, after a fashion, by sending more reading matter, and even some good coffee, which is scarcer in the South than Union sentiment, and the upshot is that they and their parents will be glad to see us, at our convenience, and to keep the affair absolutely secret. The colored woman's husband will guide us safely past the provost fiends and to one of the houses, provided we give him timely notice and make our way to a certain tree on the outskirts of the town. I've already taken the bearings of that tree carefully and am sure I can make it in the dark, so the only questions that remain are, Who will go? and, When shall we go?"

"It must be a quick run," suggested Roosley. "We shall have to do it between retreat roll-call, at sunset, and tattoo roll-call, at 8:45—awfully countrified hours for making calls."

"Yet," said Walterson, "we must go late enough to avoid finding them at supper, so we sha'n't have more than an hour indoors."

"That's quite long enough for a first call on ladies with whom we're not yet acquainted," said Tattam. "Eh, Surtiss?"

"Quite so. Now, gentlemen, say when!"

"Let's try it day after to-morrow," said Roosley. "'Twill be the Fourth of July, and every good Virginian will be reminiscent of the great George. That will give us plenty to talk about. Besides, the camp will be lively, so we shan't be missed. As to running the guard—let's hope the night will be cloudy, for the moon will be pretty large."

For two days there was continuous inspection and repair of four limited wardrobes; handkerchiefs and white cotton gloves were washed, best shoes were polished and re-polished, white collars, purchased from the officers' goods at the sutler's shop, were carefully adjusted to military shirts, and the ladies were informed of the intended call. Soon after dusk on the appointed night, which fortunately was cloudy and dark, four men flattened themselves against the rear of an officer's hut which was near the most practicable portion of the guard-line, and awaited the second when the sentry was almost at the end of his beat; then all tiptoed swiftly through the gloom and out of eye-shot, and, led by Surtiss, hurried toward the big tree. The colored man, who was soon found, guided them across a fence, through an orchard, across another fence and through still another orchard into a long grape arbor, where he whispered:

"Dis yere's de house—ol' Jedge Prewen's house."

"There are no lights in it!" whispered Roosley suspiciously.

"Yes, dey is, Massa," replied the colored man, "but you cayn't see 'em. De winders hez got thick shutters, f'om way back in ol' times."

According to previous agreement, the four visitors stopped an instant and donned their white gloves. The colored man tapped gently at a side door under a porch. The door opened, and the four men found themselves in a large room, lighted by several candles, and in the presence of an old gentleman who looked quickly and sharply at all of them.

"Judge Prewen, I suppose?" said Surtiss.

"At your service, sir," the Judge replied, as he extended his hand.

"Thank you. My name is Surtiss. Allow me to introduce my friends—Mr. Roosley—Mr. Tattam—Mr. Walterson. We've been encouraged to believe that a call from us would not be unwelcome, and we knew of no day on which people of both sections could meet more amicably."

"Your sentiment does you honor, sir, and it honors us also. Please be seated, gentlemen."

The Judge left the room and returned in a moment or two with his wife, a slight, gentle old lady with a face that at once made all the visitors think of home. A moment later all arose again as the Judge said:

"Gentlemen, my daughters—Martha and Anna."

The visitors saw two plainly dressed but handsome young women, the older of whom was very dignified and had large, dark, searching eyes, the younger with a dimpled face and laughing eyes. Soon two other young women entered, and the men were presented to Miss Long and Miss Shenway—pretty girls both—and within five minutes the virtues of the

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immortal Washington were being praised as volubly and enthusiastically as if all present had been lifelong acquaintances. Suddenly one of the daughters whispered to the Judge, who arose and said:

"Kindly take supper with us, gentlemen."

"We had carefully planned to spare you that infliction," said Corporal Surtiss, as, by virtue of his rank, he offered his arm to the hostess.

"And we," said Miss Anna with a laugh, "planned carefully that you shouldn't miss it. We don't believe you Yankees ever tasted plum-leaf tea, or sweet-potato coffee."

On entering the dining-room the visitors vowed, each to himself, that he would cheerfully drink any decoction at such a feast, for the table was bountifully spread. There was fried chicken, and chicken salad, and ham omelette, and corn fritters, and broiled sweet potato, and two or three dishes unrecognizable by Northern eyes, besides several kinds of bread, hot and cold; and there was also a decanter from which the Judge soon filled wine-glasses which the ladies passed to the visitors while the Judge arose and said:

"Our only possible substitute for wine, gentlemen—some Virginia apple-brandy half as old as I. To the memory of Washington—the greatest Virginian and American!"

Surtiss responded by quoting from the song Red, White and Blue the lines,

"May the memory of Washington ne'er wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim,"

and the supper began anew. Dainty hands pressed dish after dish upon the guests, and soon the conversation drifted far away from Washington. Surtiss told Mrs. Prewen of his mother and sisters, and he talked literature, especially poetry, to the elder Miss Prewen, whose large, dark eyes assisted her tongue so much at replying and questioning that Surtiss thought her the most sympathetic conversationalist he had ever met. Walterson exchanged horseback-riding reminiscences with Miss Anna, Tattam and Miss Long compared the winter festivities of North and South, Roosley talked music with Miss Shenway and world-politics with the Judge, and all the young people were looking as if everything that was being said was delightful, and the Judge and his wife seemed to have grown several years younger within a few minutes, when suddenly, through a door near the foot of the table, which screened every one but the hostess, dashed two young men with long hair and gray clothes of military cut, and precipitated themselves upon Mrs. Prewen.

"Harry! Wayne!" exclaimed Miss Anna, hurrying toward them, while her sister, who had abated her dignity and become quite rosy while chatting with Surtiss, suddenly looked ashen and apprehensive, and her eyes seemed to die as they turned inquiringly toward Surtiss.

"How can you?" whispered the Corporal reproachfully. "We are soldiers, so we know our kind when we see them, but personally we are gentlemen—and your guests."

Meanwhile the intruders had turned and seen for the first time that there were blue uniforms at the table; then they looked as furtive and defiant as trapped animals.

"My sons," said the Judge, his voice betraying much agitation as he looked appealingly toward his guests, "these are Northern gentlemen to whom we are indebted for some highly valued courtesies."

"And from whom you've nothing to fear," added the elder Miss Prewen.

"In proof of which," said Surtiss, rising, "let's shake hands, gentlemen—a soldier-shake——" A ceremony in which his comrades made haste to participate, while Miss Anna set two more chairs, and one of the men in gray said to the Northern men as he touched his collar, on which was the insignia of a captain:

"On my honor as an officer and gentleman I assure you that we are within your lines for no purpose but to visit our family, and to——"

He paused; Miss Long and Miss Shenway blushed, and the younger man in gray added:

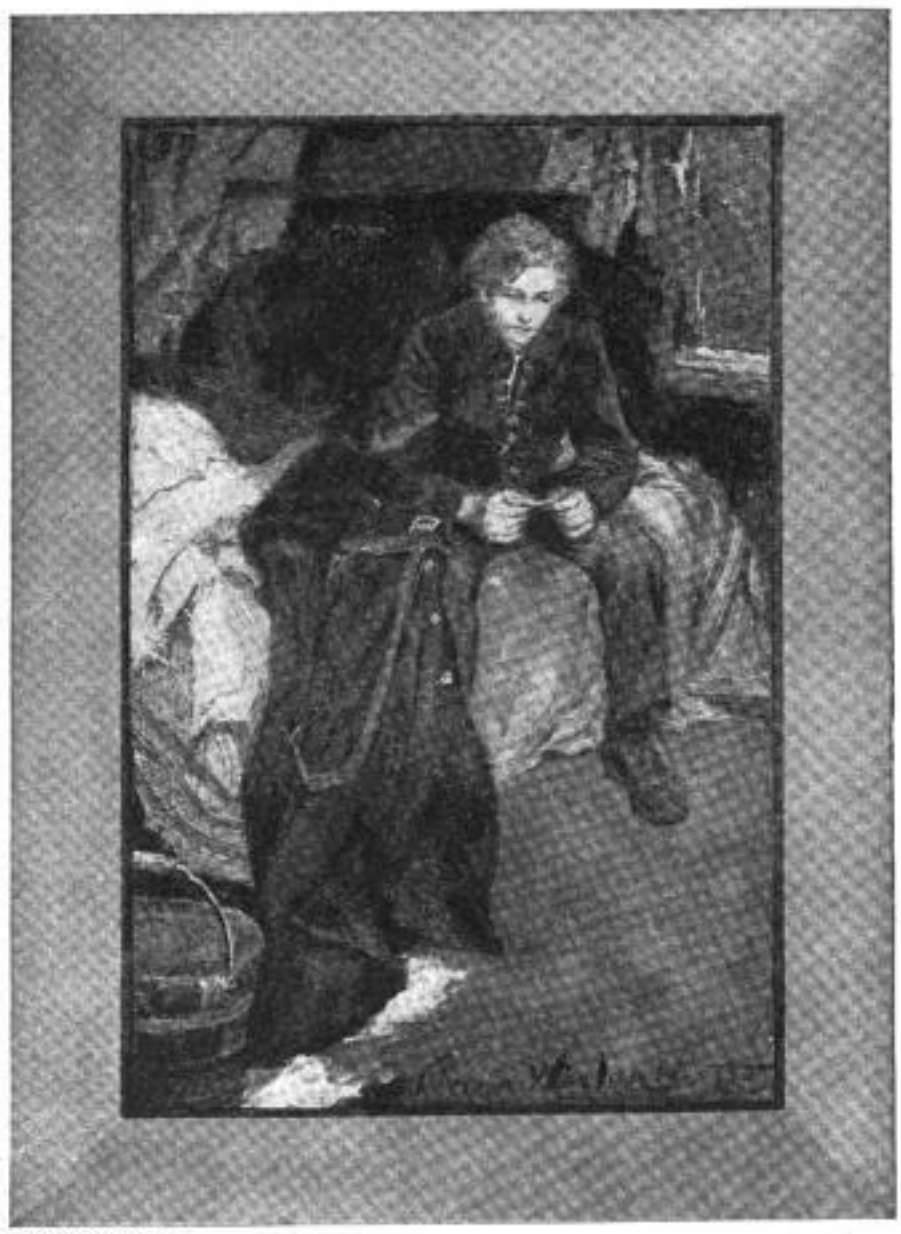
"And to see our sweethearts. There, Harry, we've made a clean breast of it. We've had to dodge our own guards and pickets as well as yours, for though we had verbal permission from our regimental commander we had no passes."

"Good!" exclaimed Roosley. "I'd cheerfully have taken similar risks, if my own dear ones were within fifty miles of our lines."

Again the supper-table engaged attention, and soon the young women were gazing in amused wonder at the spectacle of Northern and Southern soldiers chatting together as amicably as if they had not been trained to take one another's lives at any convenient opportunity. The Judge was so affected that he again filled glasses and toasted the memory of Washington. Surtiss, who under delightful tuition had begun to discover new capabilities in his own eyes, persuaded the elder Miss Prewen to add grace to the dignity of the toast by touching her lips to the edge of his glass, and had picked up a handkerchief which Miss Prewen dropped, when all were startled by three cannon-shots fired in quick succession.

"The general alarm!" exclaimed Surtiss, as he and his comrades sprang to their feet. For a few seconds there was silence and a general sense of constraint; then the cavalry bugle-call "Boots and Saddles" and the "long roll" of the infantry drums were heard.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Surtiss, "kindly pardon a hasty leave-taking. Duty is duty."



Where he soon would BITE

Within it he found another bit of paper

Persistent rapping was heard at the side door. The Judge answered it, and every one in the dining-room heard a negro's voice exclaiming:

"Fo' de Lo'd, Jedge, dem provoses is comin' to yo' house mighty soon. Dey's ben askin' some colo'd folks ef yo' boys ain' done come home."

"They've caught so many of our men!" groaned the Judge. "They know the inside of every house in the town. 'Tis their duty, I know, but—'tis awful. My sons, I don't know where you can hide and be safe."

"I do!" said Surtiss. "Come with us!"

"But how——" began the older man in gray.

"I'll tell you as we go along. There's no time to waste; we'll be missed. Judge, I suggest that you have your table cleared quickly, so as to destroy traces of visitors. If you're asked about your sons, say they've been here, but have gone, you don't know where, which will be entirely true. Ladies, I most sincerely hope that at some future time we may have——"

The elder Miss Prewen stopped him, led him aside, looked searchingly into his eyes and said:

"My brothers——"

"I've given my word, Miss Prewen, and 'tis the word of a gentleman."

"Yes, but 'tis also the word of an enemy. Even gentlemen sometimes do cruel things in war."

Surtiss took her hand and whispered:

"Look into my soul—you can do it—and you will find the truth. If you don't, then accept the word of a—of your most earnest worshiper."

The six men hurried off together and Captain Prewen whispered to Surtiss:

"We are in your hands. What are you going to do with us?"

"Take you into our camp."

The Captain stopped and exclaimed:

"So that's what the word of a gentleman—and a Yankee—amounts to!"

"Come along! Don't lose your manners—don't lose your head, either. As you're an officer you ought to know that our entire picket reserve is on the line by this time, each man with a hundred eyes in his head, and the town itself is likely to be overrun by our men in a few minutes. Our camp is the only safe place for you until the alarm is over. We'll put you under the bottom bunk of our hut until the alarm is over; there's a newspaper flap inside the window and we padlock the door when we're all out—as we shall be as soon as we get our things. There's grub and water enough to keep you alive and blankets enough to keep you warm. Understand?"

"Yes, and I apologize for suspecting you. But your guards will detect us as we go in."

"How so? There are no lights in camp, and all clothes look alike in the dark. Some sentry may fire, but we, too, must take that risk, for all of us will have to run the guard. But shots in the dark aren't likely to hit. When the row is over we'll get you out—probably tomorrow night—in the same way. Softly now, boys; we're nearing the line. I'll keep a little in advance; when I dash, all follow at the run—and on tiptoe, mind!"

The guard-line was successfully "run" and the camp was quiet; evidently the regiment had already gone out. The hut was reached and opened, and six men huddled in; some one dropped the bar of the door, Surtiss lighted a candle and said, as the two men in gray looked quickly about the hut and the other men snatched their rifles and belts:

"Make yourselves at home, gentlemen. You'll find bread and cold meat in a box on the wall, and water in a big wooden pail. Here's tobacco, if you chew—'twon't be safe to smoke. Drape the front of the lower bunk with a blanket—there are enough others to soften the boards. Stir the coals of the fireplace, if you need light; the candle won't be safe, so out it goes."

Suiting the action to the word, he hurried out with his comrades, one of whom padlocked the door, and while the men in gray hid themselves and wondered what would happen if the four should not return, Surtiss and his hut-mates, fully armed and equipped, were at the guard-house and asking which route the regiment had taken.

The alarm proved to be very like some which had preceded it; the men in the ranks wondered whether some professional thief had sneaked toward a cavalry vidette with the hope of capturing a horse and carbine to be sold to the enemy, or whether the enemy, in memory of the day, had done some patriotic but purposeless worrying of the outposts, or whether—quite probably, too—the post commander had planned a false alarm to accustom his men to quick response to sudden calls. All the troops lost a night of sleep, returned to their camps between dawn and sunrise, demanded double allowance of coffee, and gave the remainder of the morning to slumber. When Surtiss and his chums returned, the Corporal threw himself into the lower bunk, hung his head over the side and whispered:

"How are our friends, the enemy?"

"Comfortable, thank you," replied a hoarse whisper. "Any of you hit?"

"Not a scratch. Think you could get outside of some hot coffee?"

A blissful groan and a blissful sigh came together from beneath the bunk, and Surtiss said:

"Glad you kept the fire alive. Lie low till we get back from the cookhouse; then you can crawl out and take breakfast with us."

A few moments later three men sat on the side of the bunk and one on a box and one on a block of wood, while the sixth, at the fire, was frying pork and potatoes, and the man on the box toasted some bread, and the room was further perfumed from the tin pail, on the coals, in which the rations of coffee had been brought from the cookhouse. When all was ready the younger man in gray whispered:

"I wish father was here, to ask a blessing on this meal."

"And I," said Surtiss, "wish your sister could peep in and see how safe you are. She—one of your sisters—seemed to doubt my word last night."

"She sha'n't do so again, if we get out of here alive," said the Captain.

"You'll risk going home again, after knowing that the provost guard were looking for you?"

"We'll risk seeing our sweethearts," said the younger man, "and there are trusty messengers."

"Won't you see, also, that I get early word of your safety? Ask the ladies to let me know," said the Corporal.

"Indeed we shall."

After breakfast the atmosphere of the room was clouded by smoke from six pipes, and the owners of the hut dropped into their bunks, first offering the men in gray a pack of cards, and warning them to return to their hiding-place should any alarm or demand be heard, and not to fail to wake

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the sleepers in time for dinner-call, which would sound at twelve sharp by the watch which Surtiss hung over the fireplace. After dinner there was another smoky period, enlivened by so much conversation, in whispers, that the half-light admitted by the paper window-shade disappeared almost before the party knew it was going.

"I wish, gentlemen," said Surtiss, "that the cook would serve something to-night that would vary our bill-of-fare. He may give us dried-apple sauce, or rice and molasses, but I can't recommend either—especially after what was set before us last night."

"Does he——" began the younger man in gray, after which he laughed and continued, "I suppose he doesn't give you coffee twice in one day?"

"Indeed he does. Besides, as I never drink any, but draw my coffee ration dry, and in bulk, we've a private stock to draw upon."

"Coffee twice a day!" exclaimed the Captain, "and a soldier who never drinks it! Wayne, do you suppose they'll believe us if we tell that in our own camp—if we ever reach it?"

"Keep your hearts out of your mouths for about an hour," said Surtiss, "and you shall be fairly started. Every one will be in the huts, eating supper or smoking; there are no lights outdoors except at the cookhouse fires, and they won't be blazing."

"But our uniforms! Any man within several paces can see that they're not blue."

"Yes, I'd thought of that, so each of you will wear, while crossing the camp, one of our overcoats, with collar turned up to hide your long hair, and you'll wear our caps, keeping your hats hidden under the coats. I'll steer you to a good place to cross the guard-line, and give you the signal for starting; then I'll bring back our overcoats and caps and you'll take your chances. You'll be in no great danger till you reach the town. If you escape from that also, send us word; we chance to know that letters frequently reach the town from your lines."

"Indeed? Well, men can't be expected to forget their families, nor shall we forget our friends."

An hour later the two men in gray had safely crossed the guard-line and the four men in blue were recalling the details of the previous evening's adventure, and Surtiss was occasionally slipping his hand into his breast-pocket and then placing it on his face, as he had done many times while standing at arms through the previous night.

"My recollections of that delightful evening—so cruelly interrupted, too," sighed Roosley, "are so vivid that I really inhale again a whiff of cologne, or some delightful perfume which was perceptible in the dining-room last evening. Blessed be fragrant memories!"

Surtiss' hand remained at rest during the remainder of the evening. Next morning he looked like a man who had done extra guard duty over night; he went on the sick list, carrying to the surgeon so many complaints that he was excused from all duty for the day. Unlike other very sick men, however, he did not remain within doors, though the weather was quite inclement. He lounged at the line, near the guard-house, beyond which the colored peddlers were not allowed to pass; he also looked into several baskets but saw nothing to his liking, for how could he endure cold fried fish, or underdone pie or cake, within forty-eight hours of the feast at Judge Prewen's?

One colored woman, however, who stood a little apart from the others, showed him a cake taken from the bottom of her basket, and said softly:

"Dis one was done baked 'spressly fo' you, Massa, an' dey said 'twas de kin' dat mus'n't be cut, but jes' broke, mighty sof' an' keerful, when dere's nobody roun' to grab a piece of it."

Surtiss took the cake, hid it in the breast of his overcoat, went to his hut and said:

"Drill-call will blow in a few minutes. Don't you chaps want to get your traps and go out, so a sick man can drop asleep at once?"

"We'll do anything to be obliging," replied Roosley, "but—sick? I was about to ask what medicine the doctor gave you, that you were pulled together so soon. I never saw you looking better."

"Humph! Fever coming back, I suppose. Get out—all of you!"

The instant he was alone Surtiss dropped the window flap, barred the door, and carefully broke the cake. In the centre was some paper which he unfolded carefully, and within it he found another bit of paper on which was penciled:

> "Heaven bless and preserve you forever! They reached us safely and have gone. A thousand apologies for having doubted you an instant. "M."

Surtiss raised the note to his lips and held it there. He re-read the note, and re-re-read it; then he placed it inside the little handkerchief, which also he pressed to his lips before he replaced it in his breast. He paced the small floor, only three steps long, imagined the war over, the South pacified, and a wedding—his own—in the old Middleway church, of which he had seen only the spire. When drill ended his comrades found him lying in a bunk, from which he drawled:

"Our friends, the enemy, are all right."

"Hurrah!" shouted Walterson. "How did you hear?"

"Through one of the darky peddlers."

"But," said Roosley, "we thought you'd been asleep?"

"You've dreamed it!" said Tattam. "Your eyes are blazing bright! Your fever's getting worse!"

For several successive days, barring one spent on picket duty, Surtiss haunted the peddler's line, and finally received another cake, with special injunctions. Again he found a note, which read as follows:

> "We have heard from them. Come again soon and read their letter, and finish that supper, and do come alone.
> "MARTHA'S SISTER."

Surtiss did some thinking, after which he said to his comrades:

"Don't you think it about time for us to know whether those two Rebs reached their own lines? I've a great mind to run the guard to-night, and ask."

"'Twould be very risky," said Roosley. "The sky is clear to-day, and there'll be bright moonlight by tattoo roll-call. Still, if your heart is set on going, we'll keep our hearts in our mouths till you return; that'll be a fair division of labor. If you're late, I'll answer for you at roll-call; I can imitate your voice, and with Roosley and Tattam at either side of me and all three of us in the rear rank, nobody'll be the wiser."

Surtiss started, and he also carried a heart in his mouth. He did much sneaking and hiding, but he had not done occasional scouting outside the lines for nothing. As he entered the Prewen's garden and hurried toward the friendly grape-arbor he stopped to recall, if he could, the manner in which his guide in the previous visit had knocked at the door. As he paused he heard a window-sash rise; looking upward he saw, dim though the starlight was, a face which he was sure was that of Martha Prewen; then he saw a beckoning hand. The face disappeared, the window closed, and in a moment Surtiss was at the side door, which opened into darkness, but a small, warm hand found his and guided him, while its owner said:

"I felt sure you were coming to-night, and I was looking in the direction from——"

"Bless you!" whispered Surtiss, extending his arms in the dark and finding something that did not resist them, nor repel his lips. In a moment the girl said:

"Supper is waiting, and my sister and parents are dying to thank you."

Together they entered the dining-room. Miss Anna looked at them a second inquiringly; then her eyes danced and she clapped her hands, and her sister blushed brilliantly, and Surtiss felt himself a young god, and the old people thanked him for his daring kindness to their sons.

"My comrades did as much as I," protested Surtiss.

"After you had planned everything," said the elder Miss Prewen, who said much more with her eyes. "'Twas you who promised my brothers——"

"And promised you also," interrupted Surtiss with a flash from his own eyes, under which Miss Prewen blushed again.

"Show him Harry's letter, father," said Miss Anna, while her sister and mother pressed various dishes upon Surtiss.

"It seems," said the Judge, "that the alarm, when you and my boys were here, was caused by a demonstration for the purpose of driving the provost guard from the town for two or three hours, so that a few Freemasons in our army might visit the lodge in which Washington himself had been. I say this to you in confidence, for your own information only, but I am credibly assured that your General is already informed of it."

The Judge took a letter from his pocket; Miss Anna passed it across the table toward Surtiss, but her sister quickly snatched it and insisted on reading it aloud. It was full of praise of the kindness of the four soldiers to their brothers-in-arms and of Surtiss' fund of resource, all of which the Corporal modestly insisted was overrated.

"But, sister, you've not read all of it," said Miss Anna.

"Daughter!" said the Judge severely.

"Anna!" exclaimed the mother reproachfully, while again the elder Miss Prewen blushed.

After supper Miss Anna assisted her mother to clear the table, explaining to the guest that though the war had robbed them of their slaves it had given them the best servants in the world. She also begged her father to discover the reason that one of the kitchen windows admitted far too much cold air between sashes and frame, so Surtiss, finding himself alone in the sitting-room with the only woman in the world, made haste to say much to which the only woman listened without protest.

Suddenly Miss Anna entered the room, unheard by either of the occupants, and saw a blue-clad arm about her sister. She hurried in front of the couple, looked roguishly into Surtiss' face, and said:

"Was it very dreadful for me to write you that note?"

"Positively shocking! Consider yourself condemned, for life, to be my sister-in-law."

"I felt sure——" began Miss Anna, turning her eyes upon her sister, who, withdrawing herself from the encircling arm, became her most dignified self and said to Surtiss:

"I knew nothing whatever of that note until it had been sent!"

"Ah, well," said Surtiss, as he replaced his arm, "in consideration of the result, I forgive you;" and he looked so mischievous and the girl looked so helpless to reply to so illogical a statement, that Miss Anna hurried from the room to laugh to her heart's content.

"Now tell me," asked Surtiss, "like the all-satisfying angel you are, what part of your brother's letter was it that you did not read to me?"

Then was Miss Prewen's opportunity to look mischievous, which she did most effectively.

"He wrote that you were so fine a fellow that he wished some Virginia girl might bewitch you and capture you, but he feared you already had a sweetheart, for he saw you slyly place a handkerchief to your lips. He was sure 'twas not your own, for 'twas very small, and perfumed."

"I plead guilty—and I'm proud of it," said Surtiss, taking the precious bit of linen from his breast-pocket, "and I boldly repeat the act"—which he proceeded to do—"but I assure you that I'd no intention of stealing the handkerchief. You'll remember that I picked it up just as the alarm-guns fired; naturally I clenched my hands, and in the hurry of——"

"But the idea of kissing such a thing!" the girl murmured. Her remark was not intended as a hint, but Surtiss construed it as one, and when Miss Prewen protested that 'twas dreadful, because their acquaintance was very, very short, Surtiss insisted that they would continue to know each other better and better to the end of eternity, because he could not think for a moment of living without her companionship.

"But," said the girl, "I'm a Southerner, and can never be otherwise. You are a Yankee, so you can't be a Virginian."

"Can't I? Please know that besides being a Yankee I am an American, so I can become anything else that's American and reputable. When the war ends, as it soon must, I shall become a Virginian in haste, unless you should be so heartless and cruel as to discourage me."

Before many weeks the war did end and, as Miss Prewen did not discourage him, Surtiss became a Virginian by adoption and marriage. There was much comment in Middleway on a Virginia girl's willingness to wed one of her native State's invaders, but when Captain Prewen and his brother told the story of their rescue by the prospective bridegroom all opposition ceased, and Surtiss' popularity among the natives became so great that Walterson manifested some jealousy of his comrade, for had not he, too, done all in his power for the Prewen brothers? He appealed to Miss Anna to support his claim, and as he and she had been exchanging notes and messages within a few weeks, Miss Anna came bravely to his assistance; so one evening there was a quadruple wedding in the old church—an affair that was the talk of the country for months, and whenever people spoke of it to the Judge the old man replied: "'Twas all great George's work! So, as my sons-in-law frequently sing:

> "'May the memory of Washington ne'er wither,
> Nor the star of his glory grow dim.'"

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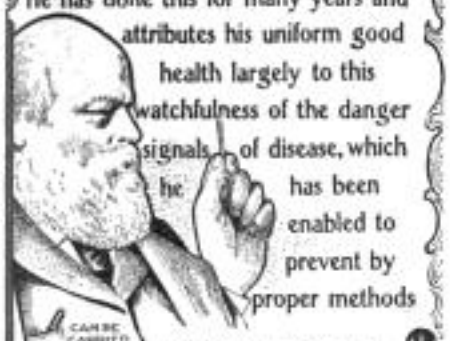
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A SOLDIER OF PURPOSE

By Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.

"POOR Colonel Miley! He was material for a Major-General."

Such was the comment of Lieutenant Bissell Thomas, a schoolmate of Miley's at Belleville, Illinois, where both were boys, when he heard of Colonel John D. Miley's death at Manila.

John Miley was the eldest of the four sons of George Miley, a Civil War veteran, who lived on a ten-acre patch of ground near Belleville. The senior Miley was not able to do much in caring for his family, so it happened that when Colonel Miley was a lad of ten years he was obliged to take upon himself leadership, not only in supporting himself, but in caring for the whole family. The ten acres were converted into a truck garden, and pasture for the two cows was rented of a neighbor. The truck garden was tilled by the future Colonel, and it was he who milked and drove the cows to and from the pasture and cared for the horse that hauled the truck wagon. Summer mornings he was up at half-past three to gather the vegetables, and long before others had breakfasted he drove to market with the butter his mother had made. Going and coming from market the boy held the lines in one hand and an open book in the other. In this way, and in the time he could spare from sleep and rest after the long days of hard work, John Miley acquired most of the education he possessed before going to West Point.

Young Miley's Busy Fourth

There were no holidays for him when a boy. Marketing had to be done on the Fourth of July, and on Memorial days the garden needed his attention. One Fourth of July some neighbor boys railed at him for working that day, declaring that nothing could induce them to slave away, as he was doing, on such a holiday.

"You are mistaken, boys," said John, as he straightened up. "If your celebration of the Fourth meant double work for your partner, and your partner was your mother, you would stick to your work, as I am doing."

"Come on, boys, John is right; he is always right," said the leader, as the band went their way, leaving John bending over his onion bed.

As soon as the younger brothers were old enough they helped John and his partner, and the world grew brighter for the struggling family, and then the boy, who had two well-defined ambitions—one to help his mother and the other to go to West Point, as another Belleville boy had done—as Merritt had done—had more time in which to prepare himself for the rugged journey between then and a successful examination for appointment as a cadet. Not a moment of time was lost. In point of fact, young Miley began preparations for the examination when he assumed leadership in the management of the ten-acre farm. A retired army officer who took deep interest in the boy, and who knew of his ambition, mentioned the branches in which he must be well versed before he could pass the rigid examination after reaching West Point.

Among the things John Miley accomplished while driving to and from market was a complete mastery of the addition, multiplication, subtraction and division tables, and a fair knowledge of geography. This greatly sharpened his appetite for further learning, and it seemed easier for this boy with a heavy burden upon his shoulders to learn lessons on the market wagon, and by the light of a tallow dip at night, after a wearisome day's work, than it was for boys who had the benefit of teachers and freedom from cares.

The Reward of Self-Sacrifice and Hard Work

Finally, after six or seven years of his best efforts at self-education, young Miley was ready to contest, in 1883, for an appointment as cadet to West Point. He lived in the Illinois district then represented by Colonel William R. Morrison. There was to be a competitive examination. A dozen or more youngsters, the sons of bankers, legislators, judges, merchants and rich farmers, all graduates of high schools, were down for examination. They were present, dressed in the height of fashion, looking prim, bright and confident. Just before the session began, a tall, homely, awkward, plainly dressed young fellow entered the room and took a seat without an invitation. The others looked at him and laughed, one remarking that "Mr. Hayseed had evidently gotten into the wrong pew."

When the roll was called the awkward boy answered to the name of John D. Miley. His answer was the signal for another laugh by the graduates. "Wonder what Homespun expects here," queried one, while another said, "I wish I was as sure of getting the appointment as that hedge-fence is of missing it." Miley was always the opposite of handsome, and he knew it. He once said to a friend, "The good Lord made me as ugly as possible and then, for a finishing touch, hit me with a brick."

When the examination papers were distributed the boy from Belleville made a quick and easy task of answering the questions, and was watching the others work when the chief examiner asked:

"Are you stuck?"

"No, sir; I'm through," said Miley.

Then the examiner joined the boys in laughter. He and they supposed that the "hedge-fence" had given it up for a bad job.

After waiting some time for instructions, Miley asked when his papers would be examined.

"Not until the young gentlemen are through, too," replied the examiner.

"About when will that be, sir?"

"All will be ready to turn in their papers by the middle of the afternoon."

It was 11 A. M. "Any objections to my taking a walk about town, sir?"

"None whatever, if you will return."

John folded up his papers, put them in his pocket and started away.

"But you must not take your papers from this room. Put them in an envelope, seal it, and I will retain it until the others are ready."

The delegate from Belleville sauntered about town until noon, feasted on a ten-cent lunch, and at three o'clock reëntered the room to find a state of great confusion. The papers of all but two had been examined. It had leaked out that Miley was many points ahead. He had made no mistakes. An hour later all of the papers had been examined. There was a quiet consultation between the examiner and a leading citizen, who had been a professor in a college, and the examiner began to ask Miley all kinds of hard questions, every one of which he was able to answer promptly.

The market peddler had won on his own merits. No one had helped him. He had no political, social or financial pull. He left the room with a happy heart when the chairman of the examining committee told him that his was by far the best list of answers, and that Colonel Morrison would appoint him.

Nearly every one in Belleville knew John Miley, and the next day, when he reached home, he was showered with congratulations.

Heroism that Does Not Get Into Print

In 1887 Miley graduated with high honors, and in October of that year began duty as a Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery. At the beginning of the Spanish-American War he was a First Lieutenant in the Second Artillery. He was on staff duty through the Cuban campaign as a Major of Volunteers, and distinguished himself in the battles about Santiago, winning promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel and Inspector-General of a corps. When he went to Manila there was almost no end of work for his branch of the service. He retained his early habits of industry and deemed himself able to overcome any difficulty, to wade through any amount of work. Early and late he applied himself to the mountainous tasks before him until he broke down and was sent to bed. After a few weeks of suffering the brave spirit of this gentle and genuine hero returned from whence it came, and all who knew him are mourners to-day.

The story is not complete. One of Colonel Miley's brothers lost both legs in a railroad accident. A portion of his salary as a Lieutenant was sent, each month, to the unfortunate brother. Another brother had been ambitious, from early boyhood, to go through college. The young army officer sent him through Yale. A few years ago the college graduate and his maimed brother went to California and took charge of a ranch which the army officer and his brother had run in debt for. It proved to be a great money producer, and was soon paid for. One year they divided $20,000.

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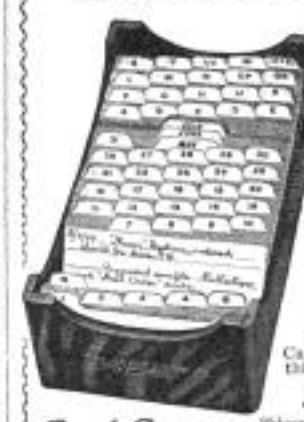
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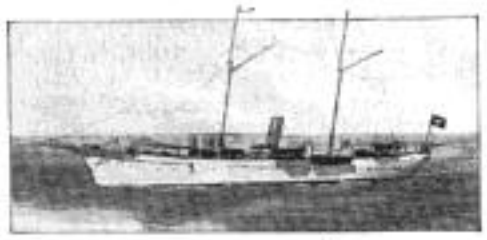
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The Swiss Fleet

By W. L. Alden

GENERAL MURIAS, the President of Orizaba, ought to have been a thoroughly happy man. He was in the possession of unlimited power, and there was no danger that he would be disturbed by a revolution, owing to his foresight in shooting all the generals who might in time have become his rivals. He was in the prime of life and in excellent health, and there were nearly twelve hundred dollars in the treasury.

Nevertheless, there was a large fly in his ointment. A Swiss, living within five minutes' walk of the Presidential palace, had built a house which filled the President with envy. It was built after the model of a Swiss châlet—than which no model more unfit for a house in the tropics could have been devised—and it was even larger than the palace. Its grounds were a dream of beauty, at least in the estimation of both its owner and the President. In front of the châlet was a garden laid out with mathematical accuracy, in the midst of which was a fountain that threw water fully three feet into the air—when a negro worked a force pump concealed behind the house. There was a large china dog of the blue and yellow variety near the entrance to the garden, and there was also a model of the Jungfrau, ten feet in height and covered with whitewash to represent the eternal snows. Altogether the châlet was unique in Central America, and the President coveted it with fierce and sleepless desire.

The capital of Orizaba was situated on the seashore, and its little harbor was the only port in the whole republic. It was a small town; the Presidential palace, the Swiss châlet and the cathedral were the only buildings constructed of more enduring material than adobe brick. It had next to no trade, although a coasting steamer did visit it once every month, and it was haunted with fever to an extent which made it nearly uninhabitable to unacclimated foreigners.

Herr Schnitzer, the proprietor of the wonderful châlet, had settled in the town with the intention of developing a large trade in logwood. He was a strong, obstinate man, and he felt certain that in time the logwood trade would grow under his management to proportions which would be immensely profitable. So he took large quantities of quinine and went on his dogged way, setting the natives an example of energy and industry that made them ceaselessly bless the Madonna that they were born in a country where people were content to live reasonably.

One comparatively comfortable autumn afternoon the dissatisfaction of General Murias became intolerable. He arose from his hammock and swore a complicated Central American oath to the effect that he would take possession of that châlet without delay. Still, he was habitually a cautious man, and on this occasion he thought it would be well, before proceeding to action, to consult with his Secretary of State, who was not only a most astute man, but who possessed more education than the President and all the rest of his Cabinet combined. Don Cabañas occupied an office in the Presidential palace, and he at once answered the summons of his superior, who briefly informed him that he was determined to turn that pestilent Swiss out of his châlet and to confiscate it to the uses of the republic.

"Your Excellency is quite right," said the Secretary. "Only, you will permit me to suggest that we proceed in this matter in a way that will gain for us more than the mere possession of the châlet."

"Explain yourself, Don Cabañas," said the President. "Your counsel is always appreciated by me, even when I find it undesirable to follow it."

The Secretary bowed.

"Has Your Excellency," he asked, "ever looked at the map of Switzerland?"

"Never!" replied the General. "Why should I concern myself with maps of outlandish countries?"

"It is situated," pursued the Secretary, "nearly in the centre of Europe, and is surrounded on every side by other countries. Also, it is hundreds of miles from the sea."

"What has all that to do with this miserable heretic and his châlet?" demanded the President. "I do not wish to be instructed in geography, and I care nothing about Switzerland."

"Your Excellency is always right," replied the Secretary. "Yet on this occasion the geography of Switzerland becomes interesting. Let us suppose for a moment that Orizaba was at war with Switzerland. The enemy could not send an army here because no nation would permit a Swiss army to cross its territory—such action being an offense against international law. Also, the Swiss could not send a fleet here because Switzerland, having no seaboard, does not own a single vessel. Consequently, as Your Excellency perceives, Switzerland would be an admirable country with which to go to war."

"But I do not particularly want to go to war," said the President. "Do you suppose that if I put this Swiss in prison and confiscate his châlet, Switzerland will ever hear of it?"

"If I might be permitted to advise," said the Secretary, "I would suggest that we do nothing irregular. Let us declare war against Switzerland. Then we can confiscate the property of the Swiss on the ground that he is an enemy, and we can send him out of the country, which would be safer and more pleasant than it would be either to shoot him or to let him die in prison. Having declared war we could immediately lay a war tax, and the people would pay it before they could find out that there would not be the least necessity for spending a dollar in defense. We should have all the advantages of war, so far as confiscating the property of that miserable Swiss is concerned; we should gather in a respectable sum of money as a war tax, and we should be as secure from invasion as we should be if we declared war against the moon."

The President was overjoyed. He clasped the wily Secretary to his bosom and kissed him on both cheeks. Furthermore, he promised him that with the proceeds of the war tax the salary of the Secretary should be doubled. Then he sat down to write a declaration of war against the Swiss Republic, copies of which were posted on the blank walls of the capital and were recited in the streets by the town crier. That night Herr Schnitzer found himself in prison; and the châlet formerly his was occupied by a guard of soldiers and labeled, in large letters, "Government Property."

The population of the republic responded with enthusiasm to the call of their President, who assured them he relied upon their valor to repel Swiss invasion, and upon their generous contributions to defray the enormous expenses of the war. Little difficulty was found in collecting the war tax, and no less than half a dozen men volunteered to enlist in the army—a circumstance without precedent in the history of the republic, its army being uniformly recruited by the summary process of seizing able-bodied men and forcing them to bear arms. In short, the success of the President's action in declaring war was instantaneous and complete; and when, three days later, Herr Schnitzer was put on board the coasting steamer, which had touched at the port on her way up the coast, the President moved his personal effects over to the châlet, and felt that he had come into possession of it in a perfectly honorable and straightforward way.

When Herr Schnitzer was bundled over the side of the coasting steamer by two ragged Orizaban soldiers, the incident scarcely attracted the notice of the native passengers. To them it seemed quite in the natural order of things that handcuffed men, who had incurred the displeasure of Spanish-American Presidents, should be forcibly shipped to foreign parts. But there were two young men on board the steamer, who, being citizens of the United States, regarded the proceeding as something unusual, and were greatly interested in learning the nature of the crime committed by the angry man who had been violently thrust into their company. They promptly made the acquaintance of Herr Schnitzer, and when they had learned his story their sympathies were warmly enlisted in his behalf.

The elder of the two young men was the son of a great Wall Street financier, who had suddenly died after making a profitable corner in wheat, and had thus been able to leave his son a millionaire. Public opinion in America inexorably requires the millionaire to own a yacht, and, what is worse, to make cruises with it. This duty fell lightly upon young Hargrave, who was fond of adventure and really loved yachting. Having certain business interests in the Panama railway, which required his temporary presence at Colon, he combined profit with pleasure by starting on the voyage to Central America in his yacht, a steamer of some five hundred tons. An accident to the machinery compelled him to put into Vera Cruz for repairs, and, as it was found that the latter would consume more time than had been anticipated, he and his intimate friend Mason left the yacht in the hands of the machinists and took the coasting steamer to Colon and back.

When Hargrave and Mason learned that the President of Orizaba had declared war against Switzerland, merely in order to confiscate the property of Herr Schnitzer, they were filled with admiration.

"A man like that," exclaimed Hargrave, "is clean thrown away as a President. If he'd come to Wall Street he'd make the whole gang of us sit up, and he'd be richer than Vanderbilt in the course of twelve months."

"Fancy his solemnly declaring war against Switzerland, and without any grievance, too," said Mason. "Now, if he'd traveled in Switzerland, and stopped at the Swiss hotels, it would be only natural that he should thirst for war. What a pity it is that there isn't any Swiss fleet, except in the comic opera. Now, that Orizaban scoundrel can confiscate Swiss property all day, provided there is any more within his reach, and nobody can bombard his towns and teach him to behave like an honest man instead of a shameless and habitual President of a mongrel republic."

"I don't see why there shouldn't be a Swiss fleet," remarked Hargrave, "or at all events a Swiss man-of-war. Did I understand you to say, Mr. Schnitzer, that the capital of Orizaba is on the coast, and that it isn't defended by any batteries?"

"There isn't a big gun in the place, sir," replied Schnitzer. "There was an old forty-two pounder, but they burst it last year firing a salute. That was the capital where I came on board, sir, and you saw for yourself that it was a seaport town."

"Mason!" said Hargrave. "It's my opinion that there is a Swiss fleet, or rather a Swiss cruiser, and that she's lying at this identical minute at Vera Cruz, waiting for her commander to arrive from Colon. If that frigate should suddenly appear in the harbor of President Murias' capital, and should propose to bombard the place unless an indemnity should be paid to Herr Schnitzer, don't you think Murias would be some considerably astonished?"

"Any one would be astonished at the sight of a Swiss man-of-war, but I don't exactly catch on to your remark about her lying at Vera Cruz. I didn't see anything there in the line of a seagoing steamer except this crazy old coaster and a British tramp."

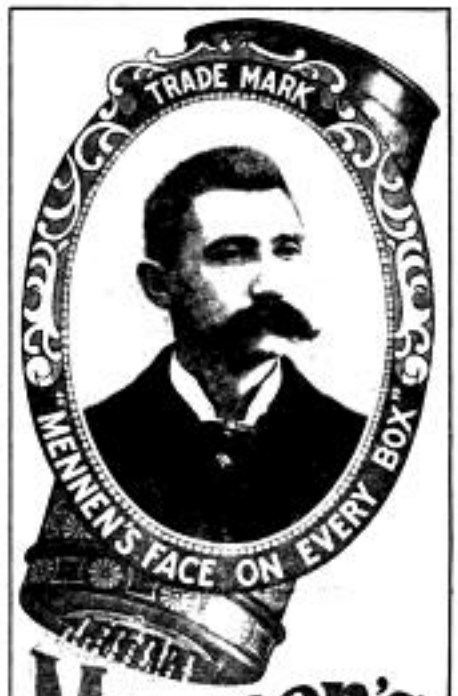
"You didn't happen to see our yacht, for instance?" asked Hargrave.

"You don't mean to say that you're thinking of turning her into a Swiss man-of-war and scaring the hair off of that rascally President? By Jove! the idea is gorgeous. All the same, it's a little bit like piracy."

"That's what the lawyers would call it, but we don't propose to ask their opinion. Schnitzer says that there isn't a gun to prevent us from sailing into the harbor and anchoring a hundred yards from the President's palace. He'll never be anxious to mention that a Swiss frigate came into his harbor and made him disgorge his plunder; and we don't propose to write a book and describe the whole affair. We shall be perfectly safe, and we shall be doing a good deed in aid of a man who has been shamefully robbed. What do you say? Will you come along in the cruiser? I don't want to drag you into piracy against your will."

"Will a duck swim?" replied Mason. "Of course I'm with you. I don't care a hang about piracy so long as we are safe not to be caught. I haven't been a Wall Street broker for seven years to be scared at such a little thing as plain piracy."

"Then we'll consider the thing settled," said Hargrave. "Herr Schnitzer, make out



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a bill against the Republic of Orizaba for the value of your property, together with damages for interference with your business. You might add a few extras, considering that you're a Swiss, and extras always figure in a Swiss bill. Don't make the amount too large. We're honest men, and we can't rob Murias, even if he has robbed you."

On arriving at Vera Cruz the yacht was found to be ready for sea. Two small brass howitzers were bought and placed on the yacht's deck, where, in addition to her signal gun, they presented an unmistakably warlike appearance. The officers were provided with gorgeous shoulder straps and side arms, and the sailmaker was ordered to make a Swiss flag. Thus fully equipped for war, the yacht left Vera Cruz and started down the coast to harry the seaboard of Orizaba.

As soon as the yacht was out of sight of land her name was carefully painted out and the name Tell was substituted for it.

"Of course," said Hargrave, "it's a grave offense to change the name of a vessel without authority, but we needn't stick at trifling details. Let us hope that Murias hasn't managed to mount a gun for the protection of his capital. If he has, he'll have no trouble in sinking the Tell and in hanging all hands as pirates."

"Not at all," replied Mason. "He'll never dream that we are not regular officers of the Swiss navy, and he'll offer to exchange us for Swiss cheese or musical boxes. Fancy the astonishment of the Swiss Government on learning that it had a cruiser and that a choice collection of Swiss naval officers had been held as prisoners of war!"

"Have you seen Schnitzer's bill yet?" asked Hargrave. "Here it is. I told him that it was too steep, and he consented to knock off the charge for candles." Herr Schnitzer's bill was certainly, as Hargrave said, a little steep. He had charged three thousand dollars for his house, which was not altogether unfair, as it had cost him nearly two thousand. Then he had charged two thousand dollars for damages sustained by his business—an item which Hargrave also allowed to pass without objection. The remaining charges were: five hundred dollars for rent for the house while occupied by President Murias; two hundred and fifty dollars for the use of candles, and two hundred and fifty more for the view from the front windows. The two latter eminently characteristic items Hargrave struck out, and the corrected bill, which he intended to make President Murias pay, did not seem to him, in view of all the circumstances, particularly exorbitant.

About nine o'clock, one bright April morning, the capital of Orizaba woke up after a night of much patriotism and pulque, to find, anchored in their harbor, a man-of-war flying a strange flag. It was a red flag bearing in the centre a white cross, and it was at first asserted by the Archbishop, who had once visited Europe and was therefore held to be an authority on all European matters, that it was the flag of the Red Cross Association, and that the vessel which displayed it was a hospital ship, sent by charitable people to succor the wounded in the prospective fighting with Switzerland. When, however, it was pointed out that a white cross was not precisely a red cross, faith in the Archbishop's explanation vanished, and presently it was discovered that the red flag was the banner of Switzerland. It followed that the steamer was nothing less than a Swiss man-of-war, for no mere merchantman of Swiss nationality would have entered into an enemy's port. The panic which ensued was not lessened when a boat from the steamer, bearing a flag of truce, approached the landing-place. It was manned by four bearded seamen of truculent appearance, and commanded by a young officer gorgeous with gold lace and shoulder straps. He spoke Spanish with sufficient ease to make himself understood, and when he asked for a messenger to carry a letter to the President, there was no lack of volunteers anxious to have a share in the making of history. The letter inclosed Herr Schnitzer's bill, and contained a demand for its immediate payment under penalty of the bombardment of the town by the Swiss cruiser Tell. It was signed by Hargrave with a series of unintelligible strokes of the pen. This form of signature was an old trick which he had often practiced, while in Europe, for the benefit of Swiss hotel-keepers, whom he cordially detested. The surprising interpretations of his name, which resulted from the hotel-keepers' efforts to decipher the signature, had been a constant source of amusement to him.

President Murias was, as Hargrave had foreseen that he would be, a greatly astonished man. He had not the slightest doubt that the Tell was a Swiss cruiser, and that her commander would carry out his threat of bombarding the town unless Herr Schnitzer's bill was instantly paid. The fact that the Tell was anchored not more than five hundred yards from the châlet from which he had evicted Schnitzer made him fully realize the horrors of a bombardment. There was clearly nothing for him to do but to pay the villain's bill and to beg the Swiss Government to make peace. He immediately summoned his Cabinet and expressed his views of the Secretary of State with much freedom.

"You told me," he said, addressing that unfortunate statesman, "that Switzerland did not possess a single ship of war, and could not possibly get at us; but here is a powerful Swiss frigate that will knock our beautiful city and this Presidential palace to pieces unless we pay within two hours a preposterous sum of money to that accursed Swiss, Schnitzer. Now, if you have anything to say in your defense I will give you two minutes to say it in, after which you will go to prison for having basely deceived me, and plunged the country into a bloody war in order to carry out some private and rascally scheme of your own."

The Secretary of State did not make a success of his defense. He offered to produce his map of Switzerland in proof of his assertion that Switzerland had no seaport and that it was a physical impossibility that she should own a man-of-war. But the President sternly refused to look at any map.

"I do not care," he said, "whether Switzerland has a port or not. All I know is that there is a Swiss frigate lying opposite to this palace at this identical minute, and that it will begin to bombard us in an hour and a half unless the Captain receives four thousand five hundred dollars. You will now accompany the guard to jail, and if the Swiss Captain does bombard the town, and destroy you and the jail, you will only get what you deserve."

When the unhappy Secretary of State had been led away the President turned to the Secretary of the Treasury and asked how much money there was in his possession. It appeared that there were only three thousand eight hundred and odd dollars in the treasury, two-thirds of which were the proceeds of the new war tax, with which the President had intended to build an opera house. He therefore said that it would be necessary for the members of the Cabinet to contribute sufficient money to meet the demands of the Swiss Government, and he set the example by subscribing five dollars on the spot. The members of the Cabinet managed to make up the deficit, and the Secretary of the Treasury was then ordered to proceed on board the frigate with the money.

"You will say," said the President as he gave his orders to the Secretary, "that I have no quarrel with Switzerland, and that the declaration of war was all a mistake. Tell the Captain that it was a clerical error, and that the printer, who was told to print a declaration of war against Scotland, mentioned Switzerland by mistake. You will say, too, that I am ready to make peace at once, and beg that the Swiss Government will draw up a treaty to that effect."

The Secretary of State was carried off to prison, and the Secretary of the Treasury, carrying with him in a bag the entire contents of the national treasury, together with some three hundred dollars which was subscribed by the Cabinet, in order to make up the sum of four thousand five hundred dollars, paid a visit to the Swiss cruiser, where he was received with ceremony, and given a receipt for the money, signed with Hargrave's undecipherable signature. He was then gravely informed that President Murias' desire to make peace would be laid before the Swiss Government, and that peace would undoubtedly be made, provided the Orizaban Government would consent to a cession of territory, the payment of a war indemnity and the assumption, by Switzerland, of a protectorate over Orizaba. As soon as the Secretary had gone ashore to convey this surprising and depressing information to President Murias, the Tell steamed out of the harbor, and headed southeast until she was out of sight of land. Then her original name was restored to her stern, and as the yacht Mary she was put on the direct course for New York.

Herr Schnitzer was full of gratitude for the assistance given to him by Hargrave; and in consideration of a berth as purser of the yacht, which was offered to him, solemnly pledged himself never to mention the temporary existence of the Swiss frigate. Hargrave and Mason, after the first flush of exultation passed away, recognized the full legal meaning of their friendly act of piracy; but as Hargrave judiciously said, "There is no one who will tell tales except, perhaps, the Swiss, and if he does tell the story no one will believe him."



—gave a receipt for the money, signed with Hargrave's unintelligible signature

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The Tendencies of Up-to-date Employers

By Charles M. Skinner

HUMANITY is approaching an average, and nobody is descending to adjust himself to it. The rage for education, sometimes carried too far, because it is apt to be one-sided, the fixing of culture as a social standard, the almost compulsory reforms that are worked through university settlements and religious and intellectual missions, the multiplying of technical schools, the urging of the multitude to abandon spirits, politics and profanity and to betake itself to symphonies, literature and old masters, are all tokens of a generous interest that moves the fortunate toward those whom they deem less fortunate. This estimate is not always right, because there is many a true-hearted gentleman who chews tobacco, eats with his knife and even wears scalps in his belt, and many an honest, helpful, motherly soul who talks and dresses loud enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, and who wears brass jewelry; but the efforts for the lifting of the race are at least well meant, and he is shortsighted or pessimistic who will deny that they have increased health, comfort, morality, intelligence and beauty.

One needs only to glance at social and industrial conditions of fifty years ago and compare them with what they are now to be convinced that the man who honestly fulfills his industrial destiny by toil of head or hand has little cause for tears. The drift toward betterment is so rapid that we can foresee the end of strife between Labor and Capital by the close of the twentieth century—if Capital survives the war upon it so long as that.

One can draw no other conclusion when he sees the practical gains that are made in bringing employer and workman together through the concessions by the former to the latter. They instantly increase loyalty, industry and economy, they minimize friction, they bring to the loom and the lathe and the bench an honest interest in the work. Head and hand are united. And it is all so easy! Recognize the humanity in the employee: that is all.

One of the first but hardest changes in faith and attitude that the employer must undergo touches the matter of hours. Until recently it has been hardly questioned that a man will do as much in one day as in another, and that he will do more in sixteen hours than in six. Great is the discovery that he will sometimes do more in six.

There is a certain amount of work in the normal man. Urged beyond his limit, he maintains a feverish energy for a time; then he suffers a depression that reduces his capacity by so much as to more than balance the gains of the recent excess. You may not draw on health and physical strength nor on willingness beyond a given point, any more than you may draw beyond your deposit in the bank, or on the water supply in your reservoir. Managers of great industries, and workers themselves who are tempted by extra pay, have been slow to recognize this fact, but experience has shown that when working overtime, artisans will increase their product for a month or six weeks, but after that they grow listless, tire quickly, and when the work ends it is discovered that the eight or ten hour output is equal to the output of twelve or fourteen hours. This of course implies that the overwork has been persistent for a season, because, in a spurt of overtime, a man or body of men will do more than in the regulation hours.

Now, it used to be the way in the various mills of this country—and in the old country it was worse—to begin work at the looms and anvils at six o'clock in the morning and keep at it till seven at night, except during twenty minutes for dinner at noon. And in some of the smaller mills the operative continued at his task until eight or nine o'clock. Life under such conditions was bare and hard; there was no beauty or joy in it; and for relaxation there was dissipating in such squalid resorts as in their mere appearance are depressing to those of established tastes.

In most shops work now begins at seven, pauses from twelve to one and closes at six, and in many others it begins at eight and ends at five. The Saturday half-holiday, too, is a success wherever it has been introduced, even when in order to obtain it the operatives consent to extend their hours on the other five days, so as to bring the week's work to a forty-eight or sixty-hour total. The whole of Sunday is hardly a fair offset to the lack of daytime in the rest of the week for shopping, theatres, music, visiting, puttering about one's yard, or riding one's hobby, and although to thousands of mechanics the half-holiday is merely a time of idleness, tavern-haunting and gossip, there are earnest fellows in every industrial centre who spend what time they can in reading-rooms, libraries, technical schools and museums, and others who visit the galleries and the parks, or take their wives and children to the beaches. Moderate hours and occasional holidays increase health and content, and therefore increase the efficiency of workmen.

Moderate hours do another good: They allow the worker to change his clothes. That, no doubt, seems to many a trivial claim, but it is not so. In our present state, wherein appearances count so greatly, clothes are the symbol, if not the proclamation, of the wearer's social state. There is a gain in conduct and character if a man is constantly and permissibly satisfied with himself. He will not take his best clothes into a kennel. He will feel most like a loafer when he looks like one. This is no apology for fashion, nor urging of sacrifice for outward show—only the insistence that when one is clean and fittingly garbed he is protected from some temptations and better represents his calling than does the patched, frowsy man with dirty face and greasy fingers. The latter may know more and may be a better workman, but the stranger does not suppose it, nor does the man suppose that the stranger will suppose it.

One political economist founds on this little defense, or vanity, of clothes, a principle, which is, that a pleasing appearance has a mercantile value, and that to secure it men are often willing to sacrifice a measure of money wages. In other words, the privilege of being clean and well dressed is a partial payment for one's work, and on this basis we can account for the preference of thousands of men and women for places at desks and behind counters, rather than for positions that are just as honorable, more useful, better paid and quite as interesting, but which are smoky or oily or which keep the worker immersed in smells. It is proper so to curtail or adjust his hours that for a little time every day or evening the mechanic may take his pleasure in the company of his fellows in a dress that will occasion no remonstrance and will allow him to believe that he is the equal of anybody else on earth—a proud and American privilege.



He will feel most like a loafer when he looks like one

Those employers who encourage even the show of self-respect among their men find their reward in it, and some go so far as to compel their hands to leave the shops in a state that will not be offensive to people with whom they may be thrown in contact in the street or on cars, stages or ferryboats. Other things being equal, the clean man is the best man.

Few employers of mechanics have reached the point where they allow vacations, but they sometimes permit a man to absent himself without pay for a week or ten days, especially in summer when business is slack. To be sure, not every man wants a vacation, or feels that he can afford one; but ninety-nine people in a hundred are better for a yearly outing, not necessarily a "lead," but a change of scene, habit, occupation and way of life, and, realizing this fact, more and more of the employers are conceding holidays to the wage-earners. Indeed, one or two instances have been alleged in which the employees have been literally turned out to grass, whether they wanted to go or not. In most factories the only holidays are New Year, Fourth of July, Labor day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. These are not enough. Allowing that the laborer has time for rest, he must have more: he must have time to grow and live.

Even from the orthodox standpoint of an industrial destiny, there must be something more in life than work; there must at least be a willingness to work, and if the willingness can be raised to an eagerness we are sure of the best results for workman, employer, buyer and producer. In far the greater number of tasks that men accept for wages there is no interest, and, therefore, there is only such willingness as may be looked for in one who must earn his supper before he can eat it. Assure that man who carries a hod or trundles a barrow that you have his welfare in mind and he will work more faithfully, unless your assurance be a mere verbal one.

And as an economic proposition, a soulless, business statement, it may be declared that service by the employer to the employed pays, not only because it secures willing service in return, but because it brings to the shop such a number of applicants for place that he can pick the best. Whereas in the old, dull days there was trouble in factories from petty thieving, idling, quarreling, waste of material and tippling (and is yet, where the old, dull methods remain in vogue), there are shops in which one finds such a corps of workers as in other times were impossible; not only sober, upright, self-respecting, but skilled and intelligent men and women, graduates of technical institutes, high schools and even colleges. The great shops that turn out electric machinery in Schenectady have scores of college men in overalls at the lathes and benches. The brains of such men are needed. The shop is an academy and holds scholarships for those who will win them. In the cash register works at Dayton, Ohio, none but high school graduates are accepted in the clerical or mechanical departments. In the soap works in another Ohio town a perceptible increase in steadiness, industry, order, economy and decency of home life was made in two or three years through the inauguration of a profit-sharing system. In several great factories and refineries the introduction of

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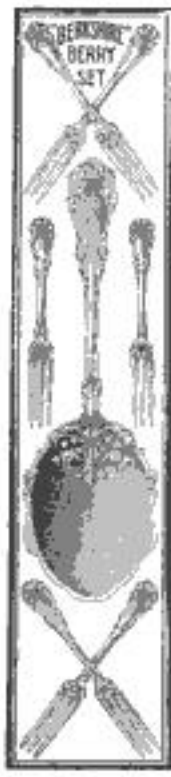


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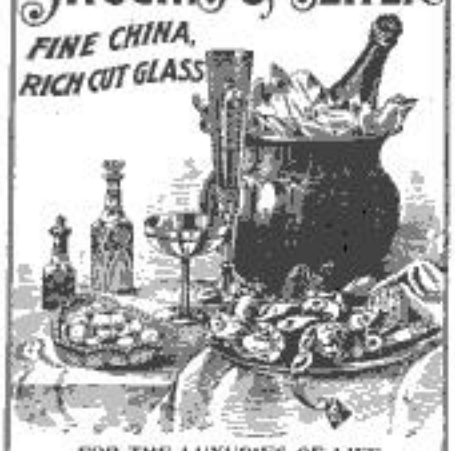
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such simple matters as cleanliness of premises and baths for the laborers has had its effect on the morale, hence, on the character of the working force.

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Drawn by John Cecil Clay

Take their wives and children to the parks

An employer should first assure himself of the temper of his people. He cannot force them to adopt his ideas at their own expense. They must see advantages before they want them, for nobody wants what he has never known. For example, there is a mill in western Massachusetts which has a useless asset in a reading-room. It was built by the owner for his people, but, without consulting them, he proceeded to levy on their wages for the purpose of covering its expense and maintaining its usefulness. The employees properly objected.

Had they been asked, in the first place, they might have contributed the money, but the owner had no right to assess them without the asking. Nor must there be any affectation of patronage or charity in the bestowal of these favors; nor are those who receive them to feel that by accepting them they sacrifice a jot of their independence. They must take them as they take the soap and water and gaslight, as appurtenances of the place. Appreciation, thankfulness and reward will come in time.

Ingenious Young Mr. Opp

By Hayden Carruth

"A GOOD deal is being said nowadays about the causes of success or failure among young men in business," observed Judge Crabtree, "but I think it rests more than anybody suspects on the inborn capabilities of the young men. Some young men are just as certain to succeed as others are to fail. There was my young friend Opp, who lived up the State, and went to work in Bingtree's grocery. No wonder Bingtree's grocery to-day is Opp's One-Price Cash Emporium, and that he has put in a full line of fresh and smoked meats, boots and shoes, paints, oils and garden seeds, and millinery and fancy goods."

"Had a genius for groceries, did he?" inquired Major Dodge.

"Sugar increased in weight twenty per cent. when he looked into the barrel," returned the Judge; "butter renewed its youth at his touch, cabbages simply smiled with joy when he piled them up. Still, young Opp made his share of blunders when he began—perhaps more than his share. Bingtree was a harsh man, and used to rebuke his young assistant vigorously on the slightest pretext. One day he caught him charging up two pounds of lard, just sold to a good customer, to another patron of extremely doubtful paying habits. Bingtree told him that the next mistake would cause his instant dismissal, at the same time adjusting the lard error, and, as an object-lesson, putting down two pounds of butter just purchased by the doubtful customer on the account of the patron of sound bill-paying powers.

"The threat of dismissal made the young man nervous, and Bingtree had no sooner gone home than he made if possible a still worse blunder. This was nothing more nor less than spilling a couple of gallons of kerosene on the cigars. However, it did not greatly alarm him, as he thought that by leaving the case open during the night the cigars would dry out so that no harm would come of it—the young man was very correct in his habits and did not himself smoke. He then locked up and went home.

"But his sanguine expectations were not realized. Those cigars were soon producing considerable excitement among the village smokers, and speedily became a source of great alarm to the local fire department. They were the most inflammable weeds ever known in Toddville, and were almost immediately the object of investigation by the fire insurance agents, who threatened a general advance of rates. The peculiar qualities of the saturated cigars were not so noticeable during the day, but as darkness began to gather the landscape was lit up with their fitful glare, and produced a fine sight. Naturally vigorous complaint was made to Bingtree, and he, sagaciously suspecting his assistant, demanded an explanation. Young Opp was a very George Washington, and made a clean breast of it. The discharge which he dreaded came promptly, and Bingtree went home for the night. The young man locked up after him and went to his humble lodgings.

"The next morning Bingtree was surprised to find young Opp in his place as usual. Bingtree savagely demanded the reason, and the young man replied that as the cigars were now all right he had ventured to hope that he would be retained. Bingtree tried one of them and found that what he said was true. There was a slightly peculiar flavor about it, pleasant rather than otherwise, but its tendency to flare up and ignite the hat-brim was gone. Called on for an explanation, the ingenious young man said that he had sprayed the cigars with the patent fire extinguisher, using just enough of the liquid to counteract the kerosene. He was retained as assistant and the pleased and appreciative Bingtree raised his wages twenty-five cents.

"It was but a few years till Opp owned the store, and Bingtree went to California. As I intimated, the young man starting in business must be resourceful, and quick to meet an emergency, if he would succeed."



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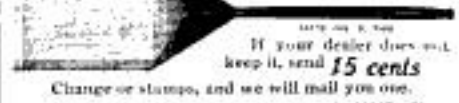
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Literary Folk — Their Ways and Their Work



Mr. Friedman's Slum Studies

Mr. I. K. Friedman, the Chicago author who is scoring a decided success with his novel, Poor People, has two highly developed characteristics: absent-mindedness and sympathy with human want and distress. Nothing appeals to him so much as an opportunity to get a new view of the life led by the poor people of the big city. The fascination which this problem exercises over him and the ease with which he forgets all else when confronted by a chance to pursue his sociological investigations are illustrated by an incident which occurred while he was working on his latest story.

Late one afternoon he was introduced by a police reporter to "Sleepy" Burke, who, before his recent reformation, enjoyed a reputation for being one of the most skillful safe-blowers and all-round crooks in the West. The author and the reformed criminal immediately fell into a discussion of the "slavery of the slums," its causes and possible remedies. Fifteen minutes later found Mr. Friedman following "Sleepy" into the most desperate criminal resorts of the West Side. It was after midnight when the two returned. Meantime the management of a club before which he had engaged to lecture on Types of Honest Poverty had scoured the city by telephone and special messenger in a vain attempt to locate their absent-minded speaker.

This, however, was not the most unfortunate experience of the evening. From half-past seven a young woman had been waiting, hatted and gloved, for the author, who had engaged to take her to see Irving and Terry. A brief note easily made amends to the disappointed club; but three weeks of assiduous attention were required to propitiate the young woman into a spirit of full reconciliation and forgiveness.

Novelists Turned Playwrights

The old theory that novelists cannot write successful plays because they know nothing of the stage and its technique ought by this time to be fairly well refuted in the case of a number of our popular novelists. If they do not write good plays it must be found me other reason, for they see so much theatre rehearsing of their own dramas that they can no longer be called ignorant of the region behind the footlights. For example, when Mr. George Alexander's company was preparing for the London production of Anthony Hope's Rupert of Hentzau it was on a tour in the provinces. Nevertheless, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins left London and traveled with the company for over a fortnight, going to Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool and seeing rehearsals every day. Mr. Hope is said to be a help at rehearsals, but to be on the whole chary of suggestions, ready to take the word of the experienced actor as to the suitability of certain effects and eager to learn all he can of stage technique.

When the new play by Mr. J. M. Barrie is presented in the autumn at the Haymarket Theatre, London, it will have been rehearsed by its author many times. Mr. Barrie has not had in the past much knowledge of the stage, but actors who have been rehearsed in The Little Minister, under the eye of its author, say that, in spite of this, Mr. Barrie knows exactly what he wants, and that what Mr. Barrie wants is almost inevitably, from a theatrical point of view, right.

Mr. Hall Caine loves nothing quite so well as the rehearsals of a play of his own, and he has an exuberant confidence in his mastery of the craft both of playwright and actor. When the rehearsals of The Christian were going on at the Duke of York's theatre Miss Evelyn Millard, who was to play the part of Glory Quayle, was so ill that for several weeks she was unable to come to the theatre. During this period Mr. Hall Caine not only told all the actors and actresses how things were to be done, but himself sustained the rôle of Glory. He did this in no half-hearted way, but lifted the corner of his coat as he danced gayly in the first act and wept tenderly on the shoulder of the actor who played John Storm. As it was, The Christian had but a short career in London. But it cannot be doubted that had Mr. Hall Caine continued his assumption, curiosity if not admiration would have kept the house full for many months.

Authorship by Proxy

There is an amusing story of a woman of title who found it difficult to understand journalistic methods when she first encountered them. The sister of a well-known and eccentric Scotch peer was traveling in Japan and the far East when she received a cablegram from a great metropolitan daily, "Would you accept £—— for series travel articles?" The lady was pleased, and replied by cable that she would send "copy" in a fortnight. She was, therefore, annoyed when the paper withdrew from its offer, cabling to her, "No need to send copy."

Dignified silence seemed the only way to treat such unbusinesslike methods. Many weeks later, returning, she found a parcel of newspapers and read with some astonishment several spirited and gossipy articles on the far East written, it was announced, by herself. Had not a letter inclosing a handsome check accompanied the parcel there might have been a considerable row. As it is, the lady accepts gracefully the compliments of friends upon her literary style.

An Industrious Gypsy

Miss Elizabeth Robins' present journey to the Klondike is only part of her habitual restlessness. One might, perhaps, hear that she lived in London, in Manchester Square. But Miss Robins herself says that she is an incorrigible gypsy. She rarely spends a continuous five days in what passes for her home. One hears of her staying in pleasant country houses here and there in England. The next moment she is on the Continent, perhaps merely sunning herself in the South, or going to Berlin or Paris for the new plays. After a flying trip to see Ibsen she will be found in England organizing a special series of theatrical performances, and probably playing in them herself.

The Boyhood of F. T. Bullen

Mr. F. T. Bullen, whose books of sea yarns are so well known, gave an interesting fragment of autobiography to a meeting of the Ragged School Union held in London this spring. He said that he knew well what it was to be a subject for the Ragged School Union; thirty-four years ago he was wandering the streets of London, a boy only eight years and a half old, without home or friends. After having been well brought up he was suddenly pitched into the street arab's life, was always hungry, always wanted a place to sleep, and most of all wanted work. Finally he got a job in a boot shop, and the first morning he scrubbed out the shop. The woman said she had never seen a boy scrub out a shop so well. She took him into her own sitting-room and gave him something to eat. He should have been happy for he had work and food. But in the room was another boy bigger than he was, and the woman kissed this boy and called him by affectionate names as she took him on her knees. And poor little Bullen burst into bitter sobs. He could not tell what was the matter when they asked him, for he did not know. Now he knows that it was because he wanted to be loved. Shortly after this he took to the sea, where although he did not find much he found some love. And later, in New Zealand, he found teachers.

Max Beerbohm's New Venture

Anything from the pen of Max Beerbohm is sure to promise entertainment. "Max," we can imagine, may subtly irritate, when the reader is not in a mood for his quips and conceits, but at least he has never learned to bore us. He is now to appear as a novelist, having just completed a long story. Lulelka Dobson it is to be called, and the very name spells satire.

The same writer, after giving us his mournful outlook upon the English drama for the last year or two in the Saturday Review, has also been trying his hand at a play, founded upon his own story, The Happy Hypocrite, which appeared originally in the Yellow Book and afterward as a booklet.

Mrs. Williamson's London Success

It is a curious thing that one of the most widely read novelists in England at the present moment should be an American woman who is probably scarcely known even by name in her native country. Mrs. C. N. Williamson has not, it is true, made for herself what is called a great "literary" reputation. She writes frankly for the million and succeeds in reaching them. The innumerable readers of the *feuilletons* in the half-penny morning papers of London such as the Daily Mail, and those who depend for fiction on cheap weeklies of enormous circulation such as Lloyd's, have no greater favorite than Mrs. Williamson. She has sometimes as many as three or four stories going at the same time in different papers and magazines. It has never been asserted that she took her art very seriously. It may well be that she laughs to herself as she subjects her poor but ravishingly beautiful heroines to the persecutions of titled villains. But she is a success, and that is probably all she wants.

Mrs. Williamson was Miss Alice Muriel Livingstone, of Poughkeepsie, New York. Her career began as an actress, and in her first novel, The Barn-Stormers, one will find much autobiographical experience. After acting for a time, Miss Livingstone turned her hand to journalism and came to London, in 1892, as the correspondent for four American papers. Her marriage to the editor of Black and White settled her in England, and she then took steadily, one can, perhaps, scarcely say seriously, to novel writing. One would have said, *a priori*, that one of the most difficult things for an American to do was to write stories for the middle and lower English classes which should suit their peculiar tastes. But this is another of the things the American woman can do when she puts her hand to it.

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[In the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

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[In the Philadelphia Times.]

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

A Bubble Bursted*

Here is a sparkling and wholesome story which pricks the bubble of a young society woman's fascination for the life of the stage with exquisite neatness and skill. The spell is broken not by the ponderous onslaught of the purpose novel's broadsword, but a neat thrust of an instrument as delicate and unpretending as a woman's hat pin. A writer so clever as Mr. Matthews and so familiar as he with every phase of stage life could scarcely fail to make an interesting story from his theme; but very few could have wrought so artistic a piece of work as The Action and the Word. One scene in the story is notably charming in its sweet, domestic naturalness. This is where Evert Brookfield and his father, the shrewd and kindly old doctor, are waiting in the breakfast-room, the morning after Mrs. Brookfield's first appearance on the amateur stage. The men heard the rustle of a gown, saw the parting of the curtains, and then:

> A smiling baby was thrust through by invisible hands.
>
> "Say, 'Good-morning, papa!'" cried a voice from behind the curtains. "Say, 'Good-morning, grandpa! I'm a year old to-day. And don't you think I'm a big boy for my age?'"
>
> The child sprang up in his mother's firm grasp and held out his hands toward his father.
>
> As Evert crossed the room, his wife slipped her head in by the side of the baby's and scolded him playfully. "Naughty papa," she said; "naughty papa didn't remember baby's birthday!"
>
> "Oh, that's why you were so mysterious this morning, is it?" asked her husband.
>
> Then the young mother stepped inside the dining-room, and looked at the doctor reproachfully. "Naughty grandpa," she added; "he didn't remember, either. Never mind, baby; mama remembered. Your mama won't forget you even if your papa and your grandpapa are naughty and never think about you at all."
>
> The wintry sunlight fell on mother and child as she stood near the window, with the tall form of the grandfather rising above them. One ray made a halo about the boy's head, and another swept across her cheek.
>
> "Clap hands for grandpa!" she cried, suddenly kissing the baby in the neck, and then tossing him up and down in her vigorous grip.
>
> The baby cooed again, and tried to clap his hands; and Evert saw a dimple come in his wife's cheek and then disappear. That fugitive dimple also pleased him greatly, and he wondered why it was so rare.

The subtle growth of the stage passion, of the love of admiration and excitement in this charming, ingenuous and faithful but tempted young wife is traced with a delicacy which belongs to the true artist and analyst. The book will do good, for it will open the eyes of young women standing somewhat in the position of Carla Brookfield, and that, too, without letting them know it.

Robert Tournay†

As well might the critic attempt to define that which is impossible to the Infinite as to presume to place metes and bounds to the "human probabilities" of a romance of the French Revolution. In this bloody field all handicaps are off, and the author has always the right to plead that the historic facts of the Reign of Terror surpassed in fearful picturesqueness anything the modern imagination could possibly devise. It is therefore idle to attempt to quarrel with the marvelous procession of events—of perils, deliverances, acts of revenge and decrees of justice—which telescope into one another in the pages of Robert Tournay.

If writing romances of the Reign of Terror has its special privileges it also has its special perils. He who cannot fire the emotions of his readers with materials so combustible as the mad pranks of the Revolution afford is indeed a feeble literary incendiary. This charge, however, cannot be brought against the author of Robert Tournay. Perhaps the most apparent fault of the book is the stiltedness which seems to seize upon the leading characters at critical moments and stiffen them into putty statuettes with a "ten-twenty-thirty" vocabulary. When Robert, a Colonel in the army of the Republic, comes back to his old home to rescue Mademoiselle de Rochefort from the Republican mob he is greeted with this:

> "Do not touch me," she cried with a tone almost of terror. "I will hear no more. I cannot bear it. I cannot bear to see you. Go! for the love of Heaven, leave me."

Allowing for the social gulf between a young woman of the nobility and the son of her father's intendant, it is not a compliment to the intelligence of this flower of the aristocracy to put into her mouth so stupidly absurd a speech. There is, however, good character-drawing in the book. The cool bravery of St. Hilaire is well indicated by this little touch which describes his flight after being secretly warned of his approaching arrest:

> "A cat, that frequented the upper part of the building, walked silently in through the open door and, arching her back, rubbed purringly against his leg. He went to the cupboard and, getting out a saucer, filled it with the cream that was to have flavored his next morning's cup of coffee, and placed it on the floor. The animal ran to it greedily, and for a few moments St. Hilaire stood watching the little red tongue curl rapidly out and in of the creature's mouth as she lapped up the unexpected feast."

Situations are as thick in this romance as flowers in spring and there is a special crisis for every chapter. Altogether the book is good for a half day's lively entertainment.

—*Forrest Crissey.*

Glimpses of New Books

A better understanding of the loves and fears of the flowers, their insect foes and friends, their growth and culture, is presented in fascinating form by Neltje Blanchan in Nature's Garden, which might be called a popular guide to the flowers, and one accompanied by copious illustrations in color and line. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

To preface a story with the words "a novel" is as if one should say, This is not a short story, a serial, a sample of summer fiction, nor any bit of the fluffy chiffon and pink organdy world; this is serious; this is written for posterity; this is a novel. Mr. Edwin Asa Dix writes in that spirit and—judging from the little notice of warning to the frivolous, posted on his covers and quoted above—with those convictions. Nathan Bradbury was a deacon of the church at the Corners, and as such lent his name Deacon Bradbury to Mr. Dix's book. Through one of those misunderstandings which will arise, he quarreled with his son, and, in the grief and shame that followed their separation, lost his faith in church and God. However, an outside attack upon his son's honor, which he was obliged to overhear, shook his confidence in the judgment which he had so strictly passed and sternly held, and from there the gradual progression to complete forgiveness, reconciliation and understanding were unmistakable. It is not blurted out but is gracefully left to inference. Such a determination to deserve rather than to please is always calculated to give the reader a fuller sense of duty accomplished than of pleasure won—but if Mr. Dix is uncompromising at least he is not patronizing. There are no homilies. *The Century Company.*

Most of us, remembering Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," have become imbued with the idea that somehow or other the West, like the young man of the quotation, grew up of itself. Charles More in The Northwest Under Three Flags shows that such is not the case. "Many races united to people and build up the Northwest, and many interests were in conflict." Long before England took any vital interest in the great uncharted stretch to the west and north of her colonies, Versailles and Madrid followed keenly the relations of the Jesuit missions. The narrative begins with the landing of Jacques Cartier and, tracing successively the foundation of Detroit, the English counter-claims, the subsequent English occupation of the Ohio country, the fall of Quebec, Montreal and Detroit, passes through the Pontiac War, the conflicts of the Revolution and the War of 1812, to final peace under the Stars and Stripes. *Harper & Brothers.*

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* The Action and the Word. By Brander Matthews. *Harper & Brothers.*

† Robert Tournay: A Romance of the French Revolution. By William Sage. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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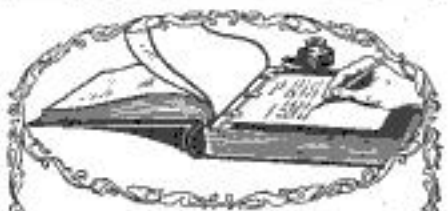
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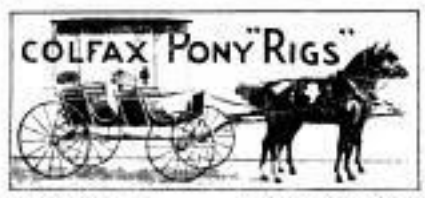
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COACHING— *Past and Present*

By Alfred Stoddart

BETWEEN the coaching of the olden times and the coaching of the present day there are only a few points of difference, the chief of which is the matter of a hundred years or more between them. Next in importance is the difference between a stern necessity and a rare luxury. For the rest, coaching is much the same as it was in the eighteenth century, and the coachman's heart glories in the fact.

For though fashions in clothes, in books, art, and even in music, may come and go, the canons of good taste and "good form" in coaching, as in many other branches of sport, remain unaltered. In these days of automobiles, electric bicycles and all the aggressive modernity of the dawning century, your coaching enthusiast studies to mount to the box and gather up his reins in precisely the same style as his professional predecessor did in the good old days of "the road," and he will not tolerate a strap of leather which did not form a part of the harness of "the team" of the traditional mails of the old country.

Faithfulness to these old traditions is the true coaching man's foible, and it may be readily forgiven him in view of the healthful delight which he takes in the sport and the innocent pleasure which he shares with his fellow-mortals. Coaching is the least selfish of all sports, and even the so-called public coaches give a vast amount of pleasure to others besides their proprietors. Indeed, the latter afford to many a delightful opportunity to participate in a pleasure which would otherwise be beyond their reach — the novelty of seeing the country from the top of a swiftly moving coach, upon payment of a fee which is really a small one when the expense of maintaining the coach is considered.

Road and Park Coaching

Modern coaching is of two kinds: road coaching and park coaching — if the latter term may be allowed. Of the two, the former approaches more closely the standard of the olden times, and is considered by coaching men to be more "sporting" than the latter.

By road coaching is meant the driving of a coach and four over a certain route upon a stated schedule, and the booking of passengers for a money consideration. Please observe that the word "booking" is used in this connection. One may purchase a ticket for a railway journey or engage berths for a sea voyage, but one must always book one's seats for a coaching trip.

The route once established and the time card made up, it becomes a matter of rigid duty to the coaching man to observe his schedule punctually. No train dispatcher is more particular than he. Precisely at the time advertised he mounts to the box, gathers his reins and starts his train — not with a crack of the whip as florid writers are fond of saying, for that would be bad horsemanship, but skillfully he brings his four horses into action — and presently the coach is bowling merrily along through the city streets, into a park, perhaps, and hence to the open country, over the broad highway toward the first "change."

It was thus that Mr. Pickwick and his jovial companions traveled; it was thus that Tom Brown made his eventful journey to Rugby; it was for the rumble of the coach and the clatter of steel-shod shoes that many an anxious traveler waited at the cross-roads in the good old days, and as we bowl along merrily toward the old inn where we make our first change of horses it is not hard to imagine ourselves back in those days before the iron horse drove the more picturesque mail coach out of existence. Our coachman is a millionaire, perhaps, and this coaching venture is merely a fad of his, but what of that? The heart which beats beneath his drab box-coat is filled with the same desires and ambitions as was that of the elder Weller or any other of the old-fashioned knights of the road.

As we rattle through a little village and pull up at the inn for the first change, we note by comparing our watches with the time-card that we are on time to the minute.

Four sleek bays, already bridled and with their collars on, await our arrival, and the change is made almost in the time it takes to tell of it. Then a blast from the guard's horn signals "get ready," and we are off again at a smart pace.

It is pleasant to think that these same old inns once echoed with the noise and bustle of changing horses in the good old days when coaching was pursued in earnest, but — alas for the grim truth — coaching in this country in the last century lacked much of the picturesqueness of English coaching. Too often the "coach" was merely a stage wagon bearing no more resemblance than its four wheels afforded to the genuine mail coach. However, let us not pursue this inquiry too far. It is disturbing to the delightful flavor of antiquity which clings to coaching. Rather let us prepare to enjoy to its full measure the "galloping stage" which follows the next change of horses. On most coaching routes it is arranged to have one galloping stage where the road is best adapted to it. A team is chosen which works together well at this gait, and the effect is most exhilarating.

The Expense of a Costly Sport

The expense of maintaining a road coach is not inconsiderable. In the first place there is the coach, which costs from two to three thousand dollars; then the horses, at prices ranging from two hundred dollars per head upward, four for each stage and a few more for emergencies. These are usually sold at the end of the season — sometimes, if they are well selected, at a profit, as their work on a coaching route is thought to harden them and prepare them for private use. The amount of such a profit, however, is necessarily small in comparison with the other expenses — that of the harness, for instance, which must all be of the best, boarding the horses at the various "changes," wages and keep of grooms, helpers, and so on down the list. Besides the grooms in charge of the horses along the route, a professional coachman is usually maintained to supervise generally. He looks after all the minor details, sees that the horses at the "changes" are in good condition, and drives the coach if the owner or his friends do not care to do so.

Between a road coach and a park drag there is a wide range of difference. The former is built up for business, is heavier than the park drag by several hundred pounds, and is not finished so highly. Perhaps the most radical difference is the "rumble," or groom's seat on the rear. In a road coach this must always be solidly built of wood and must hold three persons, while that of a park drag is supported by irons and will hold only the two grooms.

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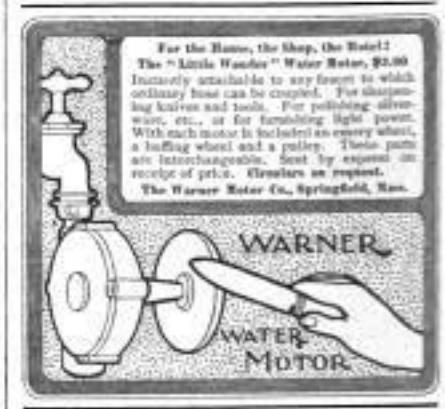


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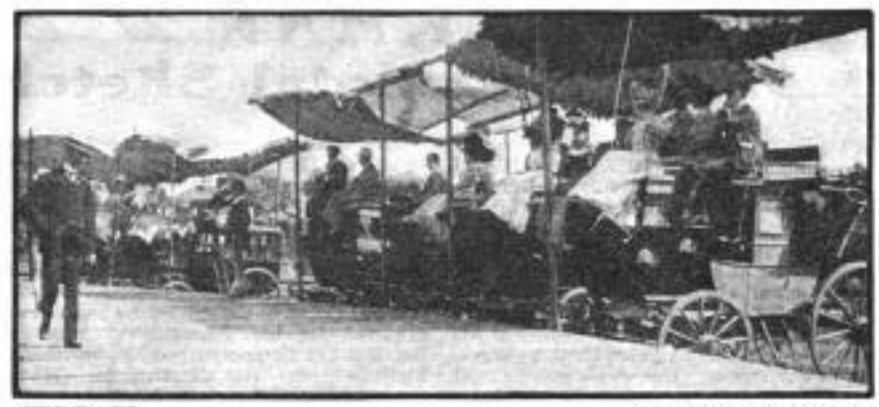

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Leaves CINCINNATI, 1.00 P. M.; Arrives DETROIT, 8.30 P. M.


The coaching set at the horse show

A road coach does not carry any grooms, their place being taken by the guard, who, however, is not supposed to have anything to do with the horses save in an emergency. The guard is a direct inheritance from the old coaching days when the mail was carried in this way. In those days the guards were employed by the Government and wore the King's livery—the scarlet coat which one often sees on coach guards in this country. Nowadays a drab frock coat is better form. The guard wears a low-crowned, wide-brimmed top-hat, usually gray with rough nap. He carries a leather case strapped over his shoulder for way-bills, the key of the coach, and so forth.

American Pioneer Road Coaching

Colonel A. DeLancey Kane was the pioneer of road coaching in this country. In 1876 he "worked" a coach between the Brunswick Hotel, New York City, and Pelham Bridge. This was succeeded by many similar undertakings, the members of the two coaching clubs—the Coaching Club of New York and the Four-in-Hand Club of Philadelphia being foremost in the ventures.

Perhaps the most ambitious project of all was the putting on the road of a double line of coaches between New York and Philadelphia, which was successfully accomplished several years ago by several members of the Philadelphia coaching set—Messrs. Edward Browning, Harrison K. Caner, Edward Morrell and Neilson Brown. The distance was made in something less than twelve hours, and a record was established for the longest coaching route of our times.

The New York Coaching Club's famous road coach Pioneer ran out of New York for many seasons, and this year the route will be from the Holland House to the Ardsley Casino—though the coach itself is a new Pioneer, the old one having been replaced. Messrs. Reginald W. Rives and George R. Reade are chiefly interested in this venture and are usually the whips. Mr. Frederic Bronson, formerly president of the Coaching Club, whose death occurred recently, was also associated in this venture.

The smartly turned-out vehicles one sees in coaching parades, and usually those driven for pleasure in the parks, are park drags, so called, lighter in weight than road coaches, more highly finished and in more sober colors. There are also differences which are observed in the harness. The park equipage is more for show, whereas the road team is equipped solely for use.

The coaching parades—an idea borrowed from our English cousins—are picturesque spring fixtures with both the New York and Philadelphia coaching clubs. They are usually witnessed by great crowds, for the men are attracted by the spanking teams and the women are interested in the gay gowns of the ladies—fashion permitting unlimited license as to color on such occasions.

No branch of sport—save, perhaps, fox hunting—possesses a greater wealth of literature than coaching. The famous sporting writer, Nimrod, contributed several volumes to it, and there are many others of equal value. Mr. Fairman Rogers' Manual of Coaching, recently published, is the most comprehensive work on the subject ever written. Although a comparatively new book it has already grown rare, as most of the edition was destroyed by fire. Next in importance is the Duke of Beaufort's volume on Driving, in the Badminton Library. Edward Corbett's An Old Coachman's Chatter contains much of interest on coaching, while other volumes, such as Stanley Harris' Old Coaching Days and The Coaching Age, W. Outram Tristram's Coaching Days and Coaching Ways, Francis T. Underhill's Driving for Pleasure, and Stephen James Ferris' The Delights of Coaching, are standard works of reference.

Verse as well as prose has been inspired by "the chatter of the bars," much of it so excellent in its rhythm as to suggest itself unconsciously to the enthusiastic coachman,

"As he rattles along with eleven and four
And a petticoat on the box."

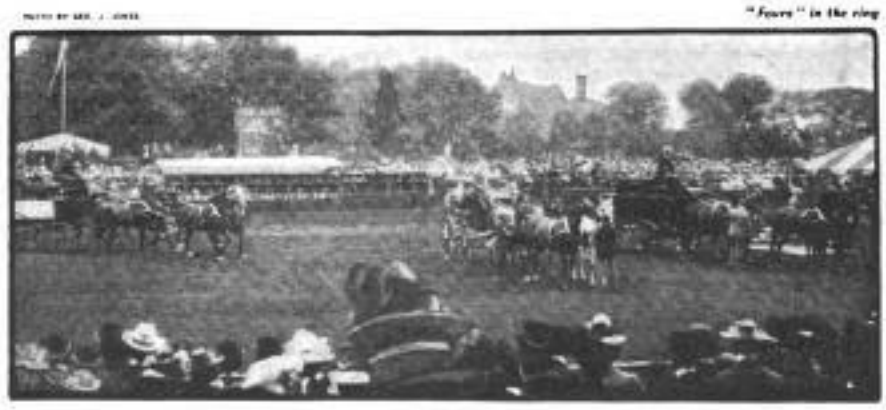
Rameses on the Road

THE recent illness of Miss Agnes Repplier, the well-known Philadelphia writer, made her friends all over the world particularly anxious. She is now on an extended trip abroad from which she hopes to return entirely strong.

She was dismayed about only one thing. She neglected to take Rameses with her. Rameses is a very small, very ugly stone cat. It was dug up by an Egyptian explorer and archæologist from the tomb of one of the famous mummies now in the museum at Cairo, Egypt. The mummy was supposedly a cat worshiper, and had this small image buried with him—for protection of his soul, no doubt. It was presented to Miss Repplier by a distinguished man of Europe some time after her book Agrippina had made its success. The cat was named Rameses at once.

Miss Repplier has so deep a superstition about its bringing good luck that she carries it with her always. For the first time in all these years she forgot the cat until she had reached the steamer and was outward bound. On her arrival on the other side she cabled at once to her sister that Rameses should be sent or brought over by a friend. Consequently the hideous little image, with his pedigree of centuries, was packed securely in cotton and forwarded.

Miss Repplier has thirty-nine images of cats that have been sent to her from all over the world. They are arranged on a carved table in her library. The framed picture of a famous cat hangs on the outside door of her apartments instead of a doorplate.

"Foxes" in the ring


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JOHN SHERMAN
An Anecdotal Sketch

A GREAT man's contemporaries rarely estimate him correctly. They see him too near and too familiarly, and cannot judge of the effect of his work, which is seldom immediate. What is said of him too often leans on the bias of his friends or the animosity of his enemies. The men who have brushed elbows with John Sherman know him for a great man, but how great he is or just what niche in the history of his country he will occupy is not for this generation to determine. This much may be said—and it is the estimate of one of his former colleagues: "He has been, without doubt, one of the most useful men to his country of his times."

John Sherman first entered Congress in 1855, and with the single exception of the four years from 1877 to 1881, when he was Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Hayes, served continuously, in one House or the other, for forty-three years. For thirty-six years, from 1861 to 1897—omitting, of course, the four years just mentioned—he sat in the Senate. During this long term he held most important committee assignments. Both the Chairmanship of the Committee on Finance and the Committee on Foreign Relations, stations of the gravest responsibility, he filled with signal ability. But the crowning achievement of Mr. Sherman's career, the work by which he will be most remembered, was the reorganization of the disordered and shattered finances of the nation in the period of years immediately following the Civil War.

From the days when he and his brother "Cump," afterward General of the Army, were barefooted boys, he had been a close student of political economy and finance. The act of June 4, 1875, providing for the resumption of specie payments, gave Mr. Sherman his chance to effect what he had so conscientiously striven for. The purpose of the act, as he himself described it, was to "secure to all interests and all classes the benefit of a sound currency redeemable in coin, with the least possible disturbance of existing rights and contracts." To quote again from his own words: "To provide for the payment of a vast debt created during the war was next in importance to the conduct of armies, and those who were engaged in solving this problem were as much soldiers as the men who were carrying muskets or commanding armies."

Against this stupendous task Sherman pitted his energies with steady deliberation. On January 1, 1879, specie payments were resumed, nor have they been again intermitted from that day to this. Assuming direction of the Treasury Department at a time when affairs were in a state which can only be described as chaotic, when public confidence was shaken and the national credit was uncertain and unstable, at the end of four years he turned over to his successor a well-ordered machine, smooth and perfect in its working.

How Sherman Gained His Nickname

To his aid Mr. Sherman brought a nature instinctively methodical, and an unflinching probity. He saw to it that the public moneys were not squandered or used for dishonest purposes. A claim for a million dollars was once brought to him for his signature. It had been regularly allowed, but it was illegal and he refused to sign.

"It has been allowed," insisted the claimant's attorney, "and you must sign it."

"I will not," repeated Mr. Sherman; and he did not. He would have resigned, he afterward confided to a friend, had it been required of him, sooner than even seem to sanction a fraud.

Neither would he permit irregularities. The chief of a bureau one day came to him for an order to pay for some machinery.

"Has it been advertised?" asked the Secretary.

"No," said the chief, "but there are only two places where it can be made, and we are accustomed to get their bids and contract with the lowest."

"But," said the Secretary, "the law says it must be advertised."

"At least *this* may pass, for it is made and we need it."

"I cannot help that; the law says it must be advertised, and advertised it must be." And advertised it was, at a very large saving to the Government.

This was the ceaseless attention which gained Mr. Sherman the name of "Watchdog of the Treasury." Traveling in Europe some years ago with a courier who could speak almost any language better than English, he happened to meet General Oates, since Governor of Alabama, and for a few days they traveled in company, the courier embracing General Oates in the esteem he had already acquired for his distinguished employer. But one day he approached Mr. Sherman in high dudgeon. His affection for General Oates had turned to hatred, and in voluble if broken English he said:

"That man, sir, was not your friend. He call you, sir, a watchdog. Yes, sir, a watchdog. He has but one arm or I would chastise him; yes, sir."

Throughout these years of effort to make every dollar of American money equal in value to every other, he plainly foresaw the economic forces which were to result in the great financial campaign of 1896 culminating in the victory of Mr. McKinley. His speeches and reports of that day, like those of twenty years later, were arguments for an honest dollar. It was Sherman, also, who as Secretary of the Treasury first directly offered to the people the bonds of the Government, theretofore always negotiated through an association of bankers. During the last two years of his term as Secretary he funded the national debt into four per cent. bonds by popular subscription—a wise policy that until recently has been more honored in the breach than in the observance.

The Unfulfilled Ambition of Sherman's Life

Interwoven in this fabric of high purpose and nobly won achievement runs the darker pattern of disappointed ambition. Like Blaine and Webster, Sherman was destined never to attain his most cherished hope. Justly or unjustly, he has always been known as a cold, hard, unsympathetic man. Certainly he has never shown that warmth and magnetism which won and held the public love to those two tragic figures. "Statuesque," as has been said of him, he may have been, but hardly heroic. In his own mind Mr. Sherman was at no loss to whom to attribute his defeat; he blamed the treachery of the politicians whom he had trusted. After one of his defeats before a national convention he was sitting in the room of the Committee on Foreign Relations when the dispatch came announcing the nomination of one of his rivals. "The New York delegates have betrayed me again" was his bitter comment. Again, in 1888, he openly charged that his nomination was rendered impossible by the venality of the delegates.

It is interesting to turn to the record of his earlier days. The story of the boy Sherman is not the least pregnant in the chapter of the statesman's life. In it may be read the deep lead of affection which brought a man thought unsympathetic and self-centred to honor and preferment. When he was only six years old his mother was left a widow with eleven children. His first earnest desire was to help care for her, and throughout his young boyhood this was his controlling ambition. It inspired him to intense application and, knowing that everything he learned brought him nearer to the goal of his ambition, he progressed much more rapidly than his comrades. To this day he cannot speak of his mother without emotion.

At the age when most boys are just beginning to do earnest work, this ambition finally prompted him to leave school and secure employment that he might contribute to the family income. He was only fourteen when he accepted the position of junior rodman on Muskingum River. The same spirit of chivalry won him regard as a fighter, one quick to defend himself and whomsoever he thought entitled to his protection. In those days it was William Tecumseh, the elder brother, one of the doughtiest warriors of this century, who was the man of peace; and if the neighbors had been asked to prophesy the career of the two boys they would have given William the toga and John the sword. The love and friendship of the Sherman brothers was beautiful in its uninterrupted constancy, and, though they were widely separated through all the years after they grew to young manhood, "Cump" a soldier and John a statesman, nothing was allowed to break the bond. A voluminous correspondence was maintained between

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Sherman's Strength in Debate

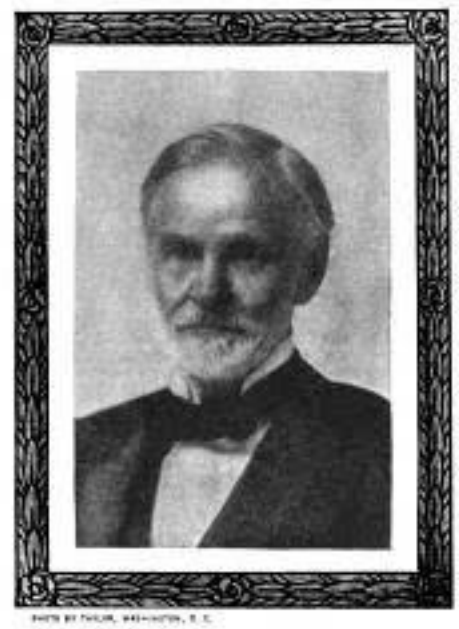
His early lack of a completed education has sometimes made itself felt. Despite wide reading and an undoubted mastery of his own department, his spoken utterances occasionally betrayed it. In his speeches he persisted in calling Canada, "Canady," and Cuba, "Cuby." It was during Cleveland's second term that some phase of the Samoan question was under debate and Sherman was holding the close attention of a full Senate and crowded galleries. The word Samoa seemed to bother him, and he pronounced it in three or four different ways. Finally determining upon Sammyo, he continually referred to Sammyo and the Sammyans, to the great amusement of his auditors. At length, little Senator Spooner, who sat next to him, sidled up with an apology for the interruption. He stood on tiptoe and, pulling the orator's head down within range, whispered in his ear. With a grave bow and most serious expression of countenance Sherman repeated, "Yes, yes, Samoa, Samoa," then going on with his speech in two minutes was saying Sammyo and the Sammyans again.

Inability easily to concentrate his mind upon the special issue of the subject under discussion was always Mr. Sherman's weak point in debate. Even in discussing financial questions he would sometimes stammer and stumble until it would be painful to attempt to follow him. At his best his delivery was marked by earnestness and sincerity, his presentment was lucid, swift and logical, and everywhere apparent was his broad, general knowledge. Heard in Congress or from the stump, his addresses and shorter speeches made scores of converts. No doubt his lack of humor went along with his deep reserve in keeping him just beyond the border-line that cuts worship from respect. Like Nelson Dingley, Mr. Sherman would not know a joke if he met one on the street. Senator Hoar is a distant relative of Mr. Sherman, and always calls him "Cousin John." It is told of the two cousins that they were driving in the country when, on crossing the tracks of an electric railroad, they fell to talking about horses and how easily some of them take fright. "Cousin John" was loud in the praises of the black and brown pair behind which they drove—they were "kind, sound and shapely," but they would occasionally get nervous at an unusual noise behind them. Suddenly Mr. Hoar clutched Sherman's arm with a look of terror: "Talk lower, Cousin John; the horses might run away."

"That's so," said Sherman, and continued his eulogy in a whisper.

There was something commanding about his indifference to Senator Spooner's corrections, something dignified and quite self-forgetful which disarmed malice; but from other and more delicate positions his enemies did not let him off so easily.

Despite his manifold public activities, Mr. Sherman found time to amass a private fortune. He foresaw the future of the Capital City and built up scores of small houses on side streets. One street bearing his name stands solid with his houses. It seems typical of the man. With little of the meteoric and dazzling in his personality, his inner self ran strong and true in deep channels of pure affection and worthy aspiration. Chivalrous to his mother, the intimate of his brother, devoted to his wife and their adopted child, it could trouble little a life so full and rich that his acquaintances should have misnamed a fine reserve.



HON. JOHN SHERMAN

Mr. McKinley as a Teamster

THE Major drew heavily on his cigar and then watched the ring of fire fade into the ash again. When he spoke it was in the tone of a man who knows his story.

"Thirty-seven years ago I wore the red stripes and the red star of an ordnance sergeant and, at the battle of Antietam, had charge of the ammunition for a brigade. I had taken the ammunition train as close to the fighting line as was allowed until orders for ammunition were received. Two of the best teams and most reliable drivers were placed by the side of the road and kept in readiness to move at a second's notice when the call for cartridges should come.

"Well, the expected order came about eleven o'clock. 'Whip your teams into a dead run!' was my command, and I did it. We hadn't gone more than five rods when a commissary sergeant, in charge of a wagon, cut into the road ahead of us. I shouted to him to haul out.

"'I'm going to the line, too,' was his reply.

"'But I have the right of way—ammunition always has.' At that moment we came to a wide piece of road.

"'Drive past if you want to, but I'm not going to stop to let you,' was the comfort the youngster gave me.

"'Pass him!' was my order to the drivers. That meant a race, and a race it was until we reached a fork in the road. Then the commissary sergeant took one road and I took the other. My men soon reached the brigade detail to rush the ammunition to the line. When the two loads were disposed of, orders were given to return and be in readiness for another trip. If I remember rightly, those drivers used the lash more freely in getting back under partial cover than they did in the effort to pass the tenacious commissary sergeant. Bless me, but it was hot! A dozen brass bands couldn't have made more music than did the bullets, shot and shell Lee's men were throwing that way.

"Not long after the battle an order was issued doing away with the brigade ordnance sergeants and giving each division of three or four brigades an ordnance sergeant. Our brigade commander sent for me. When I reached his quarters he spoke of the race in a very sober way, as though it were a serious affair, and said that the division commander had directed that I report to him at once. I began to think that the race had in some way gotten me into a scrape, and when I reached the division commander I was mighty uncomfortable. I was sure, for one thing, that the commissary sergeant had reported me.

"'Sir, I am directed to report to you.'

"'Ordnance sergeant of the ——st brigade, eh?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Engaged in a race the day of the battle?'

"'Yes, sir; I wanted to get the ammunition to the boys as soon as possible.'

"My voice was unsteady and I must have looked scared, but the general reassured me—he had selected me for division ordnance sergeant, and I was directed to report for duty that evening."

"Did you ever hear anything about your fellow-racer, the commissary sergeant?" asked some one.

"Yes, I have heard a good many things about him. His colonel thought that a commissary sergeant who would carry cooked rations to his comrades on the fighting line through such a storm as prevailed at Antietam would make a good lieutenant, and a few weeks later he was promoted. I heard from him, direct, not many months ago."

Thereupon the old Major displayed his last commission, saying, as he did so, "the gentleman who signed that bit of parchment as President McKinley was the commissary sergeant."

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

The Cur Made Useful

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson says that in Nebraska nowadays the skins of superfluous dogs are tanned and made into gloves—a plan which affords a valuable suggestion, inasmuch as every large community kills off great numbers of curs annually, the hides of which might just as well be utilized as wasted. Dogskin, of course, is one of the best materials for gloves, and for this purpose we import hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of canine pelts annually. In Manchuria and on the eastern borders of Mongolia, where the severe cold develops a beautiful growth of hair, are found thousands of flocks of young dogs. There is a great demand for both dog skins and dog hair in northern Asia. Many of both go to Paris, where they are tanned. A bride in Mongolia or Manchuria commonly receives a number of live dogs as wedding presents, and her husband, taking them home, kills them, using their hides to make carpets and bed-covers.

Suicide in the Animal Creation

There is no longer question of the fact that the impulse of suicide is by no means confined to human beings. Many of the lower animals deliberately destroy themselves under certain conditions—such, for example, as imprisonment, which seems to give them an abhorrence of living.

It is impossible to keep a fur seal alive in confinement because it will invariably starve itself to death, refusing food. Rather odd it is that such should be the case, inasmuch as the hair seal is so remarkably tractable an animal—fond of its human master and quick to learn tricks. Dogs have been known to refuse food and starve to death at their masters' graves, but grief rather than an intention of self-destruction may be accountable in such instances.

A more humble creature, the sea cucumber, which is related to the starfishes, will destroy itself on very small provocation, out of sheer ill temper apparently. If disturbed by handling or otherwise, it is apt to throw out its entire digestive system, or else to break itself into pieces.

The oft-told tale that a scorpion will sting itself to death if surrounded by a circle of fire is a fable. And there is no truth in the notion that venomous snakes bite themselves when angry; indeed, as has been satisfactorily proved, they are proof against the toxic effect of their own poison. On the other hand, the crab has a way of amputating its own arms, and does not hesitate to throw one of them away if it happens to be slightly injured.

This self-mutilation of the crab is not accomplished by detaching the limb at a joint, as one would naturally suppose, but the fracture is made in the length of the upper arm, at a point where it is small. Examination of the member will show that Nature has provided for such amputation in a very curious way; a little cut, like the scratch a boy makes across a stick of candy to break it, is distinctly observable at the point mentioned. When Mr. Crab wants to get rid of a claw, he throws the arm backward with a jerk, and it snaps off.



It is said that a crab can be made to relinquish a limb in this fashion simply by tickling the claw; but, whether this be true or not, it would appear that Nature's object in making the provision described is to enable the crustacean to free itself from the encumbrance of an injured and useless member. The sacrifice made by the creature is in no case very serious, inasmuch as the claw is soon replaced by a new one, equally complete, though smaller. Lobsters and crawfish have the same power of amputating their own limbs.

A fox will gnaw off his own leg if it is caught in a trap, and a wolf will do the same thing. The so-called glass snake, which is really a lizard, will drop its tail and leave it squirming in the grass, while the reptile itself seeks safety by crawling off unobserved. The "praying mantis" is addicted to the practice of chewing off its own toes, while it is almost impossible to secure a perfect *Barbitistes serricauda*, because the creature, when it finds itself held, bites off its front legs instantly. A scarabæus beetle native to Florida, when caught, dies in the hand of its captor almost immediately—apparently of intense nervous excitement.

The Demand for Emeralds

Emeralds have risen one hundred per cent. in value recently, and the market for these gems is in a flurry. United States Consul McNally at Bogota, Colombia, which is the centre of the trade, reports the presence there at one time of seventy-five foreign dealers, all eagerly seeking the green stones and offering unheard-of prices for them. The excitement, he adds, has led to the pillaging of church treasures, the statues of the saints being robbed of many fine emeralds with which they were adorned.

Owing to the scarcity of emeralds, and the consequent great demand for them, ancient mines are being reopened and worked—notably at Habachthal in the Tyrol, which is understood to have been a source of the gems in very early times. At Mount Zabara, in Upper Egypt, deposits which furnished the world with the bulk of its supply of emeralds two thousand years ago have been attacked anew, a French traveler named Caillaud having rediscovered them not long ago.

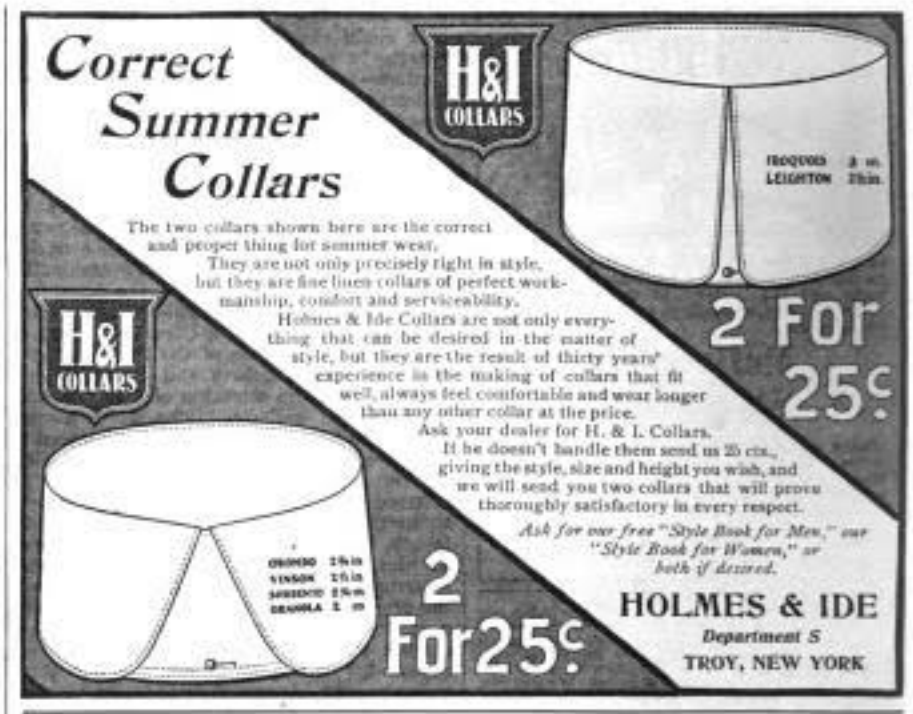
The principal source of emeralds to-day, however, is the famous Muzo mine, in the Andes, eighty miles northwest of Bogota, situated in a deep valley. This mine was worked by the aborigines many centuries before the first coming of the Spaniards. In those ancient days there was an extended traffic in emeralds among the natives, and large numbers of the gems of Muzo found their way to Mexico and Peru, where they were greatly prized. At the present time the mine is the property of the Colombian Government, which rents it to a company.

Cortez sent to Spain in one batch two large boxes of emeralds, most of which came from Muzo, one of the cases containing forty thousand carats of the gem. Many of these stones were beautifully cut by Mexican lapidaries in the shape of flowers, fishes with eyes of gold, bells with pearls for tongues. Mr. Kunz, the expert in precious stones, says that in the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, Peru, there was an image of the sun with disk and rays of gold, set thick with emeralds. This prize fell into the hands of Pizarro, who gambled it away.

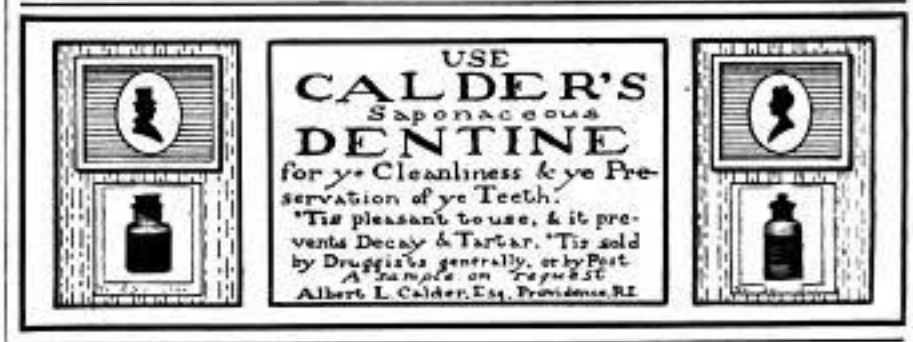
Unfortunately, the two boxes of emeralds collected by Cortez were lost, the ship that carried them never having been heard of again. He himself took to Spain some very fine stones of this kind, however, and it is believed that a few of the most valuable ones now in the royal treasury at Madrid represent a part of his plunder. Consul McNally says that the natives in the neighborhood of the Muzo mine have adopted lately a rather curious expedient in their eagerness to procure emeralds for sale to the foreign buyers. They encourage their flocks of chickens to stray about the workings, in the expectation that small but valuable gems may be found later in their crops.

The emerald is simply a green beryl, and is only precious when it happens to be found of the right color and free from flaws. Beryls of hues other than green may be bought for a trifle, and there is plenty of true emerald that is worthless by reason of flaws and lack of proper color. In the National Museum at Washington is a single crystal of beryl that weighs one thousand one hundred pounds, but it is valueless as gem material, and is interesting only because of the huge size of the crystal.

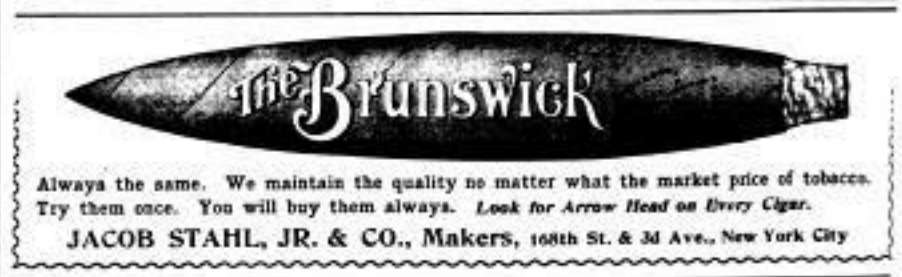
An emerald of the finest quality is considerably more valuable per carat than the purest white diamond, being second in worth













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only to the ruby. The recent advance in price has brought upon the market many old emeralds of great beauty, which the owners have been induced to sell, while the scarcity of the stones is causing an active search for them in every part of the world. This year's report of the Geological Survey, just issued, states that considerable quantities of light-colored emeralds are now coming from New South Wales. A few first-rate ones have been obtained from the neighborhood of Stony Point in North Carolina; they are of a beautiful light-green tint, and occur in red gravelly clay, the matrix from which they were originally derived being certain rocks of the Blue Ridge. Some of them have been dug out of pockets in the rock at a considerable distance beneath the surface.

History records that an emerald the size of an ostrich egg was owned by the ancient Peruvians, a religious homage being paid to it. It was called the Goddess of Emeralds, and was exhibited by the priests on occasions of festival only. Pizarro was curious to know whether it was real or not, and so tested it with a hammer, the result being it was smashed into bits. Even at the present day it is an accepted notion among the ignorant that the verity of a diamond or other gem may be determined by hitting it with a hammer. If it withstands the shock, it is all right; otherwise not. In this way many a valuable diamond has been destroyed, the fact being that precious stones, though extremely hard, are very brittle. The story goes that Disraeli was on one occasion badly frightened when by an accident he dropped the Koh-i-noor, which was handed to him for examination by the lapidary engaged in recutting it.

In the Hall of Private Audience, in the palace of the Mogul Emperors at Delhi, stood the celebrated Peacock Throne, the estimated value of which was $30,000,000. It was constructed by a Frenchman named Austin, who had sought refuge at the court of Shah Jehan, and it derived its name from two peacocks which spread their tails behind it, the vivid colors of the birds being represented by precious stones of appropriate colors. The throne itself was of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, and between the peacocks was a life-size parrot carved from a single emerald. When Delhi was sacked by the Persians, in 1739, the throne was broken up, its materials being carried away as loot, but what became of the parrot nobody knows.

In the treasure-house of the Shah of Persia is a terrestrial globe three feet in diameter, which is said to have been used by the last monarch of that country for the study of geography. It is entirely covered with gems, of which there are 51,366 in all, reckoned at a total value of $5,000,000. The various countries of the earth are represented in precious stones of different colors, while the oceans are of emeralds. A vase in the imperial treasury of Austria is made of a single emerald, weighing 2680 carats, which is said to have been formerly the property of Burgundy, and in the government museum at St. Petersburg is a stone of the same kind a foot cube in size. These, however, are not gems of the first water.

Eleven beautiful emeralds help to adorn the state crown of Great Britain, which was worn by Queen Victoria on the occasion of her coronation. She has never worn it since, but whenever she has visited the House of Lords it has been borne before her on a cushion, being taken out of the regalia-room in the Tower of London for that purpose. In addition to the emeralds, the crown contains 2783 diamonds, 277 pearls, sixteen sapphires and four rubies, the total value of the gems being reckoned at $550,000, without counting the priceless great ruby which belonged to Edward the Black Prince and the famous sapphire purchased by George IV. At her drawing-rooms the Queen wears a tiara, made in 1862, which is her personal property and is constructed especially for use with a veil. It is a light shell of gold, incrusted with 2673 brilliants and 525 rose diamonds.

The emerald, like the diamond, has been reproduced in the laboratory, though to call the artificial gem a counterfeit would not be correct, inasmuch as it has all the qualities of the natural crystal. To produce it, natural emerald of poor quality is mixed with boric acid and a small quantity of oxide of chromium with the aid of heat. The chromium gives the requisite color, while the purpose of the boric acid is merely to dissolve the oxide. When the mixture cools, crystals of true emerald are formed out of it. Unfortunately, they are too small to be valuable, the achievement being interesting scientifically, but of no commercial use.

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Young Barbarians

(Continued from Page 1221)

well ask, for he's more like a street waufie than onything else. On a day like this, and when I see what a sight he's made of himself in two hours, I could almost wish he had been born a girl."

"Losh keep us, Mistress Chalmers, ye mauna speak like that, for it's no chancy he micht be taken away sudden, and ye would have regrets; forbye your laddie's naithing to my Archie, for the last time I saw him, as I'm a livin' woman, there wasna more than two inches of his necktie left, and he was fishing his new Balmoral bonnet out of the water-barrel in the playground. Ye needna expect peace if the Almichty give ye laddies, but I wouldna change them for lassies—no, I'll no go that length."

And the two matrons sustained themselves with the thought that if their boys were only a mere wreck of what they had been in the morning, other people's boys were no better, and some of them were worse, for one of them had inflicted such damages on his trousers that, although he was able to face the public, he had to retire as from the Royal presence; nor was it at all unlike the motherly mind to conceive a malignant dislike to the few boys who were spick and span, and to have a certain secret pride even in their boys' disorder, which at any rate showed that they were far removed from the low estate of lassies.

The great function of the day came off at two o'clock, and before the hour the hall was packed with fathers, mothers, sisters, elder brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, and distant relatives of the boys, while the boys themselves, beyond all control and more dishevele than ever, were scattered throughout the crowd. Some were sitting with their parents and enduring a rapid toilet at the hands of their mothers; others were sitting in clumps and arranging a reception for the more unpopular prize-winners; others were prowling up and down the passages, exchanging sweetmeats and responding (very coldly) to the greeting of relatives in the seats, for the black terror that hung over every Seminary lad was that he should be kissed publicly by a maiden aunt. Mr. Peter McGuffie, senior, came in with the general attention of the audience, and seated himself in a prominent place with the Sparrow beside him. Not that Mr. McGuffie took any special interest in prize-givings, and certainly not because the Sparrow had ever appeared in the character of a prize-winner. Mr. McGuffie's patronage was due to his respect for the Count and his high appreciation of what he considered the Count's sporting offer, and Mr. McGuffie was so anxious to sustain the interest of the proceedings that he was willing, although he admitted that he had no tip, to have a bet with any one in his vicinity on the winning horse. He also astonished his son by offering to lay a sovereign on Nestie coming in first and half a length ahead, which was not so much based upon any knowledge of Nestie's literary qualifications as on the strange friendship between Nestie and his promising son. As the respectable Free Kirk elder who sat next Mr. McGuffie did not respond to this friendly offer, Mr. McGuffie put a straw in his mouth and timed the arrival of the Provost.

When that great dignitary, attended by the bailies and masters, together with the notables of Muirtown, appeared on the platform, the boys availed themselves of the license of the day, shouting, cheering, yelling, whistling, and bombarding all and sundry with pellets of paper shot with extraordinary dexterity from little elastic catapults, till at last Bulldog, who in the helplessness of the Rector always conducted the proceedings, arose and demanded silence for the Provost, who explained, at wide intervals, that he was glad to see his young friends (howls from the boys) and also their respected parents (fresh howls, but not from the parents); that he was sure every father and mother was proud of their boys to day (climax of howls); that he had once been a boy himself (unanimous shout of "No" from the boys); that he had even fought in a snowball fight (loud expressions of horror); that he was glad the Seminary was flourishing (terrific outburst, during which the Provost's speech came to an end, and Bulldog arose to keep order).

One by one the prize-winners were called up from the side of their proud parents, and if they were liked and had won their prizes with the good will of their fellows, each one received an honest cheer which was heartier and braver than any other cheer of the day, and loud above it sounded the voice of the Sparrow, who, though he had never received a prize in his life, and never would, rejoiced when a decent fellow like Dunc Robertson, the bowler of the eleven and the half-back of the fifteen, showed that he had a head as well as hands. When a prig got too many prizes there was an eloquent silence in the hall, till at last a loud, accurate and suggestive "Ma-a-a-a!" from Spiug relieved the feelings of the delighted school, and the unpopular prize-winner left the platform amid the chorus of the farmyard—cows, sheep, horses, dogs, cats and a triumphant ass all uniting to do him honor. It was their day, and Bulldog gave them their rights, provided they did not continue too long, and every boy believed that Bulldog had the same judgment with themselves.

To-day, however, the whole gathering was hungering and thirsting for the declaration of the Count's prize, because there never had been such a competition in Muirtown before, and the Count was one of our characters. When he came forward, wonderfully dressed, with a rose in his buttonhole and waving a scented handkerchief, and bowed to everybody in turn, from the Provost to Mr. McGuffie, his reception was monumental and was crowned by the stentorian approbation of the Sparrow's father. Having thanked the company for their reception with his hand upon his heart, and having assured the charming mothers of his young friends of his (the Count's) most respectful devotion, and declared himself the slave of their sisters, and having expressed his profound reverence for the magistrates (at which several bailies tried to look as if they were only men, but failed), the Count approached the great moment of the day.

The papers, he explained, upon his honor, were all remarkable, and it had been impossible for him to sleep, because he could not tear himself away from the charming reflections of his young friends. (As the boys recognized this to be only a just compliment to their thoughtful disposition and literary genius, Bulldog had at last to arise.) There was one paper, however, which the Count compared to Mont Blanc, because it rose above all the others. It was "ravishing," the Count asserted, "superb"; it was, he added, the work of "genius"—the river, the woods, the flowers, the hills, the beautiful young women, it was all one poem. And as the whole hall waited, refusing to breathe, the Count enjoyed a great moment. "The writer of this distinguished poem—for it is not prose, it is poetry—I will read his motto." Then the Count read, "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," and turning to the Provost, "I do myself the honor of asking your Excellency to open this envelope and to read the name to this distinguished audience." Before the Provost could get the piece of paper out of the envelope the Sparrow, who was in the secret of the motto, jumped up on his seat and, turning with his face to the audience, shouted at the pitch of his voice through the stillness of the hall, "Nestie Molyneux." And amid the great shout that went up from the throat of the Seminary could be heard, full and clear, the view-halloo of Mr. McGuffie, senior, who had guessed the winner without ever seeing the paper.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLORED COVER BY T. GUERNSEY MOORE

SPECIAL ARTICLES — PAGE

Poverty No Bar to a Public Career — *John J. Ingalls* — 1217
Decoration by T. G. Moore and Illustrations by Burt Haley

Literary Folk as They Came and Went with Ourselves — *Elizabeth Stoddard* — 1222
Illustrated with Photographs

Tales of the Credit Man — *Harlow N. Higinbotham* — 1226

Unanswered (Poem) — *Madison Cawein* — 1231
Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green

A Soldier of Purpose — *Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.* — 1235

The Tendencies of Up-to-Date Employers — *Charles M. Skinner* — 1238
Illustrated by John Cecil Clay

Coaching—Past and Present — *Alfred Stoddart* — 1242
Illustrated with Photographs

John Sherman—An Anecdotal Sketch — 1244

STORIES

Condensed Novels (Stories Three) — *Bret Harte* — 1219
Illustrated by H. C. Edwards

Young Barbarians—The Tournament — *Ian Maclaren* — 1220
Illustrated by Charlotte Harding

The Eagle's Heart — *Hamlin Garland* — 1227
Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

Great George's Work — *John Habberton* — 1232
Illustrated by Anne Whelan Betts

The Swiss Fleet — *W. L. Alden* — 1236
Illustrated by H. C. Edwards

DEPARTMENTS

Men and Women of the Hour — 1224
Illustrated with Photographs

"Publick Occurrences" — 1225
Illustrated with Photographs

Editorials — 1230

Americans in Paris — 1231

Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work — 1240

What to Read — 1241

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science — 1246



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